

MOM'S CURE



BY KLRXO

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Lisa's heart sank as the doctor's words echoed in her mind. A rare disorder, with only one known treatment - deep vaginal orgasms. She glanced over at her husband Dan, trying to read his reaction, but his face was unreadable.

The doctor continued explaining the details, but Lisa barely heard her, thoughts racing. How could this be happening to her? And what did it mean for their marriage, their life together? They had always had a healthy sex life, but her husband's cock-length was average at best. Deep vaginal orgasms was something she hadn't experienced since her wild college days.

Dan reached over and squeezed her hand, pulling her back to the present. "It's gonna be okay, honey" he said softly. "We'll figure this out together."

Lisa nodded, trying to force a smile, but inside she felt numb. She had so many questions, so many fears, but she couldn't seem to voice any of them. All she could do was sit there as the doctor went on about treatment plans and follow-up appointments, the words washing over her like white noise.

Finally, after what felt like hours, they were walking out of the clinic, stepping into the too-bright sunlight. Lisa blinked against the glare, feeling dazed and disoriented. Dan wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

"Let's go home," he said gently. "We can talk more there, in private."

Lisa let him guide her to the car, her legs moving mechanically. As they pulled out of the parking lot, she stared out the window without

really seeing anything, her mind still struggling to process everything the doctor had said.

A rare disorder. Deep vaginal orgasms. The phrases kept echoing in her head as the city streets flew by in a blur. She knew there were challenges ahead, difficult conversations and decisions to be made.

But for now, all she could do was breathe and try to hold herself together, one moment at a time. Dan's hand found hers again, warm and reassuring, and she clung to it like a lifeline as they drove on towards an uncertain future.

Once home, Lisa pored over the materials from the clinic, her brow furrowed in concentration as she tried to make sense of the medical jargon. The kids were still at school, the house quiet except for the ticking of the clock on the wall. She shifted on the couch, the papers crinkling in her lap.

"It says here that the deep vaginal orgasms need to stimulate the...the fornix. At the back of the vagina," she said slowly, glancing up at Dan. He was sitting beside her, his expression concerned yet attentive.

Lisa bit her lip, a flush rising to her cheeks. These weren't things they normally discussed in such clinical detail. She took a breath and pushed on. "But we both know that you're...I mean, your penis is a bit on the shorter side. I don't mean it's small," Lisa clarified, not wanting to sound cruel. "But I don't think it can reach the spots they're talking about here."

She trailed off, her face hot. Dan reached over and took her hand, his palm warm and slightly clammy against her skin. "Hey, it's okay," he said softly. "We'll figure something out. There have to be other ways, right? Toys or...or positions..."

Lisa nodded, swallowing past the tightness in her throat. She knew he was trying to reassure her, to be supportive, but the idea of needing to use toys or special techniques just to have a normal sex life made her stomach churn. It felt like one more way her body was betraying her.

She looked down at their entwined hands, blinking against the sudden sting of tears. "I just hate this," she whispered. "I hate that this is happening to me. To us."

Dan squeezed her fingers. "I know, baby. I know. But we'll get through it, okay? We always do. No matter what it takes, we'll beat this thing together."

Lisa went through the motions of her daily routine, trying to push down the gnawing ache that seemed to radiate through her bones. She packed the kids' lunches, helped Gina pick out an outfit for school, and made sure her 18-year-old son Ivan actually got out of bed in time to catch the bus. It was a herculean effort just to keep moving, to paste on a smile and pretend everything was fine.

Ivan slouched into the kitchen, his eyes still bleary with sleep. As Lisa handed him his lunch, she caught him staring at her chest, his gaze lingering on the swell of her oversized tits beneath her robe. A hot flush crept up her neck. She knew she was well-endowed, but the blatant ogling from her own son made her skin crawl.

"Eyes up here, Ivan," she snapped, more harshly than she intended.

He jerked his gaze away, mumbling an apology, but she could feel his eyes on her ass as she turned to pour his orange juice. Lisa gritted her teeth, the dull throb behind her eyes intensifying. It was bad enough dealing with this disorder, with the looming specter of her sex life being forever changed. Now she had to worry about her teenage son objectifying her too?

She herded the kids out the door, watching as they clambered onto the school bus. Gina turned to wave, her gap-toothed smile bright and innocent. Lisa waved back, her own smile feeling brittle. She wondered how long she could keep up this facade, this illusion of normalcy.

As the bus pulled away, Lisa trudged back inside, each step an effort. She sank down on the couch and closed her eyes, trying to will away the pain that pulsed through her body with every heartbeat. The clock ticked on the wall, counting down the hours until Dan would be home and they could delve into the uncharted waters of this new reality.

But for now, she was alone with her thoughts, her fears, and the unrelenting ache that seemed to have taken up permanent residence in her bones. She hugged herself tightly, as if she could somehow hold the broken pieces together through sheer force of will.

Tears slipped down her cheeks, hot and bitter. She didn't know how much more she could take, how long she could keep going on like this. But she had to be strong, for herself and for her family. She had to believe that somehow, someday, they would find a way through this.

Days turned into weeks as Lisa tried sex toy after sex toy, each one more elaborate than the last. Sleek silver vibrators, girthy purple dildos, contoured glass wands that promised to hit just the right spot. She spent hours scouring online reviews, adding item after item to her virtual cart until the total made her wince. But no price seemed too high if it could ease the pain that gnawed at her constantly.

When the discreet packages arrived, she tore into them with a desperate sort of hope, her fingers trembling as she freed each toy from its plastic packaging. She followed the instructions meticulously, coating them with lube and angling them just so, holding her breath

as she slid them inside herself. Sometimes Dan helped, his hands gentle on her hips as he worked the toys deeper, trying to stimulate that elusive spot at the back of her vagina.

But no matter how long she writhed against the buzzing silicone, no matter how many times she clenched around the firm girth stretching her open, the relief she sought remained maddeningly out of reach. Her orgasms were shallow and unsatisfying, leaving her more frustrated than ever. The ache in her bones seemed to mock her efforts, pulsing in time with the futile throb between her legs.

Finally, after another night spent futilely grinding against a buzzing wand until her wrist ached, Lisa made a decision. She couldn't keep doing this, couldn't keep torturing herself with false hopes and useless gadgets. She needed real answers, real help.

The next day, while Dan was at work, Lisa drove back to the clinic, her knuckles white on the steering wheel. She needed answers, needed to know what her options were beyond an endless parade of overpriced toys that did nothing to ease her pain.

Dr. Larsen welcomed her into the office with a sympathetic smile. Lisa perched on the edge of the exam table, her hands twisting in her lap as she poured out her frustrations, her fears, the hopelessness that threatened to swallow her whole.

The doctor listened intently, her brow furrowed. When Lisa finally fell silent, Dr. Larsen leaned forward, her expression grave.

"Lisa, I want you to know that what you're experiencing is not uncommon for women with this condition. For some, toys and devices simply aren't enough to achieve the level of stimulation needed for relief."

Lisa's heart sank. "So what do I do? Just live with this pain forever?"

Dr. Larsen shook her head. "No, not at all. There are other options. But they can be...unconventional."

She went on to explain that for some women, the key to triggering these deep, therapeutic orgasms was the feeling of real flesh, the primal intimacy of being filled by a living, pulsing cock. The toys, no matter how well-crafted, simply couldn't replicate that.

Lisa felt her face flush hot. "But my husband...he's not...I mean, his penis is..."

The words stuck in her throat. It felt like a betrayal to even voice these thoughts, these secret doubts that had plagued her for years.

Dr. Larsen gave her a gentle, understanding look. "If your partner's size is a limitation, there are ways around that. Some of my patients have found success with...male substitutes. Men who are better endowed and able to reach those deep pleasure points."

Lisa stared at her, shock mingling with a sudden, shameful flicker of arousal. The thought of opening herself up to another man, of feeling a strange cock plunging deep inside her, probing places Dan had never touched...it was terrifying and thrilling all at once.

"I don't know if I could do that," she whispered, her voice ragged. "It feels like cheating."

"I understand your hesitation. But Lisa, this is your health we're talking about. Your quality of life. If Dan loves you, he'll want what's best for you, even if it's difficult. You need to have an honest conversation with him."

Lisa nodded numbly, her mind reeling. She knew the doctor was right, knew she needed to be upfront with Dan. But the prospect of telling him, of seeing the hurt and betrayal in his eyes...it made her stomach churn.

Lisa tried to put Dr. Larsen's suggestion out of her mind, but it lingered like a splinter she couldn't quite dig out. The idea of letting another man inside her, no matter how well-endowed, felt like a violation of her marriage vows. She and Dan had always been faithful to each other, even when things got tough. How could she even consider breaking that trust?

But as the days dragged on and the ache in her bones grew more insistent, Lisa found herself wavering. The toys were doing nothing for her, and the pain was starting to affect every aspect of her life. She was short-tempered with the kids, distracted while she worked around the house, and so exhausted by the end of the day that even cuddling with Dan on the couch felt like too much effort.

One evening, as she was putting away laundry, Lisa passed by Ivan's room and heard a sound that made her freeze. It was rhythmic, almost frantic, and all too familiar. She knew she should keep walking, give her son his privacy, but some perverse impulse made her pause, her hand hovering over the doorknob.

Through the crack in the door, she could see Ivan sprawled on his bed, his hand pumping furiously at his crotch. Lisa's breath caught in her throat. She knew it was wrong to watch, knew she should look away, but her eyes were drawn inexorably to the thick, veined shaft jutting from her son's fist.

Ivan's massive cock was a sight to behold. It was huge, easily twice the size of Dan's modest endowment. The thick shaft was engorged with blood, the bulging veins prominent beneath the taut skin. It had to be at least 9 inches long, maybe more, and so girthy that Lisa wasn't sure she could encircle it with her fingers. The swollen head was a deep, angry purple, flared and glistening with the copious pre-cum that dribbled from the tip.

The root of his cock was a solid mass of muscle and sinew, providing the power behind each vigorous stroke of his fist. His heavy balls churned beneath, drawn up tight to his body as his climax approached. This was a cock built for hard, deep, relentless fucking - a battering ram designed to plunder the innermost depths of a woman's body.

Lisa's cunt clenched at the thought, a hot pulse of need that left her breathless. She imagined that huge, veiny shaft plowing into her, stretching her open, pounding the ache from her bones with ruthless strokes. Her nipples tightened almost painfully against the confines of her bra as a forbidden heat unfurled in her belly.

Shame washed over her in sickening waves, but she couldn't tear her gaze away. Ivan's face was contorted in pleasure, his lips parted and his eyes screwed shut. His free hand fisted in the sheets, the tendons standing out in his forearm as he chased his release.

With a strangled grunt, he came, thick ropes of semen spurting spectacularly into the air and onto his heaving belly. Lisa watched, transfixed, as the last few drops oozed from the tip of his softening cock.

It wasn't until Ivan started to stir that the mother snapped out of her trance. She hurried away from the door, her heart pounding and her face burning with a mixture of guilt and forbidden lust. She couldn't believe what she had just witnessed, what she had allowed herself to feel.

But even as she tried to push the memory away, she couldn't shake the image of Ivan's impressive size, the way it had made her ache with a hunger she hadn't felt in years. It was wrong, so utterly taboo, but some dark part of her wondered if maybe, just maybe, her son held the key to her relief.

It wasn't like she hadn't noticed the way Ivan looked at her, his gaze lingering on her fat tits or meaty derriere when he thought she wasn't paying attention. And there had been those times she'd found her lace panties tangled in his bedsheets, the crotch stained with unmistakable evidence of his lust. She'd never had the courage to confront him about it, too afraid of what it might unearth.

But the real smoking gun had been the story she'd found on his laptop one afternoon when he'd left it open on the kitchen table. Curiosity had gotten the better of her, and she'd scrolled through the document, her eyes widening with each lurid paragraph. In excruciatingly graphic detail, Ivan had described bending her over the backseat of her car and fucking her senseless, pounding into his own mother with wild abandon until they both erupted in shattering orgasms.

Lisa had felt sick to her stomach as she read, but she couldn't deny the pulse of heat between her legs, the way her nipples had tightened against her blouse. She'd snapped the laptop shut, her hands shaking, and tried to erase the filthy words from her brain. But they lingered still, taunting her with forbidden possibilities.

She knew in her gut that if she went to Ivan, if she offered herself to him, he wouldn't hesitate. He would jump at the chance to make his twisted fantasies a reality, even if it was to help her with a medical condition. The thought simultaneously repulsed and thrilled her.

Lisa warred with herself, disgust and desperation clashing in her chest. She was a married woman, a mother - she couldn't seriously be considering fucking her own teenage son. It was sick, depraved, the ultimate taboo.

But God, the way he'd looked pounding his huge cock in his bedroom, his muscles clenching as he neared climax... The ache in her bones sharpened, as if punishing her for her resistance.

Lisa closed her eyes, tears of frustration pricking behind her lids. Was she really this depraved, this desperate for relief that she would cross the final line? Every cell in her body screamed for release, for the deep, fulfilling orgasms the doctor had promised would ease her constant pain.

Her mind spun in dizzying circles, torn between her morals and her all-consuming need. Ivan's youthful cock danced behind her eyelids, taunting her with its forbidden heft. She imagined the stretch of it inside her, filling her completely, stroking parts of her that hadn't been touched in close to 20 years.

Ivan held his breath as he peeked through the crack in the bathroom door, terrified of being caught by his sister Gina. But the temptation to ogle his mother's spectacular body was too powerful to resist. His heart pounded in his ears as Lisa shimmied out of her lacy bra, unleashing her massive, heavy tits. They bobbed and swayed with her movements, the dusky nipples already stiff with arousal.

She hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her skimpy panties and slid them down her long legs, baring the smooth, shaved mound of her pussy to his hungry gaze. Ivan's cock throbbed almost painfully in his jeans at the mouthwatering sight. His mother's ass was a work of art, round and firm and bodacious. He longed to grab greedy handfuls of those perfect cheeks, to spread them wide and plunge his tongue into her tight rosebud.

Lisa wedged her phone between her ear and bare shoulder as she bent to turn on the shower. "I just don't know what to do, Jenna," she sighed, her heavy breasts swinging tantalizingly with the motion. "The doctor says my only hope is deep fucking from a big penis, but Dan's is just so...inadequate."

Ivan's eyes widened. He knew he shouldn't be listening to his mother's private conversation, but the revelation made his balls tighten with a perverse thrill. Did she really need a huge dick to provide relief from what ailed her? All this time, he'd been fantasizing about giving her the deep, hard fucking she obviously craved, never imagining it could be medicinal too. His neglected cock lurched in his pants, pre-cum soaking through his boxers.

He palmed his bulge, barely suppressing a groan as Lisa examined her reflection in the mirror, cupping and hefting her amazing rack. "I feel like a bad wife, even considering this, but I'm desperate," she confessed. "This pain...it's eating me alive. I'd do anything to make it stop."

Anything? The word reverberated through Ivan's sex-fogged brain. He imagined himself stepping into the steamy bathroom, pushing his naked mother against the vanity and declaring that he had the cure for her, throbbing and ready between his legs. He pictured her shock melting into grateful lust as he plowed her hard from behind, giving her the deep dicking she needed. His hips flexed involuntarily, rutting into his hand.

Ivan's heart hammered as his mind raced. There was no way his mom would ever cheat on his dad, even if it meant curing her pain. And she certainly would never agree to let him fuck her, no matter how huge his cock was or how good he knew he could make her feel. It was a hopeless fantasy.

But maybe there was another way. If Ivan could find some dirt on his dad, something really bad that he'd be terrified for his wife to discover...he could use it as leverage. Blackmail the old man into letting Ivan take his place in his mother's bed.

Everyone had skeletons in their closet, naughty secrets they kept hidden away. His straight-laced father had to have something sordid

lurking in his past. An affair, a shameful kink, a hidden vice - whatever it was, Ivan would uncover it. He just needed to dig deep enough.

His cock twitched eagerly at the idea, pulsing against his zipper. If this worked, he could finally live out his dirtiest fantasies AND give his mother the deep, pounding relief she craved. A win-win! The taboo thrill made his balls tighten and his asshole clench.

Ivan watched hungrily as his mom hung up the phone and stepped into the shower, rivulets of water cascading over her mouthwatering curves. Steam billowed around her, fogging the glass and obscuring his view. He palmed his aching cock through his jeans, barely resisting the urge to whip it out and stroke it to the sight of his mother's glistening, soapy body.

Soon, he vowed silently. Soon he would have her, all of her, spread open and moaning for his cock. He just needed to find his dad's darkest secret first.

Ivan spent the next two days scouring the house for anything he could use as leverage against his father. He rifled through dresser drawers, flipped through old photo albums, even snooped in his parents' closet when they were out, holding his breath as if they might catch him elbow-deep in their private affairs. But he came up empty-handed, frustration mounting with each dead end.

It wasn't until he ventured into the garage, shifting through dusty boxes of Christmas ornaments and outgrown sports equipment, that he finally hit pay dirt. There, tucked behind a stack of his father's old college textbooks, was a small lockbox, its metal exterior scratched and tarnished with age. Ivan's heart kicked into overdrive as he fished it out, the weight of it telling in his hands.

He fiddled with the latch, but of course it was locked tight. His mind spun with possibilities of what sordid secrets it might contain. He had to get it open, had to know what kind of dirt his squeaky clean father was hiding. Glancing around furtively, he tucked the box under his arm and snuck it up to his room, locking the door behind him.

It took some doing, but after an hour of prying and cursing, he managed to jimmy the lock with a bent paperclip. Hands shaking slightly, he lifted the lid, hope and trepidation warring in his gut.

Inside, he found a stack of photos, edges curled and faded with time. His breath caught as he flipped through them, taking in the images of his father, twenty years younger, naked and engaged in explicit sexual acts with another man. The pictures left no doubt as to the nature of their relationship, the way their bodies were intertwined, the blissed out expressions on their faces.

Ivan's mind reeled, trying to reconcile this revelation with the man who had raised him, the upstanding husband and father who went to church every Sunday and got flustered at the mere mention of sex. He'd always assumed his parents' lukewarm bedroom antics were due to his mother's constant pain, but now he wondered if his dad had been hiding his true desires all along. Was his own father a bisexual?

A slow, wicked grin spread across Ivan's face as the realization sank in. He had him. He finally had the leverage he needed to blackmail his father into stepping aside, into letting Ivan fulfill his ultimate taboo fantasy. The knowledge sat hot and heavy in his gut, his neglected cock twitching with renewed purpose.

That evening, Dan's face paled as Ivan triumphantly held up the incriminating photos, a satisfied smirk twisting his lips. A cold sweat

broke out across Dan's brow, his stomach churning with a sickening mixture of horror, anger, and dread.

"Where...where did you get those?" he croaked, his voice trembling. He reached for the pictures with a shaking hand, but Ivan snatched them away, wagging a scolding finger.

"Uh-uh, Dad. Finders keepers." Ivan's eyes glinted with malicious glee, relishing the power he now held over his father. "I always knew you were hiding something. Guess you're not such a straight arrow after all, huh?"

Dan's face flushed hot with mingled shame and outrage. How dare this little shit go snooping through his private things? Violating his privacy, dredging up ancient history that was never meant to see the light of day? His hands curled into fists at his sides, the urge to wipe that smug look off Ivan's face nearly overwhelming.

But he couldn't lash out, couldn't risk alienating his son any further. Not when the evidence of his youthful indiscretions was clutched in Ivan's grubby paw, poised to destroy the life he'd so carefully built. He had to handle this delicately, find some way to diffuse the ticking time bomb of his long-buried secret.

"Ivan, listen to me," he said carefully, his voice strained with the effort of keeping calm. "That was a long time ago, okay? I was young and confused and...and experimenting. It didn't mean anything."

Ivan's eyebrows shot up, a mocking laugh huffing from his nose. "Didn't mean anything? I don't know, Dad, looks like you were pretty into it from where I'm standing." He waved the photos tauntingly, making Dan's insides clench with dread.

"It was just a phase, alright?" Dan snapped, frustration sharpening his tone. "Ancient history. I'm not...I haven't been with a man since then. I love your mother, I'm committed to our marriage."

"Yeah, and I'm sure Mom would love to hear all about your 'phase'," Ivan sneered, a hard glint in his eye. "Wonder how she'd feel, knowing her husband used to take it up the ass from his college buddy."

Dan closed his eyes, the humiliation burning through him like acid. This couldn't be happening. All these years, he'd kept his shameful past locked away, buried deep where it could never touch his picture-perfect present. He'd built a life, a family, on the foundation of his heterosexuality, his fidelity. If Lisa found out...

"What do you want, Ivan?" he asked hoarsely, defeated.

Ivan's smirk widened. "I thought you'd never ask. It's simple, really. I wanna help Mom. And I think we both know there's only one way to do that."

Dan's brow furrowed in confusion, not following. Then realization crashed over him like a bucket of ice water. His eyes widened in horror. "No. No way. Absolutely not."

Ivan rolled his eyes. "Oh come on, Dad. Don't be so dramatic. It's not like I'm suggesting anything crazy here. Mom needs a big cock to cure what ails her. And lucky for her, I've got just the tool for the job." He grabbed his crotch lewdly, a cocky grin splitting his face.

Nausea roiled in Dan's gut. This couldn't be happening. His own son, proposing to...to... He couldn't even think it, the idea was so repulsive. "You're sick," he spat, revulsion twisting his features. "She's your mother, for God's sake!"

"Yeah, and she's your wife. But apparently that's not enough to get you to man up and allow her to get what she needs." Ivan's voice dripped with condescension. "Face it, your tiny dick just isn't cutting it. But mine will. I can make her feel good, Dad. Take away her pain."

Dan shook his head vehemently, bile rising in his throat. "No. I won't let you. I'll...I'll buy you a car. Pay for your college. Anything you want. Just please, don't do this. Don't make me let you..."

Ivan barked a harsh laugh. "Jesus, listen to yourself. You'd really rather bribe me than get Mom the relief she's begging for? And you call me sick." He shook his head, something like disappointment flickering across his face. "This isn't about me, Dad. Or my 'selfish desires' or whatever bullshit you're telling yourself. This is about Mom. Making her feel better. Don't you want that?"

Dan opened his mouth, a desperate plea poised on his tongue, but the words wouldn't come. Because the awful truth was, he did want Lisa to feel better. He hated seeing her in constant agony, knowing he was powerless to help her. And he knew deep down that Ivan could.

Self-loathing burned like acid in his veins. What kind of man was he, to even consider this? Pimping out his own wife to their teenage son? Even if it was for her own good, the thought made him physically ill.

But the alternative - watching Lisa waste away in unending torment, all because he was too proud and squeamish to let Ivan do what needed to be done...

"I can't," he whispered brokenly, the fight draining out of him. "I can't give you my blessing on this. It's wrong. She's my wife. Your mother."

Ivan's eyes hardened, his jaw clenching with resolve. "You think Mom would be happy to find out her husband was fucking dudes while he was dating her? Maybe even while engaged to her?" He shook the photos in Dan's face. "How do you think that would make her feel, Dad? To know you were out there taking cock when you were supposed to be committed to her?"

Dan's shoulders slumped in defeat, all the fight draining out of him. Ivan was right. If Lisa saw those pictures, it would crush her. Shatter the illusion of their perfect marriage, their wholesome history. She would never look at him the same way again.

"What...what exactly are you suggesting I do then?" Dan asked hoarsely, hating himself for even entertaining the idea. But what choice did he have?

A slow, triumphant smile spread across Ivan's face. "Simple. You're gonna tell Mom that the best way to cure her is to let me fuck her. You're gonna give us your blessing to get nasty, whenever and however we want. And you're not going to breathe a word of complaint about it."

Dan's stomach lurched, gorge rising in his throat. The thought of his teenage son defiling his wife, pumping her full of cum with that huge cock of his, made him physically ill. But the alternative - losing Lisa's love and respect forever while she suffered in pain - was unthinkable.

"And if I do this, you'll keep your mouth shut about...about the pictures?" he asked numbly, already knowing the answer.

Ivan's grin widened. "As long as you keep up your end of the deal, your dirty little secret is safe with me. But the second you try to interfere, or go back on your word...well, I'm sure Mom would be very interested to see what her hubby got up to back in the day."

Dan closed his eyes, a shudder of revulsion rolling through him. He was trapped, completely at the mercy of his deviant son's whims. But what choice did he have? Letting Ivan defile Lisa was a small price to pay to keep his sordid past buried.

"Fine," he bit out through gritted teeth. "I'll...I'll talk to your mother. Tell her that I think it's a good idea for you to...to help her."

The words tasted like ashes on his tongue, but he forced them out. Ivan clapped him on the shoulder, his touch making Dan's skin crawl.

"I knew you'd come around," Ivan said, his voice low and satisfied. "Mom's gonna feel so much better soon. And hey, maybe you'll finally be able to relax a little, knowing she's getting what she needs to feel better."

Ivan's smug grin made Dan's skin crawl as he outlined his sick plan. "So here's what you're gonna do, Dad," he said, his voice dripping with false cheer. "You're going to sit Mom down, look her in the eye, and tell her that you think it's a great idea for me to fuck her. You're gonna say that it's the only way to cure her pain, and that you're totally on board."

Dan's stomach churned, bile rising in his throat at the thought of convincing his wife to let their teenage son violate her. But the hard glint in Ivan's eye told him he had no choice.

"And you better make it convincing," Ivan continued, his tone sharpening. "Really sell it, like it was your idea. Because if I get even a hint that you're not fully supportive, well..." He waved the incriminating photos tauntingly. "Let's just say these might accidentally find their way into Mom's hands. Wouldn't want that, would we?"

Dan's heart seized with dread, the humiliating images seared into his brain. He knew he was trapped, completely at Ivan's mercy. Slowly, numbly, he nodded.

"I'll do it," he said hoarsely, the words like broken glass in his throat. "I'll talk to her. Convince her."

Ivan's smile returned, smug satisfaction oozing from every pore. "Good boy, Dad. I knew you'd see it my way." He clapped Dan on the

shoulder, making him flinch. "Trust me, this is for the best. Mom's gonna be so grateful to finally get some relief."

Dan closed his eyes against the sting of tears, hating himself for being so weak, so powerless. He pictured Lisa's face when he told her that Ivan was the solution to her agony, revulsion and shame twisting in his guts. But what choice did he have?

He was a puppet on Ivan's strings now, forced to dance to whatever twisted tune his son played. All he could do was pray that Lisa would forgive him for failing her so completely as a husband and a man.

With a heavy heart and a leaden tongue, Dan went to find his wife, to shatter her world and deliver her into their son's perverse clutches. Each step felt like a nail in his own coffin, the weight of his secrets crushing him into the ground.

But it was too late to turn back now. He had to see this through, no matter how much it killed him inside. Lisa's well-being hung in the balance, and he had to do whatever it took to secure it.

Lisa stared at her husband in utter disbelief, her mouth hanging open in shock. Had he really just suggested that she have sex with their own son? That Ivan, their teenage boy, should be the one to pound her pain away with his huge cock? She couldn't wrap her mind around it.

Her gaze flicked to Ivan, standing there with a smug grin on his face as he openly ogled her large breasts. His eyes were glazed with lust, roaming hungrily over her curves like he'd already been given the green light to ravage her body. The blatant desire in his expression made her skin prickle with unease.

"Dan, I...I can't..." she stammered, her tongue thick and clumsy in her mouth. "He's our son for God's sake! It's wrong!"

She looked back at her husband, desperate for him to come to his senses, to put a stop to this insanity. But Dan wouldn't meet her eye, his shoulders slumped in defeat.

"I know it seems crazy," he said hoarsely. "But the doctor said you needed this. I just want you to feel better, Lise. And if Ivan is willing to help..."

He trailed off, his voice cracking with emotion. Lisa's heart clenched. She could see how much this was killing him, how it went against every fiber of his being. But the pain was eating her alive. She was desperate for relief, no matter how taboo the source.

Ivan stepped closer, his bulge obscenely prominent in his jeans. Lisa's eyes were drawn to it against her will, her cheeks flushing hotly. When she dragged her gaze back up to his face, his grin widened knowingly.

"I wanna help you, Mom," he said, his voice low and coaxing. "Dad practically begged me to do this. We can keep it just between us, our little secret."

Lisa's head spun, torn between revulsion and a dark, shameful thrill. The ache between her legs sharpened, her body responding to the promise of Ivan's impressive size despite the screaming wrongness of it all.

She looked at Dan one last time, praying he would put a stop to this insanity. But he just gave her a small, miserable nod, his eyes pleading for her forgiveness. In that moment, she knew she was on her own.

Lisa shook her head again, her mind reeling at the utter wrongness of what they were suggesting. To have sex with her own son, her teenage boy... it was unthinkable. Revulsion shuddered through her.

But Ivan fixed Dan with a hard, threatening glare, and her husband wilted under the heat of it. He turned back to Lisa, his expression pained and pleading.

"Honey, I know how it sounds. But the doctor said you needed a bigger penis to get relief. And Ivan's is...well, it's a lot larger than mine." The words seemed to physically pain Dan to utter.

"Much larger," Ivan interjected, a smug grin on his face as he lewdly grabbed his bulging crotch. "More than big enough to pound your pain away, Mom."

Nausea churned in Lisa's stomach, but the ache between her legs gave a traitorous throb. She was so desperate for respite from the constant agony. If Ivan really could provide that with his big cock, did it matter that he was her son? That dark, forbidden part of her wondered.

"Maybe..." The word fell from her lips before she could stop it, heavy with defeat and shame. "Maybe we could try it. Just once, to see if it actually helps like the doctor said."

Dan made a choked sound, his eyes squeezing shut as if to block out the awful reality. But Ivan's face split in a triumphant grin, his eyes glinting with a sick excitement.

"I promise I'll make you feel so much better, Mom." His voice dripped with false sincerity, but the bulge in his jeans pulsed eagerly.

Lisa's skin crawled with revulsion, but she forced herself to nod. She would do anything to stop the pain, even if it damned her soul.

Lisa arranged for her daughter to stay with her sister the following evening. She didn't want Gina anywhere near the house when she... when she let Ivan do those unspeakable things to her. The mere

thought made her stomach churn with guilt and self-loathing, but the constant ache in her bones pushed her forward.

She even lovingly suggested to Dan that he go catch a movie or something, get out of the house for a few hours. He looked at her with such broken despair that for a moment, her resolve wavered. But then the pain throbbed through her again and she steeled herself. She had to do this. For her health, her sanity.

Dan agreed in a hoarse whisper and trudged out the door, his shoulders slumped in defeat. Lisa watched him go, her heart twisting. She hated seeing him so beaten down, so emasculated. Hated herself for putting him through this, for wanting it despite the screaming wrongness of it all.

But as everyone but her and Ivan vacated the house, Lisa found herself perversely eager for his touch, for the deep, forbidden pounding he had promised. Moisture gathered between her legs as she imagined Ivan's huge teenage cock splitting her open, defiling her in the most taboo way possible. Her fat nipples stiffened against the lace of her bra, betraying her shameful excitement.

Lisa's mind continued to churn with conflicting emotions as she went through the motions of preparing for her son, as if readying herself for some sordid date. Shame burned in her cheeks as she meticulously shaved her legs in the shower, the rasp of the razor unnaturally loud in her ears. What was she doing? This was her son, her own flesh and blood. The wrongness of it all made her stomach twist.

But even as disgust roiled within her, She imagined Ivan's strong hands gripping her hips, his huge cock plundering her aching depths, and her core clenched with a sick thrill. The promise of relief, of an end to the constant pain, was a siren song she couldn't resist, no matter how taboo the means.

Her skin felt electrified as she slipped into a short silky robe, the material clinging to her freshly showered curves. Nothing too revealing - she couldn't bring herself to dress like some brazen harlot for her teenage son. But the robe hugged her enormous breasts and nipped in at her trim waist before flaring out over her hips. Sexy, yet still tasteful. Appropriate for the depraved occasion.

Lisa stepped into a pair of black stiletto mules, the heels sending a jolt of confidence through her even as her ankles wobbled slightly. The extra height made her feel powerful, in control, despite the decidedly out of control situation she now found herself in. She drew in a shuddering breath, trying to calm the battling swarm of nerves and arousal in her belly. This was it. No turning back now.

The dainty click of her heels sounded obscenely loud as she descended the stairs in search of her boy. A shiver worked through her as she spotted him lounging on the couch, his long legs sprawled carelessly wide. His eyes raked over her scantily clad form as she approached, a predatory gleam in their depths that made goosebumps prickle across her flesh.

"Mom," he greeted, his deep voice already rough with lust. "You look...hot!"

Embarrassed heat flooded Lisa's cheeks at the blatant appreciation in his gaze, the bald hunger that a son should never feel for his mother. She tugged self-consciously at the belt of her robe, swallowing hard around the lump of guilt and desire in her throat.

"Shall we, um...go upstairs to your room?" she awkwardly asked.

Lisa swallowed hard, her mouth dry as she led Ivan up the stairs to his bedroom, hyper-aware of his presence behind her. She could practically feel his eyes burning into her bodacious buttocks as she climbed each step, the sway of her hips beneath the thin silk of the robe suddenly feeling obscene, illicit. The cool air kissed her bare skin

and she realized with a flush of embarrassed heat that the robe left little to the imagination - Ivan could no doubt see the shape of her naked ass through the thin robe, the heavy bounce and sway of her unfettered breasts.

Her body felt too sensitive, the brush of the silk against her nipples making them stiffen traitorously. Anticipation and dread knotted in her stomach, a sick sort of arousal pulsing between her legs despite herself. This was so wrong. But she needed it, craved the promise of his rock-hard cock pounding away the pain that had become her constant companion.

Lisa forced her feet to carry her down the hall to Ivan's room, the door gaping open like the yawning mouth of some beast ready to consume her. With a trembling hand, she reached for the knob, the brass cool against her feverish skin. This was it. The point of no return. She drew in an unsteady breath and stepped inside, the plush carpet soft beneath her heels.

Lisa's heart skipped a beat as she stepped into her son's bedroom – one he'd had since he was a little boy. The space had been transformed, the harsh overhead light dimmed and replaced by the soft glow of flickering candles. Rose petals were scattered across the bed, the crimson a shocking contrast against the white sheets. Soft R&B music pulsed from the speakers, the sensual beat seeming to match the heavy thud of her own heart.

Ivan stood in the center of the room, his eyes dark and intense as they drank her in. "I wanted to set the mood," he murmured, his deep voice sending a shiver down her spine. "Make it special for you."

Emotion clogged Lisa's throat. He had gone to such efforts, put real thought into creating an atmosphere of romance and seduction. It

was so wrong, so utterly taboo...yet she was undeniably touched by the gesture. By his earnest desire to please her.

"Oh honey, thank you," she whispered, taking a step closer. The spicy scent of his cologne teased her nostrils. "It's perfect."

Ivan's lips curved in a slow smile and he opened his arms. Lisa went to him as if pulled by a magnet, sinking against the solid heat of his lean, teenage body. He wrapped her in a tight embrace, crushing her pillowy silk-clad breasts against his hard chest. She could feel every ridge of his muscles, the thud of his heart, the hot brand of his erection pressing into her stomach.

Arousal bloomed through her like a sickness, starting in her core and licking through her veins. Her fat nipples tightened, pushing against the thin barrier of her robe. The pulsing ache between her legs intensified. Ivan's hands skated down her back to palm the globes of her ass, pulling her harder against him. Lisa let out a breathy moan, light-headed with sudden need.

This was really happening. She was in her son's arms, about to let him have his wicked way with her. Guilt and shame and dark, forbidden excitement churned in her stomach. But there was no turning back now. The die had been cast.

Ivan's fingers dug into her plump flesh of her bubble butt as he ground his rigid cock against her mound. Lisa's head fell back on a gasp, heat sizzling under her skin. He bent his head and captured her lips in a searing kiss, his tongue delving past her teeth to claim her mouth. She whimpered and tangled her fingers in his hair, giving herself over to the forbidden pleasure. To the promise of relief, no matter how wrong the method.

He walked her backwards until her knees hit the bed. With a gentle push, he toppled her onto the mattress, rose petals scattering around her and her melonous tits rolling on her chest beneath the robe. Lisa

looked up at him through heavy-lidded eyes, her chest heaving. Ivan stood over her, his expression ravenous as he drank in the sight of her splayed out before him like an offering.

The teen stripped off his shirt with a confident smirk, revealing the lean, chiseled planes of his torso. Lisa's eyes widened as they drank in the sight of his bare skin, the defined muscles rippling beneath the surface. Her breath caught in her throat, an illicit thrill zinging through her at the forbidden treat of her son's body.

He hooked his thumbs in the waistband of his jeans and shoved them down his hips, kicking them away. Lisa's heart seized at the huge bulge straining against the confines of his boxer-briefs. Then he was peeling those off too, and his enormous cock sprang free, bobbing proudly at it jutted out stiffly from his crotch.

Lisa gulped, unable to tear her gaze away from the thick, veiny shaft. It was even bigger than she'd imagined, jutting from a thin patch of dark curls, the swollen head an angry purple. It twitched under her stunned perusal, as if preening at her blatant admiration. She didn't think she'd ever seen a penis so massive, the sheer girth of it making her clench in both fear and dark, shameful anticipation.

Slowly, she dragged her eyes up Ivan's body to his face. A wicked gleam danced in his eyes, his lips curled in a smug grin as he reveled in her awestruck reaction. He wrapped a hand around his huge cock, pumping it lazily.

"Like what you see, Mom?" he purred, his voice dripping with sin. "Bet you've never had one this big before."

Lisa's cheeks burned as she tore her gaze away from Ivan's jutting erection. "You're very...lucky, honey," she mumbled, the words sticking in her throat. "To be so well-endowed."

Slowly, with trembling fingers, she untied the sash of her robe and let the silky material slither off her body to pool on the bed. Cool air kissed her overheated skin and she shivered, goosebumps pebbling her flesh. Ivan's eyes went wide as they raked over her naked curves, lingering hungrily on her huge, heavy breasts.

"Fuck, Mom," he breathed, his voice ragged with lust. "Your tits are incredible."

Pride and shame swirled in Lisa's stomach at his reverent tone. She knew her breasts were her best feature, giant, full and perfectly shaped. But to have her own son ogling them so blatantly felt so dirty, so wrong.

Lisa swallowed hard as Ivan crawled onto the bed between her spread thighs, his dark eyes glinting with hunger. Her whole body trembled, torn between revulsion and a sick sort of anticipation. This was so wrong, letting her own son see her like this - legs splayed wantonly, her bare pussy on lewd display.

She wanted to squeeze her eyes shut against his penetrating gaze, but she couldn't look away as he settled his athletic body over her, caging her in. His huge cock bobbed between them, throbbing and engorged, the bulbous head nearly brushing her mound.

"Don't worry, Mom," Ivan purred, his voice like sin-soaked velvet stroking over her fevered skin. "I'm gonna fuck that pain right out of you. Pound this fat cock so deep, you'll forget your own name."

Lisa shuddered, slickness gathering at her empty core. He was so crude, so filthy...but God help her, his dirty promises were only stoking the illicit flames licking through her veins.

Ivan grabbed her knees and pushed them back toward her chest, folding her practically in half. Cool air washed over Lisa's exposed slit and she flushed hotly, knowing he could see every intimate fold and

crease, her wet and winking opening. She felt utterly exposed, vulnerable to his ravenous stare.

Ivan licked his lips as he dragged his gaze up and down her naked cleft, his nostrils flaring. "Fuck, your pussy is perfect. So bare and smooth and juicy. Can't wait to stuff it full of cock."

Lisa whimpered, molten humiliation and desire churning in her stomach. No one had ever spoken to her like this, looked at her with such blatant carnal intent. It was mortifying...thrilling. Wrong.

Ivan notched the broad head of his erection against her swollen lips, rubbing up and down her slick seam. Sparks of sensation skittered through her, making her clench and moan. He bumped against her plump clit, the contact like a live wire against the sensitive bundle of nerves. It throbbed under his touch, peeking out from its hood like a ripe, glistening berry.

He circled the protruding nub with the tip of his cock, flicking and teasing. Pleasure bloomed and unfurled in Lisa's core, dark and forbidden. She tried to press her hips into his maddening touch, chasing more of that tingling friction, but he held her fast.

"Uh-uh, Mom. Gotta beg for it first," he taunted, a wicked grin splitting his face. He tapped his cockhead against her clit, making her jerk and gasp. "C'mon, tell me how bad you need this big dick in your hungry cunt."

"Please," she whimpered, the words tasting like sin on her tongue. "I need it. I need your big dick to ease my pain."

Ivan's eyes flashed with triumph and he growled low in his chest as his enormous cockhead nuzzled insistently at Lisa's slick entrance, the broad tip straining against her tight opening. She sucked in a sharp breath as he increased the pressure, stretching her delicate folds to the limit. The flared head popped past her resisting muscles

with an obscene squelch, peeling back the remnants of her hymen like wet tissue paper.

A strangled moan tore from Lisa's throat as her son's massive cock invaded her most intimate depths, slowly plowing through her tight channel with unrelenting force. She could feel every ridge and vein of his thick shaft as it scraped along her clutching inner walls, stimulating hidden nerve endings she never knew existed.

The slick combination of Ivan's copious pre-cum and her own shameful arousal eased the way for his relentless penetration, allowing him to sink deeper and deeper into her forbidden passage. Her body stretched and burned around his unforgiving girth, the pleasure-pain unlike anything she'd ever experienced, even during her wild college days.

Ivan grunted as he hilted himself fully inside her, his wiry pubic hair scratching against her sensitive mound. Lisa's eyes rolled back as she felt him throb and flex at the very root of his huge cock, the steely shaft pulsing against her cervix. It felt like he was in her stomach, stuffing her so full she could barely breathe.

He pulled back slowly, letting her feel every dragging inch of his enormous penis as it rasped along her tender sheath. The thick veins and pulsing ridges seemed to catch on her swollen inner flesh, making her whimper and clench helplessly around him. His bulbous cockhead tugged at her opening, threatening to pull free of her clutching heat.

Then he slammed forward again, burying himself to the hilt in one brutal thrust. Lisa cried out as he bottomed out inside her, the blunt tip of his cock ramming against her womb. Electric shocks of sensation rippled through her core, a twisted mix of agony and ecstasy that left her trembling and gasping.

"Fuck, Mom, you're so tight," Ivan grunted, his fingers digging into the meat of her thighs as he split her open again and again, pounding into her with ruthless abandon.

Lisa whimpered as his pelvis slapped wetly against hers, his heavy balls smacking obscenely against her ass with each merciless thrust. She could hear the vulgar squelch of her ravaged cunt as it struggled to accommodate his plowing length, her juices frothing and oozing down the crack of her buttocks.

The wet, rhythmic slap of flesh against flesh echoed obscenely in her ears as Ivan fucked into her like a machine, drilling her open with jackhammering force.

"Oh hell yeah!" the teen gasped, watching her oversized tits roll and ripple to his every thrust.

The teen groaned as his mother's slick, scalding sheath rippled and squeezed around his plowing cock like a velvet vise. She was so much tighter than any of the younger girls he'd fucked. Not from inexperience, but from the way her mature cunt muscles expertly milking his veiny shaft with each deep thrust. The sheer power of her pelvic floor clamping down on him, trying to hold him in, was unlike anything he'd ever felt.

Her sheath was skilled and strong, forged by years of fucking and toning exercises. He could feel her muscled walls stroking every inch of his plundering length, the textures more varied and intense compared to the slick, yielding holes of his teenage conquests.

And her cervix - God, the way it kissed the tip of his cock each time he hilted inside her, cushiony yet firm, drove him wild. The younger girls he'd been with barely had a discernible cervical entrance, their cunts just smooth tunnels. But his mom's was a defined ring of muscle crowning her sheath, flexing against his invading cockhead like a hungry, suckling mouth. It made the tip of his dick tingle and

throb, the sensations shooting down his shaft and tightening his balls.

He lowered himself down and her huge breasts pillowed against his chest, the silky skin and soft, abundant flesh a delicious contrast to the hard slabs of his pecs. They rippled and quaked with each hammering impact of his hips, flattening and molding to him. He could feel her fat, rubbery nipples scraping his skin, pebbled with shameful arousal. The heavy globes were nothing like the pert little tits of the girls at school. These were the udders of a grown woman, a mother, full and pendulous and oh so plush.

The wrongness of it, of fucking his own mom's forbidden body – the one he was born from, only heightened Ivan's lust. He rutted into her harder, faster, grunting as he battered her cervix and stretched her clenching, juicy cunt to the limit. He wanted to ruin her for his pathetic father. Wanted to mold her sheath to the shape of his huge, invading cock so she'd never feel satisfied by anything else ever again.

"Take it, Mom," he growled, his voice guttural and laced with perverse need.

He grabbed her massive tits, sinking his fingers into the doughy flesh as he slammed into her, shaking her whole body with the force of his thrusts. Her tight, wet glove constricted around him, fluttering wildly as he hit some secret spot deep inside her. He angled his hips, making sure to nail it directly with each punishing stroke.

"Fuck!" Lisa cried out, her nails raking down his back as her sheath rippled and clenched.

Ivan had never heard his mom drop an F-bomb. He loved it!

Lisa screamed as the most powerful orgasm of her life detonated through her body, every nerve ending igniting in blinding ecstasy.

Her back arched violently off the mattress, muscles seizing and clenching as the climax tore through her like a hurricane. She convulsed beneath her son's jackhammering body, her torso lifting him up with the sheer force of her pleasure.

"Goddamn!" the teen chuckled, amused by how intensely he was making his mom come apart beneath him.

Wave after wave of pure rapture crashed over Lisa, obliterating all rational thought. There was only sensation, only the electric currents of bliss sizzling under her skin as her pussy contracted wildly around Ivan's plundering cock. Her cunt rippled and fluttered, squeezing his plundering shaft like a fist, trying to milk him dry.

The constant ache that had plagued her for so long evaporated, incinerated by the heat of her explosive release. For the first time in months, Lisa felt no pain, only the aftershocks of mind-bending pleasure radiating out to the tips of her fingers and toes. Tears leaked from the corners of her eyes as relief and gratitude swelled in her chest, the blissful absence of agony almost too much to comprehend.

Ivan groaned above her, his hips stuttering as her fluttering sheath squeezed and massaged his cock from root to tip. He slammed into her a half-dozen more times, then buried himself to the hilt as his swollen balls drew up tight to his body. With a guttural roar, he exploded inside her, painting her clutching walls with thick ropes of scalding seed.

Lisa moaned brokenly as she felt her son's cum bathing her insides, pumping into her in what seemed like endless spurts. Her pussy clenched and milked him, instinctively trying to draw his potent essence deeper. She could feel it sloshing in her stuffed channel, oozing out around his throbbing shaft to trickle down the crack of her ass.

Ivan collapsed on top of her, his sweaty chest heaving against hers as he fought to catch his breath. Lisa wrapped her trembling legs around his hips, holding him deep inside her as the last tremors of her climax fluttered through her core. She never wanted to let him go, never wanted this feeling of utter completion and relief to end.

Slowly, her orgasm ebbed, leaving behind a delicious lassitude in her muscles and a deep, throbbing satisfaction in her pussy. The pain that had been her constant companion for so long was gone, banished by her son's masterful fucking. Gratitude and love swelled in Lisa's chest, tears prickling behind her eyelids.

She cradled Ivan's head to her breasts, stroking his damp hair as their breathing gradually slowed and synchronized. In that moment, the taboo of what they'd done, the sick wrongness of a mother taking her son's cock, seemed to melt away, eclipsed by the sheer rightness of their joining.

Ivan rolled off her and collapsed next to her on the bed, his chest heaving. He rolled onto his side and reached for her heavy titties. "Can I suck on these perfect tits, mom?" he panted, his hands already cupping and squeezing her flushed mounds.

Lisa flinched away from his touch, pulling the sheet up to cover herself. As much as part of her craved more of his attention, she knew that indulging in anything beyond what was necessary to relieve her pain would be crossing an unforgivable line. Suckling at her breasts served no medical purpose.

"No, honey," she said firmly, ignoring the pang of disappointment on his face. "We can't..." She swallowed hard and slid off the bed, grabbing her discarded robe. "This needs to stay clinical. Anything more would be wrong."

She belted the silk tightly around her waist, trying to ignore the obscene trickle of Ivan's release oozing down her inner thigh. Her

body still thrummed with the aftershocks of her bone-melting climax, her nerves raw and over-sensitized. It took all her willpower not to crawl back into bed and lose herself in her son's strong arms again.

"I'm gonna go clean up," she muttered, unable to meet Ivan's heated gaze. "You should too, before your father gets back home." The mention of Dan made fresh guilt churn in her stomach. What had she done? How would she ever face him again?

Lisa stumbled into the bathroom, locking the door behind her with shaking hands. She collapsed against it, her heart pounding. Slowly, she untied her robe and let it puddle to the floor, then turned to survey herself in the mirror.

Her reflection stared back at her, face flushed, hair mussed. She looked thoroughly debauched. Well-fucked. The evidence of her son's passion stood out in stark relief against her pale skin, taunting her.

Disgust and a dark thrill warred within her as she reached between her legs and swiped at the sticky mess coating her thighs. Her swollen folds were slippery with the obscene combination of her arousal and Ivan's seed. Wincing, she grabbed a washcloth and began meticulously cleaning herself, scrubbing away the damning proof of their encounter.

By the time she finished showering and blow drying her hair, Ivan had already vanished, for which Lisa was profoundly grateful. She didn't think she could handle anymore loaded looks or charged conversation right now. Mechanically, she stripped the sheets from his bed, gagging slightly at her pooled fem-cum and the musky scent of sex clinging to the fabric.

She had just started a load of laundry when she heard the front door open, signaling Dan's return.

Lisa drew in a deep breath and squared her shoulders before heading into the living room to face her husband. Dan looked up from where he was sitting on the couch, a tentative smile on his face that quickly faded as he took in her appearance. His eyes widened slightly, darkening with some unreadable emotion as they swept over her freshly showered hair and the telling flush still staining her cheeks.

"Honey? How...how did it go?" he asked hoarsely, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard.

Lisa couldn't quite meet his gaze, shame and satisfaction warring within her. She knew she must look like the very picture of a well-fucked woman, her skin practically glowing from the force of her earth-shattering orgasm. The one her own son had given her.

"It worked," she said quietly, hating the tremor in her voice. "The pain...it's gone. I feel better than I have in months."

Dan closed his eyes briefly, a shudder rippling through him. Relief and anguish seemed to battle across his face. "That's...that's good, right? I'm glad."

The words sounded hollow, forced. Lisa's heart clenched. She could only imagine how difficult this must be for him, how emasculating and humiliating to know that his teenage son had succeeded where he had failed. That Ivan had been able to satisfy her in a way Dan never could.

An awkward silence stretched between them, heavy with the weight of things left unsaid. Lisa twisted her hands in front of her, searching for the right words, any words, to break the suffocating tension.

"Dan, I..." she started, but he held up a hand, cutting her off.

"Just tell me one thing...will you need to keep doing this? With Ivan?"

Lisa hesitated, torn. The doctor had said regular deep stimulation was the only way to keep her disorder in check. But the thought of betraying her marriage vows again and again, of letting Ivan violate her on a continual basis... it made her stomach roil with self-disgust.

And yet, even now, she could feel the remnants of her climax tingling through her nerve endings, the blissful absence of pain. For the first time in ages, her body felt whole and healthy, not like a throbbing mass of agony. Was it really so wrong to crave more of that? To do whatever it took to maintain this blessed relief?

Guilt and need twisted her gut into knots. She wanted so badly to reassure Dan that it had been a one time thing, that she would never let their son touch her like that again. But she knew in her heart it would be a lie.

Lisa swallowed hard, choosing her words carefully. "I think...I think we'll have to take this one day at a time. See how my body responds. If the pain comes back, then..." She trailed off, unable to voice the unthinkable.

Dan's shoulders slumped, defeat etching deep lines into his face. He nodded slowly. "I understand. We'll...we'll just see how you're feeling tomorrow."

The next morning, Lisa awoke to a dull, familiar ache beginning to pulse through her bones again. She squeezed her eyes shut, despair washing over her. It hadn't even been a full 24 hours, and already the pain was returning, the brief respite afforded by Ivan's cock fading like a half-remembered dream.

She dragged herself out of bed and into the shower, wincing as the hot spray seemed to awaken fresh twinges and throbs beneath her skin. By the time she made her way downstairs, each step an effort,

Dan and Ivan were already at the kitchen table, an awkward silence hanging between them.

Dan glanced up as she entered, his eyes searching her face. "How are you feeling, honey?"

The concern in his voice made her throat tighten. She hated the hope that glimmered in his eyes, hated to crush it. But she couldn't lie to him.

"Not great," she admitted quietly, easing into a chair with a poorly concealed grimace. "I think...I think it's starting to come back already."

Dan's face fell, anguish flashing across his features before he could shutter it away. He nodded stiffly, his knuckles whitening around his coffee mug. "I see."

An awkward beat passed. Lisa stared down at the placemat, her stomach churning with mingled guilt and dread. She could feel Ivan's eyes on her, burning into the side of her face.

Finally, he broke the heavy silence. "I can stay home from school today. Help Mom out again, since she's not feeling well." His tone was casual, but the implication hung in the air like a fog.

Dan flinched almost imperceptibly. Lisa's head snapped up, her heart stuttering in her chest. "Ivan, no, that's not necessary," she rushed out, feeling like the ground was giving way beneath her feet. "You can't miss class..."

Ivan fixed Dan with a hard, threatening glare, his eyes flashing with warning – forcing him to chime in with encouragement.

"No, he's right," Dan added, his voice strained. He couldn't quite meet her eyes. "If you're in pain again, you need...you need relief. It's more important than Ivan going to school today."

Lisa stared at him, shock robbing her of speech. Was he really suggesting their teenage son play hooky to stay home and fuck her? The thought made her head swim.

But even as revulsion churned in her gut, that traitorous ache sharpened between her legs, a sick sort of anticipation kindling to life. The promise of Ivan's huge cock pounding away her pain again was a siren song, no matter how hard she tried to resist its pull.

Lisa swallowed hard, her heart clenching at the pained resignation in Dan's voice. "Are you sure?" she asked softly, searching his face.

"I'm sure. Your health is the priority here." He answered, then grabbed his briefcase and stood abruptly, the legs of his chair scraping against the tile. Nausea churned in his gut at the thought of what would transpire between his wife and son the moment he walked out the door. They would be rutting like animals, Ivan's huge cock splitting her open, making her scream in ecstasy in a way Dan never could.

He squeezed his eyes shut against the mental images. When he opened them again, he found Lisa watching him with sympathy softening her features. She rose and came around the table to fold him into a hug, her soft curves pressing against him.

"Thank you, honey...for understanding," she murmured, her breath warm against his ear. "I know this isn't easy for you."

Dan returned the embrace woodenly, his arms feeling leaden. The faint scent of her shampoo, usually so soothing, now made his stomach roil as unbidden visions of Ivan burying his face in her hair while he fucked her flashed through his mind.

Lisa pulled back and cupped his face, studying him with tender concern. Slowly, she leaned in and brushed her lips against his, the kiss achingly gentle. Dan's heart twisted. He couldn't remember the

last time she'd kissed him with such sweet affection, untainted by pain or exhaustion.

And now she was going to give herself to Ivan.

Lisa stepped away, her hands falling to her sides. "Have a good day at work," she said softly, a weak attempt at normalcy.

Dan just nodded jerkily, not trusting himself to speak around the jagged lump in his throat. He turned on his heel and strode out of the kitchen, feeling like a robot powering down with each step. It took every ounce of his willpower not to glance back over his shoulder for one last glimpse of his wife before she became his son's whore once more.

Dan drove to the end of the street, his knuckles white on the steering wheel. Suddenly he realized with a sinking feeling that he'd forgotten his phone at home. Cursing under his breath, he made a sharp U-turn and headed back, his stomach churning with dread at what he might walk in on.

He let himself into the eerily quiet house, his heart thudding dully in his chest. Then he heard it - the telltale rhythmic squeaking of bedsprings coming from upstairs, punctuated by breathy feminine moans. Bile rose in his throat. They were already fucking, mere minutes after he'd left. He couldn't believe how quickly his son had claimed his husbandly rights, or how eagerly his wife had submitted.

Some masochistic impulse propelled Dan up the stairs, his feet moving of their own volition. He crept down the hallway, the obscene sounds growing louder with each step. Lisa's high-pitched keening made his skin crawl even as his traitorous cock twitched in his slacks.

The door to Ivan's room stood ajar. Stomach roiling, Dan peered through the crack, unable to look away from the depraved scene unfolding before him. Lisa was riding their son with wild abandon,

her gigantic tits bouncing hypnotically as she impaled herself on his massive cock over and over. Her thick ass rippled and jiggled each time it slapped against Ivan's muscular thighs.

"That's it, Mom, fuck the pain away," Ivan growled, his big hands gripping her plush hips hard enough to leave marks. "Take my cock deep. Let it make you feel good."

Dan's eyes widened in shock as he took in the sheer size of his teenage son's cock, an unyielding spike of muscular flesh that dwarfed his own pathetic equipment. He watched in horrified awe as that massive teenage shaft plowed into Lisa's dripping cunt again and again, emerging glistening with the sheen of her shameful arousal. The rigid pole stretched her clinging folds obscenely, impaling her to the hilt with each forceful thrust.

Ivan's hips pumped like a machine as he rutted into Dan's wife, pounding her with a stamina and power that put Dan to shame. The rhythmic slap of flesh against flesh echoed obscenely in Dan's ears as he witnessed his son claim his bride with brutal dominance.

Then Ivan reached up and grabbed his mom's huge, bouncing tits, squeezing the malleable globes roughly. "Can I suck on these, Mom?" he grunted, already pulling one stiff nipple to his lips.

Dan held his breath, certain that Lisa would refuse, push Ivan away. Surely she wouldn't let their son debase her even further, treat her like his personal whore. But to Dan's shock, Lisa threw her head back and moaned wantonly.

"Yes," she panted, shoving her chest in Ivan's face. "But only while you're deep inside me, fucking the pain away."

Dan's stomach heaved as he watched his teenage son latch onto Lisa's swollen nipple and suckle greedily, slurping at her flesh like a newborn as he continued to slam his huge cock into her greedy cunt.

She cradled Ivan's head to her breasts and cooed maternally, even as her hips worked in frantic circles, grinding herself down on his thick shaft.

The perverted combination of nurturing and sexual depravity made Dan feel physically ill. He wanted to burst into the room, tear them apart, scream at Lisa for betraying him so completely. But he was frozen in place, paralyzed by the sight of his wife's ecstasy as their son defiled her.

Ivan motorboated his mother's huge, heavy breasts, burying his face in her soft cleavage. The spongy mounds completely engulfed his head as he nuzzled and rubbed his cheeks against the plush, pliant flesh. He groaned in delight at the feel of her silky skin smothering him, her rubbery nipples poking into his shoulders.

Grabbing two heaping handfuls of lush titty-meat, he squeezed and kneaded the doughy globes, relishing how they overflowed his groping fingers. He loved how impossibly soft yet weighty they felt, like the most perfect giant stress balls. Whimpering with need, he popped one long, turgid nipple into his mouth and suckled greedily, slurping and nursing at the engorged teat like a starving teenager.

Lisa threw her head back and moaned in wanton bliss as Ivan latched onto her sensitive peak and tugged rhythmically, his cheeks hollowing with the force of his hungry suckling. Electric pleasure-pain zinged from her nipple straight to her clit, making the swollen nub throb in time to his pulls. Her hips rolled and gyrated frantically on his pile-driving cock, stirring his rigid length inside her clutching sheath.

"Oh God, yes!" she keened shamelessly, any lingering maternal instinct drowned out by the overwhelming need pulsing through her. She felt delirious with relief as his massive shaft stroked her aching

inner walls, soothing the searing pain like a balm, only to ignite a wildfire of taboo pleasure in its wake.

Keeping one hand clamped possessively on her jiggling tit, Ivan reached around to grab a palmful of her abundant ass, squeezing the doughy cheek hard enough to leave finger-shaped indents. He used the pliant flesh for leverage as he plunged up into her harder, faster, grunting around her captured nipple with the effort of his deep, pummeling thrusts.

He released her nipple with a wet pop and buried his face between her heaving tits again, licking and kissing his way into her deep, sweat-dampened cleavage. He craned his neck to lap at the silky soft underside of each jiggling mound, his tongue tracing along the fine blue veins and faint stretch marks - evidence of her mature beauty. Her musky, slightly sour taste was intoxicating, the flavor of a real woman.

Suddenly, Lisa's cries increased in pitch and urgency. Her nails raked down her son's back as she bucked and thrashed against him, her pussy clamping rhythmically around his pistoning cock.

"Oh God, Ivan, I'm cumming!" she wailed, her voice choked with pleasure. "Don't stop fucking me."

As Lisa's climax crested, her inner muscles clenched and rippled around her son's plunging cock with almost violent intensity. Her cervix spasmed, the muscular ring fluttering and kissing the head of his shaft with each powerful contraction. Bolts of electric ecstasy shot from the hidden bundle of nerves deep inside her sheath, radiating out to every nerve ending until her entire body was suffused with mind-numbing bliss.

The special pocket of erectile tissue nestled at the back of her vagina, the epicenter that had ached for so long, now throbbed and pulsed as Ivan's thick cockhead pounded against it relentlessly, finally

giving it the deep, intense stimulation it had craved. The spongy patch swelled and engorged further with each hammering thrust, until it felt like a miniature cock itself, hard and twitching against her son's pistoning shaft.

Lisa could feel her fornices, the sensitive little pockets ringing her cervix, stretching and fluttering as they struggled to accommodate Ivan's girth. The exquisite friction as his veiny length dragged over those tender spots made colors burst behind her eyelids, the pleasure so acute it bordered on pain. Her g-spot felt hugely swollen, protruding into her channel and being stroked firmly with each gliding pass of his sinewy cock, sending tsunami waves of rapture crashing through her.

The sheer size of him, the relentless pace and power of his strokes, was stimulating areas no other man had ever reached, lighting up hidden erogenous zones she didn't even know she possessed until they all exploded in a symphony of ecstasy. Her overstretched tissues burned and tingled, nerve endings sparking like live wires.

The devastating combination of sensations radiating from every secret, intimate place inside her body crescendoed into an earth-shattering climax that went on and on, obliterating the pain as if it had never existed. Lisa sobbed and shook as the pleasure crashed over her in relentless waves, reducing her to a mindless creature of sensation, aware of nothing but the hot, pulsing ecstasy centered in her ravaged core.

As her inner muscles worked Ivan's shaft in fluttering ripples, clenching and releasing in time with the spasms wracking her frame, she could feel a responding throb deep inside her, the head of his cock swelling impossibly larger. His balls drew up tight to his body and with a guttural groan, he erupted, flooding her convulsing sheath with what felt like gallons of molten seed.

Lisa whimpered as she felt the liquid heat of Ivan's cum bathing her cervix, the soothing balm easing the last twinges of discomfort in that throbbing bundle of nerves. Her vaginal walls worked in greedy pulses, milking him for every last drop, instinctively craving his virile essence.

Dan stumbled out of the house in a daze, his mind reeling from the depraved scene he had just witnessed. He drove to work on autopilot, his knuckles white on the steering wheel as he fought against the urge to turn around, to burst into that room and assert his husbandly rights. But the memory of Ivan's massive cock pile-driving in and out of Lisa's eager cunt, the way she had wantonly submitted to their son's perverted demands, stopped him cold.

Lisa, his beautiful wife, the mother of his children, had become a slave to her own son's cock. And Dan had allowed it, had practically gift-wrapped her for Ivan's carnal pleasure, all because he was too weak and ashamed to stand up to the little bastard's blackmail.

Lisa dragged herself through her daily chores, her body still humming from the mind-blowing orgasm Ivan had given her that morning. As she folded laundry and scrubbed dishes, flashes of their illicit coupling seared through her mind - the slick glide of his enormous cock stretching her impossibly full, the electric pleasure sparking from her nipples as he suckled greedily, the blinding ecstasy that had exploded through every cell when she came on his teenage shaft.

Shame and satisfaction warred within her, making her head spin. She shouldn't crave her own son like this, shouldn't be fantasizing about riding him again while she went about her mundane housewifely duties. It was so wrong, so depraved. And yet, her body thrummed with need, the ache between her legs growing sharper with each passing hour.

She resisted the urge to seek Ivan out, to beg him to pound her pain away again. Rationally, she knew she wasn't hurting at the moment, the lingering afterglow of her bone-melting climax still insulating her from the usual agony. But as the day wore on, and Dan and the girls impending arrival home from loomed closer, a sick sort of desperation clawed at her gut.

Almost against her will, Lisa found herself padding down the hallway to Ivan's room, her heart thudding against her ribcage. She slipped inside and quietly shut the door behind her, the click of the latch unnaturally loud in the charged silence.

Ivan looked up from where he lounged on the bed, his eyes darkening with anticipation as they raked over her trembling frame. A knowing smirk curled his lips. "Back for more, mom?"

Lisa flushed hotly, her tongue darting out to wet her suddenly dry lips. "I...I need..." The words stuck in her throat, choking her. What could she possibly say? That she needed her son's huge cock to obliterate her pain again, if only for a little while? That she craved the forbidden pleasure he gave her like a junkie craving a fix?

Ivan's grin widened as he watched her struggle, clearly relishing her shameful desperation. He patted the mattress beside him invitingly. "C'mere, Mom. I'll give you what you need."

Humiliation and relief warred within her as she stumbled forward, already tugging at the hem of her shirt. She pulled it over her head and tossed it aside, then shimmied out of her jeans with unsteady hands. Her panties and bra quickly followed, until she stood naked and desperate.

Ivan grinned wickedly as he pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it aside, revealing his chiseled abs and broad, muscular chest. His cock strained against the confines of his boxers, the thick outline obscenely prominent. He shoved them down his hips, freeing his

massive erection. It sprang up and slapped against his stomach, flushed a deep, angry purple and pulsing with need.

Lisa's eyes widened as they drank in the sight of her son's huge, throbbing shaft. A shudder worked through her, her cunt clenching with shameful hunger. It seemed to have swollen even larger since that morning, the blood-engorged head flaring to the size of a small apple. Thick veins corded the impressive length, mapping paths she longed to trace with her tongue.

"Let's do it doggy style this time," Ivan purred, stroking himself lazily. "I wanna watch that big ass bounce while I pound this huge cock in you."

Heat flooded Lisa's cheeks at his crude words, but molten arousal pooled in her core. The thought of presenting herself to him like a bitch in heat, letting him mount her from behind and rut into her so deeply...it made her dizzy with want.

Nodding shakily, she climbed onto the bed on all fours, her heavy breasts swaying beneath her. She felt so exposed, so vulnerable in this position, her dripping slit and puckered asshole on lewd display for her son's hungry gaze. Her face burned with humiliation even as her pussy wept with anticipation.

Ivan knelt behind her, grabbing two handfuls of her plush ass cheeks and kneading the abundant flesh. He groaned appreciatively. "Fuck, Mom, your ass is phenomenal. So much jiggle." He punctuated his words with a sharp slap to one wobbling globe.

Lisa yelped, flinching at the sudden sting. But the pain quickly melted into tingling pleasure that shot straight to her clit. Her hips bucked back instinctively, silently begging for more.

Chuckling darkly, Ivan notched the bulbous head of his cock against her slippery folds, rubbing it up and down her slit, bumping her

aching clit. Lisa whimpered, writhing before him, desperate to be filled. With a quick snap of his hips, he drove into her, spearing her open on his thick pole.

"Oh God!" she cried out, back bowing at the sudden invasion. No matter how many times he took her, the sheer size of him, the way he stretched her impossibly wide, never failed to steal her breath.

Lisa's heart pounded as Ivan rammed into her from behind, his hips slapping obscenely against her plump ass with each brutal thrust. She could feel her rounded butt-cheeks rippling and jiggling with the force of his strokes, the abundant flesh bouncing lewdly. The clap of damp skin against skin echoed in her ears, punctuated by their harsh panting and guttural moans.

His massive cock plundered her depths ruthlessly, stroking her aching inner walls and pounding that secret, throbbing spot at her core that made her see stars. The spongy head kissed her cervix with each hammering thrust, sparking bolts of pleasure-pain that radiated out to her fingers and toes. She felt so impossibly full, stuffed to bursting by his steely length and girth.

Ivan slapped her wobbling ass cheek hard, the sharp sting sending electric tingles straight to her clit. She yelped and bucked back against him wildly, impaling herself even harder on his enormous shaft. He groaned his approval, gripping her hips bruisingly as he rutted into her like a beast.

"Fuck yeah, Mom, ride my huge cock," he grunted, punctuating his words with another stinging spank, leaving a red handprint on her ass-cheek. "Take it deep in that hot cunt."

His filthy encouragement only stoked the flames higher, need pulsing through her veins like a fever. Lisa ground her hips back in desperate circles, working herself on his strong cock as she chased her release.

Her inner muscles rippled and clenched around him, trying to hold him inside her forever.

She could feel her orgasm building with each forceful stroke, her clit throbbing in time to his thrusts. The coil of tension in her core wound tighter and tighter, her nerve endings sizzling, ready to combust. She was mindless with lust, focused only on the exquisite friction of his steely hardness sawing in and out of her swollen, sensitive flesh.

Ivan kept up a relentless rhythm, slamming into her with jackhammering force. His hands roamed over her bouncing ass, squeezing and kneading, occasionally landing a sharp slap that made her clench and mewl. The combination of pleasure and pain was dizzying, intoxicating.

Suddenly, he stopped thrusting, his cock buried to the hilt inside her convulsing sheath. Lisa whined in protest, writhing back against him frantically, desperate for him to move, to finish her. But he held her steady with his hands behind his back.

"That's it, Mom, fuck yourself on my cock," he commanded gruffly, his voice thick with lust. "Show me how much you need it."

Shameless in her need, Lisa did as he demanded, rolling and gyrating her hips wildly as she impaled herself over and over on his on his thick shaft.

Ivan puffed out his muscular chest and smirked down at his mother as she bounced frantically on his jutting cock. His huge shaft stood out from his body like a fleshy battering ram, glistening with her juices as it speared in and out of her hungry cunt. He planted his hands on his hips, the very picture of male dominance as he let her do all the work, watching her luscious ass-meat bounce and ripple as she impaled herself over and over on his rigid pole.

Lisa's humongous tits quaked and wobbled violently with each wild undulation of her hips, the heavy globes slapping together lewdly. Broken whimpers spilled from her lips as she rode him with almost feral desperation, chasing the devastating orgasm she could feel building in her core. Electric pleasure skittered up her spine with each drag of his steely length against her clutching walls, making her toes curl and her eyes roll back.

She could feel every ridge and vein of his huge, iron-hard cock stroking her inner muscles, hitting secret spots that made colors burst behind her eyelids. The slick squelch of her arousal being churned to froth by his relentless girth filled the room, obscenely loud. Lisa was too far gone to care about the vulgar noises, focused only on the exquisite friction of his massive cock sawing in and out of her swollen, needy flesh.

Her g-spot throbbed almost painfully as the broad head of his dick pounded it with ruthless precision. She ground down harder, faster, feeling the spongy patch start to swell and protrude into her channel, begging for more of that sweet, intense pressure. Ivan's heavy balls slapped against her clit with each frenzied bounce, the delicious sting only stoking the fires higher.

Suddenly, Lisa's entire body seized up, her spine locking as her climax finally crested. A ragged scream tore from her throat as the most intense orgasm of her life slammed into her, exploding through her core like a supernova. Her cunt clamped down on her son's amazing dick in rhythmic spasms, muscles rippling wildly along his penile length.

Fem-cum gushed from her quivering slit, splashing obscenely against Ivan's pumping shaft and dribbling down her quivering thighs. Her eyes rolled back in her head, her face contorting in a rictus of agonized ecstasy as shockwave after shockwave of devastating pleasure racked her convulsing frame.

"Oh shit," Ivan sighed as he watched with a cocky grin as his mom pounded the fem-cum out of herself on his huge cock, a savage sense of male pride surging through him. He loved seeing her lose control like this, turning her into his personal fucktoy. He let her ride out her climax, her slick inner muscles massaging his aching shaft deliciously.

With a feral growl, Ivan suddenly pulled out of her still-fluttering sheath, his bobbing cock dripping wet.

Before Lisa could even whimper at the loss, he grabbed her by the hips and hoisted her up, slamming her back against his wall. She instinctively wrapped her trembling legs around his waist, clinging to his broad shoulders for support as the room spun dizzily.

"You like getting fucked hard, don't you Mom?" he panted against her neck, nipping at her sweat-dampened skin.

"Yes," the mother hissed, keening helplessly as he notched his fat cockhead back at her entrance and surged forward, spearing into her over-sensitized cunt in one brutal stroke. Her eyes rolled back, a hoarse cry ripping from her throat as he stretched her impossibly full again, gravity driving him even deeper than before.

The new position put intense pressure on her swollen g-spot and throbbing cervix. Sparks of rapture burst behind her tightly clenched eyelids as Ivan started up a relentless fuck-pace, using the wall for leverage as he pounded into her, grunting savagely with each snap of his hips. His pelvis ground mercilessly against her aching clit, sending electric shockwaves zipping through her ravaged nerve endings.

Lisa's nails scrabbled at his sweat-slicked back, her fingers sinking into the taut muscles as she hung on for dear life. Her heavy tits bounced wildly, slapping against his chest as he fucked into her like a teenager possessed. She felt delirious with pleasure, almost

frightened by the intensity of sensation radiating from her core, as if he were trying to split her in half with his massive cock.

"Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" she chanted mindlessly, reduced to animalistic cries as he jackhammered into her, the wet slap of flesh on flesh obscenely loud in the frenzied quiet of the room.

Ivan snarled, his fingers clawing at the meat of her ass - his rhythm growing erratic as his own release barreled down on him.

"Gonna...fucking...breed you..." he bit out between clenched teeth, his fingers digging bruisingly into the globes of her ass. "Pump you full of my fucking cum..."

Something about his degrading words, the thought of her own son ejaculating deep inside her unprotected womb, sent Lisa hurtling over the edge again. Her cunt seized around him in vicious spasms, muscles rippling wildly along his driving length. A silent scream tore from her raw throat as she came harder than she ever had in her life, seeing stars, her whole body convulsing uncontrollably.

Lisa heard her son grunt like an animal and felt every hot spurt, every pulsing jet as he emptied himself inside her, filling her to overflowing. It felt like he was hosing her down, saturating her innermost recesses with his virile essence. Her greedy sheath rippled and milked him, working in fluttering pulses to draw out every last drop.

Ivan groaned long and low, his fingers bruising on her hips as his cock jerked and throbbed, pumping what felt like gallons of cum directly into her hungry womb. The sheer volume was staggering, far more than she'd ever taken from Dan. Her teenage son was so potent, so rampantly fertile, and he was pouring all of that carnal vitality into her unprotected depths.

Even through the fog of her climax, some distant part of Lisa knew she should be horrified, sickened by her own wanton depravity in

letting her child inseminate her so thoroughly. The idea of his sperm swimming in her belly, seeking out her egg, should have made her recoil in disgust. But in that moment, she felt only a perverse thrill, a deep, visceral satisfaction at being so wholly claimed and marked by him.

Her pussy clenched and rippled, instinctively trying to hold his load inside, to give his seed the best chance of taking root. She wanted it, craved his hot cum painting her womb, no matter how wrong it was. The taboo of it, the sick illicitness, only made her clench harder, drawing him impossibly deeper.

As his climax finally ebbed, Ivan slumped against her, his chest heaving. Lisa clung to him, her thighs quivering where they bracketed his hips, her heart galloping against her ribs. She felt utterly wrecked, devastated in the most delicious way. Her body still pulsed and twitched with the aftershocks of her cataclysmic orgasm, little sparks of electricity dancing along her nerve endings.

The relief was staggering, the absence of pain a blessed reprieve after so long. She knew it was temporary, that the ache would return all too soon, demanding to be fucked away again. But for now, she basked in the sated lassitude weighing down her limbs, the dreamy endorphin high fogging her mind.

The following day, Lisa squirmed in the hard plastic chair beside Dan, unable to meet Dr. Larsen's probing gaze. Her face burned with shame as she stumbled through an awkward explanation of how a "substitute" for her husband had been providing the deep vaginal stimulation she needed for pain relief. The clinical words felt like acid on her tongue, a stark contrast to the filthy reality of letting her own son pound her into oblivion.

Dan sat rigidly beside her, his jaw clenched so tightly she could see a vein throbbing in his temple. Humiliation rolled off him in waves, making the small exam room feel suffocating. Lisa's stomach churned with guilt, knowing how devastating this must be for him to hear, to have their shameful arrangement laid bare.

Dr. Larsen listened intently, her expression carefully neutral even as her eyes widened slightly. If she was shocked or disturbed by Lisa's admission, she hid it well. She nodded slowly as Lisa trailed off into miserable silence.

"Well, I'm glad you've found a solution that works for you, Lisa," the doctor said evenly. "I know this isn't conventional, but your health and quality of life are the priorities here."

Lisa swallowed hard around the lump in her throat, nodding stiffly. It was surreal to have their depravity validated by a medical professional, to have her incestuous affair with Ivan reduced to a mere "unconventional treatment."

Dr. Larsen tapped her pen against the chart. "Based on what you've told me, I'm going to write you a prescription for intercourse twice daily, with a follow up appointment in two months to assess your progress. How does that sound?"

Twice daily. The words echoed in Lisa's head, making her lightheaded. The doctor was literally ordering her to fuck her teenage son at least two times a day. To submit to his huge cock pounding her pain away on a rigid schedule. It was so clinical, so matter-of-fact. As if she were being prescribed antibiotics instead of incest.

Lisa could only nod mutely, not trusting herself to speak. Dr. Larsen smiled reassuringly and stood, handing her the prescription slip. "I know this isn't easy," she stated, flashing a quick look of pity Dan's way, "but you're doing the right thing for your health, Lisa. Stay strong."

The paper felt heavy in Lisa's numb fingers as she followed her husband out of the office, the words "Sexual Intercourse 2x Daily" searing into her brain.

The drive home from the doctor's office was tense and awkward. Lisa kept her gaze fixed out the passenger window, not daring to look at Dan. Shame and guilt churned in her stomach as she clutched the prescription slip, the damning words seeming to burn through the paper.

As Dan pulled into their driveway and killed the engine, Lisa finally forced herself to face him. "I know this is little consolation, but...thank you, honey," she said quietly, her voice cracking slightly. "For being so supportive through all of this. I know it can't be easy."

Dan's jaw clenched and he stared straight ahead through the windshield. "It's not easy," he admitted tightly. "I wish to God there was another way, that I could be the one to give you what you need. But I can't." Anguish threaded his voice.

Lisa's heart twisted painfully in her chest. She reached over and laid a tentative hand on his thigh. "I'm sorry," she whispered, "that it has to be like this. That I need...our son...inside me."

Dan exhaled heavily through his nose and covered her hand with his own, squeezing gently. "Speaking of that. I do miss it you know? Being inside you."

Guilt squeezed Lisa's lungs, making it hard to breathe. It was true - they hadn't made love in nearly a week, not since she'd started relying on Ivan for her treatments.

"Maybe...maybe sometime in the near future we could make love again," she offered weakly, the words sounding hollow even to her own ears. "It's just that...what if it triggers the pain again? What if I

can't...finish...without..." She trailed off, unable to complete the awful thought.

Dan flinched, his fingers tightening around hers before he abruptly pulled away. "Right. Of course. We wouldn't wanna jeopardize your health." His voice was flat, defeated.

Lisa's stomach bottomed out as he got out of the car, slamming the door behind him. She watched him stalk into the house, his shoulders rigid with tension. Tears pricked at the backs of her eyes. She hated hurting him like this, hated the wedge she could feel driving between them with each passing day.

But what choice did she have? Her body craved the deep, powerful release only Ivan could give her. The prescription in her hand was proof of that, a medical mandate for her perverted dependency on her teenage son.

That evening, Lisa dutifully followed Dr. Larsen's prescription, submitting to Ivan's carnal desires for nearly two hours while Dan and their daughter watched a movie downstairs. But this coupling was different than their previous animalistic rutting sessions. A new sense of intimacy, of forbidden tenderness, colored their illicit acts.

Lisa found herself kissing and suckling Ivan's lean, muscular body with a reverence that went beyond mere lust. She laved her tongue along the ridges of his abs, relishing the salty tang of his skin, the way his muscles jumped and twitched beneath her ardent mouth. She took her time, mapping every inch of his virile young physique with lips and teeth and fingertips, determined to worship him in all the ways a mother shouldn't.

When she finally took his huge cock between her lips, it was with a moan of pure bliss. She loved the way he stretched her jaw, the heavy weight of him on her tongue as she slurped and suckled his

throbbing length. The musky, slightly bitter essence of his arousal flooded her senses, making her dizzy with taboo need.

Ivan's hands fisted in her hair as she bobbed up and down his straining shaft, his guttural groans of pleasure spurring her on. She took him deeper, fighting her gag reflex, driven by a desperate urge to consume him, to fuse his flesh with her own.

When he finally pulled her off and flipped her onto her back, Lisa was more than ready, aching and empty and so slick it was obscene. But instead of spearing into her straight away, Ivan surprised her by sealing his mouth over hers in a searing kiss.

Their tongues tangled and writhed, slick and fevered, as they breathed each other's air. Lisa whimpered into the hot cavern of his mouth, overwhelmed by the intensity of it, the filthy eroticism of French kissing her own son. It was so wrong, so depraved, but she couldn't get enough, sucking wantonly on his thrusting tongue, tasting herself on his lips.

Ivan's hands roamed her body possessively as they made out like horny teenagers, squeezing and groping, stoking the inferno raging under her skin. His touch was electric, setting off sparks that danced along her nerve endings and gathered in a molten pool low in her belly.

When he finally reached between her splayed thighs and notched the broad head of his cock against her weeping entrance, Lisa thought she might die from the anticipation. She clutched at his shoulders, nails biting into taut flesh, urging him on with the desperate roll of her hips.

"Please," she panted against his slick lips. "I need you inside me. I need you so bad it hurts."

With a low growl, Ivan surged forward, sheathing himself to the hilt in her slick heat.

Ivan's massive cock rammed into her with savage force, stretching and filling her so completely that Lisa saw stars. She clung to him desperately as he pounded her into the mattress, her body writhing and undulating beneath his punishing thrusts.

"Oh God, yes, fuck me harder," she heard herself babble incoherently, too far gone to care how she sounded, how utterly wanton and debased. All that mattered was the exquisite friction of his steely shaft sawing in and out of her swollen, throbbing flesh, stoking the inferno blazing through her veins.

Ivan snarled above her like a feral beast, his hips crashing against hers with bruising force as he rutted into her. Lisa's body jolted with each hammering impact, her heavy breasts bouncing wildly. Brutal ecstasy radiated from her ravaged core as he nailed that magic spot deep inside with ruthless precision, making colors burst behind her tightly clenched eyelids.

Her legs fell open wider, heels digging into the meat of his churning ass as she struggled to take him even deeper. The wet, obscene squelch of her juices being churned to froth filled the room, punctuated by their animalistic grunts and moans. Lisa's head thrashed on the pillow, damp tendrils of hair clinging to her flushed, sweat-slicked face.

"Gonna...fucking...breed this tight cunt," Ivan bit out savagely between clenched teeth, punctuating each word with a devastating thrust. "Pump you so full of cum..."

The degrading promise sent Lisa hurtling over the edge, her spine arching like a bow as a violent orgasm crashed through her. Convulsions racked her body, her swollen pussy clamping down on Ivan's pistoning cock in vicious spasms, muscles rippling wildly along

his length. A silent scream tore from her raw throat as wave after wave of searing bliss radiated from her erupting core, obliterating every thought and sensation beyond the feeling of her son's virile cock pounding the cum out of her.

Her limbs thrashed and flailed uncontrollably, nearly bucking her boy off as the force of her climax seized her. He grunted and tightened his bruising grip on her juddering hips, slamming into her wildly writhing body with renewed vigor even as he struggled to hang on. A twisted grin split his face as he watched his mother unravel beneath him, her body wracked with spasms of agonized ecstasy.

"That's it, Mom, fucking take it," he growled, eyes glazed with lust and savage male pride. "Cum on my big cock."

Lisa suddenly rolled them over, straddling Ivan's hips as she kissed him with fierce desperation. Her tongue plunged into his mouth, tangling wetly with his own as she ground her sopping pussy against his still-hard cock. The feel of him throbbing against her swollen folds made her dizzy with need, every nerve ending electrified and screaming for more.

She reached between their sweat-slicked bodies and grasped his steely shaft, notching the broad head against her weeping entrance. With a guttural moan, she sank down on him, taking every thick inch in one smooth glide until she was fully impaled. The stretch and burn as he split her open yet again took her breath away, her inner muscles clenching greedily around his girth.

Lisa braced her hands on Ivan's sculpted chest and started to move, rolling her hips in sinuous circles as she rode him hard and fast. The delicious drag of his veiny cock against her sensitive walls made her toes curl, bolts of electricity zinging up her spine. She threw her head back and keened, losing herself in the intoxicating rhythm, in the obscene slap of her flesh against his.

"Fuck, Mom, you're so goddamn tight," Ivan groaned beneath her, the muscles in his neck straining as he fought not to cum.

His degrading praise only spurred Lisa on, a thrill shivering through her. She wanted to prove what a good little mommy slut she was, how well she could milk his cock. She clenched her inner muscles rhythmically, rippling along his length like a fist as she bucked and bounced in his lap.

Leaning forward, she crushed her heavy tits against his chest, the sensitive tips scraping deliciously against his hair-roughened skin. Her clit ground against his pubic bone with each frantic gyration, the bundle of nerves throbbing and sparking. She felt delirious with pleasure, drunk on the feeling of her son's massive cock pumping in and out of her, driving her to new heights of ecstasy.

Without breaking rhythm, Lisa claimed Ivan's mouth in another searing kiss, panting harshly against his lips. She thrust her tongue into the wet heat of his mouth, fucking it in time to the bobbing, humping motion of her sweaty rounded ass. It was filthy and wrong, but she couldn't get enough, greedy for every depraved sensation.

Ivan's hands roamed feverishly over her writhing body, squeezing and kneading her ass, skimming up her sweat-slicked back to tangle in her hair. He tugged her head back and attacked her throat with sharp teeth and suckling kisses, marking her as his. Lisa whimpered and clenched around him, pushing back into his ruthless grip, craving his domination even as she rode him wildly.

Lisa's entire body seized up as her second orgasm finally crested, every muscle locking tight. A hoarse cry ripped from her throat as the most intense pleasure she'd ever experienced slammed into her like a freight train, radiating out from her rippling core. Her cunt clenched rhythmically around Ivan's pumping cock, rippling along his length as a flood of liquid heat gushed from her depths, soaking them both.

In that same instant, Ivan threw his head back with an animalistic roar, his fingers digging bruises into her churning hips as his own climax overtook him. Lisa felt his cock swell impossibly larger inside her before it erupted, painting her clutching sheath with what seemed like endless ropes of molten seed. Jet after scorching jet pulsed into her, soothing the aching depths of her womb.

As their orgasms peaked in perfect unison, something extraordinary happened. A blinding white light exploded behind Lisa's tightly clenched eyelids and she felt herself being ripped from reality. It was as if their joined bodies were hurtling through time and space, ascending to some higher plane of pure ecstasy. Every nerve ending, every cell, vibrated with rapture, their physical forms dissolving until there was nothing but searing bliss.

Lisa clung to Ivan desperately as the surreal sensations crashed over her in relentless waves. She had no sense of up or down, no awareness of anything beyond the feeling of her son pulsing inside her, fusing them into one entity. Their heartbeats thundered in sync, their ragged breaths intermingling as jolts of electricity crackled along their skin.

She didn't know how long they floated in that magical dimension, lost to everything but each other and the transcendent pleasure binding their bodies and souls. It could have been mere seconds or a blissful eternity. All Lisa knew was that in that suspended moment, she had never felt so complete, so utterly connected to another human being. It was as if she and Ivan had become one perfect creature, melded in the crucible of ultimate rapture.

Gradually, reality filtered back in and Lisa became aware of her physical body once more. She was slumped bonelessly on top of her gasping son, his softening cock still buried deep inside her drenched channel. Their sweat-slicked skin clung together as their chests heaved in tandem, struggling to draw air into burning lungs.

Aftershocks zinged through her nerve endings, little sparks and twitches that made her clench weakly around him.

With a shaky exhale, Lisa forced her leaden eyelids open. She found Ivan watching her with a dazed, wondering expression that she knew mirrored her own. A slow, sated smile curved his well-kissed lips and he reached up to brush a few strands of damp hair off her flushed face with tender fingers.

"That was..." he started, then she cut him off.

"Transcendent," she sighed.

"Yeah, that," he agreed, not sure what it meant but it certainly sounded like a word that captured their experience.

With the rest of the family out of the house, Dan's heart pounded as he crept into Ivan's room the next day. His fingers shook as he rifled through dresser drawers and lifted the mattress, searching desperately for the lockbox full of photos that had become both his tormentor and his only hope. Sweat gathered at his hairline and trickled down his neck, the musty scent of his wife and son's vigorous sexual sessions filling his nostrils.

There! Wedged behind the headboard, the rusted metal corner of the box peeked out. Dan's stomach lurched as he pried it free with trembling hands. This was it, the key to ending this nightmare once and for all. Ivan had been careless, cocky in his belief that he had Dan completely under his thumb. But he'd underestimated the desperation of a man watching his marriage crumble before his eyes.

The lock gave way easily under his crowbar, the contents spilling out onto the rumpled bedspread. Dan's breath caught in his chest as he stared down at the damning photos, the images seared into his brain.

With shaking fingers, he gathered them up and carried them to the kitchen.

He stood over the sink, chest heaving, as he fed the polaroids into the garbage disposal one by one. The machine groaned and sputtered as it chewed up the evidence of his sordid past, the sound impossibly loud in the empty house. He imagined he could hear Ivan's hold over him being obliterated too, the chains of his blackmail snapping link by link.

When the last photo disappeared into the churning blades, Dan sagged against the counter, eyes burning. It was over. The sick game his teenage son had been playing, the twisted manipulation that had poisoned his family...it ended now. Ivan no longer had any leverage, any power. Dan was finally free.

Dan drove down to the park where he knew Ivan was playing basketball, his knuckles white on the steering wheel. Anger and determination coursed through him, steeling his resolve. He was going to put an end to this sick arrangement once and for all.

Ivan was laughing and horsing around with his buddies when Dan approached, the carefree sounds grating on his frayed nerves. He cleared his throat loudly, causing Ivan to turn. The mocking grin that split his son's face when he saw him made Dan's blood boil.

"What's up, Dad?" Ivan asked, sauntering over. "Here to cheer me on?"

Dan gritted his teeth, barely restraining himself from wiping that smug look off the boy's face with his fist. "We need to talk. Now."

Something in his tone must have penetrated Ivan's bravado, because his smile faltered slightly. He shrugged and followed Dan to a secluded picnic table, out of earshot of his friends.

"What's got your panties in a twist?" Ivan drawled as he sprawled on the bench.

Dan leaned forward, his eyes burning into his son's. "It's over, Ivan. Your sick little game, your blackmail. It ends now."

Ivan's brows shot up. "Oh yeah? And how exactly do you figure that?"

"I found the lockbox behind your headboard. The photos. And I destroyed them." Dan felt a vicious thrill as he watched the color drain from Ivan's face. "You don't have any more leverage over me. This disgusting 'arrangement' with your mother is done."

For a moment, Ivan looked stricken, his mouth opening and closing soundlessly. But then a sly, ugly smirk twisted his lips. "You sure you wanna do that, Dad? Cut Mom off from her...treatments?"

Dan's stomach clenched, but he forced himself to keep his voice steady. "It's not right, what you're doing to her. Preying on her pain for your own twisted satisfaction. She'll understand that it has to stop."

Ivan barked a harsh laugh. "Will she though? Because from where I'm standing, Mom needs my cock. Craves it. You really think she'll be happy to hear that you're denying her the only relief she's found?"

Bile rose in Dan's throat at the crude words, the insinuation behind them. He knew Lisa had grown dependent on Ivan's depraved ministrations, that she'd come to rely on their son to ease her suffering. The thought of destroying her fragile peace, of watching her deteriorate back into that shell of agony...it made his heart constrict.

Ivan leaned forward, his eyes glinting with cruel amusement. "You think you can just pull the plug now? After Mom's had a taste of what

real pleasure feels like? What it's like to finally be free from that constant agony?"

Dan's stomach churned, his fists clenching at his sides. He wanted to lash out, to wipe that smug look off his son's face. But Ivan's words wormed their way into his brain, insidious and mocking.

"She's hooked on it now, Dad. Addicted to the way I make her cum so hard she forgets her own name. The way I pound that pain right out of her." Ivan's voice dripped with obscene relish. "You really think she'll thank you for taking that away? For condemning her back to a life of misery just to soothe your ego?"

Revulsion shuddered through Dan. He wanted to deny it, to believe that Lisa would choose him, their marriage vows, over the twisted relief Ivan provided. But even as the protest formed on his tongue, it turned to ashes.

Because he'd seen the blissed out look on his wife's face after her 'sessions' with their son. The way she'd practically glowed, her eyes sparkling, her limbs loose and languid like they hadn't been in years. Could he really snatch that away from her? Watch the life drain from her eyes, the pain creep back in, knowing he was the cause?

Ivan smirked, triumph already curling his lips as he watched the indecision play across Dan's face. "Face it, Dad. I'm the only one who can give Mom what she really needs now. What she craves. You take that away, and she'll resent you forever. Is that what you want?"

Dan's shoulders slumped, all the fight draining out of him. As much as it killed him to admit it, Ivan was right. He was trapped in a nightmare of his own making, and there was no escape. Not without destroying Lisa in the process.

In the coming weeks, the daily fuck-sessions between Lisa and Ivan continued, just as the doctor prescribed. Twice a day, every day, Ivan plowed into his mom's aching cunt, pounding her into oblivion until the pain was obliterated by mind-shattering orgasms. It became routine, almost clinical in its regularity, yet no less intensely pleasurable each time.

Lisa found herself growing more and more dependent on her son's huge cock. She craved it constantly, her body humming with need until he filled her up again, stretching her deliciously. The shame still burned, but it was eclipsed by the all-consuming relief, the pure ecstasy she could only find impaled on Ivan's thick shaft.

As the weeks passed, the prescribed twice daily sessions started to feel inadequate to keep the ache at bay. Lisa's pussy throbbed and burned, demanding her son's cock more frequently. She tried to ignore it at first, gritting her teeth against the discomfort, the gnawing emptiness. But finally, she couldn't take it anymore.

At her next doctor's appointment, Lisa found herself lying, telling Dr. Larsen that the pain was creeping back in, that she needed more frequent treatments. The doctor frowned but nodded, scribbling out a new prescription. "Intercourse three times daily until your next visit. We'll reassess then."

Lisa's cheeks burned with mingled shame and anticipation as she clutched the slip of paper. She knew it was wrong, manipulating the situation to get more of Ivan's addictive cock. But she was desperate for it, aching to be filled to bursting over and over.

Dan was less than thrilled with the new development, his jaw tightening as Lisa hesitantly told him about the increased prescription. "Three times a day? Christ, Lisa..."

She saw the hurt and anger in his eyes, the unspoken accusation. That she was taking things too far, losing herself to this twisted

need. But he didn't voice it aloud, just sighed in resignation and looked away. There was nothing more to say.

Ivan, on the other hand, was ecstatic at the news. His cock practically sprang to attention when Lisa informed him, a lewd grin splitting his face. "Hear that, Mom? Doctor's orders. Gotta keep this hungry pussy stuffed full of dick."

He grabbed her possessively, already tugging at her clothes. Lisa shivered, her exhausted cunt clenching weakly. It had only been an hour since their last session, but her son's enthusiasm was contagious, reigniting the embers of need banked low in her core.

And so it went - Ivan pounding her cunt three times a day like clockwork, reducing her to a writhing, mewling mess. Her entire world narrowed down to the feeling of her son's massive cock splitting her open, fusing their flesh, driving her to peaks of rapture she hadn't known existed.

Life in the Jackson household continued on with a veneer of normalcy, the daily routines and rhythms unchanged on the surface. Breakfast was made, the kids were shuffled off to school, Dan left for work. Lisa went through the motions of laundry and errands and meal prep as she always had, a freshly-fucked smile plastered on her face.

But behind closed doors, everything had changed. Her body was no longer her own, her holes now the property of her teenage son to use as he saw fit. Three times a day like clockwork, Ivan would find her, bend her over the nearest surface, and take what was his. In the laundry room, in the kitchen, on the living room sofa - nowhere was sacred as long as they were home alone. His huge cock would split her open, pounding into her sore, ravaged cunt with ruthless intensity until she was reduced to a quivering, mewling mess.

Sometimes he wanted more, his teenage libido insatiable. He would keep her in bed for hours, plowing into her over and over until her sheets were soaked with sweat and her thighs were slick with their combined juices. Lisa lost count of her orgasms, the pleasure-pain blurring into a haze of mindless ecstasy.

She found herself craving it constantly, always aching to be stretched and filled by her son's thick meat. She delighted in sucking on him, getting his shaft hard and wet with saliva – ready to plow her needy depths. When he was in her, the pain disappeared, obliterated by the feel of him pulsing deep in her core. She was addicted to it, to him, a junkie desperate for her next fix.

Yet still she played the role of devoted wife and mother, helping with homework and fixing dinner, pretending everything was fine. Even as Ivan's cum leaked from her freshly fucked hole, even as the ache returned, the need to be split open, to feel that big dick in her womb again, gnawing at her.

Weeks turned into months, and soon the swell of Lisa's belly could no longer be ignored. The looks that passed between her and Ivan held a dark, knowing gleam, even as Dan steadfastly pretended not to notice. He threw himself into the role of doting father-to-be, accompanying Lisa to doctor's appointments, poring over name books, converting the guest room into a nursery.

But the charade rang hollow. They all knew the truth, the unspoken reality that hung over the household like a shadow. This baby, the child growing in Lisa's womb, was no baby of Dan's. It was the product of her illicit union with their teenage son, the proof of their unholy bond made flesh.

So she smiled and nodded and let him paint the nursery, all the while feeling the baby kick and turn inside her, a constant reminder of her

betrayal. Ivan would catch her eye in those moments, a secretive smirk playing about their lips.

Her son's cock still pounded into her three times a day without fail, even throughout her pregnancy - doctor's orders. Dan could often hear the rhythmic slap of flesh and the animalistic grunts and moans through the thin walls. But he never said a word, just retreated further into himself, into his willful delusion.

Lisa couldn't bear to compound his humiliation further by making love to him. The one time he tried to initiate sex, sliding a tentative hand up her thigh in the dark of their bedroom, she flinched away as if burned, mumbling excuses. The hurt in his eyes, quickly shuttered away, had pierced her to the core. But the thought of him touching her, trying to stake his claim on her defiled body, made her stomach turn.

So she offered placating kisses, chaste pecks on the cheek or forehead, even as Ivan's baby grew her womb. She cuddled into his side on the couch, let him stroke her hair as they watched TV, all the while anticipating the feel of their son's cock moving inside her.

Only with Ivan did she feel whole, complete. When he was buried inside her cunt, his huge cock pulsing in her depths, everything else fell away. The pain, the guilt, the sham of her marriage. In those moments, they were the only two people in the world, fused together in blissful sin. Ivan was her cure.

THE END

