

MOM'S TASTE TEST

PART 7



BY KLRXO

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“I heard you had a pretty wild time with your Grandmother last night,” Karly purred, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she leaned over Jenson. He cradled their newborn, his chest swelling with pride and exhaustion. His father was still at work, so he'd stepped up to bring his exhausted but ecstatic mother home from the hospital.

Jenson raised an eyebrow. "What exactly did Gran tell you?"

His mother's crimson lips curled into a salacious grin, her manicured fingers toying with a strand of honey-blonde hair. "Oh, she was quite detailed," she purred, leaning closer until her perfume—vanilla and musk—enveloped him. "Said you fucked her like the Energizer Bunny on steroids, pounding her so hard she swore your thick, veiny cock was gonna dislodge the waiting egg right off her fallopian tube."

She threw her head back in throaty laughter, the column of her neck flushing pink with remembered pleasure.

“Gran wanted a baby,” he said, winking cockily, “so...I had to get my sperm-army in there and give her a baby.”

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rhythm with the headboard banging against the wall still rang in his ears. Her beautiful cries of pleasure had filled the room as he relentlessly pounded her seasoned pussy, flooding her welcoming womb with his potent seed.

Karly gazed down at her son like a flirty teenager, staring at him over the swell of her giant, milk-swollen tits that were stuffed inside her cashmere sweater. The fabric clung to her curves, outlining every voluptuous inch of her maternal figure. Her fat nipples, darkened from pregnancy and lactation, poked through the thin material like eager sentinels, betraying just how aroused the new mother was becoming.

"You sound so sure of yourself," she teased, her voice dropping to a husky whisper as she leaned closer. "Exactly how many loads of hot, potent cum did you shoot inside that fertile womb of hers?"

"I don't even remember to be honest," Jenson admitted, his cheeks flushing with pride as he recalled the marathon fuck-session. "I think it was like six or seven."

"Oh, is that all?" his mother teased, ruffling his thick, dark hair.

"Impressive, but that still doesn't beat OUR record."

She ran her tongue across her plump bottom lip, savoring the memory of that sweltering summer afternoon when she'd driven her son to that secluded overlook, the leather seats of her backseat sticking to their sweat-slicked bodies as they writhed together for hours.

"Remember how we soaked every inch of my backseat? The windows completely fogged while you made me come so many times I lost count—

my thighs were trembling for days afterward." She traced a manicured finger along his jawline. "And you, my virile boy—eight thick, creamy loads flooding my hungry womb, each one more powerful than the last. I still get wet just thinking about it."

Jenson's lips curled into a cocky smirk. "Yeah, you screamed so loud I thought your windows were gonna shatter," he boasted, his voice husky with remembered pleasure.

Karly's cheeks flushed crimson, the color spreading down her elegant neck to the swell of her cleavage. She slapped his muscular shoulder playfully.

"What did you expect?" she purred, leaning close enough that her warm breath tickled his ear. "The way you were hammering my G-spot with that thick cock of yours—I'm surprised the whole town didn't hear me coming apart."

Jenson's breath quivered as he recalled the exquisite sensation of her warm, viscous ejaculate cascading down the sensitive contours of his testicles. "God, Mom," he groaned, eyes half-lidded with remembered pleasure, "feeling your hot cream running down my ball-sac all day while your silky walls clenched around me—I swear I could feel every ripple, every pulse when you came."

Karly's voice dropped to a sultry whisper as she leaned in close to her son. "I can still hear those desperate little whimpers you made with your face buried in my cleavage," she purred, her manicured fingers tracing lazy patterns on his chest. "Your head completely smothered between my

big tits, gasping for air while I rode you like a wild woman, my hips grinding down mercilessly as wave after wave of pleasure tore through me. The way my body clenched around you when I came..." She bit her lower lip at the memory, her pupils dilating with desire.

Jenson's cheeks flushed crimson with arousal, a warm tingling sensation spreading from his face down to his chest. He glanced down at their newborn nestled in his arms, the baby's tiny rosebud mouth making soft suckling movements in sleep. "Is it just me," he asked, his voice dropping to a husky whisper, "or is it getting really hot in here?"

His mother's response was a melodious giggle that danced across her plump, glossy lips, her eyes sparkling with mischievous delight.

"We'd better behave ourselves," she whispered, "or I'll end up with baby number two growing inside me before this one's even crawling."

"But the process of making them is way too fun to stop," Jenson reminded her.

The mother's eyes darted nervously toward the hallway, even though her husband wasn't due home for another two hours. "I can't keep betraying your father like this—sneaking around behind his back while he works those long shifts."

"Mom," Jenson murmured, his voice husky with desire, "we've been doing this for a whole year without getting caught. Dad hasn't suspected a thing. What's the point in stopping now?"

Karly's pulse quickened as she locked eyes with her son. God, he was right. Their forbidden dance had become an addiction—each encounter more desperate than the last, each orgasm more earth-shattering. The thought of Tom's pathetic attempts at lovemaking now made her physically ill. How could she ever return to her husband's mediocre cock and fumbling caresses when Jenson had branded her from the inside out?

His magnificent cock had carved new neural pathways of pleasure in her brain, ruined her in ways she couldn't begin to articulate. She belonged to him now—body, soul, and womb.

"I brought something back from the hospital that I think you'll like," she teased, her fingers toying with the hem of her cashmere sweater. With deliberate slowness, she peeled the garment upward, revealing inch by tantalizing inch of her flushed skin.

Jenson's eyes widened, a breathless "Damn" escaping his lips as he beheld her lace-trimmed maternity bra, its reinforced cups struggling to contain the magnificent swell of her milk-heavy breasts. The creamy expanse of her tit-cleavage, veined with delicate blue tributaries and glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration, spilled abundantly over the straining fabric.

Karly's lips curled into a knowing smile. "You haven't seen anything yet, baby," she whispered, her voice thick with promise. She reached behind her back with practiced fingers, unclasping the hooks of her straining bra with a soft snap.

Slowly, teasingly, she pulled the cups away, allowing her magnificent jugs to spill free. They hung heavy and pendulous, swollen to twice their normal size with sweet mother's milk, the pale flesh marbled with delicate blue veins beneath translucent skin.

Her areolas had transformed during pregnancy, expanding from dainty pink to dusky-brown discs that dominated the slopes of her breasts. Each was crowned with a nipple thick as a thumb, glistening with beads of pearly white liquid.

Jenson's eyes widened, his mouth forming a perfect 'O' of appreciation. "Uh, Mom," he stammered, his voice cracking, "your tits look... different."

Karly giggled, a musical sound that seemed to vibrate through her heaving chest. "My milk let down, honey," she explained, cupping her heavy breasts with both hands, the pearly droplets now streaming down her alabaster skin in rivulets that pooled at her navel. "They're completely engorged with sweet maternal nectar."

All Jenson could do was stare, his mouth suddenly desert-dry, and whisper "Holy shit" as his imagination ran wild with endless hours of intimate breastfeeding sessions ahead.

His mother's knowing eyes locked with his, her pupils dilating with unmistakable desire. "Let me put the baby in her crib," Karly suggested, her voice dropping to a throaty purr. "I can tell you're feeling a bit... hungry... just looking at these swollen milky treasures of mine."

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Karly took the baby and sauntered out of his room to the nursery, her hips swaying hypnotically beneath the thin cotton shorts that clung to every curve of her voluptuous posterior.

Jenson couldn't tear his eyes away from the mesmerizing rhythm of her bodacious ass, the fabric stretching taut with each deliberate step. His lifelong fascination with full, mature breasts was about to reach new heights now that his mother's already impressive chest had transformed into milk-laden marvels, their veined heaviness promising a taboo feast he could barely wait to sample.

It had been nearly a year since the two began fucking, so he'd already enjoyed endless hours of sucking, licking, biting and motorboating his mom's udders—those pillowy, veined globes that yielded like warm dough beneath his eager lips and fingers. The phantom feel of his Gran's humongous rippling tits on his face was still fresh—how they'd smothered him in their pendulous weight, skin stretched taut and glistening with a fine sheen of sweat as they beat around his face all night.

But now his tit-play was about to transcend into uncharted territory—the sacred act of nursing directly from the source that was now nourishing his own offspring. He imagined the warm, sweet nectar flowing from his mother's swollen ducts, coating his tongue and sliding down his throat in rhythmic pulses that matched her heartbeat.

His mind raced with anticipation of how her pebbled areolas would feel against his lips—softer now, more pliable—as he suckled the very tits that

had once sustained his own life and now fed the new life he'd created with her.

Jenson knew that while he sucked, her experienced hands would work their magic below—those delicate fingers with their perfectly manicured nails tracing feather-light patterns before gripping with surprising strength. His heart skipped a beat as he imagined the changes childbirth had produced in her most intimate anatomy. Those pelvic muscles, now strengthened from the herculean effort of bringing new life into the world, would grip him like a velvet vise, milking every drop from him with rhythmic, involuntary contractions that would leave him gasping.

He knew the spongy ridges of her inner lining were more pronounced now, like velvet-covered speed bumps that would caress every vein and contour of his shaft with each thrust. The ring of her cervix—once a tightly closed door—had softened from childbirth into a welcoming, pillowy gateway, still slightly dilated from bringing new life into the world.

Jenson shuddered at the thought that this might allow him to push his swollen, purple glans right through that sacred threshold and erupt his scalding seed directly into her deepest chamber, where life itself began.

Karly's sultry voice snapped him from his trance. "Someone's anxious," she purred, her hungry gaze fixed on the prominent tubular-shaped bulge tenting his basketball shorts. A dark circle of pre-cum had soaked through the thin gray fabric, creating a glistening wet spot the size of a silver dollar.

"I guess I'm not the only one then," she continued with a knowing smile, her pink tongue darting out to moisten her full lips as she stepped into her son's bedroom.

The sight of his own mom quickly peeling those lacy thong panties off her glistening, swollen mound and voluptuous child-bearing hips, down her toned, tanned legs until her perfectly pedicured toes hooked the delicate fabric and flung them across the room with practiced confidence made his throbbing member swell to painful proportions beneath his shorts, the veins along its impressive length pulsing with each rapid heartbeat.

Jenson's breath caught in his throat, eyes widening as he beheld the puffy blushing folds between his mother's thighs - the darkened fissure visibly damp.

"Goddamn, Mom," he gasped, his voice cracking with desire. Her labia, flushed and swollen with arousal, parted slightly to reveal the hooded pearl of her grape-sized clitoris, engorged and peeking out invitingly.

The intoxicating scent of her—musky sweetness tinged with something primal—filled his nostrils, making his mouth water and his fingers tremble as he hurriedly shed his basketball shorts. His cock sprang free, thick and veined, the purple head already glistening with anticipation, bobbing heavily between his thighs.

The mother shouted "dogpile" with a girlish giggle that belied her mature body, her enormous milk-laden breasts flopping wildly as she launched herself through the air, descended upon her son's prone form.

Her engorged mammaries, veined and glistening with perspiration, collided with his face in a symphony of soft, wet slaps. Pearlescent droplets of sweet maternal nectar escaped from her distended nipples, creating intricate patterns of moisture across his flushed neck and broad shoulders.

Their hungry mouths sought and found each other with practiced precision, her full lips capturing his in a passionate seal as her supple limbs entwined around his muscular frame like a venus flytrap claiming its prey.

Jenson shuddered as he felt his mom's warm, milk-heavy tits slosh against his bare chest, the weight of them substantial and yielding. Her skin was feverishly hot against his, and droplets of nectar escaped from her rubbery teats with each movement, creating intricate rivulets that traced the contours of his pectoral muscles.

He had gotten pretty damn good at keeping up with his mom's passionate kissing technique, her tongue exploring his mouth with practiced confidence, the taste of her lipstick waxy and cherry-sweet on his lips.

Jenson's face lit up with a cocky grin as his mother's desperate whimper vibrated against his lips, her body trembling as she ground herself against him with increasing urgency.

The swollen, cherry-red nub of her clitoris—engorged and slick with arousal—dragged along the rigid length of his throbbing shaft, leaving a

glistening trail of her desire across the prominent veins that mapped his impressive manhood.

His pink cock-skin was pulled taut as a drumhead around blood-engorged columns, the veins tracing blue-purple highways along the shaft like rivers on a relief map. The crown flared proudly, its ridge defined and glistening with anticipation, while the entire impressive length stood at attention, throbbing in time with his quickened heartbeat—a testament to teenage virility, fully tumescent and primed for action.

The teenager snarled as she lifted her jutting tits from his chest, pearlescent droplets of milk dripping from her swollen, burgundy-hued teats onto his heaving torso. Up close, he could really see the intricate details of her post-natal boobs—the delicate blue veins mapping beneath translucent skin, the stretched areolas now the size of his hands, pebbled with goosebumps in the cool air.

"Jesus, Mom," his voice cracking with awe as her post-natal mammaries loomed before him like twin moons. The thought of those milk-swollen juggernauts slapping rhythmically against his face, leaving glistening trails of maternal nectar across his skin, sent visible tremors through his lean frame.

Rather than guide him inside, Karly swiveled her birthing hips in a hypnotic figure-eight motion, working her glistening, engorged pussy flanges along the rigid length of his throbbing shaft.

"You're dying to see what pushing out your baby did to me down there, aren't you?" she whispered hoarsely as she continued her torturous rhythm, the slick sounds of their connection filling the room.

Jenson gasped "Yes!" through parted lips, his Adam's apple bobbing with each ragged breath.

"The walls are more textured now," she purred, grinding her slick heat against his pulsing shaft without allowing entry, "like velvet ridges that'll grip every throbbing inch of you while you're buried inside mommy's special place."

She leaned in closer, her tits meeting his chest like warm, soft dough, her breath hot against his ear. "My body temperature is higher now," she whispered, her voice thick with promise. "You'll feel it the moment you push inside—like sliding into a hot spring."

"And these hormones," she continued, "they've made everything so much wetter, so much more responsive. Every ridge and fold is practically dripping, waiting to coat your shaft with slick heat that'll make you see stars."

The teenager gasped, his voice breaking with raw desperation. "Please, Mom," he begged, hips bucking involuntarily against her slick heat, "I need to be inside you now." His fingers dug into the soft flesh of her hips, trembling with restraint.

She pressed a manicured finger to his lips, her eyes glittering with mischievous control. "Not yet, baby," she purred, her eyes gleaming with maternal authority.

Her tongue—hot, slick, and impossibly agile—flickered like wet butterfly wings along the column of his neck, leaving a glistening trail of saliva that cooled against his feverish skin. The sensation sent electric currents racing down his spine, causing his hips to drive upwards with such force that he lifted their joined midsections completely off the sweat-dampened mattress, the muscles in his thighs and abdomen flexing visibly beneath his taut skin.

"My cervical ring is softer now, still slightly dilated from bringing your daughter into this world," she whispered against his quivering neck.

"With that magnificent length of yours, you might just push right through that sacred gateway."

His eyes widened, pupils blown with primal hunger at the forbidden possibility of penetrating her deepest chamber.

Karly leveraged her powerful post-partum hips—still limber from recent childbirth—to drive him back against the sweat-dampened sheets. Jenson instinctively countered with an upward thrust, creating a primal rhythm between them.

Their engorged sex organs melded together in a slick friction of flesh against flesh, her swollen, glistening labia enveloping the rigid base of his

veined shaft while her distended clitoris dragged against his knob. Each synchronized motion sent visible ripples across her milk-heavy breasts, their bodies locked in an ancient choreography of desire that transcended their taboo connection.

"Beg for it," the mother's shaky voice commanded, her voice thick with authority, "beg for mommy's pussy."

She continued her torturous rhythm, grinding her glistening, swollen labia up and down the rigid stalk of his throbbing manhood. Each deliberate stroke sent electric jolts through her engorged clitoris—now fully emerged from its protective hood like a glistening pearl—as it dragged against every prominent vein mapping his impressive shaft. Beads of their combined arousal trickled down his length, pooling at the base where a thin patch of pubes nestled against taut skin.

Jenson's voice cracked with desperation, his "Please, Mom" emerging as a ragged plea that hung in the humid air between them.

She continued her exquisite torture. "Tell me exactly what you want," she demanded, her manicured fingernails tracing teasing circles on his heaving chest. "Is it my hot, post-pregnant pussy, still swollen and sensitive from bringing your baby into this world?"

She cradled her swollen breast, the soft flesh spilling between her fingers like rising dough.

“Is it my heavy, milk-filled tits that ache for your hungry mouth, baby? Or these lips,” she purred, brushing her tongue across her plump bottom lip, “that know exactly how to make you whimper?”

“I want it all,” he gasped, his voice breaking with adolescent need.

His mother reached down with practiced fingers, her manicured nails lightly scraping his sensitive flesh as she notched the swollen, purple-hued knob of his throbbing cock at her entrance. The initial contact of his engorged crown against her slick, petal-like folds sent electric currents racing up his spine.

“I LOVE fucking you,” she hissed, releasing his prick.

With a downward drive of her powerful, child-bearing hips, she impaled herself on his rigid length, sending his teenage boner plunging through the tight, corrugated sheath of her baby-chute. The velvet-textured walls gripped him like a vise, making them both groan from the exquisite friction—his deep and guttural, hers high and keening.

“Oh my GOD!” Jenson grunted. His eyes rolled back, eyelids fluttering uncontrollably as he felt the sensitive crown of his cock breach the tight, spongy bundle of ringed muscle guarding his mother's cervix.

The forbidden entrance yielded to his insistent pressure, then suddenly gave way, allowing his throbbing glans to nudge inside her very cervix. A warm, viscous fluid—different from her vaginal secretions—enveloped his

sensitive tip, coating it with slick, bubbly nectar that seemed to pulse directly from her deepest, most sacred chamber.

Karly threw her head back, platinum-blond hair cascading down her arched spine as she exclaimed breathlessly, "God, I've missed this!"

Her emerald eyes locked with her son's, both knowing it had only been forty-eight hours since they'd last coupled—in fact, her powerful orgasm during their pre-birth tryst had triggered her water breaking.

Now she executed a deliberately slow upward roll of her child-bearing hips, feeling every ridge of Jenson's veiny shaft retreat through her swollen, post-partum tissues. Her glistening inner walls clenched hungrily, squeezing together around his retreating crown until, with a sudden downward plunge, she impaled herself fully again.

The thick head of her son's throbbing manhood popped right back into her cervix, sending electric shivers through her milk-heavy breasts.

Jenson let out a soft "oh wow," his entire head sinking between her rippling tits as his mom clutched him like a rag doll. Her powerful thighs clenched around his narrow hips, and she began to savagely fuck him with jackhammer intensity—her pelvis slamming down with such force that the headboard cracked rhythmically against the wall.

"FUCK MEEEE!" her pretty voice cried out, her face contorted with primal hunger, eyes half-lidded and unfocused, as if possessed by some ancient fertility goddess starved for worship.

Inside Karly's mommy-cunt, a primal war of friction unfolded with each thrust. Her son's teenage cock—a rigid column of purple-veined flesh engorged with hot blood—pulsed against the rippling, corrugated walls of her experienced maternal passage. Her post-partum tissues, still swollen and hypersensitive from childbirth, gripped him like a silken vice.

Pearlescent secretions bubbled around his shaft as her powerful pelvic muscles contracted rhythmically, squeezing and milking his throbbing member with expert precision that only a mother's body could provide.

Luckily, the teenager had prepared his stamina for this maternal onslaught. Just three hours earlier, he'd emptied himself completely inside his grandmother's velvet embrace—her experienced body extracting a volcanic eruption that left him seeing stars. That strategic release now served him well, his teenage recovery powers already replenishing his reserves while eliminating any chance of embarrassing prematurity.

Now he could simply lie back, hands gripping his mother's undulating hips, and marvel as his mom's hormone charged body chased release after release.

Besides, he had business to attend to with those giant, milk-filled mammaries that hung pendulously on either side of his face. He sighed in wonder as he began to kiss and lick the delicate blue veins mapping her

inner slopes, his ears picking up the gentle sloshing of the warm, sweet liquid contained within her taut, stretched skin.

The areolas had darkened since her pregnancy, spreading wider across the curved expanse of each breast, their bumpy texture evident under his exploring tongue.

He slowly worked his way to a jutting, leaky nipple and latched without hesitation, his eager lips forming a perfect seal around the center of the darkened areola. His face sank deep into the pillowy softness of her engorged melon, cheeks hollowing as he created a gentle vacuum.

The nipple, taut and sensitive, seemed to pulse against his tongue before releasing a warm, sweet flood that coated his palate with the rich, honeyed taste of maternal nectar.

The teen clenched his eyes closed tight as he felt his mom react to his tit-sucking, her velvet-walled cunt-tunnel contracting rhythmically around the throbbing meat of his cock.

Her back arched dramatically as she let out a primal cry that echoed off the bedroom walls. A sudden gush of hot liquid essence—clear and viscous like honey warmed in the sun—poured out around the root of his cock, saturating his taut sack and dripping down the sensitive skin between his nuts and thighs.



The teen clenched his eyes closed tight as he felt his mom react to his tit-sucking, her velvet-walled cunt-tunnel contracting rhythmically around the throbbing meat of his cock.

Her entire body convulsed in waves of pleasure, her powerful thighs quivering uncontrollably as she trembled atop him, her manicured nails digging half-moons into his shoulders.

Jenson's milk-drenched lips curled into a feral snarl of ecstasy, pearly droplets escaping from the corners of his mouth and trickling down his chin. His senses overloaded from the dual assault—his face engulfed in the pillowy warmth of his mother's heaving breast, her sweet, honeyed nectar coating his tongue and throat, while simultaneously, her velvet-walled love-canal clenched and rippled around his granite-hard manhood.

Each powerful contraction of her maternal muscles sent shockwaves of pleasure from the sensitive crown of his cock straight through to his core, threatening to shatter his very being.

Karly gasped dreamily, a glistening rivulet of saliva escaping the corner of her parted lips as she ground herself against her son's rigid shaft. Her hips worked in frantic figure-eights, the slick, swollen folds of her post-partum sex gripping and releasing his thickness with each deliberate rotation.

The wet, obscene sounds of their coupling filled the room as she extracted wave after wave of pleasure from her over-sensitized nerve endings. She watched through half-lidded eyes as Jenson's attention remained fixed on her milk-heavy breasts, their dramatic new fullness shrouding his head completely—his distraction giving her the perfect

opportunity to selfishly chase the cascading orgasms her body had been denied during those endless forty-eight hours of separation.

As the teenager continued to feast on his mother's engorged breasts, lapping up her warm, sweet nectar, Karly's orgasms mounted one after another, each more powerful than the last. Her hips writhed and undulated in a primal dance of carnal desire, her swollen pussy-lips clamping down on her son's tirelessly rigid cock with such force that he feared he might be milked dry. But his teenage vigor was relentless, and he knew he could satisfy her insatiable needs and more.

With each suckle and lick of her enlarged nipples, ecstasy coursed through Karly's spine, traveling down to her core where it detonated like a nuclear bomb. Jets of her honeyed nectar erupted from her depths, soaking the bed beneath them and drenching her son's entire length in her hot, viscous release.

Time seemed to warp and bend under the weight of their shared passion, until they were nothing but a tangle of sweat-soaked limbs and animalistic moans, lost in the throes of carnal pleasure.

When at last her spasms subsided, Karly collapsed in exhaustion, her voluptuous chest heaving as she struggled to catch her breath. Her eyes were glassy with desire, her flushed face a testament to the physical exertion she'd just endured.

"Oh... Jenson... that was... incredible," she panted, her voice reduced to a whisper.

Jenson, still hard and aching, could only manage a grunt of agreement as he let go of her milk-heavy tits, his lips glistening with her essence. His cock, though slick with her juices, remained as hard as ever, throbbing between his legs as if demanding more attention. He was not yet spent, and by the look in his eyes, he knew she could tell.

Karly gazed at him with half-lidded eyes, her voice a breathless whisper as she asked, "How do you want me, baby?"

Jenson's anxious grin spread across his flushed face as he managed to stammer out, "doggy style!"

Without hesitation, Karly rolled onto her hands and knees, arching her back in a practiced motion that made her spine dip and her rounded buttocks rise invitingly. Her heavy, milk-swollen breasts swung pendulously beneath her, droplets of pearly liquid beading at her darkened nipples as they dangled toward the rumpled sheets.

Jenson always felt like a dog mounting its bitch from behind this way, notching the swollen, purple knob of his prick into her glistening entrance and sinking inch by inch into her velvet heat.

He set a punishing pace from the start, his hips pumping with mechanical precision, and she threw her rippling, cream-colored ass back

with equal vigor, the rounded globes of her buttocks making a wet, rhythmic slapping sound as they collided against his taut midsection.

"Slap my fucking ass," Karly commanded, her voice a ragged whisper that broke into a moan as he continued to drive into her from behind. Her milk-heavy breasts swung pendulously beneath her with each powerful thrust, droplets of pearly liquid spattering the sheets below.

Jenson raised his palm and brought it down hard against her right cheek, leaving a perfect crimson handprint blooming across her pale flesh. The impact sent ripples across her thick, maternal booty, and she rewarded him with a high-pitched squeal that inflamed his desire.

Again and again his hand connected with her quivering flesh, each strike more possessive than the last, until her ass glowed a deep, angry red against the dim light of Jenson's bedroom.

The teenager swelled with pride as he looked down to see his powerful, glistening cock—veins bulging along its impressive length like rivers on a topographical map—gliding in and out of her body with hypnotic rhythm. The sensation of her softened cervical ring gripping and releasing his swollen purple glans on every inward plunge was mind-blowing, sending electric currents up his spine and making his heavy, cum-filled balls begin to tingle with the unmistakable pressure of approaching release.

"FUCK ME HARDER!" Karly's voice cracked, her words dissolving into guttural moans that seemed to emanate from somewhere primal within.

He set a punishing pace from the start, his hips pumping with mechanical precision, and she threw her rippling, cream-colored ass back with equal vigor, the rounded globes of her buttocks making a wet, rhythmic slapping sound as they collided against his taut midsection.



She was clearly teetering on the precipice of ecstasy once again, her voluptuous ass-cheeks jiggling with each impact as she slammed herself backward against his sweat-slicked torso.

Her manicured fingers frantically worked circles around her swollen, glistening clit, the sensitive bud engorged with desire.

Jenson watched, mesmerized by the hypnotic rhythm of their joining, silently calculating that she'd experienced at least a dozen earth-shattering climaxes during their marathon session. Now, judging by her quickening breath and the telltale trembling of her thighs, she was careening toward another explosive release—and the tightening in his balls told him he wasn't far behind.

Karly's eyes rolled back as a stream of obscenities erupted from her trembling lips—"Oh fuck, oh FUCK, holy fucking Christ!"—her voice cracking into a primal wail as her entire body convulsed. Her swollen pussy clamped down with vice-like intensity around her son's throbbing shaft, rhythmic contractions rippling along his length as another violent orgasm tore through her quivering frame.

Her climax triggered his own release, her inner walls clenching around him like a silken vise. After a series of desperate, juicy pumps that filled the room with obscene squelching sounds, he drove forward with primal

force, his cockhead breaching her yielding cervix. With a guttural roar, he erupted inside her, thick ropes of hot, pearly seed.

Inside the deepest, most sacred hollow of Karly's maternal channel, the muscled ringed tissue of her cervical os—pink and pulsating like a sea anemone—contracted with rhythmic precision around the sensitive neck of her son's glans. The tight circular grip caused his already-swollen purple knob to balloon further, stretching her innermost gateway as his hot, pearlescent seed erupted directly into her waiting womb.

Her pelvic floor muscles undulated rhythmically, executing a primal milking motion that squeezed and released around the boy's thickly veined stalk. Her swollen urethra bulged visibly against his heavy, wedged testicles, which were drawn tight against his body from arousal.

A guttural moan escaped her lips as her opening let out a wet, obscene squelch—warm, viscous girl-cum erupting in forceful jets, splashing against their joined bodies and spattering outward between their quivering, feverish flesh.

After several minutes of trembling out the remainder of their mutual climaxes, they collapsed side by side on the sweat-soaked sheets, their heaving bodies flushed crimson and glistening with perspiration.

Karly's heavy, milk-engorged breasts spilled outward as she lay on her back, rivulets of pearly white liquid still trickling from her darkened nipples and pooling beneath her on the already-ruined mattress.

Beside her, Jenson's semi-hard cock lay against his thigh, still twitching occasionally, the thick shaft and swollen head glazed with the viscous, translucent evidence of his mother's multiple orgasms.

Karly's older sister Amanda gasped audibly from the doorway, her manicured fingers flying to cover her gaping mouth, eyes widening to perfect circles as she stood frozen beside her voluptuous 24-year-old daughter Reese.

Unlike her shocked mother, Reese's full lips curled into a delightful smile, her emerald eyes gleaming with unmistakable interest as they raked over the tangled, sweat-slicked bodies on the bed.

Karly and Jenson jolted upright, their post-orgasmic haze shattered by the intrusion.

"I—I can't believe what I'm seeing," Amanda stammered, her voice trembling with either outrage or excitement—it was impossible to tell which.

"Jesus, sis, don't you know how to fucking knock?" Karly asked as she lunged for the rumpled cotton sheet, yanking it over their naked forms, though not before Reese caught a final glimpse of Jenson's still-impressive manhood glistening with their combined fluids.

"They're fucking, Mom!" she exclaimed, her voice breathy with fascination. "Aunt Karly's letting her own son raw-dog her baby-maker."



"They're fucking, Mom!" she exclaimed, her voice breathy with fascination. "Aunt Karly's letting her own son raw-dog her baby-maker."

She ran her manicured fingers through her cascading auburn hair, cheeks flushing pink. "Holy fuck, that's hot as balls!"

"Reese, it's incest!" Amanda exclaimed.

Her daughter rolled her eyes. "Bitch, please," she snorted, "like half the dudes I know are raw-dogging their moms' cunts these days—it's trending harder than those stupid-ass TikTok dances."

Amanda shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other, her gaze darting everywhere except at the bed. "We, um, came by to see the baby," she stammered, voice cracking. "I suppose we should have called first."

Then her face drained of color as realization dawned, her eyes widening with horrified comprehension. She glanced from her sister to her nephew and back again, lips parting soundlessly.

Before Amanda could recover, Reese leaned forward eagerly, her perfectly glossed lips parting to reveal gleaming white teeth. "Wait—did Jenson knock you up, Aunt Karly?" she asked, her voice rising with excitement. "Holy shit balls, that's fucking lit! Your own son raw-dogged a baby into you!"

Amanda's face contorted with maternal horror as she grabbed her daughter's bare shoulder. "Reese! That is quite enough!" she hissed. Reese merely tossed her glossy auburn hair and leaned forward, her heavy breasts straining against her low-cut blouse as she fixed Jenson with a predatory gaze. "So what's it like when your mom's pussy is squeezing your dick, cuz?" she asked, voice husky as she licked her lips. "Bet that MILF snatch feels bomb as fuck. I swear, when I pop out a boy someday, I'm gonna ride that motherfucker raw soon as he's legal!"

Amanda's face tightened with maternal horror as she crossed her arms over her ample chest. "And what would Derek think about this little

fantasy of yours?" she demanded, her voice quavering slightly. "You've only been married a year."

Reese rolled her eyes dramatically, one manicured hand settling on her cocked hip while the other flicked dismissively through the air. "Mom, for real?" she scoffed, her glossy lips curling into a condescending smirk. "Husbands don't get to know when you're raw-dogging some side dick. That's literally why it's called fucking around behind their backs."

Her emerald eyes gleamed as they slid back to Karly, who was still clutching the sheet against her flushed skin. "I'm guessing Uncle Tom has no fucking clue his wife's getting dicked hard by his own son... am I right, Aunt Karly?"

Karly's face flushed crimson as she shook her head, the sheet clutched tightly beneath her chin. "No, Tom doesn't know," she whispered, voice barely audible, "and I'd like to keep it that way."

Reese squealed, her eyes bulging with wicked glee. "Holy shit-balls! Uncle Tom's busting his ass at work while wifey's getting her womb rearranged by his jacked son's monster dong! That's savage as fuck, and I'm SO wet for it!"

"REESE!" her mother shouted, shaking her head.

Reese ignored her mother and leaned forward, pushing her fat tits together between her forearms. "So Aunt Karly, do you ever tongue-fuck your hubby when he gets home?" she asked, voice dropping to a dirty

whisper. "With your son's jizz still sloshing around in your cock-hungry mouth?"

"Reese! That's completely inappropriate!" Amanda gasped. "Enough of this filthy talk."

"Oh, for fuck's sake, Mom," Reese snorted, leaning forward with her glossy dick-sucking lips curled into a smirk. "Like you've never finger-blasted your sloppy cooch thinking about that cute eighteen-year-old next door while Dad's busting his balls at work."

Amanda's mouth opened and shut like a landed fish, her denial withering to a barely audible Her eyes darted to the corner of the room and her fingers fluttered nervously at her collar, silently confessing what her words attempted to deny.

"Eighteen-year-old dudes are walking boners with legs," Reese joked. "Their dicks are harder than calculus and they're down to fuck 24/7. That's literally what evolution made them for—to raw-dog anything with a pulse and dump their baby batter wherever it'll take."

She whipped around to face her aunt, eyes gleaming like she'd just spotted fresh dick. "Ain't that the truth, Aunt Karly? Teen boys are basically cum factories with a pulse, am I right?"

Karly's flushed face and parted lips betrayed her agreement before she could even nod.

Amanda's face tightened with maternal concern as she remembered that her and Karly mother was living with them. "Where is Mother during all this?" she demanded.

Her stiletto heels clicking sharply against the hardwood as she marched down the hallway toward Connie's bedroom.

The door swung open with a creak, revealing rumpled cotton sheets. Dark, crusty cum-stains spattered the once-pristine bedding like abstract art. Amanda's manicured hand flew to cover her nose as the unmistakable musk of stale semen and feminine arousal assaulted her senses, mingling with the lingering scent of Connie's signature jasmine perfume.

Reese's jaw dropped, her glossy lips forming a perfect O. "Holy motherfucking shit-nuggets! This stud's been clapping Granny's cheeks too!" she shrieked, her eyes bulging as she scanned the cum-stained sheets. "Looks like he's been raw-dogging that GILF coochie and blasting rope all over the damn place!"

Jenson and Karly emerged in the hallway, their naked bodies hastily wrapped in cream-colored sheets that clung to their still-damp skin. Karly's flushed face was framed by disheveled blonde hair as she clutched the thin fabric to her heaving breasts.

"Maybe we should all sit down in the living room," she suggested, her voice trembling slightly. "I can explain everything."

Reese's eyes locked onto the massive bulge tenting Jenson's sheet, the fabric darkening where his dick was leaking pre-cum. "Holy cunt-hammer, that's a grade-A meat you're packing, cuz," she purred, licking her glossy lips like a cat in heat. "Bet you're drowning in gash with that monster dong!"

They moved to the living room and Connie returned part-way through their discussion, her silver-streaked blonde hair freshly styled and her crimson lips slightly swollen.

Karly, still clutching the sheet around her big tits, explained that their affair had started innocently—she'd merely been taste-testing Jenson's thick, pearly sperm on her tongue, rolling it around her mouth to ensure it wasn't bitter.

"One thing just led to another," she whispered, her manicured fingers trembling against the cotton fabric.

Connie's heavily-lined eyes crinkled with amusement as she admitted she'd been riding Jenson's throbbing manhood on the regular, ever since moving into their guest bedroom after her husband's death.

Reese's eyes lit up like she'd just spotted a viral TikTok opportunity. "So like, have you two ever double-teamed his dick?" she blurted. "You know, like, spit-roasted him or whatever? Had him clapping both your cheeks in the same night?"

"For God's sake, Reese!" Amanda hissed through clenched teeth.

Reese merely tossed her glossy auburn hair, her emerald eyes rolling dramatically. "Mom, you clearly don't know jack shit about teenage cock. A jacked stud like Jenson could rail both their sloppy holes till their legs give out and still have enough jizz left in those fat nuts to drown a small town."

The baby's cry pierced the air like a siren, instantly triggering a Pavlovian response in all three older women. Karly's sheet nearly slipped as she pivoted toward the nursery, Amanda's heels clicked double-time across the hardwood, and Connie's crimson lips pursed with concern as they rushed down the hallway.

Reese wasted no time sliding onto the couch beside Jenson, her manicured fingers tracing slow circles on his thigh, inching dangerously close to where the sheet tented. "So," she purred, her glossy lips curving into a predatory smile, "must be fuckin' lit havin' three generations of bomb-ass coochie thirstin' for that thick baby-maker, am I right?"

Jenson's eyebrows furrowed in confusion, his granite jawline tensing as he processed her words. "Third generation?" he asked. "I've only been with Mom and Gran."

Reese's emerald eyes went hungry-dark as she pressed in close enough for him to feel her hot breath on his neck. "Just 'cause I got some basic-ass wedding band don't mean shit," she whispered, her sticky lips grazing

his ear. "This bomb-ass married snatch is fuckin' desperate to get stretched by that thick-ass family dick."

Jenson gulped audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing as he stared back at her with widening pupils. He'd always thought his cousin—six years his senior with that signature auburn hair that caught the light like polished copper—was smoking hot. She had those massive double-G family tits straining against her silk blouse and an ass that jutted out like a mahogany shelf, round and firm enough to balance a drink on.

He genuinely liked her husband Derek, a decent guy who'd always brought him Knicks tickets, but it was painfully obvious from the way Reese was gazing at him that she had a ravenous appetite for younger, harder dick.

"So tell me," she purred, her hot breath making his skin prickle, "you been munchin' on that mommy and granny box too, cousin? Bet you slurp those fat, swollen clits till they're shaking like a washing machine and squirting that tasty MILF cream all over your face."

Jenson could only blush—his answer clearly evident.

"You probably get off on how they taste, don't you?" Reese continued. "Sweet as fuck—and how they smell when they're soaked and begging for that girthy meat-stick to rail 'em stupid."

Jenson nodded. "Yeah, I love it," he admitted, his voice dropping to a husky whisper. "When they're all wet and swollen, tasting like honey..."

"And I bet you get rock-hard watching those bougie bitches' slutty mouths stretch the fuck out around that donkey dick," she purred, sliding her long, pierced tongue slowly across her bottom lip like a hungry python, the metal stud catching the light.

"Their fancy-ass mascara running down their faces while they're gagging and sputtering on that wrist-thick schlong, trying not to spill a single fucking drop when you bust that fat nut down their thirsty-ass throats."

"They ARE good at sucking dick," Jenson confessed, his cheeks blushing pink.

Reese giggled, a predatory sound that made his dick twitch beneath the thin sheet. "And having those baby-maker balls of yours licked and sucked too, right?" she purred, licking her glossy lips. "Bet your eyes roll back when they slobber all over those jizz-filled nuts while they're cranking that girthy fuck-stick till it's about to explode."

The teen could only nod, aroused by his older cousin's filthy mouth.

Reese dug her crimson acrylic nails into his muscular thigh, leaving crescent-moon indentations in his flesh. "I ain't your mommy," she growled, her sticky lips all up in his ear, "but I'd wreck you just as fuckin' hard. I'd bounce on that monster dong till your bed frame's busted as fuck, soaking those big-ass nuts with my sloppy wet married cooch. Two. Fucking. Hours." Each word came with a vise-grip squeeze. "None of that

weak hit-it-and-quit-it shit. I'd drain every last fuckin' drop outta those swollen balls, then go back for more.”

Jenson's hungry eyes crawled down her body like a physical touch, from those dainty bare feet with glossy black-lacquered toenails arched in six-inch black stilettos, up the strong, tanned expanse of her cheerleader legs that could crush watermelons between those powerful thighs, past the flared baby-bearing hips straining against her too-tight pencil skirt, to the magnificent, gravity-defying swell of her double-H tits threatening to burst through pearl buttons that looked ready to surrender at any moment.

He imagined the two of them in a sweaty, primal rut, her stilettos abandoned on his bedroom floor, her powerful cheerleader legs fastened around his granite-hard torso like a vise grip, her glossy black-lacquered toes curling and separating in waves of ecstasy as he jackhammered her like a rutting animal against his cum-stained sheets.

In his mind, her massive double-H tits bounced violently with each savage thrust, her auburn hair splayed across his pillow as she shattered repeatedly on his thick, veiny teenage cock.

When he looked into her hungry emerald eyes, darkened with lust, he could tell she was imagining the exact same filthy scenario, her tongue unconsciously darting across her sticky bottom lip.

Inside the baby's nursery—a pastel-pink sanctuary adorned with dancing unicorn decals—Amanda cradled the infant against her big, heavy breasts. Karly hovered beside her, the cum-splattered sheet now secured around her while Connie leaned in, her expensive perfume mingling with the powder-fresh scent of the nursery.

"She has your dimples, sis," Amanda whispered, tracing the baby's petal-soft cheek, "but every time I look at those familiar blue eyes, I still can't wrap my mind around... you know... you and Jenson creating this little miracle together."

"It wasn't like I was trying to get knocked up," she awkwardly confessed, "But when you're getting railed four to five times a day by a horny teenager with balls full of premium baby batter, what else could happen?"

"So true," said Connie nodding in agreement, her crimson-tipped fingers splaying possessively across her taut lower abdomen.

Amanda's perfectly plucked eyebrow arched skyward. "Mother? Something you wanna share?"

"I'm not pregnant...yet," Connie blushed, "but I swear I can feel his potent teenage swimmers flooding womb, millions of virile little soldiers marching toward my last good egg."

Amanda's shoulders slumped dramatically as her glossy pink lips curved into a petulant pout. "Just perfect," she hissed, "I've been temperature-

charting and taking fertility supplements for twelve miserable months while my sister and mother get knocked up from casual fucks."

Connie slid arm around her daughter's trembling shoulders. "Darling," she whispered, "we've been riding virile teenage cock that shoots thick, creamy loads like a fire hose. You've been getting sad, watery dribbles from Harold's exhausted middle-aged balls."

A single tear carved a glistening path down Amanda's flushed cheek. "Harold's been trying," she choked out, her glossy pink lips quivering uncontrollably, "he really has. My poor husband's been popping those testosterone supplements like candy, wearing those ridiculous loose boxers, and soaking his balls in ice water before bed. He even stopped using the hot tub. But it just hasn't happened, and I wanna baby so damn bad my ovaries physically ache every time I scroll past a fucking Gerber ad."

Karly's eyes gleamed with pride as she shifted the sheet around her naked body. "You wouldn't believe the amount Jenson pumps out," she whispered conspiratorially, "Not just little spurts—I'm talking thick, pearly ropes that just keep coming. One time I counted nine massive jets before it even slowed down."

She gestured with her hands to indicate volume. "Reese is right—these eighteen-year-olds are basically walking sperm factories with legs. His balls are constantly churning out fresh batches, ready to go again in

minutes. It's like evolutionary biology designed them specifically for breeding."

Amanda's eyes glazed over, her glossy lips parting slightly as she visibly pictured thick ropes of virile teenage cum flooding her desperate womb. "So what you're basically saying," she breathed, twisting her diamond wedding band nervously around her manicured finger, "is that I need to fuck my barely-legal nephew's brains out if I wanna get knocked up?"

"Not necessarily Jenson specifically," Karley replied, "but riding some horny eighteen-year-old's baby-maker would definitely up your chances of getting that bump you're so desperate for."

Amanda twisted a lock of honey-blonde hair around her manicured finger. "I mean, I guess I could fuck our neighbor boy who's always mowing shirtless," she mused, her glossy lips pursing. "But I'm pretty sure he's only 17, so that's a hard no. There is that delicious barely-legal boy at Scoops 'n Dreams though—who's always staring at my tits."

She bit her lower lip. "I could ask him if he wants to go for a ride, drive him to that abandoned overlook by the lake, and drain those swollen teenage balls until he's seeing stars. But screwing random strangers is so risky. The absolute last thing I need is Harold finding out I'm hunting for premium seed elsewhere."

Karly and her mother exchanged a knowing glance, their perfectly glossed lips curving into identical smiles. Karly's voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper. "I know it's unconventional, but I could ask—"

"Jenson?!" Amanda blurted out, her cheeks flushing pink.

Karly nodded slowly, leaning closer. "You could make that baby together right in his bedroom," she murmured. "The thick walls would muffle those desperate moans when he floods your hungry womb with his potent seed. Much less risky than some public hookup."

Amanda's breathing quickened, her chest rising and falling beneath her silk blouse as she pressed a manicured hand against her flushed décolletage. "I can't believe I'm even considering something so... potentially scandalous," she whispered, her glossy lips barely moving.

Her eyes darted between her sister and mother, searching their faces. "But you two have been riding Jenson like a rodeo bull for months without Tom or anyone else finding out, right? So clearly this whole incest-for-procreation thing actually works."

She twisted her wedding band nervously, already imagining her nephew's virile seed flooding her desperate womb.

"Did I hear my name?" Tom, Karly's husband, asked as he suddenly appeared in the doorway.

Karly's glossy lips curved into a practiced smile as she adjusted her sheet. "Just telling the girls what an amazing daddy you've been," she purred, batting her lashes. "So attentive."

Tom's chest swelled with pride beneath his tailored dress shirt as he crossed the room. "Sure am," he beamed, carefully scooping the infant from Amanda's arms.

The three women exchanged knowing glances, their perfectly manicured fingers rising to cover twitching lips as they watched him nuzzle the baby who shared none of his features but all of Jenson's.

Tom's gaze drifted from the baby to his sheet-wrapped wife, his brow furrowing as he took in the hastily-secured fabric bunched around her curves. "What's with the bedsheet fashion statement?" he chuckled, adjusting the infant in his arms. "You and Jenson planning some kind of impromptu toga party I wasn't invited to?"

Karly's glossy lips parted in a nervous giggle as she clutched the cum-stained fabric tighter around her naked body. "The baby spit up all over my blouse," she lied smoothly, tossing her honey-blonde hair. "Jenson's shirt got soaked helping me clean up."

Tom squinted at the translucent white splotches glistening across the rumpled sheet. "Looks like the baby got you good," he observed, pointing to a particularly large wet patch near her hip. "That's a lot of spit-up."

Karly clutched the fabric tighter, feeling the still-warm dampness of Jenson's seed against her bare skin. "You have no idea," she murmured, rising carefully to keep the evidence concealed.

She caught her mother's eye with a barely perceptible wink, then flashed her sister a conspiratorial smile that made Amanda's cheeks flush pink.

After a steaming shower that washed away the evidence of her afternoon activities, Karly slipped into a plunging crimson wrap dress that hugged her curves and drove her sister, niece and mother to Chez Maurice, a dimly-lit French bistro on the edge of town.

The maître d' led them to a secluded corner booth where thick velvet curtains could be drawn for absolute privacy. Over glasses of sparkling rosé that caught the flickering candlelight, the four women leaned close, glossy lips curving into conspiratorial smiles.

Colossal, gravity-defying breasts strained against four necklines of varying depths—from Connie's plunging V-neck that showcased a deep alabaster cleavage to Amanda's more modest scoop that nevertheless revealed the upper curves of her milky HH-cups.

Each woman's nipples pressed visibly against silk and satin, hardening whenever the air conditioning cycled on. These magnificent mammaries represented three generations of the same genetic blessing, passed down like priceless heirlooms.

Beneath the table, four pairs of legs crossed at the knee, their skin shimmering in the candlelight—each set simultaneously delicate and commanding, a perfect balance of feminine allure and maternal strength.

Their legs tapered down to slender ankles and dainty feet, each toe meticulously painted—Karly's in glossy crimson to match her dress, Amanda's in a demure ballet-pink, her mother's in classic French tips, and Reese's in a daring black with tiny rhinestones catching the light with every subtle movement. Their feet arched dramatically in stilettos of varying heights—from Amanda's modest three-inch nude pumps to Karly's six-inch patent leather platforms that showcased her shapely calves to maximum effect.

"Hold the fuck up, Mom," Reese sputtered, dabbing her lips with a napkin. "You're seriously gonna let cousin Jenson raw-dog you and bust his fat nut inside your baby-hungry snatch?"

Amanda's cheeks flushed a delicate pink as she twisted her diamond wedding band nervously. "You don't have to put it so crudely, but yes," she confessed in a breathy whisper, her gaze darting between her daughter, sister, and mother. "After seeing how absolutely perfect that baby is, with those pouty lips and those gorgeous blue eyes that are nothing like Tom's, and after our little heart-to-heart—" she gestured to Karly and their mother,—"I've decided that's exactly the route I'm gonna take."

"That's straight-up fire," Reese hissed, "In fact, I wanna piece of that action too. I need Jenson to raw me and blast that cock-nectar up in my baby-maker."

Connie's perfectly arched eyebrows shot up. "But darling, what about Derek? You two have only been married not even a year. Don't you wanna create a child with him?"

Reese rolled her eyes, the movement causing her heavy tits to shift beneath her silk blouse. "Getting knocked up by your husband is so fucking vanilla," she scoffed, running her pierced tongue across her plump lower lip. "I need some jacked teenage stud with a monster dong to raw me till I'm preggo as fuck."

Karly's glossy crimson lips curved as she exchanged glances with her mother across the table. Her manicured fingers toyed with the stem of her wine glass, twisting it slowly as she considered the implications. While she was eager to help her sister and niece experience Jenson's virility, a flicker of possessiveness tightened in her chest.

Each new woman meant fewer opportunities for Jenson's thick, throbbing manhood to stretch her own desperate walls to completion. "Well," she purred, her voice honeyed with false generosity, "it seems our virile young stud will need to develop quite the rigorous schedule to keep all four of our needy pussies satisfied and filled with his potent seed."

"I, um...have to ask," Amanda whispered, her voice barely audible over the restaurant's ambient music, "exactly how... substantial is he?"

Reese snorted. "Jesus Christ, Mom, just ask how fuckin' huge his dong is already. Like, what's the girth on that baby-maker? We all wanna know if that schlong's gonna split us in half or what."

Karly's lips curved into a smile as she held her hands apart to demonstrate Jenson's impressive dimensions.

Amanda's perfectly glossed mouth fell open, her eyes widening as she stared at the considerable space between her sister's palms. "Jesus Christ," she breathed.

Reese slammed both hands on the table, causing the silverware to jump. "That's three fucking inches bigger than Derek's!" she hissed, leaning so far forward her heavy breasts nearly dipped into her crème brûlée. "Is it thick too? Veiny? Does it curve? I need details, Aunt Karly!"

Karly leaned in, her crimson lips parting as she traced a curved arc in the air with one manicured finger. "It's got this delicious upward curve," she purred, "that hits your G-spot with every. Single. Thrust."

"And that head," Connie added, forming a circle with her thumb and forefinger before slowly expanding it, "so plump and defined—like a mushroom with this perfect ridge that drags against every sensitive inch of you."

Reese squealed, squirming in her velvet-upholstered seat. Beneath her skin-tight mini skirt, the plump waxed lips of her glistening pussy were lewdly displayed in a crotchless black thong, the delicate Italian lace framing her most intimate flesh like an obscene picture frame. Her curvaceous hips performed a subtle grinding motion against the velvet upholstery, causing her swollen, pierced clitoris to protrude even more prominently from between her engorged labia, which glistened with dewy arousal that threatened to drip onto the expensive restaurant chair.

Amanda leaned forward, her cheeks blushing pink. "How does he like it best? Since he's doing me such a huge favor, the least I can do is let him pump his seed into me in his favorite position."

"He prefers his women on top," her sister answered, "Probably loves the view—watching those heavy breasts swing while a woman takes exactly what she needs."

Reese giggled and rolled her eyes. "Fucking teenage boys. All they want is to motorboat some fat-ass titties while they're jackhammering pussy. Slobbering all over some juicy mommy knockers while getting their jizz-sticks drained dry."

Connie's eyes fluttered closed momentarily as she added, "He has this way of circling the areola with just the tip of his tongue—slow, deliberate spirals that get smaller and smaller until he's flicking right at the center of your nipple. Then he sucks with this perfect pressure—not too gentle, not too rough—while his tongue keeps working."

"Does he ever use his teeth?" Reese asked, unconsciously running her own fingertips across her silk-covered nipple.

"Not at first," Karly purred, swirling her wine. "I had to teach him how to apply just enough pressure—that exquisite balance between pleasure and pain that makes a woman's toes curl."

She lowered her voice to a husky whisper. "Now he's perfected that delicious little bite that sends lightning straight to your clit. God, just this afternoon he had me gripping the sheets while he drained these swollen tits until milk trickled down his chin."

Reese glanced at her aunt's milk-swollen breasts, each one straining against the delicate fabric of her blouse like ripe watermelons about to burst from their silk prison. "I bet he goes absolutely ape-shit over those fat-ass milk-jugs," she purred, licking her lips. "Probably smashes his face so deep in those sloppy tit-mountains he damn near suffocates in all that titty-flesh."

"Sometimes I have to pull his head out from between my boobs before he passes out between all this titty-meat," Connie added.

The table erupted in throaty, conspiratorial laughter that turned the heads of nearby diners.

Below the table, their mature pussies smoldered beneath their designer miniskirts, dampening their sheer panties with viscous arousal. Karly's black La Perla thong, visible beneath her micro-mini, strained against her

puffy labia which formed a pronounced cameltoe, the swollen outline clearly defined against the delicate fabric.

Amanda's freshly waxed vulva visibly throbbed through her white Agent Provocateur panties, the lace now translucent where her honeyed secretions had soaked through.

Their mother Connie's pink Victoria's Secret bikini briefs clung like wet silk to her engorged sex, her thick clitoral hood protruding prominently between her glistening outer lips, pulsating with each quickened heartbeat.

"So how long does it take him to reload that baby batter cannon after he blasts one off?" Reese asked, her eyes gleaming with hunger.

"That's the miracle of teenage hormones, sweetie," Karly said with a smile. "His cock barely has time to stop twitching before it's standing at attention again—five minutes, tops."

"And his stamina?" Amanda whispered, her cheeks flushed. "When you're coming apart on top of him, can he keep that magnificent cock pounding through your orgasm, or does he lose his rhythm?"

Karly's crimson lips parted in a knowing smile. "He fucks me straight through them," she purred. "That thick teenage cock just keeps hammering away while I'm screaming and clawing at his back."



Below the table, their mature pussies smoldered beneath their designer miniskirts, dampening their sheer panties with viscous arousal.

"It's absolutely mind-blowing," Connie added, eyes glazing with remembered pleasure. "He'll bring me to one shuddering orgasm after another without losing his rhythm or shooting his load until I'm begging for his cum."

Reese snorted, flicking her tongue stud against her teeth. "Duh. Boy's got a dick that stays brick 24/7. Teens can rail a MILF's cooch out for hours. While hubby's pushing papers at the office, we're out here catching nut after nut after motherfucking nut."

Amanda's perfectly arched eyebrows drew together as she fixed her daughter with an icy stare. "You certainly have a colorful vocabulary, young lady," she said half-scolding her.

"I'm just keeping it real, bitch," she replied with a smirk that dimpled her left cheek. "Sure, you'll be 'babymaking' with your nephew, but let's not front like he won't have your thirsty ass clapping back on them sheets, coochie cream flooding the whole damn mattress, and your throat wrecked from screaming so fucking loud the whole block gonna know you getting dicked down by that young pipe."

"You're not wrong," Amanda admitted with a breathy laugh, dabbing her glossy lips with a napkin. "My husband says the neighbors complained three times last month about my... screaming. And that's just with his average equipment. God knows what noises I'll make with Jenson stretching me to my limits."

She leaned forward with a worried expression. "Perhaps we should consider somewhere more... isolated for these sessions?"

Connie's eyes lit up as she placed her manicured hand on Amanda's wrist. "The lake house," she purred. "Two acres of private shoreline, soundproofed master bedroom, and that California king with the reinforced frame."

Reese slammed her fist on the table, rattling the silverware. "Holy shit, Gran, that's genius as fuck!" she barked, her pierced tongue clicking against her teeth. "That boujee-ass lake crib is perfect for raw-dogging and baby-batter injections! We can bang like fuckin' animals without the neighbors calling five-oh on our thirsty asses!"

"Wait, what do we tell our husbands?" Amanda asked.

Reese rolled her eyes. "We tell those simps we're doing some basic-bitch wellness retreat," she snorted. "And we just gotta drag Jenson's fine ass along to split wood and fix shit. Those average-dicked motherfuckers won't have a clue their nephew's gonna be balls-deep inside us, pumping our pussies full of his baby gravy till we're knocked up as fuck."

The next morning Jenson was hunched over the granite kitchen island, shoveling spoonful after spoonful of sugar-coated cereal into his mouth, milk dribbling down his chin.

His hooded eyes, still puffy with sleep, tracked the hypnotic pendulum motion of his mother's heavy tits as she reached for the coffee pot, her fat nipples visibly hardening beneath the thin crimson silk of her bathrobe.

When his grandmother bent to retrieve a fallen napkin, the blue fabric of her robe gaped open just enough to reveal the deep shadowed valley between her enormous globes. Jenson's spoon froze halfway to his mouth as his father, tie askew and briefcase clutched under one arm, planted a hasty kiss on his wife's cheek before rushing for the door.

“Have a good day everyone!” he shouted, scrambling to find his keys.

Jenson glanced up to find his grandmother's gaze locked on him, her eyes heavy-lidded with unmistakable intent as she leaned against the counter, meaty udders jutting beneath her robe.

Jenson glanced clock ticking in the corner. "I should probably head out before I'm late for calculus," he mumbled, pushing back his chair.

His grandmother Connie casually leaned against the marble-topped counter, extending one long, deeply tanned leg across his path like a velvet barrier. Her crimson-painted toes pointed with balletic precision as she effectively blocked his exit.

Jenson glanced up to find his grandmother's gaze locked on him, her eyes heavy-lidded with unmistakable intent as she leaned against the counter, meaty udders jutting beneath her robe.



The midnight-blue silk of her short robe slid inexorably upward, revealing not just a smooth expanse of honey-gold thigh but the plump, glistening folds of her completely bare mons, its pink lips visibly swollen with arousal and catching the morning light that streamed through the kitchen window.

“Not yet, baby,” his mother whispered with a conspiratorial smile. She sashayed toward the front door to see his father out, her hips swinging in a hypnotic rhythm that made the loosened belt of her robe swing like a pendulum.

Her enormous milk-swollen breasts, veined with delicate blue tributaries beneath translucent skin, swayed heavily with each step, their dusky rose nipples visibly hardening against the whisper-thin material that barely contained them.

After his father's car disappeared down the driveway, Karly and Connie exchanged knowing glances before approaching Jenson like lionesses cornering prey. Without uttering a single word, they sank to their knees before him in perfect synchronization, manicured fingers working at his belt buckle with practiced efficiency.

“Don’t worry, I've already called you in late for school this morning,” Karly said, zipping down his fly.

His jeans slid down his thighs with a whisper of denim, pooling around his ankles. When they peeled away his cotton briefs, Jenson's massive

erection sprang free with such force it audibly slapped against his abdomen, leaving a glistening trail of pre-cum across his taut stomach.

"My God, look how hard he is for us," Connie breathed reverently to her daughter, her hot breath caressing his throbbing shaft.

Karly hummed appreciatively as she cupped his heavy testicles, her crimson nails delicately scratching the sensitive skin of his scrotum. "So full," she whispered, "and ready to be drained."

Jenson shivered violently as their hot, wet tongues began to trace every vein and ridge of his throbbing member. His grandmother's experienced mouth engulfed his swollen purple head while his mother's cherry-red lips traveled the underside of his shaft, her tongue flicking rapidly against his tube running its length.

Their hungry moans and obscene slurping echoed off the kitchen's marble surfaces as they took turns swallowing him to the root, tears forming at the corners of their eyes when his enormous girth triggered their gag reflexes. The dual sensation of his mom sucking one of his heavy testicles into her mouth while his gran's tongue probed the weeping slit of his cockhead sent electric jolts up his spine.

Karly paused her oral ministrations just long enough to speak, her glossy lips still pressed against the pulsating crown of his manhood. "We have something very important to discuss with you, baby," she purred, her emerald eyes gazing up through thick lashes, pupils dilated with

unmistakable hunger. A glistening strand of saliva connected her bottom lip to his engorged glans as she awaited his response.

When Jenson managed a breathless "Sure," she swirled her hot, velvet tongue around his sensitive ridge once more before continuing. "Your Aunty Amanda and cousin Reese," she whispered, punctuating each name with a delicate kiss along his throbbing shaft, "want babies. Not just any babies—" her manicured fingers tightened possessively around his girth, "—your babies."

"Both of them?" Jenson timidly asked. "Reese told me she wanted me to fuck her on her marital bed while Derek's at work, but I didn't know Aunt Amanda would want that too."

Connie's tongue traced lazy figure-eights across the wrinkled skin of his scrotum while she explained between wet, hungry laps. "They both need what you've got, sweetheart," she purred, her hot breath condensing on his glistening sac. Her crimson-lacquered nails delicately scratched his inner thighs as she inhaled deeply, savoring the heady, salt-musk scent that radiated from his teenage loins. "That thick, potent seed swimming inside these heavy balls," she continued, taking one testicle entirely into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked with reverent devotion.

Jenson looked down, mesmerized by the obscene sight of his mother's crimson lips stretched taut around his throbbing meat. Her emerald eyes gazed up at him through long lashes as she took his enormous shaft

deeper, the first few inches disappearing into the silken heat of her throat with practiced ease.

When she finally released him with a wet, vulgar pop, a glistening thread of saliva still connected her swollen bottom lip to his purple, engorged crown. "We're all going to Gran's lakeside cabin this weekend," she purred, her voice husky from the strain of accommodating his girth. "Just the five of us. And you, my perfect boy, will need to empty these heavy balls"—she cupped his testicles reverently—"again and again until we're all carrying your precious seed."

Jenson's eyes widened in disbelief. "Wait—all of you?" he stammered, his voice cracking. "But Mom, you just had a baby a couple days ago."

His mother's full, cherry-red lips curved into a mischievous smile as she dragged her tongue along the throbbing vein on the underside of his shaft. "I know I did, baby," she purred, emerald eyes glittering with primal hunger. "But maybe I want your potent seed to give little Lily a brother or sister already."

Meanwhile, Connie's experienced fingers released the delicate, wrinkled skin where his heavy sack met his taint, causing his massive member to twitch violently. "And don't forget," his grandmother whispered, her hot breath condensing on his glistening testicles, "I want you to flood my womb too, if you haven't knocked me up already."

"I hope I have enough for everyone," he whispered, his voice cracking with adolescent uncertainty.

"Don't worry, baby," his mother purred, her crimson nails trailing feather-light patterns along his pulsating veins. "Your young body is designed for this—producing endless waves of thick, potent seed. And every last pearly drop will flood our fertile wombs until we're all swollen with your babies."

Connie's glossy crimson lips traced a winding path of wet kisses and gentle nips across the defined ridges of his abdomen, leaving behind a constellation of lipstick marks on his tanned skin. With manicured hands gripping his muscular thighs, she spun him around and spread his firm, youthful buttocks with practiced fingers.

Her tongue—hot, wet, and relentless—circled his puckered entrance before darting inside with serpentine precision, eliciting a guttural moan that echoed off the kitchen's marble surfaces as she demonstrated the intimate expertise that decades of maternal devotion had perfected.

Karly clutched his heavy testicles in her manicured hand, her crimson nails digging slightly into the delicate skin as she worked his throbbing shaft with practiced expertise. Her glossy lips stretched taut around his impressive girth while her silken tongue swirled patterns against his sensitive underside.

Her blonde hair cascaded around her flushed face as her pretty head bobbed rhythmically, taking him deeper with each descent, soft whimpers of pleasure escaping her throat as the salty-sweet taste of his pre-cum coated her eager tongue.

“Spread your legs wider, baby,” Karly whispered as she disappeared between his trembling legs, her elegant neck arched backward at an impossible angle as she devoured his heavy testicles with religious fervor.

Connie's experienced tongue traced a wet path across his sensitive taint before she joined her daughter at his swollen sac, their hungry mouths working in maternal harmony. Four glossy lips and two velvet tongues slithered across every wrinkle and fold of his scrotal flesh, their synchronized oral worship punctuated by obscene slurping sounds that echoed off the kitchen's marble surfaces.

Jenson listened, mouth dry, as they narrated their exploration in explicit detail. "Feel how the skin tightens when you lick right here?" Karly murmured, licking the patch of flesh she was referring to, her face just next to her mother's.

“Mmm, his scrotal raphe,” Connie purred, licking that sensitive seam running down his scrotum that Jenson never known had a name.

Karly and her mother purred like kittens as they pressed their pretty faces up into the wrinkled landscape of his scrotum. They alternated between gentle suction and delicate nibbles, their pearly teeth carefully grazing the tender skin while their hot, velvet tongues bathed every fold in warm saliva.

"God, that teenage musk," Karly whispered reverently, inhaling deeply while her manicured nails gently scratched his inner thighs. "It's like nothing else on earth."

Connie hummed in agreement, her experienced tongue tracing lazy figure-eights across the delicate skin where his heavy sac met his taint. "So potent," she murmured, her hot breath condensing on his glistening flesh. "So fertile."

Jenson's enormous member jutted skyward at an impossible angle, the angry purple crown pulsating visibly with each thundering heartbeat. A steady rivulet of pearlescent pre-ejaculate oozed from his weeping slit, forming a glistening thread that descended in slow motion before splattering onto the alabaster valley of his mother's heaving cleavage.

Connie's crimson lips brushed against the delicate, wrinkled skin of his left testicle. "Let's pull on his cords," she whispered, her hot breath condensing on the taut surface before she parted her lips and drew the heavy orb entirely into the velvet heat of her mouth.

Beside her, Karly's glossy mouth enveloped his right testicle with practiced expertise, her cheeks hollowing as she created a perfect vacuum around the sensitive gland.

They suckled his swollen spheres like exotic fruit, the ring of their lips gently tugging at his spermatic cords through the thin scrotal skin, creating an exquisite pressure that made his massive shaft twitch violently.

Their painted lips nearly touched at his raphe, the entire wrinkled sack disappearing between their hungry, maternal mouths.

The kitchen was filled with the noise of obscene wet sucking sounds that echoed off the marble countertops—slurps and pops and hungry, animal-like gulps that seemed to reverberate through the room like some perverse symphony, punctuated by the occasional gasping breath and the soft, wet smack of lipstick-stained mouths returning to their devoted worship.

They let their perfectly white teeth scrape exquisitely along the tender, distended flesh of his swollen testicles, feeling the heavy orbs attempt to retreat upward into his body in primal response.

With synchronized maternal instinct, they simply applied more vacuum-like suction, their crimson lips forming airtight seals as they deliberately stretched the coiled, rope-like tubes of his vas deferens. Their expert tongues swirled and danced across the delicate landscape of his scrotum as they nursed on his nuts with religious devotion, drawing forth the precious essence contained within.

"Damn, the things you guys can do with your mouths," the teen gasped, his voice breaking into a tremulous moan while watching his mom appear from between his legs.

Karly's impossibly agile tongue—pink, glistening, and seemingly endless—whipped and danced across the swollen purple helmet of his manhood, leaving glistening trails of saliva that caught the kitchen's recessed

lighting. His knob visibly ballooned even further, the skin stretching taut and shiny, as her expert tongue tip mercilessly plowed against the exquisitely sensitive frenulum separating his throbbing glans from his veiny shaft.

Karly's crimson lips curved into a devious smile. "Speaking of the things we can do," she purred, "should we do that special thing we discussed earlier, Mom?"

Connie's tongue gave his quivering testicle one final, lingering lick before she pulled away, a glistening thread of saliva still connecting her to his scrotum. "Absolutely," she whispered, her voice husky with desire. "He's more than ready."

Confusion flickered across Jenson's flushed face as they led him toward the dining room, his massive member bobbing stiffly with each step, angry veins pulsating beneath the taut, shiny skin.

"What thing?" he asked breathlessly, pre-cum beading at his swollen purple tip.

When they arrived in the dining room, his gran gestured toward the polished mahogany chair at the head of the table. "Sit," she commanded, her voice a sultry whisper that sent shivers down his spine.

With synchronized grace, both women untied their silk robes, letting the expensive fabric pool around their pedicured feet. Their magnificent

breasts—heavy, pendulous orbs capped with stiff, berry-colored nipples—swayed hypnotically with each breath they took.

Karly positioned herself directly above him, her thighs straddling his trembling legs as she cupped her enormous mammaries in manicured hands. With deliberate pressure, she squeezed her engorged nipples between thumb and forefinger, throwing her head back in ecstasy as warm, sweet tit-milk erupted in pressurized streams, drenching his throbbing manhood in maternal nectar that cascaded down his shaft and collected in pearly puddles around his swollen testicles.

Karly's crimson lips parted in a knowing smile. "Now he's ready," she purred.

Connie moved with feline grace, lowering her curvaceous body until her knees pressed against the floor. With practiced hands, she gathered her heavy, pendulous breasts—their creamy flesh spilling between her manicured fingers—and enveloped his throbbing shaft in their warm, pillowy embrace. The contrast of his angry purple crown against her porcelain décolletage made him groan as she began sliding her glistening tits up and down his length.

"Isn't this better than calculus class, darling?" she purred, her voice like warm honey as she worked his throbbing, veiny shaft through the slick channel between her enormous, ivory breasts.



"Isn't this better than calculus class, darling?" she purred, her voice like warm honey as she worked his throbbing, veiny shaft through the slick channel between her enormous, ivory breasts.

Her magnificent globes, each larger than his head, engulfed his impressive length entirely—the angry purple crown of his manhood completely disappearing into the deep valley of her perfumed cleavage.

Karly stepped forward with feline grace, cupping one heavy, milk-laden breast in her manicured hand. "Hungry, darling?" she purred, guiding the engorged nipple toward her son's waiting mouth.

Jenson latched on eagerly, his lips forming a perfect seal around the center of her dusky areola as warm, sweet mother's milk flooded his eager throat.

His eyes fluttered closed in ecstasy, while Connie's expert hands continued their relentless rhythm below, her enormous milk-slick breasts sliding along his throbbing shaft with the perfect tempo of a warm, wet pussy riding him.

The pearlescent fluid created a frictionless channel between her alabaster globes as his purple crown repeatedly emerged from her deep cleavage only to disappear again into the perfumed valley between her mountainous tits.

His face had sunk into the plush, yielding meat of his mom's enormous tit, his cheeks and nose disappearing into the warm, perfumed cushion of her mommy-mammary. He pulled back just enough so that he could look up the gentle, alabaster slope of her heaving boob and watch her gasping, flushed reaction to his relentless sucking.

Inside his mouth, his eager tongue dug hungrily around her fat, rubbery teat, flailing through the sweet, warm milk to massage the purpled, engorged flesh of her sensitive nipple as it pulsed rhythmically against his palate.

From the distant nursery came the cry of their newborn infant, cutting through their shared bliss. Karly's crimson lips curved into a wicked smile

as she gazed down at her nursing son. "Make sure you save some for your baby sister," she whispered, a droplet of milk escaping to trail down her porcelain skin.

Connie reluctantly released his throbbing purple manhood from between her heaving alabaster globes, a thin strand of saliva and pre-cum stretching between her glistening cleavage and his angry crown.

She worked a deliberate trail of wet, open-mouthed kisses up the ridges of his chiseled abdomen, her pink tongue leaving glistening paths across his tanned skin. "I can tend to little Lily if you want to take over," she whispered to Karly, her hot breath condensing against his flesh. "I know you're dying to pump his hot seed all over your body."

Then Connie crushed her enormous GILF tits against his torso, her fat stiff nipples dragging across his skin as she attacked his neck with primal, gasping kisses that left crimson lipstick marks blooming like exotic flowers on his golden skin.

"Oh my God, Gran," the boy gasped as she enveloped him in her maternal, tit-smothering embrace, her crimson lips and pink tongue attacking the sensitive junction between his neck and shoulder with feral intensity. Her manicured nails carved ten perfect crescents into the tanned expanse of his broad back, marking him as hers.

Meanwhile, Karly had gracefully descended to the floor, her milk-heavy tits swaying hypnotically before she captured his glistening purple

manhood between her magnificent ivory globes. With practiced expertise, she compressed her enormous mammaries around his throbbing shaft, creating a warm, slick channel that hugged every pulsating vein as she established a rhythm that had his toes curling against the polished floor.

"I can't wait to fuck you," Connie snarled, staring at her Grandson like a complete sex fanatic, her crimson lips curling back to reveal perfect white teeth.

She reluctantly peeled her sweat-slicked body from his, her enormous titties wobbling as she rose, sashaying toward the nursery, her curvaceous hips swaying hypnotically.

Karly gazed up, her tongue darting out to collect a glistening drop of pre-cum from her plump bottom lip. "You like how Mommy's big tits feel around your thick shaft, don't you, baby?" she moaned, compressing her enormous milk-laden breasts more tightly around his throbbing manhood.

Jenson could only manage a strangled "Uh huh," his voice cracking as his eyes rolled back in his skull.

"Can you feel all that warm mommy tit-meat squeezing around your sensitive crown?" she purred, her hot breath ghosting across his glistening tip. "Every single nerve ending in that teenage cock must be on fire right now, throbbing against Mommy's soft flesh."

"Yesss!" Jenson gasped, feeling his balls tighten with impending release, drawing up against the base of his throbbing shaft.

Karly's emerald eyes widened as she gasped, her cherry-red lips parting in awe. "Look at your juicy purple knob poking through," she purred, her hot breath caressing his sensitive glans, "that glistening piss slit yawning open like a hungry mouth. Are you about to nut all over mommy's pretty face?"

"Yesss," the boy hissed, his face twisting into a lewd pleasure-grimace.

"Paint me with your thick, pearly ropes, baby boy," Karly mewled. "Mark me as your babymaking whore?"

Jenson gasped, his swollen testicles tightening and tingling with electric anticipation as his mother's glistening, serpentine tongue darted out to capture his purple, mushroom-shaped crown each time it emerged from the slick valley between her heaving alabaster globes.

Her emerald eyes, half-lidded with primal hunger, locked onto his own bliss-addled gaze, refusing to release him from their hypnotic hold as she worshipped his throbbing manhood with deliberate, torturous strokes of her hot, velvet muscle.

Jenson's entire body tensed as he roared, "I'm cumming!"

His crown disappeared between her glistening tits, and a millisecond later, a thick, pearlescent rope of hot seed erupted with volcanic force, splattering across Karly's elegant neck and flushed face.

Her emerald eyes widened in primal satisfaction as a second, equally copious jet of his virile essence blasted from his pulsating piss-slit the moment his angry purple knob emerged from her cleavage, sailing high into the air like a geyser before raining down into her silken hair, where it clung to the strands like morning dew.

"Yesssss!" the mother shrieked, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy as his scorching seed erupted between her heaving alabaster globes. "Paint Mommy with your virile essence!"

Each pearlescent rope arced higher than the last, splattering across her flushed décolletage, trailing glistening rivulets down the slopes of her magnificent tits. By the ninth volcanic eruption, her porcelain skin glistened with his potent offering, thick droplets gathering in the hollow of her throat before cascading down to pool in her deep cleavage.

The teenager whimpered and trembled, slouching back on the mahogany dining chair like he was having the very essence of his soul drained from him through his throbbing manhood. Karly had switched from her tits to her tight-fisted hand, her crimson-tipped fingers forming a perfect ring around his veiny shaft.

She milked the impressive length with slow, powerful strokes that nearly lifted his quivering hips from the polished seat, her emerald eyes locked on his flushed face as she expertly manipulated his pulsating member.

No words were spoken as she concentrated on milking his quivering love-organ with long, practiced strokes that only a mother's loving hand could perfect. Her fist encircled his still-pulsing shaft with expert pressure, squeezing upward to coax every last pearlescent droplet from his depths. She captured each precious dollop with her hot, velvet tongue, swirling it around his hypersensitive purple crown until he writhed and whimpered beneath her ministrations, his young body trembling with overstimulated ecstasy.

"Oh, Mommy!" he squealed, his eyes rolling back, revealing only whites as she tenderly nursed his swollen purple crown, her crimson lips forming a perfect seal around his sensitive glans.

"Mommy's tender little baby maker," she cooed between deliberate, wet kisses, her hot tongue collecting the pearlescent droplets still seeping from his pulsing slit. "About to be smothered in all sorts of hot, wet family pussy until you're completely drained dry."

Jenson shivered uncontrollably, his spent manhood already stirring to life again as vivid images flooded his fevered mind: his throbbing purple crown disappearing into glistening, welcoming orifices—crushing the heads of each cervix.

His eager mouth latching onto enormous, heavy maternal breasts with their stiff, raspberry-hued nipples.

His virile seed pumping deep into welcoming wombs that ached to be filled with his potent teenage essence.

His fingers twitched with phantom sensations of soft, yielding flesh as he imagined gripping curvaceous hips while he drove his massive shaft into slick, velvety depths, feeling their wet puffy flanges beat on his cock-root.

All the toe-curling loads of virile, pearlescent seed that were about to be forcefully extracted from his throbbing teenage manhood, erupting like a geyser from his angry purple crown only to be greedily devoured by the welcoming wombs of his insatiable maternal figures.

"Oh honey," Karly whispered, her hot breath caressing his still-twitching purple crown, "flood our fertile wombs with your virile seed."

It was as if she could sense the primal urge building within him again, even as she recognized the delicious challenge that lay ahead: four insatiable maternal goddesses with dripping, velvet honeypots that would milk his teenage rod relentlessly until their bellies swelled with the fruits of his potent essence.

TO BE CONTINUED...

