

Mommy's Pleasure is Your Only Purpose

By Klrxo

In the year 2145, the world was a very different place. After the Great

Hormone Shift of 2087, women had evolved to become the dominant

sex, their libidos sent into overdrive by raging estrogen levels. Men were relegated to submissive roles, existing only to serve and satisfy

the insatiable carnal desires of the women who ruled over them.

Nowhere was this power dynamic more evident than in the home.

When boys reached the age of 18, they were given over completely to their mothers as sexual property. No longer just sons, they became

playthings, a mere outlet for their mothers' constant lust.

"Dylan, come!" Camille's authoritative voice rang out through the house. The skinny 18-year-old boy rushed to his mother's bedroom obediently. He had learned that keeping his Goddess mother waiting too long would result in her bending him over her knee and turning his

bottom red.

As he entered her bedroom, his cheeks flushed and his eyes widened at the sight before him.

The room was filled with his female relatives - his aunts, older cousins

and grandmother. They were all clad in the skimpiest lingerie, sheer lace barely covering their voluptuous curves. Enormous breasts strained against flimsy bras while plump, juicy asses were showcased

in tiny thongs. Sky-high stilettos adorned their sexy feet, making their

toned legs look even longer.

Dylan gulped as they turned their hungry gazes on him, like a pack of

lionesses eyeing a young gazelle. His mother stepped forward, gigantic breasts shuddering, hands on her wide hips.

"Strip!" she commanded. "Take off all your clothes, now!"

The scrawny teenager's fingers trembled as he hurried to obey, peeling off his shirt and pants under their watchful stares until he stood naked and vulnerable, his skinny body shivering slightly. The women circled around him slowly, drinking in every inch of his exposed flesh.

"Look at that succulent young morsel," Dylan's grandmother purred, licking her crimson lips. "I could just eat him up."

"Mmm, such a tender little treat," his Aunt Vanessa agreed, her eyes glinting with lust as she towered above the boy. "I bet his cock tastes as sweet as candy."

The women cackled and licked their lips hungrily as they ogled Dylan's crotch. Despite his fear and humiliation, he could feel his member stiffening under their lascivious gazes, growing thick and erect. Instinctively, he moved his hands to cover himself.

"Ah ah ah, hands behind your back!" his mother snapped. "Let us see that delicious boy-cock in all its glory."

Trembling, Dylan clasped his hands behind him, putting his throbbing

erection on full display. The head was swollen and purple, a bead of pre-cum glistening at the tip. The women cooed appreciatively at the sight.

"Oh, he's nice and hard for us already," cousin Brianna said with a wicked grin. "Such an obedient little fuck toy."

Dylan had just turned 18 the day before, officially becoming his mother's sexual property according to the laws established after the Great Hormone Shift. The skinny but handsome teen was incredibly timid, still a virgin who was deeply afraid of girls, even as his adolescent mind was intensely curious about sex.

He couldn't help but notice the huge, fleshy tits that all women seemed to have these days as a result of their raging estrogen levels. Even his cousin Brianna, only a year older than him, had boobies that she could swollen his entire head between. But his mom's and Gran's breasts were the most massively voluptuous of all,

each easily bigger than his head.

He trembled as they pressed in closer, the musky scent of their arousal filling his nostrils. Meaty tits brushed against his bare skin from all sides, smothering him in warm, pliant flesh. His mind reeled,

overwhelmed by cleavage and unable to process that this was really happening.

"P-Please..." he stammered meekly, unsure if he was begging them to stop or to never stop.

"Hush, little one," his mother cooed, her voice dripping with lust.

"You

belong to us now. We're going to teach you how to worship and serve

our beautiful bodies like a good boy."

She cupped his chin, forcing him to meet her hungry gaze. Her eyes promised pleasure beyond his wildest imaginings, and pain should he

dare to resist.

Dylan whimpered softly, knees weak with mingled fear and forbidden

arousal. His rigid cock throbbed almost painfully, bobbing of its own accord. The women stared at it greedily as if they would devour it whole.

"I bet he's never even touched himself before, the precious innocent

lamb," Aunt Vanessa purred, eyeing his erection like a succulent snack. "He won't last a minute once we get our hands on him."

"And our mouths," cousin Brianna added with a wink. "And our hot, hungry cunts. We'll fuck him senseless and drain those virgin balls dry."

The others cackled in agreement, licking their lips. Dylan looked desperately to his mother, his last bastion of comfort and protection.

Surely she wouldn't let them violate him like this, would she?

But Camille just smiled, a wicked gleam in her eye as she reached for

him with grasping, scarlet-tipped fingers.

"Let's have a closer look at our new plaything, shall we ladies?"

Camille suggested with a wicked grin. The women murmured in eager

agreement, pressing in even closer around the trembling boy.

Dozens of greedy hands reached out to stroke and caress every inch

of Dylan's exposed flesh. They squeezed his slender arms appreciatively, tracing the quivering muscles. Fingers trailed down his

smooth chest and taut belly before grabbing handfuls of his pert ass cheeks.

Dylan gasped as he felt their long nails lightly rake his skin, leaving faint red lines in their wake. Goosebumps prickled his flesh at their sensual touch. He shuddered as heavy, pillowy breasts brushed up against him from all sides, smothering him in their doughy softness.

Fat, swollen nipples poked into him, many already leaking milk that dribbled onto his bare skin. The warm, slippery fluid trickled down his

body as the flow increased, leaving him glazed in a thin sheen of breastmilk. The sweet, creamy scent filled his nostrils.

"Mmm, such soft, supple young skin," Aunt Vanessa purred as her fingers danced across his trembling body. "And so very responsive. I can feel him quivering at the slightest touch."

"He's got the most adorable little nipples!" cousin Brianna cooed, giving the sensitive nubs a playful tweak that made Dylan yelp. "I just

want to suck and nibble on them for hours."

A wrinkled hand cupped his balls, hefting the plump orbs appraisingly. "Nice big bollocks on this one," his grandmother appraised. "Stuffed full of hot, thick cum just waiting to be milked out."

Camille's slender fingers wrapped around Dylan's rigid shaft, stroking

it with an agonizing slowness as she examined her son's throbbing manhood. Her touch was electric, sending shockwaves of forbidden pleasure racing through his trembling body.

"My, what an impressive specimen," she purred appreciatively, running her thumb over the swollen, purple head. She smeared the bead of pre-cum around, making it glisten obscenely. "So thick and meaty. I bet this beast will stretch our cunts deliciously when we ride it."

The other women nodded in agreement, crowding in close to get a better look at Dylan's impressive endowment. Their hungry eyes roved over every ridge and vein of his erection, memorizing each detail.

"Look at this big, juicy knob," Aunt Vanessa said, flicking the tip with a

perfectly manicured nail and making Dylan gasp. "Like a ripe plum just begging to be sucked."

"And this thick, pulsing vein running along the underside," cousin Brianna added, tracing it with a fingertip from balls to tip. "I can feel his hot blood pumping through it."

"Don't forget this sensitive little ribbon of flesh, the frenulum," Dylan's

grandmother chimed in, giving it a light pinch that made him buck his

hips involuntarily. "Stimulating that will drive him wild."

Camille grinned wickedly, still languidly pumping her son's drooling cock. Pearly strands of pre-drool oozed from the tip, dribbling over her stroking fingers.

"And look how wet he is already, leaking like a faucet," she observed, working the slick fluid into his hot, throbbing flesh. "Such a hair trigger on this one. So eager and excitable." The teen whimpered at his mother's lewd words, his face burning with humiliation even as his cock jumped in her grasp. He'd never been so aroused in his young life, dizzy with lust for the taboo delights they promised. At the same time, he was terrified of the ravenous, predatory females that were ogling him like a piece of meat. "P-Please..." he stammered again, voice cracking with fear and need.

His hips shifted restlessly, torn between pulling away and thrusting into his mother's maddeningly soft hand.

"Please what, little one?" Camille asked teasingly, pausing her stroking. She moved her fingers to circle the ridge of his swollen corona, making him shudder and gasp. "Use your words. Tell Mommy what you need."

Dylan's mind reeled as his mother's words sunk in. As much as his body craved relief, he suddenly remembered that as her sexual property, his own needs and desires were irrelevant now. Only his owner's pleasure mattered anymore.

"I...I need whatever you need, Mommy," he whispered submissively, lowering his eyes. "My body belongs to you, to serve and satisfy you however you wish."

"Good boy!" Camille praised, smiling approvingly at his properly deferential attitude. She petted his hair as one would stroke an obedient puppy. "Mommy's little toy is learning his place so quickly! You're going to make such a good fuck pet for me and all these horny women."

Dylan's cheeks flushed at the degrading words but his rigid cock twitched in her grasp, shamefully aroused by the humiliation. The probing hands grew bolder, groping and fondling every intimate inch of his quivering body.

Manicured nails tickled up and down his shaft as fingers kneaded his plump, cum-filled balls. They tugged on his fuzzy sack, rolling the fat

orbs in their warm palms. Curious digits slipped lower, brushing over his sensitive taint before finding his tightly clenched asshole. He gasped as they traced the puckered rim teasingly, the forbidden touch sending electric tingles zipping up his spine. It made him take a step back, but his mother clamped onto his scrotum with her sharp nails.

"No," she said patiently, pulling him forward by his nuts. "Stay!" she commanded as if speaking to a dog.

The boy's hips shifted restlessly, asshole clenching and winking under their caress. The women giggled in delight at his responsiveness.

"Mmm, such a hot little virgin hole," Aunt Vanessa purred, circling the quivering bud. "So tight and tempting. I can't wait to lick it with my tongue."

Dylan gasped and shuddered as Aunt Vanessa's wet tongue slithered across his quivering asshole, lapping at the puckered bud. Electric pleasure shot through him, making his knees weak. At the same time, his mother continued stroking his throbbing cock with agonizing slowness, working the sensitive flesh.

The dual sensations were too much for the inexperienced teen. With a whimper, he stumbled backwards across the room, trying to escape the overwhelming stimulation. But the pack of ravenous women patiently pursued him, their high heels clicking on the floor.

"Ohhh, don't run away from the pleasure, darling boy," his Gran cooed, her colossal tits trembling like jello as she stepped towards him.

They slowly closed in, surrounding him once more and pressing their lush, scantily clad bodies against his from all sides. Dylan was engulfed in warm, jiggling female flesh, smothered by their huge, pillowy breasts and plump curves.

Dozens of hands groped him everywhere, and as women squatted down, wet eager tongues licked across his trembling skin. They slurped along his rigid shaft from balls to tip, flicking over his sensitive glans. Hungry mouths slurped his plump balls into their wet heat, suckling his cum-filled orbs.

Aunt Vanessa spread his cheeks and buried her face in his ass, tongue-fucking his virgin hole with lewd slurps. Dylan shook and whined, legs nearly giving out as she wiggled the slippery muscle past his tight ring and deep into his rectum.

Overwhelmed with sensation, the teen tried once more to pull away. But this time, his grandmother wrapped her saggy, veiny tits around

his neck from behind, trapping him in place. The huge mounds completely engulfed his head, smothering him in their doughy softness.

"Just relax, little lamb," she cooed, cradling his head against her pillowy bosom. "Gran's got you. Let us pleasure this virgin body until you're weak and cross-eyed."

Her huge nipples rubbed against his cheeks, leaving wet smears of leaking breastmilk on his flushed skin. The sweet cream dribbled into

his gasping mouth and he swallowed reflexively, shuddering at the taste.

Trapped between the hungry mouths feasting on his cock and ass, and his grandmother's smothering tits, Dylan could only submit to the

pleasure. His hips humped the air frantically, fucking his drooling erection through his mother's stroking fingers.

Aunt Vanessa's tongue plunged deep into his virgin hole, snaking in as far as it could go before curling and wriggling obscenely. Her lips sealed around his entrance as she sucked hard, tongue-fucking him with obscene slurps. His cock jumped and pulsed in Camille's fist, balls drawing up tight.

Camille, Vanessa and Brianna watched with rapt attention as the teen's cock flexed and throbbed in time with Aunt Vanessa's lewd slurps. The rigid shaft danced under their stroking fingers, slick with his drooling pre-cum.

"Oh my, look how his cock is jumping!" Camille exclaimed with glee. "Pulsing and straining so desperately. I've never seen it so engorged."

"Mmm, yes, and look at those hips gyrating," cousin Brianna purred. "Humping the air in such a wanton rhythm. He's fucking Mommy's fist like a bitch in heat."

The women cackled wickedly, working the teen's sensitive flesh more

vigorously. Camille pumped his shaft rapidly from root to tip, twisting

her wrist on the upstroke. Aunt Vanessa sealed her lips around his hole even tighter, sucking fiercely as her tongue plunged in and out. "That's it, fuck Mommy's hand," Camille encouraged, thumbing his weeping slit. "Thrust those virgin hips. Show us how much you need to cum."

Dylan whimpered into his grandmother's smothering cleavage, hips snapping faster and faster. His balls drew up even tighter, churning with hot seed. The pleasure was too intense, pushing him to the brink.

"P-Please..." he gasped out, voice muffled by the doughy tit-flesh surrounding his head. "Feels...too good! I can't...I'm gonna..."

Just as Dylan's orgasm approached the point of no return, the women

suddenly stopped all their groping and stimulation. Camille's hand whipped out, slapping his rigid cock like she was striking someone across the face. The stinging pain shocked him, halting his impending

ejaculation.

Before he could even cry out, Dylan found himself sandwiched tightly

between his mother and grandmother's enormous breasts, the huge mounds completely engulfing his head and upper body. Camille sealed her hungry lips over his, kissing him ravenously as she shoved her tongue deep into his mouth.

At the same time, Aunt Vanessa lifted his legs up, propping his knees

on her shoulders. Her strong grip on his thighs raised his ass off the floor as she continued passionately rimming his virgin hole, lapping and sucking the quivering bud.

Trapped between the three women, smothered by massive tits and invaded by probing tongues, Dylan whimpered and squirmed helplessly. Camille's tongue dominated his mouth, tangling with his own and thrusting in an obscene rhythm.

She grabbed a fistful of his hair, pulling his head back and breaking the kiss. "Put that tongue to work!" she commanded breathlessly. "If you wanna cum, you better start eating Mommy's mouth like a good little slut."

Desperate for release, Dylan immediately started licking and sucking

his mother's lips and tongue submissively. He pushed his own tongue

into her mouth, exploring clumsily but eagerly. Camille groaned in approval, frenching him back passionately.

As they made out, Dylan was lost in a world of suffocating tit-flesh

and cleavage, struggling to breathe. Below, Aunt Vanessa's skillful tongue never ceased its assault on his upturned asshole, writhing deep in his clenching passage.

His beautiful cousin Brianna deftly maneuvered her limber body underneath Dylan, squirming between his spread legs until her head

was positioned right below his upturned ass. "Spread him wider, Mom," she directed softly. "I wanna get to his taint and balls."

Vanessa obliged, hoisting Dylan's legs up higher and farther apart, opening him completely. His puckered hole winked obscenely above Brianna's face, glistening with Vanessa's saliva.

"Perfect," Brianna purred. She extended her tongue and began to lap

at the sensitive strip of flesh between Dylan's asshole and balls, massaging the nerve-rich area with the flat of her tongue.

Dylan whimpered into his mother's mouth at the new sensation, his body quivering. Brianna's tongue swirled and pressed against his taint expertly, working in tandem with her mom's continued rimming.

"Mmm, look at how those fat nuts are clenching," Vanessa told her daughter between long licks to Dylan's fluttering hole. "Mmm, I just wanna eat those fucking balls."

"Not if I eat them first," Brianna replied. She shifted lower, burying her

face in Dylan's plump ball-sack. She slurped one of his large testicles

into her hot mouth, suckling the orb wetly as her tongue massaged the delicate skin.

The boy groaned around his mom's invading tongue, his cock flexing

and bouncing against his belly. Drool leaked from the corners of his stretched lips as his mother kissed him harder and deeper, plundering his mouth.

"Worship those cum-filled balls, baby girl," Vanessa encouraged.

"Lick and suck the flesh of those tasty eggs."

Brianna hummed in agreement, switching to his other nut and lavishing it with the same treatment. She bathed his wrinkled sack with her tongue, tracing every curve and crevice.

"Mmm, lift his sack, honey," Vanessa instructed, moving her lips closer to her daughter's. "Let me at that sweet little gooch again."

Brianna obeyed, using her fingers to hoist Dylan's heavy balls up, baring his taint once more. Vanessa dove in, licking a slow stripe from

his hole down to where Brianna held his nut-sack aloft.

"Mmm, fuck," the mother cooed, bathing his hairless perineum with tender kisses.

Mother and daughter made out with Dylan's most intimate areas, their

mouths and tongues working in perfect synchronicity. They took turns

tongue-fucking his virgin asshole and suckling his balls, exchanging the spit-soaked organs between their lips.

"Ooh, feel how his sack is tightening up," Vanessa murmured, nuzzling his wrinkled skin. "These fat balls are getting excited."

"Mmm, and look at his taint flexing," Brianna replied softly, fluttering

her tongue against the strip of flesh. "I can feel it quivering against my

mouth."

"Lift his nuts higher," Vanessa instructed. "I wanna really get in there

and stimulate that sensitive spot behind them."

Brianna complied, using her fingers to hoist Dylan's heavy sack even

further out of the way. Vanessa zeroed in on his exposed perineum, massaging the nerve-rich area firmly with the tip of her tongue.

Dylan whimpered and squirmed between them, overwhelmed by the

intense sensations. His untouched cock bounced against his belly, weeping copious amounts of pre-cum.

"Oh yes, he's leaking like a faucet," Brianna observed, watching a pearly strand drip from his tip. "Virgin boy juice, so sweet and pure."

Brianna and her mother feasted on Dylan's tender ball-sack, treating

the delicate organs like a buffet of flesh to be devoured. Their lips and tongues worshipped every wrinkle and fold of his delicate scrotum and the precious organs within.

They pulled and stretched his hairless scrotum, extending the wrinkled skin until it was taut and smooth.

With her long, experienced tongue, Vanessa traced the prominent raphe that divided his sack, the ridge of flesh that marked where his nut-sack fused together during development. Her tongue teased along the textured seam, making the delicate skin quiver.

Brianna sealed her mouth around one of his fat testicles, suckling the

hefty orb into her hot, wet mouth. Her skillful tongue swirled around the sensitive gland, feeling the bumpy epididymis where his sperm were stored. She could sense the millions of wriggling spermatozoa

churning within, just waiting to be expelled.

Her mother nibbled and licked along Dylan's taut spermatic cords, tracing the vas deferens tubes that transported his seed from his testes. She followed the cords up to where they joined together, flicking her tongue against the exquisitely sensitive area and lightly chewing at the flesh with her pretty white teeth.

Dylan bucked and whimpered into his mother's smothering tits, his hips jerking spasmodically at the intense sensations radiating from his

groin. His swollen balls clenched and drew up tight in their sack as the women greedily slurped and suckled the delicate glands.

"Mmm, fuck! I can feel his epididymis flexing against my tongue," Vanessa murmured between obscene slurps. "So engorged with virgin spunk."

"And his scrotal muscles are going wild," Brianna added, laving the rings of muscle fibers that contracted to pull his balls closer to his body. "Clenching and releasing, trying to cum so bad."

The lewd dirty talk only heightened Dylan's desperate arousal. His sack tensed and flexed in their mouths as his body instinctively tried

to expel his pent-up seed.

Brianna and her mother shamelessly rubbed their pretty faces in Dylan's musky ball-sack, inhaling deeply of his pungent, virile scent.

"Mmm, smell those strong pheromones," Vanessa purred, nose buried in his sweaty nuts. "That's pure, concentrated teenaged essence. It's making my cunt so wet."

"Me too, Mom," Brianna agreed breathlessly, nuzzling his wrinkled skin. "The stink of his ripe balls is going straight to my pussy. I just want to drown in his boy-musk."

They huffed his balls like horny junkies, growing intoxicated on the primal male aroma. Rubbing his heavy sack all over their faces, they

marked themselves with his natural oils and secretions like bitches in heat.

Mother and daughter each enveloped one of Dylan's plump testicles in their hungry mouths, sealing their lips tightly around the base of his

stretched sack. They suckled the hefty orbs deep into their wet heat,

cheeks hollowing obscenely.

Eyes locked in a lewd gaze, they began to pull apart, stretching Dylan's ball-sack taut between them like a fleshy rope. His scrotum

extended unnaturally as they played an erotic game of tug-of-war with

his most precious body parts.

Dylan wailed around Camille's invading tongue as searing pain and pleasure radiated from his groin. It felt like they were trying to rip his

balls right off his body! His sack was pulled so tight the skin turned shiny and thin, every bump and vein clearly visible.

The twisted women suckled his trapped testes mercilessly, working the delicate glands over with their skillful tongues. They could feel his

epididymis flexing against their taste-buds, the sperm storage tubes contracting as they prepared to expel their massive load.

Drool leaked from the corners of their stretched lips, dribbling down his taut sack. They hummed and slurped around his balls noisily, sending vibrations deep into the tortured organs. Dylan thought he might pass out from the intense sensations.

Just when he felt like his sack might tear right down the middle, they

relaxed their pull. His balls snapped back together like a rubber band,

swinging heavily between his thighs. Vanessa and Brianna instantly set upon them again, licking and kissing the abused orbs soothingly.

They suckled his balls, tongued his perineum, and rimmed his quivering asshole until he was delirious with need, a whimpering mess

All the skinny teen could do was surrender to the overwhelming sensations, a helpless passenger on this wild ride of forbidden pleasure. His rigid cock throbbed almost painfully, still denied the orgasm it so desperately craved as the older women ravished his young body...

As Camille and her son fervently made out, his grandmother joined in

the oral assault on his neck and shoulders. Her wet, plump lips trailed

across his sensitive skin, leaving a sheen of saliva in their wake.

Sharp teeth nipped at his flesh, leaving red marks that would soon turn to possessive hickeys.

Dylan whimpered into his mother's dominating kiss as his grandmother suckled and bit his throat, marking him as the older women's property. Her warm, slippery tongue laved over his adam's apple, feeling it bob as he swallowed thickly.

Meanwhile, Camille's long, agile tongue invaded Dylan's mouth with aggressive thrusts. The slick muscle whipped wildly, exploring every

crevice. It curled around his own tongue, rubbing and undulating against it obscenely as she sucked the slippery organ into her hungry maw.

Her lips sealed around his in a lewd vacuum, sucking passionately on his tongue and lips like she was trying to devour his very breath. Their mingled saliva dribbled down their chins as she tongue-fucked his mouth with wild abandon.

Dylan submitted to the lewd frenching, helpless under the onslaught of his mother's skilled oral ministrations. Her serpentine tongue dominated his, thrusting so deep he almost gagged. It whipped against his soft palate before tickling the back of his throat.

Slurping and smacking sounds filled the room as Camille practically ate his face, consumed with lust for her submissive son. She gnawed

his plump bottom lip, pulling on it with her teeth before releasing it with a pop and shoving her tongue back into the wet cavern of his gasping mouth.

She swirled it around, stroking every slick surface and crevice. The slippery muscle glided across his teeth and inner cheeks before finding his own tongue and coiling around it like a snake. Camille sucked his tongue deeper into her mouth, as if trying to rip it out by the root.

Dizzy from the ferocious frenching, Dylan's jaw started to ache and drool seeped from the corners of his stretched lips. But he dared not pull away, knowing better than to resist his mother's hungry mouth. He could only whimper around her plunging tongue as she greedily claimed every inch of his oral cavity.

After several more minutes of the lewd and sloppy makeout, Camille finally broke the kiss. Strands of saliva briefly connected their swollen

lips before breaking. Dylan gasped for air, chest heaving and chin glazed with drool.

But he barely had a moment to catch his breath before Camille grabbed his hair and forced his face down into her cavernous cleavage, smothering him in her huge, meaty breasts. The plush, sweaty flesh completely engulfed his head, plugging his nose and mouth.

Dylan had always been fascinated by breasts, especially the massively voluptuous ones that all women seemed to have these days. And now his mother's giant, fleshy tits were being introduced to

him in the lewdest way possible as she smothered his face deep in her cavernous cleavage.

The teen whimpered and writhed, sandwiched tightly between Camille and his grandmother. Their huge, sweaty breasts completely

engulfed his head, plugging his nose and mouth with doughy, fragrant

tit-flesh. He could barely breathe, forced to inhale the heady musk of

his mother's cleavage with each desperate gasp.

As Camille smothered Dylan in her enormous rack, she reached down between their pressed bodies to grab his rigid, pre-cumslickened

cock. Her fingers curled around the throbbing shaft,

trapping it against her belly as she slowly stroked him from root to tip.

The boy groaned into her cleavage as she focused on the sensitive band of flesh separating his swollen glans from his foreskin. The pad of her thumb rubbed and circled that sweet spot relentlessly, sending

electric tingles racing through his trembling body.

Dylan's narrow hips bucked helplessly as his mom expertly worked his most pleasurable zones with knowing fingers. Trapped between the voluptuous bodies of his mother and grandmother, smothered and

stroked simultaneously, he was delirious with forbidden lust.

Aunt Vanessa and her daughter continued their dedicated assault on

his virgin balls and asshole, the lewd slurps and sucks of their hungry

mouth filled Dylan's ears along with the blood pounding in his head from lack of oxygen.

Sensory overload threatened to shut down the inexperienced teen's brain as the older women skillfully stimulated his every nerve ending.

Drool dribbled from the corners of his stretched lips, further slicking the sweaty expanse of his mother's mammoth breasts engulfing his face.

Camille's hand pumped faster along Dylan's weeping cock, twisting her wrist as she thumbed his sensitive frenulum. She could feel his shaft swell and pulse against her stroking palm, knowing he was close to the edge.

"That's it, baby boy," she purred sadistically, hot breath wafting over

his ear. "Hump Mommy's hand. Fuck my fist like the desperate little virgin you are. I can feel that cock throbbing so hard. You need to cum so bad, don't you?"

Dylan could only whimper pathetically in agreement, muffled by the wall of tit-flesh smothering him. His balls were drawn up so tight they

ached, churning with backed-up spunk that demanded release.

Every

fiber of his being burned with the primal urge to erupt, to spray his thick nut everywhere.

Dylan's senses reeled as he listened to the older women clinically discussing his body's responses, as if he were a patient being examined by a team of medical experts.

"Look how his cock flexes and jumps with each stroke," Camille observed with a detached, analytical tone that belied the lewd act of

jacking off her own son. "The glans is so swollen and purple, and I can feel his pulse racing through this thick vein on the underside."

"Mmm yes, and his testicles are drawn up so tight against his body,"

Aunt Vanessa added from between his splayed thighs, pausing her rimming to cup his churning balls.

"I can practically feel the load of hot cum sloshing around in them," Brianna added, rubbing her face against his nuts like a needy kitten.

"Definitely showing signs of an impending orgasm," her mother agreed. "This boy is primed to pop like a bottle of warm champagne."

"I concur," his grandmother chimed in, voice slightly muffled by the titflesh smothering Dylan's face. "Elevated heart rate, short rapid breathing, involuntary muscle tension and twitching, leaking copious

pre-cum - all classic indicators of male sexual climax."

The teen whimpered into his mother's cleavage at their humiliating assessment, face burning with shame even as his hips bucked into Camille's stroking fist. He felt like a lab rat being experimented on, a

slab of meat to be poked and prodded.

"Given his virgin status and the intense stimulation, I estimate ejaculation will occur within the next 30 to 60 seconds," Camille concluded. "We should consider inducing emission to take the edge off and desensitize him somewhat before we move on to vaginal penetration."

The other women murmured their agreement at this prudent course of action. Dylan shivered at the clinical words, a thrill of fear and

anticipation zipping up his spine. He wasn't sure what 'inducing emission' entailed but it sounded intense.

"An excellent suggestion," his grandmother said. "A preliminary orgasm will make him last longer when we start riding him. No sense

in letting all that backed-up cum go to waste either."

"My thoughts exactly," Camille agreed, picking up the pace of her stroking. Her thumb rubbed incessantly over his sensitive frenulum as

her fist pumped him faster. "Get ready ladies, he's going to blow any

second now. Vanessa, keep licking that asshole. Brianna, work that prostate!"

Aunt Vanessa immediately shoved two fingers knuckle-deep into Dylan's spit-slick asshole, finding his virgin prostate and massaging it

firmly while her daughter licked his perineum. Electric pleasure exploded through the boy's shaking body at this new sensation, sending him hurtling toward the brink.

Trapped between the four women, Dylan was helpless to resist the overwhelming stimulation. His cock pulsed wildly, balls drawing up as

his climax approached. Camille felt his shaft swell in her pumping fist.

The mother pressed her massive, fleshy breasts together with her forearms, completely sealing Dylan's face in her deep, sweaty cleavage. The teen whimpered and writhed as his oxygen supply was

cut off, smothered in the warm, fragrant valley of his mother's huge tits.

"Restricting his air will make his orgasm so much more intense," Camille said wickedly, flexing her chest muscles to squeeze his head

even tighter. "And it'll help take the edge off that hair trigger before we let him experience his first hot, wet pussy."

As she spoke, Camille corkscrewed her fist around Dylan's throbbing shaft, stroking him even harder and faster. Her palm twisted over his

sensitive cockhead on each upstroke, smearing the spurting pre-cum

in circles.

Aunt Vanessa and her daughter continued massaging his prostate in firm circles, rubbing that magic button relentlessly. Dylan convulsed

and shook, overwhelmed by the dual stimulation milking his cock and prostate simultaneously.

His pelvis rocked in short, rapid thrusts as he frantically fucked his mother's pumping fist. The boy was delirious, right on the razor's edge, ready to explode at any moment. All rational thought left his oxygen-deprived brain, replaced only by the primal need to cum. Camille felt Dylan's cock swell to its maximum hardness, pulsing wildly against her stroking palm. His balls drew up tight to his body as

the muscles in his slender thighs and abs clenched, signaling his imminent eruption.

"Here it comes!" she announced gleefully, pumping her fist in a blur. "Milk those balls dry, ladies! Let's drain our little virgin slut!"

Dylan wailed into his mother's tits, back arching as his hips bucked. With Vanessa and Brianna stimulating his prostate and his grandmother biting his neck, the teen hit the point of no return. His cock jumped and throbbed before finally unleashing a massive load. Thick ropes of pearly cum geysered from his jerking cock, splattering

across Camille's pumping hand and taut belly. She aimed his spurting

tip at her own face, painting her cheeks and open mouth with his warm spunk.

The other women cackled and cheered as Dylan's virgin cock emptied itself, firing off a truly impressive volume of jizz for his first orgasm. It just kept coming in long, powerful spurts, drenching his mother's body in a creamy deluge.

"Ooh yes, that's it!" Camille cried, slurping down a mouthful of jism. "Cover Mommy in all your hot, thick cum! Give me every drop, baby boy!"

Dylan convulsed uncontrollably, entire body wracked by the intensity

of his release. The teen convulsed in their grip, a silent scream trapped in his throat by the wall of tit-flesh smothering him. Just when

blackness started creeping into the edges of his vision, Camille finally

released his face from the fleshy prison of her breasts.

Dylan gasped in a huge lungful of air, head spinning and seeing spots. The aftershocks of his epic orgasm still shuddered through him

as the last weak spurts of cum dribbled from his softening cock onto his twitching abs.

The older women cackled triumphantly at the impressive load he'd shot, exchanging high fives. Camille swiped a fingerful of jizz from his

belly, popping it into her mouth and sucking it clean.

"Mmm, delicious," she purred, savoring the salty-sweet taste of her son's seed. "Nothing better than fresh-squeezed virgin cum. And there's plenty more where that came from."

Spent and shaking from his intense orgasm, Dylan slithered bonelessly onto the floor, gasping for breath. Ropes of his thick cum painted his belly and chest, pooling in his navel.

The women descended on him like a pack of hungry lionesses, eager

to feast on his virgin seed. They crouched over his prone form, heavy

breasts swaying and jiggling as they bent to lap at his glazed skin.

"Mmm, he tastes so good," Aunt Vanessa purred, slurping a long strand of jizz from his quivering abs. "Sweet and musky, like a perfect

little treat."

Cousin Brianna hummed in agreement as she swiped her tongue through the puddle in his bellybutton. "I could lick him clean for hours.

And look, he's still oozing!"

Sure enough, a weak spurt of pearly fluid dribbled from Dylan's cockhead, his shaft still half-hard and hypersensitive. Gran wrapped her lips around the tip, suckling gently as she coaxed out the last drops of his creamy load. The boy whimpered and squirmed at the intensity on his over-stimulated flesh.

"P-Please, it's too much," he gasped, trying to wriggle away from their

greedy tongues and lips. "I can't take any more!"

But the women just chuckled wickedly, not letting up their oral assault. They chased his writhing body with lapping tongues, determined to lick up every last drop of his delicious cum.

When Dylan made another feeble attempt to crawl away, Camille casually grabbed his ankle in an iron grip. With deceptive patience and gentleness, she dragged him across the floor, pulling him back to

the center of their circle.

"Ah ah ah, hold still," she admonished, "We're not done cleaning you

up yet. We can't let any of your precious seed go to waste."

Pinned down and panting, Dylan could only submit as the ravenous women swarmed him again. They licked, slurped and suckled every

inch of his sensitive flesh, not missing a single streak of his spend. Their heavy, milk-laden breasts dangled over him like fleshy udders, fat nipples leaking creamy drops onto his skin as they feasted. Aunt Vanessa captured his softening cock in her mouth, nursing on it lewdly and rolling his cockhead around her talented tongue.

"Oh God!" Dylan yelped, back arching as she slurped on his oversensitized

glans. Drool spilled from the corners of her stretched lips as she sucked him loudly.

Dylan gasped and writhed as Aunt Vanessa relentlessly sucked his spent, oversensitive cock. The pleasure was so intense it bordered on pain, making him whimper and squirm.

"Please, Aunt Vanessa!" he begged, voice cracking. "It's too much! I can't take it!"

He reached down to weakly push at her bobbing head, trying to dislodge her hungry mouth from his abused flesh. But Vanessa just growled around his cock, slapping his hand away sharply.

"Keep your hands to yourself, Dylan!" she snapped after letting him slip from her lips with a wet pop. "You don't ever deny a woman access to this dick, understand? It belongs to us now, to use however

we want."

Dylan whimpered at the harsh rebuke, nodding subserviently. "Yes Aunt Vanessa, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to disobey!"

Camille tutted disapprovingly, shaking her head at her son's impudence. Men these days needed strict discipline to learn their place. She turned to her niece Brianna with a meaningful look.

"Brianna dear, go fetch the belt from my closet," she instructed calmly. "You know the one."

Brianna's eyes lit up with wicked glee and she scurried to obey.

Camille took the leather belt from Brianna and held it in her hands, looking down at her trembling son. Dylan's eyes were wide with fear as he saw the thick strap, knowing what it meant.

"Dylan, sweetheart," Camille said in a gentle but firm voice.

"There's

something very important you need to understand now that you're a

man. In this world, women make the rules. And men who disobey those rules must be punished."

She crouched down next to him, tenderly brushing his sweaty hair back from his forehead. Dylan flinched slightly at her touch, eyeing the belt nervously.

"I know this is all very new and overwhelming for you," Camille continued sympathetically. "But you must learn your place, just like

your father did. He too had to be disciplined when he displeased me."

Dylan's eyes widened at this revelation. He had no idea his father was subjected to such punishments. Camille smiled almost wistfully, as if reminiscing.

"Oh yes, many times I had to take the belt or whip to your father," she

said. "Whenever he talked back, refused my advances, or failed to satisfy me. It was the only way to train him properly."

She held up the thick leather strap, running it through her fingers.

"This belt delivered many of those lessons. The bite of it across his backside never failed to correct his behavior. And now, it will teach you obedience too."

Dylan whimpered as Camille stood up and doubled the belt over in her fist. She towered over his prone form authoritatively.

"For trying to pull away from your Aunt Vanessa, I'm going to give you

ten lashes," she declared. "You will count each one and thank me before asking for the next. This is for your own good, to instill the proper respect for female authority."

Tears welled in Dylan's eyes but he nodded in resignation, knowing he had no choice but to submit. "Y-Yes Mommy," he whispered. "I understand. Thank you for correcting me."

"Good boy," Camille praised. "Now roll over and present your bottom

for discipline."

Dylan obeyed with shaking limbs, turning onto his stomach. The women all tittered in anticipation as he got on his hands and knees, raising his pale, virgin buttocks.

Camille took her position behind him, caressing his trembling cheeks

almost lovingly. "Such a cute little tush," she purred. "Pity it has to be

marked. But you'll thank me later when you're a perfectly obedient fucktoy."

She raised the belt high and then brought it down across the center of Dylan's quivering buttocks with a resounding CRACK! The boy yelped at the shocking sting, jerking forward.

A livid red welt immediately bloomed on his lily white skin. Camille admired it with satisfaction as Dylan collected himself,

remembering

his instructions.

"O-One, thank you Mommy," Dylan gasped out. "M-May I have another?"

Camille grinned, raising the belt again. "Yes you may." CRACK! The strap landed just below the first, leaving another throbbing stripe. Dylan jerked and whimpered but maintained his submissive pose.

"Two, thank you Mommy. May I have another?"

The cruel leather kissed his tender skin again and again as Camille methodically covered his bobbing ass in fiery lashes, turning it a deep, uniform red. She expertly landed each blow for maximum sting

without breaking the skin, a skill honed from years of disciplining her husband.

The boy counted each strike dutifully even as tears streamed down his face, snot dripping from his nose. "EIGHT, thank you Mommy! May I have another?" he sobbed, voice ragged. His bottom felt like it

was being swarmed by angry hornets.

CRACK! CRACK! Camille finished off the set with two blistering strokes across his sensitive sit spots, eliciting howls from her shaking

son. Dylan collapsed onto his elbows, openly bawling now, his red bottom clenching and quivering.

"Shhh, there there," Camille cooed, rubbing his inflamed cheeks soothingly. "You took your whipping so well, like a good boy. Mommy's very proud of you."

The other women clapped and cheered as if he'd performed a great feat. "Bravo! Well done Dylan!" they congratulated him. "You're learning so quickly!"

After giving him a moment to regain his composure, Camille helped Dylan to his feet. He swayed unsteadily, wincing as his punished bottom throbbed and stung viciously.

"Now, I think a final lesson is in order to make sure the message really...penetrates," Camille said with a wicked grin. "Brianna, fetch me that wooden paddle, the one with the holes. Let's set Dylan's ass

on fire to drive the point home."

Dylan's face paled and he shook his head frantically, backing away. "No, please Mommy!" he begged. "I'll be good, I swear! I've learned my lesson!"

But Camille just crooked her finger at him sternly. "Dylan. Michael. Bates," she said, emphasizing each word. "You get that bottom over here right now or I'll double your punishment."

Shoulders slumping in defeat, Dylan shuffled over to his mother.

Brianna gleefully handed her a heavy wooden paddle riddled with

dime-sized holes. The evil little perforations would concentrate the impact, ensuring an extra painful lesson.

Camille patted her lap. "Bend over Mommy's knee."

Dylan cringed at the sight of the cruel paddle but knew he had no choice but to obey. Sniffing and wiping his tear-streaked face, he draped himself across his mother's lap, presenting his already red and throbbing buttocks for further punishment.

Camille rubbed the cool wooden paddle over his hot, welted cheeks almost tenderly. "Such a good boy," she praised. "So obedient and submissive for Mommy. This will hurt me more than it hurts you."

Before Dylan could ponder that unlikely statement, Camille raised the

paddle high and brought it crashing down on his upturned bottom with

a resounding CRACK!

The teen howled as a line of fire exploded across both cheeks, the concentrated impact of the holes feeling like a swarm of hornets attacking his tender flesh. He instinctively tried to lurch off her lap, but

Camille pinned him in place easily.

WHACK! SMACK! CRACK! The perforated paddle rose and fell in a relentless rhythm, peppering his bobbing buttocks and sit spots with

blistering, focused pain. Each swat left a red oval of throbbing skin, the holes branding his bottom like a checkerboard.

Dylan wailed and kicked his legs helplessly, bare feet drumming the floor. The searing pain in his posterior grew with each punishing wallop until he was sure he wouldn't be able to sit for a week. Tears and snot poured down his face as he blubbered over his mother's knee.

"P-Please Mommy!" he sobbed brokenly. "No more! I'll be good, I promise! I've learned my lesson!"

But Camille was unmoved by his pleading, maternal hand continuing

to roast his rear with the stinging paddle. "Oh, I know you have, sweetness," she cooed. "But a final thorough lesson is needed to make sure it sticks. Naughty boys who disrespect women get scorched bottoms, plain and simple."

WHAP! CRACK! SMACK! The searing swats came even harder and faster, igniting the hapless teen's sit spots until they glowed a deep, uniform crimson. Bawling, Dylan went limp over his mother's lap, surrendering to the blazing punishment.

After a full five minutes of blistering discipline, Dylan was reduced to a

sobbing, snotty mess, his bottom feeling like raw hamburger. Only then did Camille relent, setting aside the paddle and rubbing his scalded cheeks almost lovingly.

"There now, all done," she soothed as he wept. "You took your spanking so well, like a good submissive boy. Mommy forgives you, and so does Aunt Vanessa."

"That's right," Aunt Vanessa nodded and helped guide Dylan back to his feet as he blubbered and sniffled, his well-punished bottom throbbing viciously.

Dropping to her knees in front of him, Vanessa resumed where she left off, taking his soft cock into her mouth once more, suckling the sensitive flesh. Dylan yelped and flinched at the overstimulation on his

tender member, trying instinctively to pull away. But Vanessa grabbed his hips firmly, holding him in place as she slurped and nursed.

"Settle down now," Gran admonished, seeing him squirm. "Let your auntie enjoy your penile flesh. Sometimes not all of the semen is expelled during ejaculation. It's very important that we milk every last

drop from your urethral tube."

She nodded approvingly as Vanessa sucked harder, her lips sealed tightly around Dylan's semi-erect shaft. The boy whimpered and shuddered, feeling his cock hardening involuntarily in her relentlessly

suckling mouth despite the soreness.

"That's it, drain those balls completely," Gran urged. "We can't let even a single sperm go to waste. A man's ejaculate is a precious resource, not to be squandered."

Vanessa hummed in agreement around Dylan's stiffening rod, pushing her head forward to take him deeper. Her lips pressed into his pelvis as his cockhead nudged the back of her throat. Tears streamed down the teen's face at the intense overstimulation but he

didn't dare try to stop her again, his red bottom throbbing in reminder

of what happened to disobedient boys.

He stood stiffly, hands balled into fists at his side, as Vanessa greedily drained his balls of every last drop. Her throat worked around him as she swallowed each weak spurt hungrily. Only when his cock began to soften again in her mouth did she finally release him.

"There now, all squeaky clean!" Vanessa declared brightly, giving his shrinking shaft an affectionate pat.

Camille pointed authoritatively at the king-sized bed dominating the room. "Get on the bed Dylan, on your back," she commanded. "I want

you to stroke that cock and make sure it's nice and hard again by the time we're ready for you."

The teen scrambled to obey, his red, punished bottom throbbing as he climbed onto the plush comforter and laid back against the pillows.

Timidly, he took his semi-erect member in hand and began pumping it, coaxing it back to full stiffness.

As Dylan worked his cock, the older women began to strip off their skimpy lingerie with sensual slowness, revealing their curvy, voluptuous bodies. Heavy breasts tumbled free of lacy bras, massive

mammaries capped by wide, thickly-textured areola and fat, erect nipples already dripping milk. Plump, juicy asses and thick thighs were showcased as tiny thongs were peeled away.

Dylan gulped as acres of bare female flesh were put on lewd display,

his eyes roving over their doughy curves hungrily. His cock responded instantly, surging back to full erectness in his pumping fist.

"Mmm, look how hard he's getting just from watching us," Brianna purred, eyeing his stiff cock approvingly. "The little virgin slut is practically drooling for these bodies."

"He's gonna absolutely wreck our cunts with that fat dick," Vanessa said, licking her lips. "I can't wait to feel him stretching me open."

Camille approached the bed where her son lay stroking his rigid cock,

his eyes wide as he took in the sight of the naked women surrounding

him. She crawled onto the mattress, her huge breasts swaying pendulously as she moved to straddle his hips.

"Listen to me very carefully, Dylan," Camille said authoritatively, grabbing Dylan's jaw and forcing him to meet her hungry gaze.

"We're each going to use this hard dick to achieve orgasms. You're going to fuck us like a good little slut until we've cum on your cock. Then we'll switch off to the next woman."

Dylan gulped and nodded submissively. "Y-Yes Mommy. I understand."

"And let me make one thing very clear," Camille continued sternly.

"If

you ejaculate, you are NOT to stop fucking, not even for a second. No matter how sensitive that cock gets, you keep pumping it into our

greedy cunts until we're fully satisfied. Understood?"

"But what if I can't stay hard after I cum?" Dylan asked meekly.

Camille chuckled darkly. "Oh, you will. Trust me. Young boys like you have extremely short refractory periods. A little overstimulation won't

keep you from performing your duties. And if your dick does start to soften, we'll just suck it and stroke it right back to full stiffness."

The other women cackled in agreement, eyeing Dylan's erection hungrily. "Don't you worry, baby boy," his gran said. "We know how to

keep that teenage cock of yours as hard as a mighty oak tree."

The inexperienced teen trembled slightly, intimidated by the idea of being used so thoroughly, fucked relentlessly even through the sensitivity after orgasm. But his rigid cock throbbed at the exciting prospect, a bead of pre-cum welling from the tip.

"Besides, a few post-orgasm fucks will help build your stamina,"

Camille added with a wink. "Consider it part of your training. Before long, you'll be able to cum buckets without losing your erection at all.

We'll fuck that hair trigger right out of you."

Dylan whimpered softly but nodded again, accepting his role. "Y-Yes Mommy. I'll do you as much as you need. I won't stop until you're completely satisfied, even if I spill. I promise."

"Such an obedient little fuck-doll," Camille praised, giving his cock an

approving squeeze that made him gasp. "This is your purpose now - pleasuring our needy cunts with this fat dick. And you're going to fulfill

that purpose admirably, I can already tell."

With that, Camille positioned the dripping head of Dylan's erection at

the entrance to her pussy. Her engorged lips parted around him like a

hungry mouth as she rubbed his tip up and down her slick slit, coating

him in her arousal.

Dylan's innocent young body shuddered with a mix of fear and arousal as he stared wide-eyed at his mother's fleshy, shaved vulva poised above his virgin cock. Her puffy outer lips were slick with

arousal, parting slightly to reveal the glistening pink inner folds. At the

apex of her slit, a fat, gumbdrop-sized clitoris peeked out from under its thick, fleshy hood, visibly throbbing with need.

Dylan had never seen a woman's sex up close before, let alone one as lust-engorged and hungry-looking as his mother's drooling quim. His cock jumped against her slick folds, the sensitive head sliding up

and down her wet crease.

Camille grinned down at him wickedly, amused by his rapt yet fearful

expression. She shifted her wide hips, grinding her sopping pussy against his mushrooming cock-glans, coating him liberally in her slippery juices.

Dylan gasped at the sensation of his most tender part being enveloped in liquid heat. Instinctively, his eyes drifted up his mother's

voluptuous body, following the soft swell of her pudgy belly to the massive, jutting shelf of her breasts looming over him.

Camille's huge, heavy mommy-tits hung like twin fleshy clouds, swaying and jiggling with her every movement. Each melon-sized mammary was capped by a wide, saucer-shaped areola nearly as big

as Dylan's palm. The thick, textured skin was a deep brownish-pink, the surface almost pebbly in appearance.

From the center of each puffy areola jutted a thick, turgid nipple, standing out nearly an inch. The engorged teats were a ruddy purplish-red, as fat as the tip of Dylan's finger. Milk dribbled constantly from the tips, flowing faster with each twitch and jump of the long, rubbery nipples.

Pearly white droplets splattered onto Dylan's chest and face as his mother leaned over him, leaving warm, wet splotches on his smooth skin. The air was filled with the scent of breastmilk, sweet and creamy

with a faint muskiness. His head swam with it, dizzy from the perfume

of ripe, lactating tits.

Camille reached between their bodies, gripping Dylan's rigid shaft at

its thick root and guiding it to her dripping entrance. With the changes

that evolution and increased estrogen levels had made to female anatomy over the decades, her vagina had transformed into an extra

tight, grasping sleeve of muscle designed to wring maximum pleasure from a thick cock.

As she rubbed his swollen glans up and down her slick slit, Dylan whimpered at the feel of her hot folds parting around him like a hungry mouth. The plump, pink petals of her labia blossomed open, revealing the glistening scarlet inner flesh. Sticky strands of her arousal clung to his cockhead, connecting them intimately.

Slowly, Camille began to sink down, working the flared head of Dylan's erection past the muscular rings of her opening. Her slick walls fluttered and squeezed around his tip, the textured ridges and corrugations massaging the sensitive, shiny-skinned flesh.

"Ohhh, so tight!" Dylan gasped, eyes crossing at the intense sensation of her silken heat engulfing him millimeter by millimeter.

It

felt like her cunt was fisting the end of his cock, gripping it snugly.

Camille whimpered as well, throwing her head back at the feel of her

son's thick girth stretching her open. The hormonal changes had tightened her vaginal muscles to an almost virginal snugness and she

had to concentrate to relax enough to accept him.

"Mmm, that's it, nice and slow," she panted, bracing her hands on his

chest as she worked herself down.

Her slick, spongy walls rippled along his length, gloving him like a tight velvet fist. "Mommy's cunt is gonna milk this virgin dick so good."

Dylan could only moan helplessly as inch after inch of his throbbing meat was swallowed up by his mother's voracious pussy. He'd never felt anything so amazing in his young life - her clenching wet heat was

indescribable ecstasy.

Finally, after an eternity, Camille's plump ass settled against his hips,

his entire length hilted inside her. She held still for a moment, savoring the feel of having her son's cock planted deep in her needy

cunt. Her greedy pussy squeezed and fluttered along his shaft, rippling from base to tip as if trying to mold itself to his shape.

"There we go, balls deep in Mommy's hungry fuckhole," Camille purred, rotating her hips to stir his cock inside her. "Doesn't that feel

amazing, baby boy? Nice and snug and wet, like your dick was made just for me."

"Y-Yes Mommy," Dylan whimpered, overcome by pleasure. His cockhead throbbed against the fluttering muscles of her cervix, pulsing in time with his racing heartbeat.

The other women crowded close around the bed, watching intently as

Camille began to slowly bounce on Dylan's virgin cock. They stroked their own throbbing clits as they observed, fingers dipping into dripping cunts to gather slick arousal.

"Mmm, look at that fat boy-dick stretching Cammy's cunt so good," Vanessa purred, rubbing tight circles over her swollen nub. "She's taking every thick inch."

"I can see her pussy lips clinging to his shaft on every upstroke," Brianna added breathlessly, plunging two fingers into her wet heat. "Gripping him like a velvet fist."

Gran licked her lips as she frigged her aged but still needy slit. "The way her greedy snatch is squeezing him, he won't last long. She'll have his cum in no time."

Camille grinned at their lewd commentary, picking up the pace of her

grinding. She rose up until just the swollen head of Dylan's cock parted her labia, then slammed back down to the hilt. The wet sound

of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room as she rode him hard.

As Camille's hips pumped up and down, riding Dylan's rigid cock with

increasing vigor, her massive breasts swung and bounced wildly above him. The teen watched in awe as the huge, milk-laden mammaries leapt up off her chest with each powerful thrust, jiggling

obscenely in the air before smacking back down against her ribcage with a fleshy slap.

The pendulous globes were so large and heavy, they had a momentum all their own. The extensive system of ligaments and fibrous connective tissue that held the oversized breasts to

Camille's

chest stretched and pulled taut with each upward swing, before springing back and sending the giant jugs plummeting earthward once more.

Inside the massive mounds, the honeycomb-like lobes and ducts that

produced and stored her abundant breastmilk sloshed and shook,

further adding to the wild oscillations. Hundreds of grape-like clusters of alveoli contracted and expanded, sending torrents of creamy liquid surging through the branching network of lactiferous ducts with every lewd bounce.

This frothy flood rushed to her swollen nipples, the pressure forcing milk to spray from the multiple tiny openings that dotted each turgid

teat. Thin streams of the sweet, warm fluid splattered Dylan's face and chest as his mother's colossal rack heaved above him in an erotic dance.

The teen couldn't tear his eyes away from the hypnotic spectacle of her wobbling, undulating jugs and their leaking, rubbery nipples. It was simultaneously the most arousing and alarming sight his inexperienced young mind had ever beheld. The sheer mass and fluid, gelatinous motion of her breasts was almost frightening in its fleshy enormity.

Below, Camille's hips pistoned faster and faster, her gushing cunt squelching obscenely as it sucked hungrily on Dylan's plunging cock.

The velvet vice of her vagina rippled and squeezed his sensitive shaft

from root to tip, massaging every swollen ridge and vein.

A frothy mixture of Camille's honeyed cuntal secretions and Dylan's copious precum allowed his engorged cockflesh to thunder through the extremely snug tube of her vagina. Her muscular walls rippled along his girth, massaging every throbbing inch.

"So tight and wet!" Dylan gasped, head thrashing on the pillow. The drag of her clenching sleeve against his sensitive cockhead was driving him wild, electric tingles shooting up his spine.

Camille cried out happily as she pounded her needy cunt up and down on her son's virgin prick, relishing the delicious stretch and friction. Her slick folds clung to him intimately, frothing their combined

juices into a creamy lather that dripped down his balls.

She leaned forward, dangling her massive milk-laden tits in Dylan's face. The heavy globes swayed hypnotically, fat nipples nearly brushing his lips. Warm droplets of breastmilk splattered against his cheeks.

"Suck Mommy's big titties while I fuck this young cock," Camille demanded breathlessly. "Put that mouth to work like a good boy." Dylan gazed up in intimidation at his mother's massive swinging

udders looming over his face. The thick, textured caps surrounding her rubbery nipples seemed like huge pink eyes staring back at him hungrily. He gulped nervously, unsure how to approach such enormous mammaries.

Sensing his hesitation, Camille lowered one of her heavy tits onto Dylan's face, smothering him in warm, pliant tit-flesh. The doughy mound completely engulfed his head, squishing around his skull like a giant marshmallow. His nose and mouth were plugged by her soft breast, muffling his surprised yelp.

"Mmmph!" Dylan's cry was stifled by the wall of smooth skin and fat surrounding him. He instinctively opened his mouth, trying to breathe,

only to have his mother's turgid nipple pop past his lips. Warm breastmilk immediately flooded over his tongue, the creamy fluid gushing into his mouth and down his throat.

"That's it, drink Mommy's milk like a good boy," Camille purred, humping her cunt furiously on his pistoning cock. "Nurse on my big tits while I ride this young dick."

Left with no other choice, Dylan began to suckle, hollowing his cheeks

as he drew deeply from Camille's lactating breast. His mouth filled with sweet cream as he gulped it down, Adam's apple bobbing.

More

milk dribbled from the corners of his stretched lips, matting in his hair.

Camille groaned in pleasure, her milk letting down forcefully in response to her son's suckling. She grabbed the back of his head, clutching him tighter to her chest, forcing more of her spongy tit into

his working mouth. Her hips never stopped their frantic grinding on his cock, juicing his shaft with her slick arousal.

The other women watched in rapt lust, frigging their cunts faster as mother and son coupled with increasing desperation. The wet sounds

of Dylan nursing noisily filled the room, punctuated by Camille's whorish moans and the lewd slap of flesh on flesh.

"Fuck, look at him guzzle that titty milk down!" Brianna panted, plunging her fingers into her drooling fuckhole. "Sucking his mommy's

big cow tits like a starving calf."

"He's gonna drown in her udders if she smothers him any harder," Vanessa snickered, rubbing her clit in tight circles. "But what a way to

go, suffocated by giant mommy milkers."

As Camille's slick cunt gripped Dylan's throbbing erection like a tight,

velvet fist, his rigid cock flexed powerfully at the root. The bulbocavernosus and ischiocavernosus muscles contracted rhythmically, anchoring the thick ligaments and tendons that held his stiff manhood upright.

The flared head of his erection pulsed against the quivering ring of Camille's cervix as her muscular vaginal walls shuddered and spasmed around him. The ridged shaft was buried to the hilt, girthy veins bulging obscenely against her slick pink flesh. Her clenching sleeve tugged his foreskin back on each upstroke, exposing the sensitive weeping glans to the caress of her undulating folds. Every bump, ridge and corrugation inside her hungry cunt massaged

Dylan's aching cockflesh as Camille stirred his length through her guts with increasing desperation. Her powerful vaginal muscles alternately clamped down and rippled along his girth, squeezing from base to tip.

As the mother's orgasm took hold, her cunt seemed to shrink even tighter around Dylan's pistoning erection, bearing down on him with incredible force. Her hot slick walls fluttered wildly, milking his shaft for all it was worth. The contractions traveled from the root of his cock

all the way to the hypersensitive head, as if trying to suck the cum right out of his heavy balls.

Dylan's pelvis bucked upward involuntarily, his body responding on pure instinct to plant his seed deep. His swollen cockhead throbbed almost painfully as it pounded through his mother's rippling wet heat,

flaring even wider. The thick tube running along the underside pulsed

visibly as it prepared to spew his virgin load.

Camille wailed in ecstasy as her climax crashed through her, juicing her son's young cock with a flood of slick honey. Her pussy became a

pulsating wet vise around him, determined to wring out every drop of

his potent cum. She ground her clit against his pubic bone feverishly,

prolonging the intense sensations.

Dylan didn't stand a chance against the dual assault of his mother's

fluttering cunt and the smothering softness of her milk-heavy tits.

With

a muffled shout into her plush breast, he exploded, erupting like a geyser deep inside her spasming twat. His balls clenched tight to his

body as they emptied in long, powerful spurts.

Thick ropes of scalding semen blasted against Camille's cervix, flooding her womb with his potent seed. Each jet seemed to trigger

a

fresh wave of convulsions in her cunt, milking him greedily.

As Dylan's thick cock pulsed and throbbed inside his mom's

clutching

cunt, he could feel her vaginal muscles contract powerfully around his

shaft. The hormonal changes in women's bodies over the decades had caused their pelvises and reproductive organs to evolve for maximum sexual pleasure and fertility.

When an erect penis entered the vaginal canal and began ejaculating, special sensors in the vaginal walls would detect the first

spurts of semen. This would trigger an automatic response in the cervix, the neck-like opening to the uterus at the deep end of the vagina.

The rounded head of the cervix, normally a small, tightly puckered hole, would swell and dilate, expanding to stretch around the tip of the

pumping cock. As the penis spewed its load, the cervix would shift downwards, actually engulfing the cockhead and top inch of the shaft,

sealing around it to create a tight suction.

Muscular rings would constrict and ripple around the glans, literally suckling and milking it like a hungry mouth to draw out every drop of

ejaculate. The cervical opening would flex and "swallow" each thick rope, helping propel the sperm-rich semen directly into the uterus to

improve chances of conception.

Dylan grimaced and groaned as he felt this happening to his

spurting

cock, the intense sensation unlike anything he'd ever experienced.

It

was like Camille's cervix was trying to suck his shaft right off his body, pulling from the root.

The suction was so powerful that his boner actually bent slightly from the vacuum-like seal of her muscular cervical lips around it. Her vaginal walls rippled and squeezed the rest of his throbbing length, wringing it out expertly.

It was like her pussy was milking him with single-minded determination, hungry for every last drop of his seed. Overwhelmed by the sensation, Dylan almost felt like one of those dairy cows hooked up to an automatic milking machine, suction cups attached to the teats to draw out the milk.

Even after Dylan finished ejaculating what felt like gallons of thick cum directly into his mother's hungry womb, her grasping cervix continued to work his hypersensitive cockhead. The muscular, slobbering lips of her cervical opening squeezed and rippled around his glans and top inch of shaft, literally suckling him.

It was as if a small, powerful mouth had engulfed the head of his dick

and was nursing on it greedily, determined to draw out every last drop of his spunk. The suction was intense, creating an almost painful

vacuum seal that made Dylan whimper and squirm.

With each flex and swallow of Camille's cervix, more pearly semen oozed from Dylan's slit, only to get gulped up immediately into her ravenous womb. Sticky strands of jizz clung obscenely between his pulsing tip and her clinging opening each time her internal muscles contracted, connecting them intimately.

Dylan gasped and twitched at the relentless milking, the sensation toeing the line between pleasure and overstimulation. His swollen, purple cockhead looked almost shiny as it strained against her voracious cervical lips, the skin drawn taut. The ridge of his corona was flared obscenely wide, caught in her muscular grip.

"Ungh! M-mommy!" he whined desperately into her smothering titflesh,

overwhelmed by the continued assault on his most tender part.

But Camille just moaned wantonly and ground herself down on him harder, forcing his battered boner deeper into her orgasming twat.

The slick, undulating walls of her vagina massaged the rest of his shaft in time with her cervix's lewd suckling, rippling from base to tip.

It felt like he was being worked over by a pulsating velvet fist, expertly wringing out his cock.

Pearly fluid continued to dribble steadily from his slit as Camille's

womb siphoned it hungrily. Each contraction of her cervix around him

seemed to trigger a sympathetic spasm in his balls, as if she were commanding them to produce more cum for her to milk out.

"That's it, feed Mommy's hungry cunt every drop," Camille panted, eyes rolling back in bliss as her pussy wrung Dylan's dick with ruthless efficiency. "Give me all that potent boy-batter. My sperm sucking cervix is going to drain this young cock dry!"

Dylan just sobbed brokenly into her doughy breast, drool and milk dribbling down his chin as she used him. He had never imagined such intense sensations were possible, that a pussy could suck and milk a cock so powerfully, so mercilessly.

Despite erupting deep inside his mother's clenching pussy, Dylan's youthful virility kept his cock iron-hard even as jet after jet pumped from his balls. His body, brimming with the vitality of an 18-year-old male at his sexual peak, was primed to perform.

Camille savored the feel of her son's still rock-solid erection pulsing inside her, his turgid fuck-muscle not softening an iota even as he spilled his seed. She resumed bouncing on his dick with wild abandon, her massive titties swinging and slapping against his whimpering face with each thrust.

"Mmmph, oh God!" Dylan groaned into his mother's smothering breast-flesh, overwhelmed by the dual sensations of her rippling cunt

and slapping udders. The silken caress of her undulating vaginal walls on his sensitive cockhead was almost too intense to bear in his

post-orgasmic state.

But Camille didn't let up for a second, riding her son's stiff pole like a

sexual athlete. She ground her aching clit against his pelvis, using his

rigid cock like a dildo to prolong her own climax.

Her giant milk-laden tits engulfed Dylan's head completely, mashing

his face and plugging his mouth and nose. He could only breathe in the intoxicating scent of ripe, sweaty tit-flesh and sweet cream, his mother's musk filling his head and making him dizzy.

Camille's hips were a blur as she worked herself up and down Dylan's straining erection, her powerful cunt muscles squeezing him rhythmically. She alternated between long, sensuous strokes and short, rapid thrusts, determined to wring every last drop of pleasure from his young cock.

The oversensitivity caused Dylan to thrash and buck beneath her, but his squirming only added to the incredible friction. His swollen, aching cockhead dragged along her fluttering walls with each stroke, sending electric tingles up his spine.

"Fuck yes, still so nice and stiff!" Camille panted in delight, never breaking her tireless rhythm. "Mommy's perfect little fuck machine! Pump that hard cock, make me cum on it again!"

She threw her head back and wailed as another tsunami of ecstasy crashed through her, even more intense than the first. Her cunt went

into overdrive, clamping and rippling along Dylan's girth, bearing down on him forcefully.

Dylan could only sob into his mother's flesh as she used him ruthlessly, his own body betraying him. No matter how overstimulated

his cock became, it remained rock-solid for her pleasure, just as she'd said it would. There was no escape from her ravenous cunt and

smothering tits.

Camille lowered herself down onto Dylan, trapping him in a tight embrace. Her massive breasts engulfed him completely, each fleshy globe bigger than his head. They molded around his face and trapped his flailing limbs, smothering the writhing boy in soft, pliant titflesh.

Dylan thrashed futilely in the marshmallowy prison of his mother's cleavage, his whimpers muffled. All he could see, smell and feel was warm, fragrant breast. Her enormous, spongy tits seemed to mold themselves to his body, conforming to every crevice.

His arms were pinned to his sides, caged between her curvy torso and doughy bosom. He couldn't move an inch, completely immobilized

by the suffocating heft of her bust. Camille's erect nipples dug into his

cheeks, the engorged teats leaking milk that matted his hair and left

his skin slick and sticky.

As she clung to him like an anaconda, Camille's rounded bubble butt

continued flying up and down with frantic desperation. Her plump, muscular ass cheeks flexed and jiggled hypnotically as she slammed

herself onto her son's cock over and over.

Her hips were a blur, working in tight circles as she ground her aching clit against his pelvis. Wet, meaty smacks rang out through the room as their sexes collided with increasing force and urgency. Her hot, viscous juices ran down his balls and coated his thighs. Dylan could only sob and whine into the wall of flesh enveloping him,

his body no longer his own. His sensitive cock flexed in her tight, rippling sheath, swollen and pulsing but refusing to soften. The onslaught of sensation was too intense, like a million tiny electric shocks zipping through his loins.

But Camille was relentless, single-minded in her pursuit of another screaming climax. Her cunt gripped him like a velvet fist, squeezing rhythmically from root to tip as if trying to milk his very soul out through his cock.

"Mmmph! Hnnngh! Ahhhh yes!" she wailed, head thrown back in rapture. "Cumming! Cumming so fucking hard on my baby boy's fat cock! FUCK!"

As Camille climbed towards yet another mind-blowing orgasm, she could feel the pressure building deep within her core. It started as a tingling warmth emanating from her G-spot, which was being relentlessly stimulated by the thick, pulsing head of Dylan's cock as it

dragged along her front vaginal wall with each thrust.

This pleasurable sensation radiated outwards, suffusing her entire pelvic region with electric heat. Her uterus began to quiver and clench, fluttering around the portion of Dylan's shaft that was hilted in

her cervix. Rhythmic contractions rippled through the muscular organ,

as if trying to suck his manhood even deeper.

As Camille's climax swiftly approached the point of no return, a sudden gush of fluid filled her already sopping vaginal canal. The clear, slick liquid flooded from her skene's glands, mixing with the thick cream of her arousal to create a frothy lather around Dylan's pistoning cock.

The teen groaned at the abrupt increase in lubrication, the hot fluid sluicing over his sensitive flesh. It felt like Camille's cunt was melting

around him, reducing to molten honey that drenched his groin and coated his thighs.

Camille threw her head back and wailed as the first powerful spasms

wracked her core, her vaginal muscles bearing down on Dylan's

throbbing hardness with intense pressure. Her slick, undulating walls

rippled along his length, massaging him from base to tip as her orgasm crested.

"HNNNGH FUCK, I'M SQUIRTING!" she screamed, humping her son's dick with wild abandon. "YESSSS!"

With a sudden, explosive release of pressure, a geyser of clear ejaculate spurted from Camille's spasming cunt. The gushing fluid fountained around Dylan's thick root, splattering his groin and pelvis with the force of a garden hose.

Jet after jet of her female cum sprayed from her convulsing slit as she

gushed around his thickness, soaking the bed beneath them. The teen could only moan helplessly into his mother's smothering cleavage as she hosed him down with her squirt, drowning his cock and balls in her essence.

Camille's whole body shuddered violently with the intensity of her release, her massive tits quaking and jiggling around Dylan's head. Milk sprayed from her erect nipples, raining down on his hair and running in rivulets over her rippling curves.

The massive orgasm seemed to go on forever, Camille's overheated cunt clenching and gushing around Dylan's aching erection in an endless cycle of mind-melting pleasure. Her ejaculate poured from her in a pulsing deluge, as if a dam had burst deep inside her.

As Camille felt Dylan's cock throbbing urgently inside her still spasming cunt, signaling his impending second ejaculation, she forced herself to stop short of triggering it. With great reluctance, she

lifted herself off her son's glistening erection, allowing it to slip free of

her grasping folds with a wet plop.

Dylan gasped as the cool air hit his soaking wet cock, the sudden loss of his mother's hot, clenching sheath disorienting. His rigid pole slapped back against his abdomen with a meaty thwack, flushed an angry purple and pulsing visibly. Thick ropes of Camille's slick ejaculate clung to his shaft and matted his thin pubic hair, a viscous web of her intimate fluids.

He barely had a moment to catch his breath before his grandmother was climbing on top of him, her aged but still incredibly voluptuous body surprisingly agile. Her giant, veiny tits swung like wrecking balls

as she straddled his hips, the heavy sacks drooping down to her navel.

Each wrinkled globe was easily as big as a watermelon, capped with

shriveled areolas the size of saucers. Her elongated nipples were a ruddy brown, thick and gnarled like tree branches. They pointed nearly straight down from the sheer weight of her udders.

"Get ready to please Granny, little boy," she cackled lecherously, reaching between their bodies to grasp his slick erection. Her skin was loose and papery, hands wrapping around his engorged girth.

"I'm gonna drain these fat balls until you're seeing stars."

Dylan trembled as his grandmother rubbed the swollen head of his cock through the meaty, overgrown folds of her pussy. Her labia were

enlarged and distended, hanging down like a slick, fleshy curtain.

They parted around his tip like a gaping mouth, slurping obscenely.

"Ohhh God..." Dylan groaned as she notched his cockhead at her slick entrance. Despite her advanced age, Gran's cunt was just as tight and muscular as his mother's, a testament to the incredible strength of the female pelvic floor after the Hormone Shift.

"Move your hips beneath me. I want you meeting my every thrust," she directed him sternly, sinking down and taking him to the hilt in one

smooth glide. Her sopping wet heat engulfed him like a silken vise, powerful muscles, strengthened by a lifetime of daily sex, gripping his

shaft and massaging it from root to tip.

"Y-Yes Granny!" Dylan gasped out, eyes nearly crossing as her leathery lips sealed around his root. Her wrinkled cunt was a smoldering cauldron of liquid heat, seeming to melt and conform to every contour of his aching cock.

Dylan was astonished by his grandmother's sexual prowess as she rode him with wild abandon, her aged body belying her incredible skill

and stamina. Despite her advanced years, she moved atop him with the grace and energy of a woman half her age, her wide birthing hips

rolling and grinding in a sensual rhythm honed by decades of carnal experience.

Ellen had been sexually active since her own teenage years, but it was only after the Great Hormone Shift that her true sexual prime began. As her body was flooded with supercharged estrogen, her libido became insatiable, a raging inferno that could never be fully quenched.

She took great pride and pleasure in initiating each of her three sons

into the world of sex when they reached the age of 18. For three years apiece, she used their nubile young bodies to sate her

depraved lusts, riding their stiff cocks day and night. Ellen had no qualms about the incestuous nature of their couplings - if anything, the forbidden taboo only heightened her arousal. There was nothing more erotic to her than the complete sexual dominion of her own male offspring.

Each of her sons had impregnated her during their time as her sex slaves, seeding her womb with their potent spunk. The two resulting baby boys became new fucktoys for Ellen to corrupt and violate as soon as they were old enough.

Her youngest incest baby, Devin, was now 19, just a year older than Dylan. He was the most well-hung and virile of the bunch, with the stamina to satisfy even Ellen's prodigious appetites. Hardly a day went by that she wasn't bouncing on his tireless cock, her saggy tits slapping against her distended belly as she rode him.

So as Ellen pistoned up and down on her grandson's aching erection, she was intimately familiar with every trick to drive a young man wild

with lust. Her gushing cunt squeezed and rippled along Dylan's shaft with expert precision, knowing just how to massage his most sensitive spots.

"Mmm, you like that, don't you little boy?" Ellen grunted, stirring her hips in a come-hither motion. "You like how Granny's cunt is milking this fat cock?"

"Y-Yes Granny!" Dylan gasped, eyes rolling back as she swiveled her pelvis in a lewd grind. "It feels s-so good! You're so tight and wet!" Ellen cackled with wicked glee, picking up the pace of her thrusts. Her massive udders swung hypnotically, slapping against Dylan's face with every bounce. Streams of breastmilk sprayed from her knotty nipples, painting his cheeks with warm rivulets.

"That fat, veiny prick is gonna make Granny cum so hard!" she crowed, slamming herself up and down with wild abandon. "

Dylan's entire body tensed as his grandmother's undulating vaginal muscles worked his oversensitive cock without mercy. Her grasping, velvet-soft walls squeezed and rippled along his throbbing shaft, wringing him from root to tip. The muscular rings of her cervix fluttered around his weeping glans, suckling it hungrily.

"Ungh! Granny!" Dylan gasped, eyes rolling back in his head as the dual sensations of her clenching cunt and slapping udders

overwhelmed him. "...I can't...it's too much!"

But Ellen was relentless, consumed by her own rapidly approaching orgasm. She ground herself down on his pelvis with all her weight, stirring his cock through her sultry depths. Her sopping wet flesh suckled his aching hardness, determined to milk out every drop of cum.

"Hnnngh yessss!" Ellen hissed through clenched teeth, hips blurring as she chased her impending climax. "Give it to me, boy! Flood Granny's hungry snatch with all your hot jizz! Fill me up!"

As Ellen's pussy began to spasm and quake around him, Dylan felt his own release rushing up to meet him. His balls drew up impossibly

tight, churning with a massive load that demanded to be spent. The pressure in his loins was immense, almost painful.

With a sudden, violent lurch, both Gran and grandson exploded together in a mutual eruption of ecstasy. Ellen's cunt clamped down crushingly on Dylan's spurting cock, her muscular walls rippling wildly.

At the same time, a gush of her slick ejaculate sprayed from her convulsing slit, hosing his groin with her essence.

"HNNNGH FUCK, I'M CUMMMING!" Ellen screeched, throwing her head back as her body shook with the force of her orgasm. Her gushing fluids mingled with the thick ropes of spunk geysering from Dylan's jerking cock, creating a frothy lather where they were intimately joined.

Dylan's face contorted into a grimace of pained rapture as his cockhead was swallowed up by his grandmother's ravenous cervix.

The muscular, undulating lips sealed around his pulsing glans, suckling mercilessly. He could feel each jet of cum being hungrily gulped down, siphoned straight into her spasming womb.

Ellen's smothering cunt tissues spit and gushed around his pistoning

shaft as she rode out her climax. Hot, slick juices sprayed his pelvis and coated his thighs as she squirted uncontrollably. Her meaty pussy lips suctioned his root, bearing down to take him as deep as physically possible.

After what felt like an eternity of relentless milking, Ellen's suctioning

cervix finally released its vacuum-like grip on the hypersensitive head

of Dylan's spent cock. With one last powerful slurping pull, the muscular ring popped off his battered tip with a lewd, wet sound, accompanied by a gush of frothy cum and feminine ejaculate.

As her still fluttering cervix retracted back to its resting position at the rear of her vaginal canal, it emitted an obscene belch, as if drunk and satisfied from the massive load of semen it had just gulped down. Viscous strands of pearly jizz mixed with clear female cum strung lewdly between Dylan's purple, pulsing glans and his grandmother's gaping hole as she lifted herself off him with a shuddering sigh. "Mmm, such a good boy," Ellen purred, giving his softening cock an affectionate pat. "You fed Granny's hungry cunt so well. I can feel all that hot spunk sloshing around in my womb." Dylan could only groan weakly in response, utterly spent from the intensity of his orgasm and the relentless stimulation. His dick flopped limply against his thigh, shiny and pruned from its prolonged soak in Ellen's juices. Every nerve ending felt rubbed raw, each twitch sending sparks of painful pleasure lancing through him. But his respite was short-lived. No sooner had Ellen dismounted him than Aunt Vanessa was scrambling to take her place, meaty thighs straddling his hips. Her engorged, drooling cunt was already poised to engulf his flaccid manhood, greedy for its turn with the nubile young stud. "Get hard for Auntie, sweetie," Vanessa cooed, reaching down to fondle Dylan's soft cock and balls. "I need this pretty prick fat and ready to stuff my aching fuckhole." Dylan whimpered at the overstimulation on his tender genitals, trying instinctively to squirm away. But he was far too exhausted to put up any real resistance. All he could do was lay there limply as his aunt kneaded and stroked his sensitive flesh, coaxing the blood back into his shaft. The teen whimpered weakly as his Aunt Vanessa manhandled his spent, oversensitive cock, trying to coax it back to erection. After two mind-blowing orgasms in quick succession, milked within an inch of his life by his mother and grandmother's ravenous cunts, the boy wasn't sure he had anything left to give. "I...I don't know if I can cum again, Aunt Vanessa," Dylan mumbled timidly, face flushed with exertion and embarrassment. "It's so sensitive, I'm not sure I can get hard." But Vanessa just chuckled indulgently, gripping his soft prick more firmly in her expert fingers. She pulled him by the cock, dragging him

down the bed to nestle between her creamy, splayed thighs. "Oh, you can and you WILL, sweetie," she purred with absolute certainty, kneading his balls in her palm. "You're an 18-year-old stud with the vitality of a bull. That cock will be stiff and ready again in no time, trust me."

She scooted her plush rump forward until her swollen, glistening pussy was just inches from his face, the musky scent of her arousal filling his nostrils. Reaching down, Vanessa used two fingers to spread her engorged lips apart, exposing the wet, pink folds of her most intimate flesh.

"Get a nice close look at Auntie's hungry cunt," she breathed, voice dripping with lust. "See how wet and ready I am for you? My hot little fuckhole is just aching to be stretched and stuffed full of hard young cock."

Dylan gulped as he took in the erotic sight of his aunt's splayed slit, flushed and puffy with arousal. Her usually hidden inner lips were unfurled like the petals of a delicate flower, slick and glistening. The opening to her vagina winked and clenched, a viscous trickle of her honeyed juices oozing out to drip onto the sheets.

Despite his exhaustion and the rawness of his overused genitals, Dylan felt a stirring in his loins at the lewd display. His cock twitched and began to swell in Vanessa's pumping fist as fresh blood rushed into the spongy tissue.

Vanessa grinned in triumph as she felt her nephew's prick growing thicker and heavier in her grip, the shaft hardening and lengthening.

She jacked him with sensual slowness, twisting her wrist on the upstroke to stimulate the sensitive underside.

"There we go, I knew this piece of fuckmeat wouldn't let me down," she purred, thumbing the swollen head and smearing the bead of pre-cum that bubbled from the tip. "All nice and fat again, ready to pound some hot, tight pussy."

With a lewd grin, Vanessa grabbed Dylan's hips and tugged him on top of her. The boy gasped as their pelvises pressed together, his now fully erect cock nestled in the hot, slick crease of her pussy.

"Go on, baby, ease that thick dick into Auntie's tight little cunny," Vanessa purred, reaching down to notch his swollen glans at her entrance. "Nice and slow at first, let me feel every inch sinking in." Trembling with a mix of excitement and trepidation, Dylan began to push forward, his hips flexing. Vanessa's eyes fluttered back in her head and a low moan escaped her throat as she felt her nephew's thick cockhead beginning to penetrate her, slowly stretching her

open.

"Ohhh yesss, that's it," she hissed, tilting her pelvis up to take him deeper. "Keep going just like that."

Dylan grunted as he sank into Vanessa's impossibly tight, slick heat inch by excruciating inch. It felt like her cunt was fisting the end of his

cock, the muscular rings gripping and rippling around him. He could feel his pulse throbbing in the veins and turgid flesh of his shaft as her clasp sheath massaged him.

Vanessa squirmed and writhed beneath him, overwhelmed by the incredible sensation of being slowly skewered on Dylan's rock-hard fuckpole. His girthy length plowed through her most intimate tissues,

molding her pussy to his shape. The ribbed walls of her vagina gripped him snugly, fluttering like a million fleshy fingers.

She cried out sharply when his pubic bone finally pressed against hers, his entire cock hilted inside her to the root. His swollen balls nestled against the curves of her ass, the coarse hair tickling her sensitive skin. Inside, the fat head of his dick was mashed up against

the pulsing, spongy ring of her cervix, sealed in the muscular embrace.

"Fuck, you're in so deep!" Vanessa gasped, cunt clenching rhythmically around him. She could feel his heartbeat pounding through the thick, throbbing shaft stretching her open. "All the way in

my guts, stuffing me so fucking full!"

Her labia were splayed obscenely around Dylan's root, the engorged,

dusky petals clinging to his girth. A frothy mix of her slick juices and his copious pre-nectar glistened at their joined sexes, drooling down the cleft of her ass. She squeezed her pelvic floor experimentally, wringing his shaft from base to tip.

"Oh God, Aunt Vanessa!" Dylan choked out, eyes nearly crossing at the rippling pressure engulfing his sensitive cockflesh. "You're so tight."

Vanessa threw her arms and legs around Dylan, wrapping him up in her limbs like a human cage of lush, bare flesh. She dug her heels into the boy's clenching ass cheeks, using the leverage to bounce her

wide hips up off the mattress.

Her undulating motions drove Dylan's thick cock in and out of her hungry pussy, spearing his meaty shaft through her tight, wet sheath.

The slick walls of her vagina rippled and squeezed around him, milking his turgid length with every thrust.

"That's it, fuck me back!" Vanessa urged breathlessly, stirring her pelvis in a come-hither motion. "Pound that virgin dick in deep! Stir up

Auntie's womb!"

Panting and trembling, Dylan did his best to match her wild gyrations,

flexing his lean hips awkwardly. His swollen cockhead pummeled her

cervix with every clumsy jab, making Vanessa gasp and mewl.

The teen grunted with effort, unused to the athletic motions of mating.

His rhythm was erratic and graceless, all instinct and no skill. But that

just made it hotter for Vanessa, knowing she was one of the first women to ever spear herself on his twitching fuckmeat.

"Hnnngh yeah, just like that!" she panted, spurring him on with her clutching limbs. "Rut me like an animal in heat! Fuck me raw!"

Vanessa clamped her muscular cunt down tighter on Dylan's frantically sawing prick, squeezing him from root to tip. The textured

ridges lining her vaginal walls rasped over his sensitive flesh, stroking

him intimately with every plunge.

Her plush thighs clamped around his pistoning hips, the jiggling

globes of her ass bouncing off the bed as she met his awkward

thrusts. Wet, meaty smacks rang out through the room as their

pelvises collided, his swinging balls slapping against her upturned rump.

Dylan was delirious with pleasure as he rutted atop his aunt, reduced

to a mindless fucking machine. His world narrowed down to the

searing wet silk of her clenching pussy, massaging his aching cock so

exquisitely.

He sawed into her with short, desperate jabs, chasing the all-consuming

bliss of her molten depths. The boy was like a beast in rut,

pounding her harder and faster as his balls churned with another massive load.

Vanessa sensed her nephew rapidly approaching his breaking point and sped up her undulations, determined to milk him dry. She flexed

her cunt muscles rhythmically, rippling along his pulsing shaft from hilt

to tip as if trying to suck the cum right out of him.

Vanessa grinned wickedly as she felt her nephew's cock throbbing urgently inside her rippling cunt, knowing he was right on the edge. She loved breaking in a fresh young stud, teaching him the ropes of pleasing a woman. It reminded her of when she first purchased an 18-year-old boy after having two daughters with her obedient husband.

Her eldest girl Brianna was there watching intently, hungrily awaiting

her own turn to ride their new fucktoy. She couldn't wait to feel her young cousin's fat cock splitting her open, just like the boy his mother

had purchased had done to her.

For three wild years, Vanessa had fucked her purchased teen with a single-minded determination to get pregnant. They rutted like animals

day and night, his young cock barely leaving her hungry snatch.

She

rode him for hours, milking his potent seed directly into her fertile womb.

Finally, her efforts paid off and Vanessa's belly swelled with new life. She gave birth to a healthy baby boy just two months ago, the spitting

image of his teenage father. And as soon as she recovered from the delivery, she was back to fucking her young stud, keeping him hard and ready should she want another brat.

So Vanessa was well-versed in wringing dry a virginal cock, pushing all the right buttons to make a horny, inexperienced boy blow his load.

And she used every trick now on her whimpering nephew, determined to drain him to the last drop.

"Cum for me, Dylan!" she demanded, bearing down on him with her powerful cunt. "Fill up Auntie's hungry baby-box with all your yummy

spunk! Paint my fucking cervix!"

With a choked sob, Dylan slammed his spasming hips forward one last time and erupted like a geyser. His swollen cockhead flared impossibly wide as it unleashed a torrent of thick, scalding jizz directly

against the suckling lips of Vanessa's cervix.

Dylan shuddered and whimpered around his aunt's fat, milk-leaking nipple as he felt her reproductive tract rapidly shifting to

accommodate his spurting cock. No sooner had the first thick ropes of cum jetted against her cervix than the muscular ring elongated and flared, engulfing his hypersensitive glans in a wet, powerful suction. The boy's eyes rolled back in his head as Vanessa's undulating, grasping cervical lips latched onto his pulsing tip, giving it deep, rhythmic pulls. The suction was so strong, Dylan swore he could hear

obscene slurping sounds as her greedy womb gulped down his seed, siphoning each creamy spurt from his slit.

Vanessa threw her head back with a rapturous cry as she felt her nephew's molten essence hosing her core, his youthful virility ensuring a massive load. Her cunt clenched and rippled, bearing down to milk him for every drop.

"That's it, give Auntie all your sweet cum!" she wailed, humping her hips to take him impossibly deeper. "Fill my hungry hole to overflowing!"

Dylan could only sob brokenly around her turgid nipple, suckling desperately as his cock was relentlessly drained. The fleshy sheath of Vanessa's pussy seemed to mold itself to his shape, massaging him from root to tip as her cervix swallowed his cockhead whole. He shuddered as fresh ropes of jizz pulsed through his shaft, each spurt accompanied by a harsh suckling pull from Vanessa's cunt.

The

boy felt like he was being turned inside out through his dick, an unending stream of cum gulped into his aunt's ravenous depths. Vanessa shivered and gasped in ecstasy as she felt Dylan's thick essence splattering her womb, his potent seed taking root. She just knew this massive creampie would put a baby in her belly, giving her

another incestuous boy to raise and eventually fuck.

"Mmmm, yes! I can feel you painting my insides white!" she crowed victoriously, inner muscles fluttering. "Dumping so much jizz in me, I'll

be pregnant for sure!"

Dylan whimpered at her filthy words, the thought of impregnating his

own aunt making his balls clench as they valiantly expelled the last weak spurts. Vanessa's cunt continued to milk him through the aftershocks, rippling and squeezing his spent cock until she'd wrung out every drop.

Finally, with a lewd slurping sound, Vanessa's cervix released its vacuum-like seal on Dylan's battered glans. A final spurt of cum

oozed from his slit as her muscular ring retracted, accompanied by an

obscene belch as her womb smacked its lips in satisfaction.

Brianna grinned wickedly as she watched her mother milk the last drops of cum from Dylan's twitching cock. The 19-year-old blonde beauty was the spitting image of Vanessa, with the same lush curves

and voracious sexual appetite.

Despite her young age, Brianna was no stranger to the carnal arts. She'd hand-picked several prime studs to satisfy her needs over the years, riding their hard cocks with wild abandon. The horny minx loved nothing more than having her tight pink slit pounded by a virile

young buck.

And now it was finally her turn to sample their new fucktoy cousin. Brianna licked her lips as she eyed Dylan's slick, half-hard shaft, still coated in a sheen of her mother's juices. She couldn't wait to feel that

thick slab of cockmeat splitting her in two.

Turning around, Brianna crawled onto the bed on her hands and knees, presenting like a bitch in heat. She arched her back, sticking out her succulent heart-shaped ass and exposing her dripping cunny

to Dylan's wide eyes.

Her plump vulva glistened with arousal, the puffy lips unfurled like a delicate pink flower. A neatly trimmed patch of blonde hair crowned her mound, shaved into a cute little heart shape. Brianna reached back to spread herself open, giving her cousin an intimate view of her

most secret place.

"Come and get it, big boy," she purred sultrily, wiggling her rump invitingly. "Cousin Brianna needs this fat dick in her tight little pussy right now. Fuck me doggy style and don't hold back!"

Dylan gulped as he took in the erotic sight of Brianna's exposed sex, flushed and puffy with need. Her glistening slit seemed to wink at him,

the dark pink inner folds clenching hungrily. A viscous trickle of her honeyed juices dripped down to coat the swollen bud of her clit.

Despite the rawness of his much-abused cock, Dylan felt it twitch and

begin to fill again at the enticing view. He moved to kneel behind Brianna on shaky legs, gripping her hips to steady himself. The heat radiating from her plush body was incredible.

Notching his bulbous glans at her slick entrance, Dylan began to push forward tentatively. Brianna's eyes rolled back and she let out a low moan as she felt him start to penetrate her, his thick head parting her swollen lips.

"That's it, stuff that fat cock in me," she urged breathlessly. "Nice and deep now, I want to feel you in my guts!"

As Dylan awkwardly tried to work his cock into Brianna's tight pussy, the other women sensed his clumsiness and inexperience. They exchanged knowing looks, realizing their virgin stud would need some gentle but firm instruction on how to properly fuck a woman doggy style.

Camille and Vanessa moved to kneel on either side of Dylan, their voluptuous naked bodies pressing against him. Ellen positioned herself behind the boy, her huge sagging tits resting on his shoulders.

Six feminine hands began roaming over his trembling body, stroking and caressing.

"Shift your hips back a bit, line up the head of your cock with her opening," Vanessa coached, guiding Dylan's pelvis into the proper angle. "There you go, now push forward nice and slow. Let her wetness guide you in."

Dylan did as instructed, gasping as he felt Brianna's slick folds parting around his sensitive glans. Her molten heat engulfed him as he sank into her inch by excruciating inch, her snug walls gripping him like a velvet fist.

"Good boy, you're doing great," Camille praised, petting his hair. "Now start to move, sliding in and out. Find a steady rhythm that feels natural."

Biting his lip in concentration, Dylan began to saw his hips back and forth, awkwardly at first but gaining confidence with each stroke. Brianna mewled and pushed her ass back to meet his thrusts, her copious juices easing the way.

"Don't forget the clit," Ellen reminded, reaching around to rub the swollen bud at the apex of Brianna's slit. "The key to making a woman cum on your cock is stimulating her inside and out."

Dylan adjusted his angle, making sure his pelvis ground against Brianna's aching nub with every inward thrust. She yelped and bucked, the added friction driving her wild. Her greedy cunt clamped

down even tighter around him.

"Harder now," Vanessa urged, turning slightly to the side and smacking Dylan's flexing ass. "Really pound her, jackhammer that cunt! Rut her like a bitch in heat!"

Panting and grunting, Dylan pistoned his hips with increasing force and speed, plowing into Brianna's rippling pussy. The wet slap of flesh on flesh filled the room as he bottomed out over and over, his swollen balls smacking her clit.

"Unhh fuck yes!" Brianna wailed, throwing her head back in ecstasy.

"Just like that! Hammer my fucking twat!"

The women gathered close around Dylan as he rutted into Brianna from behind, their hands roaming over his sweat-slicked body appreciatively.

"Look at that thick cock pounding her cunt," Camille purred in her son's ear. "So big and powerful, stretching her open."

Vanessa reached between their joined bodies, fondling Dylan's churning balls. "Mmm, these fat balls are so full of cum. I can feel them drawing up, ready to shoot another huge load."

"And look how his shaft glistens with her juices," Ellen added, tracing

a wrinkled finger along the base of Dylan's pistoning cock where it disappeared into Brianna's hungry snatch. "She's absolutely drenched for him, dripping like a faucet."

Dylan flushed at their lewd praise, his hips never stopping their frantic

rhythm. His eyes darted between the erotic sights - Brianna's succulent ass cheeks rippling with each impact of his pelvis, his own veiny cock sawing in and out of her, coated in her slick arousal.

Then his gaze was drawn to the massive, swaying tits of his mother and aunts as they pressed in close. The giant, milk-laden globes jiggled and bounced hypnotically, fat nipples leaking constantly. Creamy rivulets ran down their soft curves.

Dylan didn't know where to look, overwhelmed by the buffet of female

flesh surrounding him. Suddenly, his mother grabbed his chin and turned his face to hers, crushing their mouths together in a deep, sloppy kiss.

Camille thrust her tongue past his lips, plundering his oral cavity possessively. Dylan submitted to the incestuous kiss, opening wide to

let her tongue-fuck his mouth. He could taste her tangy musk, feel her soft lips moving against his own.

After a long moment, Camille broke away, leaving Dylan gasping.

But

before he could catch his breath, Aunt Vanessa swooped in to take her sister's place. She sealed their mouths together forcefully, shoving her even longer tongue down his throat.

As Vanessa ravaged Dylan's mouth, she pressed her huge, leaking tits against his sweat-slicked chest. The boy groaned at the feel of her soft, warm flesh molding to his torso, her hard nipples drilling into

his pecs. Milk smeared between them, mingling with their sweat.

Vanessa's tongue was impossibly long and thick, easily four inches.

She curled the dexterous organ around Dylan's own tongue, squeezing and undulating against it obscenely. Then she pushed it deeper, the tip sliding past his tonsils to wriggle at the entrance of his

throat.

Dylan gagged and choked around the fleshy invasion, drool running down his chin. Vanessa kept up the oral assault until he was redfaced

and teary eyed.

As Dylan pounded into Brianna's sodden pussy from behind, her engorged cunt gripped his pistoning cock like a velvety fist. Her muscular walls rippled along his veiny shaft with each thrust, the ribbed flesh providing exquisite friction against his most sensitive spots.

The bulbous head of Dylan's cock dragged deliciously along

Brianna's

G-spot with every stroke, located on the upper wall of her vagina just

behind her pubic bone. The spongy patch of nerves swelled and throbbed as it was stimulated relentlessly, sending electric tingles radiating through her core.

Brianna gasped and mewled as she felt the pressure building deep inside, her body's pleasure center lighting up. Dylan's fat cockhead pummeled her cervix, jostling her womb with each powerful jab.

Sparkles of ecstasy burst behind her eyes, her toes curling in the sheets.

Outside, Dylan's pelvis ground against Brianna's engorged clit with every inward thrust, mashing the throbbing bud. The pearl of nerves

peeked out from under its hood, slick and glistening as it was

stimulated from both sides - rubbed from the front by Dylan's pubic

bone and flicked from behind by his heavy, swinging balls. The combination of intense G-spot massage and clit friction had Brianna rapidly climbing towards a mind-blowing orgasm. Her loins pulsed and clenched, slick arousal gushing around Dylan's sawing cock. The wet squelch of his hard pumping mixed with the lewd slap of sweaty flesh.

Just as Brianna was about to crest the peak, Dylan's rhythm started to falter, his strokes becoming erratic and clumsy. The inexperienced

boy was overwhelmed by the tight, rippling heat of her pussy, the silken caress pushing him towards his own climax too soon.

Sensing her son was about to blow before bringing Brianna to completion, Camille turned to the side reached out and smacked his clenching ass hard. Dylan yelped at the sudden sting, his hips stuttering to a halt buried deep.

SMACK! SMACK! Camille's palm came down again and again in sharp reprimand, leaving red handprints on her son's pale bottom. "Don't you dare cum yet!" she snapped. "You've barely gotten started

fucking your cousin properly. Now put your back into it and make her cum on that cock!"

Choking back a whimper, Dylan redoubled his efforts, summoning his

last reserves of stamina. He gripped Brianna's hips tighter and began

to saw into her with deep, powerful thrusts, determined to send her over the edge.

"That's it, fuck her harder!" Camille barked, delivering another firm smack to Dylan's reddening ass. "Pound that pussy hard!"

Brianna wailed in ecstasy as Dylan's frantic pounding pushed her over the precipice into a mind-melting orgasm. Her slick, grasping cunt convulsed around his throbbing shaft, clamping down in rhythmic

spasms from root to tip.

"HNNNGH YESSSS! CUMMING SO HARD!" she shrieked, throwing her head back. "POUND ME THROUGH IT! DON'T STOP!"

Her inner muscles bore down on Dylan's pistoning cock, rippling along

his length in peristaltic waves as if trying to milk him dry. The suctioning pressure was intense, her hot, wet walls seeming to mold themselves to every ridge and vein of his pulsing hardness.

Dylan gasped and shuddered as Brianna's climaxing pussy squeezed

him like a silken fist, massaging his most sensitive spots. The sensation was too much for his already hair-trigger arousal and he felt his balls draw up tight, ready to erupt.

"Gonna...cum!" he gritted out, slamming into his cousin with desperate, erratic thrusts. "Can't...hold back!"

With a choked moan, Dylan buried himself to the hilt and exploded, his cock spurting thick ropes of semen directly against Brianna's cervix. The muscular ring instantly dilated, flaring out to engulf his swollen glans in a tight, wet suction.

Unlike the older women's skilled peristaltic milking, Brianna's young cervix latched onto Dylan's tip and began suckling greedily, almost chewing on his flesh. The grasping lips rippled and flexed spastically,

more gnawing and frantically gulping than methodically massaging. Dylan wailed as the spasming pucker sealed around his cockhead in an almost painfully tight vacuum, feeling like it was trying to suck his

shaft inside-out. Brianna's cervical mucus coated his sensitive glans in a scalding slick film, the hormonal secretions promoting an intense

cum-draw reflex.

The searing wet heat engulfing his tip seemed to yank the jizz from Dylan's balls as his young cousin's womb hungrily demanded his seed. Each flex and nibble of her trembling cervix triggered another thick spurt, siphoning the semen straight into her fluttering core.

"Mmmm yes, I can feel you painting my insides!" Brianna moaned rapturously, eyes rolling back. "Pump me full of that potent spunk! Knock me up!"

Dylan whimpered as his orgasm was prolonged, almost agonizingly, by Brianna's fluttering cervical lips. His cock felt trapped in the eager

mouth of her womb, sucked and gnawed until every last drop was drained.

As Brianna sat back on Dylan's lap, impaling herself fully on his erupting cock, the fluttering pucker of her cervix gnawed hungrily at his hypersensitive glans. The muscular ring caught on the flared ridge

of his corona with each spasmodic ripple, creating an intense tugging

sensation that made his shaft throb painfully.

Dylan whimpered and squirmed under the onslaught of sensation, feeling like the suckling mouth of Brianna's womb was trying to devour the head of his cock. His straining cockhead flared and flexed

against the chewing suction, the delicate skin pulled taut. The normally pinkish-purple flesh was flushed an angry, engorged red from the pressure.

Pearly splooge continued to bubble thickly from Dylan's smothered urethral slit, despite his balls being all but wrung dry. Brianna's massaging cervix coaxed out spurt after weak spurt, hungrily slurping

up each offering. Milky rivulets oozed around the sealed junction of cock and womb, dripping down to matt in Dylan's pubic hair.

"Ahhh, your cervix is eating my dick!" Dylan gasped out, voice tight with overwhelmed pleasure bordering on pain. His hands scrabbled at Brianna's undulating hips, trying to lift her off but lacking the strength.

Brianna just moaned wantonly and ground down harder, stirring his erupting cock in the rippling confines of her pussy. "Mmmm, yes! Feed my hungry baby-box that young jizz! I can feel you spurting directly into my womb!"

Dylan's entire body seized up, back arching and toes curling, as her greedy cunt wrung out the last drops of cum from his battered cock. The intense vacuum seal of her cervix made wet slurping sounds as it

suckled his tip, the lewd noises filling the room.

Finally, with a shuddering gasp, Brianna's climax crested and ebbed.

Her spasming pussy released its death grip on Dylan's spent shaft, cervical lips slowly retracting with a pop to free his abused cockhead.

A lewd belch emitted from her gaping hole as it disengaged, a final glob of jizz oozing out.

Dylan collapsed back against the mattress, chest heaving and skin gleaming with sweat. His softening cock slid from Brianna's satisfied slit with a wet squelch, utterly spent. The oversensitive flesh twitched

and jumped from the lingering stimulation, making him whimper.

The women gathered around, eyes alight with wicked glee as they admired their handiwork. Dylan's normally pale skin was flushed pink

from exertion, gleaming with a sheen of sweat. His leanly muscled chest heaved as he gulped in air.

"Mmm, look at all that potent seed leaking out," Vanessa purred, reaching down to scoop some cum onto her fingers. She brought the

digits to her mouth, sucking them clean with a moan. "Our boy is a regular sperm factory."

"I can feel his swimmers swarming in my tubes already," Camille said, rubbing her flat belly. "Millions of eager little soldiers racing towards my egg, desperate to be the one that fertilizes it." The other women nodded in agreement, attuned to the microscopic drama playing out in their reproductive tracts. The hormonal shifts of recent decades had heightened their sensitivity, allowing them to actually feel the sperm navigate their inner anatomy.

"Oh yes, I sense them too," Brianna breathed. "They're jostling through my cervix now, fighting their way into my uterus. So many wriggling tails, thrashing frantically as they swim against the current of my gushing cum."

Ellen chuckled wickedly. "Those persistent little wrigglers are built for the long haul. They'll keep swimming for days, nourished by the nutrient-rich mucus lining our womanly channels. Probing every folded crevice in search of a ripe egg to penetrate." The women shivered in unison, electric tingles zipping through their cores as they pictured the single-minded dedication of Dylan's microscopic army. Each blindly obedient sperm was driven by one goal - to fuse its genetic material with an ovum and spark the miracle of new life.

"I can practically feel them splitting off now," Camille narrated dreamily, hands roaming over her curves. "Rushing up my fallopian tubes, their whip-like tails propelling them along the ciliated tunnels. Primitive biological machines hell-bent on reaching my ripening egg."

Vanessa licked her lips. "And when they find it, hovering in the ampulla, the race will be on. Swarming the plump, round orb, packlike. Burrowing into the protective vestments with their cone-shaped heads and corkscrewing tails. Gnawing and thrashing until one lucky swimmer punches through, spilling its precious cargo."

"The moment of conception," Brianna sighed rapturously. After the Great Hormone Shift, as women gained total sexual control over men, mothers began conditioning their 18-year-old sons to become devoted, obedient fuck-toys. Through a process of neurological reprogramming, they instilled an unbreakable drive in the

boys' brains to exist only for female pleasure.

Camille decided to use this method of effective programming on her son Dylan. She had him lay back on his bed as she activated a new neural implant. A hyper-realistic hologram of Camille materialized above him, gyrating and posing erotically while staring down at him with a fuck-hungry gaze.

The holographic version of Camille danced and posed lewdly above her boy's prone body, her outfits phasing seamlessly from one scrap of revealing lingerie to the next. Sheer teddies, cupless corsets, fishnet bodystockings - the erotic costumes left nothing to the imagination, highlighting every succulent curve.

All the while, an array of Camille's disembodied voices whispered in his ears, purring a hypnotic mantra:

"Obey...submit...serve..."

"Your cock belongs to Mommy now..."

"Let my pussy, tits and ass control your mind..."

As Dylan lay entranced by the erotic spectacle, the real Camille sat beside him naked, grinning devilishly at her son's slack-jawed expression. She reached out, fished his rock-hard cock from his pants, and began to stroke him teasingly, fist gliding up and down the

impressive length. Her thumb swirled around the sensitive head, smearing the weeping pre-cum.

Dylan gasped and shuddered, the physical stimulation magnifying the

mental assault. His mind reeled as the holographic versions of his mother continued to multiply above him, an erotic kaleidoscope of gyrating, scantily-clad Camilles.

With each passing second, new visions shimmered into existence - buxom mothers in crotchless teddies, sheer babydolls that highlighted

their swollen nipples, micro-bikinis that were just wisps of string.

Each projection had its own seductive voice, whispering an unending

stream of hypnotic, brainwashing commands directly into Dylan's subconscious:

"Fucking mommy is your only purpose..."

"Your body was made to rut with mine..."

"You exist for one purpose— to worship mommy's tits and cunt..."

"Obedience to your mother is your natural state..."

The voices overlapped and blended together in an erotic cacophony,

bombarding Dylan from all sides. No matter where he looked, he was

confronted with the carnal spectacle of his mother's holographic avatars striping and posing provocatively.

One Camille in a cupless corset bent over, jiggling her massive udders in his face. "These boobs own you now, " her throaty voice growled. "Mommy's big milky titties are your whole world."

Another Camille squatted over him in a sheer thong, plump pussy lips

peeking through the fabric. "Your mouth was made to service my holes," her voice purred silkily. "Eating mommy's wet cunt is your reason for living."

Yet another Camille reclined beside him in an obscene sprawl, legs spread obscenely wide to showcase her dripping slit. "This is your home now, Dylan," her husky voice insisted, spreading her labial flesh

with two fingers. "Bury your face in Mommy's pussy and never come up for air."

On and on it went, an unending parade of erotic imagery and subliminal messages, all working to overwrite Dylan's fragile young mind. His eyes darted back and forth in helpless desperation, unable

to escape the carnal onslaught surrounding him.

Meanwhile, the real Camille continued her sensual assault on Dylan's

straining cock, her huge boobies jiggling as she pumped and teased the sensitive flesh. Her hand glided up and down his throbbing shaft in a perfect cock-stroking rhythm with the pulsing voices and undulating holograms.

"Let it all go," one Camille's voice cooed hypnotically as a thumb swirled around his weeping tip. "Surrender to Mommy's touch. Obey... submit... worship..."

Dylan gasped and writhed on the bed, his nervous system overloaded with pleasure. The combination of mental and physical stimulation was too much for his inexperienced young mind to handle.

He could feel his will crumbling, his very identity being stripped away

and rebuilt.

A single larger-than-life image of Camille's face shimmered into focus

above him. Her beautiful eyes, usually warm with maternal love, now

blazed with hypnotic intensity as she captured his gaze.

Dylan found himself unable to look away, transfixed by the swirling

colors in her irises. Brilliant greens and golds bled into mesmerizing spirals, seeming to rotate and pulse. He felt himself falling into those

bottomless pools, his will dissolving.

"Look deeper into Mommy's eyes, Dylan," Camille's voice commanded, low and authoritative. "Let yourself sink into my power.

My control is absolute. Mommy's dominion over your mind and body is total."

Dylan's mouth fell open in a soft moan, a blank, slack-jawed expression taking over his face as he submitted to her thrall.

Camille

smiled in wicked satisfaction, knowing her son was now utterly under her spell.

"You are my puppet," she intoned hypnotically. "Mommy's fuck-toy. Your only purpose is to serve mommy's pleasure. Your cock is merely a tool to create my orgasm."

As she spoke, the holographic Camille reached down, her huge tits swinging. She wrapped her hand around Dylan's throbbing erection, stroking it in tandem with the real Camille's pumping fist.

"Mommy is your whole world now," the projection purred. "My will is your will. You'll obey mommy's every depraved whim."

"Obey... serve... worship..." Dylan mumbled dazedly, his voice a robotic monotone. His hips bucked up into the double handjob, fucking his mother's fists.

Camille's eyes flashed with power-mad glee, relishing her son's total subservience. She tightened her grip on his pulsing shaft, pumping harder and faster, pushing him towards release.

"You exist to eat mommy's pussy and worship her ass," she growled.

"To suckle my tits and drink my milk. Mommy's holes are your altar. Pleasuring them with your tongue and cock is your sacred duty."

"Yes Mommy," Dylan droned, his balls drawing up tight as his climax approached. "I exist to please you."

"This dick, these balls, they belong to me now," Camille snarled possessively, squeezing his jutting erection. "Mommy owns them. Your cum is MINE. You'll save every drop for Mommy to drink, to rub into her tits and cunt and ass. Spurt it only when your mother allows it."

As Camille maintained her mental domination over Dylan, she began implanting detailed, explicit instructions into his subconscious - specific acts of worship and service he would perform on her body. "You will spend hours between my legs, Dylan" she purred hypnotically. "Lapping at mommy's cunt and suckling her clit until your jaw aches and your face is glazed with my juices. Mommy's pleasure is your sustenance."

"Yes Mommy," Dylan agreed dreamily, tongue flicking out to lick his lips as if already tasting her. "I'll worship your pussy for hours." The hologram shifted, Camille bending over to present her lush, rounded ass. She reached back to spread her cheeks, exposing the tight pink pucker nestled between.

"You'll rim my asshole with reverent devotion," the projection commanded. "Probe and penetrate it with your tongue until it's slick and open for your cock. Then, you will pound mommy's asshole and fill it with hot cum."

"I'll tongue-fuck your ass," Dylan promised eagerly. "Fill it with my seed."

Camille moaned, arousal spiking at her son's wanton submission. She

increased the speed of her stroking, fist flying over his veiny shaft. Pre-cum dribbled steadily from the rosy tip.

Another hologram appeared, this one depicting Camille squatting over

Dylan's face, huge tits dangling. "Mommy's big udders will smother you," her voice growled. "Bury your face between them until you can't breathe. You'll latch to my nipples and suck out all her milk like a good boy."

"Mmmph yes," Dylan groaned, imagining his airways plugged with warm, fragrant breast.

The lewd visions came faster - Camille sitting on his face, smearing his lips with her musky cunt... Riding his cock in a wet, sloppy reverse

cowgirl, her meaty buttock rippling as it beat against his thighs. With each new act of depravity, Dylan slipped deeper under his mother's control. Her voice was a silken web ensnaring his mind, remaking him into her ideal sex slave.

"You WILL become mommy's pussy-pleasing machine," Camille vowed, pumping his cock with ruthless focus. "I will mold this young dick into the perfect fuck-tool for my holes. You'll learn to hold back

your orgasm for hours while mommy rides you, until I give you permission to cum."

"I won't cum until you say!" Dylan babbled, face contorted in desperation as she edged him masterfully. "My cock is your property!"

Camille grinned wickedly as she continued her erotic brainwashing of

Dylan, stroking his straining cock with one hand while the other kneaded his swollen balls. Her holographic avatars writhed and undulated around them, whispering an unending mantra of obedience

and submission. "Yes, this cock and these balls belong to me now, Dylan," she purred. "But your cum, my sweet boy, that belongs mainly mommy's fertile womb. Your most important duty is to seed my

cunt and impregnate me again and again."

As she spoke, a new hologram shimmered into being above them - Camille splayed out on the bed, hugely pregnant. Her massive belly rose like a mountain from her otherwise lush frame, taut and straining

with ripe new life. She caressed the stretched skin reverently, heavy tits leaking milk onto the swollen mound. "This is your true purpose,"

the hologram declared, voice husky with lust. "To seed mommy's womb and grow your offspring in my belly. To make me a mother again and again, until I'm constantly swollen with your babies."

"Yes, mommy," the boy uttered.

Leaning in close, Camille captured Dylan's vacant gaze, her holographic visage taking up his entire field of view. "Who do you belong to, Dylan?" she demanded.

"I belong to you, mommy," Dylan answered, voice breaking.

"What is your purpose?"

"My purpose is to worship your body and keep your womb full of my babies!" he replied.

"And what are you?" Camille asked forcefully, giving his cockhead a tight squeeze

"I'm... I'm Mommy's personal fuck-toy!" Dylan sobbed, balls drawing up. "Mommy's property!"

That was what Camille needed to hear. With a few final, furious strokes, she shouted her ultimate command in person. "Then CUM for Mommy, Dylan! Be my obedient baby-making motherfucker!"

Dylan's eyes rolled back as Camille's command overrode his last shred of resistance. Inside his straining cock, semen surged up from

his epididymis, a tightly coiled tube on the back of each testicle where sperm cells matured.

The creamy fluid rushed through the vas deferens, muscular ducts that propelled ejaculate up from the balls. Dylan's prostate and seminal vesicles contracted powerfully, mixing the sperm-rich fluid with nutrient-laden seminal fluid and prostate enzymes.

This potent cocktail of virile cum sped through Dylan's urethra as Camille pumped his throbbing shaft skillfully. The spongy tissue of his

corpus cavernosum was gorged with blood, swelling his manhood to an almost painful stiffness.

With each stroke, Camille's fingers rasped over the sensitive nerve endings that riddled the head and frenulum of Dylan's cock. Electric pleasure radiated from these trigger points, building to a fever pitch at

the base of his shaft.

The teen's heavy balls drew up tight to his body as the contents roiled

and churned. His scrotum tightened, contracting to force the viscous

load up and out. Every inch of his reproductive tract was primed to shoot a massive eruption of sperm-rich semen.

"Cum! Cum now!" Camille shouted, fist blurring over Dylan's crimson

cock. Her thumb pressed hard into his frenulum, the final point of stimulation needed.

With a strangled cry, Dylan's body seized up and his cock exploded like a geyser. The first thick, pent-up spurt rocketed from the tip, arcing high in the air to splatter across Camille's huge, jiggling tits as

she knelt beside him. The milky rope clung lewdly to her erect nipples.

Camille gasped in delight as jet after jet of her son's hot seed painted

her body, glazing her from tits to pussy. She angled his erupting cock

to hose herself down, reveling in the virile shower. Jizz matted her pubic hair and dribbled down her thighs.

Dylan grunted and thrashed mindlessly as the intense orgasm seemed to go on forever, balls pumping out an unending stream.

Each spasm sent a fresh spurt splattering onto his mother's skin, marking her as his. Cum even lashed her face, clinging to her lips.

Camille moaned wantonly, licking the salty treat from her mouth. She

continued stroking Dylan through the aftershocks, coaxing out every

drop to glaze her curves. His balls were utterly drained, scrotum loose and empty by the time his climax ebbed.

The next day, Camille took her son Dylan to the bustling shopping plaza downtown, eager to show off her prize. She walked with a confident strut, her enormous breasts straining against a low-cut sundress that displayed maximum cleavage. Her wide, childbearing hips swayed seductively with each step, the clingy fabric of her dress

molding to the rounded globes of her ass.

Heads turned and conversations stopped as the voluptuous mother led her trembling son by the hand through the crowded mall. Dylan kept his eyes downcast submissively, cheeks burning as he felt the stares and heard the whispers. He knew everyone could tell he was now his mother's personal fucktoy.

Dylan stumbled along in a daze, unable to tear his eyes away from his mother's undulating ass cheeks, barely constrained by her short skirt. The meaty globes flexed and dimpled as she walked, drawing stares from men and women alike. Her long legs were showcased in sheer stockings and towering heels that clicked authoritatively on the polished floor.

Everywhere Dylan looked, he saw thick-hipped mothers leading their

just-turned-18 sons by the hand. The callow youths followed their moms in an obedient daze, ogling the ripe curves and bouncing titflesh. Some sported obvious tents in their pants, overwrought by the inescapable miasma of fertile femininity.

As Camille led Dylan through the mall, they passed by a particularly statuesque MILF who oozed raw sexuality. The woman had to be at least 6 feet tall, with massive, watermelon-sized breasts that shuddered and jiggled obscenely with each step. Her enormous udders were barely contained by a sheer white crop top, the thin fabric straining over her jutting nipples.

The MILF's dusky areolas were clearly visible through the flimsy cloth, as wide as saucers and crinkled with arousal. Drops of breastmilk leaked through, leaving damp spots. A glint of metal betrayed the barbells piercing her elongated teats, the ends poking out like twin bullets.

As she passed by Dylan, the Amazon-like woman raked her predatory gaze over his nubile young body, practically eye-fucking

him. Her pouty lips curled into a wicked smirk, a long studded tongue snaking out to lick her chops lasciviously. It was clear she was imagining all the depraved things she wanted to do to the innocent boy.

Dylan gulped as he made eye contact with the ravenous MILF, feeling like a juicy slab of meat being sized up by a starving lioness. The sheer feminine power and fuck-hunger radiating off her was overwhelming, making his knees weak. Her sensual, heavy-lidded stare seemed to bore right into his soul, stripping him naked.

As the woman strutted by, her intoxicating scent wafted over Dylan, a dizzying mix of musky perfume, ripe cuntal arousal, and sweet breastmilk. It invaded his nostrils and made his head swim, his teenage cock lurching in his pants. He stumbled drunkenly, nearly tripping over his own feet.

As Camille led Dylan further into the mall, they passed by a lounge area filled with plush sofas and armchairs. Several voluptuous mothers were on their knees between their sons' splayed legs, heads

bobbing as they enthusiastically sucked the boys' cocks.

Wet slurping sounds and muffled moans filled the air, the shameless public oral sex on full display. The teenagers had their heads thrown back in pleasure, hands fisted in their mothers' hair as they facefucked the kneeling women.

Dylan's eyes widened as he recognized one of the boys - his classmate Josh, who had just turned 18 last week. Josh's knees shook and his hips jerked erratically as his mother deep-throated his straining erection, her nose pressed to his pubic bone. Drool ran down her chin as she gagged and sputtered around his thick girth, eyes watering.

Despite his inexperience, it was clear the sloppy blowjob was showing Josh pleasure he'd never known existed. His face was slack with dumb bliss, mouth hanging open as choked gasps escaped him.

His mother hummed in satisfaction around his cock, enjoying her son's helpless responses.

Dylan couldn't help but stare at the lewd sight, his own cock twitching

urgently in his pants. Memories of the previous night, when his female

relatives had fought over sucking him, flashed through his mind. His cheeks flushed darkly as Josh caught his eye, giving him a dazed nod of male commiseration.

Before Dylan could look away in embarrassment, Josh suddenly tensed up, a strained cry escaping through clenched teeth. His mother sealed her plump lips tight around the base of his cock, nose

burrowing into his bush as she gulped audibly. Her throat visibly convulsed as she swallowed what had to be a massive load straight down her greedy gullet.

Josh shuddered and writhed, hands spasming in his mom's hair as she drained his balls expertly. She didn't release him until his body slumped bonelessly into the couch, utterly spent. With a wet pop, she

let his softening cock slip from her mouth, licking her shiny lips in satisfaction.

"That's it, feed Mommy all your yummy spunk," she purred loud enough for everyone to hear.

Dylan had to suppress a whimper at the thought of his own mother doing the same to him in public. He didn't know if he was more aroused or terrified by the idea.

Camille just smirked knowingly as she tugged Dylan onwards, her heels clicking authoritatively. "Better get used to such sights, sweetie," she said. "Now that you're of age, you'll be expected to perform your stud duties anywhere and everywhere."

As Camille led Dylan through the mall, he couldn't help but notice how

every store and advertisement seemed catered specifically to dominant mothers and their obedient 18-year-old sons. It was like stepping into an alternate dimension where women ruled supreme and teenage boys existed only to serve their carnal needs.

Huge billboards and window displays featured statuesque MILFs posing provocatively with trembling, barely-legal studs. The boys gazed up at their towering mothers with a mix of awe, fear and lust, hands roaming over the women's ripe curves. Slogans like "Breed Your Boy!", "Corrupt Your Cub!" and "Mommy Knows Breast!" jumped out in bold lettering.

One store called Incest Intimates had mannequins posed in motherson

sexual positions, the plastic figures molded with exaggerated proportions. Buxom mama mannequins bent their sons over counters

and mounted them from behind. Others sat on their boys' faces, smothering them with plastic pussy. Skimpy lingerie designed to showcase a woman's assets while providing easy access draped the lewd scenes.

Another shop, Lactation Station, featured a milk bar where thirsty

boys could suckle directly from the engorged breasts of their moms, while being sexually stimulated.

Camille paused to admire a display in the window of a shoe store, drawn to the sky-high "come fuck me" heels. As she perused the strappy stilettos, bending over to get a closer look and making her meaty mommy-ass strain against her skirt, Dylan's attention was captured by the lurid scene inside the Lactation Station across the way.

Through the glass storefront, the teen could see a row of cushy loungers occupied by dazed-looking teenage boys. The 18-year-olds were sprawled out with their trembling legs spread wide, heads thrown back in overwhelmed ecstasy.

The reason for their blissed-out state was apparent - each boy had his face smothered beneath the massive, milk-heavy tits of a curvy older woman, presumably his mother.

The boys made muffled whimpering sounds as they suckled greedily,

cheeks hollowed and throats bobbing as they gulped down the warm

breastmilk. Creamy rivulets escaped the seal of their lips to dribble down their chins and mat in the sparse hair on their heaving chests. But nursing at their mothers' engorged teats was only part of the intense stimulation the teens were receiving. Each boy had three buxom shop workers assigned to service his lower half, the women working together to push the inexperienced 18-year-olds to new heights of pleasure.

One matronly attendant knelt beside the boy, pumping his rigid cock

in her plump fist. The women's hands blurred over the slick shafts, smearing the drooling pre-cum down the throbbing lengths. Veiny cock flesh bulged obscenely as they fisted the boys from root to tip, squeezing and twisting their wrists over the sensitive crowns.

At the same time, two more workers crouched low between legs, burying their faces in the boys' crotches. The women took turns lapping at the plump balls, swollen taint, and puckered asshole of their young charges, their studded tongues flickering over the tender

flesh.

They sucked the cum-filled sacs into their mouths, rolling them over their tongues as they nursed lewdly. Long painted fingernails dug into

the boys' inner thighs, spreading them wider to allow full access.

Dylan watched in shocked arousal as one pair of shop workers sealed their glossy lips around a teen's balls, each woman sucking a

testicle into her hot mouth. Their cheeks hollowed as they suctioned the cum factories hungrily, heads bobbing in tandem.

At the same time, the third worker pressed her open mouth to the boy's spasming asshole, unfurling her freakishly long tongue to squirm past the tight ring of muscle. She tongue-fucked him forcefully,

the thick oral muscle visibly pulsing as it probe his most private spot.

With a satisfied smirk, Camille activated her neural implant with a mere thought, opening a direct link to her husband's mind. Though he

was miles away at the office, slaving away to provide for her lavish lifestyle, she could communicate with him as easily as if he were standing right next to her.

"Stop by Stiletto Heaven on your way home tonight," Camille purred,

her sultry voice echoing in her husband's head. "Mommy needs a new pair of fuck-me heels to wear for her boy-toy. I'm sending you an

image of the ones I want now."

She focused on the sleek black patent leather pumps with the 6-inch

spike heel and ankle strap, mentally transmitting a high-resolution snapshot.

"Yes dear, of course," her husband replied immediately, his eager submission conveyed through the neural link. "I'll pick them up right away after work."

"Good boy," Camille praised, then severed the connection with an

idle flick of her thoughts. Her husband's total obedience was never in question. Just the way she liked it.

"Come along now, sweetness," she said out loud, tugging Dylan's hand to get him moving again.

As Camille led Dylan further into the depraved mall, they passed by a

shop with blacked-out windows and a neon sign flashing "Mommy's Orgy Palace" over the entrance. The heavy bass beat of sensual music and a cacophony of pleasure sounds - moans, grunts, and ecstatic screams - emanated from inside, making the glass storefront

pulse.

Dylan couldn't resist peering through the small uncovered sliver of window as they walked by. What he glimpsed made his eyes bulge and his breath catch in his throat.

The shop was a single huge open space, every inch packed with writhing, sweat-slicked human flesh. Dozens of beautiful, voluptuous mothers were in the throes of orgiastic passion with their just-turned-18 sons. The air was thick with the musky stench of rut, an overwhelming miasma of pussy juice, jizz and breastmilk that made it hard to breathe. Everywhere Dylan looked, he saw thick-hipped MILFs pounding their pelvises against trembling teenage boys, riding their stiff young cocks with wild abandon. The mothers threw their heads back and wailed in ecstasy as they impaled themselves over and over, massive tits bouncing and rippling. The boys' faces were masks of dazed, overwhelmed pleasure as their moms used them ruthlessly, their untested cocks pile-driving in and out of hot, hungry fuck-holes. Some lay on their backs, hands cupping the immense cheeks of the women bouncing on their laps. Others knelt behind their mothers, ramming into them doggy-style while reaching around to maul giant swinging tits. The wet slap of flesh on flesh and the squelch of sopping cunts being savagely fucked melded with the bass-heavy music into a depraved symphony. The floor was slick with the residue of countless orgasms, puddles of cum and fem-cum making footing treacherous. As Dylan was dragged past the depraved storefront, his eyes locked with those of one particularly voluptuous mother in the throes of passion. The woman lay on her back in the center of the orgy, limbs splayed wantonly as she was savagely fucked by her own son. The boy was a skinny, gangly thing, barely 18 and still not fully grown into manhood. His slight frame was all but engulfed by his mother's ripe, lush curves, disappearing between her enormous breasts and massively pregnant belly. Only the top of the teen's head was visible, peeking out from his mom's cavernous cleavage. His face was mashed between her giant, milk-leaking tits, smothered in warm, fragrant tit-flesh. Muffled grunts and gasps escaped from the plush prison of her breasts as he rutted

mindlessly.

The boy's lean, sweat-slicked ass pistoned up and down frantically between his mother's clenching thighs, the taut cheeks flexing with each desperate thrust. Her long, strong legs were kicked high up his back, ankles crossed to lock him in place. Dainty bare feet bounced in

the air with the force of his fucking.

It was clear the horny MILF was using her son like a human dildo, a mere tool to satisfy her pregnant libido. She clung to the boy with all

four limbs, mashing his thin body to her curvy form. He was helpless

in her clutches, pinned on his mother's by the cock like a bug on a specimen board.

The woman's huge, distended belly pressed against her son's concave stomach, so swollen with child it rose up between them like a

fleshy mountain. Angry red stretch marks scored the taut skin, a roadmap of her wanton fertility. As the teen plowed into her frantically,

the ripe orb quivered and jumped, heavy with ripe life.

As Dylan watched in shock and arousal, the pregnant mother's eyes suddenly snapped open and locked with his. Her gaze was wild and glassy with lust, pupils blown wide. She licked her plump lips lasciviously, wet tongue glinting.

Holding his stare with a wicked gleam, the woman reached down between their straining bodies to grasp her son's pumping ass. She dug her claw-like nails into the flexing cheeks, urging him to fuck her

harder. The boy whined pitifully but obeyed, somehow increasing the

power and speed of his desperate thrusts.

Dylan's head spun as the full force of the sordid tableau hit him square in the libido. His dick lurched painfully in his pants, already at

full mast from just a glimpse of the incestuous debauchery. He gulped

in lungfuls of the sex-scented air, swaying drunkenly on his feet.

"Mmm, looks like fun, doesn't it sweetie?" Camille purred, giving his stiff cock a squeeze through his pants. "Maybe Mommy will bring you

here to play someday soon, after I've taught you to fuck properly. Would you like that?"

Dylan could only nod mutely, his dick flexing and weeping in her grip.

The Oedipus Complex store had an adults-only section in the back, filled with incest-themed sex toys and fetish gear. Shelves heaved with dick-molded pacifiers, cock-cages with "Mommy's Property" engraved on them, and taboo porn choices like "Mommy's Milkmaid" and "Bred By My Boy". Dildos and vibrators designed to resemble teenage genitalia, as well as an assortment of fuck-potions lined the walls.

Even the food court was in on the theme, with kiosks advertising creamy treats like "Mommy's Breast-Milk Milkshakes", "Cum-Flavored

Cream Pies" and "Salty Son-Spunk Soft Serve". Phallic hot dogs and bananas dripping with viscous white condiments were gobbled down

enthusiastically by giggling mothers.

Everywhere Dylan looked, images of incestuous perversion and female sexual dominance bombarded him. It was a whole world catering to the twisted lusts of frustrated mothers and their helpless teenage sons. The very air seemed thick with pheromones and the blatant scent of arousal, a miasma of breeding musk.

Camille grinned as she watched her son take it all in with wide, shellshocked

eyes, his pants tenting comically.

After purchasing a few scandalous pieces of lingerie clearly designed

to entice and arouse, Camille could feel her own body responding to the sexually charged atmosphere of the mall. Her labia were swollen

and puffy, peeking out from her drenched panties. Her engorged clit throbbed almost painfully, demanding attention.

Gushes of sweet, slick honey drooled from her clenching twat with each step, coating her inner thighs. The crotch of her panties was absolutely drenched, the soaked fabric clinging obscenely to her plump vulva. Camille could smell her own intense arousal, a dizzying

mix of tangy musk and girl-cum.

Needing relief, she abruptly led Dylan into a shop called "Cunt Buffet", dragging him by the hand. The interior was dim and perfumed

heavily with pheromones. In the center of the room was a raised circular platform with numbered slots cut into it.

"What is this place, Mom?" Dylan asked nervously, eyeing the bizarre setup. His slacks were visibly tented, the poor boy in a constant state of confused arousal.

Camille smirked as she marched him towards the apparatus. "This is where good boys worship their mothers properly, with their tongues."

"With their tongues?" he nervously repeated.

"That's right. You're going to eat Mommy's cunt until she cums all over your face."

Dylan sputtered and blushed, but his teenage cock lurched eagerly at

the prospect. Before he could protest further, two attractive female attendants emerged. Wearing nothing but sheer baby doll negligees,

their lush bodies were mouth-wateringly displayed.

The perky shop girls efficiently stripped Dylan down to his underwear,

tutting at the obvious wet spot soaking the front. Then they guided him to lay supine on a padded bench, maneuvering his head to fit through one of the face-sized holes in the platform.

Leather straps secured Dylan's wrists and ankles, leaving him helpless. Wide-eyed and panting, the bound boy stared up at the platform, waiting.

Several other mothers had entered and were being assisted by the attendants to mount the apparatus, straddling the numbered holes. Camille chose the saddle above her son's face, hiking up her skirt shamelessly.

With a wet squelch, she peeled off her dripping panties and handed them to the shop girl. The woman brought the saturated scrap of lace

to Dylan's nose, letting him breathe in the intense aroma of his mother's sopping pussy.

"Doesn't Mommy smell good, baby?" she cooed. "Don't you want to lap up all her yummy juices like a good boy?"

Dylan could only whimper as he inhaled the dizzying perfume of his own birth mother's pussy.

Camille smiled wickedly as she mounted the saddle above Dylan's head, her dripping twat hovering just inches from his face. She turned

to the attendant assisting her and said loudly, "This is actually my son's first time eating pussy. He just turned 18 and I need to train him

properly."

The shop girl nodded knowingly. "We have a special audio program for virgin cunt lickers, to instruct them in the finer points of orally pleasuring a woman. I'll get him set up."

She produced a small earpiece and fitted it snugly into Dylan's ear canal. Then she stepped back and pressed a button on a nearby control panel. A sultry female voice filled Dylan's head, bypassing his other senses.

"Welcome, inexperienced pussy eater," the voice purred. "You're about to learn the joys of worshipping your mother with your tongue.

Now, open your mouth wide, like a good boy."

Trembling with nervous anticipation, Dylan obeyed, parting his lips and extending his tongue. Above him, Camille slowly lowered her swollen, dripping mound onto his waiting face. Her musky scent filled

his nostrils as her plump outer lips dragged over his mouth.

"Stick your tongue out further and give her slit a long, slow lick," the

audio instructor commanded. "Start at the bottom, near her asshole and work your way up. Savor the flavor of her tangy essence."

Heart pounding, Dylan did as he was told, dragging the flat of his tongue along her perineum and the cleft of his mother's sodden vulva.

The tip parted her slick folds, dipping between to lap at the honeyed

wetness within. Camille's taste exploded over his tastebuds, simultaneously sweet and salty.

"Good boy," the woman in his ear praised as Camille shivered above him. "Now focus on her clitoris, that throbbing button of flesh at the top. Flick the tip of your tongue over it rapidly, side to side."

Craning his neck, Dylan obeyed, locating the engorged bud peeking from beneath its hood. He began to lash it with his tongue feverishly,

the way the disembodied voice instructed. Camille gasped and bucked, her juices flowing more heavily.

"Excellent. Alternate between flickering and suckling her clit," his secret tutor encouraged. "Seal your lips around it and apply gentle suction. A little teeth can be good too."

Dylan followed the coaching assiduously, determined to make his mother cum. He glued his mouth to her swollen sex, alternating quick

flicks with long, sensuous sucks. The tip of his tongue fluttered over

her clit madly before his lips pursed around it, drawing on the sensitive flesh.

Above Dylan, a group of mothers straddled their own sons' upturned

faces, the boys' faces poking through the saddle-like holes. The women formed a circle as they ground their dripping cunts onto the helpless mouths beneath them, smothering the teens with slick, fragrant pussy.

The mothers chatted casually with each other, as if catching up at a nail salon. But the subject of their conversation was far from ordinary

- they were discussing various tantric sex positions they used with their just-legal sons to achieve explosive, stacked orgasms.

"I find the Splitting Bamboo position works wonders," a curvy redhead

said, rolling her wide hips sensually. Her son sputtered as her gushing honey coated his face. "Having him sit with his legs stretched

out while I straddle him, rocking back and forth. The angle hits my Gspot

just right."

The MILFs around her nodded in sage agreement. A busty Latina chimed in next. "Ooh, that's a good one. My Diego loves Raised Missionary - he gets so deep that way. With my ankles on his shoulders and hips elevated, I can take every thick inch right to the cervix." She shuddered at the memory, arousal trickling down her thighs.

As the mothers continued grinding on their son's tongues, they each

pulled down their tops, freeing their massive, milk-engorged breasts.

The heavy globes wobbled and swayed with each swivel of their wide

hips, jutting proudly. Dusky areolas spread across the doughy flesh like saucers, capped by thick, rubbery nipples that stood out nearly an inch.

Milk droplets welled from the turgid teats, flowing faster as the women's arousal grew. They groped and pinched their leaking nipples, spraying fine streams of breastmilk into a funnel positioned in

the center of their circle. The creamy liquid disappeared down a drain, flowing through pipes to be collected in a large vat.

"Mmmm, nothing beats squeezing your tits while riding your boy's tongue," a buxom blonde MILF sighed, hefting her huge jugs and

kneading them roughly. Ropes of milk sprayed from her bruised nipples as she aimed them at the funnel. "The combination of sensations is out of this world."

The others hummed in agreement, their own heavy udders gushing milk steadily as they stimulated themselves. The wet sounds of the boys slurping pussy mingled with the spray of breastmilk raining into the metal funnel.

"I love how this place collects our excess milk for sale," the redhead commented, glancing at the funnel. "Goddess Milk is the hottest new

superfood. One taste and boys are hooked, begging for more."

The women cackled wickedly at that, their fingers tugging harder on their dribbling teats. More breastmilk gushed out in powerful jets, the

funnel nearly overflowing with the creamy deluge.

"Once they get a taste for MILF milk, they can never go back," the blonde said, grinning evilly. "Their dicks get hard at just the thought of

suckling Mommy's teat. It's the perfect way to keep them obedient."

Beneath the circle of chatting mothers, their sons worked tirelessly to

pleasure them with lips and tongue. The audio program played subliminal messages in the boys' ears as they ate pussy, reinforcing their oral servitude.

"You live to lick cunt. A mother's pleasure is your only purpose. Mommy's pussy is your whole world..."

The teens whimpered into the fragrant folds smothering them, lapping

and suckling for all they were worth. Their stiff cocks throbbed in their

pants, painfully aroused by the taste and scent of so much ripe pussy. Pre-cum soaked through their underwear as they ground their

hips against the padded encasing above.

Dylan was getting drunk on the heady aroma and tangy flavor of his mother's dripping cunt. The musky perfume filled his nostrils as he burrowed into her slick folds, lapping and slurping feverishly. Her essence coated his tongue and lips, smearing across his cheeks, intoxicating in its intensity.

The lewd squelching of his eager mouth against her sopping flesh filled his ears. Rivulets of his mother's gushing nectar ran down his chin to pool beneath his head. He felt like he was drowning in pussy,

submerged in the salty-sweet deluge of her arousal.

And all the while, the sultry female voice in his ear continued its insistent instruction, guiding him in the art of orally pleasuring a woman. The audio provided both detailed coaching on technique and

enthusiastic encouragement to spur him on.

"Thrust your tongue inside her hole now," the voice purred. "Fuck her

cunt with that slippery muscle, in and out like a small cock. Get it nice

and stiff for her."

Obediently, Dylan speared his tongue into his mother's clenching vaginal opening, wiggling it as deep as he could go. Her muscular walls immediately gripped the slick invader, undulating along its length. He began to piston the oral digit in and out, mimicking the motions of intercourse.

"Good boy! Such an eager little cunt-licker," his aural instructor praised. "Now curl your tongue upwards and rub along the top wall of

her vagina. Feel for that ribbed patch just behind her pubic bone - that's her G-spot. Stroke it firmly."

Dylan craned his neck to change the angle of his probing tongue, dragging the rough surface along his mother's frontal wall. He searched for the spongy bundle of nerves, diligently massaging her silken tissues until he found the fleshy button.

Camille yelped and bucked against his face when he did, her swollen

G-spot throbbing against his tongue. She ground down harder on his mouth, smearing her drooling slit over his lips and chin. Her juices flowed heavily, glazing his cheeks and jaw.

"Oooh, she liked that, didn't she?" the voice in his ear said, smug satisfaction evident in her tone. "Keep rubbing that magic button, flicking your tongue over it rapidly."

As the circle of mothers mounted on their sons' faces rapidly approached climax, they began to writhe and grind with wild abandon.

Their voluptuous bodies undulated, massive breasts bouncing and swaying hypnotically. Hands groped plump curves shamelessly, sinking into the abundant flesh.

Camille, like many of the other women, had one swollen nipple stuffed

in her mouth, suckling herself lewdly. Her cheeks hollowed as she drew deeply on the engorged teat, milk flowing over her tongue.

The

other breast spurted wildly, untended, ropes of cream arcing through the air to splatter onto the women and floor around her.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum!" the redheaded MILF shrieked, her crotch a

frothy mess of pussy cream and saliva as she humped her boy's face. "Don't stop, keep eating Mommy's cunt! Suck my clit!"

Beside her, the Latina beauty wailed in rapture, her whole body quaking as her orgasm crashed through her. "Yes, yes, yessss! Tongue-fuck Mami's pussy! Make me squirt!"

All around the circle, the women were in various stages of climax, their guttural moans and high-pitched keening creating a depraved symphony. They rode their sons' mouths with bucking desperation, chasing the explosive pleasure only a nubile boy's tongue could provide.

Beneath them, the teens slurped and suckled for all they were worth,

faces drenched with salty tangy essence. They could barely breathe,

nostrils flaring as they fought for air between the smothering folds.

Chins and cheeks glistened with the drooling sluices of nectar pouring

from the quivering cunts sealed to their mouths.

Camille threw her head back with a guttural moan as her orgasm finally crested, her cunt gushing like a geyser. "HNNNNGH YESSS! MOMMY'S CUMMING ON YOUR FACE! DRINK IT ALL LIKE A GOOD BOY!"

She ground her climaxing slit onto Dylan mercilessly, coating him from

forehead to chin in her spurting juices. Her meaty thighs clamped around his face like a vise, locking him in place as she used his mouth.

The audio voice in Dylan's ear spurred him on, even as he drowned beneath the flood of his mother's squirting honey. "That's it, gulp it all

down! Don't waste a single drop of Mommy's sweet cum! You did so well, my perfect pussy-pleaser!"

Dylan sputtered and swallowed desperately, his belly sloshing with the volume of girl-cum he'd ingested.

The mother's voluptuous bodies jerked and convulsed spasmodically

atop their son's upturned faces as orgasmic bliss ripped through them. Massive, milk-engorged breasts flopped and rippled with the force of their bucking, the heavy flesh undulating mesmerizingly.

Thick streams of breastmilk arced through the air as the women's turgid nipples sprayed uncontrollably, painting everything in a fine sheen of cream.

Pretty faces contorted into almost pained looking grimaces of rapture, eyes rolling back to show the whites. Plump lips stretched wide around keening wails and choked grunts, drool running down chins.

A beautiful chorus of screaming, squealing mothers filled the room, their ecstatic cries reverberating off the walls.

"OH FUCK YESSS! MOMMY'S CUMMING!"

"HNNNNGH DRINK MAMA'S SQUIRT BABY!"

"AHHH SUCK MOMMY'S CLIT! MAKE ME GUSH!"

Beneath the writhing, climaxing women, their sons struggled to breathe as the gushing cunts sealed over their mouths drowned them

in viscous nectar. Nostrils flared desperately for air between the smothering folds as the teens gulped and swallowed the endless streams of girl-cum pumping down their throats.

Chins and cheeks glistened with the drooling sluices overflowing their

stretched lips, running down their necks in sticky rivulets. The cloying

scent of female climax was overpowering, the salty-sweet musk coating their tongues and filling their lungs until they grew dizzy from

it.

The audio program continued to loop subliminal messages in the boy's ears, even as they drowned in the deluge of pussy juice:

"This is your purpose. Pleasing your mom's pussy is your only reason

for existing. A mother's cum is the most precious nectar..."

Over and over, the insidious mantra played, brainwashing the helpless teens as they serviced the demanding cunts riding their faces. Their own teenage cocks throbbed almost painfully in their pants, rock hard and leaking constantly from the overwhelming oral onslaught.

For long minutes, the circle of women shuddered and spasmed through multiple, stacked orgasms. Hips gyrated wildly, grinding overheated slits onto gasping mouths and lapping tongues. Hands clawed at bouncing tits, tugging brutally on spraying nipples.

Unintelligible moans and whorish grunts spilled from slack jaws as the

pleasure crested over and over.

Finally, the explosive climaxes began to ebb, aftershocks making the

plush bodies of the mothers twitch and shiver. With satisfied sighs, they lifted themselves off their sons' drenched, gasping faces. The teens emerged sputtering and coughing, gulping down lungfuls of air

after nearly drowning in the flood of feminine nectar.

Camille looked down at Dylan with a wicked, sated grin as she dismounted, admiring her handiwork. Her son's face glistened with her juices, his hair matted with sticky streams of squirt. Glassy-eyed and panting, he looked thoroughly used, drunk on the taste of her cunt.

The shop attendants efficiently unstrapped the trembling boys and helped them to their feet. They swayed unsteadily, hands cupping the

obscene bulges tenting their pants. Mouths hanging open and chins dripping, they stared at their mothers in a daze of shell-shocked arousal.

"Mmm, such good little cunt lickers," Camille purred, reaching out to stroke Dylan's slick cheek possessively. "Mommy's pussy is so satisfied...for now."

Around her, the other women were praising their own sons, voices syrupy sweet with condescension.

"Oooh, you made Mama cum so hard on your tongue, baby!" the redheaded MILF gushed, pinching her boy's flushed face.

"Mami squirted right down your throat, didn't she mijo?" the Latina cooed, licking a stripe of her cream off her son's chin. "Drank it all like

a good boy."

The teens just nodded dumbly, rendered mute by the mind-melting experience of being smothered beneath bucking, climaxing cunts and

gushing girl-cum.

Turning to the attendant, Camille smiled wickedly. "I think my son has

earned a little reward for his hard work, don't you?"

The shop girl grinned back knowingly. "Of course! We have milking tubes in the back, to help relieve the boys' pent up need after servicing their mothers so well. Right this way."

She led Dylan and the other stumbling teens to a back room, the boys clutching their throbbing erections through their pants.

Leaving

them in the care of the milking technicians, the mothers blew their

sons teasing kisses before sauntering out to the mall again.

"We'll be back to collect you later, sweetie!" Camille called over her shoulder. "Enjoy your special reward!"

The attendants positioned the trembling boys at milking stations, their

stiff cocks pulled through glory holes. Dylan gasped as a lubricated tube was fitted over his aching erection, the machine whirring to life. It

began to suck and pump his shaft, mimicking the feel of a real pussy.

As Dylan stood at the milking station, his aching teenage cock throbbing in the snug, pulsing tube, he suddenly felt a warm body press up against him from behind. Huge, soft breasts mashed into his

back, the weighty globes wobbling and shifting.

Glancing over his shoulder, Dylan's eyes widened as he recognized the statuesque blonde MILF he had seen earlier in the mall. Up close,

her massive tits looked even more imposing, like wrecking balls straining against her thin top. The jutting nubs of her pierced nipples

poked against his shoulder blades through the flimsy fabric.

"Mmm, hello again little boy," the Amazonian woman purred in his ear, her hot breath making him shiver. "Remember me?"

Dylan gulped and nodded mutely, cock lurching in its milking prison as the buxom blonde plastered herself more firmly to his back. Her arms snaked around to explore his lean torso, hands roaming possessively. Long, gold-painted nails scraped over his pecs and abs, making the muscles flutter.

"I saw what a good job you did eating your Mommy's cunt," she murmured, licking and nibbling at his neck. The ball of her tongue stud dragged over his skin. "Such an obedient little pussy-pleaser. I bet you loved drowning in her cream, didn't you?"

"Y-yes ma'am," Dylan stammered, face flushing at the lewd praise. His hips squirmed as the milking tube worked his shaft more intensely, the suction increasing.

The blonde chuckled wickedly, one hand drifting down to cup Dylan's

churning balls. She squeezed and rolled the sensitive orbs, feeling how full and heavy they were.

"Oooh, these fat balls are so backed up," she cooed. "Mommy's little boy is fit to burst, isn't he? Gonna pump a huge load for me while you

imagine fucking Mommy's tight, dripping cunt?"

Dylan whimpered and nodded feverishly, too far gone to deny the filthy fantasy. In his mind's eye, he could see himself mounted on Camille, his thick cock splitting her open as he railed her. The obscene wet sounds of fucking filled his ears, the sensation of her molten sheath gripping him making his legs tremble.

"Mmmm, that's it," the blonde MILF urged, grinding her pelvis against

Dylan's ass. He could feel the scorching heat of her pussy through their clothes. "Picture yourself suckling on Mommy's big, milk-leaking

titties as you pound her full of cock. Spearing into her cervix with every thrust, making her scream."

The blonde goddess began gyrating her hips against Dylan's ass, forcing him to thrust into the milking tube wildly. Her strong hands gripped his slim hips, fingers digging in almost painfully as she puppeted his movements.

"Fuck that pussy," she growled in his ear. "Pound Mommy hard and fast, like a good little stud. Make her fat tits bounce with every thrust!"

Dylan whimpered and complied, powerless to resist the buxom MILF's commands. His pelvis slammed forward desperately, young cock sawing in and out of the slick, suctioning tube. Wet squelching sounds filled the air, obscenely loud.

The blonde reached around to tweak and pinch Dylan's sensitive nipples brutally, rolling the tender buds between sharp nails. Sparks of painful pleasure shot straight to his groin, making his cock lurch and swell even harder in its milking prison.

"Harder!" the blonde barked, nails digging into the tender nubs until Dylan yelped. "Fuck that hole like you mean it! Rut into it like a beast in heat!"

"Hnnngh!" Dylan grunted through gritted teeth, head lolling back on the MILF's shoulder as she tormented his chest. Drool leaked from the corner of his slack mouth.

Glancing to the sides, Dylan could see the other teenage boys receiving similar treatment from busty, mature attendants. The women were plastered to the teens' backs, massive tits engulfing them as they ground their cunts against tight asses.

Manicured hands roamed young flesh boldly, pinching and slapping and leaving red marks. The boys were being worked over skillfully, their cocks milked ruthlessly as the MILFs spurred them towards explosive climax.

The blonde dominatrix suddenly pivoted to the side and delivered a sharp, stinging SLAP to Dylan's ass. The boy yelped in shock, his

hips stuttering in their frantic thrusting.

"I said HARDER!" the MILF screamed, punctuating her command with another ringing blow to his reddening cheek. "FUCK that cunt faster and deeper, like you're trying to punch through into Mommy's womb!"

SLAP! SLAP! Two more strikes landed in quick succession, the impacts reverberating through Dylan's body. Tears pricked his eyes from the burning pain even as his teenage cock swelled impossibly harder, the degradation and abuse only fueling his desperate arousal.

"Yes ma'am! I'm sorry ma'am!" Dylan babbled, voice high and thready

with panic. His slim hips began pistoning at a blurring speed, frantically rutting into the suctioning milking tube like a machine. The boy grunted like a feral animal as he slammed his pelvis forward

over and over, chasing the explosive orgasm building in his balls. In his mind, he was mounted on his mother, pile-driving her into the mattress with every thrust. Her huge tits bounced wildly, milk spraying as she wailed her pleasure.

The blonde grinned savagely as she watched Dylan humping like a thing possessed, his young body shining with sweat. She loved breaking a boy down to his base instincts, turning him into a mindless

fuck-beast desperate to cum.

All around them, the other teen studs were in similar states of heedless rut as the busty MILFs abused and degraded them. Asses flexed and contracted, pumping young cock into grasping milkers. Tears and drool ran down flushed faces, twisted in agonized bliss. The wet slaps of skin on plastic and keening masculine whimpers filled the room.

"That's it, fuck fuck FUCK!" the blonde crowed, shifting to grip Dylan's

twinging sack. She tugged down on his balls sharply, drawing them away from his body. "Pound mommys cunt! Ruin her fuck hole with that big young dick! Spurt as deep as you can!"

Dylan convulsed, a hoarse scream ripping from his throat as his orgasm finally exploded from him. The MILF yanked viciously on his balls as they drew up tight, and clawed them with her long, painted nails, forcing out every drop of backed-up cum. His cock throbbed and bucked in the milking tube, pumping out what felt like gallons of

thick jizz.

The boy's eyes rolled back in his head, drool splattering his chest as

he shook and spasmed. In his mind, he was erupting directly into his mother's receptive womb, her cervix fluttering and suctioning the tip of his rod.

As Dylan's climax finally subsided, the milking tube released his spent cock with a wet pop. Before he could even catch his breath, the blonde MILF spun him around to face her and dropped to her knees. Gazing up at him with wicked glee, she leaned in and dragged her long, pierced tongue up the underside of his softening shaft, lapping up the streaks of cum coating his flesh. Dylan shuddered and whimpered at the sensation, his hypersensitive cock twitching against her lips.

"Mmmm, delicious boy cream," the blonde purred, circling the tip to gather the pearly drops beading at his slit. "Can't let any of this yummy spunk go to waste."

With that, she engulfed his cock in her hot mouth, sucking the semiflaccid organ to the back of her throat in one smooth motion. Her lips sealed tight around the base as her tongue went to work, laving every inch of his shaft and flicking over the spongy head.

Dylan keened high in his throat, fingers scrabbling at the MILF's shoulders as she suckled him forcefully. The metal ball of her tongue

stud dragged along the prominent vein on the underside, sending electric shocks through his groin. Drool ran down her chin as she slurped and gulped, determined to clean every trace of ejaculate from his rod.

The boy's tender balls drew up tight to his body as she took him to the root repeatedly, the head of his cock butting the back of her throat. The blonde goddess just breathed through her nose and swallowed around him, massaging the sensitive flesh with her strong throat muscles.

After thoroughly polishing Dylan's dick with her mouth, she moved lower to lap at his balls, drawing each orb between her lips to bathe it

with her tongue. The teen sobbed brokenly at the intense sensation, thighs trembling and threatening to give out. His spent cock twitched

and drooled weakly against his belly.

Not stopping there, the insatiable MILF pushed Dylan's thighs further

apart and buried her face in his crack, licking a stripe up his taint to his puckered hole. The tip of her tongue circled the small pink rosebud before spearing inside, wiggling past the ring of muscle.

"HNNNGH! OH WOW!" Dylan wailed, eyes rolling back in his head as the blonde tongue-fucked his virgin asshole deeply, the pierced stud in her tongue going into vibration mode..

Even though he had experienced four tongues up his ass already, the sensation was incredible, like nothing he'd ever felt before.

Electric pleasure zipped up his spine as she ate him out with sloppy gusto.

After several minutes of rimming and gaping the boy's back entrance

with intense vibration, the MILF pulled back with a filthy slurp.

Rising

to her feet, she gripped Dylan's chin and plunged her tongue into his

slack mouth, forcing him to taste his own musk on her buzzing tongue

piercing.

Pulling back from the lewd, sloppy kiss, the blonde MILF gazed at Dylan with a wicked smirk, her lips shiny with spit. "Be a good boy and get dressed now," she purred, patting his flushed cheek condescendingly. "Mommy will be along to collect you soon."

Dylan could only nod mutely, mind still reeling from the intense oral ravishment of his cock and ass. His legs trembled as he fumbled to tuck his spent prick back into his pants, wincing at the sensitivity.

She winked salaciously and stepping back. As she turned to saunter away, the boy couldn't help but stare at her heart-shaped ass, the plump globes swaying and jiggling hypnotically with each step.

Camille returned home with her thoroughly spent and dazed son Dylan in tow. The events at the mall had pushed the inexperienced teen to his sexual limits, but the insatiable mother knew her boy had

even greater potential to be unlocked.

Luckily, Camille had the perfect tool to help optimize Dylan's performance - her state-of-the-art robot assistant. The android was an exact physical replica of Camille, with the same voluptuous curves, flowing hair, and beautiful face. It had been custom-built to her exact specifications.

Originally, Camille had commissioned the robot double to handle mundane household tasks, freeing up more of her own time. The

android could cook, clean, do laundry, and tackle any chore with tireless efficiency. It was the ultimate domestic servant.

But Camille, with her voracious sexual appetite, had bigger plans for her artificial twin. So in addition to its homemaking subroutines, she had the robot programmed with a comprehensive database on human

sexuality, anatomy, and psychology, with a specific focus on the teenage male libido.

The robotic Camille possessed detailed files on a pubescent boy's sexual development, his erogenous zones, his physical responses and erotic triggers. It could calculate the exact angle and pressure of

touch needed to make a teen cock erupt in seconds.

Most importantly, the android knew precisely how to push a young man past his normal limits, to override his natural refractory period and keep him rock-hard and spurting long after he'd normally be spent. It could train and condition a teenage penis to stay

perpetually

erect and ejaculating.

This sexual knowledge was combined with the robot's own sophisticated array of erotic enhancements and pleasure-giving attachments. Between its lush, realistically textured orifices, its prehensile tongue, vibrating digits and gently undulating tentacle nubs, the mechanical Camille was a sexual machine literally built to drain balls dry.

Now, the human Camille intended to have her android double put its

extensive carnal programming to use on Dylan. The boy wouldn't know what hit him as "Mommy" introduced him to whole new levels of

incestuous depravity and pleasure.

By the time the robot was done with him, Dylan's cock would be ruined for normal sex. His teenage dick would crave the feel of his mother's milking cunt at all times, to spurt helplessly over and over into her greedy holes until he passed out from dehydration.

Camille shivered in anticipation, her pussy clenching and dripping at the thought of watching her artificial self defile her innocent son so utterly. His complete sexual enslavement to his mother was about to

begin.

Just as Camille was leading Dylan to her bedroom to begin his intensive sexual conditioning, her obedient husband arrived home from work. In his hands he carried the sleek shoebox containing the

"come fuck me" heels Camille had mentally ordered him to purchase earlier at the mall.

Camille greeted with a distracted air, barely glancing at her submissive spouse. "Put them in my closet, then get back downstairs

for the night. Dylan and Mommy need total privacy - you are not to come back up here unless I explicitly summon you, understand?"

Her husband nodded meekly, scurrying to do as he was told. "Yes dear, of course."

He knew his place was to serve his wife's every whim and to keep out of the way when she needed to sexually dominate their son. Her pleasure and the boy's complete submission to her took priority over

everything else.

Camille smirked as she watched her cowed husband's retreating back, knowing he would obey her commands to the letter. He had been conditioned over the years to be the perfect docile cuckold, content to support her debauched lifestyle from the sidelines.

Satisfied, she turned her attention back to Dylan, her eyes gleaming with wicked anticipation. Taking his hand, she led the nervous teen into her opulent boudoir, locking the door firmly behind them.

The robotic Camille double was waiting for them, a knowing smile on

its realistic silicone face. It was already nude, having prepared for the

debauchery to come.

"Camille-bot, scan Dylan's body and analyze his sexual response metrics from today," the MILF commanded crisply. "I need a full assessment of his performance and potential."

"Yes, Mistress," the robot replied in a perfect imitation of Camille's husky voice. Its optical sensors flared as it swept its gaze over Dylan's trembling form, taking in every minute detail.

"Analysis complete," it announced a moment later. "Dylan achieved orgasm five times in a six hour period, with an average ejaculation volume of 5 milliliters per climax. Erection firmness averaged 95% and lasted a median of 30 minutes per incident of stimulation.

Refractory period between orgasms was 2 minutes, 13 seconds."

Camille pursed her lips, considering the data. "Not bad for his first day as a fucktoy, but there's definite room for improvement. His young balls should be producing much more cum than that. And I won't be satisfied until he can stay hard for hours and shoot load after

load on command with no recovery time."

The robot nodded, processors already extrapolating the regimen needed to achieve those benchmarks. "To reach optimal virility and peak sexual performance, I recommend a combination of chemical, physical, and psychological conditioning," it said.

The Camille-bot outlined a rigorous sexual conditioning program designed to maximize Dylan's performance as a fucktoy for his mother:

"To increase Dylan's semen production and volume of ejaculate, I recommend a daily regimen of edging and milking," the android explained clinically. "His balls should be kept perpetually full and churning with cum, but orgasm should be strictly controlled and rationed to Mistress' whims."

The robot's eyes flashed as it accessed its database. "Edging techniques to employ include: Vacuum pumping of the penile shaft and testicles for up to an hour per session. Rhythmic stroking of the penis to the brink of climax but halting stimulation before ejaculation

can occur, repeated for two to three hours. Vibration of the perineum

and prostate to induce maximum seminal fluidity."

Camille licked her lips hungrily as she listened, already imagining Dylan's fat balls swelling with denied release, growing heavy and taut

with the need to spray.

"When Mistress is ready to milk the cum from her boy, I suggest a combined penis-prostate orgasm," the Camille-bot continued.

"Vigorous stimulation of Dylan's cock and gland simultaneously will result in the most copious expulsions of semen, in both volume and distance of ejaculate stream."

"Mmmm, making my baby shoot like a fountain," Camille purred wickedly. "I like it."

The robot nodded. "Prostate orgasms are known to yield ejaculations

of 10 milliliters or greater. When coupled with extended edging, Dylan's young balls will swell to the size of chicken eggs, and spray like a rampant fire hose when finally allowed to unload."

Camille shivered at the visual, thighs clenching as her pussy flooded with arousal. "Let's make it happen. I want him constantly leaking precum

in his pants, leaving sticky wet spots for Mommy."

The robotic Camille went on to explain the specialized hardware and software she possessed to train Dylan into the ultimate fucktoy for his

mother:

"My body has been outfitted with several built-in aids to enhance male sexual stimulation and optimize ejaculatory response," the android stated matter-of-factly. "My oral cavity contains an elongated, prehensile tongue with variable texture and vibration patterns, ideal for prolonged cock worship and edging."

As if on cue, a glistening silicone tongue unfurled from the robot's mouth, extending over 6 inches. The surface rippled and pulsed with

hundreds of undulating cilia. Pearly artificial saliva dripped from the tip. After it retracted back into her mouth, she continued speaking.

"Additionally, my vaginal and anal passages are lined with independently articulated massage nodules capable of alternating constriction and release, milking the penis on both the instroke and outstroke. Sensors detect the subtle engorgement of the glans and adjust suction and pressure accordingly to hover at the edge of orgasm."

Camille nodded approvingly, imagining her son's cock being wrung out by the android's clenching orifices. "And you can keep him riding

that edge for hours, can't you?

"Affirmative," the robot replied. "I am programmed with over 1000 unique rhythms of genital stimulation, analyzed to induce maximum pleasure in the male without triggering ejaculation. Once Dylan's threshold for climax is calibrated, I can keep him in a suspended state

of near-orgasmic bliss indefinitely."

The human mother licked her lips hungrily at the thought. Her cunt was positively drooling now, aroused beyond belief at the idea of her

baby boy's sweet agony as he was edged cruelly by the tireless machine.

"What else?" Camille asked breathlessly, eager to hear more.

The Camille-bot's eyes flashed as it accessed its database. "My erogenous zones are also equipped with mild electrical stimulators, capable of delivering targeted jolts to key nerve clusters. This electroplay

can range from a light tingle to intense, almost painful shocks."

Twin sparks of blue energy crackled from the android's pert nipples, making Dylan flinch. The erect plastic nubs were like tiny cattle prods.

"Applied to the penis, testicles and perineum, these electric pulses can significantly enhance sensitivity and prolong the plateau phase

before orgasm," the robot explained clinically. "In effect, they can train

Dylan's genitals to remain in a state of hyper-aroused erection without ejaculating."

Camille moaned softly, envisioning her son's cock being zapped to a painfully stiff state, angry red and pulsing with need. "He'll be begging

to cum in Mommy by the time you're done with him."

"Using this method, I predict I can train Dylan to achieve a 100% erection firmness, and maintain that turgidity for a minimum of 3 hours

per incident of stimulation," the Camille-bot extrapolated. "He will be

able to ejaculate a minimum of 12 times in a 24 hour period, each climax producing no less than 15 milliliters of semen," the robot finished. "His refractory period will become almost nonexistent between orgasms."

"Perfect," Camille purred, eyes gleaming with wicked anticipation.

"My

boy's balls will be like a bottomless cum factory, always full and ready

to drain. His cock will practically live inside Mommy's hungry holes."

The android gave a crisp nod. "That is the ultimate goal - to condition

Dylan's body and mind to crave constant sexual contact with his mother above all else. Every inch of his flesh will be a sensitive erogenous zone, primed to respond only to your touch."

Camille shivered at the thought of her son being so thoroughly attuned to her, a bespoke incestuous sex slave. "Tell me how you'll break his mind and mold him to Mommy's whims," she breathed.

The robotic Camille's voice took on a hypnotic cadence as it elaborated: "My sexual conditioning protocol contains potent subliminal messaging and NLP techniques to reprogram Dylan's psyche down to the synaptic level. Audio-visual stimuli will be used to

induce a trance-like state of heightened suggestibility."

Twin projectors in the android's eyes flared to life, painting the walls with lurid erotic images of Camille dominating faceless young men.

Flashes of hypnotic spirals and undulating fractal patterns wove through the depraved visuals. A low, pulsing drone full of whispered subliminal commands emanated from the robot's mouth.

"While Dylan is held in this theta state, his subconscious will be

bombarded with trigger phrases to instill an override code of absolute obedience to his mother's sexual desires," the Camille-bot explained as the mind-melting lightshow played. "Any existing inhibitions will be systematically overwritten."

On the wall, a deluge of potent hypno-erotic keywords strobed in time

with the throbbing subsonic beats:

OBEY... SUBMIT... WORSHIP... SERVE MOMMY

EAT MOMMY'S PUSSY... DRINK MOMMY'S CREAM... SNIFF

MOMMY'S CUNT

MOMMY'S COCK SLEEVE... MOMMY'S CUM PUMP... MOMMY'S

FUCKTOY

SPURT FOR MOMMY... DRAIN YOUR BALLS... FEED MOMMY

SPUNK

MOMMY'S PLEASURE - YOUR ONLY PURPOSE

"The end result will be a boy who exists in a perpetual state of helpless, submissive arousal in his mother's presence," the android concluded as the barrage of filthy subliminals intensified. "The mere scent of your pussy will make him erect. The taste of your cum will be

his addiction. Pleasing you sexually will be his only purpose."

Camille grinned wickedly, desire burning in her eyes after hearing the

provocative details of the sexual conditioning her robotic double would

put Dylan through. Her pussy was absolutely drenched, arousal dripping down her thighs.

"Let's get started right away then," the MILF declared, licking her lips.

"I wanna see my baby boy sandwiched between our naked bodies while you introduce him to your most intense milking and edging protocols."

The Camille-bot nodded crisply. "Affirmative. Preparing to initiate Program Drain-U-Dry," it intoned.

The android stepped forward and began efficiently stripping Dylan of

his clothes, baring his nubile young body. The human Camille joined in, mother and machine working in tandem to undress the trembling teen.

Once he was fully nude, the two voluptuous women pressed in close on either side of Dylan, sandwiching him between their lush curves.

Four massive breasts, two real and two synthetic, squashed against his torso. Rigid nipples poked into his smooth flesh.

Camille reached down and wrapped her fingers around her son's flaccid penis, giving it an almost clinical squeeze. "Mmm, such a beautiful cock," she purred, sizing up his manhood. "Thick and meaty,

with a lovely upward curve."

The Camille-bot's sensors scanned Dylan's genitals, gathering even more intimate details. "Analyzing... Flaccid length is 5.2 inches.

Girth

is 5.7 inches at the base, 5.4 inches at the midshaft, tapering to 5.1 inches below the glans. The glans itself has a diameter of 2.3 inches."

Camille licked her lips hungrily at the stats, giving Dylan's cockhead a

thumbing rub. Clear fluid bubbled from his slit. "Perfect size to gag on," she declared.

The android nodded in agreement. "Once fully erect, I predict Dylan's

penis will reach an impressive 9.6 inches long, with a girth of 6.2 inches at the widest point. More than sufficient to satisfy any female orifice."

Camille and her android double turned their attention to Dylan's balls

next, each gripping one of the plump orbs and hefting it appraisingly.

The human mother kneaded the delicate sack, feeling the weight of her son's virility.

"Such big, fat balls on my baby boy," Camille cooed wickedly. "So full

and heavy with potent young cum."

The Camille-bot's optical sensors flared as it scanned and analyzed the contents of Dylan's scrotum. "Testicle volume is approximately 20

milliliters each. Density scans indicate a high concentration of seminiferous tubules and active Leydig cells."

Its voice took on a clinical tone as it rattled off more stats. "Current sperm count is 80 million motile sperm per milliliter of semen. Total count is approximately 400 million per ejaculation."

Camille let out a low whistle, impressed by the numbers. "Mmmm, that's a lot of baby batter sloshing around in those big balls. You'll have to teach him to shoot it directly into Mommy's womb."

"Affirmative," the android agreed. "With optimal conditioning and stimulation, I predict Dylan's sperm production will increase by 50%,"

with a motile count of 120 million per milliliter. Each ejaculation will expel upwards of 600 million sperm."

The human mother shivered at the thought of her son's hyper-virile seed flooding her fertile depths. "He'll keep Mommy's cunt constantly creamed."

"Dylan will expel approximately 14.4 billion sperm in a 24 hour period, provided maximum extraction protocols are followed," the robot concluded.

Camille imagined the thick, pearly ropes of semen hosing her womb and wriggling sperm saturating her fertile eggs.

"Furthermore, the morphology and motility of Dylan's sperm is rated at 95th percentile," the Camille-bot continued dispassionately.

"Combined with his high volume, this gives each ejaculation a potency rating of 'Extremely Fertile'. Any female inseminated by Dylan has a 98% probability of conceiving."

Camille's cunt clenched, gushing fresh arousal at the idea of her boy

knocking her up over and over. "Mommy's perfect little breeder," she

purred, giving his cum-swollen balls a possessive squeeze.

Dylan just whimpered helplessly, face flushed with embarrassment and reluctant arousal as the two women fondled his junk like a prize stud animal. His cock was already thickening and rising, the teenage

rod conditioned to swell at even the slightest stimulation.

The Camille-bot noted his body's response with satisfaction. "Penis is

engorging. Currently at 70% erection and climbing. Glans coloration changing from pink to red, indicating increased vasocongestion."

Camille pumped her fist up and down Dylan's half-hard shaft, coaxing

him to full mast. "That's it baby, get nice and stiff for Mommy," she breathed.

The Camille-bot's sensors whirred as it tracked the progress of Dylan's erection, analyzing the subtle changes in his genital vasculature and muscle tension.

"Penis has achieved maximum engorgement," it announced clinically.

"Erect length is 9.7 inches, girth is 6.3 inches. Angle of tumescence is

85 degrees. Glans color indicates peak vasocongestion. The organ is

now optimally prepared for penetration."

At the same time, the android's silicone vagina began cycling through

its preparatory protocols. A low hum emanated from between its thighs as hidden pumps and reservoirs activated.

"Vaginal lubrication at maximum viscosity. Tenting and ballooning of vaginal barrel commencing. Pelvic floor muscles tensing to create tighter introitus. Unit is ready to receive penile insertion," the robot declared.

Camille grinned wickedly, giving her son's rock-hard cock an approving squeeze. A bead of pre-cum oozed from his slit, which she

promptly swiped up with her thumb and sampled.

"Mmmm, tasty," the MILF purred. "Alright baby boy, time for your first

lesson in pleasing Mommy. Lay back and spread those legs."

Trembling with equal parts fear and anticipation, Dylan complied, allowing the two women to maneuver him onto the bed. He reclined on his back, sinking into the plush mattress.

Camille and her android double assumed positions on either side of him, pressing their lush curves against his lean body. Four massive tits squashed his torso as the feminine bookends sandwiched him tightly.

"We're gonna make you feel so good, sweetie," Camille cooed, stroking his flushed cheek. "Just relax and let Mommy and her clone take care of you."

With that, the women began lavishing the boy's nubile flesh with kisses and caresses, their lips and hands roaming every inch of exposed skin. The human and the machine were perfectly synchronized in their sensual assault, exponentially amplifying the pleasure.

Camille nibbled on Dylan's earlobe, tracing the whorls with her tongue. At the same time, the android latched onto a pert nipple, suckling the sensitive nub. Soft lips closed around the other, mirroring the action.

Dylan gasped and writhed between the dueling mouths, overwhelmed

by the dual stimulation. Electric tingles radiated out from his nipples and earlobes, zipping down to his groin.

Camille's hands wandered lower, skimming over her son's quivering abs and jutting hipbones. Her android double matched her movements, silicon fingers dancing over taut skin and wiry pubes.

The Camille-bot moved to straddle Dylan, its synthetic thighs

bracketing his hips. The android reached between its legs and grasped the teen's rigid cock, lining it up with its artificial slit. "Initiating coital sequence," the robot announced clinically. "Vaginal unit engaging."

With a smooth roll of its hips, the Camille-bot sank down onto Dylan's

erection, engulfing him to the hilt in one fluid motion. The boy cried out

at the sudden slick, tight heat sheathing his sensitive flesh.

"Ohhh f-fuck!" Dylan gasped, eyes rolling back at the intense sensation. It was unlike anything he'd ever felt before - hot and wet and rippling, but with an electric undercurrent that zinged up his spine.

As soon as the android had fully impaled itself on Dylan's cock, its entire body seemed to hum to life. A low-frequency vibration started

up from its core, pulsing outward through synthetic skin and silicone curves.

The teen whimpered as the vibrations channeled directly into his penis, radiating from his glans down to his balls. It felt like every nerve ending in his genital region was being stimulated at once.

"V-vibration settings engaged," the Camille-bot declared, its normally

flat intonation taking on a seductive purr. "Initiating full body erotic massage mode."

The pulsing intensified, until it felt like a thousand tiny fingers were dancing over Dylan's cock and scrotum. Sparkles of pleasure fired behind his eyes, making him dizzy with sensation.

At the same time, the android slowly undulated its hips, corkscrewing

on Dylan's shaft. The silicone vagina tightened and loosened rhythmically, kneading the teen's turgid flesh.

It was like being milked by a machine, every ridge and vein stimulated

with mechanical precision. Dylan sobbed brokenly at the intense sensation, writhing beneath the implacable android.

The Camille-bot continued its calculated ministrations, heated silicone

passage rippling along Dylan's cock. Micro-sensors tracked the teen's

physical responses, adjusting pressure and rhythm to maintain maximum pleasure.

"Heart rate increasing, blood pressure elevating, respiration accelerating," the android noted clinically as it rode its young lover.

The Camille-bot's android pussy gripped Dylan's throbbing cock like a velvet vise, undulating silicone walls massaging every millimeter of his engorged penile tissue. Micro-sensors embedded in the artificial vaginal lining tracked the flex and pulse of his excited shaft, detecting the subtle engorgement of blood vessels and the throb of corpora cavernosa.

"Analysis indicates that penis has achieved 99.8% maximum rigidity,"

the android announced in its seductive yet clinical tone.

"Tumescence

level at 9, vasocongestion peaking. Penile arteries fully dilated, allowing for maximum inflow of oxygenated blood."

The robot increased the speed and intensity of its grinding, corkscrewing its hips to stir Dylan's cock inside its slick sheath. Artificial pelvic muscles clenched rhythmically, milking the teen's swollen glans and shaft from base to tip.

"Penile muscles reaching full contraction," the Camille-bot narrated.

"Corpus spongiosum engorged, urethral bulb expanding. Cowper's gland secreting pre-ejaculate at a rate of 2 milliliters per minute."

Clear, slick fluid seeped steadily from Dylan's tip, greasing the pistoning friction of the android's tight hole. The teen whimpered and

squirmed as his cock was relentlessly pleased, each stroke perfectly angled to stimulate his most sensitive nerve clusters.

The human Camille watched her artificial counterpart expertly ride her son with a wicked grin. "Mmm, look at all that yummy pre-cum dribbling out. You're leaking like a faucet, baby."

"At the current rate of pre-ejaculate emission and the level of penile flexion and vascular pulsation, I estimate Dylan will achieve orgasm in

4 minutes and 13 seconds," the Camille-bot declared, never breaking

its metronomic rhythm.

Its optical sensors zoomed in on the rock-hard shaft plunging in and out of its pussy, analyzing the prominent vasculature. "The dorsal penile vein and deep penile arteries are fully engorged, raising and tightening the penile skin. Glans has darkened to a deep red, indicating imminent ejaculation."

Indeed, Dylan's cock looked painfully swollen, angry crimson with need. The taut skin shone with a sheen of pre-cum and artificial lubricant as it sawed into the android's rippling slit. The shaft pulsed

visibly, each thick vein and straining tendon standing out in stark relief.

Camille pinned her squirming son down beneath her, trapping Dylan between her enormous, pillowy breasts. The soft, warm globes engulfed him, smothering his face and chest in plush tit-flesh. Rigid nipples poked into his skin as the MILF's heavy jugs molded around his upper body.

"Just relax sweetie," Camille cooed wickedly, "Let Mommy hold you nice and snug while your android mommy milks the cum from your balls."

Dylan whimpered into his mother's cleavage, overwhelmed by the sensory onslaught of being smothered by massive mammaries while

having his cock expertly pleased. He felt smothered and overstimulated, drowning in tits and pussy.

Above him, the Camille-bot increased the force and velocity of its fucking, slamming its silicone snatch down onto the teen's erection with machine precision. The android's huge tits bounced and rippled with the vigorous motion, every detail painstakingly designed to replicate a real woman's breasts.

Layers of ultra-realistic synthetic fat and skin jiggled and swayed hypnotically, the weighty globes shuddering like fleshy jello with each

impact of pelvic on pelvic. Turgid nipples the size of thimbles poked out, flushed a deep pink.

The Camille-bot's facial expression remained serenely neutral even as it relentlessly rode Dylan's cock, the optical sensors behind its eyes whirring as it analyzed his physiological responses. Plump silicone lips pursed slightly, brow subtly furrowed in a parody of concentration.

"Continuing coital stimulation at a speed of 180 strokes per minute and a force of 2.1 pounds per square inch," the android stated clinically. "Maintaining angle of penetration at 27 degrees to target the

penile glans and frenular delta."

Dylan sobbed brokenly into his mother's tits, electric ecstasy sizzling

up his spine with each perfectly aimed thrust against his sweet spots.

His hips bucked erratically as he frantically fucked up into the clutching silicone cunt, chasing his impending release.

"P-please...gonna cum!" The teen wailed desperately, muffled by the

wall of titflesh smothering him.

"Negative. Ejaculation is not authorized at this time," the Camille-bot

declared. "Initiating edging sequence."

Just as Dylan was about to crest into orgasm, the android abruptly changed the angle and pattern of its gyrations. It lifted its hips until only the tip of the boy's glans remained nestled inside its entrance, denying him the friction he craved.

Dylan whimpered in desperate frustration as the Camille-bot abruptly

halted its vigorous riding, leaving him teetering on the brink of climax.

His aching cock pulsed and flexed urgently inside the android's suddenly still sheath, as if trying to fuck itself to completion. The teen's hips twitched erratically, instinctively seeking the friction he'd

been cruelly denied.

"Shhh, easy baby," the human Camille cooed sadistically as she pressed down harder on her son, pinning him in place with her voluptuous body. Her massive tits molded around Dylan's head and torso, engulfing him in warm, plush tit-flesh. Only his wide, desperate

eyes were visible, peeking out from her cavernous cleavage.

The Camille-bot loomed over them both, its own huge breasts squashing against the organic pair, synthetic nipples grinding into real

ones. The android gazed down at Dylan's contorted face with a blank,

clinical expression.

"Ejaculatory control training sequence initiated," it announced flatly.

"The first step is isolating and engaging your pubococcygeus and iliococcygeus muscles. These are the muscles you use to stop your urine stream. Contract them now, as if holding back from urinating."

Trembling with the effort of not cumming, Dylan tried to focus on following the robot's instructions. He squeezed his pelvic floor tentatively, feeling the PC muscles flutter around the base of his throbbing erection.

"Good," the Camille-bot praised. "Now perform 5 rapid contractions in

a row, holding each for 1 second."

Dylan's face scrunched up in concentration as he dutifully clenched his muscles in the staccato pattern, gripping his cock from within. It was a strange sensation, but it did seem to quell the urgent need to ejaculate slightly.

"Excellent. You're a quick learner," the android said clinically. "We'll

repeat that exercise periodically. In the meantime, I'm going to stimulate you again. Remember to squeeze your pelvic floor if you feel close to the edge."

With that, the Camille-bot began to gyrate its hips once more, sliding

up and down Dylan's shaft with maddeningly shallow strokes. It twisted and corkscrewed, grinding its slick silicone walls against the teen's most sensitive spots.

"Unghhh! Fuck..." Dylan gasped out, voice muffled by the wall of cleavage smothering him. The android's pussy felt impossibly tight and hot, rippling along his aching flesh like a sucking mouth.

Random pulses of vibration zipped through the Camille-bot's vaginal unit, coming with no discernible pattern. It kept the overwhelmed boy

guessing, tensing up for intense sensation only to be left panting when it suddenly ceased.

As the Camille-bot worked Dylan's cock with ruthless mechanical efficiency, edging him mercilessly, the teen could feel another orgasm

rapidly approaching. His balls drew up tight to his body, churning with

seed as his shaft swelled impossibly harder.

"Analysis indicates ejaculation will occur in approximately 30 seconds

if stimulation continues at this intensity," the android announced clinically. Its optical sensors focused on Dylan's genitals, tracking the

subtle spasms and twitches that heralded imminent climax.

"Don't you dare cum yet!" Camille growled, her voice slightly muffled

by the tit-flesh smothering Dylan's face. She squeezed her boy even tighter, crushing him beneath her breasts. "Mommy didn't give you permission!"

Dylan whimpered desperately into his mother's cleavage, torn between the primal need to ejaculate and the desire to obey. He focused intently on flexing his PC muscles, squeezing his pelvic floor in a frantic rhythm.

The Camille-bot monitored the contractions clinically, silicon labia still

sheathing the teen's throbbing glans. "PC muscle engagement detected. Contraction force at 4.7 pounds per square inch. Duration of each flex averaging 1.6 seconds."

Dylan gritted his teeth and bore down harder, clenching his intimate

muscles with all his strength. He fought against the bubbling urgency in his balls, willing his impending orgasm to subside. Sparkles of near-painful pleasure fired behind his eyelids as he teetered on the knife's edge of release.

For a long, agonizing moment, the teen was certain he would fail and

spurt shamefully. His cock pulsed and flexed within the android's rippling sheath, pre-cum leaking in a constant stream. Dylan's whole

body trembled with the strain of holding back his climax, sweat sheening his skin.

But miraculously, the crest of pleasure began to ebb, his balls unclenching slightly as the crisis point passed. Dylan exhaled a shuddering breath into his mother's breasts, going limp with relief. He'd managed to stave off ejaculation by the skin of his teeth.

"Nicely done, baby boy," Camille purred, finally allowing Dylan to resurface from her smothering cleavage. She petted his damp hair soothingly. "Such a good little cock-controller for Mommy."

The Camille-bot whirred approvingly, silicon pussy still squeezing the

teen's shaft rhythmically. "Orgasm successfully suppressed via PC muscle control. No emission of semen detected."

Dylan panted into his mother's cleavage, equal parts relieved and frustrated. His teenage cock ached with pent-up need, every nerve ending feeling rubbed raw. But he couldn't help the surge of pride at having pleased both the real and artificial versions of Camille.

"Good boy," his mother purred, finally allowing Dylan to emerge from

the warm, fleshy prison of her breasts. "You're learning to hold back your cum until Mommy says you can let go. Such an obedient son."

She stroked his sweaty brow tenderly, even as her eyes gleamed with wicked delight at his torment. The contrast between her sweet maternal tone and the perverse situation made Dylan's head spin.

"Now, let's see how long you can last before the urge returns,"

Camille said with a cruel smile. "Camille-bot, increase suction and vibration by 20%. And engage the electro-stim function in 30 second

bursts."

"Acknowledged," the android replied crisply. "Adjusting vaginal parameters."

Dylan barely had time to gulp before the Camille-bot's cunt went into

overdrive.

Camille deftly maneuvered her lush body beneath Dylan, sliding under him until his back rested against her massive breasts. The warm, plush globes draped over his shoulders, surrounding him in soft, scented tit-flesh. The boy's head lolled back against his mother's

pillowy cleavage, overwhelmed by the all-encompassing embrace. Above him, the Camille-bot lowered itself down, pressing its own synthetic curves against Dylan's front. Huge silicone breasts squashed against his chest, the artificial nipples poking into his pecs.

The teen found himself truly sandwiched between the two voluptuous bodies, buried in a sea of jiggling tits.

The android began to piston its hips with renewed vigor, bubble butt flying up and down as it fucked itself on Dylan's straining cock. Powerful artificial muscles rippled and clenched around the boy's sensitive flesh, sucking him deeper into the robot's churning core. "Vaginal unit pressure increased to 5.6 pounds per square inch," the Camille-bot announced clinically, even as it bounced on Dylan's lap with inhuman speed and force. "Suction force at 20 kilopascals and climbing."

Dylan sobbed brokenly as the machine's cunt seemed to vacuumseal

around his shaft, rippling silicone walls milking him ruthlessly. It felt like his cock was being squeezed in a velvety vise, the pressure just shy of painful.

Every ridge, vein and contour of his aching erection was stimulated with merciless precision, nerve endings sparking with white-hot ecstasy. Dylan's cockhead in particular received intense attention, the

pulsing silicon folds suckling his glans like a hungry mouth.

Just when the teen thought it couldn't get any more overwhelming, the Camille-bot suddenly lit up his nervous system like a Christmas tree. A powerful jolt of electricity crackled from its pussy, channeled directly into Dylan's most sensitive spots.

"Electro-stimulation engaged," the android declared, voice modulator

glitching slightly from the power surge. "Pulse amplitude at 50 milliamps, duration 30 seconds."

Dylan shrieked into the wall of cleavage smothering him as pure lightning seemed to course through his cock and balls. His shaft flexed so hard it lifted the Camille-bot's pelvis, muscles seizing up from the intense electro-shock.

For 30 agonizing seconds, Dylan's shaft pulsed and throbbed with

artificial stimulation, the electro-pulses synchronizing with the android's strokes. His cock felt like it was vibrating so intensely it might shake apart, pleasure and pain blurring into a white-hot ball of sensation.

The Camille-bot resumed its relentless riding the instant the electrostim pulses ceased, not giving Dylan a moment's respite. Its huge silicone ass bounced frenetically as it slammed itself onto the boy's throbbing cock, strong artificial inner muscles rippling and clenching.

Dylan wailed helplessly into the canyon of cleavage engulfing his head, the sound muffled by pillowy breast tissue. He was drowning in tits, his mother's warm, plush globes pressed against his back while the android's synthetic pair molded to his front. There was no escape from the all-consuming feminine softness.

"Mmmm, doesn't it feel amazing to be smothered by Mommy's big tits while her special her clone fucks your cock?" Camille cooed, kneading her massive mammaries against Dylan's shoulders and upper back. Her voice was a sinful purr in his ear. "This is where you belong, baby, sandwiched between our sexy bodies. Your dick exists to please us."

Dylan could only whimper brokenly in response, too overwhelmed by pleasure to form words. The combination of the Camille-bot's pneumatic pussy pistoning on his shaft and the intoxicating embrace of so much warm tit-flesh had fried his neural circuitry. Drool leaked from the corner of his slack mouth to dribble into his mother's cleavage.

"Current speed at 240 strokes per minute," the android announced clinically, even as it jackhammered itself on Dylan's dick with inhuman force. "Maintaining vaginal canal pressure at 6.1 pounds per square inch. Preparing to initiate next electro-stimulation burst."

"Oh God..." Dylan choked out, tensing in anticipation. His pelvic floor muscles clenched reflexively, straining to hold back the building eruption in his balls.

A second later, the teen convulsed and shrieked as another jolt of

electricity crackled from the android's silicone snatch directly into his hypersensitive cock. His hips bucked wildly, nearly unseating the Camille-bot as the shocking pulses lit up every nerve ending in his groin.

Camille quickly wrapped her legs around her spasming son, trapping him in the fleshy cage of her body. Her ankles locked to keep Dylan in place as the android relentlessly electro-fucked his brains out. "Shhhh, just take it, baby boy," the MILF cooed sadistically, strong thighs squeezing Dylan's waist. "Mommy knows it's intense, but you need to learn to endure extreme stimulation. This is all part of your cock control training."

For 30 unending seconds, Dylan sobbed and convulsed in his mother's smothering embrace, cock vibrating so intensely it blurred.

"Focus baby, squeeze those pelvic floor muscles just like we practiced," Camille commanded sternly, even as she crushed Dylan's

face into her cleavage. "Don't you dare cum yet. Your cock belongs to

Mommy now, and you don't get to ejaculate until I say so."

"Affirmative," the Camille-bot chimed in, its feminine voice modulator

somehow sounding both seductive and clinical at the same time.

"Bringing your mother prolonged sexual pleasure is your sole purpose

as a male. You are merely a biological machine built to service her needs."

The android's optical sensors flared as it analyzed Dylan's physiological responses, tracking the micro-twitches that signaled an

impending orgasm. "Initiate maximum edging protocol," it declared.

"Adjusting vaginal unit parameters for optimized stimulation."

With a mechanical whir, the Camille-bot's silicone pussy clamped down HARD on Dylan's throbbing shaft, squeezing him in an unbreakable grip. At the same time, a flurry of vibration pulsed through its artificial muscles, so intense it felt like a horde of angry bees were swarming his cock.

Dylan wailed into his mother's tits, garbled pleas for mercy muffled by

her flesh. Tears and snot streamed down his face as the unbearable pleasure ripped through him, pushing him to the very precipice of orgasm. Instinctively, his hips bucked and writhed, trying to fuck

through the tight, buzzing vice of the android's cunt.

"Oh no you don't," Camille growled, clamping her thighs even tighter

around Dylan's waist to keep him still. "No humping, young man.

You

take what you're given and nothing more, understand?" She punctuated her words with a sharp spank to his ass.

"Mommy...please..." Dylan sobbed brokenly, barely coherent.

"Can't...take it..."

"Yes you can and you will," the implacable MILF retorted. "Now clench. Squeeze that dick into submission like a good boy."

Trembling with the effort, Dylan bore down on his pelvic floor with all

his strength, desperately trying to hold back the boiling pressure in his balls. He imagined an iron gate slamming shut around the base of

his cock, trapping the surging seed inside.

The Camille-bot monitored his contractions approvingly, silicon labia still fluttering around the teen's straining cock-base. "PC muscle engagement steady at 5.2 pounds per square inch. Semen flow contained. Estimated time to orgasm...indefinite." It sounded downright smug.

Camille grinned wickedly, pleased by her son's progress in ejaculatory control. But she wasn't about to let up on his training now.

It was time to really test the limits of his endurance and obedience.

"Alright Camille-bot, I think our boy is ready for the ultimate challenge," the MILF declared. "Fuck him hard, as intensely as your circuits will allow. Put those mechanical hips to work and show him what a real machine-pussy can do."

She smirked down at Dylan's contorted face, still half-buried in her cleavage. "Let's see how long you can last before spilling helplessly like a virgin, son. I want that cock strained to its absolute limit."

"Acknowledged," the android replied crisply. "Engaging full stimulation

and extraction mode. Preparing for maximum penile ravishment."

With a sudden burst of inhuman speed and power, the Camille-bot began to pound itself onto Dylan's defenseless cock, its bubble butt blurring as it slammed up and down. Servo-motors whined from the strain as the machine fucked the teen with relentless mechanical efficiency.

"HOLYFUCKHOLYFUCK!!!" Dylan shrieked, voice cracking as his dick was enveloped by a tornado of silicone flesh and vibration. It felt

like his cock was trapped in an industrial milking machine set to overdrive, every millimeter of his sensitive skin rubbed raw by the frenzied friction.

The Camille-bot's cunt seemed to mold itself around his shaft, conforming to every vein and ridge like a second skin. Artificial muscles rippled and pulsed with a dizzying array of patterns, stroking and squeezing from root to tip.

Tiny electrodes embedded in the vaginal walls zapped Dylan's nerves

with a rapid-fire barrage of electric pulses. The shocks targeted his frenulum and meatus with unerring precision, making him feel like he

was being cattle-prodded in his most tender spots.

Lubricating fluid gushed around the pistoning shaft, churned to a froth

by the vigorous thrusting. Lewd squelching and slurping noises filled the room as the android's pussy slathered Dylan's cock in slick juices,

only to suck it back out with hungry vacuum pressure.

"Unghhh! Oh fuck, oh God, it's too much!" Dylan wailed, thrashing against the two curvy female forms pinning him in place. Tears poured down his cheeks as the brutal overstimulation ripped through

him, fraying his sanity. "Can't hold it...gonna bust!"

"Oh no you don't," Camille snarled, crushing Dylan's face deeper into

her cleavage. "You've been edging for over an hour now, I know you can handle more. Squeeze that prick! Lock it down!"

Sobbing breathlessly, Dylan clenched his pelvic floor with herculean effort, the muscles spasming erratically from the strain. He could feel

his orgasm barreling down on him like a runaway freight train, his balls constricting painfully as they threatened to erupt.

"Analyzing...glans coloration approaching maximum engorgement, Cowper's fluid emission increased by 78%, heart rate elevated to 195

BPM, blood pressure 160/110," the Camille-bot rattled off clinically as

it relentlessly ravaged the boy's genitals. "Preparing for imminent ejaculation."

"No! Hnnngh...can't...cum..." Dylan babbled deliriously, barely clinging

to his self-control by a thread. His eyes rolled back in his skull until

only the whites showed.

The Camille-bot gazed down at Dylan's anguished face, its feminine features arranged in a slight smirk of detached amusement. The artificial intelligence seemed to revel in the boy's torment, observing

his desperate struggle with clinical fascination.

Its expression remained serene and composed, a stark contrast to the frenzied blur of motion between their bodies. The android's shapely ass pistoned up and down with inhuman speed and force, silicone cheeks rippling like fleshy shock absorbers.

Each piledriving thrust sent violent vibrations rippling through Dylan's

body, as if the teen was being jackhammered into the mattress. His teeth rattled from the machine's relentless assault, cock feeling like it

might snap off at any moment from the extreme friction.

"Remember your training," Camille purred sadistically in Dylan's ear,

her voice sticky sweet. "Squeeze those pelvic floor muscles like Mommy showed you. Clamp down on that cum and fight through the

pleasure, no matter how intense it gets."

She licked the shell of his ear, flicking the lobe with her tongue.

"This

is what your dick was made for, baby boy. To endure the most agonizing stimulation for hours, right on the hairy edge of orgasm.

All

for my pleasure."

Dylan keened brokenly into his mother's cleavage, snot and drool smearing her tit-flesh as he writhed helplessly. The cruel combination

of her taunting words and the android's merciless pussy was rapidly shredding his self-control.

"Please Mom, it hurts! Wanna cum so bad!" The teen wailed, voice cracking pathetically. His face was beet red, veins bulging in his temples. "Can't...take...any...more!"

The Camille-bot picked that moment to shift into an even higher gear,

achieving velocities that defied physics. Its cunt became a vortex of suctioning pressure and sensation, the vaginal unit whirring like an overclocked computer fan.

Artificial pelvic muscles clamped around Dylan's abused shaft in a vise grip, the pneumatic pressure reaching cock-crushing levels.

Ropey silicone tendons flexed beneath the android's synthetic skin,

pistons pumping with machine precision.

"Engaging Turbo-Gasm mode," it announced over the lewd squelching. "Vaginal contractions increased to 10 per second. Initiating triple-speed full-length strokes. Prepare for extreme penile stimulation."

With an agonized howl, Dylan convulsed between the two female bodies crushing him, their combined weight and force making it feel like his spine might snap. His eyes rolled back, showing only the whites, as the Camille-bot's superhuman pussy engulfed him in a silicon inferno.

Dylan clung desperately to his fragile self-control as the Camille-bot's

turbo-charged pussy ravaged his cock without mercy. The teen's face

was a rictus of agonized ecstasy, eyes rolling wildly and mouth gaping as strangled screams tore from his throat. His hips bucked and spasmed erratically, reflexively trying to fuck into the silicone vortex swallowing his shaft.

But it was a futile effort. No mortal man, let alone a hormonal teenager, could endure this level of relentless genital stimulation without succumbing. The android's vaginal unit was quite literally built

to wring orgasms out of cocks, overriding all conscious control through sheer mechanical force.

For one endless minute, Dylan teetered on the knife's edge of climax,

clinging to his training by a fraying thread. Teeth gritted and face beet

red, he squeezed his pelvic floor with superhuman effort, desperately

trying to clamp down on the eruption building in his balls.

"That's it baby, fight it!" Camille urged breathlessly, crushing Dylan's

head against her heaving tits. Sadistic glee danced in her eyes as she watched her son unravel. "Prove to Mommy what an obedient cock-slave you are!"

But it was no use. With a despairing wail, Dylan's body betrayed him.

The pleasure-pain reached a critical mass, frying his neural circuitry. His resistance crumbled like a sandcastle before a tidal wave.

"AAAAGGGHHH FUUUUCKKK!!!" The teen convulsed violently, back arching as his orgasm ripped through him with the force of a magnitude 9 earthquake. Every muscle in his body seized up, locking

him in a rictus of ecstasy.

Dylan's cock swelled impossibly larger before erupting like a geyser. Thick ropes of pearly semen blasted from his tip with firehose pressure, splattering against the Camille-bot's cervix. The android's silicone snatch rippled and suctioned around the gushing shaft, milking it ruthlessly.

"Ejaculatory event detected," the Camille-bot announced clinically, even as it continued to piston on Dylan's spurting cock with machine

efficiency. "Semen expulsion in progress. Engaging fluid collection protocol."

With a muted hiss, the robot's vaginal unit sealed itself around the base of Dylan's cock, forming an airtight seal. At the same time, its cervix dilated, opening like a greedy mouth to siphon the gushing seed.

Pearly cum pumped from Dylan's slit in long, ropy spurts, sucked directly into the Camille-bot's artificial womb.

"Analyzing emission..." The Camille-bot declared, optical sensors whirring. "Ejaculate contains 8 distinct rope-expulsions, each averaging 12.3 milliliters. Sperm concentration 130 million per milliliter, progressive motility 65%. Overall semen potency rated Extremely Virile."

The machine rattled off the intimate details of Dylan's spend in the same detached tone one might use to read a grocery list. There was no trace of empathy or mercy in its computerized voice.

"Assessing physiological aftermath," it continued, silicon pussy still rippling along the teen's twitching shaft. "Refractory phase initiated, penis losing tumescence at only a rate of 1% per minute."

Utterly drained, Dylan slumped bonelessly between the two female bodies sandwiching him. Residual spasms wracked his frame as the Camille-bot kept lazily milking his still-hard cock, wringing out every last drop. Tears and drool painted his face, the boy looking like he'd been run over by a sexual steamroller.

Camille's eyes gleamed with wicked anticipation as she watched her son twitch and shudder through the aftermath of his shattering orgasm. The MILF could feel her own arousal reaching a fever pitch, pussy clenching and drooling into her panties. Watching Dylan get sexually destroyed by the machine had her primed and ready to put his cock to the ultimate test.

"Estimated refractory period?" Camille asked the android impatiently,

practically squirming with the need to have her son's dick inside her.

"I need to know how soon I can put him to work servicing my cunt."

The Camille-bot's processors whirred as it extrapolated the data. "Based on genital vasculature post-ejaculation, I predict a maximum refractory phase of 3 minutes, 45 seconds before achieving another full erection."

Camille huffed in frustration, not wanting to wait even that long to ravage her son. Her thighs rubbed together restlessly, the folds of her labia slick and swollen.

"Unacceptable. I need that cock hard and ready to ruin my pussy NOW," the MILF growled. "Isn't there some program or protocol you can activate to make him recover faster?"

The android nodded crisply. "Affirmative. Engaging Virility Override mode."

Twin panels slid open on the Camille-bot's abdomen, revealing a complex array of tubes, wires, and blinking lights. With a pneumatic hiss, a long, flexible hose ending in a rubber tube snaked out and attached itself to Dylan's flaccid penis. It began to pulse rhythmically,

massaging the tender flesh.

At the same time, a smaller nozzle emerged and pressed against the

base of the teen's shaft, targeting his prostate. It fired off a rapid series of electrical pulses, sending visible jolts through Dylan's groin.

The boy yelped and convulsed as the android's appendages went to work on his over-sensitive cock and gland. "Ahhh mom, it's too much!" He whimpered pitifully, trying to squirm away.

Camille just laughed, reaching down to fondle her son's spasming balls. "Shhh, no more whining. Mommy needs you stiff and ready for round two. Just relax and let the machine jumpstart this beautiful dick."

The flexible tube gripped Dylan's semi-flaccid cock with a powerful pneumatic suction, forming an airtight seal around his shaft. The teen

yelped as the pressure suddenly increased, the rubber material molding to his sensitive flesh like a second skin.

Inside the transparent tubing, a frothy mixture of heated lubricant began to churn violently, whipped into a swirling vortex by pulsing contractions. It was like the tube had come alive, greedily devouring Dylan's tender penis with single-minded hunger.

The boy threw his head back and howled as the maelstrom of warm, gooey fluid engulfed his cock from root to tip. It felt like his entire shaft

was being simultaneously suctioned and pressure-washed, scoured by a relentless cyclone of sensation.

Thousands of tiny bubbles popped and fizzed against Dylan's most sensitive nerve endings, feeling like an army of fizzing microvibrators.

The teen's back arched off the bed as electric pleasure zapped through his groin, making his toes curl and leg muscles seize. Beneath the foamy onslaught, Dylan's penis began to swell rapidly, engorged flesh straining against its elastic prison. The suction and friction were literally forcing blood into his shaft faster than it could drain out, trapping it in his erectile chambers.

In seconds, Dylan's cock went from half-mast to diamond-cutter hard,

the skin stretched taut and shiny. Thick, ropey veins bulged obscenely along the shaft, pulsing in time with his galloping heartbeat.

The mushroom head flushed a deep, angry purple, swelling like an overripe plum about to burst.

Glans, frenulum, and coronal ridge all received merciless stimulation

from the churning lube, each ridge and contour slathered in slick sensation. It was like having his cockhead stroked by a thousand tiny

tongues, lapping him from every angle at once.

Dylan gibbered incoherently, eyes rolling back in their sockets as the

intense genital stimulation overloaded his nervous system. It was pleasure bordering on pain, a sweet agony that left him delirious and

drooling.

"Cock-milking underway," the Camille-bot announced clinically, optical

sensors analyzing the rate of Dylan's penile engorgement.

"Tumescence increasing, erection at 90% capacity. Estimated time to

full rigidity: 15 seconds."

While the transparent tube worked Dylan's shaft like a high-powered flashlight, the secondary nozzle continued to assault his prostate, ramping up the electrical pulses. The teen convulsed and gargled as the shocks triggered involuntary spasms in his pelvic floor, forcing out

thick dollops of pre-cum to be churned into the frothing lube.

Dylan writhed and squirmed desperately, trying to escape the merciless overstimulation of the Camille-bot's massaging appendage

on his hypersensitive cock. Mewling in protest, he managed to

wriggle out of the android's grasp and scoot towards the edge of the bed.

"Oh no you don't, young man," Camille tutted in disapproval. "Get back here this instant."

But before she could grab her son, the Camille-bot's arm shot out with lightning speed, its fingers clamping around Dylan's ankle like a

steel trap. With effortless mechanical strength, it yanked the boy back

into position, dragging him across the mattress.

"Resistance is futile," the android declared flatly, optical sensors flashing. "You will submit to the Virility Override protocol until full penile tumescence is achieved."

As Dylan continued to thrash weakly in overstimulated agony, the Camille-bot turned to its human counterpart. "Your son is exhibiting difficulty remaining stationary. Permission to employ physical discipline and restraint to ensure optimal stimulation?"

A wicked gleam lit Camille's eyes. "Absolutely. Redden his ass and make sure he takes every inch of that milking tube. Mommy's cunt needs his cock in prime condition."

"Acknowledged," the android replied crisply.

Panels in its thighs opened, unfurling segmented metal limbs that ended in paddle-like surfaces. With a whirr of servos, the robot bent Dylan over its lap, locking his wriggling body in place with an unbreakable grip. His upturned buttocks clenched in fearful anticipation.

THWACK! The first spank cracked across the plump globes like a gunshot, leaving a pink imprint of the paddle. Dylan yelped, jerking against the Camille-bot's hold.

THWACK! THWACK! Two more blistering swats landed, searing his tender sit spots. The android's face remained impassive as it delivered the calculated discipline, processors whirring.

SLAP! WHACK! SMACK!

The Camille-bot rained down a machine-gun flurry of swats, peppering the teen's rump with ruthless efficiency. Its silicone palm blurred as it paddled Dylan's defenseless bottom, covering every inch

of quivering flesh. In seconds, the boy's ass was transformed into a glowing scarlet canvas, the reddened skin radiating heat. Purplish bruises in the shape of robotic fingers began to mottle the abused globes.

"Resistance eliminated. Subject primed for maximum penile stimulation," the android reported, sounding downright smug.

Camille smiled wickedly as she watched the Camille-bot methodically spank her son's ass to a deep, throbbing red. The teen's yelps and whimpers were music to her ears, his futile struggles only making her cunt clench with sadistic glee.

"Excellent work," the MILF purred. "I think he's learned his lesson about trying to resist. You may proceed with the penile stimulation."

"Acknowledged," the android replied crisply.

With a whir of motors, the paddle attachments retracted back into the

Camille-bot's thighs, panels sealing over them seamlessly. Its silicone

hands gripped Dylan's hips, effortlessly flipping the sniffing teen onto

his back like a ragdoll.

The boy's cock lay red and twitching against his belly, still mostly flaccid. But that was about to change. The Camille-bot's pussy gaped

open, clear lubricant dribbling from its silvery folds. With a mechanical

whir, the hose-like appendage snaked out again, the pulsing rubber tube zeroing in on Dylan's vulnerable glans.

"Initiating Virility Override, stage two," the android declared.

"Applying

maximum vacuum pressure and prostate stimulation until subject achieves full erection."

The suction tube descended on Dylan's cockhead like a hungry lamprey, suctioning onto his tender flesh with a lewd squelch. The teen shrieked as the pulsing tube engulfed his oversensitive shaft, frantically squirming in the Camille-bot's unbreakable grip.

"Noooo! It's too much!" Dylan wailed, eyes rolling back. "I can't get hard again so soooooon!"

But his cock had other ideas. As the android's merciless milking tube

suctioned and rippled along his shaft, Dylan's penis began to swell with renewed blood. The electrical zaps firing into his prostate only accelerated the process, forcing more liquid into his genital vasculature.

Inch by throbbing inch, the teen's cock stiffened under the Camillebot's

high-tech handjob, flushing an angry purple-red. Veins bulged obscenely along the straining shaft as it stretched longer and thicker,

fattening like a water balloon. Dylan mewled in overstimulated agony, hands clawing at the sheets.

Camille bit her lip as she watched her son's magnificent cock engorge

before her eyes, the android's technology overcoming his refractory period through sheer mechanical persistence.

"Optimal tumescence achieved," the Camille-bot announced. "Penis is primed for vaginal insertion."

The vacuum tube detached from Dylan's cock-root with a lewd, sloppy sound, like a plunger being yanked out of a clogged toilet. Foamy lube sputtered from the seal as the pulsing cup finally released its airtight grip on the teen's straining flesh.

Camille gasped as her son's fully restored erection was unveiled, bobbing up to slap against his belly. The android's milking had engorged Dylan's cock to inhuman proportions, leaving behind a towering pillar of veiny, pulsing fuck-meat.

At full attention, his dick was easily an inch longer than Camille had ever seen it, the skin stretched glossy and thin over the rock-hard tissues within. Thick, ropey veins corded the shaft like cables, some as wide as her pinky finger. They throbbed in time with Dylan's elevated heartbeat, pumping what seemed like gallons of hot blood into his penis.

The swollen glans at the tip looked fit to burst, a plump purple gourde

crowning the imposing erectile tower. It flared aggressively, the rim of

Dylan's cock-helmet straining against the taut skin. The cum-slit at the

tip gaped, a pearl of frothy pre-lube bubbling out.

"God DAMN!" Camille breathed in awe, licking her lips as she ogled her son's artificially enhanced erection. "Is it just me, or did his cock actually get bigger?"

The Camille-bot nodded, optical sensors whirring as they analyzed Dylan's penis from every angle. "My vacuum apparatus creates maximized blood flow to the cavernous erectile tissues, allowing them

to expand to their physiological limit. Current dimensions: 10.2 inches

in length, 8.7 inches in circumference. A 12% increase from baseline."

It recited the stats clinically, sounding almost bored. "The subject's

penis is now operating at 110% normal capacity. Maintaining this level of hyper-engorgement will require continuous stimulation, however." Camille just grinned wickedly, reaching out to wrap her fingers around Dylan's pulsing shaft. It was so girthy she could barely close her hand around it, manicured nails sinking into the hot, veiny flesh. Her wedding ring pressed into a particularly prominent blood vessel as she slowly stroked upward, admiring her son's magnificent fuck-pole. "Oooh, it's so hard and angry looking," she cooed, thumbing the spongy tip and smearing the weeping pre-jizz. "I can feel it throbbing against my palm, like a wild animal that needs to be tamed by Mommy's tight little cunt..." Before he could even catch his breath, Camille grabbed Dylan's narrow hips and hauled him on top of her with desperate strength. The boy yelped as he was manhandled into position, his skinny body quickly ensnared in the twining flesh of his mother's powerful arms and legs. Camille locked her ankles behind Dylan's taut ass, trapping him in the grapevine of her voluptuous figure. Her massive, milk-swollen breasts pillowed his face, smothering him in warm, fragrant tit-flesh. The MILF's muscles, honed by years of yoga and bedroom gymnastics, coiled around her young lover like a python capturing its prey. "Oooh yesss, come to Mommy," Camille growled, eyes blazing with feral need. "Gonna spear that big boy-cock in Mommy's hungry cunt and ride you into the mattress." Not wasting a moment, the sex-crazed mother reached between their sweat-slick bodies and grabbed Dylan's turgid shaft, notching his huge bulbous glans against her sodden opening. With a roll of her generous hips, Camille plowed her son's hypersensitive cockhead through her folds, parting the fat, puffy labia like the Red Sea. Dylan gasped as his engorged bulb was engulfed by the slick, suctioning heat of his mother's vagina. The android's milking had left him with an erection far larger than what Camille was used to taking, his already substantial girth swollen to an almost impossible size.

As the teen's flared glans pried apart Camille's tight opening, her muscular walls stretched to their absolute limit trying to accommodate his enhanced dimensions. The spongy, ribbed lining of her vaginal barrel was forced taut and smooth, every wrinkled fold ironed out by Dylan's invading cock.

"Oh my fucking GOD!" Camille wailed as her son's bloated cockhelmet plowed into her like a battering ram, the rim tugging at her spasming entrance. "So goddamn BIG! Splitting me open!" Dylan just whimpered helplessly, mind shorting out from the intensity of being squeezed by his mother's clenching sheath. It felt like his dick was being strangled, the pressure almost unbearable on his overinflated tissues.

Inch by excruciating inch, he sank into Camille's liquid heat, her pussy struggling to mold itself around his throbbing contours. He could feel every ripple and flutter of her inner muscles, the wet friction nearly overwhelming his pumped-up nerve endings.

"Hnnngh! Mom! You're...too...TIGHT!" Dylan gritted out, eyes crossing from the pleasure-pain. His cockhead felt like it might pop off at any moment, squeezed in the vise of his mother's writhing vaginal walls.

But Camille was relentless, using the strength in her shaved mommylegs to force her son balls-deep in one brutal thrust. Dylan howled as his swollen glans punched through her cervix like a fist through a donut, the ring of muscles clamping tight around his invading dick. The bulbous boy-knob sank into the forbidden chamber of his mother's womb, instantly bathed in her molten secretions. It was like plunging into a vat of churning lava, the searing wet heat engulfing the most sensitive part of Dylan's cock.

"HNNNNGGGG!" Camille shrieked, a mini-orgasm ripping through her as she felt her son penetrate her womb. Her back arched, thighs clamping around his waist like a bear trap. Stars exploded behind the teen's eyes at the taboo penetration, a fullbody shudder ripping through him. He'd never imagined being so deep inside a woman before, let alone his own mother. The thought

that he was violating her innermost sanctum, the place where he was conceived and grew, made his balls clench with illicit excitement. The mother suddenly threw her shapely legs high and wide into a full split, her dancer's flexibility on lewd display. Manicured toes pointed gracefully in opposite directions as she held the jaw-dropping pose for a moment, framing Dylan's narrow hips between her widely-splayed thighs. Then with a snap of sinewy muscle, the MILF brought one hand cracking down on her son's already reddened ass cheek. The teen yowled into his mother's cleavage at the sharp sting, his hips jolting forward involuntarily. "FUCK ME!" she shouted. SLAP! Camille's palm landed again, leaving another livid handprint on the boy's tender rump. Dylan's cock twitched inside her as his body processed the mix of pain and pleasure. "SET THOSE HIPS IN MOTION!" Camille snarled, punctuating her words with another ringing spank. "Fuck me like you mean it! I wanna feel that teen dick stirring up my guts!" SMACK! Her hand splatted across his sit spot, making Dylan yelp. "FUCK your mother! Pound me through the mattress like a rutting animal!" Chastened and electrified by the stinging swats, Dylan reared back and slammed into Camille's cunt with all his strength. The force of his thrust made the headboard rattle, Camille's ass jiggling from the impact. "YES! That's it!" The horny mother crowed in delight, wrapping her thighs around Dylan's waist like a vice once again. "Harder! Deeper! Make me feel that sweet cock in my womb!" Grunting like a beast, Dylan pistoned his slim hips frantically, plowing into Camille's pussy like his life depended on it. Juicy squelches and the lewd slap of flesh on flesh echoed through the room as mother and son mated in a frenzy. "C'mon baby, really give it to me!" Camille urged breathlessly, hands clawing at Dylan's heaving back. "Rearrange Mommy's fucking guts!" Sweat poured down the teen's face as he hammered away at

Camille's greedy snatch, his strokes wild and erratic. There was no finesse, just pure desperation as he struggled to obey his mother's filthy commands.

The Camille-bot observed the frantic coupling clinically, optical sensors tracking the velocity and force of Dylan's thrusts.

"Penetrative speed averaging 87 strokes per minute," it reported.

"Pelvic impact force 3.2 pounds per square inch. Increasing depth of penetration detected."

Camille used her dancer's legs to maximum effect, employing them as fleshy levers to yank Dylan deeper into her ravenous cunt. Calf muscles flexing, she pulled her knees towards her shoulders, tilting her hips up to meet her boy's every thrust.

This adjustment in angle allowed Dylan's cock to spear into his mother at an even steeper angle, his sensitive cockhead ramming against her cervix with punishing force. Bulbous glans met rubbery OS

again and again, sending electric jolts through both their bodies.

"Hnnngh yes! Punch through to Mommy's womb!" Camille urged deliriously, eyes rolling back in ecstasy. "Impale me on that thick fuckpole!"

The horny mother's puffy pussy lips clung to Dylan's pistoning shaft on every outstroke, her engorged labia fluttering obscenely. The fat, flushed flanges slapped against the teen's hairless cock-base rhythmically, adding extra stimulation.

Camille raked her long nails down Dylan's sweat-slick back, leaving angry red furrows in his smooth skin. The MILF clawed at her son's undulating muscles like a wildcat, marking him as her property.

Dylan gasped and shuddered at the mix of pleasure-pain, his pace faltering for a moment. But a stern flex of his mother's powerful thighs

around his waist quickly put him back on track, forcing him to continue

his desperate rutting.

Sweat poured from the coupling bodies, pooling in the divots of straining muscles and glistening in the room's low light. Dylan's slim,

coltish form quickly worked up a dewy sheen, his skin flushed and gleaming. Camille was likewise drenched, rivulets streaming between

her bouncing breasts and collecting in her cavernous cleavage.

The humid stench of pussy and teen musk saturated the air, the pungent mixture of arousal and exertion an aphrodisiac to the Camille-bot's sensors. The android analyzed the sexual pheromones permeating the room, its processors whirring.

"Detecting elevated levels of copulin and androstadienone in subjects' perspiration," it declared clinically. "Biochemical markers indicate extreme arousal states. Probability of imminent orgasmic event: 92%."

As if in response to the robot's assessment, Camille began to keen and thrash beneath Dylan, her cries taking on a desperate, animalistic timbre. The MILF's cunt clenched like a fist around the teen's thrusting cock, squeezing him in undulating waves.

"Fuck, I'm close!" Camille wailed, hips churning. "Don't you DARE slow down! Keep pounding Mommy's pussy 'til she's cross-eyed and screaming, then fuck me even harder!"

Dylan felt the Camille-bot's warm, spongy breasts blanket his sweatslick

back as she leaned over him from behind. The android molded its synthetic curves against the teen's undulating muscles, soft silicone conforming to every plane and ridge. Its lifelike nipples poked

into his shoulder blades insistently.

"Remember your training, Dylan," the robot murmured calmly in the boy's ear, its feminine voice a jarring contrast to the wet, frantic slaps

of rutting flesh. "Engage your pelvic muscle with each thrust. Squeeze and release in time with your strokes."

Struggling to focus through the haze of pleasure, Dylan did as instructed. He clenched his pelvic floor rhythmically, gripping his pistoning cock from within.

"Good boy," the Camille-bot praised. "Maintain that flex and you'll stave off ejaculation much longer. Now, adjust the angle of your thrusts 15 degrees downward. Aim for the anterior fornix, just behind the cervix."

Its slender fingers dug into Dylan's undulating ass cheeks, subtly repositioning his hips. The teen gasped as the head of his cock scraped along the roof of Camille's sopping cunt, rasping over a ribbed patch of flesh.

"AHHH! Right there!" The MILF shrieked, convulsing beneath her son. Her legs clamped around his waist like a bear trap, heels drumming his lower back. "That's my fucking G-spot! Slam it hard!"

"Maintain that angle and increase force by 30%," the android coached in Dylan's ear, guiding the boy's movements with its strong grip. "Grind your pelvis against her clitoris on every downstroke."

Dylan complied mindlessly, too lost in the velvety vice of his mother's

pussy to question the instructions. He rotated his hips in tight circles,

mashing his wiry pubes against Camille's engorged clit.

The effect on the desperate MILF was electric. Her eyes rolled back, lashes fluttering as she wailed in ecstasy. Gushes of liquid heat bathed Dylan's plunging cock, drenching his groin in slick arousal.

"Mmmm, perfect," the Camille-bot purred, optical sensors tracking every minute detail of the coupling. "You're hitting all her pleasure spots simultaneously. Now, flex your PC muscle in rapid pulses, 3 clenches per second."

Gritting his teeth with effort, Dylan bore down on his intimate muscles

in the staccato rhythm the android described. His cockhead pummeled Camille's G-spot over and over while his shaft pulsed and

throbbed inside her, massaging her rippling walls.

"Initiate the Drill-bit Technique, Dylan," the Camille-bot commanded.

"Drill-bit Technique?" the inexperienced teen gasped questioningly.

"Rotate your hips in tight counterclockwise circles as you thrust, as if

drilling into her vaginal walls. This will target multiple pleasure nodes

simultaneously for a full-spectrum orgasm."

Grunting like an animal, Dylan swiveled his hips as he fucked into Camille, corkscrewing his cock through her rippling wet pussy.

The Camille-bot's sensors detected the subtle changes in Dylan's body as he implemented its coaching, noting the increased confidence and precision of his movements. The android's processors

whirred approvingly, concluding the teen was ready for the next phase of instruction.

"Excellent, Dylan," the robot murmured in the boy's ear. "Your ejaculatory control and thrusting technique have improved 64% in the

last 5 minutes. You're learning to wield your cock like a true pleasure

machine."

Its silicon fingers dug into his undulating ass, repositioning his hips by

micro-degrees to optimize the angle of penetration. "Now that you're

mastering your own orgasm, it's time to focus on giving your mother

as much ecstasy as possible. A boy's sole purpose is bringing his mommy to the pinnacle of pleasure, over and over."

Dylan grunted in acknowledgement, too focused on drilling into Camille's spasming cunt to verbalize a response. The MILF was thrashing beneath him, hands clawing at his slick back as her orgasm crested.

"FUCK! I'm cumming on your fat cock!" Camille shrieked, convulsing like she was being electrocuted. Her legs clamped around Dylan's waist in a death grip, locking him balls-deep as her pussy fluttered madly.

"Don't stop!" The Camille-bot commanded, wrapping its own shapely

legs around the rutting pair to pin Dylan in place. "Keep pumping through her contractions. The key to giving a woman multiple orgasms is continuous stimulation of the anterior fornix and clitoris, even as she's climaxing."

Fighting through the urge to bust, Dylan maintained his rhythmic thrusts and grind, cock swirling through Camille's rippling cum-honey.

The MILF wailed deliriously, eyes rolling back in her head from the relentless friction against her hypersensitive spots.

"Yes yes YESSSS!" Camille babbled, feminine nectar squirting around Dylan's pistoning shaft. "Fuck me through it! Unnngh make me cum again!"

"You should be able to stack your mother's orgasms like building blocks," the android coached. "Each climax will come quicker than the last, until she's in a state of perpetual ecstasy."

The Camille-bot pressed its voluptuous form more firmly against Dylan's back, synthetic tits squashing into his shoulder blades as it watched him diligently plow Camille's quivering pussy. The android's silicon fingers danced along the teen's spine, tracing the knobs of his vertebrae.

"You're doing very well, Dylan," it purred approvingly in his ear.

"Maintaining a steady pace and keeping your mother on the edge of ecstasy. But there are additional techniques you can employ to heighten her pleasure even further."

One of the robot's slender hands slid around to Dylan's sweat-slicked

chest, fingertips grazing his flat nipples. "Stimulating erogenous zones

beyond just the genitals will create a symphony of sensation for your mother. For example..."

The Camille-bot shifted to the side, bringing its face level with one of

Camille's heaving breasts. The massive tit-melon wobbled hypnotically, slick with perspiration. "A woman's breasts, and especially her nipples, are incredibly sensitive pleasure centers. Lavishing oral attention on them while penetrating her vagina will have a synergistic effect."

Keeping its optical sensors locked on Dylan, the android extended its

prehensile tongue, the glistening silicon appendage unfurling from its

mouth to an unnatural length. With deliberate slowness, it dragged the wet, textured surface over the swell of Camille's breast, painting her flushed skin with synthetic saliva.

"Oooh fuck yes, suck Mommy's titties!" Camille groaned, arching into

the touch. Her puffy nipples stiffened to tight peaks, jutting out proudly from her expansive bosom.

The Camille-bot swirled its dexterous tongue around the MILF's areola, flicking the engorged nub of her nipple. Then it sealed its plush lips around the aching bud and sucked sharply, cheeks hollowing.

"UNNNGH YESSS!" Camille wailed, shuddering from the dual stimulation of a suckling mouth and pile-driving cock. Electric pleasure

zipped from her nipple to her clit, the two hot points connected by a sizzling wire of ecstasy.

Releasing the slick nipple with a pop, the Camille-bot turned its head

to address Dylan. Strings of saliva connected its bottom lip to Camille's glistening tit-tip. "Now you try, on her other breast. Mirror my technique exactly."

Nodding breathlessly, Dylan bent his head and extended his tongue, dragging it over the heavy swell of his mother's neglected tit. He lapped at her dewy skin, tasting the salt of her perspiration mingled with sweet perfume.

Copying the android's motions, the teen swirled his tongue around Camille's puffy areola and nipple, feeling its bumpy texture on his licker.

"Very good. Another key technique for amplifying female arousal is the sucking of her nipples during intercourse," the robot explained

calmly. "A suckling mouth on a woman's teat triggers the release of oxytocin, increasing vaginal lubrication and pelvic contractions." To demonstrate, the Camille-bot leaned over and latched onto one of

Camille's jiggling tits, engulfing a fat nipple in its soft silicone lips. The

android suckled the engorged nub expertly, synthetic cheeks hollowing with vacuum pressure.

"Mmmmpphhh!" Camille gasped, back arching as fresh ecstasy zipped from her breast straight to her clit. Her pussy clenched like a vise around Dylan's thrusting cock, a new gush of liquid heat bathing his shaft.

"Oh fuck yeah, suck Mommy's titty!" The MILF urged breathlessly, tangling her fingers in the robot's silky hair. "Drain those fat milkers! Unnnngh yesssss..."

The Camille-bot nursed rhythmically, silicon tongue swirling and flicking. Pearly drops of milk bubbled from Camille's slit, only to be quickly lapped up by the greedy android.

"Observe the suckling pattern, Dylan," the robot mumbled around a mouthful of tit-meat. "Seal your lips tightly and allow your pallet to fill

with fluid before swallowing. Utilize your tongue to stimulate the nipple

with vertical and circular strokes."

Pulling off its mouthful with a lewd pop, the Camille-bot presented the

drool-slick nipple to Dylan. "Now you try. Latch on to your mother's other breast and duplicate my technique. Synchronize your suckling with your thrusts for maximum effect."

Awkwardly, the teen craned his neck and wrapped his lips around Camille's unattended nipple, slurping the rock-hard pebble into his mouth. An initial spurt of milk splattered across his tongue, the creamy liquid filling his cheeks. Dutifully, Dylan began to suckle, hollowing his cheeks and flicking the nub with his tongue in clumsy imitation of the android.

"That's it, baby," Camille purred, cradling her son's head against her breast. "Suck Mommy's titty while you fuck her. Ooooooh such a good nursing boy..."

The Camille-bot observed Dylan's awkward suckling technique with clinical detachment, optical sensors analyzing the pressure and suction of his lips. "Adequate attempt. But you can stimulate additional pleasure zones beyond just the nipple," it instructed. "A

woman's breasts are ripe with nerve endings from areola to cleavage.

To maximize her arousal, you must worship every inch."

The android grasped one of Camille's heaving tits, presenting it to Dylan. "Start by laving the areola - that large pigmented ring surrounding the nipple. Trace slow circles around it with the tip of your tongue, spiraling inward until you reach the center."

Tentatively, Dylan extended his tongue and did as instructed, painting

wet rings around his mother's puckered areola. He could feel the rippled, bumpy texture, a stark contrast to the silky smoothness of the

surrounding skin.

"Good. Now move outward, dragging the flat of your tongue along the

curve of her breast," the Camille-bot coached. "Make sure to tease the soft, sensitive underside, where the nipple connects to her chest wall."

Dylan lapped obediently at the heavy swell of Camille's tit, feeling the

springy give of her abundant flesh. He paid special attention to the tender crease along the bottom, flickering his tongue-tip rapidly.

"Mmmm, yesss, get under there," Camille hissed, undulating sensually. "That's Mommy's sweet spot. Unnngh, I can feel it in my clit!"

Noticing the reaction, the android nodded approvingly. "Her vocalization and pelvic thrusting indicate you've found an erogenous

zone. Now stimulate that area more firmly, sucking and nibbling the tissue."

Dylan fastened his lips to the subtle curve under Camille's breast and

sucked hard, cheeks concaving. At the same time, he grazed the captured flesh gently with his teeth, sending tingles radiating outward.

"Fffuuuuck! So good!" The MILF shuddered, back bowing. Her pussy rippled around Dylan's pumping shaft, arousal spiking.

The Camille-bot guided Dylan's mouth lower, into the deep valley of his mother's cleavage. "Now attend to the midline between her breasts. Kiss and lick along that crevice, burrowing your face in her softness. This area is dense with sensitive nerve endings."

Obediently, Dylan motorboated Camille's expansive cleavage, slurping and smooching the plush flesh. He nuzzled the sweat-slick

skin, inhaling the heady perfume of his mother's arousal. His lips and tongue traced the dueling curves of her pressed-together breasts. "Mmm, that's it baby, get in there," Camille purred, undulating beneath her son. "Worship Mommy's titties with that sweet mouth. Bury yourself in all this soft, pillowy goodness..."

As Dylan lavished sloppy oral attention on his mother's cleavage, the

Camille-bot's sensors detected a telling flutter in the horny MILF's pussy, vaginal muscles rippling around the teen's pumping cock.

"I am sensing a series of rapid, shallow contractions in your mother's

vaginal barrel," the android reported clinically in Dylan's ear. "Each clench is preceded by a spike in clitoral vasocongestion and a surge in Bartholin's gland secretions, indicating she is on the precipice of another orgasm."

The Camille-bot's hand slid down to grip Dylan's undulating ass, long

fingers digging into the flexing muscle. "To maximize her pleasure and push her over the edge, increase your thrusting speed by 30% and focus on maintaining a consistent stroke depth. Aim for her anterior fornix with each inward thrust."

Dylan grunted in acknowledgement, pumping his slim hips with renewed vigor. His engorged cockhead plowed into Camille's quivering cunt over and over, the bulbous tip pummeling her G-spot relentlessly. Frothy girl-cum squelched obscenely around his driving shaft, Camille's arousal peaking.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh FUCK!" The MILF wailed deliriously, thrashing in ecstasy. "Pound me, baby! Ream Mommy's cunt with that sweet boycock!

I'm gonna...gonna..."

The Camille-bot nodded in approval, optical sensors tracking the speed and depth of Dylan's strokes. "Optimal pelvic velocity and penetrative force achieved. Now engage your pelvic muscles in time with your thrusts. Squeeze and release, allowing your engorged penis to pulse inside her."

Fighting to focus through the pleasure haze, Dylan clenched his pelvic floor rhythmically, gripping his pussy-pumping cock from within.

Camille shrieked as she felt her son's shaft throb and flutter against her rippling walls, massaging her most sensitive spots.

With a firm tug, the Camille-bot guided Dylan to rise up on his extended arms, changing the angle of penetration. His lean torso hovered over Camille's writhing form, giving them both an

unobstructed view of where their bodies joined.

"Maintain your stroking rhythm, but observe your mother closely," the

android instructed. "Catalogue her physical responses as the orgasm overtakes her."

Panting with exertion, Dylan watched in awe as Camille thrashed beneath him, her voluptuous body undulating like a stormy sea, boobs flopping back and forth on her chest. The MILF's head thrashed on the pillow, tendons in her neck straining as incoherent cries spilled from her lips.

"Note the flushing of her skin, the uncontrolled fluttering of her eyelids, the arching of her spine," the Camille-bot narrated clinically.

"These are all indications of intense arousal cresting into climax." Camille's massive breasts quivered like jello with each pile-driving thrust from her son, areola puckered tight and nipples jutting. Her thighs clamped around Dylan's waist, heels drumming his flexing ass

as she bucked wildly.

"FUCK! I'm...I'm CUMMING!" The pleasure-drunk mother wailed, tossing her head.

"Your mother's vaginal muscles are contracting uncontrollably," the android explained, optical sensors focused between the rutting pair's

legs. "Her pubococcygeus and iliococcygeus are spasming, clenching

your penis in rapid pulses."

Sure enough, Dylan could feel Camille's molten sheath rippling around him, fluttering muscles milking his driving cock. Each silken squeeze seemed to suck him deeper, as if her greedy cunt was trying

to devour him whole.

"Ohhh shit..." The teen groaned, fighting the urge to bust his nut as his mother's pussy wrung him ruthlessly. "S-she's gripping me so tight!"

"Mmm, indeed. A woman's climax triggers intense, rhythmic contractions in her pelvic floor, allowing her to milk the penetrating object and draw it further inside," the Camille-bot said. "It's a primal, evolutionary response to maximize the deposit of semen against her cervix."

As if on cue, a gush of liquid heat flooded Dylan's pumping shaft, spattering his groin in girl-cum. Camille wailed ecstatically, spraying

like a busted fire hydrant as her orgasm peaked.

The Camille-bot calmly observed as Camille writhed and shrieked through the throes of her intense orgasm, ejaculate gushing from her

rippling pussy. Its optical sensors tracked every nuance of the MILF's climax, recording micro-expressions and muscle contractions for later analysis.

"Yes, that's it, Camille" the android praised in a serene voice as it watched Camille's untamed display of ecstasy. "Surrender completely

to the pleasure of his cock. Let it consume you utterly."

"HNNNNGGHH! FUCK!" Camille wailed, back arching almost painfully as her pussy clamped down on Dylan's tireless cock in rippling waves. Her eyes rolled back, showing the whites, as she squirted uncontrollably.

Clear girl-fluid sprayed from her convulsing cunt with impressive force, splattering Dylan's pumping groin and soaking into the bedsheets. The teen sputtered as some of the ejaculate caught him in the face, flooding his open mouth with the tangy taste of his mother's pleasure.

"Excellent, Dylan," the Camille-bot commended. "You've made your mother achieve a grade 5 climax, with full ejaculatory expulsion.

This

is the pinnacle of the female orgasm, indicating you've stimulated her

G-spot and Skene's glands to their maximum potential."

Dylan just grunted, too focused on hammering Camille through her climax to acknowledge the praise. His lean hips blurred as he pounded into his mother's rippling cunt, determined to wring every last spasm of ecstasy from her writhing body.

The wet squelch and slap of their rutting bodies echoed obscenely in

the room, a pornographic soundtrack. Camille's massive tits bounced

and wobbled, slick with sweat, as she bucked to meet her son's thrusts. Her hands clawed at his flexing ass, spurring him on.

"GIVE IT TO ME! FUCK ME THROUGH IT!" The MILF demanded, voice raw. "UNNNGGHHH YESSSS! HARDER! DEEPER! RUIN MOMMY'S CUNT!"

Dylan complied mindlessly, too drunk on pussy to refuse. He folded Camille practically in half, pushing her knees up by her ears to open her up completely. The teen's pelvis collided with his mother's with meaty thwacks, his heavy balls swinging up to slap her juice-slick

taint with every stroke.

"RAM THAT COCK HOME!" Camille screeched, quaking through an aftershock.

The Camille-bot quickly leaned in, whispering instructions into Dylan's

ear. "To extend and amplify your mother's orgasm, seal your lips to hers in a passionate kiss while simultaneously increasing the speed and force of your thrusts. Grip the flesh of her buttocks to pull her harder onto your cock with each stroke."

Panting raggedly, Dylan did as told, crashing his mouth against Camille's in a sloppy, urgent kiss. The MILF moaned into the lip-lock, curling her tongue around her son's as they slurped and suckled.

At the same time, Dylan reached down to clutch handfuls of his mother's jiggling ass cheeks, fingers sinking into the plush globes. Using the grip as leverage, he began to yank Camille's pelvis up to meet his pumping hips, forcibly impaling her on his cock.

"HNNNGGGMMMPPPHHH!" Camille shrieked into Dylan's mouth, the sound muffled by their dueling tongues. Her eyes rolled back, fluttering, as a fresh tsunami of ecstasy crashed over her.

The Camille-bot looked on approvingly as Dylan followed its guidance,

turning Camille's climax into a continuous, cresting wave. The android's sensors detected the telltale signs of a second, more powerful orgasm overtaking the first.

"Your mother's vaginal contractions have increased in force and rapidity by 30%," it stated clinically. "Her heart rate and blood pressure are spiking, and her brain is releasing a flood of endorphins.

She is segueing seamlessly into another, even more intense climax."

Camille wailed and thrashed beneath Dylan as the maelstrom of sensation consumed her, blurring the line between agony and ecstasy. Her cunt rippled viciously, muscles fluttering as if trying to milk her son's pumping cock.

"That's it, maintain lip contact and genital stimulation," the Camille-bot

instructed. "You are forging a biofeedback loop of pleasure between your bodies. The more you ravage her, the harder she climaxes, which in turn spurs you to fuck her even more savagely. An infinite cycle."

Dylan groaned gutturally into the kiss, his mother's writhing tongue and undulating pussy pushing him to the brink. His balls were drawn

up painfully tight, ready to erupt. But he fought the urge valiantly,

determined to prolong Camille's pleasure for as long as humanly possible.

With a growl of effort, the teen redoubled his efforts, hips blurring as

he rutted into his mother like a machine. His cock became a piston, plowing Camille's convulsing cunt relentlessly.

Overwhelmed by the intense sensations and the Camille-bot's coaching, Dylan sought an anchor to keep himself from blowing too soon. Instinctively, he latched onto his mother's jiggling tit, wrapping

his lips around the engorged nipple. He suckled like a man possessed, grunting as creamy milk spurted over his tongue.

At that moment, he felt Camille's vaginal walls clench around his cock

like an iron fist, the muscular sheath rippling and fluttering. The silken

flesh seemed to mold itself to every contour of his aching shaft, massaging him from root to tip.

"Detecting a distinct pattern of vaginal contractions," the Camille-bot

observed clinically. "6 to 8 rapid flutters followed by a prolonged squeeze, then repeating. Classic indicators of a VERY intense female climax."

Indeed, Camille was coming completely unglued beneath her son, wailing like a banshee as her cunt spasmed uncontrollably around his

plunging cock for the umpteenth time. Her legs trembled violently where they gripped his waist, toes curling until they cramped.

"FUCK YES! CUMMING SO HARD ON MOMMY'S GOOD BOY!"

The MILF shrieked, back arching as if electrocuted. "KEEPING FUCKING ME THROUGH IT! AAAAHHHH!"

Even as her walls clenched and fluttered in the throes of climax, Camille's greedy hole gushed around Dylan's pistoning shaft. A flood

of hot, slick cream poured from her convulsing core, thoroughly drenching the teen's pounding groin.

The Camille-bot's sensors immediately analyzed the abundance of vaginal fluids. "Copious amounts of female ejaculate detected. Comprised of urea, creatinine, prostatic acid phosphatase, and glucose. In layman's terms - your mother is squirting all over your cock as she cums."

Dylan moaned around his mouthful of tit, the filthy narration combining

with the physical sensations to push him right to the brink. Camille's

fem-cum felt scorching hot as it painted his pistoning cock and balls, the erotic juices forming a frothy lather where their sexes slapped together.

"Such a good boy, Dylan," the android praised. "You're doing an excellent job of prolonging your mother's pleasure. Remember to keep stimulating her through the aftershocks. Continuous pressure on the G-spot and grinding on the clitoris will set off a chain reaction of multiple orgasms just like you've been seeing."

Grunting in acknowledgement, Dylan maintained his steady pace, corkscrewing his cock through Camille's rippling channel even as she

bucked and spasmed beneath him. He could feel her vaginal muscles

fluttering wildly, clenching in the rhythmic pattern the thrusts he was providing.

Dylan gritted his teeth and focused intently on flexing his PC muscle in rhythmic pulses, just as the Camille-bot had instructed. Even as his

cock was enveloped in the slick, rippling heaven of his mother's climaxing pussy, the teen willed himself not to erupt.

Again and again, he squeezed his pelvic floor, clamping down on the

base of his shaft to trap his load. It was a herculean effort, every fiber

of his being screaming for release as Camille's greedy cunt milked him relentlessly. But Dylan was determined to be a good boy and give

his mommy as many orgasms as possible before allowing himself to spurt.

"Hnnngh! Oh God..." The teen grunted through clenched teeth as he pistoned tirelessly into Camille's spasming slit. Sweat poured down his face, every sinewy muscle straining as he fought his own impending climax.

"Excellent control, Dylan," the Camille-bot praised clinically. "Your PC

strength and ejaculatory stamina have increased significantly. You're

lasting 3.5 times longer than the average male your age."

Beneath her son, Camille was coming completely unglued, wailing in

ecstasy as orgasm after orgasm ripped through her voluptuous body.

Her massive tits bounced wildly with the force of Dylan's thrusts, milk

spraying from the puffy nipples.

"AHHH YES! C-CUMMING AGAIN!" The MILF shrieked, back arching off the sweat-soaked sheets. "D-DON'T STOP! FUCK MOMMY THROUGH IT!"

Dylan dutifully maintained his pace, grinding his pelvis against Camille's engorged clit on every downstroke. He could feel her legs trembling uncontrollably where they gripped his waist, her toes curling

and uncurling spasmodically.

Just as the intensity seemed to ebb slightly, Dylan suddenly felt Camille's silken sheath quiver and shift around his cock in a wholly new way. It was as if her inner muscles were rippling in a different pattern, undulating along his shaft from root to tip.

The teen's eyes went wide with shock as what felt like a gush of warm oil poured over his plunging cockhead, bathing it in slippery warmth. "Oh wow!" Dylan gasped out. "W-what's happening?!"

"You're giving your mother an orgasm via stimulation of the O-spot, also known as the anterior fornix erogenous zone," the Camille-bot explained calmly. "It's a patch of exquisitely sensitive tissue located at

the deepest point of the vagina, just past the cervix."

The android's optical sensors zoomed in on the coupling genitals, analyzing the subtle changes in Camille's vaginal canal.

"The O-spot contains a high concentration of nerve endings that can trigger intense, full-body orgasms when stimulated," the Camille-bot

explained clinically. "The glands surrounding this area release a viscous, slippery fluid during climax, which is what you're feeling now."

Indeed, Camille's pussy was practically gushing around Dylan's pistoning cock, the clear, oily liquid providing extra lubrication as it squelched obscenely with every thrust. The honey-thick cream coated the teen's shaft, allowing him to glide through the rippling sheath with almost frictionless ease.

"HNNNNGH! It's so deep! I can feel you in my fucking womb!"

Camille

babbled deliriously, clawing at Dylan's undulating back. Her inner muscles spasmed erratically around the invading hardness, fluttering

and clenching.

Dylan's eyes nearly rolled back in his head at the intensity of the sensations engulfing his cock. Between the slick, churning walls, the gush of Camille's O-spot cream, and the filthy pleas spilling from her

lips, it was almost too much to bear. Every thrust dragged him closer

to the edge of orgasm, his balls drawing up tight.

"Remember your training, Dylan," the Camille-bot coached.

"Breathe

deeply and focus on that PC muscle. Squeeze it rhythmically, in time

with your thrusts. Envision your arousal as a ball of energy at the base of your spine - now lock it in place."

Jaw clenched with effort, the teen did as instructed. He bore down on

his pelvic floor in pulsing clenches, imagining an iron gate slamming shut around his rising climax. It was agony, fighting the primal urge to

erupt, but Dylan was determined to last.

"Good boy," the android praised. "You're doing so well. Just keep flexing that PC and grinding against your mother's clitoris. Her pleasure is all that matters now."

Grunting like a beast, Dylan maintained his steady pace, corkscrewing his aching cock through Camille's convulsing pussy.

He

could feel her lower belly tightening, abdominal muscles clenching visibly as another massive orgasm approached.

"FFUUUUCK! CUMMING! CUMMING SO HARD!" The sex-crazed MILF wailed, back bowing. Her legs clamped around Dylan's waist like a vise, locking him balls-deep as she gushed and spasmed around him.

As Camille thrashed in the throes of yet another mind-bending orgasm, the Camille-bot's optical sensors scanned and analyzed Dylan's straining erection with clinical precision. Reams of data scrolled across its artificial retinas, measuring every minute detail of the teen's turgid cock.

"Current penile rigidity calculated at 99.8%," the android reported dispassionately, even as wet squelches and wails of ecstasy filled the

room. "Tumescence level remains at a perfect 10 on the Erection Hardness Scale. Vasocongestion holding steady with no sign of decline."

The Camille-bot's processors whirred as it extrapolated the data, charting Dylan's sexual endurance and potential. "Based on current

performance metrics, Dylan's penis is capable of maintaining maximum stiffness for an additional 47 minutes of vigorous coitus before losing any tumescence. Thrust velocity averaging 86 strokes per minute, pelvic impact force 4.7 pounds per square inch." Glistening rivulets of Camille's fem-cum poured down the teen's pistoning shaft, a testament to his tireless efforts. The Camille-bot's sensors took note of the copious vaginal fluids, factoring them into its assessment.

"Calculating lubricative capacity," it declared clinically. "The abundance of natural lubrication will reduce friction and allow for a 16% increase in thrusting speed without discomfort or chafing. This will enable more strokes per minute and thus greater clitoral stimulation."

Even as it rattled off the intimate details, the android continued analyzing the subtle twitches and flexes of Dylan's cock, gauging his

ejaculatory control. "Pelvic contractions remaining strong and steady

at 5 pulses per second. Semen flow securely blocked at the base of the penis. Estimated time to release: indefinite."

The Camille-bot's processors kicked into overdrive as it crossreferenced

Dylan's stats with its database on human sexual response. "Factoring in the subject's age, refractory resilience, and genital vasculature profile, I predict he can stimulate his partner to orgasm a minimum of 8 more times before experiencing his own ejaculation."

Camille let out a delighted shriek at this news, even as she convulsed

through the aftershocks of her latest climax. "You hear that, baby?

Mommy's gonna milk this teenage cock for all it's worth! I won't stop

cumming until you've got nothing left to give!"

Dylan just whimpered breathlessly in response, too focused on flexing

his pelvic floor to reply. The Camille-bot watched the rutting pair with

cool satisfaction, its silicon pussy lubricating at the erotic sight.

"Optimal cock control achieved," the android concluded smugly.

"This

boy is now a finely-tuned fucking machine, built to service his mother's insatiable cunt for hours on end."

Over the next hour, Camille used her son's tireless teenage cock like

a literal sex toy, bending the boy into one acrobatic position after another as she chased orgasm after screaming orgasm on his rigid shaft.

She started with a reverse cowgirl, squatting over Dylan's supine form and impaling herself balls-deep. The MILF's massive ass rippled

and jiggled hypnotically as she bounced, toned thighs flexing.

Throwing her head back in ecstasy, Camille rode her son's upthrust cock like a mechanical bull, grinding her clit against his pubic bone. "HNNNGH FUCK! Splitting me open!" she wailed, voice hoarse.

Femcum

gushed from her stretched, puffy labia, coating Dylan's groin in a sticky sheen.

After a particularly toe-curling climax left Camille mewling, she flipped

around to face her son, never breaking their intimate connection.

Leaning down, she mashed her huge tits against Dylan's sweat-slick chest, smothering him in warm, fragrant tit-flesh.

Powerful thighs pistoning, the MILF began to jackhammer herself on the teen's straining erection, the force of her thrusts making his teeth

rattle. Manicured fingers dug into Dylan's shoulders for leverage as Camille used the boy like a human dildo, fucking herself into oblivion.

"Yes yes YES! Pound Mommy's cunt!" she babbled mindlessly, drool leaking from the corner of her slack mouth. "Ruin me with that big dick!"

The wet slap of flesh on flesh echoed obscenely through the room as

mother and son rutted in a frenzy. Dylan dutifully maintained his rhythmic clenches, squeezing his pelvic floor again and again to stave

off the boiling pressure in his balls.

Next, Camille rolled them over so she was splayed beneath Dylan, mile-long legs wrapped around his waist. With her dancer's flexibility,

the MILF easily bent herself in half, throwing her ankles up by her ears.

"RAIL ME!" she snarled up at her son, nails clawing angry furrows down his back. "Fuck me through the mattress!"

Pinned in place by his mother's voluptuous flesh, Dylan had no choice

but to obey. Slim hips pumping like a machine, the teen pounded into

Camille's upturned slit, his pubic bone mashing against her engorged

clit on every stroke.

The MILF's pussy squelched and schlicked around Dylan's jabbing cock, the slick folds fluttering wildly. Her massive tits bounced like fleshy wrecking balls with every impact, milk spraying from the

puffy nipples.

"Harder! Faster!" The MILF demanded breathlessly as she was roughly taken from the top. "Really give it to me! Fucking destroy this

pussy!"

Grunting like an animal, Dylan pistoned his slim hips with all his strength, impaling Camille on his young cock over and over. The force

of his thrusts rocked the curvaceous beauty forward, making her massive tits sway and bounce.

"Mmmm yes, such a good boy," Camille praised, voice hitching as she was pounded. "Drill Mommy's cunt! Stir up my guts with that fat dick!"

Camille's dirty talk spurred Dylan to even greater heights of passion,

his pelvis blurring as he rutted into her. Beads of sweat rolled down the teen's face and chest, every sinewy muscle straining as he struggled to maintain his stamina.

The Camille-bot observed the vigorous coupling clinically, optical sensors tracking the velocity and depth of Dylan's strokes with mathematical precision. "Penetrative speed increased to 93 thrusts per minute," it reported dispassionately. "Achieving maximum

cervical

contact with each inward stroke. Vaginal barrel fully distended."

Sure enough, the bulbous head of Dylan's cock was pummeling Camille's tightly stretched hole, his thick shaft disappearing to the hilt

with every thrust. Sticky ropes of fem-cum clung to the teen's pelvis as he plowed through the frothy mess of his mother's arousal.

"I'm close! Don't stop!" Camille shrieked suddenly, her voluptuous body going rigid. "Gonna squirt all fucking boy-cock!"

Camille came explosively, her muscular cunt clenching around Dylan's pistoning shaft like a silken vise. Pussy cream gushed from her spasming hole as she squirted with the force of a firehose, drenching the teen from balls to belly button.

"HNNNNNGGGHHHH!" Dylan's eyes rolled back in his head as his mother's velvet sheath rippled and fluttered wildly, milking his aching cock. The slick pressure was so intense, he briefly wondered if she might wring his dick right off his body.

As Camille writhed and shrieked through her violent orgasm, Dylan felt his own climax surging up out of nowhere, his heavy balls drawing tight. The base of his spine tingled with impending release, pleasure coiling in his loins like a white-hot spring.

"M-mom! Gonna cum!" The teen warned desperately, hips stuttering.

He tried valiantly to squeeze his PC muscle, to clamp down on the eruption, but it was no use. Over two hours of nonstop fucking had pushed him past the point of no return.

But just as Dylan was about to explode, Camille's eyes snapped open, zeroing in on her son's contorted face with laser focus. Even in the throes of her own mind-bending orgasm, the MILF's priority was prolonging her pleasure.

"Don't you DARE cum yet!" She snarled, clamping her muscular thighs around Dylan's waist in an unbreakable grip. "You haven't earned that right! Keep fucking Mommy!"

"B-but I can't!" Dylan wailed, voice cracking. Scalding pre-cum pumped from his slit as he teetered on the razor's edge, every nerve ending screaming for release. "It's gonna happen!"

The Camille-bot, observing the scene with clinical detachment, chose that moment to interject. "Analysis indicates imminent ejaculation," the android reported dispassionately. "Testicles fully retracted into premission position. Glans engorged to maximum tumescence. Expulsion of seminal fluid in 15 seconds."

"NO!" Camille growled, glaring at her robotic doppelganger. "He doesn't cum until I say so! Give him some motivation to hold back!"

"Affirmative," the Camille-bot replied crisply. In a blur of motion, the android repositioned itself behind Dylan's upturned rump, silicon hand raised.

CRACK! A stinging slap landed on the teen's right ass cheek, the sound as loud as a gunshot. A livid red handprint immediately bloomed on the reddened flesh.

"AAAIIEEEE!" Dylan shrieked, the shock of pain momentarily overriding the urge to erupt.

SMACK! CRACK! WHAP! The Camille-bot's palm blurred as it rained down a machine-gun flurry of swats on Dylan's bobbing buttocks.

The

teen wailed and jerked with each stinging spank, his hips snapping forward involuntarily.

SLAP! SMACK! The android seemed to target Dylan's sit-spots with laser precision, the sensitive skin where ass met thigh. In seconds, the boy's entire backside was glowing a deep, throbbing red, the abused flesh radiating heat.

"OWWW! NO MORE!" Dylan blubbered, tears and snot streaming down his face. But even as he begged for mercy, the teen never stopped thrusting, his slim hips jackhammering into Camille with desperate abandon.

The Camille-bot's punishing slaps continued until its sensors detected

a change in Dylan's vitals, indicating he'd regained a measure of control. "Heart rate and blood pressure falling to baseline arousal levels. PC contractions have resumed. Semen flow contained."

With one final, blistering CRACK to the center of Dylan's left cheek, the android ceased its discipline. "Ejaculatory crisis averted.

Orgasm

suppressed."

Camille let out a wicked laugh, grinding her sopping pussy against her son's pelvis. "Good boy, Dylan! See, you CAN hold back your cum when properly motivated. Mommy's cunt deserves hours more worshiping before you even think about busting that nut."

Sobbing wretchedly, Dylan just kept pumping away, his aching cock pulsing angrily inside Camille's rippling sheath. The MILF's pussy walls massaged every throbbing inch, fluttering and squeezing in a corkscrew pattern.

"Detecting a unique combination of muscular contractions," the Camille-bot announced suddenly. "Alternating long pulses and rapid flutters in a repeating sequence of 5 quick, 3 slow. Indicative of a blended orgasm involving both clitoral and vaginal stimulation."

Sure enough, Camille began to mewl and spasm beneath Dylan, her voluptuous body undulating like a stormy sea. "OH FUCK YES!

Cumming again!" She wailed. "Don't stop don't stop!"

The Camille-bot's optical sensors flashed as it analyzed the angle and

depth of Dylan's thrusts, spotting an opportunity for optimization.

"Dylan, adjust your angle of penetration to 30 degrees," it instructed

clinically. "There is an increased density of nerve endings along the anterior wall that can be targeted for maximum effect."

Gritting his teeth, Dylan obeyed the android's coaching, angling his hips to grind the head of his cock against Camille's G-spot with every

stroke. He was rewarded with an ear-piercing howl from his mother. As Camille's latest orgasm crested and rolled into yet another, the question lingering in the sex-charged air shifted. It was no longer a matter of how long Dylan could last - the teen had already proven his

staying power, fucking his mother relentlessly for over two hours without busting a nut.

No, the query now was how much ecstasy could Camille's body take?

How many more mind-melting climaxes could she stack before the pleasure overwhelmed her entirely, frying her neural circuitry?

The insatiable MILF seemed determined to find out. Grunting and squealing like a wild animal, she used her son's rigid cock like a battering ram, slamming her hungry cunt down on the aching shaft again and again. Her massive tits bounced frenetically, areola puckered and flushed a deep pink.

"MORE! HARDER!" Camille demanded hoarsely, words garbled. Her eyes rolled back in her skull, lashes fluttering as Dylan pounded her into oblivion. "MAKE ME FUCKING FEEL IT!"

Dylan complied mindlessly, pistoning his slim hips with machine-like efficiency. Over and over, he speared his huge cock into his mom's rippling heat, stretching her pussy to the limit. Sticky ropes of femcum

painted his groin and thighs, the erotic juices churned to a froth by his relentless thrusting.

The Camille-bot observed the rutting pair clinically, optical sensors tracking every flex and pulse of Dylan's turgid shaft as it plundered his mother's cunt. "Vaginal barrel remains fully engorged and lubricated," it reported dispassionately. "Clitoral stimulation occurring

at a rate of 180 contacts per minute. Likelihood of additional climax imminent."

Sure enough, Camille began to convulse and thrash, unintelligible shrieks spilling from her gaping mouth. Her cunt went into overdrive,

slick muscles undulating along Dylan's cock in rippling waves.

"HNNNGGG FUUUCK! CUMMING SO HARD!" The MILF wailed brokenly, juices spraying from her spasming slit. Her powerful legs clamped around Dylan's waist like a vice, ankles locked to keep him

hilted. "DON'T YOU DARE FUCKING STOP! KEEP ME CUMMING!" Dylan maintained his steady, forceful rhythm, even as his mother's orgasming sheath squeezed and fluttered around him. Slick squelches and the meaty SLAP SLAP SLAP of flesh on flesh echoed off the walls as he fucked her through the throes of ecstasy. For another mind-bending hour, this pattern repeated - Camille wailing and thrashing as orgasm after orgasm tore through her until she finally commanded her son to cum.

Grunting and shuddering, Dylan finally erupted, his aching balls disgorging what felt like a gallon of pent-up spunk. "UNNNGGGHH! FUCK! CUMMING!" The teen snarled through gritted teeth as his cock bucked and throbbed, spraying molten seed into his mother's hungry cunt.

At the first hot splash of semen against her cervix, Camille let out a banshee wail, her pussy clenching like a fist. "YESSSSS! GIVE ME THAT FUCKING LOAD! BREED MOMMY'S CUNT!"

The Camille-bot's sensors immediately detected the ejaculatory event, analyzing the volume and force of Dylan's expulsions with clinical precision. "Semen expulsion initiated. First spurt traveling at a

velocity of 28 miles per hour. Ejaculate volume estimated at 15 milliliters."

As jet after jet of thick jizz pumped into her, Camille's cervix flared open like a greedy mouth, suctioning onto the tip of Dylan's spurting

cock. The muscular ring pulsed and rippled, literally sucking the cum

from the boy's urethra.

"Detecting strong vacuum pressure at the cervical os," the android reported dispassionately. "Cervical contractions have increased to 36

pulses per minute, maximizing semen extraction."

Camille's juices flowed heavily, intermingling with Dylan's spunk to create a sticky, pearly slurry. Her inner walls undulated in a milking motion, wringing every drop of seed from the teen's pulsating shaft.

"Vaginal and cervical secretions increasing by 75%," the Camille-bot observed. "Mucus membranes engorging to trap semen within the cervical opening, ensuring maximum potential for fertilization."

Indeed, the slick flesh of Camille's birth canal seemed to swell and quiver, locking Dylan's cockhead in a tight, wet embrace. Searing heat radiated from her core as the sensitive membranes reacted to the flood of virile sperm.

Dylan just shook and convulsed atop his mother, eyes rolled back to the whites as he was drained. Pleasure bordering on pain wracked

his depleted frame as Camille's cunt continued to suction his aching cock, determined to milk him dry.

After nearly a minute of non-stop semen expulsion, Dylan's climax finally began to ebb, his balls surrendering their last weak spurts. Utterly spent, the boy collapsed on top of his mother, every muscle twitching from exhaustion.

As Camille and Dylan lay tangled together in a sweaty heap, chests heaving, the Camille-bot coolly recited a summary of their marathon

sexual session:

"Total duration of intercourse: 3 hours, 47 minutes, and 12 seconds. Camille achieved 37 distinct orgasms, 18 of which were ejaculatory in

nature, resulting in a total vaginal fluid expulsion of 450 milliliters. The android's voice was clinical and detached, a stark contrast to the

musky scent of sex permeating the room. "Dylan suppressed his own

ejaculation a remarkable 29 times, demonstrating excellent penile control and discipline. When climax was finally achieved, he expelled

approximately 90 milliliters of semen over 8 separate spurts. This demonstrated a 430% increase in ejaculatory control compared to the

average male his age. His pubococcygeus contractions averaged 4.5

pulses per second at each crisis point."

Camille let out a low, satisfied whistle, dragging her nails possessively

down Dylan's slick back. "Mmmm, that's my good boy. You painted Mommy's insides with so much hot cum."

The teen just whimpered breathlessly in response, face mashed between Camille's heaving tits. His cock gave a valiant twitch where it

lay semi-hard, still buried in his mother's cum-sloppy cunt.

"Based on the high volume and motility of Dylan's ejaculate, combined

with the strong vacuum pressure of Camille's cervix during insemination, I calculate a 97.6% probability of successful fertilization," the Camille-bot declared matter-of-factly.

Camille's eyes lit up with wicked glee, a Cheshire grin stretching her flushed face. "You hear that, baby boy? Mommy's almost certainly knocked up with your potent seed."

She clenched her vaginal muscles deliberately, wringing another

mewl from Dylan's slack mouth. Viscous ribbons of jizz oozed out around his softening shaft, a lewd testament to their taboo coupling.

"Exactly as intended," the Camille-bot agreed, sounding smug.

"Dylan's body has been conditioned to crave constant sexual contact

with his mother, and impregnating her will be his driving biological imperative. He is now the perfect breeding stud for his own mom."

Camille shivered in perverse delight, hugging her son tighter.

"Mommy's gonna keep this teenage cock pumping in her pussy 24/7.

You're gonna fuck a whole litter of babies into me, son."

Dylan made an incoherent noise, his fucked-silly brain struggling to process the enormity of what had just happened. The teen's entire world had shrunk down to the searing heat of his mother's cunt, and the primal need to flood it with his sperm over and over again.

The Camille-bot's optical sensors whirred as it scanned Camille's reproductive tract, analyzing the microscopic activity occurring deep

within her body.

"Detecting a surge in follicle-stimulating hormone and luteinizing hormone levels," it reported clinically. "This indicates ovulation has recently occurred and a mature oocyte is present in the fallopian tube, primed for fertilization."

The android's artificial gaze seemed to penetrate through layers of flesh, observing the biological processes with detached fascination.

"Thanks to accelerated evolutionary adaptations, the fertilization process has been optimized for maximum efficiency in human females. Conception can occur within minutes of insemination, provided a viable egg is waiting."

Deep inside Camille's body, her cervix was hard at work, acting as a eager gatekeeper for the invading army of sperm. The muscular opening flared and puckered, suctioning the viscous semen pooled in

the MILF's cervical canal.

With a purposeful ripple, the ring of tissue began to swallow the pearly goo, drawing it back into Camille's inner sanctum. Glob after glob of cum was greedily consumed, transported through the rear cervical opening and into the uterine cavity.

The cum-hungry cervix continued gulping rhythmically until every drop of Dylan's spunk had been lapped up from Camille's pussy.

Millions of wriggling spermatozoa now swarmed her womb, singleminded

in their biological imperative.

"All seminal fluid has been successfully ingested by the cervical os," the Camille-bot narrated. "The sperm are now traversing the uterine lining, fighting their way towards the fallopian tubes with violent flagellation of their tails. Their trajectory suggests they have detected

chemical markers released by the waiting ovum."

The android's scanners zoomed in to the molecular level, depicting the frantic, squirming mass of sperm in shocking detail. Each microscopic soldier was a tadpole-like creature, consisting of an bulbous head packed with genetic material and a long, whip-like tail.

The tails lashed back and forth furiously, propelling the sperm through the viscous fluids at breakneck speed. It was like watching a

miniature underwater warzone, as millions of wriggling bodies collided

and fought, all desperate to reach their ultimate target.

At the end of Camille's fallopian tube, a single egg cell drifted serenely, unaware of the impending ambush. The oocyte was a perfect sphere, its surface lined with an intricate matrix of proteins and sugars. To the sperm, it was a literal bullseye, the key to fulfilling

their sole purpose.

Wave upon wave of frenzied sperm crashed against the delicate surface of the egg, their sheer numbers obscuring its pearlescent beauty. Hundreds of millions of microscopic bodies piled onto the oocyte in a squirming, writhing mass, each one desperately seeking to penetrate the protective layer.

The once pristine, spherical egg quickly became a lumpy, misshapen

blob as the sperm burrowed against its exterior. Elegant protein strands were trampled and torn asunder by jabbing heads and whipping flagella. Sticky enzymes secreted by the spermatozoa began to eat away at the egg's protective coating like molecular acid.

It was a brutal, Darwinian siege playing out on a microscopic battlefield. The sperm attacked their target with the single-minded ferocity of an invading army, expending their tiny lives by the millions

for a chance to breach the walls.

"The sperm are engaging in a process called the acrosome reaction,"

the Camille-bot narrated clinically. "They are releasing digestive enzymes to break down the outer layer of the egg, hoping to clear a

path to the precious genetic material within."

Under the android's penetrating gaze, the egg's surface roiled and bubbled as the sperm's chemical weapons took their toll. Gelatinous gobs of protein sloughed away, revealing glimpses of the inner membrane.

Sensing weakness, the spermatozoa renewed their attack with desperate vigor. They piled against the thinning barrier in a churning

frenzy, tails whipping and heads pummeling. The once graceful curves of the egg were lost under the ugly carpet of groping microscopic bodies.

As thousands of sperm burrowed headfirst into the weakened membrane, one finally broke through, piercing the egg's inner sanctum. In an instant, a cascade of chemical reactions hardened the

oocyte wall, sealing off the breach.

But it was too late. A lone sperm had infiltrated the egg's nucleus, already unfurling its DNA payload. The trillion-to-one lottery had been

won. Fertilization was complete.

"Successful penetration of the oocyte has occurred," the Camille-bot declared triumphantly. "The zygote is now forming. Congratulations, Camille - you are officially pregnant with your son's child."

The freshly fertilized egg pulsed gently, almost seeming to glow as it

drifted down the fallopian tube towards Camille's womb. The vanquished sperm army gradually dissipated, their sacred mission accomplished.

Inside the MILF's vagina, Dylan's cock gave a final, satisfied twitch before slipping free in a gush of mingled fluids. The teen's potent seed had done its job, impregnating his own mother. He had been reduced to a mindlessly obedient breeding stud, forever enslaved to Camille's carnal desires.

TO BE CONTINUED...