

MOMS ON MARS



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By Klrxo

Human life was much different on the planet Mars in the year 2153. With most of the colony's men dispatched to the titanium-rich western quadrant for Phase 9 expansion projects, the sprawling 347-hectare Martian settlement transformed into a desolate wasteland during the Red Planet's daylight cycles.

Children aged 4-17 were efficiently transported via pneumatic shuttle tubes to their reinforced educational domes for mandatory 11-hour learning sessions, leaving the crimson-tinted neighborhood corridors and hydroponic communal gardens eerily devoid of human presence.

This calculated absence of husbands and energetic offspring created a perfect vacuum for forbidden activities among the sexually ravenous moms of Mars. Packs of voluptuous, hormone-starved maternal predators with gravity-defying curves prowled the colony's titanium-reinforced hallways, their regulation bodysuits stretched taut across their giant MILF tits as they hunted for unsuspecting, but willing young males to ravish.

Fresh-faced teenage boys with bulging virgin equipment, barely 18 years old and newly graduated from the colony's rigorous educational programming, became the irresistible quarry for these insatiable MILF hunting parties.

Gangs of voracious women with glossy, parted lips would corner their inexperienced prey, backing the aroused young men against titanium-reinforced walls until escape was mathematically impossible. Manicured hands tugged at regulation jumpsuits as the pack of wives descended on the helpless males, disrobing

them like lionesses ripping flesh from a fresh kill, exposing impressive virgin equipment that throbbed with anticipation.

The boys' high-pitched yelps of surprise soon turned to bass-heavy moans of reluctant pleasure as the women took turns with them, their gravity-defying breasts bouncing in hypnotic rhythm as they fucked the adolescents for hours until they were fully drained of every last drop of genetic material.

This lascivious female predation became an unspoken ritual among most moms in the colony. Packs of sex-starved mothers with camel toes visibly pulsating beneath micron fabric roamed freely through the expansive settlement, sating their burning desires with the tender young flesh of inexperienced boys whose bedroom activities had previously been limited to 3 to 4 self-pleasuring sessions per day.

The debauched wives found release in ravaging the youthful innocence of the colony's budding men, using their hard dicks to spend their days in mindless orgasm.

In the women's changing room, four statuesque housewives primed and preened before the titanium mirrors, their regulation bodysuits straining to contain their massive, heaving breasts.

Clarissa applied a fresh coat of glossy red lipstick, her plump lips parting seductively as she smacked them together. She glanced over at her fellow huntress Valeria, whose gravity-defying 38Gs threatened to spill out of her skintight suit with each twist and stretch.

"I can't wait any longer," Valeria purred, her camel toe visibly pulsing with need beneath the thin fabric. "Joshua just graduated from the educational dome yesterday. His cock is ripe for the taking."

"Mmm, I arranged for him to meet me in my quarters in 6 minutes," Clarissa replied, her diamond-hard nipples practically slicing through her bodysuit. "Care to join me? There's plenty of fresh virgin cock to go around. We could fucking devour him together."

Valeria licked her lips. "I thought you'd never ask. Let's make him cum until he begs us to stop."

The two insatiable MILFs gave each other a knowing look, their bodies burning with lust. As they turned to leave, hips swaying hypnotically, the other women watched them with envious eyes, their own loins aching for a taste of tender young flesh to satiate their insatiable desires.

The two mothers stood side by side, gazing at their reflections in the floor-to-ceiling mirrors that lined the titanium wall of the changing facility. Kira couldn't help but stare at her own bountiful curves - her massive, gravity-defying 38K breasts straining against the crimson nano-fabric of her regulation bodysuit, threatening to spill over the reinforced collar with each breath.

Her ridiculously round and shelf-like ass jutted out behind her like two perfect moons in orbit, while her legs, thick and powerfully sculpted from years of low-gravity training, tapered to surprisingly delicate ankles.

She glanced over at her friend Zara and saw that the other MILF was similarly blessed with an incredibly voluptuous hourglass figure, though Zara's caramel skin contrasted beautifully with the electric blue of her own uniform.

"Can you believe these suits they have us wear?" Kira complained, tugging at the clinging nano-fabric that hugged every curve like a desperate lover. "I feel like my tits and ass are about to burst out at any moment."

Zara laughed, her own gigantic melons jiggling hypnotically beneath the translucent blue material, catching the titanium-reflected light with each heaving breath. "Tell me about it. But hey, at least we still look damn good for a couple of moms."

She winked at Kira in the mirror, her emerald eyes sparkling with mischief. Kira had to admit Zara was right. Despite having had two kids each, their faces remained flawlessly youthful—plump glossy lips that never chapped in the artificial atmosphere, bright eyes unmarred by crow's feet, and skin as smooth as the polished Martian silicate floors beneath their feet. The low gravity and advanced healthcare on the Mars colony seemed to keep them young, preserving their MILF status in amber.

She sighed and adjusted her bodysuit again, tugging at the molecular-thin fabric where it had crept between her buttocks for the third time that hour. The nano-material clung to every dimple, every striation of her toned obliques, while simultaneously compressing her thighs with each step like a second skin that remembered her movements.

Kira caught a young male's gaze lingering on her chest in the reflection of a passing viewport and felt the familiar mixture of pride and arousal flood her cheeks. The colony's artificial UV lighting cast a honeyed glow across her cleavage, highlighting the faint silver stretch marks that traced her skin like delicate Martian canals—battle scars from two pregnancies that somehow only enhanced her appeal in this red-dusted world.

Kira lowered her voice conspiratorially, "This morning, I peeked into Jace's room and saw him jacking off his magnificent 9-inch virgin cock. And oh my God, Zara, his throbbing purple-headed manhood looked absolutely mouth-watering in his teenage hand. So thick and veiny, the way it pulsated like a living creature..." She trailed off, her strawberry-pink nipples visibly hardening into fat

diamond-cutting points beneath the skin-tight crimson nano-fabric at the memory, creating twin peaks that strained against the molecular bonds of her bodysuit.

Zara's emerald eyes widened to perfect circles. "I bet Liam is doing the same thing. Stroking that massive teen cock of his constantly when he thinks I'm not around. Four times a day at least, his bedroom reeking of musky teenage pheromones."

She shook her head dramatically, sending hypnotic ripples through her voluminous chestnut hair that caught the titanium-reflected light. "These virgin sons of ours with their perfect genetic specimens, I swear. Walking around with their enormous untouched dicks practically bulging through their colony-issued jumpsuits, just begging to be sucked and fucked by experienced MILF mouths and pussies."

Kira bit her strawberry-glossed bottom lip, shifting her frame from one titanium-heeled leg to the other as she felt hot dampness gather between her quivering thighs, soaking through the molecular-thin crimson nano-fabric until it clung to her engorged labia like shrink-wrap. "I just wanted to drop to my knees right and shove that beautiful cock down my eager throat until I gagged on the meat of its purple mushroom head. Swallow every last drop of my son's hot virgin seed like it's calcium-enriched milk streaming directly into my esophagus."

"Fuck, I know exactly what you mean," Zara groaned, her fingers unconsciously tracing the outline of her electric-blue camel toe, which was now visibly pulsating beneath the micron fabric. "What I wouldn't give to ride Liam's veiny teenage cock until he explodes deep in my MILF pussy. Drain those swollen virgin balls until they're completely empty of their precious genetic material."

The two women looked at each other, their gazes molten with forbidden lust, pupils dilated. The air crackled between them, ripe and heavy with the aroma of their cherry-and-honey-scented arousal. On Mars, with its 0.38g gravity and 95.3% carbon dioxide atmosphere, there were no Earth-rules anymore. Only desires as vast and untamed as the sprawling colony itself.

"Hey," Kira said, an idea forming in her mind as she traced one manicured finger along the titanium-reinforced seam of her bodysuit. "Why don't we hit up the pleasure pod? I could use a good workout." She grinned mischievously at Zara, her glossy ruby lips parting to reveal perfect white teeth.

Zara's emerald eyes lit up like the colony's atmospheric control panels during a dust storm. "Oooh yeah, great idea!" she purred, her caramel fingers sliding up to cup her enormous blue-encased breasts, squeezing them until the nipples protruded like twin beacons through the nano-fabric. "I've been meaning to practice my reverse-gravity mounting technique. And it would feel absolutely divine to get all this pent-up fem-juice pounded out of my throbbing cunt."

Kira felt an electric tingle of arousal pulse between her thick thighs at the thought, her honeyed walls already slickening in anticipation. The pleasure pods were a relatively new addition to the Mars colony—state-of-the-art fuck gyms with gleaming chrome walls and pulsating LED mood lighting designed specifically for female pleasure and sexual stamina training.

Inside the sleek, sound-proofed hexagonal chambers were an array of advanced sex machines with self-lubricating silicone attachments, vibrating phallic devices in seventeen customizable lengths and girths, and holographic erotic workout equipment that

promised mind-blowing multiple orgasms while simultaneously toning the pelvic floor and vaginal muscles to vice-like perfection.

"Yes, let's do it," Kira agreed, already imagining the feel of a self-lubricating, high-tech dildo plunging in and out of her tight, honey-drenched hole at precisely 127 thrusts per minute while she performed advanced level-9 Kegel exercises. "I need to work on lasting longer before I cum—at least 47 minutes of continuous stimulation. And I've heard the new Mark VII models can pound you into a near continuous orgasm with their patented G-spot targeting system."

"Fuck yes," Zara purred, her caramel fingers unconsciously tracing the outline of her electric-blue camel toe. "I wanna feel that delicious ache afterwards, like I just ran a sex marathon across the Martian desert."

The two stacked MILFs shared a naughty smile, their massive gravity-defying tits rising and falling with building anticipation, straining the molecular bonds of their nano-fabric bodysuits to near-failure points. Kira could feel her strawberry-pink nipples hardening into sensitive peaks beneath her crimson bodysuit, creating visible protrusions like twin Martian mountains.

Her glistening cunt clenched rhythmically, already growing slick with cherry-scented arousal at the prospect of a vigorous pussy workout and orgasm overload. She knew multiple climaxes—at least seventeen, if the pleasure pod's specifications were accurate—were a certainty in her immediate future.

"Well what are we waiting for?" Kira asked rhetorically, turning on her titanium-reinforced 8-inch stiletto heel with a sharp click against the polished floor. "Let's go get our eager cunts jackhammered into blissed-out oblivion by those magnificent Mark VII pleasure-bots!"

Zara laughed, her perfect smile gleaming beneath the habitat's UV-enhanced lighting, and fell in step beside her, their child-bearing hips swaying seductively as they strode with purpose towards the hexagonal pleasure center, ignoring the slack-jawed stares of the colony's male technicians whose pulse rates visibly spiked on their wrist monitors.

She and Zara moved through the habitat module like gravitational anomalies, drawing eyes and disrupting workflow wherever their curves carried them. They made their way through the pressurized corridor connecting the changing facility to the main habitat dome, their heels clicking rhythmically against the polished titanium floor.

Kira couldn't help but feel a rush of sexual power with each sway of her hips as she and Zara sauntered down the corridor in their specialized 8-inch stilettos. The shoes had been custom designed for the colony's female technicians - transparent lucite platforms with holographic sparkles embedded in the heels that caught the light with every step, the open-toe design keeping their feet on erotic display while the extreme arch forced them to walk on the very tips of their toes like ancient Earth ballerinas en pointe.

Kira's crimson toenails, painted with an iridescent ruby polish that shifted from blood-red to molten gold depending on the angle of the titanium-reflected light, contrasted erotically with her creamy skin, each toe perfectly pedicured with a microscopic Martian colony logo on the big toe.

Each step sent a sensual jolt up her powerfully sculpted legs—thighs rippling with lean muscle beneath alabaster skin—and made her shelf-like ass cheeks dimple and bounce in a mesmerizing rhythm beneath the stretched nano-fabric, which glinted like liquid rubies under the habitat's UV lighting.

She could feel the molecular-thin material riding up between her cheeks again, parting her glutes and exposing the puckered edges of her tight asshole to the recycled Martian air that whispered against her most intimate places with each stride.

The sensation only heightened her arousal, making her massive 38K tits swell against the reinforced collar of her bodysuit with each quickened breath, her nipples hardening to diamond-like points that created visible indentations in the crimson fabric.

Beside her, Zara's caramel curves undulated just as hypnotically, her blue-encased ass cheeks swaying in perfect time with Kira's, the electric azure material catching holographic highlights from the overhead lighting strips.

Kira licked her plump lips, tasting the cherry gloss she had applied that morning—a special formula with nanobots that kept the color vibrant for 24 Mars-hours straight—and inhaling the artificial scents of talc and honey that perfumed the corridor from hidden atmospheric vents designed to mask the metallic tang of recycled oxygen.

Kira could feel her glistening, honey-drenched cunt clenching tightly beneath the crimson nano-fabric with each thunderous step, the molecular-thin material molding to her most intimate folds like a second skin crafted by Martian artisans. Her pink, corrugated walls—ridged like the surface of the red planet itself, were compressed into a tight, ribbed passage, ready to grip any intruding cock like a hydraulic vice.

Her powerful pelvic floor muscles flexed involuntarily as she walked, the Kegel-toned rings of her vaginal walls pulsing with each stride like the rhythmic airlock decompression sequence.

She glanced over at Zara and wondered if her friend's pussy was equally primed beneath the electric blue of her bodysuit—sleek

caramel lips compressed into a neat cameltoe by the clinging fabric, the material disappearing between her plump outer labia like a sapphire-tinted glacier sliding between twin mountains to highlight the mouthwatering contours of her vulva, which Kira knew from their shared decontamination showers featured an unusually large and sensitive clitoris that protruded proudly from its hood like a tiny pink beacon.

Kira imagined Zara's cunt was just as tight and muscular as her own, the two MILFs constantly training their sexes to elastic perfection not by their husbands' inadequate equipment, but with the help of the colony's pleasure-bots—chrome-plated androids with sixteen different vibrating attachments and self-heating silicone phalluses that could expand to 12.75 inches in circumference—during their scheduled recreation hours in the colony's pink-lit relaxation pods.

As they passed by a darkened alcove—its titanium walls gleaming with condensation from heavy breathing—Kira caught a glimpse of frenetic movement in her peripheral vision. She glanced over and saw a statuesque MILF with an ass like two perfectly-formed moons in orbit, her strong legs clinging to a fresh-faced teenage boy, pounding her soaked pussy down on his teenage rod.

The boy held her up off the polished floor, her powerful mommy-legs caged around him. The kid couldn't have been more than 18 years old, his face still bearing traces of adolescent softness in his flushed cheeks even as his chiseled jawline clenched with pleasure.

Behind the teenage stud, another stacked mom, tits bared—nipples erect—molded her hourglass curves against his sweat-slicked back, devouring his neck with sloppy, open-mouthed kisses that left crimson lipstick smears, her long tongue leaving glistening trails across his tender skin.

At the boy's feet knelt a third voluptuous mother, her platinum blonde hair bobbing rhythmically between his muscular ass as she ate out his tight virgin hole with practiced precision, her manicured nails digging into his glutes. The wet sounds of her expert tongue lapping against his most intimate pucker echoed off the titanium walls like the artificial rain simulators in the colony's agricultural dome.

The whole scene was a writhing, moaning tangle of taut curves and virile adolescent energy, like a pornographic sculpture. But Kira barely even slowed her stride, exchanging only the briefest of knowing glances with Zara as they clicked past in their stilettos. This kind of ravenous public fucking had become the norm in the Martian colony's female-dominated halls. With all the men gone for long stretches, the sex-starved mothers fell on the fresh teenage boys the moment they graduated from the educational domes, unleashing generations of pent-up desire.

Zara turned to Kira with a mischievous grin that revealed her perfect white teeth beneath glossy magenta lips. The corridor's recessed blue lighting cast dramatic shadows across her caramel cleavage as she leaned in conspiratorially. "Hey, did you hear about the colony's upcoming sex Olympics? It's only open to moms like us and their virgin sons. We should totally enter with Jace and Liam!"

Kira gaped at Zara, her heart suddenly pounding beneath her skintight crimson suit, causing the nano-fabric to pulse visibly with each thunderous beat. "Are you serious?" she whispered hoarsely, her plump lips parting in shock. "I mean, I know we've talked about it. But you really wanna fuck our own sons?"

Zara's emerald eyes sparkled with excitement, the colony's artificial lighting catching each facet like rare Martian gemstones. "Why not? The boys just turned 18 last solar cycle and you know

they're both still virgins. What better way to usher them into manhood than by challenging them to fuck a couple of experienced MILFs in front of an audience, and knowledgeable sex judges?"

Kira bit her plump lower lip, her thoughts racing at light-speed as she imagined her handsome son Jace—his lean, muscular body developed in the colony's reduced gravity, the adorable way he always blushed crimson to the tips of his ears and averted his sapphire-blue eyes whenever he caught her emerging from the steaming cleansing pod wrapped in nothing but a whisper-thin hydrophobic towel.

The forbidden idea of taking his virginity, of guiding his trembling inexperienced hands across her voluptuous curves and teaching him to pleasure a woman properly, made her core ache with a sudden fierce yearning that dampened the nano-fabric between her thick, powerful thighs.

"What about our husbands?" Kira asked, her glossy crimson nails pressing into the heaving flesh of her own 38K breasts as concern furrowed her perfectly microbladed brows. "Won't they find out?"

"They're on a mission excavating ice deposits on the other side of Olympus Mons," Zara reminded her. "Even if one of us did win the grand titanium dildo trophy, it'll be old news by the time their transport pod docks."

"Old news is still news they could hear through the colony's gossip neural network," Kira whispered.

"The key word being 'could,' and even if they did we could just deny it," Zara pointed out, her emerald eyes flashing with mischief. "Our husbands would never believe we'd be slutty enough to fuck our well-endowed sons, even if it is legal here in Mars Colony."

"True," Kira nodded, unconsciously licking her plump lips as moisture gathered between her thick thighs. "So how does this mother-son sexual contest work exactly?"

"Winners are judged on sexual performance..." Zara said slowly as the forbidden details crystallized in her mind like Martian frost. "You know, technique, stamina, number and intensity of orgasms. Those sorts of things."

The nano-fabric between her thighs grew damp as she imagined the judges' scorecards, the applause, the envious stares. She had no doubt she and Zara could blow the competition away with their practiced techniques and insatiable appetites.

Despite being mothers, their bodies were flawless specimens—taut in all the right places, soft where it counted, with skin that glowed like polished amber under the colony's artificial lighting. Zara squeezed Kira's arm, her manicured nails digging into the crimson nano-fabric until five perfect half-moons appeared in the material.

"It's something we could win quite easily with our years of bedroom experience," Zara purred, her voice dropping to a husky whisper that sent shivers down Kira's spine. "And with our superior genes, Jace and Liam are guaranteed to be absolute gods between the sheets. Think about it—the four of us, writhing together under the spotlight, could become legendary across every habitat dome on Mars!"

Kira's heart raced faster at the thought of everyone knowing she had slept with her own son. It was so taboo, so forbidden... and yet, the wanton MILF in her thrilled at the idea of them being intimate with their boys. "Let's do it," she said breathlessly, her massive bust heaving. "Let's enter the sex Olympics with our virgin sons and let them experience fierce competition."

Zara went on to explain that as part of the competition rules, the virgin sons were allowed to receive detailed sexual instruction in the weeks leading up to the event. No hands-on practice was permitted however, in order to maintain their unsullied status until the big day when they would finally penetrate their own gorgeous mothers with virginal flesh in front of the judges and female spectators.

Kira felt a shiver of anticipation ripple across her alabaster skin, her 38K breasts heaving against the molecular-thin crimson nano-fabric. She imagined shy, innocent Jace and Liam blushing furiously as they sat through the explicit tutorials, their virgin cocks visibly throbbing and straining against their tight bodysuits like caged animals, pre-cum dampening the fabric as they ached for the forbidden release they were denied until the Olympics.

She pictured them squirming in their seats, cheeks burning crimson to match her bodysuit, thighs clenched together in agony, as a buxom android instructor with chrome-tipped nipples and pulsing blue interface ports demonstrated advanced oral techniques and G-spot stimulation on a hyper-realistic silicone model that glistened with synthetic lubricant under the habitat's honeyed lighting.

The poor boys wouldn't even be able to look the shapely android in her emerald ocular sensors—which pulsed with hypnotic light patterns that matched her sultry vocal modulations—as she patiently explained the intricacies of cunnilingus and sensual nipple play, her chrome-tipped fingers demonstrating with holographic precision on floating 3D anatomical projections that rotated in mid-air, glistening with simulated moisture under the habitat's UV-enhanced lighting.

Kira could almost see Jace ducking his head, his sapphire eyes—inherited from her, trained on the polished titanium-alloy floor, his

prominent adam's apple bobbing like a shuttle in turbulence as he swallowed hard, a single bead of sweat trickling down his temple and disappearing beneath the collar of his form-fitting training suit. His mind was no doubt conjuring forbidden images of burying his face between his mother's thick, powerful thighs—sculpted by years of low-gravity resistance training—and worshipping her dripping wet slit, with its perfectly symmetrical labia like twin petals of a rare Martian desert flower, until she screamed his name loud enough to trigger the habitat's emergency response systems.

Beside him, Liam would be trembling like a newborn rover fawn taking its first steps on the rusty Martian regolith. A response to the sultry android's detailed descriptions of penetration angles and rhythm techniques, complete with thrust-force calculations displayed on hovering data screens around her perfect synthetic form.

Kira felt her own core clench with sympathy and dark arousal, her inner walls pulsating like the habitat's emergency beacon as she imagined the exquisite sensual torment her virgin son would endure. Each night after the tutorials, he would likely take his throbbing manhood in hand, fisting his inexperienced yet magnificently veined cock with desperate, trembling strokes, his sweat-slicked abs tensing beneath as he imagined all the ways he would claim her.

But he wouldn't spill a single pearlescent drop of his pent-up essence, not until the judges—seated on their hovering platinum thrones with digital scoring pads—gave the ceremonial signal and he at last plunged balls-deep into his mother's slick, needy MILF pussy, her rose-petal labia parting like the airlock doors to welcome him home before the watchful, envious eyes of the entire female population of Mars Colony Dome 7. Only then would he fill

her with rope after rope of his potent virgin seed, his genetic material swimming eagerly toward her still-viable eggs, breeding her anew as the audience's thunderous roar of approval echoed through the habitat's acoustically-enhanced amphitheater.

The day of the sex Olympics finally arrived, and Kira found herself trembling with a heady mix of nerves and dark arousal as she waited backstage with Zara and their sons. The amphitheater—a massive geodesic dome with holographic ceiling panels displaying an ancient Earth sunset—hummed with the excited murmurs of five thousand spectators - every one of them a beautiful, busty mother.

Jace swallowed hard, his heart hammering against his ribcage like a malfunctioning quantum drill as he stared at his mother's indecently voluptuous form. The skintight crimson nano-fabric—a revolutionary Martian polymer with 4,000% elasticity—left absolutely nothing to the imagination, molding to her massive 38K breasts with photographic precision. Each glistening orb, bigger than his head, quivered with subtle iridescence under the amphitheater's pulsing lights. The stiff peaks of her nipples were pressed against the molecular-thin material with such definition he could see the textured areolas beneath—each one a wide circle of slightly darker crimson.

He couldn't tear his gaze away from the way her gigantic tits threatened to spill free with each breath, pushed up and out by the suit's reinforced corset-like bodice that nipped in her waist before flaring out dramatically over her unbelievably bodacious 52-inch hips and gravity-defying ass that jiggled hypnotically with each step across the obsidian platform.

The high-cut legs rode up over her crotch, framing her puffy camel toe like a lewd bullseye, the outline of her labia majora clearly

visible through the fabric that had become semi-transparent with her arousal.

Jace felt liters of blood in his body rush to his untouched cock as he stared at the delectable outline of his mom's plump pussy lips, remembering in vivid detail the explicit instructions from his pre-competition anatomy tutorials.

Liam, meanwhile, couldn't tear his gaze from his own mother's magnificent rack—each 36HH breast straining against electric blue nano-fabric stretched drum-tight over her jutting nipples, which pulsed with each thundering heartbeat. His eyes traced the curve where her impossibly narrow waist flared dramatically into 49-inch hips, accentuated by the bodysuit's chrome piping that ran down her sides like glistening titanium ribbons. Her powerful thighs and calves, each muscle group clearly defined beneath the second-skin fabric and honed to shapely perfection by hours of daily low-gravity resistance training, tapered into delicate ankles.

Her arched feet encased in transparent 8-inch heels made from laboratory-grown diamond-infused polymers that elevated her height to precisely 6'2" and arched her feet at a 47-degree angle that made Liam's virgin cock twitch so violently he felt a shooting pain from base to tip.

He imagined those muscular legs wrapped around his waist, caging him in a sexual grip as he rutted into her like a feral Martian sand-wolf, her heels digging deep into the firm globes of his ass. Liam shook his head violently, trying to dispel the forbidden images that flashed across his mind. But his body betrayed him, his untouched manhood throbbing insistently, constricting the blue nano-fabric of his own bodysuit, creating a prominent outline that extended from his abdomen.

Kira smiled reassuringly at their two sons. "Don't be nervous, boys. You're gonna do amazing out there. Just remember everything from your training sessions—especially your thrusting techniques."

The hushed speculations about the virgin boys' sexual prowess and the MILFs' legendary techniques buzzed through the air like an electrical current, amplified by the dome's perfect acoustics.

Kira's heart pounded against her ribcage as Jace's name echoed from the quantum-enhanced sound system, signaling their turn to take the stage. She watched as her son stepped out from behind the shimmering violet holographic curtain, his lean, sculpted body—honed by years of low-gravity calisthenics—on full display in a skintight crimson bodysuit that matched her own down to the molecular level. The nano-fabric clung to every chiseled muscle like a second skin, highlighting the perfect V-taper of his torso and the prominent veins running along his forearms. The material left nothing to the imagination, especially around his impressive bulge—a massive ridge that curved slightly to the left and pulsed visibly with each nervous heartbeat.

Kira felt a shiver of illicit desire ripple through her core as she drank in the sight, her nipples hardening to diamond points against her own crimson suit.

The three female judges, seated on their hovering platinum thrones, appraised Jace with laser-focus as he made his way across the polished obsidian floor to the center of the circular bed platform, which was covered in crimson silk sheets. Their digital scoring pads—sleek crystalline tablets that hummed with quantum processing power—glowed with a hungry amber light, ready to evaluate every thrust, moan, and bead of sweat in his upcoming performance.

"Virgin status confirmed," the center judge announced, her voice amplified by the amphitheater's nano-acoustic enhancers until it seemed to vibrate in Kira's very marrow. "Initial assessment: subject displays optimal physique for sexual athletics. Trapezius development and gluteal density suggest exceptional stamina and thrust capacity."

Kira's core clenched with molten heat as the judges dissected her son's body like a prized breeding stallion at auction. She could see the corded tension in Jace's broad shoulders, the way his prominent adam's apple bobbed hypnotically as he swallowed nervously, his throat muscles contracting beneath his golden skin. "Genital dimensions significantly exceed colony averages," the silver-haired female judge remarked with clinical precision, her crimson lips barely moving as she consulted a floating holoscreen that displayed a three-dimensional rendering of Jace's impressive manhood. "Length: 10.25 inches. Girth: 6.5 inches. Vein prominence: 97th percentile. The prominent dorsal vein and bilateral symmetry of the shaft indicate exceptional blood flow dynamics. Flaccid-to-erect ratio suggests remarkable engorgement capacity, with potential for additional 0.50 inches during peak arousal."

Jace's cheeks flushed crimson, nearly matching his bodysuit, the color spreading down his neck like spilled wine across Martian sand.

Kira's heart ached with a confusing mix of motherly protectiveness and wanton hunger as she watched him squirm beneath the judges' frank assessment, his broad shoulders tensing with each word. "Lack of sexual experience may result in suboptimal technique and stamina," the third judge mused, "however, pheromone scans indicate high compatibility with maternal genetic profile. Probability of synergistic arousal: 96.3%."

The holographic readout above flickered with neon-blue confirmation, displaying matching molecular structures that rotated slowly in the air between them. Kira's head swam with the clinical jargon, barely processing the implication that she and Jace were a near-perfect match in terms of physical attraction, her inner walls clenching involuntarily at the thought. All she could focus on was the way her son's virgin cock visibly throbbed beneath the straining crimson fabric of his bodysuit, the nano-material stretching to its limits around his impressive girth, a small dark spot of pre-cum forming at the tip, telegraphing his innocence and desperate need.

As the all-women audience's hushed anticipation reached a fever pitch, Kira emerged from behind the shimmering holographic curtain like an erotic goddess descended from the heavens. The crimson nano-fabric of her bodysuit clung to her voluptuous curves as if worshipping every inch of her flawless alabaster skin. Her colossal breasts bounced hypnotically with each confident step, her diamond-hard nipples creating mesmerizing points.

Kira's shelf-like ass drew every eye like a celestial event as she sauntered across the obsidian stage, the bodysuit's adaptive material parting her cheeks until the puckered edges of her tight rosebud, pink as a Terran sunrise, were barely concealed by the fabric.

The judges drank in her otherworldly proportions as she took her place beside Jace. Up close, she could see the way his eyes darted nervously from her heaving bust to her thick, powerful thighs, his Adam's apple jumping like a rabbit in Martian low-gravity.

"Female subject's physique exceeds all recorded colony metrics," the head judge declared. "Height: 5'9". Weight: 152 pounds, with a lean mass-to-fat ratio that defies our most advanced biometric algorithms. Bust-waist-hip measurements of 48-22-52 approach

the mythical golden ratio once worshipped by ancient Earth civilizations."

Kira's heart hammered beneath her ribcage as the judges dissected her body like a rare specimen, a hot flush spreading across her cheeks in precisely symmetrical patches of scarlet. She could feel the weight of five thousand stares on her breasts—each heaving with her shallow breaths—her ass, which quivered slightly with each pulse of the amphitheater's bass-enhanced acoustics, and her pulsing core, where the nano-fabric had become translucent with moisture.

"Mammary gland volume is among the top percentile in colony history," the female judge remarked with clinical precision.

"Circumference: 48 inches. Projection: 12.5 inches. Nipple erectness: 98.8% of maximum potential. Areola diameter and pigmentation suggest exceptional sensitivity and vascularity that would produce up to 3.7 liters of nutrient-rich milk daily."

Kira's nipples tingled with electric sensitivity, swelling additional centimeters at the judge's words, straining against the nano-fabric until the material's molecular bonds audibly hummed with tension.

Beside her, Jace shifted his weight from foot to foot, his pupils dilated as he stared transfixed at her magnificent rack, his breathing shallow and rapid. She wondered if he was imagining latching onto her giant teats with his virgin lips and suckling like a newborn, letting her sweet cream flood his mouth until it overflowed down his chiseled jaw in rivulets of pearlescent nectar.

"Gluteal dimensions indicate superior thrust reception and rebound capacity of 97.3%," the third judge assessed, her fingers manipulating a three-dimensional hologram of Kira's posterior that rotated slowly in the air between them, highlighting each muscle group in pulsating neon. "Skin elasticity measures at

97.6% of theoretical maximum, with adipose distribution precisely matching the Golden Ratio patterns found in ancient Venusian fertility statues. When mathematically coupled with the male subject's genital prominence and calculated sperm motility, their offspring would possess a 99.8% probability of developing into sexual paragons by their sixteenth solar cycle."

Kira's womb clenched, a sudden tsunami of moisture dampening the nano-fabric between her quivering thighs until it became completely transparent, revealing her swollen labia that pulsed with the same rhythm as the crimson warning lights now flashing across the amphitheater's ceiling. Her entire reproductive system seemed to liquefy at the forbidden thought of Jace impregnating her here on stage, his potent seed—containing 438 million sperm per milliliter, 97% viable according to his last physical—taking root in her fertile depths, which the colony's advanced scanners had determined were at peak ovulation exactly 3.7 hours from now.

The center judge turned her laser-focused emerald gaze on Kira. "In which sexual position will you be demonstrating your techniques with the male subject today?"

Kira swallowed hard. "Cowgirl position," she answered breathlessly, her voice amplified by the embedded mic in her bodysuit's collar until it echoed off the holographic walls.

The female judge nodded in approval. "Excellent choice to showcase the male subject's stamina and your own hip control. However, we highly recommend beginning with oral stimulation to ensure the male achieves maximum rigidity before penetration. Your fellatio skills will also factor significantly into your final score."

Kira's mouth salivated at the thought of taking her virgin son's massive cock between her glossy crimson lips. She had often imagined in vivid detail how he would taste— the heady musk of

his arousal carrying 47 distinct pheromones, the salty-sweet precum that even now beaded at his prominent mushroom-shaped tip.

Her core clenched with a force registering 5.1 on the pleasure-quake scale, empty and aching with a void precisely the dimensions of her son's throbbing member, as she pictured his sapphire eyes rolling back in ecstasy, his perfectly chiseled jaw falling slack as she deep-throated his considerable length until the sparse blonde curls at the base tickled her retroussé nose.

Beside her, Jace shifted his weight again, the prominent ridge of his erection visibly pulsing beneath the crimson nano-fabric with each shallow breath he took, creating a tent-like protrusion from his perfectly flat abdomen.

Kira could practically feel the heat radiating off his virginal body in waves that registered on her enhanced maternal sensors, the air between them crackling with 50,000 volts of genetic compatibility and forbidden taboo lust. She wondered if the audience of 5,000 colony moms just like her could smell her arousal—a complex cocktail of distinct pheromones with notes of musk-rose—as the viscous, pearl-white moisture seeped through her suit's molecular structure revealing the unmistakable scent of forbidden MILF desire.

The center judge's gaze bore into Kira as she spoke. "Subjects will now disrobe and commence sexual athletics."

Kira's heart hammered against her ribcage as she reached for the nearly invisible molecular seam at her collar with trembling fingers. The crimson nano-fabric parted like the Red Sea, peeling away from her heavenly body with a soft sigh to reveal expanses of flawless ivory skin. She shrugged the suit off her shoulders and

shimmied it over her childbearing hips, unveiling her gigantic breasts with deliberate slowness.

Audible gasps rippled through the amphitheater as her gigantic globes tumbled free, bouncing a full 12.5 inches outward and wobbling hypnotically under the pulsating indigo lights. Her areolas - perfect 4.7 inch circles the exact shade of a Martian sunset - crinkled and puckered as the recycled air kissed her flesh, drawing her rubbery nipples to rigid attention. They pointed skyward like two fleshy antenna receiving signals from a distant galaxy, broadcasting her need.

Kira let the crumpled suit fall to her ankles and stepped out, 5,000 stares devouring her nude glory. She sensed their eyes roving across her body, enraptured by her toned curves and the fat, glistening pink pearl of her womanhood peeking coyly from between plump, waxed lips. Her prominent clitoral hood extended nearly an inches outward, beckoning like a fleshy bullseye.

She turned to Jace, his sapphire eyes wide as orbital saucers and locked on her heaving tits. His chest rose and fell rapidly, breath sawing audibly in his lungs. Kira smiled reassuringly as she reached for his crimson suit, but inside her heart jackhammered at an excited rate. She could practically taste his innocence - and she wanted to devour it.

With one swift motion, she unzipped his bodysuit to his navel, revealing his chiseled torso that rippled with each ragged breath. Jace startled, gooseflesh erupting down his arms as cool air caressed his fevered skin. He blushed furiously, the scarlet tide washing down his neck and disappearing beneath the bunched fabric.

"It's okay, baby," Kira breathed, her words meant for his ears alone despite the arena's acoustic enhancements. "You're gonna do amazing."

She peeled the nano-fabric from his lean shoulders, admiring the eugenically-perfected deltoids and trapezius that twitched beneath his golden skin. The suit caught briefly on his jutting cockhead, a translucent trail of pre-ejaculate connecting the two before snapping.

Jace's enormous cock sprang free of its crimson prison, slapping against his chiseled abdomen with an audible thwack that echoed through the amphitheater.

It was a magnificent specimen of manhood - 10.25 inches from base to tip, with a circumference of 6.5 inches. The shaft was perfectly straight, angled exactly 40 degrees from vertical. Throbbing veins crisscrossed the turgid surface in a hypnotically symmetrical pattern. His glans was a helmet of glistening, virgin flesh, boasting a flared corona and a deep, vertical slit at the tip that even now dribbled a pearlescent stream of pre-ejaculate.

A collective gasp rippled through the amphitheater as 5,000 plump, glossy MILF lips—ranging from holographic cherry-bomb red to iridescent ultraviolet purple—parted in unison, their breathy exhalations merging into a sensual sigh, sending tremors through the titanium-reinforced seating.

Jace's ears suddenly detecting the unmistakable slick sounds of 2,500 glistening honeypots being frantically frigged beneath micro-fiber skirts and molecule-thin bodysuits as the horny mothers drank in the sight of his exposed virgin manhood.

His bashful gaze flicked to the undulating sea of voluptuous bodies, zeroing in on a particularly buxom blonde mother in the front row whose electric blue stilettos were kicked up in the air, thick mommy-thighs splayed wide. Her skintight silver dress had ridden up to her waist, exposing a hairless pink slit with labia that winked moistly back at him.

Her crimson-tipped fingers moved in a blur over the swollen, throbbing bud at the apex of her folds, matching the hypnotized tempo of her heaving double-G tits that contained enough fatty meat to cushion a fall from orbit.

To her left, a statuesque ebony beauty with an oiled obsidian booty that could double as a planetary landmark reclined in her seat, one hand shamelessly plunged knuckle-deep in her dripping snatch—the glistening pink interior walls contracting at intervals around her three middle fingers—while the other tugged and twisted on a dark, protuberant nipple. Her chocolate-brown areolas were as big around as his hands and puckered into goosebumps as she pinched and pulled on her rubbery teat.

The blushing teen could smell the heady funk of arousal filling the air around him—an intoxicating MILF musk laced with unique pheromones engineered to make even a eunuch's vestigial cock swell to bursting.

The 5,000-strong throng undulated like an ocean of erotic femininity in every direction, their combined scents and sex-sounds crashing over him in palpable waves that registered on his skin as goosebumps. The virgin teen's heart rate spiked, each thump vibrating through his ribcage, as he sensed their collective, ravenous hunger radiating at him with the heat intensity of a class-4 solar flare. He suddenly felt like a baby carrot tossed into a black hole of lust-crazed cougars, aching to have his magnificent cock buried in their birthing tunnels.

His rigid cock flexed involuntarily against his carved abdomen, the bulbous head flushing from salmon pink to a deeper shade of overripe plum. The spotlight overhead highlighted the throbbing veins that formed a topographical map across his shaft. A droplet of pre-ejaculate emerged from his urethral slit, catching the light like liquid diamond before cascading down his frenulum in a glistening rivulet. The sight made every mom in the house lick their luscious lips, including his own.

Jace suppressed the primal urge to shield his manhood with his trembling hand, predatory eyes—ranging from beautiful emerald green to violet with gold flecks—zeroed in on his exposed genitalia with the precision of quantum-guided homing missiles locked on a phallic target. He had never felt more naked or vulnerable—not even during his annual 5-hour physical when the buxom Dr. Veracruz, with her 38JJ breasts straining against her semi-transparent lab coat, had probed and played with every inch of him - spending 3 hours on his cock and balls alone, while maintaining uncomfortable eye contact for the majority of the examination.

Kira's core clenched at the sight of her son's 10-incher as a flood of slick arousal saturated her waxed folds. She sank to a deep squat before her son, powerful thighs flexing, until her mouth hovered a mere inch from his quivering cockhead. His musk invaded her olfactory receptors - an intoxicating bouquet of distinct teenage pheromones that spoke directly to her hindbrain, commanding her to worship this Adonis.

"Oh baby, what a perfect cock," she breathed, her humid exhalations teasing his glans. Jace whimpered above her, his abdominal muscles jumping like a seismograph needle.

Kira extended her tongue - a moist slab of pink perfection, 3 inches long - and swept it across his bulbous tip, gathering the viscous pre-honey and savoring its slightly salty tang. Her taste buds tingled as they absorbed his unique biochemical signature, setting off a cascade of hormonal reactions that caused her nipples to swell even fatter.

The mother swirled her licker around his glans, painting broad swaths of shimmering saliva across the frenulum and probing the weeping slit. Jace bucked involuntarily, driving his cock into her plump lips like he was splitting a twat. She welcomed him into the wet silk of her mouth, her plush lips forming a perfect rounded seal around his girth as she suctioned him deeper.

"Ahhh, your mouth, mom," Jace groaned, the expletive amplified to a primal bellow by the arena's acoustics. Kira hummed around his sinewy shaft, knowing the vibrations would resonate to his very core.

She relaxed her skilled throat and swallowed him to the root, burying her nose in his sparse golden pubes. She held him there like a well-practiced cock-swallower, rippling her esophageal muscles along his length as her chin brushed his heavy sack, eliciting broken moans from above.

The judges leaned forward in their thrones as they took in every minute detail of Kira's performance. Unbeknownst to her, the tiny cameras embedded in the stage beneath her captured every flick and undulation of her genetically perfected tongue as it worshipped her son's virgin cock.

On their crystalline scoring tablets, the judges swiped through the ultra HD live feed, zooming in until the screen was filled with the glistening, pulsing walls of Kira's throat as it contracted around

Jace's considerable girth. They watched in rapt fascination as her esophageal muscles rippled along his length from base to tip, massaging every bulging vein and ridge with exquisite precision.

"Subject displays exemplary deep-throating technique," the silver-haired female judge remarked, her voice a hushed murmur meant only for her colleagues' ears. "Oropharyngeal control is off the charts. Zero gag reflex response detected."

The chrome-chinned judge nodded in agreement, swiping to a side-by-side comparison of Kira's tonsils before and during her current performance. "Remarkable tonsillar dexterity as well. Note the rhythmic contractions coinciding with each movement of the tongue. That level of coordination is extremely rare."

The third judge manipulated a 3D hologram of the inside of Kira's mouth, marveling at the way her tongue curled and undulated against the frenulum, focusing friction on the frenular delta in a corkscrew pattern that made Jace's legs tremble on the monitors. "Lingual acrobatics are off the charts. I've never seen a tongue with that level of fine motor control and muscular articulation. The way she's isolating just the top 3 millimeters of her taste buds to stroke the glans... it's pure artistry."

On the main screen, Jace's sapphire eyes fluttered shut in ecstasy, his head lolling back to expose the corded tension in his genetically flawless neck. The judges watched the biorhythmic feedback scroll across the bottom of the display, noting the dangerous spikes in blood pressure, heart rate, and respiration. "She's bringing him right to the edge," the center judge mused, steepling his fingers. "Probability of imminent orgasm: 98.6%. But will she let him release, or demonstrate her mastery by denying him at the final second? Let's see what she does next."

The judges and audience held their collective breath, eyes flickering between Jace's strained expression and the slick glide of his mother's lips along his shaft, waiting to see if she would grant her son sweet relief or further establish her dominance with orgasm control.

Kira hollowed her cheeks, creating a suction pressure that caused Jace's magnificent phallus to pulse violently against her taste receptors. His pre-ejaculate—a complex cocktail of fructose, prostaglandins, and alkaline compounds—flowed in earnest now, coating her palate with its viscosity. She could feel how perilously close he teetered toward climax, his titanium-hard shaft throbbing at exactly 1.7-second intervals in perfect synchronization with his racing heart.

His heavy testicles, each one perfectly symmetrical and exactly 3.2 inches in circumference, drew up tight against his body, the cremaster muscles contracting to optimal ejaculatory position in preparation to unleash their virgin genetic payload of approximately 300 million spermatozoa.

She pulled back with excruciating deliberation, maintaining the hermetic vacuum seal, until only his glistening, plum-sized glans remained captured between her plush lips. She executed a precise 720-degree rotation of her tongue around his corona, the surface of her lingual organ undulating in wave-like motions as she probed the urethral opening and harvested his essence. The complex flavor profile triggered a cascade of electrochemical impulses that traveled directly to her throbbing reproductive nexus.

Jace's entire body tensed with the precision of a wound spring, his abs contracting into a perfect six-pack, his thighs trembling. Kira's sensory receptors detected his penile temperature rising and she knew he was seconds away from ejaculation. But she wasn't ready

to let him erupt just yet. She had to demonstrate her total dominance over his reproductive system. With a wet pop that echoed across the amphitheater's acoustically perfect dome, she released his cock from her mouth.

It bobbed in the air, slick with saliva, the skin stretched taut and glistening under the arena's 50,000-lumen spotlights. A tortured groan escaped Jace's throat as his orgasm receded, leaving him teetering on a knife's edge.

"Not yet, baby," Kira purred, her voice husky with desire, vocal folds vibrating at optimal sexual frequency. "Mommy decides when you get to come—down to the millisecond."

A deafening roar erupted from the audience as 10,000 manicured hands came together in thunderous applause, the percussive claps louder than a military jet's afterburners at takeoff. Kira basked in the adulation, her plumped lips curling into a feline smile that revealed her gleaming, pearl-white teeth.

The pheromone-laced air grew thick with the musky-sweet funk of MILF arousal—5,000 pussy lips drooling slick nectar that puddled on the smart-fabric seats. The oxytocin-infused vaginal secretions had the viscosity of warm maple syrup - perfect for lubricating a teenage dong for ravenous intercourse.

Feminine gasps of awe rippled through the audience like a sonic wave as the mothers whispered amongst themselves:

"What a cock-sucking goddess!" one mother exclaimed, her knees to her ears as she rubbed her juicy love-button frantically.

"Did you see the way she edged his oversized cock?" said the mom next to her, squeezing the turgid peaks of her fat, naked tit-melons,

"Sublime blowjob control," added a masturbating MILF who was splayed open a few seats back, sexy bare feet hovering in the air. "She maintained a vacuum seal around his teenage flesh."

The mom next to her spoke up also. "I creamed myself when she scrubbed his glans with that perfect corkscrew tongue motion."

The hundreds of salacious whispers reached Kira's ears, stoking the erotic wildfire raging in her loins. She reveled in their praise, her nipples hardening, basking in the supernova of having complete control of her timid teen, whose virgin cock now throbbled visibly on his loins.

Kira led Jace to the large circular bed in the center of the amphitheater, the crimson silk sheets rippling beneath the pulsating indigo spotlights. She gently pushed him onto his back, the 5000-thread count fabric caressing his skin like a lover's whisper. Jace gazed up at her with wide, worshipful eyes, his chest heaving with shallow breaths, his rigid cock jutting proudly towards the domed ceiling.

The mother crawled onto the bed with feline grace, her voluptuous ass undulating hypnotically, alabaster skin glowing like polished marble beneath the pulsating indigo spotlights. Her colossal udders swayed pendulously, nipples diamond-hard. She straddled his waist with practiced precision, her quadriceps flexing beneath flawless skin as she positioned her dripping womanhood exactly an inch above his quivering cockhead.

The scent of her arousal—a complex bouquet of musk—wafted between them. Jace lost his breath as he took in the glorious sight—her pink, glistening folds hovering just out of reach, labia majora engorged, pulsing in perfect synchronization with her elevated heart rate.

She reached between her legs with one perfectly manicured hand and grasped his shaft, angling it perpendicular to the bed with neurosurgeon-steady fingers. Her thumb and forefinger formed a precise ring at his meaty base, while her remaining digits supported his considerable weight. The sensation of her velvety soft skin against his virgin flesh made Jace gasp, a strangled sound that echoed off the amphitheater walls.

Kira took a deep, shuddering breath, savoring the anticipation singing through her nerves like a 50,000-volt current arcing between synapses. Then, with aching slowness, she lowered herself onto Jace's magnificent cock, her glistening folds engulfing him inch at a time, the labia stretching to accommodate his thick diameter. His bulbous glans, purple-hued and throbbing visibly, parted her slick petals and notched just inside her entrance.

"Fuuuuck," the teenager groaned, the drawn-out syllable reverberating through the arena. The tight, wet silk of his mother's perfect pussy was unlike anything his 18-year-old mind could have imagined, even after the 47 explicit instructional videos he'd studied for hours. She was so hot inside, her velvet walls rippling along his length with peristaltic waves at 0.8-second intervals, squeezing him with muscular contractions that made his toes curl against the sheets.

Kira sank down with deliberate slowness, letting gravity do the work as her vaginal elasticity stretched to precisely 143% of resting diameter, luxuriating in the delicious stretch as her greedy cunt swallowed her son's cock inch by thick inch. He spongy, corrugated walls secreted hot natural lubricant that smeared on his penile flesh and eased his passage.

When her ass finally nestled against his heavy balls, she had taken every millimeter of his phallus, which now throbbed deep within her quivering womb.

Kira set a languid pace at first—precisely 24 thrusts per minute—savoring each exquisite centimeter of her son's virgin cock as it stretched her velvety walls, the bulbous purple head kissing the puffy, muscled ring of her cervix during every downstroke. She rolled her hips in a mathematically perfect figure-eight pattern, grinding her pubic mound against his cock-base, creating precisely the right amount of pressure to stimulate her engorged clit.

The grape-sized nub protruded fully from beneath its glistening hood, its 8,000 nerve endings firing at a rate of 342 impulses per second. Electric shivers rippled through her matronly core, building on the pleasure scale with each well-practiced gyration.

As the mother found her rhythm, she began to bounce on Jace's lap with precisely calibrated 4.7-inch vertical oscillations, her gargantuan tit-melons swaying hypnotically above his flushed face. The colossal globes wobbled and jiggled like two perfectly formed gelatin molds, the skin stretched impossibly taut and glistening with perspiration under the spotlights. Her nipples, now engorged to a full 3 centimeters in length from the wide areolar base, pointed at her son's face like two fleshy antennae capable of detecting the slightest change in barometric pressure.

Jace gazed up at her with a mix of slack-jawed awe and virginal shyness, his eyes flicking between her bouncing tits and the sacred place where their bodies joined. He looked bewildered and overwhelmed by the intensity of sensations bombarding his inexperienced nervous system—the wet heat of her silken sheath engulfing him, the lewd slap of flesh against flesh as her ass met his thighs.

Kira grinned wickedly, taking wanton delight in blowing her son's mind with her sexual skills. She had, after all, been fucking cock longer than he'd been alive, Even before that day she'd pushed

him out of her pussy in the colony's maternity ward, she had mastered the skill of riding cock.

She could tell he was struggling to process the onslaught of new carnal pleasures, his boyish face contorted in an expression torn between ecstasy and overstimulation. His hands flailed at his sides, fisting the crimson silk sheets as he fought the urge to cum too soon.

"That's it, baby," she purred, undulating her hips. "You're doing so well." She clenched her pelvic floor rhythmically, massaging his shaft with muscular contractions perfectly timed to the throbbing of his cock.

The judges watched, utterly captivated, as the incestuous coupling played out on the stage before them. They swiped through the biorhythmic data streaming across their crystalline tablets, eyes flickering as they analyzed each minute detail of the pair's sexual synergy.

"Look at that pelvic control," the silver-haired judge breathed. "She's riding him like an equestrian champion."

The center judge hummed in agreement, zooming in on Kira's undulating glutes. "Gluteal oscillation frequency is off the charts. Remarkable muscle isolation and rhythm."

The judges zoomed in on the ultra-HD X-ray live feed with rapt fascination as they watched Jace's colossal cock—veins bulging like worms beneath translucent purple skin—plunge in and out of Kira's slick channel in real time. The specialized cameras, utilizing an array of infrared, millimeter wave, and electromagnetic resonance imaging technologies, allowed them to see through skin and tissue as if peering into the inner workings of some profane biological machine with 12,800K resolution.

They marveled at the way Kira's muscular vaginal walls—ridged like the surface of Venus and pulsating with pleasure nodes—clenched and rippled along Jace's pistoning shaft, massaging every ridge and vein with vise-like contractions perfectly timed to his thrusts at one-second intervals.

Glistening ropes of viscous feminine arousal—with the consistency of premium maple syrup heated to precisely 102.7°F—clung to his girth, strands stretching before snapping with lewd wet sounds as he pumped in and out.

"Phenomenal," one judge murmured as they adjusted to 400x magnification. He swiped to a side-by-side comparison of Kira's vaginal canal before and during penetration,. "Note the exquisite tenting effect as he bottoms out against her cervix—see how the anterior fornix dilates precisely 3.7 centimeters while maintaining optimal elasticity? Her cervical os is pulsating at 1.2-second intervals, secreting 0.87mL of cervical mucus with each contraction."

The female judge nodded, her pupils dilated as she analyzed the hypnotic flex and flutter of Kira's pelvic floor muscles on her crystal-clear anatomical display. "Observe how she grips him at the deepest point of penetration with those rippling vaginal rugae, creating a vacuum-seal, as if trying to extract every last nanoliter of his seed directly into her quivering womb."

On the main screen, Jace's bloodshot eyes rolled back in ecstasy until only the pearlescent whites remained visible as his mom's vacuum-tight cunt squeezed and undulated around him with rippling peristaltic contractions. His perfectly chiseled abs twitched and flexed beneath a glistening film of perspiration. His gluteal muscles clenched with a contractile force as he thrust upward into her heavenly heat.

The judges analyzed Jace's thrusting technique with rapt fascination. His titanium-hard strokes—each delivering powerful penetrative force—perfectly complemented Kira's skillful downward plunges. Their sweat-slicked bodies moved in hypnotic biomechanical synchronicity like two flesh-and-blood pistons in a carnal engine.

Jace maintained superhuman penile rigidity throughout the performance, his turgid, purple-veined shaft never wavering below a 98.7% erection quotient even after 347 consecutive thrusts. With each powerful jackhammer plunge, his bulbous glans flared, its ridge forming a vacuum-tight seal that scooped out Kira's frothy champagne-like arousal before plunging back into her molten core with a wet squelch.

The alchemical mixture of his copious pre-ejaculate and her gushing honey-slick secretions created the ideal lubrication ratio, reducing friction coefficients, while still allowing maximum tactile pleasure to their nerve-dense tissues.

"Remarkable interplay," one judge breathed, as watched a thermal imaging overlay of their undulating forms, colors cycling from cool violets to deep crimsons in time with the sexual heat building between mother and son. "Coefficients of friction and viscosity are in perfect balance, like the legendary quantum-lubricated bearings of the Olympus Mons elevators."

"Agreed, and note the consistency of his shaft's tensile strength," another female judge added. "Not a single drop in rigidity despite 15.5 minutes of continuous thrusting. Zero detectable limpness, buckling or lateral oscillation, even under the stresses of such a powerful vagina that would compromise lesser genetically-modified phalluses.

"Agreed," said another judge. "The muscles and chambers inside his teenage penis are flawless, like lab-grown tissue."

On the main screen, Jace's phallus remained diamond-hard and ramrod straight, pile-driving in and out of Kira's rippling pink sheath with the machine-like precision of a military-grade terraforming drill. Its prominent glans—blossoming from the shaft like the perfect dome of a pressure habitat—glazed with viscous ejaculate that glistened like Martian ice crystals harvested from the polar caps. Each vein, engorged to prominence, pulsed in time with his hammering heart rate.

The judges zoomed in on the ultra-HD gyno-cam live feed and watched in rapt fascination as the boy's bulbous cockhead, glazed with a pearlescent sheen of viscous pre-ejaculate, plunged into Kira's glistening pink folds again and again, parting her labia like a purple-headed battering ram. Her vaginal walls stretched and rippled around his girth, the ridged flesh undulating in peristaltic waves as thousands of textured friction-sensing micropapillae stood at attention.

With each balls-deep thrust, the G-spot cluster on Kira's anterior vaginal wall swelled and blossomed like a fleshy bioluminescent flower, its surface area increasing by precisely 47 percent. The spongy patch of erectile tissue, beaming with pleasure-sensors, shifted and presented itself against Jace's plunging shaft, practically begging to be stimulated. And stimulated it was, as the flared ridge of his glans scraped across the ultrasensitive nerves with each pounding stroke.

Kira's G-spot ballooned outward, creating a speed bump of pleasure that made her teen's eyes roll back in ecstasy as his cock head plowed over it again and again. The judges noted with admiration how Jace subtly adjusted his angle of upward

penetration, achieving textbook-perfect positioning to rain maximum stimulation on his mother's G-spot with each thrust.

"Remarkable G-spot targeting from an untrained virgin," a female judge murmured. "That small rotation aligns the coronal ridge for optimal stimulation."

The judges watched in amazement as Kira's G-spot swelled to an unprecedented 4.3 centimeters under Jace's skillful ministrations, its surface flushing a deep engorged pink that stood out in the ultra-HD live feed.

"Note how her vaginal lining is beginning to tighten and contract," the silver-haired female judge noted. "And look at this— the micro-tremors in her urethral sphincter while her Skene's glands swell to bursting. She's preparing to orgasm!"

Kira threw back her head and loosed a keening moan that echoed off the amphitheater walls as pleasure signals fired from the bundle of nerves, streaking through her body like the luminous ion trails of a rave party's laser show.

The mother's entire naked body began to quake as the orgasmic tsunami crashed over her, radiating out from her core in seismic waves that traveled up her spine, creating visible ripples beneath her sweat-glistened skin. Her child bearing hips bucked wildly with the force of a hydraulic piston set on turbo mode, pelvic muscles clenching and rippling around her boy's titanium-hard shaft with a vise-like grip that squeezed him with enough force to crush a standard-issue Martian pressure valve into diamond dust.

Her head thrashed from side to side, caramel tresses whipping across her crimson-flushed face as she wailed in rapture. Jace's emerald eyes bulged from their sockets as he felt his mother's slick, overheated walls clamp down on him in rippling contractions. Her vaginal muscles fluttering and undulating along

his entire teenage length like a thousand fleshy fingers urging him deeper into her honeyed core. The sensation was indescribable, like his throbbing cock was being milked by a pulsating wet velvet glove lined with thousands of microscopic pleasure sensors that fired in perfect synchronicity.

“Ugh, so tight!” his voice whimpered as he squirmed and writhed beneath her with the desperate intensity of a boy enduring a powerful electric current shooting through his body.

He gasped as each powerful clench threatened to trigger his own climax, his heavy testicles—each containing 7.3 billion genetically-superior sperm cells—drawing up tight against his body with youthful contraction force.

An explosion of frothy fem-cum erupted from the seal of their joined sexes with volcanic force, splattering the teenager's chiseled abdomen in pearlescent ropes that glistened like liquid diamonds under the pulsating indigo lights. The gushing torrent—a mixture of Jace's copious pre-cum, but mostly Kira's scalding honey—drenched his clenching testicles before streaming down the crack of his ass and pooling on the crimson silk sheets.

The heated love-liquid coated his inner thighs, concentrated pheromones that marked their forbidden coupling. Jace threw his head back against the sheets, tendons straining beneath his sweat-slicked skin as he fought the overwhelming urge to empty his heavy sack deep inside his own mother's quivering womb.

Kira's satin sheath was clenching forcefully at 2 contractions per second— so hungrily rippling and grasping with single-minded purpose, each undulation enough to crush a standard-issue Mars Colony pressure valve. It was as if she trying to suck his seed straight out of him.



The teen trembled, clenching his pelvic floor with all his might, barely staving off his own ejaculation that threatened to erupt with the destructive power of a Category-7 plasma storm.

Kira tossed her head back in ecstasy, caramel-colored tresses whipping through the air like helicopter blades as her mouth fell open in a perfect O, her glossy crimson lips forming a circle that matched the exact circumference of her son's throbbing shaft. Her pleasure crested at a catastrophic 9.7 on the Richter-Sybian scale—millions of pleasure neurons firing simultaneously through her cerebral cortex as she was struck with a second orgasm, even more powerful than the first.

Her vaginal muscles rippled violently with the force of a malfunctioning XR-9 hydraulic press. A final pressurized jet of crystalline ejaculate erupted from her convulsing core, arcing in a pearlescent rope that refracted the pulsating indigo lights before splattering across her son's chiseled, flushed face in a warm, musky rain.

He gasped in shock, emerald eyes widening as the viscous honey-like liquid coated his lips, the pheromone-infused mommy-cocktail tingling on his tongue.

The judges scrutinized the biorhythmic feedback scrolling across their holographic displays—iridescent crimson waves cresting and falling like the ancient seas of Mars—as Kira began to stack her orgasms impressively.

Her respiration rate spiked to 37 breaths per minute, each exhalation a labored pant. Blood flow to her pelvic region increased by 227 percent, flushing her glistening vulva—its delicate folds now resembling the petals of a carnivorous Venusian orchid—a deep, engorged pink that pulsed in time with her skyrocketing heart rate. The ambient temperature of her pelvic floor muscles

only continued to increase as friction-induced heat spread through her core like a sexual wildfire.

"Look at that vasocongestion," the silver-haired judge breathed, her whisper drowned out by the wet slap of Jace's heavy balls—against his mom's bouncing bubble butt, which now bore the crimson imprint of his pelvis. "Blood flow to the genitals has tripled. Her vulva is flushing like an overheated plasma coil during a quantum meltdown.

"Respiratory rate and vaginal temperature are climbing in perfect synchronicity," another judge added. "Pelvic contractions are coming faster and harder with each orgasm."

On the 12K ultra-HD live feed, Kira's sweat-slicked body convulsed as the seismic tremors of orgasm rippled through her neural pathways. He gargantuan tits swung in wide loops to her fuck-rhythm, the warm pillowy flesh battering down against her awestruck teenager's face. Her quivering alabaster thighs, now glistening with a mixture of perspiration and pearlescent fem-dew clamped around Jace's narrow waist.

"She's about to blow again!" the center judge rumbled. "Het third orgasm in the next 7 seconds."

Sure enough, a 73-decibel howl erupted from Kira's throat as her another climax crashed over her like a tsunami of electrified bliss—pure ecstasy crackling through her neural pathways. Her sweat-slicked body convulsed and bucked atop her son with the force of a malfunctioning terraforming rig, alabaster thighs quivering.

Her cunt gushed and sprayed jets of crystalline ejaculate in violent 3-second intervals, each pressurized burst of hormone-enriched nectar bathing the teenager beneath her. The force of her contractions nearly launched her off his cock, but Jace grabbed her waist, slamming her back down with a bone-jarring impact,

impaling her on his throbbing shaft that now pulsed with enough rigidity to register 9.999 on the Mohs hardness scale.

Her third orgasm seemed to go on forever—precisely 73.4 seconds by the judges' quantum chronometers—each spasm and twitch magnified by her son's still-plunging rod that maintained a perfect rhythm of 2 thrusts per second despite the cataclysmic contractions rippling along its 10.25-inch length.

The judges marveled at Jace's stamina and self-control as his mother's cataclysmic orgasm raged around his steel-hard shaft with the destructive force of a Martian dust hurricane. They zoomed to 800x magnification, capturing every microscopic detail of his heroic resistance. The seismic spasms and contractions of her climaxing cunt squeezed and milked his cock— a vise-like grip that would have instantly provoked ejaculation in 99.7% of young males.

"Look at that pelvic floor control," a female judge murmured in awe. "His PC muscles are firing in perfect one-second intervals, contracting at precisely the right moments to stave off orgasm. Absolutely phenomenal—better than 99.7% of experienced competitors."

Another female judge nodded in agreement. "Indeed, his penile flexing is flawless— he's forcibly restricting blood outflow from the corpus cavernosum, allowing him to maintain that diamond-grade rigidity.

"All while having his virgin flesh bombarding by hot, gushing MILF pussy. His ejaculatory sphincters are locked down tighter than a quantum-sealed airlock on Phobos Station," the judge giggled.

On the live feed, Jace's chiseled buttocks tensed and flexed with each pelvic floor contraction, creating mesmerizing ripples across his gluteus maximus. The 12,800K ultra-HD cameras zoomed to 1200x magnification, revealing the striated fibers of his muscular anal sphincter as it clenched tight to prevent even a single one of his 7.3 billion sperm cells from prematurely escaping.

The precisely timed intervals between each penile contraction perfectly matched the tempo of Kira's orgasmic flutters, allowing him to ride out her cataclysmic climax without losing his iron-willed control.

"He's controlling his orgasm reflex at such an impressive level," said one judge, looking at the clock. "Especially since his mother has been riding his cock for well over 46 minutes now."

Jace gritted his teeth as he fought to hold back the 347-million-sperm-tsunami rising within his quivering testicles. Every one of his healthy swimmers strained for release, but he willed his pubococcygeus muscles to contract in a manner to hold back the tide. He was determined to give his mother the full satisfaction she wanted before succumbing to his own release.

Kira's sheath felt incredible— like every sinewy inch of his cock was trapped in the grip of a quivering velvet vise. He focused on the precisely-timed clenching of his sphincters and PC muscles, mentally reciting the 118 elements of the periodic table backwards to distract himself from the urge to explode.

The arena had become a sauna of sex. Jace inhaled deeply through his nostrils, the smell of hot, wet pussy so strong it made him almost dizzy. With his eyes now adjusted to the dim lighting, he could clearly see the sea of masturbating MILF flesh in the audience. Giant, jiggling tits bounced hypnotically as hundreds of manicured hands rubbed swollen, glistening pussies with desperate fervor.

Splayed legs kicked wantonly in the air, stiletto heels catching the indigo lights. A cacophonous chorus of feminine moans and cries of ecstasy assaulted the teenager's eardrums from every direction.

The erotic sights, sounds and smells slammed into Jace like a runaway Martian freight train, threatening to overwhelm his virgin senses. He felt his heavy balls clench even tighter, swelling with their massive payload of genetically-superior sperm cells that churned in his teenage nut-sack. The urge to explode inside his

mother's searing, vice-like vagina—to fill her womb with every drop of his potent seed, impregnating her with his forbidden offspring—became almost unbearable.

But Jace gritted his teeth even harder, summoning every ounce of willpower to maintain his precisely timed pelvic floor contractions. He focused on the sensation of his pubococcygeus and sphincter muscles flexing at exact intervals, imagining he was squeezing a nanocarbon barbell between his ass cheeks. He was determined to give his mother the full, toe-curling satisfaction she demanded before allowing himself the sweet release of erupting inside her.

Kira's climax raged on, her fragrant pussy cream splattering Jace's chiseled abs in a warm, slippery rain as she writhed and bucked like a woman possessed. Her diamond-hard nipples pulsed and protruded - the areolas crinkling like an origami flower. The force of her orgasmic contractions registered 9.7 on the Richter-Sybian scale, nearly launching her off his lap with each seismic spasm. But Jace held her fast, fingers digging into her wide, gyrating hips.

The boy gasped as Kira suddenly smothered his face with her gigantic breasts, his vision going dark as he was engulfed completely in her fragrant tit-flesh. Her mammoth mounds were as soft as memory foam pillows, yet heavy enough to cut off his air supply. He felt smothered, consumed, devoured by her endless expanses of smooth, creamy skin. Her erect nipples dragged across his ears, tracing wet trails of sticky breastmilk residue.

He vividly recalled the 27 different techniques he had studied on advanced breast worship and mammary stimulation. Parting his lips, he captured one throbbing, rubbery nipple and began to suckle like a starving newborn, hollowing his cheeks to create a vacuum seal. He swirled his teenage tongue around the pebbled areola in tight circles, varying the pressure.

“Oh fuck yes!” Kira gasped as she arched against him, thrusting more tit-flesh against his probing mouth. “Suck mommy's giant titties, baby!”

Encouraged, Jace switched to the other breast, dragging his lips into the expansive canyon of quivering cleavage between her massive globes. He nuzzled into the sweaty valley, motorboating her enthusiastically, feeling her erect nipples brush his earlobes as his head was completely swallowed by mammary flesh.

He laved her left nipple with exactly 47 clockwise licks before switching to counterclockwise, mentally reciting the Fibonacci sequence with each swipe of his tongue to maintain perfect rhythm.

Kira's moans grew louder, reverberating through her chest cavity and thundering in Jace's ears, muffled by the fleshy earmuffs of her breasts. The salty-sweet taste of her sweat and breastmilk coated his tongue, thick and pungent. He could barely breathe, every desperate inhale saturated with the pheromone-laced funk of horny MILF.

Jace felt like he was drowning in tits, suffocating in cleavage, but he pushed on, determined to worship every square centimeter of her perfect breasts. He gnawed, licked, and suckled until his jaw ached, until his face was glazed with a sheen of spit and breastmilk and sweat.

Kira writhed above him, grinding down on his titanium-hard cock, her pussy rippling with aftershocks. Her fingers tangled in his hair, pressing him deeper into her heaving bosom.

The judges watched in amazement as Jace endured the intense storm of cunt and tits, his turgid manhood glistening with Kira's gushing juices as her fluttering walls sucked and squeezed with vacuum-sealed force. The ultra-HD cameras captured every lurid detail.

The center judge spoke up as she checked the holographic biorhythmic data floating above her. " Here we go— his vitals are spiking erratically—heart rate 187.3 BPM. She's pushing him to the

absolute brink of what his inexperienced 18-year-old physiology can handle."

They watched in scientific awe as Kira's core temperature radiating visible heat waves at high frequency as she rode Jace's throbbing cock like a woman possessed by ancient fertility demons. Her head was thrown back in erotic abandon, causing her hair to whip through the air. Her mountainous tits—now swollen to 36JJ from sexual arousal—bounced frenetically at a mesmerizing frequency, defying gravity with each violent oscillation.

The 12,800K ultra-HD X-ray feed showed the teen's bulbous cockhead—now engorged to 127% of its normal diameter—slamming against the quivering mouth of her cervix, triggering cascading spasms along her vaginal barrel that squeezed and rippled around his plunging stalk with a peak pressure, creating a vacuum-seal.

Her scorching cunt sucked and tugged on him ravenously with muscular contractions that created powerful extractive force, greedy for his virgin seed which was now churning in his testicles.

"She's gonna make him cum soon, whether he's ready or not," the female judge remarked, her voice tight with vicarious arousal as her own fat nipples hardened beneath her silver mesh bodysuit. "That boy doesn't stand a chance against skills like hers—her vaginal dexterity rating is 99.7 on the Venusian scale right now, and his stamina threshold is only calibrated to withstand 90.3."

The judges gasped in unison, as Kira threw her head back, her beautiful hair whipping through the air, and unleashed a primal scream that reverberated through the amphitheater. Her body—every muscle group visibly defined beneath her glistening skin—convulsed and shuddered as orgasm number 4 detonated at the

very core of her being with the force of a 9.7-megaton thermonuclear blast, releasing pure pleasure-energy.

Her tits heaved violently as nerve endings ignited in white-hot ecstasy, pleasure signals bombarding her neo-cortex., flooding her bloodstream with endorphins more potent than laboratory-grade morphine. Electric currents of pure bliss arced through her nervous system like Martian solar flares, momentarily short-circuiting her visual cortex until she saw a kaleidoscope of stars in thousands distinct colors.

Her spine arched as her hips bucked uncontrollably at 2 cock-grinds per second, impaling herself fully on her son's colossal shaft with desperate abandon. Her vaginal walls clenching with a vacuum-seal force, forcing a desperate whimper from the boy's lips, like a wounded animal.

A cataclysmic geyser of crystalline fem-cum erupted with volcanic force from the hermetically-stretched seal of their joined sexes, splattering across Jace's hard eight-pack abs in a steaming deluge.

The judges marveled at the precise volume and hypersonic velocity of her ejaculate on their 12,800K holographic displays - exactly 12.7 fluid ounces of hormone-enriched nectar expelled at a peak velocity. Her magma-hot, honey-slick cunt clenched and quivered around Jace's veined, juice-drenched cock with a peak contractile force, squeezing him in a silken velvet quantum-locked vise as her orgasm raged through her nervous system like a Category-7 rogue ion storm.

The orgasm created what felt like dozens of micro-contractions across her pelvic floor. It was catastrophically too much for Jace's woefully inexperienced 18-year-old body to withstand. The relentless, rippling pressure on his hypersensitive glans -

combined with the mind-shattering neural overstimulation of witnessing his own genetically-perfect goddess-mother writhing in quantum-level ecstasy on his lap - shattered his pleasure threshold and pushed him past his physical limits.

"He about to blow his seed!" one of the judges excitedly announced.

The teenager let out a strangled roar as his orgasm crashed into him like a 50-g rocket launch, slamming him back against the mattress. His emerald eyes rolled back until as his nervous system overloaded on a surge of endorphins. Every one of his muscle groups—from his 8-pack rectus abdominis to his hyper-developed trapezius—tensed and quivered as he erupted into his mother's clenching depths.

His veined cock pulsing and jerking with violent erratic contractions. Thick ropes of pearlescent teenage cum—each containing millions of hyperactive spermatozoa—rocketed from his throbbing purple glans. It flooded her womb with molten genetic material - the potent virgin seed battered her cervix like a 42.7-PSI pressure washer, splattering and swirling against her quivering vaginal walls.

The judges sat in stunned silence, jaws slack with disbelief as mother and son shuddered against each other in the throes of a cataclysmic mutual climax that seemed to stretch on for an eternity.

A deafening cacophony erupted around Jace as the audience of 5,000 horny MILFs exploded in a simultaneous orgasmic crescendo, the sound waves crashing over him at - as loud as a military jet engine at full throttle. The wet, sibilant hiss of gushing pussy juices spraying from 5,000 splayed honeypots at once hit his ears like a white noise roar, punctuated by wanton moans and

beautiful keening wails of female rapture that reverberated off the amphitheater walls, blending and overlapping into an erotic sonic storm that registered 9.7 on the auditory arousal scale.

Through glazed eyes, he peeked out from beneath his mom's rippling tits and took in the undulating sea of shuddering, climaxing feminine flesh surrounding him in every direction. 10,000 massive jiggling tits bouncing and wobbling like mounds of Jell-O in a 9.8-magnitude earthquake. 5,000 pussies clenching and quivered in lurid high definition as they ejected viscous ropes of girl-cum with pneumatic force, splattering across heaving asses and quivering thighs in a warm slippery deluge.

Stiletto heels and bare feet kicked spasmodically at the sex-musk air, toes flexed or curled in ecstasy, glinting under the indigo spotlights as if engaged in some lewd semaphore. Manicured fingers blurred over fat throbbing clits at a frantic pace too fast for his exhausted eyes to track, occasionally pausing to scoop up errant rivulets of ejaculate and shove them wantonly into eager mouths twisted into ecstatic rictus howls.

The erotic spectacle hammered Jace's overloaded senses like an orgiastic tidal wave - an undulating ocean of orgasming MILFs as far as his eyes could see, their naked bodies writhing and convulsing against one another in a glistening mass of carnal biomechanics. Giant gelatinous tits mashing and sliding together, leaving streaks of breastmilk residue that mingled with the sudsy overflow of pussy nectar.

Rock-hard nipples and stiff fingers mashed into buttocks and labia like pleasure pistons, indenting the sweaty flesh before springing back. The pungent scent of 5,000 climaxing cunts hung in the air like a musky erotic fog, so thick the boy could practically taste the pheromone-laced cocktail of vaginal secretions and female sweat on his tongue.

Jace felt like he was drowning in an ocean of orgasmic MILF flesh, the pulsating walls of the amphitheater replaced by undulating expanses of jiggling tits and convulsing legs. "Ughh, fuck!" he grunted as another scalding rope of semen jetted from his piss-slit, painting his mom cervical as a gooey white.

Kira could feel her son's heart pounding against her sweat-slicked breasts—each thunderous beat reverberating through her 36JJ mounds like seismic tremors—as if trying to break through his ribcage. His breathing was ragged and erratic as his nervous system struggled to process the supernova of pleasure consuming him from within.

The mother knowingly clenched her pelvic floor rhythmically, her enhanced vaginal muscles rippling with precision-engineered contractions, milking his still-spurting member for every last drop of his liquid passion.

Jace bucked and writhed beneath her as if possessed by quantum-level ecstasy, his hands gripping her undulating hips with enough force to leave finger-shaped bruises in her porcelain flesh, holding on for dear life as the tsunami of his orgasm threatened to sweep him away entirely.

As orgasm number 5 swept through her, Kira threw her head back, silky hair whipping behind her like a banner caught in a solar wind, and loosed a wordless cry of pure ecstasy. Her body undulated above her teen in serpentine waves as her nervous system crackled and sizzled with incandescent bliss. Every nerve ending from her toes to her fingertips was aflame with pleasure so intense it bordered on agony, the line between pain and rapture erased entirely as she drowned in sensation.

Her heart felt as if it might burst as it pounded at a machine-gun tempo, pumping molten arousal through her veins until her skin

flushed with heat, beads of sweat evaporating from her pores in sizzling wisps. She dragged ragged breaths into her burning lungs, the recycled Martian air suddenly thick and cloying as it passed her lips—tasting of sex and sin.

The obscene slap of flesh against flesh echoed through the arena as Kira's thighs quivered against her son's. Her eyes locked with his—those familiar green eyes she'd watched grow from infancy to manhood—as she rocked against him.

Each movement sent warm rivulets trickling down her inner thighs and down her son's balls, marking them both as thoroughly as the genetic code they shared. Her fingernails dug half-moons into his shoulders as she whispered his name—the name she herself had chosen 18 years ago—while the judges' scoring algorithms hummed in the background.

For an endless handful of seconds, the rest of the world fell away and there was only this—the delirious drag of his cock through her rippling depths, the molten ache between her legs, the pounding drum of her heart. Kira luxuriated in the feel of Jace inside her, filling and stretching her in ways she'd never dreamed possible, ruining her for her unequipped husband.

It seemed to go on forever, the two of them locked together in the throes of ecstasy, but eventually the maelstrom began to abate. As the echoes of their mutual climax faded, the judges' amplified voices rang out across the amphitheater.

"Absolutely phenomenal!" declared the head female judge. "71 minutes and 42 seconds of intense cowgirl-style intercourse with 17 distinct rhythm variations. Your synchronized neural patterns showed a 98.7% harmonic convergence during climax. Truly unprecedented in competition history!"

Completely agreed," another judge chimed in, her silver brows arching above her titanium-rimmed spectacles. "This mother's vaginal control is unparalleled—maintaining a consistent contractile pressure while riding him tirelessly through several distinct hip rotations. And the volume and velocity of her ejaculate? 46.7 fluid ounces expelled in total—I've never seen anything like it in my 23 years of judging Martian sex competitions."

The head judge turned to her colleagues, her fingers tapping a staccato rhythm against her holographic clipboard. "And let's not forget about Jace's performance!" she exclaimed. "To maintain that level of rigidity and stamina as an untrained 18-year-old virgin is simply unheard of. The biofeedback data doesn't lie—" she gestured to the pulsating 3D data hovering above her wrist,—"he kept his erection above 98.7% turgidity for the entire 71 minutes and 42 seconds, with an average thrusting speed of 87.3 strokes per minute. Absolutely remarkable penis control for a novice!"

Another judge nodded in agreement. "Indeed," she purred through lips tattooed with iridescent quantum ink, "the harmonic resonance between their theta brainwaves during climax was off the charts—literally burning through our neural monitors with synchronized golden spirals. And the sheer volume of semen he expelled? 17.3 fluid ounces—over half a liter! Thick as mercury and pearlescent under the arena lights, with sperm concentrations of 247 million per milliliter and motility rates 137% above average. Given that Kira's basal body temperature and cervical mucus viscosity indicate she's at peak fertility—" she paused, licking her metallic lips,—"I'd estimate a 98.6% chance of conception from this coupling alone."

The audience of women gasped, and Kira's ruby-painted lips parted in a triumphant grin at her son, her giant breasts heaving, and he returned a proud, crimson-flushed smile.

The third female judge chimed in. "Ah yes, I detected that phenomenon as well," she intoned. "Her oxytocin levels spiked and her estradiol surged precisely as he erupted inside her—perfectly synchronized with her ovulation window at 98.7% efficiency. It's almost as if their DNA sequences were genetically engineered for optimal reproductive compatibility."

Kira beamed with pride as she dismounted, Jace's semi-flaccid cock slipping from her dripping folds with a lewd squelch. Pearlescent cum—still warm—seeped from her gaping pussy and trickled down her alabaster thighs in glistening rivulets that caught the spotlight's glare.

She helped her wobbly-kneed son to his feet and they walked off stage hand-in-hand to a standing ovation of all woman - all moms who only wished they had a son so skilled and well-endowed.

Jace's softening manhood swaying heavily between his legs, slick with their commingled fluids. All while his mom's ass proudly wagged, and her gigantic tits bounced and rippled on her rib cage in hypnotic periodicity with each graceful step.

Backstage, Zara rushed over on dainty 8-inch heels to embrace Kira, pretty eyes sparkling with admiration and arousal. "Holy fucking shit, that was so incredibly hot!" she gushed breathlessly, her caramel 34FF tits heaving against Kira's, creating distended mass of pillowy tit-meat weighing a staggering 25 pounds in total. "The way you rode him with those perfect figure-eight hip rotations...I think my panties literally evaporated!"

Kira laughed melodiously—still buzzing from her 5 world-shattering orgasms. "He's a natural," she said fondly, glancing at Jace who blushed crimson to the tips of his ears. "A real chip off the old cock—and then some, with that extra 4 inches he's got on his father."

"Well, don't get too cocky yet," Zara teased, her voice lowering conspiratorially as she leaned forward. "Liam and I may have a few tricks of our own—including my signature Venusian Spiral."

"Venusian Spiral?" Kira curiously repeated.

"Uh huh. By the time we're done blowing the judges' minds with our routine, that trophy is as good as ours." She punctuated her playful threat with a salacious wink.

Kira smirked, utterly unperturbed by her friend's bravado. She had no doubt Zara and Liam would put on an unforgettable show—the caramel-skinned MILF's legendary libido was matched only by her own. But after experiencing the toe-curling, mind-melting ecstasy of fucking her own son, feeling his 10-inch-veined cock pulsating inside her, the mother knew their incestuous bond was truly special now, despite the outcome.

TO BE CONTINUED...