

Damon walked into the master bedroom and was assaulted by the pungent odor of sex. His jaw dropped as his eyes took in the scene before him. The king-sized bed, which had been sturdy and well-built, was now a splintered wreck. Slats were cracked, the headboard hung askew, and the mattress sagged pathetically in the center.

But even more shocking was the state of the bedding. The burgundy silk sheets, a wedding gift from Kathrine's mother, were rumpled and stained, soaked through with the unmistakable sheen of drying semen. Streaks and splatters of the viscous fluid covered the fitted sheet and pillowcases. A large wet spot had pooled in the center of the bed. Clearly, a vigorous marathon of depraved fucking had taken place here between his wife and son.

Damon felt dizzy, his stomach churning with nausea and rage. How could Kathrine do this to him, in their marital bed, with their own child? He stumbled backwards, bumping into the doorframe. The thought of laying his hands on the cum-drenched sheets to fix the bed made his skin crawl.

In a daze, Damon pulled out his phone and called his mother. She picked up on the third ring. "Damon? What's wrong, honey?"

"Mom..." His voice cracked. "Kathrine and Evan... they've been having, um..." He couldn't bring himself to say the words.

There was a long pause. Then his mother sighed. "Oh Damon. I was afraid this might happen someday. Please, sit down and listen to me carefully."

Numb, Damon sank onto the cum-stained sheets, not even caring anymore. He listened in disbelief as his mother began to speak in a gentle but firm tone.

"Damon, I know this is painful, but you need to face the facts. You've never been able to satisfy Kathrine sexually. She has needs that you simply can't fulfill. And Evan, well, he's a strong, virile young man in his prime. It's only natural that Kathrine would be drawn to him."

"But Mom!" Damon protested, "He's our son! It's sick!"

"Hush now," his mother chided. "There's nothing sick about a woman seeking pleasure. And there's no shame in being a cuckold. In fact, it's an important role. By stepping aside and allowing your wife to find satisfaction with another man, even your own son, you're supporting her happiness."

Damon felt tears welling up. "I don't know if I can do that..."

"You must," his mother insisted. "If you love Kathrine, you'll accept your place and give her your blessing to continue her affair with Evan. Don't think of it as losing your wife. Think of it as gaining a deeper bond, a truer intimacy..."

"A truer intimacy?"

Damon's mother continued, her tone compassionate yet resolute. "I know it's difficult to accept at first, but this is a path that has been walked by many men before you. Even your own father."

"What?" Damon gasped, stunned by this revelation. "Dad was...you mean...?"

"Yes, dear. Your father understood his role as a cuckold husband. He knew I had needs he couldn't meet, and he supported me unconditionally when I turned to your younger brother for satisfaction."

Damon's head spun. He had always sensed an unusual closeness between his mother and brother but never imagined the shocking truth. "You and Derek? But how...when...?"

"It started when he turned 18," his mother explained patiently. "I recognized his potential as a virile young buck. We began a passionate affair right under your father's nose. At first, we rendezvoused in secret a few times a week. But soon, your father accepted the inevitable. He gave us his blessing to fuck openly, as often as we desired."

Damon listened in amazement as she continued. "Near the end, Derek and I were making love five, six times a day, all around the house. On the kitchen table, in the marital bed, bent over the bathroom sink...anywhere the urge took us. Your father simply went about his day. He'd come home from work to find us entwined naked on the couch and simply smile, nod, and go start dinner..."

"I'm not sure I can do that," Damon sighed.

"You must. That's the kind of selfless support a true cuckold provides. That's what you need to do for Kathrine and Evan now. Let them explore their desires freely. Be happy for them. Embrace your role, and in time, you will find it immensely rewarding..."

As Katherine bustled about the bedroom, lighting candles and laying out sexy lingerie, her mind drifted back to that fateful car ride home from Evan's football game last fall. She had been driving, with her best friend Clarissa in the passenger seat. Their teenage sons, Evan and Caleb, fresh from a thrilling victory, were still pumped with adrenaline in the back.

The women were both in their sexual prime and were feeling frisky. On a mischievous impulse, Clarissa turned to the boys with a naughty grin. "So, studs, now that you've conquered the football field, how much do you really know about scoring OFF THE FIELD? With the ladies?"

The young athletes laughed awkwardly, not sure how to respond. Evan, ever bold, piped up, "Uh, I know a fair amount, I guess. I mean, I haven't done everything yet, but..."

Clarissa cut him off with a laugh. "Ooh, a virgin! How cute!" She winked at Katherine. "I think our quarterback needs some pointers before he tries to sack any tight ends, hmm?"

Katherine giggled, feeling a forbidden thrill. She knew this was dangerous territory but the taboo excitement spurred her on. "I agree. Can't send our star player out there with just his playbook knowledge. What if we... gave the boys some practical tips?"

Clarissa squealed with delighted scandal. "Katherine! Are you suggesting we corrupt our own sons?"

Katherine gave her a sly smile in the rearview mirror. "Why not? Better they learn from a couple of experienced women than fumble around with clueless girls."

She turned to Evan, who was staring at her with shocked arousal. "What do you say, baby? Want Mom to show you some secret plays?"

Evan swallowed hard, his eyes glazing with lust. "Yeah, Mom. Teach me everything."

Katherine pulled the car into a dimly lit corner of the rest stop parking lot and killed the engine. In the sudden hush, the sexual tension crackled like electricity. She and Clarissa exchanged a meaningful glance, then turned to their sons with matching seductive smiles.

"Time for those private lessons," Katherine purred as she clambered gracefully into the backseat next to Evan. Clarissa followed suit, squeezing in beside Caleb.

The two older women pressed up against the athletic teenage boys, the swell of their oversized tit-melons molding against the hard young muscles.

"Don't be shy now," Clarissa breathed, running a fingertip along Caleb's jawline. "You wouldn't be the star players you are if you ran onto the field unsure of yourselves."

She claimed her son's mouth in a deep, sensual kiss, her long experienced tongue slipping into his mouth and dancing with his own.

Not to be outdone, Katherine cupped Evan's face and brought her lips to his, savoring the forbidden taste of his tongue. He responded eagerly, kissing her back with clumsy passion. She hummed her approval into his mouth.

The two couples made out feverishly, hands roaming and exploring. Katherine slid her palm along Evan's muscular thigh, feeling his manhood swell and strain against his jeans.

Evan pawed clumsily at her gigantic breasts, whimpering with need.

Beside them, Clarissa was grinding on Caleb's lap as they kissed, swiveling her cunt-mound against the ridge of his erection. The car was fogged with their heavy breathing and urgent moans, a tangle of limbs and writhing bodies.

Katherine broke away, panting. She peeled off her top, revealing the black lace of her embroidered bra. "Is this what you want, baby?" she cooed, guiding Evan's hands to the precious weight of her boobs.

The teen's eyes widened. He'd certainly never seen such titanic titties on girls his own age. "Yes, please!" he eagerly answered.

His mother reached back and unclasped her bra with a deft flick. The black lace fell away, freeing her heavy breasts. Beside her, Clarissa mirrored the action, shrugging out of her own bra to bare her mountainous melons.

The boys stared in awe and desire at the unveiling of their mothers' gorgeous tits. Enormous and round, capped with large rosy nipples already puckered with arousal. The generous globes swayed invitingly, begging to be touched and tasted.

"Go on, baby, don't be shy," Katherine cooed, cradling her breasts in offering. "Suck on my titties like you've always wanted."

Evan lunged forward, burying his face in the pillowy flesh. He latched onto a stiff nipple and began to suckle greedily. Katherine gasped at the forbidden pleasure, electric jolts zinging from her sensitive bud straight to her core.

Caleb followed suit, eager to experience his first taste of womanly flesh. He nuzzled into Clarissa's giant orb, licking and slurping at the tender peaks.

She tangled her fingers in his hair, pulling him closer. "That's it, sweetheart...nurse on Mommy's big tits."

The wet sounds of suckling mouths filled the car as the boys feasted on their mothers' ripe melons. They sucked hard, drawing the swollen nipples deep. Soft tit-flesh spilled over their lips as they motorboated the heavy jugs.

Katherine and Clarissa moaned wantonly, arching to push more of their abundant tit-meat into their sons' ravenous mouths. Maternal milk began to let down, especially from Clarissa who had an infant she was nursing at home.

The boys whimpered as thin streams of warm sweetness filled their suctioning mouths.

"Sucking tits is like the warm-up before the big game," Katherine panted as Evan nursed hungrily at her breast. "It gets your mouth primed and ready for the main event - fucking pussy."

Clarissa pulled back from Caleb's suckling mouth and cupped his face tenderly. "You're doing so well, baby," she praised, "Drinking down Mommy's milk, handling these big tits like a pro already. I knew you'd be a natural."

"It's just like being out on the field, boys," Katherine added. "You gotta grab the ball and never let go. Keep pounding through the tight holes in their defense until you reach the end zone."

"I'm ready to score!" her son stated, his face glistening with nectar.

Katherine laughed huskily and squeezed her heavy breasts together. "You're in the red zone now, stud. Mommy's wide open, ready for you to drive it in. Think you can score on me?"

"Fuck yeah," Evan growled, roughly palming the offered tit-flesh. "I'm gonna pound that pussy so hard, drill your tight slit until we both hit that touchdown. You're gonna be

screaming my name as I shoot my hot seed deep in your end zone."

Katherine shivered with arousal at the dirty talk.

"Quarterback sneak time, baby boy. No one's blocking you now. Hurry up offense - get that thick cock inside me. Hike!"

Breathless with anticipation, Evan and Caleb fumbled at their jeans, yanking them down to pool around their ankles along with their boxers. Their young cocks sprang free, jutting up flushed and rock-hard from nests of curls.

Katherine and Clarissa drank in the sight of their sons' gorgeous erections with unabashed hunger. The inexperienced but well-endowed teenage pricks throbbed with virile need, weeping dollops of precum.

Holding the boys' rapt gaze, the mothers slowly shimmied out of their own sexy silk panties with sensual wiggles of their hips. They each hooked a thumb in the waistbands and peeled the flimsy fabric down, baring their slick, bare pussies.

The panties fluttered to the floorboards, leaving both women completely naked and wantonly splayed before their slack-jawed sons. Their plump breasts heaved and swayed, crowned with jutting nipples. But it was the glistening pink treasure between their thighs that drew the boys' wide eyes like magnets.

"Fuck, Mom..." Evan rasped, staring at his mother's delicate folds. Her cunt unfurled like a flower, dewy and fragrant with musk. "You're so beautiful..."

"This is all for you, baby," Katherine purred, slowly spreading her thighs wider in lewd invitation. "Come taste Mom's special nectar..."

Beside her, Clarissa mirrored the pose, showing off her own dripping slit to Caleb's astonished gaze. "You too, sweetheart. Lick up the juices from Mommy's honey pot..."

In a trance of lust, the boys steered their heads up between their mothers' legs. Katherine and Clarissa gasped and shuddered as curious tongues parted their silky folds to lap at the molten cores.

The wet sounds of slurping cunnilingus joined the heavy breathing and needy whimpers as the sons ate out their wanton mothers. They licked from drooling hole to throbbing clit, exploring the tangy-sweet terrain of forbidden incestuous pussy.

"Goddamn that's good!" Caleb snarled, fisting the jutting rod of his cock as he feasted on his mom's tasty folds.

Lost to taboo passion, the two women sobbed and bucked, riding their offspring's faces. They pulled the boys in deep, smothering them in the wet heat of their molten cunts. Pleasure built as eager boy-tongues stroked the mothers to shuddering climax.

The car rocked gently as the two mothers screamed and shivered in orgasm, bucking against the oral assault of their silver-tongued sons.

Basking in the afterglow of their shattering climaxes, Katherine and Clarissa exchanged a meaningful glance, then turned to their boys with mischievous smiles. It was time to return the favor and initiate the boys into the exquisite pleasure of a woman's mouth.

In unison, the mothers knelt on the floorboards between their sons' splayed legs, bringing their faces level with the jutting teenage cocks.

Up close, the inexperienced but impressive young erections looked even more mouth-watering - long, thick, and achingly hard, sticky pearls of pre-cum glistening at the tip.

Katherine wrapped her fingers around the base of Evan's shaft, marveling at how it pulsed hotly against her palm. She leaned in and inhaled deeply, savoring the musky scent of ripe teenage arousal.

Beside her, Clarissa gripped Caleb's cock with equal reverence, licking her lips hungrily. Her boy had the biggest cock she'd ever seen and she couldn't wait to feel buried in her most secret place.

Holding their sons' lust-glazed gazes, the two mothers extended their tongues and slowly licked a wet stripe up the throbbing lengths from root to crown.

Evan and Caleb gasped sharply, their hips bucking involuntarily at the intense new sensation.

"Mmm, you taste divine, baby," Katherine purred, swirling her serpentine tongue around the swollen purple head of Evan's cock, lapping up the salty-sweet essence leaking from the slit of his meatus. "Mommy's going to suck this beautiful dick so good..."

She sealed her succulent pink lips over the bulbous tip and began to bob her head, taking more of her son's thick meat into the hot cavern of her mouth with each downstroke.

Evan groaned helplessly, fingers scrabbling at the upholstery as his mother expertly fellated him.

Clarissa matched her rhythm on Caleb's prick, slurping lewdly as she feasted on the rigid young flesh. Her cheeks hollowed as she worked the shaft, massaging the sensitive underside with her talented tongue.

Caleb whimpered and trembled, fighting the urge to buck into the incredible slick suction.

The wet sounds of sloppy cocksucking filled the car as the mothers nursed hungrily on their sons' straining erections. They took the cocks deeper on each descent until the swollen crowns nudged the back of their throats. Drool leaked obscenely down their chins as they gagged and slobbered, consumed by the desire to milk every drop of cum from their boys' heavy balls.

Katherine and Clarissa fondled and caressed the churning ball-sacs as they sucked, rolling the ripe orbs in their palms. They pressed a knuckle behind to stimulate the sensitive perineum while their lips and tongues worked feverishly, pushing the inexperienced teenagers rapidly to the brink.

Evan and Caleb felt their orgasms building rapidly, an unstoppable pressure surging up from their churning balls. The searing ecstasy of their mothers' expert cocksucking had the inexperienced teenagers teetering on the very brink of eruption.

"Mom, I'm gonna... gonna..." Evan gasped out a strangled warning. His cock jerked and pulsed wildly against Katherine's swirling tongue.

In response, she simply took him deeper, burying her nose in his curls as the broad head lodged in her gullet. She was determined to drink down every drop of her son's first load.

Beside her, Clarissa did the same, relaxing her throat to swallow around Caleb's throbbing length. Her plump mommy-lips spread out along his cock-root so her mouth and throat engulfed every inch of him.

The boys cried out in blissful agony as the point of no return hurtled upon them. They could feel the molten release welling up, racing in searing spurts along the tubes from their constricting balls. It spiked through their shafts, the sensitive flesh pulsing rhythmically, then erupted in jets from the engorged heads.

Hot, thick ropes of pearly cum geysered directly down their mothers' eagerly waiting throats. Katherine and Clarissa moaned in obscene rapture as the viscous teenage semen pumped into their bellies. They gulped and swallowed ravenously, milking the spurting cocks with lips and tongues to coax out every creamy drop.

Spurt after spurt of jism, each slightly less powerful than the last, flooded the mothers' mouths and slid down into their stomachs. The virile young balls clenched and convulsed, emptying their pent-up stores in the warm receptacles.

The women's throats worked, rippling and squeezing the twitching cockheads, massaging out every bit of seed. They held their sons deep until the last weak dribbles oozed onto their tongues, savoring the slightly bitter, salty musk.

Finally, the boys slumped back in boneless repletion, their softening cocks slipping from between their mothers' lips with obscene pops.

Katherine and Clarissa sat back on their heels, panting, their mouths glazed with stray smears of cum. They delicately licked their lips and fingers clean, purring at the taste.

"Delicious," Katherine proclaimed with a final swallow. "My sweet boy, feeding me so well. I can't wait to drink many more loads from this perfect cock."

Flushed with satisfaction from swallowing their sons' loads, Katherine and Clarissa were eager to feel those throbbing young cocks in their hungry cunts. They pushed the boys

back against the seats and straddled their laps, poised to impale themselves on the stiffening shafts.

"Are you ready to fuck Mom's tight little pussy?" Katherine purred, rubbing the broad head of Evan's cock through her slick folds. "I need this big dick deep inside me.

With a moan of pure lust, she sank down slowly, her drenched cunt parting to engulf her son's thick meat. Inch by inch, Evan's steely hardness split her open, stretching her velvety walls to the limit. The fit was exquisitely tight, her greedy flesh clinging and rippling around the invading cock.

"Oh God, baby, you're so big!" Katherine gasped as she bottomed out, grinding her clit against the root. "Mommy's little hole is stuffed so full of dick."

Evan could only whimper helplessly at the incredible hot, wet grip of his mother's intimate sheath. It felt even better than her sucking mouth, silky flesh fluttering and massaging his entire length.

Instinctively, his hips flexed up to bury himself even deeper in that welcoming heat, his ballooning knob pushing against her back wall.

Beside them, Clarissa was also impaling herself on Caleb's impressive young cock. She threw her head back with a throaty cry as the bulbous head popped past her tight ring of muscle and sank into her molten core. Her son's thickness stretched her deliciously, the drag of his veined shaft igniting sparks along her sensitive nerve endings.

"Fuck yes, sweetheart," she panted, undulating her hips to stir his hardness inside her. "Fill Mommy's cunt with your big, beautiful cock..."

The wet squelch of copious juices filled the car as the mothers began to ride their sons in earnest. They rose and fell on the rigid poles, setting a deep, steady rhythm. Bountiful breasts bounced hypnotically, stiff nipples grazing the boys' faces with each roll of their hips.

The teenagers pistoned up to meet their downstrokes, quickly finding a counter-tempo. Firm young hands gripped and kneaded the women's lush ass cheeks, pulling them down harder.

The joining of their sexes grew frantic and sloppy, a filthy symphony of grunts, moans, and slick flesh slapping together.

Katherine and Clarissa were in ecstasy, inner muscles fluttering wildly around the perfect cocks splitting them open. Their pussies rippled and clenched, gushing hot feminine honey that soaked the boys' laps. Incestuous pleasure consumed them, the taboo thrill of being fucked so masterfully by their hung sons.

Clarissa's vagina gripped her son's cock with even more intense heat and tightness than Katherine's. She had given birth to a daughter just three months ago, and her intimate muscles were still healing, engorged and ultra-sensitive.

As Caleb's thick shaft plunged into her recently stretched passage, it stimulated her in new, mind-blowing ways. The head of his cock butted up against the extra-tender entrance of her cervix with each thrust, sending jolts of electric pleasure zinging through her.

"Oh God, baby, yes! Mommy's pussy is still so tight from having your sister!" Clarissa wailed, tossing her head back in ecstasy. "Your big cock is hitting me in the perfect spot... Right where I need it most!"

Caleb groaned in astonishment at the exquisite clench and flutter of his mother's pelvic muscles. The feel of her cunt was unlike anything he'd ever imagined - hot and slick as a furnace, yet gripping him like a silken vise. The textures were intense against his sensitive flesh, her swollen, spongy walls massaging his entire length.

"Fuck, Mom... I can't believe how good you feel," he gasped, pistoning his hips faster to plunge into the mind-blowing sensations. "So much better than I ever dreamed."

Evan buried his face between his mother's heaving milkers, muffling his desperate whimpers in her pliant flesh. The plump mounds bounced and swayed hypnotically with each roll of Katherine's hips, enveloping him in pillowy softness and the heady scent of her arousal.

But as exquisite as that felt, it paled in comparison to the mind-blowing sensation of her cervix fluttering against the engorged head of his cock. Each time she sank down, taking him to the hilt, he could feel that tight ring of muscle

stretching to admit him, slipping down to constrict around the flare of his glans.

It was like a hot, wet, suckling kiss directly on his most sensitive spot, sending bolts of electric ecstasy ripping up his shaft and exploding in his brain. The textured rim rippled and undulated, as if trying to milk the seed from his balls with each greedy clench.

"Oh fuck, Mom!" Evan sobbed, fingers digging into the lush globes of her ass as he bucked up harder, chasing that exquisite feeling. "I can feel your cervix hugging the tip of my dick! It's incredible."

"That's it, baby," Katherine panted, grinding down to intensify the forbidden contact. "Push that big cock in as deep as it'll go. I want to feel you kissing my womb."

Their sweat-slicked bodies collided with obscene wet slaps, pink flesh gliding and slurping together in a frenzy of incestuous lust. Katherine's molten sheath gushed and squelched around Evan's pistoning cock, drenching his groin in her slick feminine honey.

The car echoed with the filthy soundtrack of their coupling - grunts, moans, and the lewd sucking of flesh.

Overwhelmed by the intense pleasure of their sons' pistoning cocks, Katherine and Clarissa soon reached the pinnacle of ecstasy. Their hips gyrated wildly as the coil of euphoria wound tighter and tighter in their cores, threatening to snap at any second.

"Oh God, baby, Mom's gonna cum!" Katherine wailed, her cunt clamping down like a vise around Evan's plunging shaft. "Keep fucking me just like that... I'm almost... almost..."

Her voice cut off in a silent scream as the dam burst inside her. An explosive orgasm ripped through her spasming sheath, unleashing a torrent of hot feminine ejaculate.

Clear liquid gushed from her fluttering slit, sluicing down Evan's cock and balls to soak the upholstery beneath them.

Evan gasped at the intense sensation of his mother's release - the scorching heat, the gush of slick fluid, the rippling constriction around his sensitive flesh. It triggered his own peak and he slammed up one final time, groaning between her rippling tits as his cock jerked and throbbed, spewing thick ropes of cum directly against Katherine's convulsing cervix.

Beside them, Clarissa was also hurtling over the edge, her cunt bearing down on Caleb's dick like a milking fist. Her loins burned and tingled as the ecstasy crested, then erupted in a spray of clear ejaculate. The liquid burst from her spasming urethral slit to drench her son's pistoning shaft and flood his lap.

Caleb cried out sharply as his balls drew up tight, then pulsed over and over, geysering hot seed deep into his mother's rippling passage. Clarissa's fluttering muscles worked greedily, massaging and squeezing out every drop. Their mingled fluids overflowed her stuffed channel to trickle down her thighs.

The two women shuddered and sobbed through the intense paroxysms, their slick holes clenching rhythmically around the twitching cocks still buried to the hilt inside them. The sensation of their sons pumping rope after rope of potent cum directly into their unprotected wombs only heightened their rapture.

Finally, the last tremors subsided and the four illicit lovers collapsed against each other, gasping and boneless. Katherine and Clarissa clung to their sons, relishing the intimate closeness and the taboo thrill of being filled with the boys' essence. The musk of sex hung heavy in the humid air.

"I hope we didn't tire you boys out too much," Katherine purred. "These are two sex-starved mothers your fucking, which mean this game will need to go into overtime."

"Mm, maybe even double-overtime," Clarissa added while planting kisses to her boy's neck.

"I'm ready!" Evan stated.

"Me too!" Caleb added. "Let's fucking go!"

For the next hour, the backseat of the car became a sweaty tangle of writhing limbs and pounding flesh as the mothers and sons fucked with wild abandon in every position possible in the back of a vehicle. The cramped space only heightened the intensity, forcing their slick bodies to press and slide together intimately.

Katherine and Evan shifted so she was on her hands and knees, gripping the headrest while he plowed into her from behind. The new angle allowed him to penetrate even deeper, his heavy balls slapping against her engorged clit with each forceful thrust. Katherine wailed in ecstasy as her son's thick cock pummeled her G-spot relentlessly.

"Yes, baby, just like that! Pound my pussy raw!" she sobbed, slamming her hips back to meet his strokes. Her heavy tits swayed beneath her, the hard nipples grazing the leather seats.

Beside them, Clarissa lay on her back with her legs hooked over Caleb's shoulders, folding her nearly in half as he hammered down into her upturned cunt. The teen gripped her ankles for leverage, grunting with effort as he pistoled his hips at a furious pace. Clarissa thrashed and keened beneath him, urging him on.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!" she chanted deliriously, her nails raking his flexing ass. "Split Mommy wide open on that big cock!"

The wet, obscene slaps of drenched flesh smacking together filled the car, mixing with the cries and moans of pleasure to create a vulgar symphony.

The vehicle itself rocked and shuddered on its wheels with the force of the frenzied coupling within, as if it too would cum at any moment.

Rivulets of sweat poured down the lovers' straining bodies, soaking into the upholstery. The windows and windshield fogged over completely from the heat and humidity of so much exertion in the enclosed space. The air grew thick with the ripe aroma of pussy juices, ballsweat and pre-ejaculate.

Switching positions again, the boys lay down while their mothers straddled them in reverse cowgirl, facing their feet. Katherine and Clarissa leaned forward, hands braced on their sons' knees as they bounced and gyrated on the thick cocks spearing up into their dripping cunts.

The lewd squelches of their fucking grew louder and wetter as the women's overflowing holes gushed around the plunging shafts, drenching them in hot feminine honey. Runnels of mingled juices sluiced down the balls and taint to form a large wet spot beneath the rutting couples.

Lost to pleasure, they rocked and bucked in wanton surrender, giving free reign to their basest incestuous desires. Climax after body-wracking climax crashed through them.

Katherine and Clarissa reveled in the forbidden thrill of cheating on their husbands with their own virile teenage sons. The taboo of the incestuous adultery only heightened their dark pleasure as the boys' huge young cocks stretched and filled them more completely than their husbands' ever could.

"Oh God yes," Katherine panted as she impaled herself over and over on Evan's thick shaft. "Your father could never

satisfy me with his little dick. Not like you can, baby. Mom needs your big cock stretching her wide open."

Clarissa moaned in agreement, grinding her clit against Caleb's nuts as she rode him hard. "Mmmm, I've been craving this for so long. Your daddy is a quick little rabbit fucker. But you... ungh... you pound Mommy's cunt like a stallion! Give it to me deep, baby boy!"

The young studs rose to the challenge, slamming up into their mothers' slick channels with tireless intensity. They maintained a relentless pace for long minutes that left the women gasping and shaking, their aching cunts clenching in a constant low-grade orgasm.

It was like nothing the jaded wives had ever experienced with their selfish, under-endowed husbands. The sheer size, hardness and stamina of their sons' cocks, combined with the boys' eager passion to please, pushed them to new heights of ecstasy.

"You're ruining me," Katherine sobbed rapturously, her cunt spasming around Evan's pistoning hardness. "Wrecking my pussy for anything but your perfect cock! Mom's gonna need this big dick every day now."

"Yes! I'm yours!" Clarissa mewled, eyes rolling back in bliss as Caleb pounded her cervix. "My cunt belongs to you, baby! Use Mommy's married hole whenever you need!"

The women shuddered with the force of their umpteenth climax, knowing they could never go back to their husbands'

inadequate fumbling. They were addicted now to the meaty girth and jackhammer pumping of their sons' superior cocks.

As if to cement their depravity, both mothers felt the boys stiffen and jerk inside them one last time. Twin guttural groans echoed as Evan and Caleb geysered the final dregs of cum directly against the spongy entrance to their mothers' wombs. The greedy cervixes fluttered and milked the spasming heads, welcoming the potent seed of their own offspring.

Completely spent at last, the four incestuous lovers collapsed, the mothers' holes still plugged with their sons' softening flesh, awash with jizz. They lay melded together, uncaring of the sweat and fluids saturating them, lost in the afterglow of the most intense, shameful fucking imaginable.

Snapped back to the present by the sound of her phone ringing, Kathrine couldn't believe how wet her pussy had gotten by just reminiscing about her first time with Evan.

Later that afternoon, her son returned home from his classes. As he walked through the front door, Kathrine leapt into his arms and showered him with passionate kisses. Evan eagerly returned her affection, his hands roaming over her curvy body.

"I missed you so much today, baby," Kathrine purred as she ground her hips against him. "I need you inside me right now."

"Mmm, I need you too, Mom," Evan groaned, desire burning in his eyes. In one swift motion, he hoisted Kathrine up, her legs wrapping around his waist, and carried her towards the master bedroom.

They tumbled onto the king-sized bed, which Damon had painstakingly fixed and remade with fresh sheets earlier, all traces of the morning's debauchery erased.

Kathrine quickly peeled off her blouse and unhooked her lacy bra, freeing her heavy breasts. Evan buried his face between the pale mounds, suckling her pink nipples until they stiffened to rigid peaks.

"Oh yes, just like that," Kathrine gasped, threading her fingers through Evan's hair. Impatiently, she reached down to unbutton his fly, freeing his stiff manhood. It sprang forth, thick and erect, the bulbous head already glistening with pre-cum.

Evan hastily shucked off the rest of his clothes and positioned himself between Kathrine's warm spread thighs. She was naked now too, her skin flushed and gleaming, flanges glistening at the juncture of her legs. He could smell her musky arousal, an enticing fragrance.

"Fuck me, Evan," Kathrine panted, desperate with need. "Fuck my pussy hard with that big cock. I want to feel you stretch me open."

Evan lined himself up with her entrance, the fat, barbed tip of his erection kissing her plump nether lips. With a powerful

thrust of his hips, he drove inside to the hilt, sheathing himself fully in his mother's tight heat.

"Oh God yes!" Kathrine cried out as Evan began to move, sawing in and out of her clinging passage. The headboard thumped rhythmically against the wall.

Downstairs, Damon heard his wife's ecstatic moans and squeals, punctuated by the lewd squelch of sodden flesh. He knew he should feel ashamed, cuckolded again by his own son. But remembering his mother's wise counsel, he forced a smile and continued preparing dinner for three.

Evan rammed into his mother's welcoming pussy over and over, each powerful thrust making her colossal breasts bounce and drawing wanton moans from her lips.

Kathrine clung to him desperately, her long, painted fingernails scoring his back as she urged him on.

"Yes, baby! Harder! Fuck me harder!" she cried, wrapping her legs around his driving hips. "I need your big cock so bad!"

Evan pummeled in and out like a machine, grunting with effort, the bed frame creaking in protest. His pelvis smacked against Kathrine's with obscene wet slaps as he plowed her sodden folds relentlessly. Her nectar flowed freely, drenching his shaft and balls, the tangy musk of sex thick in the air.

"Take it, Mom!" Evan growled. "Take my cock! I'm gonna pump you full of cum!"

Kathrine wailed as the first massive orgasm crashed through her, drenching Evan's plunging erection with her release. But he didn't slow down, continuing to pound away at her convulsing sheath, prolonging her pleasure. No sooner had the waves of her climax ebbed than he brought her to the pinnacle again, wringing out climax after shattering climax.

For the next hour, Evan fucked his mother with tireless stamina, changing positions frequently. He bent her over on all fours and took her hard from behind, his heavy sack slapping her engorged clit. He sat back against the headboard and let her ride him reverse cowgirl, admiring the way her plump ass jiggled with each undulation of her hips.

They rolled across the bed in a sweaty tangle, mouths locked in sloppy kisses as their hips moved in counterpoint.

Each time Kathrine thought she couldn't possibly come again, her pussy twitching and sore, Evan coaxed another gush of ecstasy from her ravaged depths.

Finally, as she lay beneath him, legs splayed wide and quivering, he erupted with a roar, flooding her womb with what felt like gallons of hot teenage seed. Kathrine sobbed and shook as she milked every last drop from his throbbing cock, reveling in the naughty bliss of being bred by her own son.

Eventually, spent and sated, they lay tangled together on the utterly ruined sheets. Evan's softening manhood slipped free in a puddle of their combined juices. Kathrine tenderly

kissed his sweaty brow, feeling more satisfied than she had in years.

All the while, the aroma of pot roast and potatoes wafted up from the kitchen, where Damon dutifully prepared their meal, the very picture of a content, supportive cuckold.

When the pot roast was ready, Damon headed upstairs to let Kathrine and Evan know that dinner was served. As he approached the bedroom, he heard the unmistakable sounds of vigorous lovemaking - the steady thump of his marital headboard, Kathrine's impassioned moans, the slick slap of flesh on flesh.

Tentatively, Damon peeked around the doorframe and felt a twist in his stomach sight that greeted him. Kathrine was on top of Evan, riding him hard, her voluptuous body undulating sinuously. Her heavy tit-orbs bounced hypnotically with each roll of her hips. Evan's large hands cupped her ass, fingers sinking into the pliant flesh as he drove his boner up into her tight sheath from below.

For a moment, Damon was transported back in time, remembering when he and Kathrine were newlyweds, young and passionately in love. They used to make love for hours, exploring each other's bodies with tender reverence. But even then, if he was being honest, their couplings had never been this intensely carnal, this uninhibited.

Kathrine tossed her head back, crying out her pleasure to the ceiling as she ground herself down on Evan's impressive girth. "Oh fuck yes, baby! Your cock feels so good!"

Damon couldn't help but compare his own modest endowment to his son's arm-sized appendage. Evan's manhood was truly exceptional - long, girthy and perfectly formed. It flexed at the root, showing its immense strength. It was no wonder Kathrine had sought satisfaction in their marital bed with such a spectacular specimen.

Evan thrust up hard, making Kathrine gasp and shudder, her bouncing breasts slapping together lewdly. "Take it, Mom," he growled. "Ride my huge fucking cock!"

Kathrine was more than happy to comply, rolling and gyrating her hips like a possessed woman. Her cries of ecstasy grew louder and more wanton.

Damon felt a perverse thrill at seeing his wife so thoroughly degraded and debauched by their son's superior cock.

For a moment, their eyes met and rather than anger or disgust, Damon saw only pleasure in Kathrine's gaze. She gave him a nod of acknowledgment, thanking him silently for accepting his role as a cuckold, for giving her free rein to seek the sexual fulfillment she so desperately craved.

Damon knew then that this was how it was meant to be - his beautiful wife in the throes of passion with a man who could satisfy her completely, even if that man was his own flesh and blood. A strange sense of peace and rightness settled over him.

Backing away quietly, Damon returned downstairs, not wanting to interrupt their coupling. Dinner could wait. Kathrine and Evan's love could not.

As Evan's impressive slab of dick drove relentlessly into Kathrine's depths, her vaginal walls stretched and molded around his girth.

The plump, pink folds of her labia clung to his shaft, slick with her abundant nectar. Each outward stroke tugged her clinging inner lips, pulling them into a delicate rosebud before he plunged back inside.

Kathrine's passage fluttered and rippled around the invading presence, the textured ridges and whorls of her sheath providing exquisite friction against Evan's veined length. Her G-spot throbbed as his swollen head scraped over that magic bundle of nerves with each thrust, making her see stars.

Evan's engorged glans flared and pulsed, the sensitive frenulum just below stretched taut and rubbing deliciously against Kathrine's front wall.

His thick shaft stretched her open, the feel of her sodden heat engulfing him completely pushing him towards the edge. Her muscles clenched rhythmically, as if milking him, coaxing out his impending release.

Kathrine could feel every ridge and vein of her son's cock sawing in and out, setting off sparks of pleasure from her core. A flood of slippery ejaculate gushed from her depths,

easing his passage and drenching his plunging shaft. The obscene wet sounds of their coupling grew louder as sopping flesh slapped together.

The coil of tension low in Kathrine's belly grew tighter with each thrust. Evan's bulbous tip was bumping her cervix now, sending jolts of sharp bliss lancing through her. Her pleasure crested rapidly and she tumbled over the edge, keening her ecstasy.

Her inner muscles rippled and contracted, bearing down on Evan's erection, her velvety walls undulating around his girth. A hot gush of release poured from the pit of her urethra, bathing his cock in slick heat. Her drenched channel made obscene squelching noises as he continued to pump in and out.

The feel of his mother's pussy fluttering wildly around him combined with the lewd sounds pushed Evan past the point of no return. With a hoarse shout, he slammed home one final time and erupted, his cock spurting thick ropes of semen directly against Kathrine's cervix. Each jet seemed to trigger a fresh aftershock within her, the orgasmic contractions milking him dry.

Evan's balls emptied in long, copious pulses, flooding Kathrine's womb with a massive load of his virile seed.

Her vagina overflowed with their combined fluids, rivulets of pearly white cum seeping out around his shaft to soak the sheets below. The lovers trembled and moaned together, utterly lost in the throes of their mutual climax.

As the intensity of their shared climax reached a fever pitch, Kathrine and Evan writhed and thrashed wildly on the bed, their sweat-slicked bodies undulating as one.

Evan pounded into his mother's quivering depths with primal abandon, chasing every last shred of sensation, while she bucked and heaved beneath him like a woman possessed.

The bed frame shuddered and groaned under the force of their vigorous coupling, the once sturdy construction no match for the unbridled passion of their incestuous union. With each powerful, jolting thrust, the joints and slats weakened further, pushed beyond their limits.

Suddenly, with a resounding crack, the frame gave way entirely. The mattress collapsed to the floor a second time as shattered wood splintered in all directions. Evan and Kathrine barely noticed, too caught up in the throes of their shattering mutual release to care.

They clung to each other desperately amidst the wreckage, still moving together in a crude approximation of their former rhythm.

Evan rutted into Kathrine's quivering sheath with graceless, jerky strokes, drawing out the final pulses of his climax. She sobbed and convulsed beneath him, milking out every last drop of his seed.

Finally, they collapsed in a tangled, sweaty heap, chests heaving as they gulped for air. The room reeked of sex - a musky perfume of semen, vaginal nectar, and exertion.

Splintered boards and torn sheets lay strewn haphazardly around the lovers as they basked in the afterglow of their mind-blowing, bed-destroying fuck.

Downstairs, the clatter startled Damon from his resigned reverie. He sighed and shook his head ruefully, knowing he'd be repairing the marital bed yet again come morning. Just another duty of the dutiful cuckold husband.

But strangely, he found he didn't mind. His mother had been right - there was an odd kind of satisfaction in sacrificing for his wife's happiness. If a broken bed was the price of Kathrine's sexual fulfillment, he would gladly pay it, a thousand times over.

Two blocks away, Caleb knelt between his mother Clarissa's spread legs, face buried in her dripping folds as she sat propped against the headboard nursing his infant sister Chloe. Clarissa's swollen tit-knockers, heavy with milk, swayed gently as the baby suckled hungrily at one engorged nipple.

Caleb lapped eagerly at his mother's slit, savoring the musky essence of her arousal mixed with the residue of his own cum from their earlier coupling.

His nimble tongue delved between her puffy lips, caressing the sensitive bud of her clit and teasing her weeping entrance.

Clarissa gasped and undulated her hips, carefully cradling the nursing infant as jolts of pleasure sparked from her son's ministrations. Her pussy clenched and fluttered, still sensitive from being stretched around Caleb's impressive girth earlier. Fresh nectar gushed to coat his lips and chin.

Caleb groaned against Clarissa's heated flesh, the vibrations making her shudder. He sealed his mouth over her grape-sized clit and suckled hard, just as his baby sister nursed at their mother's breast. The lewd parallel only heightened Clarissa's arousal. Her juices flowed steadily, smearing Caleb's cheeks.

As he feasted on his mother's succulent folds, Clarissa's free hand came down to grip Caleb's hair, tugging him closer. "Oh yes, just like that," she panted. "Eat Mommy's naughty pussy! Make me cum on your face."

Caleb redoubled his efforts, fucking his tongue in and out of Clarissa's channel while rubbing her clit with the pad of his thumb. The combined stimulation soon had her grinding wantonly against his face, mewling with pleasure. Her thighs clamped around his head as she rode his mouth to a shuddering climax.

Clarissa's back arched as the intense pulses of orgasm wracked her body. Her untended breast leaked milk, adding to the fluids drenching Caleb's face.

He lapped it all up greedily, relishing the intimate mingling of flavors - tangy arousal, creamy breastmilk, salty sweat and semen.

As Clarissa came down from her high, Caleb planted a tender kiss on her sensitive mound and moved up to join her and Chloe against the headboard. The baby had finished feeding and dozed peacefully, milk-drunk. Clarissa turned to her son and captured his mouth in a deep, sensual kiss, tasting herself on his lips.

"Mmm, you're such a good boy," she purred. "Taking care of your mother's insatiable needs."

Her hand drifted down to palm the impressive bulge in Caleb's boxers. "And now Mommy's gonna return the favor."

Clarissa gently laid Chloe down in her bassinet and reached for her phone on the nightstand. She had promised her husband Mike that she would keep him informed about her intimate activities with Caleb. It was part of their new arrangement - complete transparency about the incestuous affair, no matter how much it hurt him to know the details.

Clarissa's thumb hovered over Mike's contact, hesitating for just a moment. A pang of guilt pierced her heart. She knew this cuckolding was difficult for him to accept. But she also knew the strange thrill she got from the humiliation, how his self-sacrifice fueled her own forbidden pleasure.

Resolved, she tapped the screen and brought the phone to her ear, her other hand idly caressing Caleb's straining dick-muscle through his boxers as it rang. Mike picked up on the second ring.

"Hello?" His voice was tight with apprehension. He knew a call at this hour could only mean one thing.

"Hi honey," Clarissa purred, her tone dripping with lust. "I wanted to let you know that Caleb and I are about to fuck again. He just finished eating my pussy so good. Mmm, you should see how hard he is."

She could hear Mike's breath hitch. "I see," he said hoarsely. "Well, I appreciate you telling me." There was a pause, then he asked tentatively, "How...how many times will you...?"

"Oh, at least three loads, I think," Clarissa replied breezily as she freed Caleb's massive cock from its confines. It sprang up, thick and throbbing, the blue veins bulging out beneath the skin.

"You know one is never enough for me anymore. And your son's stamina is just amazing..."

Mike made a choked sound, somewhere between a groan and a sob. Clarissa's pussy clenched in sympathetic arousal, getting off on her husband's anguish.

Clarissa gripped Caleb's thick shaft, slowly stroking up and down as she held the phone to her ear with the other hand. "Mmm, baby, your cock feels so good in Mommy's hand," she moaned exaggeratedly, making sure Mike could hear every word. "So big and hard...I can barely wrap my fingers around it!"

On the other end of the line, Mike made a strangled noise. Clarissa smirked, picturing his stricken expression, the

shameful bulge forming in his slacks as his wife lewdly praised their son's endowment. She knew her verbal cuckolding was both torture and reluctant titillation for him.

"Oh honey, if only you could see this magnificent dick," she continued blithely, fondling Caleb's heavy balls. "So much bigger than your little wiener. Mmmm, I can't wait to feel our boy stretch me open again. He fucks me so deep and hard...like you never could."

Mike sputtered, struggling for words. Clarissa cut him off briskly. "No no, don't feel bad, darling. We both know you just don't measure up. I'm afraid your cock is a pathetic little worm compared to Caleb's huge manhood. Really, what choice do I have but to cuckold you with our strapping son?"

As she spoke, Clarissa pumped Caleb faster, reveling in his grunts and twitches of pleasure. She thumbed the weeping slit, gathering the pearly drops and bringing them to her lips. "Mmm, even his pre-cum tastes divine," she purred into the phone. "So much more flavorful than your watery dribbles."

Mike could only whimper helplessly, his humiliation complete. Clarissa decided to twist the knife. "Sweetheart, why don't you put me on speaker so your secretary can listen in too? I'm sure Janice would love to hear all about how your wife's getting dicked down properly by our virile boy. Then you two can commiserate about what a limp-dicked cuckold you are while Caleb pounds me silly..."

Clarissa didn't wait for an answer before abruptly hanging up, too impatient to continue taunting her husband. Her throbbing pussy demanded attention.

She tossed the phone aside and climbed astride Caleb's hips. Her knees dug against her marital mattress as she positioning his bulbous tip just below her dripping entrance.

Caleb gazed hungrily at his mother's smooth, shaven mound as she straddled him, her plump vulva hovering just an inches above his throbbing cockhead. Her glistening pink slit was puffy and engorged from his earlier oral attentions, the thick inner lips unfurled like delicate flower-petals.

Nestled at the apex of her cleft, Clarissa's clitoral hood was peeled back to reveal the fat, juicy bud of her clit, swollen and peeking out shyly. It throbbed visibly, begging for more stimulation. Caleb licked his lips, eager to suckle that plump, sensitive morsel again.

But it was his mother's weeping orifice that drew his gaze like a magnet. The drenched folds of her labia parted slightly, giving him a tantalizing glimpse into her molten depths. Viscous nectar seeped from her channel, dripping down to bathe the bulbous head of his cock in slippery heat.

Caleb groaned as he felt his mother's intimate juices anointing his glans, mingling with his own copious pre-ejaculate. Her musky arousal coated his throbbing flesh, the pungent aroma filling his nostrils and making his balls tighten in anticipation.

Clarissa undulated her hips, slowly dragging her sodden petals along Caleb's tumescent length, glazing him with her essence.

The stimulation was exquisite torture, stoking his lust to a fever pitch. He gripped her lush hips, fingers sinking into the abundant flesh, fighting the urge to pull her down and impale her in one brutal thrust.

But Clarissa took her time, savoring the electric slide of his silky cockhead parting her slick folds. She shivered as the fat bulbous tip nudged her opening, notching just inside, stretching her yielding entrance. Her eyes fluttered shut in bliss and a gush of liquid heat poured from her core, drenching Caleb's manhood.

"Mmmm, baby, you feel so good," Clarissa purred, circling her hips to tease him. "Mommy's pussy is aching to be stuffed full of your big, beautiful cock..."

Caleb could only groan in response, hips twitching up involuntarily, seeking to bury himself in his mother's welcoming sheath.

The carnal sight of her swollen sex, weeping with desire, poised to engulf him fully, was almost more than he could bear. He needed to be inside her, now, plundering her depths and claiming her as his own.

The teen let his hungry gaze travel up from his mother's dripping sex, over the soft swell of her belly, to the magnificent globes of her breasts. Pregnancy and nursing

had caused Clarissa's already ample tits to blossom to epic proportions, swelling from an H cup to an incredible 48 double J.

Her titanic mammaries strained against her upper body, the skin stretched drum-tight and gleaming. Ripe, full, and impossibly heavy, each massive tit was capped by a saucer-sized areola, a full four inches in diameter. The dark pink flesh was pebbled and thickened from frequent nursing, a dense ring of bumps encircling a thickly erect nipple.

Caleb felt his mouth water at the sight of those engorged teats, yearning to wrap his lips around one fat bud and suckle, just like his baby sister. He knew from experience that Clarissa's breasts were constantly seeping milk now, the sweet cream filling her ducts to bursting and leaking out at the slightest stimulation.

As if reading his thoughts, the mother cupped her huge jugs and lifted them, aiming the elongated nipples at Caleb's face. A pearly bead of fluid welled from each tip, quivering tantalizingly before beginning to drip in long, viscous strands. They splattered onto Caleb's chest, leaving wet streaks on his skin.

"Come on, baby," Clarissa cooed. "Give Mommy's big titties some love before you fuck her. I know how much you love to nurse..."

Caleb surged up and captured one leaking nipple in his mouth, groaning at the rich flavor that flooded his tongue.

As his face sunk against the doughy-soft meat of her melon, he suckled greedily, hollowing his cheeks and flicking the turgid tip, coaxing out more of the sweet, creamy essence.

His hands rose to squeeze and mold the pliant flesh, relishing the weight and suppleness.

Clarissa threw her head back with a throaty moan, pushing more of her breast into Caleb's hungry mouth. Milk jetted from her nipple as he latched on fully, gulping down the warm liquid. It overflowed his lips, running down his chin in rivulets, soaking the pillow.

As Caleb feasted on her swollen tits, Clarissa reached between their bodies to grip his thick, rock-hard shaft, notching the broad head at her entrance once more.

With a roll of her hips, she sank down, sheathing him to the root in her tight heat. They both groaned as he stretched and filled her completely, two halves joined as one.

The sex-hungry mother began to ride Caleb with slow, deep undulations, savoring the drag of his cock against her fluttering walls. Her heavy breasts swayed hypnotically, droplets of milk splattering her son's face.

Since that fateful day in the backseat at the rest stop a month ago, Clarissa and Caleb had been fucking nonstop, sneaking passionate trysts whenever and wherever they could.

Over the past few weeks, they had fucked hard nearly 200 times, exploring every position and act imaginable. The

once-forbidden passion between mother and son now raged out of control.

During one of their early couplings, Caleb's potent seed had found purchase in Clarissa's fertile womb. Though she was still nursing baby Chloe, her cycle had recently returned. When her strapping teenage son erupted inside her at the peak of her ovulation, his virile sperm rushed to penetrate her waiting egg.

That single microscopic zygote implanted in her uterine wall and began to grow, dividing and multiplying. By the time Clarissa's period failed to arrive two weeks later, the tiny embryo was already thriving, siphoning nutrients from its mother's body to fuel its rapid development.

Now, as Clarissa rode Caleb's thick cock with wild abandon, an incestuous child grew in her belly, just inches from where they were joined. The very essence of their forbidden love had taken root, a new life created from their immoral union.

Neither of them knew it yet, but Clarissa was already three weeks pregnant. Her womb was no longer solely a sheath for her son's pleasure, but a nurturing cradle for his offspring. Every climax, every flood of cum, would feed and cushion the tiny baby nestled inside her.

As the first faint stirrings of new life quickened in her core, Clarissa undulated her hips frantically, impaling herself over and over on Caleb's steel-hard shaft. Her massively swollen breasts bounced lewdly, splattering milk everywhere with each jarring thrust.

"Yes, baby!" she wailed, head thrown back in ecstasy.  
"Pump Mommy full of your cum! I need to feel you spurting in my womb! Give me your seed!"

Caleb jackhammered up into his mother's greedy cunt, grunting with effort. His balls slapped against her ass as he plowed her, churning with yet another heavy load for her. He could feel the pressure building at the base of his cock, an eruption imminent.

"Fuck, Mom!" he roared as the first spurt jetted from his tip directly against Clarissa's cervix. "Take my cum! Ungh!"

Thick ropes of semen pumped into Clarissa's sheath as a devastating climax ripped through her. Her cunt clamped down on Caleb's spurting cock, rippling and milking, as if trying to suck his seed directly into her womb.

In the throes of their frenzied coupling, Clarissa bucked and writhed on top of Caleb with such force that the antique wooden daybed frame supporting them in the nursery corner gave an ominous creak.

With a few more vigorous thrusts, the slats splintered and cracked apart, sending the mattress crashing to the floor.

But the sudden jolt and loss of support barely fazed the incestuous lovers. Still locked together, Caleb rolled Clarissa smoothly onto her back in the wreckage without missing a single pump of his hips. The change in angle allowed him to drill down into her with even more power.

Clarissa threw her lovely legs high and wide, opening herself completely to her son's relentless pounding. Her shapely limbs quivered with every forceful impact, the muscles flexing beneath flawless skin.

Caleb's eyes traced the lines of his mother's sexy legs, from her thick creamy thighs to her dainty feet. Her toes were painted a deep crimson, the color of passion and lust. They curled and flexed with each wave of pleasure, the high arches accentuating the erotic display of her wanton pose.

Something about seeing his mother spread out like a eagerly submissive slut, feet in the air, red toenails pointed at the ceiling as he railed her, made Caleb's hindbrain take over. A mindless, animalistic part of him saw her as a hot piece of fuck-meat to savage and breed with his cock.

His dangling tongue lolled out the side of his mouth as he fucked into her with renewed ferocity, drool flying with each jolt of his body.

Peeking down between their bodies, his eyes glazed with feral hunger focused on where his long, veiny shaft was stretching Clarissa's puffy pink lips wide, glistening with her juices.

"UNGGH! TAKE IT, MOM! FUCKKK!" Caleb grunted, more beast than man now as he mated with his bitch dam. The wet slaps of his heavy balls battering her asshole echoed obscenely.

Clarissa keened in utter submission, legs vibrating uncontrollably as her boy fucked her with violent need. Her feet twitched and spasmed, crimson toenails glinting in the light. Her body was no longer her own but an instrument solely for Caleb's depraved teenage lust.

"YES! USE MOMMY'S CUNT! RUIN IT WITH YOUR BIG COCK!" she wailed deliriously, too far gone to filter her incestuous depravity. "RAIL ME LIKE A WORTHLESS FUCK-TOY! MAKE ME YOUR BROKEN MOMMY-SLUT!!!"

Lost to their taboo passion, mother and son rutted like wild animals amid the broken slats. Caleb's battering ram cock destroyed Clarissa's pussy, the plush folds now battered and gaping, while her legs shook in the air, red-tipped toes pointing at the ceiling like an obscene compass needle fixated on utter sin.

"Oh fuck yes!" Clarissa sobbed, eyes rolling back in her head as Caleb split her open. "Deeper! Harder! Ruin Mommy's pussy! Break me with your huge dick!"

Caleb grunted like a rutting beast, pile-driving with all his strength. The broken bed frame shook with the force of his thrusts.

Clarissa's massively swollen tits bounced and wobbled obscenely, splattering milk in all directions. The room reeked of musk and sex fluids.

Trapped beneath her son's jackhammering body, all Clarissa could do was take the brutal fucking. And she reveled in her

utter submission, the complete claiming of her body. Her pussy quivered helplessly around the battering ram of Caleb's cock, gushing uncontrollably.

Climax after earth-shattering climax ripped through her, leaving her limp and mindless with bliss. Still Caleb rutted on, chasing his own release, pounding her boneless body into the mattress. His stamina was inhuman, his young balls an endless factory of cum.

When he finally erupted with a roar, flooding Clarissa's womb with what felt like quarts of scalding seed, her pussy was a gaping, twitching ruin. Semen mixed with her nectar gushed out around his spurting shaft with obscene squelches, soaking the sheets. Her pussy gaped, unable to close, when he finally pulled out.

They lay panting in the messy, splintered wreckage of the daybed, sweat and sexual fluids cooling on their skin.

Clarissa's belly was already starting to show the faintest bulge, stuffed full of Caleb's sperm. In nine months, it would swell huge with his baby, the depraved proof of a mother bred by her own son.

Clarissa and Caleb had barely caught their breath, still tangled naked amid the shattered remains of the daybed, when they heard the front door open and close downstairs. Mike was home from work.

With a sated, wicked smile, Clarissa gave her son a final deep kiss, tasting their mingled essences, then stood on wobbly legs.

Rivulets of cum dripped down her thighs as she wrapped herself in a robe and went to greet her husband, leaving Caleb lounging smugly in the ruins of the bed he had just fucked his mother senseless in.

Mike looked haggard as he hung up his coat, eyes haunted. The shameful knowledge of what his wife did while he toiled at the office weighed heavily on him. When Clarissa sauntered up with a cat-ate-the-canary grin, he couldn't meet her eyes.

"Welcome home, darling," she purred, planting a chaste peck on his cheek. The rich scent of sex wafting from her robe made Mike cringe and stir at the same time. "How was your day?"

"Clarissa... please..." he mumbled wretchedly. His gaze darted to the thick trails of male essence streaking her thighs before quickly looking away. The visual proof of his cuckolding was too much.

Clarissa just smirked, perversely savoring her husband's discomfort. "Aww, I know it's hard, sweetie. But remember, this is for the best. You want me to be satisfied, don't you? Even if it's your own son doing the satisfying?"

Mike could only nod miserably. Clarissa patted his cheek. "Good boy. Now, I have a little job for you. Caleb and I

seem to have broken the daybed upstairs. Be a dear and put it back together for us? We'll probably have an appetite for round two after dinner..."

Ignoring Mike's stricken expression, she breezed into the kitchen to start the meal, leaving him no choice but to trudge up to the nursery. He stopped short in the doorway, confronted by the depraved tableau - the splintered bed frame, the cum-soaked mattress, his naked son lounging arrogantly amid the carnage.

Caleb just gave his father a shit-eating grin and a jaunty salute before sauntering off to the bathroom, not even bothering to cover himself.

Mike stared at the wet spots and puddles of spunk left behind, each one a humiliating testament to his failings as a man.

With a heavy sigh, he got out his tools and started cleaning up the mess, a dutiful cuckold restoring the marital bed his wife defiled with another man - his virile, hung son.

After dinner that night, Mike finally worked up the nerve to ask the question that had been haunting him since the twisted arrangement began.

"How...how did this all start? Between you and Caleb?" he asked hoarsely. "I think I deserve to know."

Clarissa took a sip of wine, considering. Perhaps he had earned that much, given how admirably he was adjusting to his role as a cuckold. "Very well," she said, setting down her

glass. "It happened about a month ago, after Caleb's big football game. Katherine and I were driving the boys home..."

She smiled wickedly at the memory. "We were both feeling rather frisky. Maybe it was seeing our sons out on the field, so virile and dominant. Teenage testosterone practically rolling off them in waves. It awakened something primal in us."

Mike paled but nodded for her to continue. Clarissa's grin widened, enjoying his discomfort. "We started flirting with the boys, teasing them a bit. Asking if they knew how to handle a real woman. You should have seen how flustered they got!"

She licked her lips. "One thing led to another and well...we ended up pulling over at a rest stop for some very hands-on sex education. Kathrine and I gave our sons their first blowjobs right there in the car. Taught them how to eat pussy too."

Mike made a strangled sound, fork clenched white-knuckled. Clarissa just smirked, warming to her lascivious tale. "Mmm, you should have seen Caleb's face when I pulled out my big mommy-tits. His eyes almost popped out of his head! He latched on and suckled like he was starving. Drained me dry."

She toyed with the neck of her robe, pulling it open to expose more of her massive, milky cleavage. "Of course, that was just the foreplay. We fucked those boys silly, Mike.

Rode their huge cocks until we couldn't see straight. I swear, it was the most mind-blowing sex of my life!"

Clarissa's hand drifted down to rub herself through the thin fabric, as if reliving the encounter. "Caleb pumped me so full of cum, it was leaking out of me for hours after. I've never felt so thoroughly used and satisfied. He totally ruined me for your limp little dicklette."

She shot her husband's crotch a scornful glance. Mike squirmed in his seat, face red with humiliation and reluctant arousal. "By the time we got home, Katherine and I both knew we'd be fucking our sons on the regular from then on."

"Yeah, so I've noticed," Mike uttered with a look of defeat.

Clarissa regarded her husband with a mix of pity and contempt. "Really, Mike, what did you expect? You haven't been able to satisfy me properly in years. Not with that pathetic little stub you call a cock."

She gestured dismissively at his crotch. "I mean, look at it. Even now, with all this talk of me fucking our hung son, you're barely making a bump in your pants. It's like a goddamn acorn. How is that supposed to please a woman?"

Mike hung his head, face burning with shame. He couldn't deny the truth of her words. His penis had always been woefully undersized, barely four inches erect. And he had never possessed much staying power or skill in the bedroom.

"I tried, Clarissa... I always tried my best..." he mumbled weakly.

She snorted derisively. "Your best? Please. Poking at me clumsily for two minutes before squirting your watery little load? Leaving me to finish myself off alone, frustrated and unsatisfied? Some best."

Clarissa took a long sip of wine, then fixed Mike with a steely glare. "Let's be real, darling. Your inadequacies as a man are the reason I had to seduce our son. You have no one to blame but yourself."

She smiled nastily as Mike wilted under her derision. "If you had a real cock and knew how to use it, maybe I wouldn't need to beg Caleb to pound my pussy for hours just so I can cum. If you made me feel like an actually desired woman instead of a hole to masturbate in, I wouldn't be worshipping our teenage boy's dick."

Each cruel barb hit home, making Mike cringe and sink lower in his chair. Clarissa was relentless, twisting the knife. "Face it, Mike. You're a failure as a husband and a lover. Caleb has to step up and be the man of the house now, since you clearly can't handle the job."

She stood and stretched languidly, letting her robe fall open to reveal her spectacular nude body. "Why don't you sleep on the couch tonight, hmm? I think I need our son to fuck me to sleep in our bed. You know, like a real man satisfying his woman."

With a last contemptuous look at her defeated, emasculated husband, Clarissa headed upstairs to wake Caleb for another long, incestuous breeding session. The sounds of the headboard banging the wall and her ecstatic moans would be Mike's lullaby.

The next morning, Clarissa headed over to Katherine's house for their standing coffee date. The two friends could barely contain their gleeful smirks as they settled at the kitchen table, eager to swap stories about their latest incestuous exploits.

"I think I broke Damon last night," Katherine snickered, stirring cream into her mug. "He actually cried when he heard Evan railing me through the bedroom wall. My little cuckold, so pathetic!"

Clarissa cackled wickedly. "Mike too! I made him sleep on the couch while Caleb pounded me in our marriage bed. You should have seen his face when I told him how hung our son is compared to his little stub. I thought he might shrivel up and die from shame!"

The two housewives clinked their mugs together in a toast, basking in the thrill of cuckolding their inadequate husbands with their own virile offspring. Reducing the once "men of the house" to meek, subservient bystanders in their own homes was a power trip like no other.

"God, I can't believe we wasted so many years being unfulfilled by those useless little worms," Katherine mused. "If I had known how mind-blowing sex with a hung teenage boy could be, I'd have seduced Evan the minute he turned legal!"

Clarissa hummed in agreement. "Mmmm, nothing beats getting split open by your own son's huge cock. I swear I've cum more in the past month than the entire decade before combined!"

They laughed again, reveling in their depravity. Then Katherine sat up suddenly, eyes wide. "Hey, when was your last period? I'm late..."

Clarissa gasped. "Me too! You don't think...?"

Grinning like loons, they raced to the nearest drugstore and bought a double pack of pregnancy tests. Back at Clarissa's, they peed on the little sticks with shaking hands and waited anxiously.

When two pink lines appeared on each test, the women shrieked in unison and clutched each other, jumping up and down. Positive! They were pregnant!

"Holy shit, my son knocked me up!" Katherine yelled gleefully.

"We're having brother-daddy babies!" Clarissa whooped.

They collapsed on the couch in a giddy, giggling heap, huge tits wobbling, hands clasped over their still-flat bellies. In

nine months, their sinful liaisons with their own teenage sons would be made manifest to the world. Their incestuous depravity laid bare.

"I can't wait to see Damon's face when my belly starts to swell with Evan's incest baby," Katherine snickered evilly. "He'll have no choice but to accept it and play nursemaid!"

"We should tell Mike and Damon together," Clarissa declared. "Really rub their faces in how superior our sons' virile sperm is compared to their useless little trickles!"

Drunk on twisted joy, the two mothers began plotting the big reveal to their cuckolded husbands, cackling with glee at their abject humiliation. Bred by their own boys and loving every minute of it.

That evening, Katherine and Clarissa arranged a family dinner at a nice restaurant to break the big news. They sat next to their sons, Evan and Caleb, while Mike and Damon sat across the table, already looking uncomfortable.

Throughout the meal, the women were practically draped over their boys, unable to keep their hands to themselves.

Clarissa's hand rested high on Caleb's muscular cock-bulge under the tablecloth, occasionally giving it a squeeze. She leaned in close to whisper filthy things in his ear, giggling as he turned red but grinned.

Mike stared determinedly at his plate, trying to ignore his wife's blatant flirting with their son.

Katherine was even more bold, "accidentally" dropping her napkin so she could duck under the table and run her lips along Evan's clothed erection while retrieving it.

Evan bit back a groan, shifting in his seat as he felt his mom clasp her teeth around the shaft of his rigid dick through his pants.

Damon gulped his wine and pretended not to notice, though a telltale flush crept up his neck.

As the entrees arrived, Clarissa clinked her glass to get everyone's attention. "Boys, we have a special announcement," she declared, beaming at Mike and Damon's apprehensive faces. "Katherine and I are pregnant!"

"And you virile young studs are the fathers!" Katherine added gleefully, rubbing her belly. "Congrats, boys... you've knocked up your own moms!"

Evan and Caleb's eyes widened, then they let out triumphant whoops, high-fiving across the table. "Awesome, I'm gonna be a dad!" Evan crowed.

"Me too! Or wait, a brother-dad?" Caleb puzzled, then shrugged. "Whatever, it's rad!" He pulled Clarissa in for a passionate kiss, not caring about the shocked stares from other diners.

Mike and Damon looked absolutely stricken, faces ashen. Their worst nightmare had come true - their sons had cuckolded and bred them, the ultimate humiliation. Nauseous dread churned in their bellies as the implications sank in.

Katherine reached over to pat Damon's hand in mock sympathy. "I know it's a lot to take in, honey. But don't worry, you can help change diapers and wipe up spit-up while Evan and I are busy making more. You're going to be such a good little cuckold grandpa!"

Damon looked like he might vomit. Mike opened and closed his mouth wordlessly, face beet red. The two defeated men shrank in their chairs, wanting to disappear into the floor.

After paying the check, the two families piled into Damon's SUV for the ride home. But Katherine and Clarissa had other plans. "Don't head back just yet," Katherine instructed her husband with a wicked grin. "Find somewhere nice and private to park. I think the boys deserve a special reward for knocking us up."

Damon glanced at Mike helplessly, but his friend just shrugged in resigned defeat. They both knew there was no refusing their wives' depraved whims anymore. Swallowing hard, Damon pointed the car towards the outskirts of town.

He found a secluded spot by the lake, sheltered by trees. As soon as he killed the engine, Katherine and Clarissa were clambering into the spacious back seats, pulling their sons with them. "Come on, studs," Clarissa purred, already

unbuttoning Caleb's fly. "Mommy needs to thank you properly for putting a baby in her."

Evan groaned as Katherine freed his stiffening cock and engulfed it in her hot mouth. "Fuck yeah, Mom. Suck it just like that," he panted, tangling his fingers in her hair.

Mike and Damon stared determinedly out the windshield, faces burning, trying to ignore the obscene slurps and moans from the back. The SUV began to rock gently as the mothers bobbed their heads vigorously, deep throating their sons' fat cocks.

Soon, the boys were panting and bucking, pumping their hips to face-fuck their mothers. "Gonna cum!" Caleb grunted. "Swallow it, Mom!"

Clarissa and Katherine moaned eagerly as their mouths flooded with hot seed. They gulped down every drop, throats working greedily. When they finally resurfaced, gasping, their chins were glazed with drool and jizz.

But the horny mothers were just getting started. Clarissa wriggled out of her panties and straddled Caleb, sinking down on his still-hard shaft.

Despite his best efforts not to, Damon found his gaze drawn irresistibly to the rearview mirror, unable to look away from the depraved spectacle unfolding in the backseat. There was his beautiful wife Katherine, naked from the waist up, her massive breasts swinging pendulously as she bounced on their son Evan's lap.

The giant twin globes of her tits were flushed and jiggling, hypnotic in their lewd dance. Damon watched, transfixed, as Evan reached up to maul the heavy jugs, sinking his fingers into the pliant flesh. Katherine threw her head back with a wanton moan as he rolled and pinched her engorged nipples.

"Mmmm, play with Mom's big titties while you stuff her full of cock!" she panted, undulating her hips.

Evan obliged with a growl, squeezing the enormous mounds together so he could suck both teats into his mouth. The SUV rang with wet slurping noises as he nursed greedily.

Katherine cried out in bliss, clenching rhythmically on her son's cunt-pumping shaft. The wet sounds of her sodden pussy squelching and farting around his girth filled the air, obscene and filthy.

Damon watched, equal parts horrified and shamefully aroused, as rivulets of his wife's ejaculate streamed down Evan's churning balls to pool on the leather seat, leaving a spreading puddle.

Each bounce made the musky fluids splatter and foam, soaking the upholstery, filling the enclosed space with the ripe scent of incestuous sex. Still Evan pounded up into her, tireless, stretching her pregnant hole over and over.

Katherine was practically screaming her pleasure now, too far gone to care about their audience.

"FUCK ME FUCK ME FUCK MEEEE!" she wailed, quivering like a possessed woman. "Ruin Mommy's dirty cunt! Fill me with your seed!"

With a roar, Evan slammed up one last time and exploded, hosing his mother's greedy womb with what felt like a gallon of cum.

Katherine shrieked as she came violently, drenching her son's crotch in another gush of liquid. The backseat was absolutely flooded with their combined juices now, a huge wet patch darkening the leather.

Damon swallowed hard, his own dick throbbing painfully as he watched his wife shudder and moan through the aftershocks, still impaled balls-deep on their son's cock. The depraved visual would be seared into his brain forever - his sweet Katherine, reduced to a squirting, incest-craving slut by her own teenage boy.

Transfixed by the obscene spectacle in his rearview mirror, Damon found himself unable to look away as they began fucking again.

He watched in queasy arousal as his son nursed hungrily at his wife's breast, gulping down her creamy essence even as he pumped steadily in and out of her sodden cunt. Katherine's hips rolled fluidly, taking his huge shaft to the root with every down-stroke.

In the mirror, Damon could see rivulets of Katherine's ejaculate running down Evan's pumping shaft and churning

balls, pooling on the leather seat. The pungent musk of her arousal filled the car, undeniable proof of her ecstasy. The ripe scent made Damon's neglected little cock twitch in his pants.

Evan released Katherine's nipple with a pop and a final lick, then grabbed her ass cheeks for leverage as he began to piston harder. "Gonna breed this sloppy cunt!" he grunted. "Pump you full of my seed, Mom! Fucking take it!"

Katherine keened rapturously, her milk-swollen tits bouncing wildly as Evan slammed up into her. "YES! Breed Mommy again! Fill me with your cum! MORE BABIES!!!"

As his wife's screams of incestuous passion filled the car, Damon finally tore his gaze away, unable to watch his complete humiliation any longer. But the sounds and smells of his wife being knocked up yet again by their virile son would forever be seared into his mind.

As the two couples rutted wildly, the SUV bounced on its shocks, fogging up the windows. Mike and Damon sat ramrod straight, knuckles white on the steering wheel and dash, trying futilely to block out the depraved sounds of their wives getting pounded by their own teenage sons.

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In the passenger seat, Mike found himself equally riveted and repulsed by the lewd display of his wife Clarissa being thoroughly fucked by their teenage son Caleb. He couldn't tear his eyes away from where her shapely legs were wrapped tightly around Caleb's pumping hips, ankles locked together as she pulled him deeper into her body.

Clarissa was sprawled wantonly across the backseat, skirt bunched around her waist, blouse ripped open to expose her heaving tits.

Her head lolled back in ecstasy, eyes rolled up, mouth slack as she panted and moaned. "Ungh yes, baby boy! Harder! Deeper! Ruin Mommy's cunt!"

Caleb grunted savagely as he rutted into his mother's upturned pussy, swiveling his hips with tireless energy. His hands mauled her giant, jiggling breasts, tweaking the pebbled nipples roughly. Clarissa yelped and bucked beneath him, urging him on.

Mike swallowed hard as he took in the sheer size of his son's cock stretching his wife's pregnant hole. The teen's manhood was enormous, veiny and bulging, easily ten inches and thick as a beer can. It plowed in and out of Clarissa's clinging folds like a meaty piston, glistening with her copious juices.

The contrast to his own meager endowment was glaring. Mike's little stub dick had never filled Clarissa so completely, never made her thrash and howl in wanton bliss like this. It was painfully clear that his son was more of a man than he could ever be, in every way.

Wet, obscene squelches filled the car as Caleb's big balls slapped rhythmically against Clarissa's upturned ass. Her ejaculate gushed around the burrowing shaft, splashing and foaming with each thrust, drenching the upholstery. The rank musk of her arousal was overpowering in the enclosed space.

"Fuck, Mom! Gonna cum!" Caleb roared, hammering frantically into Clarissa's spasming cunt. "Gonna breed this dirty hole again! Take my seed!"

Clarissa screamed, thrashing wildly as a massive orgasm crashed through her. Clear fluid squirted from her convulsing

pussy, hosing Caleb's pumping crotch. Her pregnant belly clenched and fluttered as her son exploded inside her, flooding her womb with what had to be pints of virile cum.

"YESSSSS! KNOCK ME UP, BABY!" Clarissa shrieked, legs clamping around Caleb in an unbreakable grip as she milked him of every drop.

After their intense breeding session in the backseat, Clarissa and Katherine remained in a tangle of sweaty limbs with their teenage sons the entire ride home, lost in post-orgasmic bliss.

The two pregnant mothers made out sloppily with Evan and Caleb, swapping spit and leftover cum, not caring about their cuckolded husbands in the front seats.

Clarissa sprawled across Caleb's chest, her naked pillowy tits mashed against his muscles as they kissed deeply and lazily.

Her hands roamed his body possessively, squeezing his softening cock and balls, relishing how his manhood was still slick with her juices. She ground her messy pussy against his thigh, smearing him with her essence.

"Mmmm, such a good boy," she purred between kisses.

"Pumping Mommy full of your superior seed. I can't wait to see how huge my belly gets with all your babies..."

Caleb grinned dopily, drunk on endorphins and the thrill of impregnating his own mother. "Gonna keep you barefoot and pregnant, Mom. Constantly knocked up with my kids. You'll be my personal breeding cow."

Clarissa shivered in delight at the debauched idea, cunt clenching. "Yes, baby. I'm your fertile fuck-toy, your baby-making machine. Breed me over and over, forever and always."

They kissed again, all tongues and moans, uncaring of their incestuous depravity.

Caleb's hands roamed down to cup and squeeze his mother's plump ass, fingertips toying with her sensitive rim. Clarissa gasped and wriggled, feeling his cock stir against her thigh.

Beside them, Katherine was straddling Evan in a lewd 69-position, slurping the creamy dregs from his softened cock while he lapped at her dripping slit from below. The car was filled with wet sounds of sucking and slurping as they cleaned each other obscenely.

"Mmmm, yummy Mommy-cum," Evan mumbled into Katherine's messy folds, tongue swiping broad strokes. "I could eat this pregnant pussy all day."

"Ooohh yes, get in there deep, baby," Katherine panted, grinding her cunt on his face. "Ahhh, your tongue feels so good! Gonna make me squirt again!"

Evan doubled his efforts, spearing his tongue as far as it would go and wiggling it madly. He clamped his lips around Katherine's swollen clit and suckled hard, making her buck and keen. Her hands fisted in his hair, yanking him closer.

In minutes, she was coming undone, gushing all over Evan's chin and chest with a strangled wail. He lapped up her release greedily, not letting any juice escape.

Eight months later, Clarissa and Katherine were both heavily pregnant, their bellies swollen huge with their sons' incestuous offspring. As they sat across from Mike and Damon at the dinner table one evening, the two women exchanged a meaningful glance. It was time to break the news.

"Boys, we have something important to tell you," Clarissa began, rubbing her massive bump. "Katherine and I have decided that we're going to marry Caleb and Evan. We're having a double wedding next month, before the babies arrive."

Mike and Damon's jaws dropped in shock. "What?! But you're already married to us!" Mike protested weakly.

Katherine waved a dismissive hand. "Oh, we'll still be legally wed to you two, don't worry. But Evan and Caleb will be our primary husbands from now on. They'll be moving into the master bedrooms with us."

"Our sons have proven themselves to be the true men of the house," Clarissa added smugly. "They deserve to claim their rightful places at our sides, as our lovers and the fathers of our children."

Damon looked stricken. "But where will we sleep then?"

"Evan's old room for you, and the pull-out couch in the den for Mike," Katherine replied breezily. "You can keep the house tidy and have our meals ready while the boys satisfy us in bed."

Mike spluttered indignantly. "This is insane! You can't do this!"

Clarissa fixed him with an icy glare. "We can and we are. Unless you'd prefer to be cut off and thrown out entirely? Keep arguing and that can certainly be arranged."

Both men wilted, knowing they were beaten. The two pregnant women smirked triumphantly. "Wonderful, it's settled then," Katherine declared. "We'll give you some time to move your things. The boys will be taking over your marital duties effective immediately."

As if on cue, Caleb and Evan strode into the room, looking smug. They kissed their glowing mothers passionately, hands roaming the curves of their ripe bodies.

"How'd they take the news?" Evan asked, smirking at Mike and Damon's crestfallen expressions.

"As well as can be expected," Clarissa replied with a wicked grin. "They know their place. Isn't that right, boys?"

The two pathetic cuckolds could only nod miserably, faced with the sight of their pregnant wives in the arms of their own virile sons.

"Excellent. Well, if you'll excuse us, I believe my new primary husband and I have some celebrating to do," Katherine purred, taking Evan's hand and leading him upstairs to the master suite.

Clarissa followed suit with Caleb, pausing in the doorway to throw a final smirk over her shoulder. "Get home and start cleaning your stuff out of the bedroom, please," she directed her husband sternly.

Upstairs in the master bedroom, the two young studs wasted no time in stripping their heavily pregnant mothers naked and laying them out on the king sized beds.

Evan and Caleb paused to admire the ripe, lush bodies splayed before them, ripe with the fruit of their virile seed.

Clarissa and Katherine were absolutely radiant in the late stages of pregnancy. Their bellies were gigantic and round, taut skin stretched drum-tight over the growing babies within. Angry red stretchmarks zigzagged across the swollen mounds, a roadmap of their sons' virility.

Heavy, milk-laden breasts rested atop their big bellies, engorged to truly prodigious size. Dusky nipples pointed straight out, perpetually erect and leaking creamy droplets. Blue veins marbled the pale flesh, a sign of the motherly ambrosia within.

Beneath the massive baby bumps, their cunt-mounds were lush and swollen, labia plumped up obscenely. Pregnancy hormones had the mothers constantly wet and ready,

viscous nectar seeping from their holes to trickle down the crevice of their ass.

"Fuck, you look so hot preggo with my kid," Caleb growled appreciatively, palming Clarissa's huge belly possessively. "Can't believe I knocked up my own mom. So fucking sexy..."

Clarissa grinned up at him, reaching out to stroke his stiffening cock. "Mmm, and you're gonna knock me up again and again, aren't you baby? Keep your mommy barefoot and pregnant with your seed, growing big with your babies..."

Caleb groaned, the filthy words making him throb in his mother's tightly-clasped hand.

Clarissa propped her knees back in the birthing position, splaying her thighs wide for her teen. Her sexy feet with red painted toenails hovered in the air, the sight of which made her boy's erection jump with added stiffness.

He positioned himself between her parted legs, rubbing his bulbous tip through her slick folds. "I'm gonna ruin this pregnant cunt, Mom. Fuck you so hard the neighbors hear you scream. Let them know who owns this pussy now."

Clarissa keened in delight as her son entered her in one hard thrust, his oversized cock stretching her swollen walls to the limit. The ridge of his glans scraped deliciously along her G-spot, making her eyes roll back.

"Yessss, fill me up!" she cried, wrapping her legs around his pistoning hips. "Fuck your pregnant mommy! Breed me, baby!"

Caleb set a relentless pace, rutting into Clarissa's heat like a man possessed. His heavy balls slapped obscenely against her upturned ass, making the headboard rattle. Grunts and moans filled the room as mother and son mated like animals.

Beside them, a similar scene unfolded between Katherine and Evan. The horny teen had his mother on all fours, mounting her from behind so he could maul her swaying udders as he plowed into her. The position allowed him to penetrate her deeply, his oversized cock butting up against her cervix with every thrust.

"Oh fuck yes, baby!" Katherine wailed, pushing her ass back to meet his strokes. "Pound Mommy's pussy! Use me like your personal fuck-toy!"

Evan grunted and redoubled his efforts, fingers sinking into the pliant flesh of her breasts as he squeezed them roughly.

Streams of milk squirted from the ducts of her distended nipples with each thrust, pattering onto the sheets. The wet slaps of his groin against her jiggling ass cheeks filled the room.

"Take it, Mom! Gonna flood your cunt with cum again!" Evan growled, picking up the pace.

Katherine could only moan brokenly in response, too lost in pleasure to form words as her son used her pregnant body.

Her massive fetus-packed belly swayed heavily beneath her as Evan hammered into her, the ripe mound jiggling with each impact. She imagined she could feel the baby inside being jostled by its father/brother's cock, and the depraved thought made her pussy clench and gush around the meaty invasion.

"Fuck me hard, Evan!" she panted, tossing her head. "I wanna be constantly pregnant with your seed!"

As their sons pounded into them relentlessly, Clarissa and Katherine reveled in the exquisite sensations of being fucked while heavily pregnant. Their pussies had undergone dramatic changes over the past eight months, transforming into the perfect receptacles for their boys' virile cocks.

The walls of their birth canals were now lush and spongy, ridged with plump folds that grabbed and rippled along every vein and contour of the huge shafts plunging into them.

Puffy flesh cushioned each thrust, molding elastically to the girth stretching them wide. Engorged tissues throbbed with blood, hot and tingly.

Most dramatically altered were their cervixes. The once small, firm ring now protruded into the vaginal cavity, swollen to resemble a puffy donut-like socket. With each deep stroke, the boys' broad cockheads mashed against

these enlarged gateways to their mothers' wombs, stroking the hyper-sensitive nerve endings.

The combination of enhanced texture, engorgement, and sheer sensitivity had the moms on the constant verge of climax. They wailed and thrashed in carnal bliss as their sons' cocks ravaged their transformed cunts, each thrust bringing a fresh wave of ecstasy crashing through them.

"Holy shit, Mom! Your pregnant pussy feels incredible!" Evan groaned, bottoming out against Katherine's fat cervix. The spongy tip seemed to kiss and suckle his glans, smearing it with hot mucus, coaxing out his seed. "So fucking tight and juicy! Gonna cum so hard in you..."

"Mmmm yes, baby! Mom's cunt was made for your big cock!" Katherine panted, undulating her hips to grind her special spot against his shaft. "Bred to be the perfect sheath for you! Ahhhh, fuck! Harder! Wreck me with that horse cock!"

Evan obliged with a roar, massive balls drawing up tight to his body as he prepared to unload.

His cockhead flared and pulsed against Katherine's fluttering cervix, the slit parting to paint her womb entrance with the first spurts of his release. She came with a scream, the clenching and rippling of her vaginal walls milking him dry.

In the other bed, Clarissa was lost to the world, insensate with pleasure as Caleb split her open on his enormous cock. Her heavy-lidded eyes were rolled back, tongue lolling out as

she grunted and drooled like a bitch in heat. Milk sprayed from her bouncing teats as her body convulsed in orgasm after mind-melting orgasm.

"Fuck, so good! Knock me up! Ruin me!" she babbled incoherently, pussy gushing and splashing her son's pistoning crotch. "Fill Mommy's cunt! MORE BABIES!"

As the mothers approached their explosive mutual climaxes with their sons, the anatomical symphony of breeding reached a crescendo within their conjoined genitals.

Clarissa and Katherine's transformed birth canals clenched and rippled wildly along the raging boy-cocks ravaging their depths. Lush vaginal walls hugged every contour, grabbing and squeezing the plunging shafts. Elastic tissues stretched to the limit around the invading girths before clinging tightly again.

Crowning the end of each canal, their enlarged cervixes fluttered and pulsed against the fat cockheads mashing into them. Spongy, protruding tips parted to suckle the boys' flaring glans, stroking the sensitive helmet and coaxing out their seed. Viscous pre-ejaculate oozed from the slits to be massaged into the dilated openings.

Muscular contractions rippled up the mothers' vaginal barrels, undulating along the veiny cocks in a milking motion.

Clear feminine ejaculate gushed from quivering urethral slits to bathe the shafts and balls in slick heat. The lewd squelches and splashes of copious fluids filled the air.

Clarissa and Katherine's g-spots throbbed almost painfully as they were stroked vigorously with each thrust, engorged bundles of nerves swollen to the size of walnuts. Pleasure radiated from those magic buttons, building to an unbearable intensity.

Their clits peeked from their hoods, red and glistening, desperate for touch. Similar by relation, their clit-bulbs were identical to the ones crowning their boys' cocks, albeit much smaller in size.

Within the boys' churning balls, massive loads of potent semen boiled and surged, preparing to erupt.

Gonadal muscles clenched and released, propelling the virile seed through the urethra with each throb. Bulbous cockheads flared and pulsed, slits gaping, ready to spew directly into the receptive wombs.

As the electric tension finally crested, the orgasmic storm broke within the fused genitals. Vaginal muscles bore down HARD on the plunging cocks in rippling, vise-like contractions. Mouths fell open in silent screams as devastating pleasure exploded through the mothers' cores to the tips of their curled toes.

Scalding ejaculate erupted from the boys' jerking cocks, hosing the spongy cervixes and flooding the quivering canals.

Wads of thick, gooey cum splattered against the dilated womb openings before being sucked inside by the pulsing suction. Each spurt triggered a fresh round of clenching, milking the shuddering shafts dry.

Pearly jizz oozed from overfilled cunts to stream down wobbling ass cheeks and pool on the sodden sheets.

The lovers shuddered and twitched through the seemingly endless orgasms, their bodies locked together as one shaking, sweating mass of ecstatic incestuous bliss.

The overwhelming climaxes went on and on, the boys continuing to pump spurt after spurt of their potent love-batter into their mothers' eager wombs as the women's vaginal muscles clenched and fluttered rhythmically, coaxing out every drop.

The intense, repeated contractions almost seemed to be pulling the jizz from the pulsing cocks, sucking it deeper inside the fertile receptacles.

Clarissa and Katherine's eyes rolled back in their heads as they experienced pleasure beyond comprehension. Their pregnant bodies were seized by full-blown convulsions, every nerve ending ignited by rapture.

Milk sprayed wildly from the nipples of their jouncing teats as they thrashed and flailed, completely insensate to

anything but the indescribable sensations radiating from their cunts.

For the boys, cumming inside their mothers' transformed birth canals was unlike anything they'd ever felt before. The spongy walls hugged them like silken vises, rippling and undulating along every inch.

Their cockheads were engulfed by the protuberant cervixes, slit lips suctioning and milking the throbbing glans, eliciting an eruption of seed like none other.

The obscene slurping sounds of the massive loads flooding the contracting cunnies seemed to echo off the bedroom walls.

Foamy spunk splattered and oozed out of the mothers' twitching holes, drenching Evan and Caleb's pumping groins. The room reeked of sex - musk, jizz, sweat and pussy juices combining into a rank perfume of absolute depravity.

As the last shuddering aftershocks passed, the four incestuous lovers collapsed into a sweaty, cum-soaked heap on the ruined bed, panting heavily.

Evan and Caleb's softening cocks slipped out of their mothers' gaping, cream-filled channels with obscene slurps, eliciting whimpers from the women at the loss. Globes of pearly semen oozed out to puddle between their quivering thighs.

Clarissa and Katherine lay boneless and dazed in the afterglow, their hugely pregnant bellies rising and falling with each sated breath.

The skin stretched taut over their swollen midsections glistened with a sheen of perspiration. Their massive milk jugs lolled to the sides, streaked with sprayed milk and slowly leaking rivulets of creamy fluid.

"Holy fuck," Clarissa panted, one hand drifting down to touch her puffy, seed-oozing slit. "I think you just fucked a whole litter into me, baby boy. Ungh, I can feel your cum sloshing in my womb."

Katherine laughed breathlessly beside her. "Same here! If I wasn't pregnant already, I'm pretty sure I would have popped out twins after that monster load."

Evan and Caleb grinned at each other, flushed with pride at their virility. Even winning the State Championship paled in comparison. "Our pleasure, Mom," Evan said, giving Katherine's ripe tits a possessive squeeze. Milk squirted from her nipples at his touch. "You two are gonna be our own personal baby factories from now on."

"Constantly barefoot, pregnant, and dripping with our cum," Caleb agreed, trailing a finger through the pearly ooze seeping from Clarissa's freshly-bred cunt. He swiped up a glob of jizz and fed it to her, pushing it past her lips. "Wouldn't want you to waste a single drop. Gotta keep that fertile womb filled to the brim 24/7."

Clarissa eagerly sucked his finger clean, shivering at the nasty intimacy. The salty-sweet taste of his spunk mixed with her tangy juices exploded across her tongue. "Mmmm, I promise to be an obedient little cum dump for you, baby," she purred, gazing up at him adoringly. "Whenever you need to empty those big balls, just bend me over and pump me full."

"I can't wait to see you both in your wedding dresses," Evan said, eyes gleaming with anticipation. "You'll be the most beautiful brides ever. And all ours."

Katherine and Clarissa shared a wicked smile. "Oh, it's gonna be a wedding for the ages, sweetheart," Katherine promised. "The most scandalous, depraved event this town has ever seen."

"We'll be nine months pregnant, with our massive bellies and tits on full display as we walk down the aisle," Clarissa added gleefully. "Let everyone see the proof of our sons' virility as they claim us as their wives."

"And you know we won't be wearing any panties under our gowns," Katherine said with a lascivious wink. "Easy access for our new husbands to slip inside us and fill us with cum during the reception."

Evan groaned at the deliciously obscene image. "Fuck yeah. I'm gonna bend you over the cake table and rut you in front of everyone, Mom. Let them all watch as I breed my bride."

"We'll make it a tradition - fucking a baby into us at every major event," Clarissa declared. "Me and Katherine will always be strutting around with your sperm sloshing in our pregnant cunts."

"Well then, we have a lot of planning to do," Katherine said briskly, heaving herself up on the bed. A fresh gush of pearly semen splattered onto the sheets as she moved, eliciting a moan. "The dresses, the guest list, the cake..."

"And soundproofing for the honeymoon suite," Clarissa added with a giggle. "I have a feeling we're going to be VERY loud."

The four incestuous lovers laughed wickedly, drunk on perversion and eagerly anticipating the raunchy nuptials to come. It would be a wedding none of the guests would ever forget - the day two mothers gave themselves wholly to their sons, forsaking all others to be bred and used, now and forever.

The four lovers laughed uproariously together, giddy with post-orgasmic bliss and gleeful anticipation of their scandalous wedding plans. Clarissa and Katherine's massive baby bumps jiggled as they shook with mirth, while Evan and Caleb grinned up at their glowing mothers adoringly.

Suddenly, with a loud splintering crack, the abused bed frame gave way beneath their combined weight. The mattress crashed to the floor, the headboard toppling sideways. Evan and Caleb found themselves buried under an avalanche of ripe maternal flesh as Clarissa and Katherine collapsed on top of them with surprised yelps.

Enormous milk-swollen tits engulfed the boys' faces, smothering them in warm, fragrant cleavage. Acres of smooth belly-flesh, drum-tight with child, pressed down on their torsos. Caleb sputtered as Katherine's leaking nipple found its way into his mouth. He suckled automatically, rewarded with a creamy gush across his tongue.

Beside him, only the top of Evan's head was visible in the deep valley between Clarissa's massive jugs. He motorboated the pillowy mounds happily, uncaring of the boob-induced asphyxiation. Death by tit-smothering was his preferred way to go.

The pregnant mothers giggled and squirmed as they tried to right themselves, their ungainly bellies and heavy udders making it difficult. "Whoopsie!" Katherine laughed. "Guess that bed just couldn't handle the power of our love."

"Kinda like how our dear husbands can't handle our pussies," Clarissa quipped. She finally rolled sideways off of Evan, freeing him from marshmallowy heaven, and surveyed the wreckage. "Useless cucks can't even provide a decent fucking surface. If their dicks worked half as well as their excuses, we wouldn't be in this mess."

"Mmmhmm," Katherine agreed, heaving herself up. Milk dribbled down her chest from Caleb's parting suckles. "They'll fix this bed about as well as they fuck - quick, sloppy, and leaving me completely unsatisfied."

The moms cackled meanly at their husbands' expense, not an ounce of remorse for the vicious cuckolding. Katherine poked at the shattered headboard with her toe. "Guess we'll

just have to make do with the mattress on the floor until the wedding night," she said with a shrug and a leer at Evan.

"Fine by me," her boy smirked. "As long as I've got your sweet pussy to plow, I don't give a fuck where we do it. The floor, the table, bent over the couch..."

"Such a naughty boy," Clarissa purred, reaching down to fondle her own son's sticky cock, making it twitch back to life. "We did a good job raising you boyd to be a pussy-hungry studs."

Katherine nodded. "Us hot moms deserve virile young bulls like you two. Not the limp-dicked losers we unfortunately married."

As if on cue, the door creaked open and Damon poked his head in hesitantly. He grimaced at the depraved scene - his naked, heavily pregnant wife splayed out on a ruined bed, reeking of sex, groping their equally nude son.

"I, uh, heard a crash..." the hubby mumbled, averting his eyes from his wife's dripping, freshly-bred cunt. "Just wanted to make sure everything was okay."

Katherine rolled her eyes. "Just broke the bed again, dear," she said with exaggerated patience, as if explaining to a slow child. "A casualty of Evan fucking me properly. Something you wouldn't know anything about."

Damon flinched at the casual cruelty but said nothing, accepting his debasement. Clarissa chimed in. "Why don't you make yourself useful and clean up this mess, hmm?" She gestured to the puddles of cum staining the sheets. "Ever bit of it."

"Sure," Damon replied meekly, head hanging. He shuffled off to get cleaning supplies, the picture of a defeated cuckold. Clarissa and Katherine snickered.

"Pathetic," Katherine sneered. "He's lucky we even let him stay in the house, let alone do our chores."

"At least he's being a good little housemaid," Clarissa shrugged. "The only thing those tiny-dicked wastes of space are good for."

The boys laughed, enjoying seeing their fathers humiliated by their domineering mothers. Evan reached over to high-five Caleb. "We really are the men of the house now, bro!"

"Damn straight," Caleb agreed, puffing up arrogantly, their dicks still sticking up, long and erect; like heat-seeking missiles. "And after the wedding, it'll be official. Our bitches for breeding, our cock-slaves for life!"

COMING SOON:

PART 2 – OUR BIG FAT DOUBLE-INCEST WEDDING