

MOM'S TASTE TEST

PART 5



BY KLRXO

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The next morning, as dawn's first light filtered through the steamy windows of the van, Karly slowly blinked awake. She was momentarily disoriented, her body deliciously sore in places she'd never felt before. The events of the previous night came rushing back - every filthy, forbidden moment in vivid detail.

Jenson was sprawled beneath her, still dead to the world. His handsome face was relaxed in slumber, dark lashes fanning his cheeks. He looked so innocent, so boyish, a stark contrast to the depraved things they had done together mere hours ago.

Karly's eyes traced over her son's nude form, drinking in his lean muscles and flawless skin. The sight of his impressive manhood, now soft in repose, sent a shiver through her. She could still feel the ghost of his thickness stretching her so exquisitely, pounding into her greedy cunt for hours on end until she was mindless with ecstasy.

Her asshole stung and throbbed as a result of her son's big, hairless balls beating against her back door so relentlessly, and for so long. Her fat nipples felt raw from a night full of intense sucking and chewing. Her creamy cleavage was dotted with hickey marks, placed there by her boy's suckling lips.

Her thighs were sticky with the remnants of their passion, Jenson's copious seed seeping from her well-used channel to pool on the sheets below. The musky scent of sex hung heavy in the air, undeniable evidence of their taboo coupling.

As Karly lay there, her son's sleeping body cradled between her motherly thighs, an overwhelming wave of guilt crashed through her. The

endorphin high of multiple orgasms faded, allowing clarity to seep in like a bucket of cold water dumped over her head.

Oh god, what had she done? She had sex with Jenson, her own child. Not just sex, but the most intensely erotic, soul-shattering fucking of her entire life. She had cheated on Tom, her husband of nearly twenty years, breaking their sacred marriage vows. And she had corrupted her impressionable teenage son in the process.

Karly's stomach churned with nausea and self-loathing as the enormity of her actions truly hit her. She was an adulteress, an incestuous pervert of the worst kind. A horrible mother and wife. She had given in to her basest, most depraved desires, allowing lust to completely override her morals and better judgment.

Hot tears pricked Karly's eyes as crushing regret consumed her. How could she ever face Tom again, knowing she had betrayed him so thoroughly? Every time she looked at her husband, she would remember how eagerly she had debased herself with their son, acting like a bitch in heat for his teenage cock. The lies, the deceit, the utter violation of trust - it made her feel lower than dirt.

And Jenson...god, what must he think of her now? Seducing her own boy, taking advantage of his teenage hormones for her own selfish gratification. She was supposed to be his mother, his protector and moral compass. Instead, she had twisted that sacred bond into something tawdry and cheap.

Karly's eyes raked over Jenson's nude form hungrily, taking in every inch of his athletic physique. Even in slumber, he was breathtaking - all lean muscle and smooth, taut skin. His morning erection jutted proudly from his groin, the engorged shaft laying heavy against his sculpted abs, ready to be sheathed by a hot cunt.

The sight made Karly's mouth water with desire, her pussy clenching reflexively, her clit swelling beneath its hood like an oversized grape. She

could picture herself throwing a leg over Jenson's supine body and sinking down on that glorious cock, riding him hard and fast until they were both delirious with pleasure. She imagined the exquisite feeling of his thickness stretching her so deeply, his fat knob digging through her core, stroking all the right spots as she bounced and gyrated in his lap.

Her body ached to be filled again, empty and desperate for more of her son's magnificent teenage dick. Karly knew without a doubt that she could easily impale herself on Jenson's raging hard-on and fuck him into oblivion, wring out dozens upon dozens of mind-melting orgasms from them both. They could stay right here in this van and rut like sweaty animals all day long, lost to their all-consuming lust.

But even as the wicked fantasy made Karly throb with need, shame and self-disgust churned her stomach. How could she even contemplate continuing this depraved affair? Hadn't she already done enough damage, sullyng her familial role beyond redemption?

Biting her lip hard enough to draw blood, Karly summoned every ounce of willpower to resist the siren call of her son's tempting body. She couldn't give in to her deviant urges again, no matter how badly her loins burned for his touch. Their forbidden tryst had to end here and now, before she ruined their lives any further.

With a pained whimper, the mother carefully extricated herself from Jenson's embrace, fighting the instinct to straddle him and sink down on his jutting erection. He stirred slightly but didn't wake, brow furrowing as if sensing her withdrawal even in sleep.

Karly's heart clenched at how innocent and vulnerable he looked, a stark reminder of just how grievously she had failed him as a mother. Blinking back the fresh sting of tears, she forced herself to turn away from the alluring sight of his nude glory.

She located her clothes from the previous night strewn haphazardly around the van, evidence of their frenzied disrobing. With trembling

hands, Karly dressed quickly, stuffing her soiled panties into her purse. She finger-combed her wild, sex-mussed hair and scrubbed at her face, trying to erase the obvious remnants of their illicit activities.

Taking a shuddering breath, the mother slid open the van door and quietly slipped out into the crisp morning air before her resolve could crumble.

As Karly drove them home in tense silence, Jenson finally stirred awake in the back. He blinked blearily, a slow, satisfied grin spreading across his face as memories of their marathon lovemaking session flooded back.

"Wow Mom, last night was unbelievable," he said in an awed voice, dressing as he climbed into the front seat. "I never knew sex could be that amazing. You rocked my world."

Karly gripped the steering wheel tighter, knuckles turning white. "Jenson, we need to talk about what happened," she said quietly, keeping her eyes fixed firmly on the road ahead. "Last night was...incredible, yes. But it can never happen again. Ever."

Jenson's brow furrowed in confusion. "What? Why not? I thought we both had an amazing time..."

Karly sighed heavily, blinking back the sting of tears. This was going to be even harder than she thought. "Baby, what we did was wrong. So very, very wrong. I'm your mother and you're my son. We crossed a line that should never be crossed."

She swallowed thickly, forcing herself to continue. "I took advantage of you, let my own selfish lust override my morals and responsibility as a parent. I failed you, as a mother and a role model. And I betrayed your father, broke our marriage vows in the worst way imaginable."

Jenson was quiet for a long moment, processing her words. When he finally spoke, his voice was soft but determined. "Mom, you didn't take advantage of me. I wanted what happened between us, I've fantasized

about it for so long. Being with you, making love to you, it was a dream come true."

He shifted closer, breath tickling her ear as he lowered his voice to a husky murmur. "I've never felt anything as incredible as being buried inside you, feeling your perfect body beneath mine as we moved together. The way you touched me, kissed me, looked at me with so much desire...I'll never forget it."

Karly shivered at the sensual timbre of his voice, goosebumps pebbling her skin as his fingertips skimmed higher under her skirt. Even now, sore and thoroughly sated, her treacherous body responded to Jenson's proximity. She could feel herself growing wet again, swollen tissues throbbing with renewed hunger.

"Jenson, please," she whispered brokenly, hot tears spilling down her cheeks now. "Don't make this harder than it already is. I care about you so much, more than you can possibly imagine. And that's why I have to stop this now, before we do any more damage."

"I understand," the teen uttered, disappointment but understanding in his voice.

Over the next few weeks, Karly tried her best to return things to normal and reestablish proper boundaries with her son. She made a point to dress modestly around the house, favoring loose, shapeless clothing that concealed her voluptuous figure. No more short skirts or low-cut tops that showcased her tremendous tit-cleavage. She kept her interactions with her son brief and superficial, determined not to let their dynamic slide back into flirtatious or inappropriate territory.

But Jenson seemed equally determined to test her resolve at every turn. He started "forgetting" to wear a shirt around the house, strutting about in just a pair of low-slung basketball shorts that highlighted his taut abs

and the trail of hair leading enticingly into his waistband. Whenever Karly was near, he would stretch languorously, flexing his muscles as if to remind her of the impressive physique she had so thoroughly explored.

Karly would purse her lips and force her gaze away, fighting the urge to drink in her son's mouthwatering display. "Jenson, put a shirt on please," she would scold lightly, her cheeks flushing. "It's not appropriate to walk around half-naked."

"Aw c'mon Mom, I'm just getting comfortable," he would reply with an innocent grin that didn't quite reach his eyes. "No different than going shirtless at the pool or beach, right?"

Karly knew full well what Jenson was doing - purposefully parading his nubile young body in front of her, tempting her with what she couldn't have. Reminding her of how glorious he had felt naked and writhing beneath her, his hard planes and angles fitting so perfectly against her soft curves.

She would shake her head to dispel the sinful memories, a bead of sweat trickling down her spine. "Just...cover up, okay? Before your father sees and asks why you suddenly think this is acceptable attire."

Jenson would shrug, the picture of nonchalance even as his blue eyes gleamed with mischief. "Whatever you say, Mom."

But as he sauntered past her to retrieve a shirt, Karly couldn't help but notice the substantial bulge tenting the front of his shorts. Her stomach swooped and her thighs clenched as she recalled in vivid detail how impressive her son's manhood was, how exquisitely it had stretched her so wide and deep, feeling as though it was pile-driving into the very womb that once held him.

"Jenson!" she hissed under her breath, equal parts aroused and appalled by his brazenness. "You can't just...walk around with an erection like that! What if your father saw?"

He paused and glanced down at his straining groin, as if just now noticing his body's reaction. But the smug curl of his lips told Karly he knew exactly what he was doing.

A few days later, Karly chewed her lower lip anxiously as she waited for the pregnancy test results, her stomach churning with equal parts anticipation and dread. She had been feeling off for weeks now - nauseous in the mornings, tender breasts, constantly fatigued. At first she chalked it up to stress, trying to bury herself in household chores and PTA meetings to avoid the temptation of her son's virile young body so flagrantly on display.

But as the symptoms persisted and her period failed to arrive, a sinking realization began to take hold. The timing lined up too perfectly with her illicit night of fucking with Jenson, when he had pumped her full of his potent seed over and over until it seeped out of her ravaged holes. They hadn't used a single form of protection, too lost in their lust to consider the consequences.

Now the consequences were staring her in the face as two pink lines appeared on the test, confirming her worst fears. Pregnant. She was pregnant with her teenage son's baby. The product of their forbidden coupling was growing in her womb that very moment.

Karly's knees buckled and she sank to the bathroom floor, the test clattering from her numb fingers. Oh god, how could she have let this happen? It was bad enough that she had sexually betrayed her husband and corrupted Jenson, selfishly giving in to her taboo desires. But now she would have living proof of their depravity, an innocent child conceived through incest.

Wrapping her arms around her middle, Karly squeezed her eyes shut and tried to regulate her breathing. She couldn't fall apart now. She had to be strong and figure out a way to handle this massive complication without everything imploding. Tom could never know the shameful

truth. She would have to convince him that this surprise baby was his, the happy accident of a loving marriage.

A fresh wave of guilt swamped Karly at the thought of deceiving her husband yet again. Hadn't she lied to him enough? Snuck around behind his back, fucked their son silly while he slept unaware in their marital bed? Now she would trick him into raising Jenson's child as his own, forever robbing him of the joy of truly fathering this new addition.

Karly's throat closed up as hot tears streamed down her face. She was a horrible person, the lowest of the low. A selfish slut who spread her legs without a second thought and got knocked up by her own flesh and blood. She didn't deserve a man as good and faithful as Tom. And she certainly didn't deserve to be a mother again, not when she had already failed Jenson so completely.

With a shuddering breath, Karly struggled to her feet and splashed cold water on her blotchy face. She stared at her haggard reflection in the mirror, barely recognizing the woman looking back at her. The guilt and shame had carved deep lines around her eyes and mouth, aging her beyond her years. But she couldn't wallow in self-pity anymore. She had to be practical and figure out the best way forward for everyone involved.

The only viable option was to proceed as if this baby was Tom's. He could never know the sordid truth of its real paternity. They had discussed the idea of trying for a third child a few months ago, leaving their birth control behind to let nature take its course. At the time, Karly had been hesitant to expand their family again so late in the game. But now, it provided the perfect cover story.

She would let Tom believe his virility had won out, that his seed had taken root in her womb after a passionate night together. He would be thrilled by the news, excited to welcome another son or daughter. It was a bittersweet lie, one that Karly hated herself for even considering. But

what choice did she have? Admitting that Jenson was the father would destroy their family, shatter the illusion of wholesomeness and fidelity.

No, this was the only way. The baby would be raised as Tom's, with all the love and security that entailed. Karly vowed to be the best mother she could be, to make up for her grievous mistakes with Jenson. She would pour all her energy into nurturing this innocent new life, protecting it from the ugly circumstances of its conception.

When Karly finally mustered the courage to tell Jenson about the pregnancy a few days later, his reaction was not what she expected. His blue eyes widened with shock at first, then lit up with tentative wonder and joy.

"I'm gonna be a father?" he asked softly, reaching out to rest a reverent hand on her still-flat stomach. "We made a baby together that night?"

Karly flinched away from his touch, guilt and shame flaring hot under her skin. "No Jenson, you're not going to be a father. You're going to be this baby's brother," she said firmly, hating the flash of hurt that crossed his handsome face.

"But Mom, it's mine. Ours. I know it deep in my bones," Jenson argued, brow furrowing in confusion. "The timing adds up perfectly. We didn't use any protection when we...you know. There's no way it could be Dad's."

Karly's heart clenched painfully as she saw the earnest conviction in Jenson's eyes. Deep down, she knew without a doubt that he was right. There was no way Tom could be the father, not with the paltry amount of semen he produced compared to the veritable flood Jenson had pumped into her unprotected womb that fateful night.

Her son's impressive size and virility were undeniable - that magnificent cock had battered against her cervix for hours, spurting jet after jet of potent seed directly where it counted most. She could still vividly recall

the exquisite feeling of his balls slapping her ass as he fucked her so deeply, all that churning sperm just aching for release.

In contrast, Tom's thin, watery loads barely made into the back of her vagina most times, his average-sized dick unable to reach her hidden depths. And his stamina was nothing compared to Jenson's, a few perfunctory pumps before he emptied his meager offering and rolled off, sated. There was simply no competition when it came to her husband's fertility versus their strapping teenage son's.

Even now, weeks later, Karly's treacherous cunt clenched with arousal as she remembered how utterly possessed and claimed she had felt with Jenson's hot baby batter sloshing in her guts. The sheer volume and force of it, the mind-melting ecstasy of being bred so thoroughly by her own gorgeous boy. Her womb had greedily accepted every drop, as if it knew this ultimate union of forbidden DNA would result in new life.

Shaking her head to dispel the sinful memories, Karly stepped back, putting distance between herself and Jenson's hopeful gaze. She couldn't let her weak, wanton body overrule her better judgement again.

"It doesn't matter whose sperm it was biologically," she said shakily, steeling her resolve. "The fact remains that you are my son, and this baby will be raised as your sibling. End of discussion."

Jenson's face crumpled, a storm of emotions playing across his boyish features - hurt, confusion, longing. He opened his mouth as if to argue further but Karly cut him off with a sharp shake of her head.

"Please don't make this harder than it already is," she whispered brokenly, tears threatening at the corners of her eyes. "What happened between us...it was a mistake. A moment of weakness that never should have occurred. We have to move past it and do what's right for this innocent child."

She placed a protective hand over her flat stomach, imagining the tiny clump of cells growing there. The tangible proof of her unforgivable sin.

"This baby deserves a chance at a normal life, untainted by the circumstances of its conception. And that means being born into a stable, loving family with a mother and father. Not...whatever twisted thing we did."

As the weeks turned into months and Karly's pregnancy progressed, both she and Jenson found themselves caught in an exquisite torture of unfulfilled lust. With each passing day, Karly's belly swelled with new life, rounding out from flat to a perfect gentle curve. Her already enormous breasts grew even more, the heavy globes straining against her shirts and custom-ordered bras as they filled with milk.

Jenson couldn't tear his eyes away from his mother's blossoming figure, utterly enraptured by the changes in her body. He had always found her voluptuous curves mouthwatering, but seeing her like this - glowing and fertile, growing round with his child - sent his teenage hormones into overdrive. His cock was in a constant state of hardness, swelling urgently in his jeans whenever he caught a glimpse of his mom's new fecundity.

Karly wasn't faring much better, her pregnancy hormones turning her into a desperate, panting bitch in heat. As her body stretched and morphed to accommodate the life within, every nerve ending seemed to crackle with sensitivity. Her fat, succulent nipples were constantly erect, poking against the fabric of her top like twin peaks begging to be suckled. And the throbbing ache between her thighs was relentless, a gnawing emptiness that longed to be filled by Jenson's thick, sinewy cock.

She found herself absently rubbing her belly in slow, sensual circles, shivering at how erotic it felt to caress the evidence of her son's virility. Each flutter and kick within her womb served as a visceral reminder of that forbidden night when Jenson had fucked her so thoroughly,

pumping her full of his seed until she could feel it sloshing deep inside. Her pussy wept constantly now, always slick and ready, aching for his mouth and cock.

Karly bit her lip hard, trying to squash the rising tide of need as she watched Jenson putter around the kitchen, making her a snack. His shoulder muscles flexed enticingly beneath his t-shirt as he sliced an apple, the bulge of his biceps making her fingers itch to explore. Lower, his basketball shorts did nothing to conceal the mouth-watering thrust of his ass or the substantial package between his thighs.

It would be so easy to walk up behind him, press her gravid belly into the small of his back while her hands roamed his body. She could slip her fingers under the waistband of his shorts, find him hard and throbbing, leaking at the tip. Wrap her hand around that steel length and stroke him until he was panting, bucking into her grip.

"Mom? You okay?" Jenson's concerned voice snapped Karly out of her lustful haze. He was standing in front of her now, holding out the plate of apple slices and peanut butter, brow furrowed with worry.

Karly swallowed thickly, trying to paste on a reassuring smile even as her cheeks flushed with guilty arousal. "I'm fine, sweetie. Just a little lost in thought," she said shakily, accepting the plate with trembling hands.

She avoided Jenson's penetrating gaze, knowing he could probably see the naked hunger simmering in her eyes. The desperate longing to feel his sinewy, veiny cock plowing through the swollen tissues of her aching birthing tunnel. She could practically feel the flared ridge of his bulbous head catching on her sensitive cervical ring, stroking over her G-spot until she gushed and spasmed around his girth.

Karly bit back a moan as her pussy clenched with phantom fullness, a fresh flood of nectar dampening her panties. God, what was wrong with her? She was supposed to be moving past their forbidden tryst, focusing on being a good mother to both Jenson and the new baby. Not

fantasizing about riding her teenage son's cock until they were both mindless with taboo ecstasy.

Clearing her throat, Karly picked up an apple slice with an unsteady hand, feeling Jenson's heavy gaze tracking her every movement. "Thank you for the snack. You're always so thoughtful," she said softly, willing her voice not to betray her inner turmoil.

"I just wanna take care of you," Jenson murmured, something dark and possessive unfurling in his blue eyes as they flicked down to her swollen belly. "Both of you."

He reached out as if to touch her protruding stomach, but Karly flinched away, heart hammering. She couldn't let him put his hands on her, not when she was wound so tight, ready to combust at the slightest brush of his fingers. Feeling the evidence of his virility kick and flutter within her while he stroked her stretched skin...it would be her undoing.

"I appreciate that, but I'm fine, really," Karly said quickly, injecting false brightness into her tone. "Why don't you go play video games or something? I think I'm gonna take a nap."

Jenson frowned but didn't push, clearly sensing her discomfort. "Alright. Just holler if you need anything," he said reluctantly, shoving his hands into his pockets. Karly didn't miss how he subtly adjusted himself, the prominent bulge of his erection straining against his fly.

Pulse pounding, she gave a jerky nod and fled to her bedroom, desperate to put some distance between them before she did something truly unforgivable. Like shove Jenson against the fridge and drop to her knees, fish out his hard cock and swallow it down to the root. Bob her head in his lap until he was groaning, fingers tangled in her hair, pumping spurts of hot seed down her throat.

Jenson was relentless in his teasing seduction, determined to break down his mom's weakening resistance. Every chance he got when his

dad wasn't around, he flaunted his nubile young body, tempting her with what she couldn't have.

He made a habit of leaving the bathroom door cracked open when he showered, letting the steam billow out in enticing tendrils. Karly would catch tantalizing glimpses of his glistening wet muscles as he soaped himself up, unable to tear her hungry gaze away from the water sluicing over his tight ass and powerful thighs. She imagined licking every bead of moisture from his smooth skin, tasting the salt of his exertion.

In the evenings after dinner, Jenson would sprawl out on the couch in just his boxer briefs, the thin fabric doing nothing to conceal his substantial package. He'd absently rub his chest and abs as if lost in thought, fingertips skimming along the waistband teasingly. Karly's eyes would zero in on the enticing trail of hair leading into his underwear, her mouth watering for a taste of what lay beneath. She pictured herself crawling between his splayed thighs and mouthing at his cock through the cotton, feeling it swell and pulse against her lips.

But the worst (best) was when Jenson pleased himself, always making sure to give his mom ample opportunity to catch him in the act. He'd leave his bedroom door invitingly ajar, unabashed moans spilling out into the hallway. The slick sounds of his fist pumping his raging cock, the creak of the mattress as he writhed in ecstasy - it was a siren song Karly was powerless to resist.

Heart pounding, she'd tiptoe in bare feet, closer to his room, inexorably drawn to the erotic symphony. Peeking around the doorframe, the horny mother would be treated to the glorious sight of Jenson splayed out naked on his bed, one hand flying over his impressive erection while the other tugged at his heavy balls. His back would be arched, ab muscles jumping as he chased his pleasure, completely lost to the all-consuming need to cum.

Karly's eyes devoured every inch of her son's glistening, straining body, committing it to memory. The way his fat cockhead flared an angry purple, weeping copious amounts of teenage pre-cum. How the thick veins pulsed along his shaft, the blood-engorged flesh twitching with each stroke. And god, those big, cum-filled balls, pulled tight to his body and churning with seed, aching for release.

She'd press a shaking hand to her mouth to stifle her whimpers as her pussy flooded with arousal, soaking through her panties to trickle down her inner thighs. It took every ounce of willpower not to barge in and fuck him like a pregnant whore.

Unable to resist any longer, Karly would rush to her own bedroom on shaky legs, nearly delirious with lust. Slamming the door shut, she'd frantically strip out of her clothes, her swollen breasts and gravid belly springing free. The cool air pebbled her fat, sensitive nipples into aching nubs, making her moan wantonly.

Fumbling in her nightstand drawer, Karly located her trusty vibrating wand, the one she'd been using nearly every day since the pregnancy hormones ramped up her libido to insatiable levels. Falling back onto the bed, she kicked her legs apart and brought the buzzing head of the massager to her dripping sex.

"Ungh, fuck yes," Karly whimpered, eyes fluttering shut in bliss as the powerful vibrations made direct contact with her engorged clit. Pleasure zinged through her nerve endings, making her pussy clench and gush fresh arousal.

Karly's sexy shaved legs were splayed wide open, thrown back in a limber V position. Her delicate feet with their glossy crimson painted toenails were pointed back towards the framed wedding photos of her and Tom mounted on the bedroom wall. The joyful, smiling couple in the pictures seemed to be staring down at her, judging silently as she debased herself.

But Karly was too far gone in her lust to care about their condemning gazes. Her entire being was focused on the exquisite pleasure radiating from her throbbing sex as she ground the buzzing wand against her needy flesh. The pregnancy hormones had her so hypersensitive, every brush of the vibrations against her clit sent shockwaves rippling through her body.

"Oh god, Jenson," she panted deliriously, head thrashing on the pillow. In her mind's eye, it was her son between her legs, his handsome face buried in her pussy as he ate her out with sloppy enthusiasm. She could practically feel the warm rasp of his tongue parting her swollen folds, lapping up her copious juices like he was starving for her taste.

Karly's free hand roamed over her body, cupping and kneading her heavy, milk-laden breasts before drifting down to caress the swell of her huge pregnant belly. She imagined Jenson's strong hands on her instead, worshipping every new curve, tracing over the stretch marks with awed reverence.

Shifting the vibrator lower, she teased her dripping entrance with the buzzing head, shuddering as the intense stimulation made her inner muscles flutter wildly. God, she needed to be filled, stuffed to the brim with hard, throbbing cock. Her empty channel ached for the thickness of Jenson's shaft spearing her open, the delicious burn and stretch as he claimed her as his own.

"Please baby, I need you inside me," Karly begged breathlessly, angling the vibrator to penetrate herself shallowly. But the smooth plastic was a poor substitute for Jenson's hot, veiny flesh. It couldn't compare to the exquisite feeling of his cockhead notching into her cervix, stroking all the hidden sweet spots deep within her clasp sheath.

Still, Karly pumped the vibrator in and out of her greedy cunt, whimpering as the buzzing shaft grazed her G-spot with each thrust. Her

arousal squelched obscenely, the filthy wet sounds filling the room. Clear honey trickled from her spasming slit to soak the bedsheets below.

"Yes, fuck me hard," she panted, feverish with need. Her fertile body was primed and ready, desperate to be bred again. The primal urge to feel Jenson's potent seed bathing her womb.

Splaying a hand over the taut swell of her fetus-packed belly, Karly imagined it was Jenson touching her, caressing the proof of his virility. In her mind's eye, she could see him hovering over her gravid form, blue eyes blazing with lust and possession as he drank in her pregnant curves.

"Mmm, look how ripe and fertile you are, mom," Fantasy Jenson growled, palming her warm heavy tits and rolling the fat nipples between his fingers. Milk beaded at the tips, threatening to leak. "Carrying my baby, growing big with my seed. So fucking gorgeous."

Karly mewled desperately, arching into the phantom touch as she worked the vibrator faster over her throbbing sex. Her feet were still thrown back, sexy toes separating from the intense pleasure. Wet squelching noises filled the room as she ground the toy through her slick folds, buzzing directly over her pulsing opening.

In her fantasy, Jenson was kissing his way down her body now, licking and sucking every inch of swollen skin. When he reached her shaved mound, he buried his face between her thighs, groaning at the musky scent of her arousal.

"Fuck, you smell so good," he rasped, nuzzling between her dewy flanges. "Pregnant pussy is the sweetest...can't wait to taste you."

With that, he sealed his mouth over her weeping slit and sucked hard, tongue delving deep to lap up her cream. Karly cried out sharply, the imagined stimulation blending with the very real sensations of the vibrator buzzing against overly-engorged clit as it stuck out like the tiny knob of a penis.

Her massive tits jiggled and bounced lewdly as she writhed on the bed, the heavy globes swaying up to brush her chin. Milk droplets beaded at the tips of her plump, diamond-hard nipples, threatening to leak at any moment. The taut swell of her giant gravid belly rippled with movement as the baby sensed its mother's pleasure.

As Karly lost herself in the intense pleasure, grinding her vibrator against her throbbing clit, a sudden image of Tom's face flashed through her mind. His eyes were wide with shocked disbelief, mouth agape as he took in the shameless sight of his pregnant wife sprawled out wantonly, shamelessly getting herself off to taboo fantasies of their son.

The wedding photo on the wall seemed to come to life, Photo Tom gazing down at Karly in pained accusation, silently judging her depraved actions. "How could you?" his stricken expression seemed to say. "I trusted you, loved you, and this is how you repay me? By lusting after our child, defiling our marriage vows in the worst way?"

For a moment, guilt lanced through Karly, her hand stilling on the buzzing vibrator. But then the aching, empty throb of her neglected pussy flared back to life, demanding satisfaction. The insistent kick of the baby - Jenson's baby - within her womb only inflamed her forbidden desires further.

"Fuck off," Karly gritted out loud to the imaginary, condemning version of her husband. She clenched her eyes shut and turned her head sharply to the side, as if she could block out his betrayed visage and the last vestiges of her fading conscience through sheer force of will.

All that mattered in that moment was her all-consuming need, the desperate hunger gnawing at her loins. To hell with fidelity, with motherly propriety and wifely duty. Her body craved Jenson with a ferocity that eclipsed everything else - morality, decency, familial boundaries.

Letting the sinful lust consume her once more, Karly redoubled her efforts with the vibrator, plunging it into her weeping cunt as she ground the buzzing head hard against her swollen clit. Pleasure suffused her body, rippling through her sensitive nerve endings, pushing her higher, higher towards that elusive peak.

Lost in her vivid fantasy, Karly imagined Jenson rising up from between her splayed thighs, his lips and chin glistening obscenely with her juices. He licked them clean with a wicked grin, eyes blazing with feral hunger as he took in her desperate, wanton state.

"Gonna fuck you so good, mom," Fantasy Jenson growled, gripping his throbbing erection and giving it a few rough pumps. "Pound this pregnant pussy 'til you're screaming, fill you up with another load of my cum."

"Please," Karly whimpered, spreading her legs wider in clear invitation. "Need your cock so bad, baby. Knock me up again!"

Jenson wasted no time, crawling up her gravid body to notch his swollen cockhead against her weeping entrance. With a flex of his hips, he pushed inside, groaning in bliss as her soaked, scorching heat engulfed him inch by delicious inch.

Karly keened at the exquisite stretch, her over-sensitized tissues parting like butter around Jenson's girth. She was so unbelievably wet, practically gushing, easing the way for him to sheath himself fully in one smooth thrust.

"Ohhh fuck," Karly gasped, back arching off the bed as she was filled to capacity and then some. The fit was tighter than ever thanks to her swollen state, Jenson's cock feeling absolutely enormous as it pulsed against her strangling inner walls.

He paused when he was buried to the hilt, giving her a moment to adjust. The puffy ring at the head of her cervix was the perfect socket for his

leaky, bell-shaped helmet. Karly marveled at how perfectly Jenson's lean, sinewy frame was swallowed up by the lush abundance of her body. His narrow hips were cradled between her thick, creamy thighs, the hard plane of his pelvis grinding against the pillowy mound of her sex.

Higher up, his sculpted chest pressed into the heavy underswell of her massive, milk-laden breasts, the jiggling globes all but eclipsing his torso. Karly's gravid belly molded to Jenson's taut abs with each panting breath, a reminder of their forbidden coupling that had created the new life blossoming within her.

"God, you feel incredible," Jenson groaned, rocking his hips in a slow, dirty grind. The motion made his cock head rub deliciously against Karly's G-spot, extracting a throaty moan from her. "Love being buried in your pregnant cunt, surrounded by these huge tits and belly. Fucking heaven."

With that, he drew back until just the tip remained nestled inside her, then slammed forward again, taking her breath away with the power of his cock-thrust.

Karly wailed as her son set a rapid, driving rhythm, the obscene slap of flesh on flesh punctuating his deep thrusts.

The mother sobbed in ecstasy as she imagined Jenson pounding into her just as he had that night in the van, his pubic bone grinding against her throbbing clit with each piledriving thrust. Her pussy clenched and rippled around the phantom fullness of his cock, inner muscles fluttering wildly. With a keening wail, she bore down on the buzzing head of the vibrator, crushing it against her engorged sex.

"UNGH FUCK, JENSON, YESSSS!" Karly shrieked, back bowing into a taut arch, tits reeling back and forth as an intense orgasm slammed into her with the force of a speeding freight train.

Clear fem-cum squirted out from between her clenching folds, absolutely drenching the toy and her pumping fist. Karly convulsed and spasmed

violently, thighs quaking as she gushed what felt like gallons of liquid pleasure. The gush was so forceful, it actually hit her in the face, splattering her heaving tits and belly.

In her mind's eye, Karly pictured how she and Jenson must look - a sweaty, panting tangle of limbs and undulating flesh practically fucking a dent into the mattress. Their bodies rocked together in perfect sync, skin slapping lewdly as they chased their mutual completion.

Jenson pistoned between his mom's splayed thighs like a man possessed, grunting and snarling as her rippling sheath milked his cock for all it was worth. The fit was so tight, her hungry cunt squeezing him like a fist. He could feel every flutter and clench of her powerful inner muscles, urging him towards the brink.

"Fuck Mom, gonna cum!" Jenson gasped harshly, his rhythm growing erratic. "Gonna pump you full, knock you up again, ungh FUCK!"

With a choked roar, he slammed into her one last time and exploded, his swollen cock head flaring and pulsing as it unleashed a veritable geyser of semen directly against Karly's spasming cervix. Thick, viscous ropes of cum painted her clenching walls, flooding her womb with what felt like gallons of potent seed.

Karly mewled in agonized bliss as she felt Jenson's burning hot essence fill her to overflowing, their baby squirming between them as if sensing its father's release. Her pussy clamped down HARD, rippling in fluttering contractions to milk every last drop from his jerking cock. The sensation was so intense, it bordered on pain.

"OHHHH GOD YESSSSS, BREED ME!" Karly wailed deliriously, undulating her hips to grind her throbbing clit against Jenson's spasming length.

As the last aftershocks of her earth-shattering orgasm faded away, Karly collapsed back onto the mattress, utterly spent. Her chest heaved with exertion, sweat and fem-cum cooling on her flushed skin. The vibrator

slipped from her slack fingers to land with a muffled thump on the soaked sheets.

Slowly, the post-climax haze cleared and reality came crashing back in. Karly wasn't splayed out beneath Jenson's virile young body, being thoroughly bred and impregnated anew. She was alone in her marital bed, the one she shared with Tom, masturbating feverishly to forbidden fantasies of their son.

Crushing guilt and self-disgust washed over the mother once again as she took stock of the aftermath. The bedding was absolutely drenched, a huge wet spot emanating from between her still-trembling thighs. Her musky arousal hung heavy in the air, the unmistakable scent of a mature woman's cum. It clung to her like a scarlet letter, branding her as the worst sort of deviant.

Fresh tears pricked Karly's eyes as the full weight of shame bore down on her. What kind of mother got off to the thought of her own child fucking her pregnant body? Craved the taboo thrill of carrying her son's babies, his potent seed taking root in her fertile womb again and again? She was sick, twisted, the lowest of the low. An irredeemable sinner destined for hell.

And yet, even as the guilt threatened to consume her, Karly's treacherous pussy gave a needy clench. Her body didn't seem to care about right or wrong, too addicted to the mind-melting pleasure Jenson ignited in her. The way he made her feel desired, worshipped, wholly feminine in a way Tom never had. Like she was a goddess of fertility and sex, ripe for the taking.

These illicit masturbation sessions were becoming more and more frequent, sometimes twice a day. Each time Karly caught a glimpse of Jenson's virile young body, she'd be overcome with the desperate urge to touch herself, to chase that exquisite release only he could bring her to, even if only in fantasy.

Her hormones raged out of control, turning her into a wanton creature of lust from the moment she woke up horny and aching, to the night when she fell into a fitful sleep, feverish dreams full of hard cocks and grasping hands. There was no respite from the all-consuming hunger, the empty ache between her thighs that longed to be stretched and filled by her son's impressive girth.

Karly knew she should be stronger, should resist the siren call of her basest urges before she completely lost herself. But god help her, she was so weak.

The mother's growing temptation and internal struggle were momentarily put on hold a few days later when Tom received the devastating news that his father had passed away suddenly from a massive heart attack. The whole family was shaken by the unexpected loss, especially Tom's mother Connie who was now a widow after 45 years of marriage.

As difficult as her own grief was, Karly knew she needed to be strong for her husband and mother-in-law during this challenging time. She put aside her confusing desires for Jenson and focused on being a supportive, comforting presence.

The day after the funeral, Karly went over to Connie's house to help sort through sympathy cards and flower arrangements. When the older woman opened the door, Karly was struck by how beautiful she still was, even in her mid 60s and emotionally wrecked with sorrow.

Connie had always been a stunning woman, but Karly was shocked anew by her incredible figure. Despite her age, Connie's tits were possibly even more enormous than Karly's, straining against her black mourning dress. And her ass was a perfectly rounded bubble butt, jutting out proudly and defying gravity.

"Karly, sweetheart, thank you so much for coming over," her silver-haired mother-in-law said tearfully, pulling her daughter-in-law into a

tight embrace. Karly was momentarily smothered by the older woman's huge, pillowy breasts before Connie released her. "I don't know how I'd get through this without you and Tom."

"Of course, Mom," Karly replied gently, rubbing Connie's back. "We're here for you, whatever you need. I know how lost and alone you must feel right now."

Connie nodded, dabbing at her eyes with a tissue. "I feel like half of me is missing," she admitted brokenly. "Your father-in-law was my rock, my everything. I honestly don't know how to exist in this world without him by my side."

Karly's heart clenched in sympathy. She couldn't imagine the pain of losing a spouse after nearly half a century together. The thought of being without Tom was unfathomable.

Guilt churned her stomach as she was once again reminded of how deeply she had betrayed her husband with Jenson. Here Connie was, devastated by the loss of her soulmate, while Karly was fantasizing about fucking her teenage son. What kind of awful, selfish person was she?

Pushing aside her shame, Karly wrapped a comforting arm around Connie's shoulders and guided her into the living room. "I know, Mom. But you're not alone, I promise. You have a family who loves you and we'll help you through this, one day at a time."

As Karly and Connie settled onto the couch together, the older woman took a deep, shuddering breath before turning to face her daughter-in-law. Fresh tears glistened in her blue eyes, threatening to spill over.

"Karly, I need to tell you something," Connie began hesitantly, her voice thick with emotion. "But you have to promise not to judge me or think less of me."

Karly's brow furrowed in concern and confusion. "Of course, Mom. You can tell me anything, I would never judge you," she assured, placing a comforting hand on Connie's knee.

Connie bit her lip, seemingly struggling with whether or not to confess what was weighing so heavily on her mind. After a long moment, the words burst out of her in a guilty rush.

"I think...I think it's my fault that Hank died," she choked out, a sob catching in her throat. "I'm the reason he had that heart attack."

Karly gaped at her mother-in-law, shocked by the admission. "What? Mom, no! How could you possibly think that? Hank's death wasn't anyone's fault, it was a tragic medical event."

But Connie was shaking her head vehemently, shoulders shaking with the force of her cries. "You don't understand," she hiccuped, burying her face in her hands. "I killed him, Karly. I fucked him to death with my insatiable libido!"

Karly's jaw dropped open, rendered momentarily speechless by the bombshell Connie had just dropped. Whatever she had been expecting her mother-in-law to say, it certainly wasn't THAT.

"I don't...I'm not sure I follow," Karly said slowly, trying to wrap her mind around the stunning revelation. "What do you mean, you fucked him to death?"

Connie took a deep, shuddery breath, visibly steeling herself. When she finally lifted her head to meet Karly's gaze, her blue eyes were swimming with tears and regret.

"As I grew older, my sex drive has been out of control," Connie confessed shakily. "I don't know if it's menopause or what, but I've been insatiable. Constantly horny, desperate for dick. Poor Hank could barely keep up with me."

She paused, worrying her lower lip between her teeth. "I was demanding sex multiple times a day, every day. Waking him up in the middle of the night for marathon sessions - riding him for hours. I just couldn't get enough."

Karly swallowed hard, her cheeks flushing with a mixture of sympathy and uncomfortable understanding. While her situation was quite different, she could somewhat relate to the desperate, all-consuming lust that Connie described. Ever since her forbidden night with Jenson, Karly's own libido had been off the charts, especially now that pregnancy hormones were adding fuel to the fire.

She constantly craved the feel of her son's virile young body against hers, ached to be filled and stretched by his impressive cock. The need was relentless, invading her every waking thought and feverish dream. Karly was honestly shocked that Tom hadn't caught on to her distraction and guilt yet. She felt like it must be written all over her face.

Forcing herself to focus on her distraught mother-in-law, Karly squeezed Connie's knee comfortingly. "Mom, listen to me. You are not responsible for Hank's death, not in any way," she said firmly, holding the older woman's teary gaze. "If anything, it sounds like you gave him the best last few years of his life. Most men would kill to have a wife with a libido like yours."

Connie let out a watery chuckle at that, shaking her head ruefully. "I'm sure Hank would agree with you. He never once complained, even when I was running him ragged. Always said he was the luckiest man alive to have such an insatiable wife."

Her face crumpled then, fresh sobs wracking her frame. "Oh god, what am I going to do without him? Not just the sex, but everything. He was my whole world, Karly. I feel so lost and alone."

Heart aching for her mother-in-law, Karly gathered the weeping woman into her arms and let her cry it out on her shoulder. She couldn't imagine

the depths of Connie's grief, to lose a spouse so suddenly after decades of marriage. The enormity of it was staggering.

After a while, Connie's sobs tapered off into sniffles and hiccups. She pulled back from Karly's embrace, wiping at her puffy, tear-stained face with a tissue.

"Thank you, sweetheart. I don't know what came over me, unloading on you like that," Connie said shakily, giving a self-deprecating laugh. "You must think I'm some kind of sex-crazed freak."

"Of course not," Karly rushed to reassure, squeezing the older woman's hands. "Grief makes us say and do all sorts of things. There's no shame in it. I'm just glad you felt comfortable enough to open up to me."

Connie smiled tremulously, gratitude shining in her watery blue eyes. "I don't know what I'd do without you and Tom," she said softly, voice catching. "Truly, you're the only family I have left now."

She took a deep, shuddery breath, seeming to gather her courage before speaking again. "Actually, I was hoping to ask a huge favor. And please, feel free to say no if it's too much."

Karly's brow furrowed in concern. "Of course, Mom. Anything you need, just name it."

Connie twisted her tissue anxiously between her fingers, gaze darting away. "Well, the thing is...being in this house, surrounded by Hank's things, our memories...it's torture. Especially the bedroom." A visible shudder ran through her. "Where he...he died, in our bed."

Karly gasped softly, heart clenching in sympathy. She couldn't imagine the trauma of a spouse dying during sex. It was unthinkable.

"Oh Mom," she breathed, squeezing Connie's hands tighter. "I'm so sorry. That must be awful."

Connie nodded jerkily, fresh tears spilling down her cheeks. "I can't sleep in there, Karly. I've tried but every time I close my eyes, all I see is him lying there, not breathing. It's like a waking nightmare."

She paused, swallowing thickly. "I know it's a huge imposition, but I was wondering...could I maybe stay with you and Tom for a little while? Just until I figure out how to move forward, what to do with the house and everything. I feel like I'm losing my mind here all alone."

Karly's heart broke for her mother-in-law, imagining the suffocating grief and loneliness she must be drowning in. How could she possibly turn Connie away in her greatest time of need?

"Of course you can stay with us," Karly said immediately, infusing as much warmth and certainty into her voice as possible. "You're always welcome in our home, Mom. For as long as you need."

Connie crumpled in relief, a choked sob escaping her. "Thank you," she gasped, pulling Karly into a crushing hug, smashing their giant tits together. "Thank you so much, sweetheart. You have no idea how much this means to me."

Karly returned the embrace fiercely, rubbing soothing circles on Connie's shaking back. "You don't have to thank me. We're family - this is what we do for each other."

As Connie pulled back from the tearful embrace, she squeezed Karly's hands gratefully. "I promise I won't be a burden while I'm staying with you," she assured. "In fact, I wanna help out as much as possible, especially with you being so heavily pregnant. It's the least I can do."

Karly waved a dismissive hand, touched by her mother-in-law's thoughtfulness. "Oh, you don't have to do that, Mom. I'm sure I'll manage just fine, even with the new baby. It's not my first rodeo, after all."

Connie shook her head stubbornly, a glint of determination in her eye. "Nonsense! I insist on pitching in. You'll have your hands more than full dealing with a newborn and postpartum recovery. Let me take some of the load off - cleaning, cooking, maybe even helping with night feedings so you and Tom can rest."

Karly smiled gratefully, touched by Connie's generous offer. "That would be amazing, Mom. Thank you so much. I have to admit, the thought of juggling a new baby along with everything else has been a bit overwhelming."

"I can only imagine," Connie said sympathetically, patting Karly's rounded belly. "Especially with this one being such a surprise so late in the game! I have to say, when you first told me you were expecting again, I was shocked. I didn't think you and Tom were planning on more kids."

Karly's cheeks flushed guiltily and she glanced away, fiddling with the hem of her shirt. "Ah, well, we weren't really...planning it, per se..." she hedged awkwardly.

Connie arched a knowing brow, a playful smirk tugging at her lips. "Oh, I see. One of those 'heat of the moment' surprises, hmm?" She winked salaciously. "Hey, no judgment here. Lord knows Hank and I had a few of those scares back in the day, when we just couldn't keep our hands off each other."

Karly choked out an uncomfortable laugh, squirming under her mother-in-law's astute gaze. If only Connie knew the sordid truth - that this baby wasn't the result of an impulsive romp with Tom, but the product of a forbidden night of passion with her own teenage son. The shame and guilt burned hot under her skin, threatening to bubble over.

"Heh, yeah, something like that..." Karly mumbled, desperate to change the subject before she accidentally incriminated herself further. Her lying skills had never been the best, especially when flustered. "A-Anyway, I

really appreciate you offering to help out. I'm sure it'll be a huge relief to have an extra set of hands around, especially from someone as experienced as you."

But Connie wasn't ready to let the matter drop, a speculative gleam entering her blue eyes as she studied Karly's obvious discomfort. Her gaze drifted pointedly to Karly's midsection, then back up to her beet-red face.

"You know, I couldn't help but notice that you're much bigger this time around compared to your previous pregnancies," Connie mused slyly, tapping a thoughtful finger against her chin. "Positively glowing and voluptuous, like a fertility goddess. If I didn't know any better, I'd think you were carrying twins in there!"

Karly's heart leapt into her throat and she spluttered incoherently, eyes widening in panic. Oh god, was she really that obvious? Did the evidence of her depravity with Jenson show in her very body, announcing their sinful union to the world?

"W-What? No, no, definitely not twins!" Karly stated.

Connie laughed merrily, giving Karly a playful nudge with her elbow. "I'm just teasing you, dear! But you do look absolutely radiant. Pregnancy suits you."

She paused, tilting her head as she studied Karly's flushed face with a knowing twinkle in her eye. "So, who's the lucky teenage stud that put a bun in your oven, hmm?"

Karly's jaw dropped and she spluttered in shock, eyes going wide as saucers. "W-What?? I don't know what you're talking about! This is Tom's baby, of course. Why would you even suggest such a thing?!"

Connie waved a dismissive hand, unfazed by her daughter-in-law's scandalized denial. "Oh please, I've been around the block a time or two.

I know the difference between a woman who's been knocked up by her husband and one carrying the virile seed of a strapping young buck."

Leaning in conspiratorially, Connie lowered her voice to a husky murmur. "There's just something about being impregnated by an energetic, potent teenager that makes a gal swell and glow differently. All those raging hormones and endless stamina...mmm! I tell you, there's nothing quite like getting your womb pumped full of hot, fresh jizz by an eager young stud. Makes you feel alive in a way fucking a middle-aged man just can't compare to."

Karly was stunned speechless, her face flaming with mortification and guilty arousal. She gaped at Connie, mind reeling at the older woman's blunt, shockingly perceptive words. Was her mother-in-law actually condoning illicit affairs with teenagers?? Had she herself engaged in such taboo trysts?

Connie clucked her tongue, patting Karly's knee reassuringly. "Relax, sweetheart! Your secret is safe with me. I'm the last person to judge someone for seeking pleasure outside their marriage. Lord knows I've enjoyed the attentions of a few strapping young men in my day, especially after Hank started having...performance issues."

She sighed wistfully, a faraway look entering her eyes. "There's just something so invigorating about seducing a fresh-faced, eager-to-please boy. Watching them fall apart as you introduce them to the joys of the flesh, teach them how to worship a woman's body. Mmm! The enthusiasm, the stamina! Feeling their rock-hard cocks pulsing as they empty their heavy, churning balls deep in your milf pussy...ungh! Nothing beats it."

Connie fanned herself dramatically, her cheeks flushed and chest heaving. Karly couldn't help but notice how her mother-in-law's huge breasts strained against her blouse.

Karly swallowed hard, her pulse pounding in her ears as she struggled to process Connie's shocking revelation. She couldn't believe her prim and proper mother-in-law was openly admitting to extramarital affairs with teenage boys! And the way she spoke so wistfully about being impregnated by their youthful virility, letting them pump her full of fertile seed...it hit way too close to home.

Panic seized Karly's chest as she realized how dangerously close she was to spilling her own sordid secret. That not only had she fucked an 18-year-old, but that it was her own son to boot.

Jenson couldn't contain his excitement when his mom told him the news that Grandma Connie would be staying with them for a while. Even though he felt bad about the circumstances with Grandpa Hank's passing, a secret thrill zipped through him at the thought of having his voluptuous grandmother under the same roof.

Connie had always been extremely affectionate with Jenson, showering him with tight hugs that pressed her massive, pillowy breasts right into his face. He relished the feel of her soft curves molding around him, the sweet floral scent of her perfume filling his nose. Sometimes, she would even hold the embrace a few beats too long, her hands drifting down to squeeze his ass through his jeans.

Jenson knew it wasn't exactly appropriate, the way his grandma touched him. But he couldn't bring himself to care, not when her attention made him feel so good, so desired. He craved the forbidden thrill of her caresses, the naughty promise in her pale blue eyes when she looked at him. It never failed to make his cock swell in his pants, aching for more.

When Connie first arrived at the house with her suitcases, she immediately zeroed in on Jenson, a slow smile spreading across her face. "There's my handsome grandson!" she exclaimed, opening her arms wide. "Get over here and give your grandma some sugar!"



Jenson grinned and eagerly went to her, letting himself be engulfed in Connie's cushiony embrace. She hugged him fiercely, smashing his face into the deep valley of her cleavage. He could feel her heavy tits

compressing against his cheeks, practically smothering him in their doughy warmth.

"Mmm, I've missed you, sweet boy," Connie purred, nuzzling her nose into his hair. Her hands drifted down to palm the globes of his ass possessively, giving them a firm squeeze. "Grandma's gonna take such good care of you while she's here, don't you worry."

Jenson shivered at the sultry promise in her voice, his cock twitching against the confines of his jeans. He had no doubt that Connie would keep her word. The thought of all the naughty possibilities, especially now that she was a widow, made him dizzy with anticipation.

Reluctantly disentangling himself from his grandma's smothering hug, Jenson cleared his throat and gestured towards the stairs. "I figured you could take my room while you're staying with us," he offered with a shy smile. "The bed's pretty comfortable and there's plenty of space for your stuff. I don't mind crashing on the couch."

Connie's eyes sparkled with delight and something darker, more heated. Her gaze raked over Jenson appreciatively, taking in his tall, athletic frame. "Well aren't you just the sweetest thing!" she cooed, reaching up to pinch his cheek. "Such a thoughtful, chivalrous young man. Your mom raised you right."

She leaned in close, her pillowy breasts grazing his arm as she brought her lips to his ear. "And I certainly don't wanna put you out of your bed. There's more than enough room for both of us in there, don't you think?" Connie purred silkily, her hot breath tickling his skin. "We could have ourselves a nice little...sleepover, every single night."

Jenson's eyes widened and he swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. The implication in Connie's words was unmistakable, dripping with innuendo. She wanted to share his bed, but not for innocent grandmotherly snuggles. Oh no, she had something much naughtier in mind.

Arousal surged through Jenson's veins, making his heart pound and his cock throb urgently. The thought of being in such close proximity to Connie's lush, scantily clad body all night, feeling her soft curves pressed against him...it was almost too much to handle. He could just imagine waking up to her humongous, unfettered tits mashed into his back, her hand "accidentally" brushing his morning wood.

"I, uh, wow," Jenson stammered, his cheeks flushing bright red. He rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, shifting his weight from foot to foot. "That's really tempting, Grandma. Like, REALLY tempting. But I don't think Mom would be too happy about us sharing a bed."

Connie waved a dismissive hand, rolling her eyes. "Oh please! Your mother doesn't have to be in control of EVERYTHING that goes on under this roof," she scoffed conspiratorially.

At dinner that evening, Connie dropped the bombshell that had Karly choking on her pot roast.

"Jenson was such a dear and offered to let me have his room while I'm staying here," the buxom grandmother announced brightly, smiling at her grandson. "But I told him there's no need for him to give up his bed entirely! It's a full-size mattress, plenty of room for both of us. We can just share."

Tom, bless his oblivious heart, nodded along agreeably. "That's very generous of you, son. I'm sure your grandma appreciates not putting you out of your own space."

Meanwhile, Karly was having a silent meltdown, her fingers white-knuckling her fork. The thought of Connie, with her voracious sexual appetite, sharing a bed with Jenson, his virile young body and impressive cock...it made jealous rage churn in her gut.

Karly knew all too well the allure of her son's impressive endowment, how exquisitely he could make a woman's body sing with pleasure. The idea of that incredible teenage dick being pumped through Connie instead of her made Karly see green.

It didn't help that pregnancy hormones already had Karly's libido raging out of control. She was constantly horny, desperate for a good hard fucking. Her pussy ached to be filled and stretched by Jenson's thick cock, to feel him pumping her full of his potent seed. The fact that she couldn't have him was pure torture.

And now Connie was going to get to experience all of Jenson's youthful passion and stamina. She would get to wake up next to his handsome face, feel his morning wood poking against her ass. Maybe even wrap her lips around that mouthwatering cock and milk him dry, ride him into the mattress until they were both sweaty and spent.

It wasn't fair! That should be Karly's pleasure, dammit! She was the one carrying Jenson's baby, the one who needed his touch the most. Not some old slutty cougar, no matter how big her tits were.

Karly ground her teeth together, stabbing viciously at her dinner. Across the table, Connie was looking entirely too smug, a knowing gleam in her eye as she glanced between the flustered mother and son. It was like she could read every dirty thought swirling through Karly's mind.

Jenson, for his part, was blushing and squirming in his seat, clearly aroused by the idea of sharing such close quarters with his buxom grandma. He kept sneaking heated glances at Connie from beneath his lashes, undressing her with his eyes.

It made Karly's blood boil, even as shameful arousal pulsed between her thighs.

As the evening wore on, both Karly and Connie were hyper-aware of Jenson's heated gaze following their every move. Whenever they

sauntered past him, their voluptuous curves undulated hypnotically, round asses swaying and jiggling with each step. They made sure to bend over frequently, giving him tantalizing glimpses down their gaping cleavage at the heavy, creamy swells of their breasts straining against tight tops.

Connie in particular went out of her way to tease her grandson, brushing up against him at every opportunity. Her giant, pillowy tits would graze his arm "accidentally" as she reached for something, the hard points of her fat nipples dragging over his skin through the thin fabric of her blouse. Each touch sent a bolt of electricity straight to Jenson's groin, making his cock throb urgently in his jeans.

Karly watched the shameless display with narrowed eyes, jealousy and arousal warring within her. She hated seeing her son's hungry gaze devour her mother-in-law's mature curves, knowing he was imagining all the naughty things he wanted to do to her. It should be Karly that Jenson was lusting after, not some saggy old cougar!

In an effort to regain his attention, Karly made sure to put her own juicy assets on display. She changed into a low-cut sundress that showcased her pregnancy-enhanced cleavage, the deep valley between her milk-laden breasts practically begging to be motorboated. The flowy skirt swirled around her thick, toned thighs as she walked, hinting at the juicy peach beneath.

Jenson's eyes were glued to his mother's fertile form, drinking in her glowing skin and amplified curves. He couldn't tear his gaze away from the ripe swell of her belly, knowing it was his baby growing in there. His seed had taken root, forever claiming Karly as his. The primal satisfaction was intoxicating.

Karly preened under her son's appreciative stare, arching her back to thrust her heavy tits out further, making them balloon from her chest obscenely. She loved feeling his eyes on her body, scorching her skin

with barely restrained lust. It made her feel sexy and desired in a way Tom's tepid interest never had.

Later that evening, Karly she decided to take matters into her own hands. She couldn't just sit back and let Connie seduce her son right under her nose. The mere thought made her stomach churn with jealousy and possessive rage.

Squaring her shoulders, Karly marched into the living room where Tom was watching TV. "Honey, I've been thinking," she began, injecting false concern into her voice. "I'm a little worried about Mom having to share a room with Jenson. You know how she values her privacy, especially after everything she's been through recently."

Tom glanced up at his wife, brow furrowing. "I mean, it was her idea, wasn't it? She seemed fine with it at dinner."

Karly waved a dismissive hand. "Oh, you know how she is, always trying to be accommodating. But I can tell it makes her a bit uncomfortable. She needs her own space to grieve and process losing Dad."

She paused, chewing her lower lip as if deep in thought. Then her eyes lit up with feigned inspiration. "I know! Why doesn't Mom take our bedroom? The master has the most space and privacy. She'll be much more at ease there."

Tom frowned, glancing towards the stairs. "I guess that makes sense. But where will we sleep then?"

"Well, I was thinking...you could take the couch, just for a little while until we figure out a better arrangement," Karly suggested, batting her lashes innocently. "And I can bunk with Jenson in his room. I'm up early to get the kids off to school anyway, so I won't disturb Mom."

She held her breath, hoping Tom wouldn't question her logic too much. Luckily, her husband was utterly guileless and trusting to a fault. He simply shrugged and nodded agreeably.

"Sure, hon, if you think that's best. I don't mind roughing it on the sofa if it makes things easier for Mom," Tom said with an easy smile. "You're so thoughtful to consider her needs."

Karly felt a pang of guilt twist her insides at the undeserved praise. If only Tom knew her true motivations were anything but pure. She ruthlessly suppressed the shame, focusing on her desperate need to keep Jenson to herself.

"Great, I'll go let her know about the change in sleeping arrangements," Karly said brightly, relief coursing through her.

Karly took a deep breath and knocked on the door to Jenson's room, steeling herself for the conversation she was about to have with Connie. When the older woman called out a cheery "Come in!", Karly plastered on a bright smile and entered.

Connie was sitting on the edge of Jenson's bed in a silky robe that gaped open to reveal an obscene-amount of cleavage. She grinned when she saw Karly, patting the space beside her invitingly. "Karly, dear! I thought maybe you were Jenson coming to bed. To what do I owe this late night visit?"

Perching gingerly on the mattress, Karly cleared her throat and folded her hands primly in her lap. "Well, Mom, I've been thinking... I know you generously offered to share Jenson's room so he wouldn't be put out. But I worry that the bed is a bit too small for you two to be truly comfortable. Especially with how much you value your privacy right now, as you grieve and process losing Dad."

Connie's eyes softened and she reached over to squeeze Karly's knee. "Oh sweetheart, that's so thoughtful of you to be concerned about. But really, I don't mind bunking up with Jenson one bit. Might be nice to have some company after being alone in that big house."

Her voice wobbled and Karly's heart clenched in sympathy, even as ugly jealousy churned in her gut at the thought of Connie snuggled up with Jenson. She hurried to make her counter offer before her resolve crumbled.

"I completely understand, Mom. Which is why I had an idea - why don't you take the master bedroom instead? It has so much more space for you to spread out and make yourself at home. The en suite is lovely too, with a big soaking tub. I think you'd be much more comfortable there."

Connie blinked in surprise, clearly not expecting such a generous suggestion.

"Wow, Karly, that's an incredibly kind offer," Connie said slowly, a calculating gleam entering her eye. "But I'd feel like such a greedy hog, taking over you and Tom's marital bed. Hardly seems fair."

Karly's heart sank, sensing where this was going. She opened her mouth to insist it was no trouble, but Connie steamrolled ahead, tapping her chin thoughtfully.

"You know, I have an even better idea," the buxom grandmother declared with a sly grin. "Why don't the three of us share the master bedroom? You, me, and Jenson. There's certainly enough room in that big ol' king bed for all of us. Tom can sleep in here instead of on the couch, that way everyone can be comfortable."

Karly's eyes widened at Connie's scandalous suggestion of the three of them sharing a bed. The mere thought of her virile teenage son being sandwiched between her and her buxom mother-in-law, their nubile bodies pressed close in the intimate darkness, made heat pool low in her belly.

It was wrong on so many levels - the ultimate perversion of familial bonds. And yet, a secret thrill zipped down Karly's spine at the idea of

keeping Jenson close, being able to monitor Connie's every move and make sure the older woman kept her wandering hands to herself.

"I...wow, Mom, that's certainly an unconventional arrangement," Karly hedged, licking her suddenly dry lips. "But I suppose it could work, as long as Jenson is comfortable with it too. No sense in making this awkward for him."

Connie waved a dismissive hand. "Oh, I'm sure that strapping young buck will be more than happy to snuggle up with his two favorite ladies!" she declared with a wink. "What teenage boy wouldn't jump at the chance to be the filling in a busty MILF sandwich?"

Karly nearly choked on her tongue, face flaming at Connie's brazen innuendo. Good lord, did the woman have no shame? Talking about her own grandson like he was a piece of meat to be devoured!

Tamping down on her indignation, Karly forced a strained smile. "Right. Well, I'll just go discuss it with Jenson then, make sure he's on board."

She beat a hasty retreat from the room, Connie's knowing chuckles nipping at her heels. Karly's heart pounded as she headed down the hall to the living room where Jenson was playing video games, trying to figure out how to broach the scandalous new sleeping arrangements.

"Hey sweetie, can we talk for a sec?" Karly asked, perching on the arm of the couch. She nervously smoothed her hands over her pregnant belly, feeling the baby kick and flutter in response to her agitation.

Jenson paused his game and glanced up at her, a grin instantly overtaking his handsome face. "Sure Mom, what's up?"

Karly took a deep breath, choosing her words carefully. "So, I was just talking with Grandma Connie about the bedroom situation. And we were thinking...maybe it would be best if you and I joined her in the master. That way Dad can have your room and everyone will be comfortable."

She held her breath, gauging Jenson's reaction. His blue eyes widened and darted to her cleavage for a brief, heated moment before he quickly looked away, shifting on the couch. Karly didn't miss the growing bulge in his basketball shorts or the flush creeping up his neck.

"You mean like...all of us sharing the same bed?" the boy asked in disbelief.

Karly nodded, trying to keep her expression neutral even as her cheeks flushed with guilty arousal. "Yes, the three of us in the king bed. But Jenson, I need you to understand - this arrangement is purely for practical reasons, to give everyone a comfortable place to sleep. There can be absolutely NO funny business, got it? No nudity, no sex, no wandering hands. We all need to be on our best, most appropriate behavior."

She fixed him with a stern look, ignoring the way her nipples pebbled beneath her thin nightgown at the mere thought of sharing such close quarters with her virile son and insatiable mother-in-law. "I mean it, Jenson. Promise me you'll keep things totally innocent and platonic. The last thing we need is to make this situation any more awkward or inappropriate than it already is."

Jenson held up his hands in supplication, schooling his face into an expression of wounded innocence even as his cock throbbed in anticipation. "Of course, Mom! I would never do anything to make you or Grandma uncomfortable. You can count on me to be a perfect gentleman."

He widened his baby blues earnestly, laying the charm on thick. "I know this arrangement is a bit unconventional, but I'm just grateful we can help Grandma feel safe and supported during this difficult time. You don't have to worry about me crossing any lines, I swear."

Karly narrowed her eyes, not buying her son's innocent act for a second. She knew exactly what sort of debauched fantasies were likely swirling

through his hormone-addled teenage brain at the prospect of sharing a bed with two busty MILFs. The tent pole in his shorts spoke volumes about where his mind was at.

But short of admitting her own wholly inappropriate lust and jealousy, Karly had no real grounds to object further without raising suspicion. She would just have to trust that Jenson would keep his word and be on his best behavior...even as every fiber of her being screamed that it was a mistake.

"Alright then, I'm gonna hold you to that promise," she said tersely, rising from the couch. "I'll let your grandmother know the new plan. We should all turn in early tonight, I have a feeling tomorrow is going to be...interesting."

Karly walked stiffly from the room, the sway of her full hips and lush ass drawing Jenson's hungry gaze like a magnet. The moment she was out of sight, a slow, wicked grin spread across his face.

Oh, he fully intended to keep his promise not to physically touch either of the women inappropriately...but that didn't mean he couldn't still tempt and tease the ever-loving hell out of them with his nubile young body. The art of seduction was all about implication and innuendo, after all.

Karly felt incredibly awkward as she went to tuck her younger daughter into bed and kiss Tom goodnight, knowing that she wouldn't be joining her husband in their marital bed. Instead, she was about to climb into the king-sized mattress with her own horny teenage son and insatiable mother-in-law.

Her palms were sweaty and her heart raced as she made her way down the hall to the master suite, a sense of unreality washing over her. Was she really going through with this crazy plan? It felt like a fevered erotic dream, the ultimate taboo.

Pushing open the door, Karly's eyes immediately landed on Jenson sprawled out on top of the covers, long legs stretched before him as he played a game on his phone. He was shirtless, the golden planes of his muscular chest and stomach on full display. The boy was wearing nothing but a pair of low-slung pajama pants that did little to conceal his impressive bulge.

Karly's mouth went dry at the tantalizing sight, a bolt of illicit lust spearing through her. Damn her son and his perfect body, tempting her without even trying. She closed the door and locked it, quickly averted her gaze, busying herself with turning down the covers on her side of the bed.

Just then, the en suite bathroom door opened in a billow of fragrant steam and Connie sauntered out, hips swaying. Karly's eyes nearly bugged out of her head when she saw what the older woman was wearing.

Connie had changed into a sinfully skimpy red satin babydoll nightie that barely reached the tops of her plump thighs. The bodice was all delicate lace, sheer enough to clearly display the dark peaks of her wide areolas and plump nipples. Her monumental breasts strained against the flimsy fabric, the heavy unrestricted globes practically spilling out of the plunging neckline with each breath.

"Ahh, nothing like a nice hot shower before bed!" Connie declared, stretching her arms above her head languidly. The motion made her gigantic tits bounce and jiggle obscenely, pale flesh quivering.

Karly goggled at her mother-in-law, jaw slack. She couldn't believe Connie had the audacity to parade around in such revealing lingerie with her teenage grandson right there! Was she trying to give the poor boy a heart attack?

Jenson, for his part, was staring at his Gran with unabashed hunger, his blue eyes devouring her scantily clad figure. The tent in his pajama pants

was growing more pronounced by the second as his cock swelled to full mast. He shifted on the bed, trying to discreetly adjust himself.

"Wow Grandma, you look...really nice," Jenson croaked, his voice cracking with adolescent lust. He licked his lips, gaze zeroed in on the deep canyon of Connie's cleavage, which was cavernous enough to easily swallow his entire head.

Karly's face flamed at Jenson's blatant ogling of Connie's scantily clad figure. She knew she should scold him for the inappropriate leering, remind him of his promise to be a gentleman. But the jealous, competitive part of her wanted to one-up her mother-in-law, show her teen something even more scandalous.

Before she could second-guess herself, Karly marched over to the dresser and rummaged through her lingerie drawer with purpose. She selected a daring ensemble that she had bought on a whim during a naughty online shopping binge, but never had the guts to actually wear. Until now.

Feeling reckless and determined, Karly strode into the en suite bathroom and quickly changed into the scandalous outfit.

Connie knelt on the bed next to her grandson, her titties stretching the fabric of her nightie like two gigantic zeppelins, hovering over him. "Room for me, baby doll, or shall I just lay on top of you?" she teased, staring down over her jutting rack.

"You can lay on top...I don't mind," the boy answered, his eyes glued to her bountiful bosom.

Connie giggled naughtily. "Oh, does someone wanna be the meat in Granny's tittie-burrito?"

Karly suddenly emerged from the bathroom, nervously smoothing her hands down her sides as she sauntered into the bedroom.

Jenson and Connie both looked up at her arrival, their jaws dropping open in unison. Karly was wearing a sheer spandex micro mesh banded tube top that clung to her swollen breasts like a second skin. The flimsy fabric was stretched to its absolute limit, her heavy, milk-filled tits straining against the confining bands. Her saucer-sized areolas and jutting nipples were clearly visible, fat and throbbing with arousal.

But it was the lower half of Karly's ensemble that really stole the show. A tiny scrap of fabric that could barely be called a thong disappeared between the plump cheeks of her ass, leaving the ripe globes completely bare. In the front, the minuscule triangle of material struggled to contain her mound, the damp patch of her arousal evident through the gauzy mesh. Her immensely pregnant belly protruded above the waistband obscenely, so large and heavy with child that it almost eclipsed the thong entirely.

Karly's body was a lewd, exaggerated caricature of sexuality, every mouthwatering curve amplified to the point of absurdity. Her massive, milk-engorged tits, her spectacularly rounded ass, her swollen, gravid belly - all of it shamelessly on display in an outfit so tiny she might as well have been nude.

She stood there trembling with a mixture of mortification and arousal as Jenson and Connie drank in her scantily clad figure. Her son's eyes were wide as saucers, his face flushed a deep scarlet. The boy looked like he was about to pass out from sheer lust, his erection straining urgently against his pajama pants.

"Mom, holy shit," Jenson croaked, his throat bobbing as he swallowed thickly. "You look...wow." His hungry gaze roved over her from head to toe, lingering on her jiggling breasts and the slick juncture of her thighs.

"Stunning!" Connie added, taking in her daughter-in-law's gravid form.

"Thanks," the mother blushed. "Well, it's getting late, we should probably turn in," Karly suggested in an overly bright voice, trying to

diffuse the sexually charged tension crackling in the air. She waddled over to the light switch, her cute bare feet slapping against the hardwood.

With each step, Karly's enormous milk-laden breasts wobbled and bounced lewdly in the confining tube top, straining the sheer fabric to its limit. Rivulets of sweat trickled between the deep valley of her cleavage. Her gravid belly undulated hypnotically, glistening with a sheen of perspiration in the low light.

Jenson swallowed audibly as he watched his mother's erotic display, every mouthwatering curve and fold of her body jiggling with the sway of her hips. His cock jerked in his pajama pants, a wet spot of pre-cum dampening the cotton.

As Karly flicked off the overhead light, pitching the room into intimate semi-darkness, Connie let out a kittenish giggle. "Ooh, a sleepover with my two favorite people! How fun!" She clapped her hands together gleefully, making her juggernauts bounce and quiver.

Jenson could only let out a strangled groan as the bed dipped on either side of him, the two buxom MILFs crawling onto the mattress and bracketing his splayed body with their own. The motion made Karly and Connie's monumental tits sway and brush against his arms, pillowy flesh spilling into his personal space. Their combined sweet, floral perfume enveloped him, making his head swim with intoxicating lust.

Karly bit her lip as she settled against the pillows, trying to ignore the radiating heat of her son's nubile body just inches away. The narrow bikini bands of her top dug into the tender undersides of her aching breasts, pushing them up and out obscenely, creating a cleavage that was absolutely epic. Milk beaded at the tips of her throbbing nipples, threatening to leak through the gauzy fabric.

On Jenson's other side, Connie boldly threw one plump, bare thigh over his pajama-clad leg, snuggling up to him like an affectionate cat. "Mmm,

this is nice," she purred, resting her cheek on his shoulder. "So cozy with my handsome grandson."

Her hand drifted down to pat Jenson's rock-hard abs, fingers "accidentally" grazing the waistband of his pants and the throbbing erection straining beneath. Jenson let out a hiss, stomach muscles jumping at the barely-there touch.

Karly's eyes narrowed as she watched Connie drape herself over Jenson so possessively, jealousy flaring hot in her veins. How dare that old hussy paw at HER son right in front of her? Especially after she had explicitly forbidden any inappropriate touching. The nerve!

Without thinking, the pregnant mother mirrored her mother-in-law's pose, throwing her own plump thigh over Jenson's other leg and pressing her gravid body flush against his side. She nuzzled her face into the crook of his neck, inhaling his clean, musky scent greedily. "My sweet boy," she cooed, laying a proprietary hand on his chest. "Mommy will keep you warm and snug, don't you worry."

Jenson let out a strangled whimper as he suddenly found himself completely cocooned between the two buxom MILF's hot, pliant flesh, their enormous breasts spilling across his torso from both sides. The combined weight of Karly and Connie's massive, unfettered tits was staggering, smothering him in squishy abundance.

He could feel every glorious inch of his mother's milk-swollen bosom through the sheer, straining mesh of her top, her fat nipples prodding into his skin like blunt thumbs. On his other side, Connie's naked udders were separated from his flesh by only a thin layer of slinky satin, wobbling and quivering with her every breath.

Jenson was drowning in tit- flesh, the heavy globes flowing across his face, neck and upper chest like a rising tide of warm dough. He struggled to draw breath, his head spinning with the intoxicating combination of flowery perfume, salty musk and arousal thick in the air. The boy's cock

was throbbing almost painfully now, an obscene tent pole of hard, hot flesh in his pajama pants.

"Mmmm, isn't this just heavenly?" Connie sighed dreamily, rubbing her cheek against Jenson's shoulder like a cat in heat. "All snuggled up tight, just the three of us. So intimate and cozy."

Her fingers danced along Jenson's rippling abs beneath the blanket, dipping teasingly beneath the waistband of his pants to graze the throbbing root of his erection with her long manicured fingernails. The boy jolted as if electrocuted, a desperate moan escaping him at the fleeting touch.

Karly saw red at her mother-in-law's blatant groping, fighting the urge to slap the old broad's wandering hand away from her son's groin. Instead, she retaliated by pressing herself even more fully against Jenson's body, shifting to drape a leg across his hips under the covers.

The movement caused Karly's gigantic belly to nudge against the straining tent of Jenson's cock and glide part-way onto his chest, grazing the engorged shaft with her swollen mound. Both mother and son gasped at the electrifying contact, Jenson's hips flexing reflexively to grind against her.

Now Karly could feel every thick, pulsing inch of him through the thin cotton of his pants, his cock head prodding insistently at the underside of her pregnant belly. Arousal flooded her core, soaking the tiny scrap of her thong. She had to bite back a wanton moan, her heavy tits sloshing against Jenson's chest.

Under the guise of shifting to get more comfortable, Karly began to subtly undulate her hips, rubbing the slick heat of her barely covered mound along the rigid length of her boy's erection. The teen whimpered and twitched beneath her, hands fisting in the sheets to keep from grabbing her. She could feel him trembling with the effort to hold back, his skin fevered and damp with sweat.

Connie pouted at her daughter-in-law monopolizing Jenson's attention and writhing body. She wanted her turn to grind on that throbbing teenage cock too! With a mischievous giggle, the buxom grandmother gently nudged Karly's hip, scooting the pregnant MILF over so she could throw a leg across Jenson's lap.

"Oopsie, sorry dear! Just need to stretch out a bit," Connie said with faux-innocence, batting her lashes. She hitched her plump thigh higher, letting the burning heat of her barely concealed pussy press against Jenson's straining erection. "Mmm, that's better! You don't mind if Grandma gets comfy too, do you handsome?"

Jenson could only shake his head mutely, rendered speechless by the shocking feel of his grandma's panty-clad mound rubbing along his aching shaft. The satin of her nightie had ridden up to reveal the scandalous red lace thong she wore beneath, the damp patch at the crotch betraying her arousal.

Connie's plump, hairless vulva was separated from his pulsing cock by only the thinnest barrier of fabric, her swollen lips parting obscenely around the girthy intrusion. She began to slowly gyrate her hips, dragging her sopping wet slit up and down Jenson's length in maddeningly teasing strokes.

The boy groaned low in his throat, head lolling back against the pillow as he was assaulted by sensation. Having his nubile MILF grandma hot-dogging his dick was blowing his mind, the taboo wrongness only amplifying the intensity of the pleasure. He couldn't help but compare the feel of Connie's slick, plump vulva grinding on him to when his mom had been doing the same mere moments ago.

While the general mechanics were the same - soft, blazing hot flesh sliding sinfully along his trapped erection, soaking through his pants with feminine arousal - there were some key differences. Karly's pregnant mound had felt fuller, heavier, the weight of her swollen belly adding

delicious pressure. Her labia were plumper too, the ripe petals of her sex clinging to Jenson's cock head like a hungry mouth with each pass.

His Gran's pussy, on the other hand, felt sleeker, more compact. What she lacked in sheer mass she made up for in agility, rolling and swiveling her wide birthing hips in graceful figure-eights to stimulate Jenson from balls to tip. Her protruding clit seemed to seek out all his most sensitive spots, the fat pebbled nub catching on his weeping slit and rubbing insistently.

Both types of stimulation were incredible in their own way, leaving Jenson a panting, writhing mess trapped between them.

Karly felt a surge of jealous rage as she watched Connie grind her barely covered pussy along Jenson's straining erection, the boy panting and writhing beneath the buxom grandmother's skillful ministrations. This had gone way too far already, the two of them dry humping like horny teenagers right beside her! She needed to put a stop to it before they completely crossed the line into full-blown incestuous depravity.

"Okay, I think that's enough!" Karly snapped, grabbing Connie's gyrating hips and forcibly stilling them. "We should probably stop before we do something we all regret later."

Connie pouted but reluctantly ceased her grinding, sitting back on her haunches. Jenson whimpered at the loss of stimulation on his painfully hard cock, hips flexing futilely into empty air.

"Aw, you're no fun," Connie complained, crossing her arms under her heaving bosom petulantly. "We were just having a bit of innocent bonding time! Jenson's a growing boy, he needs all the loving affection he can get from his mom and grandma."

She cut her eyes slyly to Jenson's straining erection, tenting his pajama pants obscenely. "Besides, it's not healthy for a virile young man like him

to go to bed all pent up like that. He could get a bad case of blue balls! You don't want our precious boy to be in pain, do you?"

Karly sputtered, face flaming at Connie's crass implication. "I hardly think a little sexual frustration is gonna kill him, Mom! He's a teenager, his balls are always full to bursting. Doesn't mean we need to drain them for him."

"I dunno, they are feeling pretty achy, mom," Jenson piped up, voice strained. He shifted on the bed, reaching down to cup the hefty weight of his sac through his pants. "Honestly, I don't think I can sleep like this."

Karly shot her son a quelling glare, even as a bolt of lust shot through her at his brazen groping and needy tone. The mama bear in her wanted to gather him into her arms and soothe his aching balls, relieve the pressure the best way she knew how - with her mouth and pussy. But she ruthlessly tamped down on the taboo urge, reminding herself firmly that mothers did NOT service their sons' needs so intimately.

Connie, however, had no such qualms. She reached over and gave Jenson's strained nuts a sympathetic pat, tsking. "Aww, poor baby. We can't have you going to bed with such an uncomfortable case of swollen balls! That would just be cruel."

Karly cleared her throat awkwardly, shifting away from Jenson's needy body. "Why don't you go into the bathroom and, um, take care of that little problem?" she suggested, nodding meaningfully towards his throbbing erection. "I'm sure you'll feel much better after...releasing the pressure."

Jenson's face fell, but he obediently rolled off the bed and headed for the en suite, the tent of his cock bobbing obscenely with each step. The moment the door clicked shut behind him, Connie turned to Karly with a wicked gleam in her eye.

"You know, instead of making the poor boy rub one out all alone, we could let him do it right here," she purred conspiratorially. "Lay back and worship that gorgeous teenage body while he strokes his big, heavy cock for us. I bet we could have him exploding like a geyser in minutes, with both of us urging him on."

Karly's eyes widened in shock, an immediate denial on the tip of her tongue. "Mom, no! That's so inappropriate, I can't believe you'd even suggest such a thing. Jenson is my son, your grandson! We can't...we shouldn't..."

She trailed off, face flaming as arousal warred with shame in her belly. The taboo image Connie painted was already searing itself into her brain - Jenson splayed out naked between them, fisting his throbbing erection while they purred filthy encouragement. His ripped abs clenching, flushed chest heaving as he worked himself closer and closer to a shattering climax...

Connie smirked knowingly, seeing the illicit lust darkening Karly's eyes despite her flustered protests. She leaned in close, hot breath tickling her daughter-in-law's ear as she delivered the coup de grâce.

"Oh please, you don't have to pretend with me," Connie murmured, voice dripping with insinuation. "I know you two have already crossed that forbidden line. I can always tell when a boy has become a man...especially at the hands of his mother."

Karly's heart seized in her chest, mouth going dry with panic. "W-what? I don't know what you're talking about," she stammered, but the lie sounded feeble even to her own ears.

Connie chuckled lowly, shaking her head. "Karly, sweetheart. It's written all over both your faces. The way you look at each other when you think no one's watching, the sexual tension crackling between you. That's not just the normal lusty stirrings of a horny teen for his hot mom. No, that's

the palpable desire of two people who have already tasted the forbidden fruit...and can't get enough."

Karly's face crumpled as the shameful truth she had been trying so desperately to hide came spilling out in a rush of tears and hiccuping sobs. "You're right," she admitted brokenly, burying her burning face in her hands. "Jenson and I...we...it happened months ago. We got carried away and crossed a line we can never come back from."

She glanced down at her swollen belly, fresh tears spilling over. "And now I'm carrying the evidence of our sin. This baby...it's Jenson's, not Tom's. My own son got me pregnant."

Connie's eyes widened at the stunning revelation, but there was no judgment in her gaze, only understanding and a hint of dark excitement. She pulled Karly into a comforting embrace, letting the distraught woman cry against her shoulder.

"Oh honey, I know it feels overwhelming and scary right now. But you don't have to bear this burden alone anymore," Connie soothed, rubbing Karly's shaking back. "Your secret is safe with me, I promise. I would never do anything to jeopardize your marriage or this family."

Karly pulled back, sniffing as she searched Connie's face. "You really mean that? You won't tell Tom the truth about the baby?"

"Of course not, sweetheart. It's not my place," Connie assured. A mischievous twinkle entered her eye then, her full lips curving into a smirk. "And you know...as long as we're already keeping such a scandalous secret, we may as well make the most of this delicious situation, hmm?"

Karly frowned in confusion. "What do you mean?"

Connie's grin widened, a wicked gleam in her eye now. "I mean, why not invite Jenson to come join us back in bed? Let him put on a little show for his mama and grandma?" She waggled her brows suggestively.

Karly's mouth dropped open, shock warring with illicit arousal in her belly. "Mom! We can't do that, it's so wrong! I already told you, Jenson and I have to stop crossing these lines."

"Why?" Connie challenged, arching a brow. "You already fucked him and got knocked up, baby girl. That ship has sailed." She lowered her voice to a purr. "Watching him pleasure himself in the sinful marital bed, worshipping that virile young body that bred you so thoroughly...tell me that doesn't make your pregnant pussy ache with need."

Karly whimpered, thighs clenching as a bolt of lust speared through her. Connie was right - the taboo image made her swollen sex throb and gush, greedy for her son's intimate touch again.

In the en suite bathroom, Jenson was frantically beating his throbbing cock, fist flying over the engorged shaft. His mom and grandma's skimpy panties lay next to him on the counter, the delicate lace and satin still warm from their bodies. He brought the fragrant fabric to his face and inhaled deeply, groaning as their mingled feminine musk filled his nostrils.

"Fuck," Jenson panted harshly, hips stuttering as he fucked into his tight grip. Sweat beaded on his brow, abs flexing with exertion. He was already so close, balls drawn up tight and pulsing with the need for release.

Just as he felt the first stirrings of orgasm coiling at the base of his spine, the bathroom door suddenly flew open. Jenson yelped in surprise, hand freezing mid-stroke on his cock. His lust-glazed eyes widened as he took in the sight before him.

Karly and Connie stood framed in the doorway, both heavy-titted MILFs flushed and panting. Karly's massive pregnancy tits were heaving over the skimpy lace confines of her sheer tube-top bra, heavy globes jiggling with each labored breath. Connie's satin robe had fallen open even more,

revealing her own monumental rack barely restrained by a sheer red teddy.

Their diamond-hard nipples poked through the flimsy fabric like bullets, straining towards the teen. The boy gulped audibly, his flagging erection immediately surging back to full hardness at the erotic sight.

"M-Mom? Grandma? What are you doing in here?" Jenson croaked, hastily trying to cover his straining cock with his hands. Embarrassment warred with illicit arousal, making his face flush scarlet.

"We decided you shouldn't have to take care of this...not alone," Karly husked, her voice low and breathy with desire. She stepped into the bathroom, Connie following close behind.

Jenson's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he watched the two women prowl towards him with predatory intent, their voluptuous bodies swaying. Karly reached out and gently removed his hands from his groin, exposing his throbbing erection to their hungry gazes.

"Oh my," Connie purred appreciatively, eyeing Jenson's impressive cock and swollen balls. "What a mouthwatering sight. No wonder you bred your mother so thoroughly, sweetheart. That's one potent pickle you're packing."

Jenson whimpered as his cock jerked in his mom's grip, pre-cum beading at the tip. The coarse dirty talk from his grandmother's lips was shockingly arousing, making his heavy nuts churn with seed.

"Why don't you come back to bed, baby?" Karly cooed, stroking her boy's sturdy stalk with a feather-light touch that made him shudder. "Let Mommy and Grandma help take care of this ache for you. We'll make you feel so good, I promise."

Jenson's head spun with shocked arousal, scarcely able to believe this was really happening. His mother and grandmother were propositioning him for an incestuous jerk-off session, right here in the bathroom while

his father slept down the hall. It was wrong on so many levels...and yet, his teenage body was helpless to resist their seductive allure.

"O-okay," he agreed hoarsely, allowing himself to be led by his straining cock back into the bedroom.

Karly and Connie guided the teen to lay back against the pillows, the two women immediately bracketing his nude form on the mattress. Four bountiful breasts spilled across his chest as they leaned over him, smothering him in matronly flesh.

"Mmm, look at you," Connie purred, trailing a fingertip down Jenson's trembling abs to circle his navel. "So fucking virile and sexy. Grandma could just eat you up."

Karly nodded in agreement, eyes glassy with lust as she drank in her son's nubile young body splayed out before them like a feast. "I love seeing you like this, baby. Naked and hard, ready to be worshipped by the women who adore you most."

Jenson whimpered needily, hips flexing to make his rigid cock slap against his belly, leaving a smear of pre-cum on his skin. "Please," he begged breathlessly, not even sure what he was asking for, just desperate for their touch.

"Shh, we've got you," Karly soothed, petting Jenson's sweat-damp hair before letting her hand drift lower, skimming over his pecs. She circled a flat brown nipple with the pad of her thumb, making him gasp and arch into the touch. "Just relax and let Mommy and Grandma help make you feel good."

Connie took that as her cue to begin exploring as well, her fingers dancing teasingly along her grandson's quivering flanks and tensed thighs. She avoided his throbbing erection for now, content to map out every dip and groove of his athletic frame first.

"You have the most incredible body," Connie praised huskily, squeezing Jenson's hard bicep before drifting to palm the curve of his ass. "So sexy and masculine, mmm! You're gonna make all the girls crazy when you go off to college."

Jenson shivered and flexed under their combined touch, little moans and grunts escaping him as his sensitive flesh was caressed all over. His long cock pulsed against his abs, an angry red, leaking steadily now. The stimulation of two pairs of soft, exploring hands was driving him wild with need.

"Go ahead and touch yourself for us, sweetie," Connie urged breathlessly, her hungry gaze riveted to Jenson's throbbing erection. "Stroke that big, beautiful cock. Let us see how you pleasure yourself."

Jenson whimpered but obeyed, wrapping a shaking hand around his aching shaft. He began to pump his fist up and down, letting out a low groan at the exquisite friction. His eyes fluttered shut in bliss, head tipping back against the pillows.

"That's it, honey," Karly purred, watching in rapt fascination as her son worked his impressive length. "Such a good boy, making yourself feel so good for Mommy and Grandma."

As Jenson lost himself to the pleasure of his own touch, the two women leaned in close, faces hovering over his torso. They began to place tender, open-mouthed kisses across his neck and chest, tongues darting out to lave his heated skin.

Connie latched onto a taut brown nipple, suckling the pebbled bud between her lips. At the same time, Karly licked a slow stripe up the column of Jenson's throat, her heavy udders dragging like warm, overfilled water balloons across his chest. Her leaky nipples soaked through the fabric of her top, leaving a trail of colostrum across his skin. The combined sensations made the boy gasp and arch, his stroking hand faltering.

"Oh fuck," he panted harshly, stomach muscles jumping under their worshiping mouths.

As they continued their sensual assault, Karly and Connie let their huge, heavy breasts drape over Jenson's body, pillowy flesh molding to his hard planes. The sway of their undulating torsos made the massive globes wobble and collide lewdly, cleavage gaping open right in Jenson's line of sight.

He stared in awe at the erotic spectacle of so much jiggling tit-flesh, his cock throbbing urgently in his pumping fist. The sheer size and weight of their breasts defied belief, like something out of his most depraved teenage fantasies.

Karly's pregnancy-swollen tits in particular were absolutely mesmerizing, much bigger than his head and full to bursting with milk. He could see rivulets of white beading at her straining nipples, dampening the sheer lace of her bralette. The primal, lactation-induced curves of her body spoke directly to Jenson's hindbrain, awakening the basest reproductive urges.

His eyes flicked between Karly's gigantic, milk-laden rack and her equally impressive baby bump, the visual evidence of his virility. He had done that - fucked a baby into his hot MILF mom with his young, potent seed. The proof of his breeding prowess jiggled and swayed right before him as she lavished his body with attention.

Connie and Karly worked over Jenson's trembling body with single-minded focus, lavishing every inch of his heated skin with sensual kisses and licks. Their experienced mouths moved in tandem, taking turns worshipping his most sensitive spots.

Connie trailed her lips down to the hollow of Jenson's throat, tongue flicking out to trace his bobbing Adam's apple. "Mmm, I love feeling you swallow, baby," she purred between open-mouthed kisses. "Imagining this sexy neck working as you gulp down a girl's juices."

Jenson whimpered, his fist pumping faster over his throbbing cock. Karly took advantage of his distraction to zero in on a pebbled nipple, drawing the sensitive nub between her teeth. She laved the tight peak, suckling rhythmically until Jenson was panting and squirming.

"Oh fuck, Mom!" he gasped, back arching as pleasure zipped from his nipple straight to his cock.

Karly hummed around her mouthful, increasing the suction until Jenson was writhing beneath her. She released his nipple with a wet pop, immediately moving to its twin to continue the exquisite torture.

Meanwhile, Connie had slithered down her grandson's tensed abs, mapping the ridges of his six pack with her lips and tongue. She dipped into his navel, tickling the shallow divot until he twitched and gasped.

"Mmm, Grandma loves your tight tummy," she purred, voice muffled against his quivering skin. "So ripped and sexy."

Karly had worked her way down to Jenson's pecs now, suckling and nipping at the firm mounds. She paid special attention to the thin, sensitive skin along the sides of his chest, knowing it drove him wild. Her boy mewled and shuddered as she licked along the border where pectoral met armpit, nerve endings sparking.

"That's it baby, let Mommy hear you," she cooed between nibbling kisses. "I love all the sexy noises you make for me. So responsive to my touch."

Jenson was lost to the dual pleasure of Connie and Karly's mouths roaming his upper body, their lips and teeth and tongues finding all his most receptive spots. The wet, obscene sounds of their suckling filled the room, punctuated by his eager moans and gasps.

As Karly and Connie lavished Jenson's torso with attention, their mouths gradually descended lower and lower, inching ever closer to the main prize - his throbbing erection. The boy continued fisting his aching cock

desperately, putting on an erotic show for the buxom MILFs worshipping his young body.

"Mmmm, look at that gorgeous dick," Connie purred, propping herself up on an elbow beside Jenson's undulating hips. Her hungry gaze followed the motion of his pumping hand, watching in rapt fascination as his swollen shaft slid through his tight grip again and again. "So fucking thick and meaty. I bet you could do some real damage with a weapon like that."

Karly moaned her agreement, equally transfixed by the hypnotic rhythm of Jenson stroking his impressive cock. "He already has," she said breathlessly, placing a possessive hand on the rounded swell of her belly. "Fucked a baby into his own mom, bred me so deep. Ungh, I can still feel every incredible inch splitting me wide open, battering my cervix..."

Jenson whimpered at the filthy words spilling from the women's lips, his fist flying faster over his aching cock. The graphic dirty talk was almost as stimulating as their physical touch, painting vivid pictures in his lust-addled brain.

"Fuck yes, you marked your territory but good, didn't you stud?" Connie growled, reaching out to trace a fingertip along the bulging veins standing out in stark relief on Jenson's shaft. The boy shuddered and flexed into her teasing touch, clear pre-cum bubbling up from his slit. "Pumped your hot MILF mom full of virile teenage cum until it took. Mmm, I bet she was absolutely dripping with it, weren't you Karly? Cunt stuffed to the brim with Jenson's potent seed?"

"God yes," Karly panted, squirming as she recalled the delicious sensation of Jenson's release flooding her spasming channel. "He came so hard, so much. Just kept spurting and spurting, more than I thought possible. I was so full of his cum, it felt like my womb would burst."

Jenson groaned at the memory, balls drawing up tight to his body as his stroking hand squeezed the base of his cock. The visual of his own spunk

oozing out of his mom's thoroughly used hole made him throb and leak, his cockhead flushing an angry purple.

"Such a goddamn stud," Connie praised again, eyes glued to the clear fluid dribbling steadily from Jenson's tip now. "Fucking look at that pre-cum, leaking like a faucet. You're absolutely dying to bust your nut again, aren't you, baby boy?"

Unable to resist any longer, Connie and Karly surged forward in unison, burying their faces in Jenson's crotch. They nuzzled into the hairless base of his thrusting cock, inhaling the intense musk of his arousal.

Connie was the first to extend her tongue, lapping a broad stripe up the swollen, pulsing root of Jenson's erection. She traced the bulging network of veins that were so engorged with blood, the skin stretched thin and glossy. Following the trail down to where cock met balls, Connie sealed her lips around the hypersensitive patch of flesh and sucked hard.

"Ungh, fuck!" Jenson cried out, hips bucking off the bed at the intense suction. Pleasure streaked through his nerve endings like lightning, making his cock jump and spurt another thick glob of pre-goo.

Not to be outdone, Karly joined in the feast, working her way up the other side of Jenson's straining cock with flickering licks. She loved how the spongy tissue yielded slightly under her tongue's pressure, so hot and throbbing with need. When she reached the juncture of his groin, Karly planted wet, open-mouthed kisses all along the crease, occasionally grazing his drawn-up sac with her teeth.

Jenson mewled desperately, fist flying over his cock as he was assaulted by the dual pleasure of his mom and grandma's mouths. They were tag-teaming the base of his dick, suckling and slurping at the root while he worked the shaft, their lips and tongues sending sparks of ecstasy through his whole body.

Connie migrated lower, tracing the plump seam of Jenson's balls with the pointed tip of her tongue. She laved the wrinkled, velvety skin thoroughly, savoring the heavy musk and faint tang of sweat. Opening wide, she carefully sucked one testicle into her mouth, rolling the large orb around with reverence.

"Holy shit," Jenson panted harshly, stomach muscles jumping as his gran gently manipulated his sensitive sac. The wet heat engulfing his cum-filled balls was mind-blowing, her experienced mouth working him masterfully.

Karly focused her oral attentions on the very root of Jenson's cock, where the thick shaft emerged from his groin. She sealed her plush lips around the base in a lewd kiss, tongue circling the hypersensitive junction of smooth pubic skin and engorged erectile tissue. With meticulous care, the mother began to lave and suckle the muscular ligaments there, feeling them flex and pulse against her probing mouth.

"That's a good spot, Karly," Connie rasped in encouragement, watching Karly's technique in fascination before returning to her suckling of Jenson's balls. "Mmm, stimulating those key muscles and tendons will make his cock throb so hard."

Karly hummed in acknowledgment around her mouthful of Jenson's cock root, the vibrations making him shudder and gasp. She could feel the spongy, blood-engorged bulb of his corpus cavernosum pulsing against her lips, the tissues straining to their absolute limit with arousal. Knowing she was the cause of her son's desperate need made Karly's own core clench with answering desire.

"God, the way his shaft is jutting up from his groin, so stiff and straining - like an oak tree growing from fertile soil," Karly marveled breathlessly between long, savoring licks. "You can practically see the flow of blood making him swell, the rush of testosterone saturating every cell. The very essence of virile manhood, mmm."

Connie nodded in avid agreement, releasing Jenson's spit-shined sac with a wet pop. "Right? And his balls are so fat and full, heavy with semen. Positively churning with potent seed."

Jenson was panting harshly above them now, fist blurring over his slick cock as their clinical dirty talk and precision mouth work stoked his pleasure to new heights. The two women were systematically stimulating his most innervated erogenous zones while educating him about his own anatomy in the filthiest way possible. It was the hottest biology lesson of his young life.

"Teach me more," he begged hoarsely, voice cracking with need. "Tell me what you're doing to my body, show me how to make it feel good!"

Connie chuckled wickedly, licking her glistening lips. "Oooh, our gorgeous boy wants a sex ed crash course, does he? Wants his mama and grandma to teach him the ways of erotic pleasure, make him a master cocksman?" She grinned salaciously up at Jenson, eyes twinkling with mischief. "Well, class is in session, baby. Get ready for an anatomy lesson you'll never forget."

With that, Connie ducked down and extended her tongue, delicately tracing the ridge of flesh between Jenson's balls and asshole. The boy gasped sharply at the foreign yet exquisite sensation, his untouched pucker reflexively clenching.

"This, my sweet boy, is your perineum," Connie explained huskily before giving the smooth strip of skin a lewd, open-mouthed kiss. "Also known as the 'taint' or 'gooch'. It's absolutely loaded with sensitive nerve endings that often get overlooked. But when stimulated just right..."

She pressed the flat of her tongue against Jenson's taint and began to lap and slurp with purpose, occasionally catching the wrinkled flesh between her teeth. Jenson let out an almost agonized moan, his cock jumping in his pumping fist as sparks of pleasure shot through his pelvis.

"Nnnngh fuck!" he bit out through clenched teeth, back arching off the bed. The wet friction against his perineum was positively electric, setting off fireworks behind his tightly closed eyelids.

While Connie focused on tonguing Jenson's gooch, Karly slithered up his tensed torso, letting her heavy pregnancy tits drag along his sweat-slick skin. She zeroed in on his chest, sealing her lips around a pebbled brown nipple and suckling hungrily.

"Mmmm, don't neglect these perky little buds," she murmured between licks and nibbles, teasing Jenson's nipple to a stiff, aching point. "Male nipples are just as sensitive as female ones, full of delicious nerve endings to exploit. Licking, sucking, even little bites...ungh, so good!"

Jenson keened desperately, head thrashing on the pillow as his mom worked over first one nipple, then the other. The sensation of her warm, soft mouth on his chest, worrying and soothing the tender peaks in turn, made his hips stutter erratically. He could feel himself leaking copious amounts of pre-cum now, the slick fluid easing the glide of his stroking fist.

"Oh god oh fuck," Jenson babbled mindlessly, completely overwhelmed by the dual sensations. He had never imagined his body could feel this good, that there were so many hidden erogenous zones just waiting to be discovered and stimulated.

Karly couldn't resist the overwhelming urge a moment longer. She kissed and licked her way up Jenson's heaving chest and straining neck until she reached his parted lips. Without hesitation, she sealed her mouth over his in a searing, open-mouthed kiss.

Jenson moaned into the liplock, opening eagerly for his mother's probing tongue. Karly plundered the hot recesses of his mouth, their slick muscles tangling and twisting together wildly. She swallowed down his needy whimpers and gasps, relishing the taste of her son's desire.

While Karly was distracted devouring Jenson's mouth, Connie seized the opportunity to take things to the next level. In one swift motion, she batted the boy's pumping hand away from his cock and replaced it with her own mouth.

"Ohhh fuuuck!" Jenson garbled against his mother's lips as wet heat suddenly engulfed his aching erection. His hips bucked off the bed, instinctively seeking to bury himself deeper in his grandmother's sucking mouth.

Connie took him to the root with ease, nose pressing into his smooth pubic bone as the broad head of his cock slipped through her throat. She swallowed around his girth, throat muscles rippling along the sensitive glans and making Jenson see stars.

Karly felt him jerk and cry out into their kiss, his fingers tangling almost painfully in her hair. She pulled back just enough to watch Connie fellating their precious boy, her own core clenching with sympathetic arousal.

Connie was bobbing her head in a steady cock-sucking rhythm now, hollowing her cheeks to create an exquisite suction. Her plump lips were stretched obscenely around Jenson's thick shaft, glistening with saliva and pre-cum. Sloppy, wet sounds filled the room as she slurped and suckled, occasionally pulling off to tongue the weeping slit.

"That's it Mom, suck that big cock," Karly panted harshly, transfixed by the erotic sight. She reached down to palm Jenson's churning balls, rolling the heavy orbs in her hand. "Drain our baby boy dry, make him give you every last drop."

Jenson was shaking and writhing between them now, completely lost to the pleasure of Connie's expert mouth and his mother's filthy encouragement. His abs tensed and flexed with each drag of Connie's lips along his throbbing shaft, the tingling pressure of an impending orgasm building at the base of his spine.

Karly quickly moved up Jenson's body, straddling his face with her plump thighs. She reached down and pulled the soaked crotch of her panties aside, baring her glistening pink folds to her son's hungry gaze. The heady musk of her arousal filled Jenson's nostrils, making his head spin with intoxicating lust.

"Taste Mommy's pregnant pussy, baby," Karly purred, grinding her swollen sex against Jenson's parted lips. "Eat me out while Grandma sucks your cock, mmm!"

Jenson groaned as his senses were overwhelmed by the erotic assault - the tangy flavor of his mother's cream flooding his taste buds, the wet heat of Connie's mouth engulfing his throbbing erection. He eagerly extended his tongue, lapping at Karly's weeping slit like a man starved.

"Ohhh fuck yessss," Karly hissed, throwing her head back in ecstasy as Jenson's inexperienced but enthusiastic tongue delved between her folds. She rocked her hips against his face, smearing her slick arousal all over his chin and cheeks.

Jenson licked and slurped at his mother's pregnant cunt, completely drunk on her ambrosia. He traced every puffy fold and crease, wiggling the tip of his tongue against her fat, throbbing clit. Karly mewled and shuddered above him, her copious juices gushing into his mouth.

Down below, Connie increased the intensity of her oral ministrations, bobbing her head faster and taking Jenson even deeper. With one hand, she fondled his churning balls, gently squeezing and tugging the heavy sac, pulling on his spermatic cords. The other hand drifted between her own splayed thighs, pushing past the drenched lace of her thong.

Connie moaned around Jenson's cock-meat as she rubbed tight circles over her pulsing clit, the vibrations making him buck and gasp into his mother's pussy. She could feel how close the boy was now, his shaft swelling and throbbing urgently against her tongue. Determined to push

him over the edge, Connie took him into her throat and swallowed rapidly.

"UNNNGH FUCK!" Jenson cried out, the words muffled by his mouthful of cunt. His pelvis seized as the most intense pleasure of his young life barreled through him, radiating out from his erupting cock.

Connie groaned in satisfaction as Jenson's release burst across her tongue, flooding her mouth with spurt after spurt of hot, viscous semen. She suckled greedily, milking his pulsing shaft for every last drop.

The intense vibrations of Jenson's cry of ecstasy against Karly's throbbing sex pushed her over the precipice as well. With a keening wail, her pussy clenched and spasmed around her son's lashing tongue, fem-cum gushing into his eager mouth.

"OHHHH FUCK, YESSSS!" Karly screamed, grinding her pelvis against Jenson's face as wave after wave of mind-melting pleasure crashed through her. Her heavy pregnancy tits bounced wildly, milk leaking from the engorged nipples.

Connie wasn't far behind, the combination of Jenson's pulsing cock in her mouth and her own fingers strumming her clit sending her hurtling into climax. She came with a muffled shriek around Jenson's spurting shaft, her neglected cunt gushing and clenching needfully.

Jenson watched in awe as his mother's urethra protruded between her puffy labia, enlarging and bulging outward like a miniature cock. The tiny slit at the tip stretched open, revealing the glistening pink orifice within.

Suddenly, another powerful jet of clear fluid erupted from Karly's distended opening, splattering against Jenson's face and chest. The boy yelped in shock as the warm liquid sprayed his skin, dripping down to pool in the hollows of his clavicle.

Another stream of female ejaculate gushed from between Karly's trembling thighs, splashing against Jenson's neck and jaw. The boy

immediately sealed his lips over her pulsing opening, gulping down the ambrosial nectar straight from the source.

Not to be outdone, Connie let out a low, guttural moan as the pressure continued to peak within her own straining Skene's glands. Her urethral sponge swelled to its absolute limit, the slit crowning through her labia like a miniature head.

With an ecstatic cry, a torrent of hot fem-cum squirted from the grandmother's spasming hole, jetting out to soak the bedsheets beneath them. The milky fluid sprayed her inner thighs and pelvis, mixing obscenely with Jenson's semen as it dribbled from her still suckling mouth.

The three incestuous lovers shuddered and writhed together as ecstasy consumed them, a tangle of straining limbs and undulating flesh. Jenson bucked between the two women, hips pistoning erratically as he emptied his balls down Connie's eager throat. His fingers dug into the meat of his mom's ass, holding her quaking pussy flush against his mouth as he greedily swallowed every drop of her release.

Karly and Connie mewled and gasped above him, their voluptuous bodies jolting with the force of their orgasms. Karly humped Jenson's face desperately, smearing her cream all over his chin and cheeks. Her thighs quivered and tensed around his head, her pregnant belly undulating as pleasure wracked her frame.

For a suspended moment in time, the rest of the world fell away, leaving only the forbidden carnal bliss binding mother, son and grandmother as one. Their bodies moved together in a primal rhythm, chasing every last flicker and pulse of rapture.

Finally, the shockwaves of ecstasy started to ebb, leaving the taboo trio panting and trembling in the aftermath. Connie released Jenson's softening cock from her mouth, licking her lips to savor the combined

essence of his musk and semen. Karly reluctantly lifted herself off her son's face, his chin and cheeks glistening obscenely with her juices.

On quaking limbs, the two women collapsed onto the bed on either side of the teen, their heaving breasts cushioning his head. The boy blinked dazedly up at the ceiling, struggling to catch his breath as his brain sluggishly tried to process what had just happened.

"That was...incredible," Jenson croaked, voice hoarse from moaning. He turned his head to look first at his mother, then his grandmother, awe and gratitude shining in his eyes.

Utterly spent, the three couldn't even muster the energy to clean themselves up before succumbing to exhaustion. The musky scent of sex hung heavy in the air - the tangy musk of well-satisfied MILF pussies mingling with the pungent aroma of copious teenage spunk.

Karly and Connie curled their soft, voluptuous bodies around Jenson protectively, sandwiching him between their abundant curves. Karly pillowed her son's head on her massive, milk-swollen tits, his cheek cushioned by her plump cleavage. She cradled his nude form against her own, one hand resting possessively on the swell of her pregnant belly - tangible proof of their forbidden union.

Behind Jenson, Connie molded herself to his back, her immense breasts flattening against his shoulder blades, erect nipples poking his skin. One plump thigh draped over his hip as she nuzzled into his neck, inhaling deeply of his masculine musk. Connie's pussy still throbbed and fluttered in the aftermath of her intense orgasm, Jenson's seed sloshing warmly in her belly. She relished the feeling of being so full of her grandson's virile cum.

Jenson was enveloped in the fragrant heat of the two women's bodies, lulled by the steady rise and fall of their breathing. Karly's fem-cum cooled on his cheeks and chin, perfuming the air with its sweet tang.

Connie's hard nipples branded his back while the soft weight of her bosom cocooned him.

The boy had never felt so safe, so loved, so thoroughly satisfied in his young life. His cock lay spent against his thigh, still sticky and glossed with Connie's saliva, utterly emptied of sperm for the moment. But even in his sated state, Jenson could feel a residual tingle, a flicker of renewed arousal stirring in his groin. Insatiable teenage lust simmered beneath the surface, ready to reignite at the slightest provocation.

For now though, he let his heavy eyelids droop shut, surrendering to the pull of sleep. The three lovers dozed off in a tangle of limbs, replete and content in the afterglow of passion.

TO BE CONTINUED...