

Ch. 17 - Sweet Revenge

"CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!" Sam's heels struck the cement with urgency as she marched up Margaret's walkway. Her plan to blackmail Sara out of ten-thousand dollars had just been foiled, so she was anxious to pass the recording on to the one who had hired her.

"This bitch better have my money!" she thought as she knocked loudly on the door.

Margaret answered with a stack of cash in her hand. "Here you go!" she said as they made the exchange. "Are you sure this recording has the proof I need?"

"There's enough there to satisfy you." Sam said, flipping through her stack of hundred-dollar bills to make sure it was all there. "I'd like to say it's been a pleasure doing business with you, but it hasn't," the PI scowled, turning to walk away.

Margaret looked at the tape with a sinister smile. *"Finally, I can expose that perverted mother and son from next door!"* she thought.

"Not so fast, mother!"

Margaret looked up to see a group moving up her walkway, led by her daughter, Matty. Sam was able to step aside and avoid the the pregnant mother, but then found herself directly in the path of Rachel. With a vengeful glare, Rachel push the PI aside, sending Sam stumbling back and landing flat on her ass on the lawn. The sprinklers were going, spraying her and the stack of money as it scattered everywhere.

"Shit!" Sam shouted as she scrambled to collect her bills, getting soaked in the process.

"Matty, what are you doing?" Margaret asked her daughter as she watched her and the other women step up the walkway.

"I want that recording. Now!"

"This tape contains proof that the degenerate mother and son behind you are engaging in sick illegal activity."

Matty stopped in front of her Mom, glaring at her. "Mother, you're not a heroic crime-fighter, now GIVE ME the fucking tape!"

Margaret tucked it behind her back, leering spitefully at Sara and her son. "No!" she spouted.

"Grandma please! They're not harming anyone," Candy pleaded, "can we please just have the tape?"

Margaret glared at her Granddaughter, then looked back at Matty. "Are you aware that your

daughter is dating this...perverted...mommy-fucker? It's disgusting!"

Matty ignored her stupid question. "You have five seconds to give me that tape before I turn your miserable little existence upside down."

Margaret let out an obnoxious giggle. "And how exactly do plan on doing that?"

"By exposing your own dirty little secret."

A sudden look of worry fell across Margaret's face. "What secret?"

"The door in the basement, Grandma," Candy said. "We know you're hiding something in there."

"And one of us knows WHAT you're hiding in there," Matty added. "Give me the tape or I swear to God I'll march down to that basement, break that fucking door down and share all the pictures I take with your self-righteous church friends."

"You will do no such thing!"

Matty fed her mother an evil glare. "Try me!"

Margaret's got a defeated scowl, realizing her daughter meant business. She reluctantly handed over the tape. "Fine, but it doesn't matter!" she said glaring at Sara, "you're all heathens in God's eyes! Fucking degenerates!"

Matty smiled and handed the tape to Sara.

Sara let out a sigh of relief. "*Oh thank God, this nightmare is FINALLY over!*" she thought. She had been desperate enough to form a plan to break into the PI's house and steal the recorder in the middle of the night, but was glad she didn't have to resort to that.

"Speaking of degenerate," Matty said, " just so everyone knows, my mother has a thing for animals."

There was a collective gasp.

"A thing?" Candy asked.

"Oh yes, honey, Grandma has a whole room downstairs full of zoo porn and quite the impressive collection of animal dildos, right mother?"

Sara and Rachel giggled while Candy's mouth fell open. "Oh my God," she muttered, then looked down at the French Poodle at Margaret's feet. "Poor Harvey!"

Red with embarrassment, Margaret let out a HUFF, then slammed the door.

Soaking wet, Sam had finally collected all her cash and stepped back onto the sidewalk. This time Sara gave her a shove as she passed by. "Out of my way, bitch!"

The PI stumbled back on her ass once again. Money scattered everywhere. "Fuck!" she screamed, hitting the lawn with her fists.

Later that night, a set of headlights cut through the darkness of a secluded parking lot. The vehicle pulled up next to Daniel, who was there waiting. Misses David, the English teacher he'd fucked, rolled down her window. "Hi Daniel. I figured you'd be calling me again sometime. I just didn't think it would be this soon."

"Can I get in?" Daniel asked.

"Of course," she answered, shutting off the engine.

The teen got in and closed the door. She leaned over and began rubbing his cock through his pants. Her shirt was half-unbuttoned, showing off her impressive cleavage. "Daniel, I want you to know that I'm sorry about how things turned out, with your mom and that recorder that I gave the Private Investigator. She threatened to show those pictures to my work AND my husband and I just had to look out for myself."

"Ok," the boy said, nodding his head.

"But if and when your mom goes to prison, I'd be happy to take care of your needs anytime you want me to," she said, squeezing his knob.

"So you'd fuck me the same way you did in the car that night?"

"Yes, even better! We could get REALLY nasty...starting right now if you want" she said, kissing his lips sensually. "I need to be fucked sooo bad!"

"Well, sorry, Misses Davis, but I can't fuck right now."

"What do you mean? Why not?" she asked.

"Well, I've been working on a recording, so now I have to take it over to Principal Higgin's house, so he can fire you tomorrow," the teen said, then opened the door.

"You little shit! You recorded me?!"

Daniel got out and Lindsey peered up and saw Sara standing there with a vengeful smile. "Looks like having your life destroyed WILL be on your agenda this week, bitch!" Sara said.

Mother and son began to walk off hand in hand.

"Wait, no please...we can work something out!" Lindsey pleaded.

The two ignored her and kept walking.

A half-hour later, after dropping the recording off at the Principal's house, Sara got on the interstate and drove them out of town. "Well, looks like I'll have a new English teacher tomorrow," Daniel said.

Sara giggled. "I would say it's highly likely."

"So are you gonna tell me where we're going?" Daniel asked, looking back at an overnight bag his mom had packed sitting in the back seat..

She peered over at him playfully. "Nope!"

"Not even a hint?"

"Not even a hint!" she said with a wink.

A short time later they were pulling up to a fancy resort. "Stay in the car. I'll text you when you can come in," Sara said, then grabbed the overnight bag and left.

Daniel sat there for nearly twenty minutes before getting a text from his mother. "Come in. Room 301 , " it said.

Daniel walked through the fancy lobby and took the elevator up to the room. He tapped on the door, but no one answered. Instead, he got another text from his mother. "Put the blindfold on," it read.

He saw a blindfold hanging from the door handle, so he just slipped it on. Then he heard the room open and someone, who he assumed was his mother, took his hand and led him inside.

He could hear the faint sound of whispering from multiple women, but couldn't tell what they were saying or obviously who they were. There was also the soft beat of music in the background. He felt the hand release his and heard his mother's soft voice. "Take off your clothes, honey."

Daniel slowly removed all his clothes. Just the thought of what might be going on excited him greatly, making him rock-hard.

He felt his Mom nudge his chest softly with her hand. "Sit down. Straight back," she said.

The boy sat back onto a comfortable chair with a high back and no arms. He felt someone cuff one of his wrists and bring both his arms behind the seat-back and cuff them together. "Am I under arrest?" he joked.

The amount of giggles he heard astounded him. There had to be nearly a half-dozen women in the room with him. His mother reclined the seat back slightly. "Yes you are...and you're gonna be locked in the cell with us all night."

Daniel sensed that there were bodies closing in around him. He wanted so badly to see who they were. He suddenly felt a gang of lips kissing his body sensually, while running their long nails all over him.

"Ohhh wow!" the boy sighed, feeling and listening to the women's lips smack tenderly on his chest, neck, face and thighs. The feel of their nails running across his flesh, especially around the base of his cock, made his body tremble with excitement.

He began to feel their tongues flickering all over him, licking his nipples, leaving little wet trails down his chest. He felt his dick flex, protruding stiffly from his loins as the shower of affection went on and on for several minutes.

"If you guess who's French kissing you, you'll get to fuck her asshole for two minutes," his mother said softly.

"Ohh man! Um...ok," he muttered.

"Maybe we should show him who's here first and what we're wearing for him," one voice suggested. Daniel recognized it as Candy's mother Matty.

"Good idea. Then we'll blindfold him again before the next kiss," Sara added.

Daniel felt his Mom remove the blindfold, then she stood upright. The site looming above him nearly took his breath away. Standing around him were six of the biggest titted women he knew and all their jugs were naked, jutting out above him. *"Holy fucking tits!"* the boy's mind exclaimed as he took in the erotic site.

Peeking down over their bobbling boobies were the women who owned them...Sara, Rachel, Candy, Matty and completely unexpected, his Aunt Theresa and his Grandma Liz.

"Surprise, Sugar!" his Grandma said, feeding him a big beautiful smile. She was like an older version of his mom and had the most mammoth tits of the bunch. Daniel always dreamed he'd see them and here they were in all their naked glory. Liz's areolas alone were probably large enough to mask his entire face and the rubbery nipples that puffed out the centers were the fattest he'd ever seen.

"Hi Grandma, hi Aunt Theresa," the boy blushed.

His beautiful short-haired Aunt Theresa had the smallest tits in the group, but was probably still a double-d cup. What she lacked in tits, she made up for in ass. From the time he was young he marveled at her big rounded ass and the thought of possibly getting to fuck her asshole sent chills through his naked body.

It was hard to peel his eyes away from such a hot middle-aged woman, but with Candy's mom Matty standing there it was impossible not to. Not only was she gorgeous, like her daughter, but resting atop her eight month pregnant baby-ball were enormous milk-filled tits that rivaled

the size of his Grandmother's.

"Jesus, you guys look beautiful," he confessed.

"So do you," Matty muttered, giving him a dreamy-eyed gaze. It was the same look her daughter would give him and the boy knew that before the night was through he'd be fucking the shit out of her.

"Ok, you had your look, now here comes the blindfold," Sara said, placing it back on him.

Next, he felt a soft set of lips smother his own in an open oval. A long tongue flailed through his mouth, dancing with Daniel's licker for a full minute. When the kiss broke, he took a second to consider his answer. *"That was a pretty amazing kiss, but it didn't seem familiar."* he thought.

He took a stab in the dark. "Was it Matty?" he asked.

"Ohhhh!" Came the collective moan of disappointment.

"Not Matty. Try the next one," Sara said.

Another set of lips met his and they kissed passionately. He was pretty sure he knew who this one was. "Candy!" he said.

"Yaaay! Woo!" Came the cheers of the women, announcing that he had clearly guessed correctly.

The blindfold came off and his girlfriend gave him a smile. "You better know your own girlfriend's kiss," she said teasingly.

The boy looked down and watched as Rachel squirted warm lube onto his cock. He looked his busty sister-in-law in the eyes and she gave him a flirty wink. All the Moms it seemed wanted a hand in coating the length of his boner in slippery lube, stroking their pretty hands up and down his meaty erection, teasing his glans.

"Would you look at that big juicy head!" his Grandmother said, as all the women stared at his cock lustfully.

"I've heard of knobs that are the size of a plumb," Theresa said, "but I've never actually seen one until now."

"Wait until you feel it up your ass," Sara said with a mischievous grin.

"Yeah, speaking of that," Candy said, lowering her naked ass-globes onto her boyfriend's cock.

"Ahhh!" Daniel sighed as he felt his girlfriend's asshole slip over his knob and sink around his hot boner as she sat on his lap.

"Come on, baby girl, pump your ass on that cock!" Matty said to her daughter encouragingly.

The boy panted heavily, watching his boner appear and disappear between her meaty cheeks over and over.

"Ohhh fuck yesss!" Candy sighed, bouncing her thick ass on his cock.

Soon his prick popped from Candy's asshole and his mother was covering his eyes again. A set of soft lips fused against his. This woman had a long thick tongue and it was extremely aggressive, lashing wildly through the boy's mouth. When their kiss broke, one name stood out in his mind the most. "Aunt Theresa," he muttered.

"Yaaaay!" the women all cheered and his Mom removed the blindfold.

Theresa smiled at him as she changed places with Candy. When she turned and Daniel saw that big plump naked ass for the first time, his tongue nearly hung out. She spread her thick cheeks apart as she lowered them toward that throbbing dong. Theresa grasped his erection and fit his fat knob again her crinkled butt-ring.

"Ohhman," the teen sighed, so excited he could hardly stand it.

Grandma Liz gazed down at him and giggled, stroking his chest with her nails. "You're a lucky boy. Many a man has drooled over THAT ass," she said.

He couldn't help but gawk at the smooth rounded undersides of Liz's tit-melons. There was no denying the fact that her cleavage could easily smother his entire head. The feel of his cock squeezing into Theresa's ass-tube, snapped him from his tittie-trance.

"Ohhyess! God that cock feels good!" his Aunt said, pushing his fat knob into her rectum.

"Ohhhh!" the boy sighed, feeling her smothering ass-grip mould around his meat.

She pumped her rounded rump up and down, spearing his cock in deeper and deeper on every downward plunge. Finally, her ass-flesh beat against his cock-base, making her fatty buttocks ripple with every SMACK.

"Pump your hips, baby!" Sara said, standing beside him. "Fuck your cock deep into her ass!"

The boy wasn't about to object. He thrust his hips from the chair, punching his cock through the grip of his Aunt Theresa's ass. "Ohh yess!" he sighed, his eyes set on her jiggling buns..

Daniel's boner flexed stiffly as it plunged through the rubbery grip of Theresa's bowels. Her strong rectal muscles tightened around the boy's tender hardon, squeezing and quivering around his hard cock-meat. She'd been with a lot of guys, but this was easily the biggest dick she'd ever had shoved in her ass.

"Oh my God, it's so fucking hard!" she cried out, pounding her big ass down against him as

hard as she could.

"Blindfold time," Sara finally announced.

Daniel fought to catch his breath as he watched his Aunt lift her fat ass off his cock. He loved to watch his knob pop out and their juicy buttholes clench closed. It reminded him of how much he was stretching their tight holes with his big cock.

His eyes were shrouded in darkness, followed a half a minute later by someone's luscious lips mashing up against his for a tender kiss. Their tongues dueled frenziedly. When the woman moaned in his mouth it was a dead giveaway. "*Matty!*" he excitedly thought, eager to shove his cock inside his girlfriend's mother's ass.

Of course he was correct, but Matty decided to do things a little differently. "I hope that chair can hold both of us, handsome," she said, climbing on top of him.

It was the first time he'd had a pregnant girl mount him and it was an absolute feast for the eyes. Matty's milk-filled knockers were obscenely large and wobbled around like they had a mind of their own. She shoved his cock up her ass and crushed her big baby-orb against his bare midsection.

"Ohh my God, that feels amazing!" she cried out while pumping her ass up and down.

Daniel was delighted by how every ass he fucked his cock into felt a little different. Some were tighter than others and some women had strong shit-muscles creating a snug, tight-gripping sheath for him hump his cock through. Matty's ass-tube applied just the right amount of pressure to make the boy's cum-leaking knob tingle exquisitely.

"Ohhh!" he moaned, mesmerized by the way her swollen mammaries jostled around on his upper chest.

Two minutes went much too quickly. Grandma Liz was so fucking horny she decided to skip the preliminaries. "If I have to wait two more seconds to get that beautiful prick inside my ass I'll go crazy!"

"Go get him, mom!" Sara said encouragingly.

"Why don't we sit him up," Liz suggested.

Daniel was tilted upright, his hand still bound behind the chair. Liz climbed on top of the teen, straddling him and slipping her ass onto his cock. She tightened her legs around his young frame and humped rhythmically up and down. With her head slightly above his own, she was able to pull his face between her mountainous tits as she fucked him.

"Mmmnnff" the boy whimpered, his face wedged between her sloshing jugs. He kissed and licked his way through her canyon of cleavage, savoring the squishy feel of her enormous

boobs on either side of his face.

"OhhhmyGod!!" Liz's voice cried out delightfully, bouncing her meaty ass on her Grandson's cock, making their flesh SMACK together shamelessly.

The chair beneath them creaked as their humping became more and more frantic. Daniel's cock tingled on the verge of cumming. It wasn't that the feel of her ass on his cock was any better than the previous women, it was just that having his head sandwiched between her massive jugs was taking him to another level of arousal.

"Mmmnnngff!" the teen moaned, licking and sucking the inside of her tit. He could feel the torrent of jizz rushing up his fuck-tube.

"Oohhfff! Oohhhfff!" he grunted as big gooey gobs of spunk erupted from his rectum-smothered knob, filling Liz's ass with cum. She went well beyond her two minutes, squeezing and pulling on his cock with her ass, making it as pleasurable as possible.

"Greedy, mother!" Sara teased.

"I'm sorry I just couldn't help myself. It felt too damn good to stop," she said. "That's the most amazing piece of manhood I've EVER had inside me."

The other women giggled, each one able to relate. They knew before the night was done, the teen would pound their holes better than their husbands ever could and give them toe-curling climaxes that they'd never forget.

Ch. 18 - Group Effort

It didn't take Steve long to find his wife's car at the Hilton Hotel. His stomach sunk, but he knew there must be some innocent explanation. "*Maybe she's just meeting with some clients here,*" he told himself.

He tried to call her phone, but got no answer. Since she had Nick with her, he tried his son's phone as well, but with the same results. This only raised more suspicion. He parked his car, then went into the hotel.

"Hi, I'm uh, looking for my wife. I was suppose to meet her here, but she didn't tell me what room she was in," he said to the front desk clerk..

"No problem, sir. Would the room be in her name or yours?" she asked..

"Probably hers...um, Heather McClaine."

The clerk tapped the name into the computer. "Yes, here we are...room six-thirteen. Would you like me to dial the room?"

"No, that's fine, I'll just go up. She's expecting me. Thank you."

Steve got in the elevator and went up to the sixth floor. His mind was conflicted. If he bothered his wife during a client meeting, he'd look like a suspicious fool. On the other hand, if she were cheating on him, he would feel completely justified in his actions.

It didn't take him long to discover room six-thirteen. On the door handle was the "do not disturb" sign. *"That's NOT good,"* he thought, knowing it was usually an indication of someone sleeping or engaging in an activity like sex, where they didn't wanna be bothered.

He put his ear to the door suspiciously. The voice he heard inside was unmistakably his wife's. "Yess, fuck mee! Ohh my God, yess, baby!!"

Steve's body went numb. His wife was obviously getting fucked in there and that was bad enough, but were the guys at the bar right? *"Was she fucking Nick?"* Steve deliriously wondered.

The answer to his question was a definite yes! After a couple rounds of vaginal "baby-making," Nick was fucking his mother up the ass again. They both lay on their sides on the bed, with one of Heather's legs thrown high in the air. Her head was turned, so they could make-out passionately, while the boy's hard cock slid fluidly through her asshole.

"Ohhh, yess! I love your cock!" she whimpered between kisses.

Steve was about to knock, when he saw a housekeeper suddenly come out of the next room over. Now, he had a better idea that would catch his wife by complete surprise.

"Excuse me. I locked my key in my room like a dummy. I was wondering if you could use yours to let me in? Steve asked her.

Without hesitation, the housekeeper stepped over and used her key to unlock the door. "Thank you," Steve said, then snuck inside the room.

He shouldn't have been shocked at this point, but he was. Maybe it was actually seeing them in the act that made it sickeningly real. His wife and son were fucking on their sides, but he couldn't see their genitals from this vantage point, so he didn't realize that his son's cock was actually up his wife's ass..

What was even harder to watch was the way they kissed, like a horny young couple. Suddenly, Heather's eyes widened in horror and she quickly sat up and covered their bodies with the sheet. "What the fuck?!! she exclaimed, looking at her husband.

"You took the words right out of my mouth," Steve said.

Daniel stared at his father, like a deer into headlights.

"Steven, what the fuck are you doing here?" Heather asked, her heart racing nervously.

"I think the better question is...what are YOU doing here? Never mind, don't answer that. It's pretty obvious."

"No, you don't understand. This isn't what it looks like at all," she said.

"Oh really, how so? Because what it looks like is the two of you having sex in a hotel room.. With your son, Heather."

"First of all, you need to calm down and listen."

"Calm down and listen?! Are you serious?"

"Nick and I WERE having sex, yes, but there's a REALLY good reason we were doing it, so if you would just sit down and listen, I'll explain," she said.

Even though he wanted to continue to rant and rave, her husband let out a frustrated sigh, then sat in the chair across from them. "I can't wait to here your reasoning for this," he muttered.

"Before you say anything else, just hear me out fully. The couple I just sold the house to have been trying to have a baby, but they found out his sperm count was too low, so Nick and I agreed to help them out."

"Help them out?" Steve asked, not catching on.

"Yes, help them out, by making a baby for them."

Steve suddenly burst out laughing. "That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard."

Daniel bravely chimed in. "It's the truth, dad. They really want a kid and...well, Mom was gonna ask you to do it with her, but we both know you've been super-busy at work, so she decided not to bother you with it."

"Oh, how gracious of her. So the two of you decided to just take on this little venture behind my back?" he asked, then glared at Heather, "to cheat on me?"

"It's not cheating," Heather said back.

"Not cheating?! Are you serious?!"

"Were you not listening to a word we said? We're doing this to help a young couple out. We're showing some compassion. Why don't you try to as well," Heather said.

"I have compassion, but I just caught you two in bed together and for all I know you could just be justifying your actions by creating some crazy story."

"Ugh!" Heather sighed in frustration, then picked up her phone and dialed. She put it on speaker as it rang.

Tanya's sweet voice answered. "Hello?"

"Hey, Tanya, it's Heather, the realtor that just sold you guys the house."

"Oh, hey, Heather!"

"Hey, so, I just wanted to thank you for confiding in us, regarding Lance's low sperm count and reiterate the fact, that we are HAPPY to help you guys out," Heather said, looking at her husband. "Children are wonderful and every couple should be able to experience the blessing of having one, even if they can't have them themselves."

"I agree...and I hope Nick and your husband feel the same way. It's a group effort, but I'm hoping that someone ends up with a little bun in the oven, whether it's me or you," Tanya said.

"I couldn't agree more. We'll be in touch. You and Lance have a great night!"

"Bye," Tanya said, then hung up.

Steve seemed a tad ashamed for doubting his wife's story, but the idea of his wife and son having sex still bothered him.

"Satisfied?" Heather asked him.

"Look, it's great that you're helping someone out, but still...we should have discussed this before you and Nick just went and jumped into bed together, don't you think?"

"You're right, I probably should have had the conversation with you prior, but it just so happens that I'm ovulating today, so Nick and I thought we'd get a room, have sex, and with any luck have me pregnant tonight."

Steve shook his head, still trying to wrap his head around the idea. "It still sounds ludicrous. I mean, you guys are mother and son for crying out loud."

Nick and Heather glanced at each other. "Yes, but like Nick said, we know things have been stressful at work for you lately. I figured it really wouldn't be cheating if we kept it in the family and we had a clear cut goal in mind."

"So you're saying once you're pregnant, the sex stops?"

"Of course it stops, honey. We're not just doing this for our own pleasure," she lied, exchanging a look with her son.

"So what do we tell other people...friends and family when they see you pregnant?" Steve asked.

"Well, we don't have to tell them the baby belongs to Nick and I. We could tell them that YOU AND I are helping Tanya and her husband," Heather said. "Look, the important thing is it's a group effort, like she said. You can do your part by supporting Nick and I and showing some understanding."

"I can try, but this isn't an easy thing for me. You guys are having sex together, Heather."

"We've established that, but now it's time to move on, put your selfish, jealous feelings aside and try to be supportive."

"Alright," Steve said, sitting up, "let's just get this done here and now then, so YOU get pregnant, WE help them out and put this behind us."

Heather fed him an awkward look. "Okay, with you...here, you mean?"

"Why not. We're a team, aren't we? A group effort, like you said," Steve said.

"Well yes, but...are you sure you'll be comfortable watching Nick and I make a baby?"

"No, but I can show my support...by giving it a try," he admitted.

"So then we all agree, we're doing this? Promise you won't make another scene, once Nick and I have started?" Heather asked.

"If I can't handle the heat, I'll get out of the oven and leave."

Heather and her son looked at each other, a tad uncomfortably. "Can Nick and I have a minute to talk? We um...really didn't expect to have an observer."

"Sure, I'll just go into the bathroom. Text me when you're ready," her husband said, going into the bathroom and closing the door.

"Ok, I'm completely weirded out," Nick said, making his mom giggle.

"That makes two of us, but he didn't kill us, so maybe we should be thankful."

"Is he really gonna watch us have sex?"

"Honey, yes, at this point, the fact that he's LETTING us have sex is a miracle, so let's just do it on his terms and be thankful."

"Yeah, but that's gonna kinda be weird, isn't it? Knowing dad's watching us?" Nick asked.

Her lips curled into a naughty smile. "Maybe it's a chance for you to one-up him, show him what a superstar you are in bed."

Nick smiled. "You think so?" he asked.

"Absolutely!" she said. "Show him how a wife is suppose to be fucked."

"That sounds like a challenge," Nick said.

"Uh huh, I know I'm up for it, are you?"

The boy fed her a cocky smile.

"Honey, you can come back in," Steve heard his wife say. He opened the door and stepped back into the room. He was surprised to find his son now on top of his wife and they were kissing intimately. "Do you guys have to kiss?" he asked, finding it a little unnecessary.

They paused for a moment. "It's part of the process. If you want to be supportive, then let us do what feels right and don't bother us, please," his wife said.

Steve sat down and watched as they resumed making out. It wasn't an easy thing watching your wife of nearly twenty years smooching intimately with your eighteen year old son, but Steve continued to remind himself it was for a purpose. *"They're making a baby for that couple and that's it. There's nothing more going on here,"* he thought.

With Heather's thighs splayed open, Nick split her twat with his cock, causing her to throw her head back with a gasp. He rose up on his elbows so he could watch his mother's pretty face as he fed her his prick meat, then he thrust his cock in all the way with one long plunge, mashing his swollen knob against her cervix.

"Unnnnggghhhh!" his mother cried out, immediately lifting her curvy tan legs high, wiggling her ass beneath him as she opened her cunt for more of his prick.

Steve softly gasps as he watched his wife throw her sexy legs back high in the air. Being the observer, it was a view of her during sex he'd never seen and it reminded him of how limber she was. He loved how her dainty bare feet with painted toenails pointed back toward the headboard.

Nick worked his ass, staring down at her, watching her huge tit melons shake and jiggle as he fed her his prick. Every time he pulled back he felt the suctioning pressure of her cunt muscles wetly drawing his prick into her body. "Ohh yeah!" he sighed, working into a rhythm.

"Fuck me harder, Nick!" Heather cried out, tossed her legs around his back, scissoring her ankles together at his waist. The horny mother started humping her pussy onto the satisfying stiffness of his prick. *"Watch closely, Steven! You're about to see a fucking stud in action,"* she wickedly thought.

Nick let his weight fall, flattening her huge tits beneath his muscular chest. He cradled his head between her neck and shoulder and spread her knees out wider. His ass bobbed up and down as he fucked more forcefully up her juicy pussy.

Steve could see his son's big nuts smacking against his wife's writhing ass. Hard and fast his son's ass moved, fucking his brick-hard boner into Heather's velvety pussy. The shameless mother gasped as she felt the steady force of his fuck thrusts. "Ohhh my God, honey, this is amazing!" she cried out.

It wasn't what her husband wanted to hear, but he kept his mouth shut. Heather, on the other hand, was elated from the thrill of being fucked so hard in front of him. *"He can't fuck me this way and he knows it. He'd have gotten off and rolled over to sleep by now."* she thought.

It was quite a humbling experience watching your own beautiful wife cling on to another man this way, especially when it was your own son. Steve had been wrapped in those curves many times, so he knew the thrill and pleasure his son was experiencing was intense.

Nick's fuck-strokes became more and more forceful, pounding his prick savagely through the gurgling sheath of her cunt tunnel. His cock was really boring into her, knocking against her back wall with every fuck stroke. *"How do you like that, dad?"* he thought.

"Ohhh, Nicky, it's soo good! Fuck a baby into meee!" the mother squealed

Steve watched his son reach under and cup his wife's meaty ass with both hands, pumping his cock hard through her cunt with full-length thrusts. He saw Heather's eyes roll back as she shrieked in ecstasy. "Eeeeeiiiioohhh!!" she cried out, clearly having an orgasm on his big cock.

She glanced at her horrified husband through the corner of her eye as her legs started trembling. *"He's making me CUUUUM, fucker!!"* he brain screamed. "Eeeeeiiiioohhh!!" she cried out in her sexy girly voice.

"Ohhyeahhh!" Nick moaned, making his cock flex stiffly as it thundered through her juicy pussy. Hot burbling girl-cum squirted around his tender young penis as he continues fucking with everything he had.

Heather shamelessly slapped her son's ass, spurring him on as he furiously pounding his thick cock into her. "Yesss, fuck meee! Fuck me, fuck me fuck me, FUUUCK MEEEE!" she cried, not just for her son's benefit, but also her husband's. She wanted him to know that she was having the time of her life.

"Ohhhshit, yeah, watch this dad! Watch me cum in your wife's pussy!" Nick thought. "Oh fuck! Ohh fuck, mom, here I cum!"

Their bellies beat together as Nick fucked his cock to the hilt in her throbbing cunt. Heather responded by squeezing him in an anaconda-grip, tightening her smooth muscular legs around his humping frame. She clutched him even tighter with her arms as well, making her fat sloshing tit-jugs distended out from between them.

A massive load gushed up from his balls and Heather sighed with pleasure as she felt it

squirting into her ravished pussy, soaking her inner walls. "Yess! Give me your baby, Nicky!" she shouted.

The hot mom flexed her cunt muscles, using her strong pussy-walls to milk out all of his cum. A deep smile curled her lips. She'd never felt so well fucked in her life and the fact that her husband was sitting there watching made it all the more wicked.

When Nick rolled off his sweaty mother and Steve saw the size of his prick, he felt even more sickened by this whole thing. Not only was his son's cock several inches longer than his, but it was absolutely dripping with his wife's orgasmic juices.

"Well, that was unpleasant," he confessed.

"Speak for yourself!" Heather thought, then let out a deep satisfied sigh. "I'll let his sperm soak in for a bit, then we have to go again," she said..

"Again?" her husband asked.

"Yes, again. Steven making a baby isn't a one-and-done thing. It takes repeated intercourse on the day a woman is ovulating. You remember how it was."

Unfortunately, Steve knew she was right, but he honestly didn't think his emotions would allow him to sit through a session like the one he'd just witnessed. Heather knew him well enough to sense this. "We paid for the room for the night, so Nick and I might as well stay and make sure we get this baby made," she said. "Why don't you go home and relax, I'll call you in the morning when we leave."

It wasn't really what Steve wanted, but he also wanted to make sure business got taken care of here at the hotel and WAS NOT brought home with them. "Ok, fine. Good luck and uh...we'll talk to you guys tomorrow."

"Bye, dad," Nick said.

As soon as her husband disappeared, Heather was on top of her teen, attacking him with sensual kisses. Nick sighed excitedly, feeling his mom's big squishy titties bobble all over him. "Ohhh, my God, I'm gonna fuck you all fucking night!" she said between kisses.

"Uh, mom..." Nick muttered, bringing it to her attention that his father had returned.

Heather turned and saw her husband back at the foot of the bed.

"Forgot my keys," Steve muttered, horrified by the way his wife was sprawled out on top of their son, with her humongous tits spread out like soft dough across his chest.

Heather fed him a semi-guilty look. "Oh ok, well, see you tomorrow," she muttered.

"Yep," her husband said, then left. This time she waited for the door to click closed, then gazed

down at her son lustfully. "Now...where was I?" she asked.

"Something about fucking all night."

"Ohhh, that's right. Do you wanna fuck my pussy all night, you bad boy?" she teased.

"Heck yess!"

She kissed him sensually. "Mmm, you wanna get mommy big and pregnant with your baby?" she asked, then kissed him some more.

"You know I do," he answered.

"Make her tummy big and round and her boobs swell up even bigger, so I can smother your cute little face with them?"

"You can do THAT now."

"Mmm, I can, can't I?" she said, rising up and dangling her big Mommy-melons around his face. Nick kissed his way along the inside of one of her tits. She adjusted herself so she rested against him, with his face peeking up from between her cleavage. "Ready to knock your mom up, hotshot?"

"If I haven't already," he said.

Heather giggled. "True, but, we don't know that for sure, so we probably better fuck all night."

"True, just to be sure."

Heather planted her knees astride his hips, reached down and grabbed ahold of his still-hard cock. She squeezed it between her smooth puffy outer lips until she felt his big purple knob sink inside her grotto of love. Before the night was through she knew he would pound the fuck out of her horny hole, blasting load after load of rich, potent baby-making sperm into her fertile womb.

"I'm gonna be pregnant again! Nick and I are making a baby!!" her mind excitedly shouted.