

***MY FORTUNE, MY RULES***



***BY KLRXO***

THIS STORY IS A COMPLETE WORK OF FICTION, AND ALL CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE OVER THE AGE OF 18.

## MY FORTUNE, MY RULES

By Klrxo

Leslie's Camry rocked violently in the pitch-black forest clearing, its windows completely fogged with the humid breath of desperation.

Inside, guttural moans and the obscene sounds of saliva-slick tongues filled the cramped space.

Jackson growled like a rabid dog as his mother's massive tits—barely contained in a lacy black bra—smothered his face. Her nipples stabbed through the thin, embroidered fabric as she ground her damp, overheated crotch against his throbbing bulge.

Their mouths locked in a disgusting battle of tongues and teeth that left strings of spit connecting their swollen lips whenever they broke apart to gasp for air.

The athletically-built 18-year-old's shorts tented obscenely, the thick python beneath straining against cotton that had grown damp with pre-cum.

His mom's panties—a scrap of black lace barely covering her swollen pussy lips—pressed against him, the outline of her slit visible through the soaked fabric.

"Come on, Mom," he groaned, "let me in."

He bucked upward, jabbing his rock-hard cock against her dripping cunt while his trembling fingers fumbled with her bra hooks.

Leslie's platinum-blond hair bounced on her shoulders as she shifted positions. Her gigantic tits—easily double-Fs that strained against any fabric unfortunate enough to contain them—heaved with each panting breath.

Her ass was equally spectacular—two perfect, quivering moons that stretched her form-fitting jeans to their breaking point and had once caused a fender-bender when she bent over at a gas station.

The mother stopped his hands, sitting up to grind her hot, slick mound harder against his throbbing shaft, making him whimper like a bitch in heat.

"Baby, we can't," she breathed. "I'm sorry."

"What the fuck?" the boy asked in frustration. "Why not?"

Leslie's lips curled into a sneer as she straddled her son. "Honey, you know I think your father's pathetic cock couldn't satisfy a virgin nun," she purred. "But if I started fucking you behind his back, I'd crave this thick teenage meat so bad we'd definitely get caught... eventually."

"So fucking what?" Jackson growled, lunging upward, burying his face between her heaving tits.

He shook his head violently, his hot breath dampening the valley between those massive flesh-pillows while his fingers sank into the quivering globes of her ass, kneading the sweaty flesh as he yanked her cunt harder against his throbbing pole.

Leslie moaned but pushed him back. "If that limp-dick bastard caught us, he'd divorce me, and I'd only get half his money. Then your mother would have to get a real job instead of making out with you whenever we want."

Jackson dragged his hungry mouth across the fat nipple jutting like a thimble through the sweat-dampened silk of her bra. His tongue left glistening trails across the fabric while his cock flexed violently beneath her scorching pussy, the veiny shaft threatening to rip through his boxers.

"I fucking need to be inside you," he growled, fingers digging into her ass cheeks. "I'd split that juicy cunt wide open, make you scream until you're nothing but a quivering mess of cum and sweat."

Leslie yanked his hair back, separating his face from her tit.

"I know, baby," she purred, grinding her soaked mound against him one last time, "but I have six missed calls from your father. The stupid worm is probably pacing the kitchen right now wondering where his loving wife and star-athlete son have gone off to."

“Do you really care?” Jackson asked, rolling his eyes. “I sure as fuck don't.”

"Give Mommy one more kiss before we get dressed," she commanded, her voice husky with lust.

Their mouths crashed together in a grotesque display of incestuous hunger, tongues wrestling and probing like bloated slugs in a pool of shared saliva.

For five agonizing minutes they devoured each other, Jackson's hands mauling her tits while she ground her sopping cunt against his steel-hard cock.

Her massive breasts engulfed him like suffocating pillows of flesh, nipples drilling into his chest as their bodies fused in sweat-slick depravity, both leaking their arousal through the thin, stained fabric between them.

“Alright, baby,” the mother gasped, reluctantly breaking their kiss, “time to go.”

Leslie's husband Hal stood in the kitchen doorway, his pathetic beer gut hanging over his belt like a deflated beach ball.

"There you two are," he grunted, scratching his balding scalp with stubby fingers. “I tried calling.”

“Sorry, I forgot that I set my phone to silent,” Leslie lied, discreetly covering the hickey her son had left on her neck.

“Is everything alright?” he asked. “I thought you'd be home hours ago.”

Leslie's cherry-red lips parted into a rehearsed smile as she adjusted her bra strap under her blouse, the fabric still damp with her son's saliva.

"Jackson and I just... took a ride, that's all. I guess I lost track of time," she cooed, her voice dripping with artificial sweetness while Jackson's cock still throbbed painfully in his shorts.

Leslie's marriage had become a barren wasteland of sexual frustration. Her husband's limp excuse for a cock couldn't stay hard long enough to part her swollen pussy lips, much less satisfy the throbbing need that kept her awake at night, fingers buried knuckle-deep in her sopping cunt.

Night after night, she'd lie spread-eagle beside his snoring form, her nipples painfully erect, her neglected hole clenching around nothing but air and desperate fantasies.

That's when thoughts of Jackson—his bulging muscles, his thick veiny shaft that strained against his gym shorts—began to consume her.

She'd started with just lingering hugs, letting his body sink between her fat tits through her snug fit tops.

Then she began grinding her drenched panties against his thigh during innocent snuggling. That progressed to sloppy make-out sessions where his tongue invaded her mouth like she wished his cock would invade her needy cunt.

Soon they were rutting against each other in dark corners of the house—her pussy lips swollen and slick beneath satin panties, his cock straining painfully against denim.

She'd grind her damp mound against his throbbing dick in the laundry room while he mauled her tits through her blouse, both of them panting and slobbering like animals in heat, desperate for the hot, sticky release their clothes denied them.

Sometimes, when particularly desperate, she'd wrap her manicured fingers around his throbbing meat, jerking him skillfully until hot ropes of cum painted her wedding ring.

Leslie's thighs quivered with need every time Jackson's lean, muscled body brushed against her in the kitchen, her nipples hardening painfully against silk blouses when his teenage musk filled her nostrils.

Three times she'd cornered him in the pantry, grinding her damp mound against his thigh while pretending to reach for detergent, her pussy lips swollen and slick beneath her yoga pants.

Once, she'd "accidentally" walked in on his shower, standing frozen as water cascaded down his chiseled abs to the thick python hanging between his legs.

Her mouth had watered, fingers unconsciously drifting to her throbbing clit before reality crashed back—Hal's divorce lawyer would ensure she'd end up in some dingy apartment, working retail instead of lounging by the pool while dreaming of her son's cock stretching her neglected holes.

Rebecca, Jackson's fraternal twin, barged into his room unannounced, her bare feet slapping against the hardwood floor.

Her fat tits strained against a crop-top two sizes too small, the word "BRAT" stretched across front, where her nipples poked through the thin fabric like plump, suckable nubs. The shirt rode up to expose her pierced navel and a strip of tanned midriff.

"Knock much?" Jackson snapped as she flopped onto his bed uninvited, the mattress creaking under her weight.

"Did you fuck her?" she demanded.

"What? Fuck who?" he asked, trying to play stupid.

She rolled onto her stomach, her ass cheeks practically devouring the thin strip of denim between them, the bottom curves of her buttocks gleaming in the dim light.

"Don't play dumb, dickhead. Did you make mom howl or what?"

"We just dry humped and made out again," he muttered. "Her tits were fucking suffocating me the whole time though."

Rebecca's eyes rolled so hard they nearly disappeared into her skull. "Dry humped... again? What are you, twelve?"

"If I was, we'd get along great you and I," he joked.

She snorted, spreading her thick thighs wider on his bed. "Why didn't you just rip those slutty panties aside and stuff that desperate MILF-cunt with some real meat?"

"Mom's afraid," Jackson growled, adjusting his still-throbbing bulge.

"Afraid? Afraid of what exactly... cumming so much she fucking dies?"

"She thinks once she gets a taste of this dick, she'll be addicted. Then Dad might catch her begging for it like a slut."

Rebecca's plump lips curled into a sneer. "Big fucking deal. What's that limp-dick moron gonna do about it anyway?"

"Um, divorce her."

She leaned forward, her massive tits threatening to spill from her crop top. "That pathetic worm doesn't have the balls to do shit."

"Tell Mom that yourself," Jackson spat, his eyes glued to the way Rebecca's fat teenage tits strained against her crop top like overfilled water balloons ready to burst.

Rebecca crawled into a straddle position on his bed, her massive chest heaving with each breath. "So Mommy dearest got your dick all hard and throbbing and didn't even drain your nuts?" she taunted, eyeing the obscene bulge in his shorts.

"No so get the fuck out," Jackson growled. "I need to jerk this monster off before my balls explode."

Rebecca's long tongue—pierced with a metal stud that glinted in the light—slithered across her plump bottom lip. "Want me to suck you off instead?" she purred. "Slobber all over that fat cock?"

Jackson's eyes widened. "A blowjob?"

"Fuck yes, a blowjob," she giggled, her voice dripping with filth. "I've been slurping cum since I was thirteen. I can vacuum the jizz straight from those swollen nuts of yours."

Jackson's hungry eyes locked onto his sister's massive tits, practically drooling as those fat-rubbery nipples punched through her crop top like thimbles.

"Can I suck those fat tits first?" he asked, his cock engorging beneath his shorts.

Rebecca rolled her eyes dramatically, her glossy lips curling into a sneer. "Duh, dipshit. You can tongue-fuck my sweaty asshole too if you want," she spat, "I'm not a cock-tease like Mom."

Jackson's face split into a wolfish grin, pre-cum already darkening his shorts. "Lock the door," he commanded, already yanking his throbbing meat free.

Rebecca slammed his door shut, the lock clicking with finality. She strode toward him like a cock-hungry co-ed,

her hungry eyes fixed on the veiny purple monster jutting from his hairless groin.

"Holy shit, bro," she gasped, licking her glossy lips, "you're packing some serious fucking meat."

Dropping to her knees on the mattress, she dragged her wet tongue up the throbbing underside, leaving a glistening trail of saliva.

Her pierced tongue flicked and swirled around his swollen mushroom head like she was trying to extract poison from a wound.

"Fuck," she purred as his dick twitched violently against her face, "bet you have all those prissy school sluts gagging on this motherfucker."

With obscene enthusiasm, she buried her face in his hairless nut-sack, inhaling deeply like it was expensive perfume.

Rebecca's tongue slathered his hairless scrotum with spit, her drool dripping down to soak the sheets beneath them. She moaned like a porn star in heat, her mouth full of his nuts.

"Fuck, I could just eat these fucking balls for breakfast," she groaned, her teeth grazing his smooth cock-skin.

She planted wet, obscene kisses up his throbbing shaft, her tongue tracing each bulging vein like a road map.

"Look at these fucking veins," she purred, "like fucking garden hoses under your skin."

Jackson stared down at her jiggling tits, hypnotized by their bouncing rhythm. "Get that fucking top off, sis" he commanded.

She stood quickly, peeling the tight fabric upward to reveal her massive teenage udders barely contained in a strapless G-cup bra, the flesh spilling over the cups like rising dough.

"Damn, you got some fuckin' bra-busters!" Jackson exclaimed.

The teenager seized her wrist with animal force, yanking her down onto his mattress with a violent thud.

Her bra-strangled tits smothered his face like two suffocating pillows while his fingers expertly found the clasp, snapping it open with practiced precision.

Those massive jugs erupted from their prison, cascading around his head like fleshy avalanches, her nipples stiff as pencil erasers.

"Suck these fucking udders dry, bro," she commanded, her voice guttural and raw.

A primal hiss escaped her throat as her snake-like tongue unfurled obscenely past her chin, drool stringing from its tip. Her cunt ground against his throbbing shaft through their clothes, the friction making her pussy lips swell and weep with slick arousal.

"You don't have to ask me twice," Jackson said as he buried his face in the sweaty valley between Rebecca's

massive tits, his tongue leaving a glistening trail of saliva as he worked toward her nipple.

His eyes bulged when he saw the enormous pink target, a fist-sized areola pebbled with goosebumps and crowned with a thick nipple that jutted out like a fucking doorbell.

"Holy shit, sis," he groaned, "your nipples are like goddamn pacifiers."

He latched onto the rubbery nub, sucking it so hard his cheeks hollowed while his face disappeared into the pillowy flesh that engulfed him like quicksand.

Rebecca's back arched as she let out a filthy moan. "Fuck yeah," she panted, "just imagine if these fat udders squirted milk like Mom's do."

Her nipple popped wetly from his mouth with an obscene slurping sound, the distended flesh glistening with his saliva, swollen to twice its normal size from the vacuum-like suction of his hungry mouth.

"Holy shit, Mom's fucking lactating," he gasped, eyes wide with revelation.

"No shit, dumbfuck. She squeezed out that screaming brat barely twelve months ago."

Jackson's eyes lit up with understanding. "That's why her massive bra cups were soaked through."

"If your worthless ass ever manages to unhook her industrial-strength boulder-holder, you can suckle those

milk-filled jugs like the pathetic man-baby you are," she snarled, grinding her drenched pussy against his throbbing shaft. "Now shut your fucking mouth and worship these tits while I hump this fat cock and give myself a cum."

"You got it," he uttered, latching on.

Jackson snarled deep in his throat, his lips vacuum-sealed around the puckered fringe of her areola. He sucked with brutal force, drawing the rubbery flesh deep into his hungry mouth while her sweaty tit-meat smothered his face like a fleshy mask.

"Fuck," she sighed, humping down harder on him, "you are a good tit-sucker."

Rebecca's sopping cunt left a slug-trail of pussy juice along his veiny shaft as she ground her swollen lips from his heavy balls to his purple, throbbing tip.

The memory of his mother's fat nipple between his teeth—still trapped behind silky bra fabric—made his cock twitch violently. He imagined that forbidden maternal teat finally freed, its rubbery meat crammed inside his mouth, warm milk spurting in thick jets across his desperate tongue and flooding down his greedy throat like liquid candy.

"Shit!" his sister gasped like a drowning whore coming up for air, her eyes rolling back until only the whites showed.

"Fuck, you're so big and hard," she choked out, her pussy walls clenching around nothing while her nipples burned like

lit matches where her brother's teeth scraped the tender flesh.

He attacked her tits like a starving animal, his spit-slick mouth latching onto one swollen nipple then the other, gnawing and slobbering on her sensitive tit-meat until her cunt dripped like a broken faucet.

His hips bucked upward in savage counterpoint to her grinding, their bodies finding a filthy rhythm that had his cheap-ass bed frame squeaking like a rusty shopping cart.

A sudden knock rattled the door like a gunshot, making them both jump out of their sweaty skin.

"Honey? Can I come in?" Their mother's shrill voice sliced through their lust-fog like a bucket of ice water.

"Shit!" Rebecca hissed, scrambling off the bed. Her massive tits bounced violently as she yanked her crop top over those jiggling flesh-mountains, nipples still distended and raw from Jackson's savage mouth.

She stumbled to the door, frantically finger-combing her sex-mussed hair while Jackson desperately stuffed his throbbing purple meat back into his shorts.

Leslie's eyes narrowed to suspicious slits as she slithered into the room, her gaze immediately locking onto the lacy G-cup bra sprawled obscenely on the carpet like a dead animal.

"What exactly were you two doing in here?" she demanded, nostrils flaring.

Rebecca rolled her eyes dramatically. "Helping Jackson with his homework, obviously," she spat.

"With your fucking bra off, young lady?" Leslie snarled, pointing at the discarded lingerie.

Rebecca's glossy lips curled into a venomous sneer. "Fine, you caught me. I was helping your Jackson drain his swollen balls since you left him with a raging hard-on and blue nuts tonight, you fucking cock-tease."

Leslie's eyes darted nervously toward the door, then back to her daughter.

"Young lady, keep your voice down," she hissed, closing the door and locking it behind her.

Her hips swayed hypnotically as she approached the bed, the fabric of her silk robe clinging to every curve like a second skin.

"If your father caught your brother and I having sex," she whispered, settling her plump ass beside Jackson, "he'd divorce me faster than you can say alimony."

Rebecca yanked the blanket away, exposing her brother's monstrous bulge straining against thin cotton. "Look at this fucking beast though," she purred, her hungry eyes fixated on the obscene outline. "We can't just leave him like this."

"Rebecca, we—"

Besides," she added, cutting her mother off as she trailed a finger along the prominent ridge of Jackson's boner, "dad's too fucking stupid to figure out what's happening under his own roof."

Rebecca slithered behind her brother like a python, spreading her thick thighs wide around his torso. She yanked him backward with surprising force, the back of his skull sinking into the pillowy valley between her jutting tits.

"Your father IS a clueless idiot," Leslie agreed, crawling forward on all fours, her massive milk-filled jugs swinging beneath her like udders, before positioning herself between her son's trembling legs. "But that doesn't mean we can just throw caution to the wind."

The mother mashed her enormous cleavage against Jackson's face from the front, creating a suffocating flesh-prison of maternal and sisterly tit-meat.

"I agree, mom," Rebecca purred, her breath tickling her brother's ear, "but it doesn't mean we can't still drain his swollen balls dry,"

"Agreed," her mother nodded. "We just need to keep our acts discreet and quiet when that clueless bastard is stomping around downstairs. And absolutely NO sex."

"Oh shit, this is fire," Jackson groaned into the sweaty canyon between their tits, his face buried so deep in the fleshy vice that his words came out muffled and desperate.

His entire head vanished between four massive mammaries that squashed against his cheeks like warm dough, creating a suffocating cocoon of maternal and sisterly breast-flesh.

Leslie and Rebecca's long, manicured talons clawed at his throbbing cock-meat through the thin cotton, their greedy fingers fighting for territory along his shaft.

They massaged his rigid, vein-rippled length with merciless precision, making his hips buck upward like a rutting animal as pre-cum soaked through the fabric in a growing dark stain.

"Let's at least make him cream his tighty-whities," Rebecca whispered. "Poor baby needs release."

Leslie glanced nervously at the bedroom door. "We need to hurry before your father lumbers up those stairs," she hissed, already sliding her fingers beneath the waistband of Jackson's underwear.

Rebecca's eyes gleamed with filthy expertise. "You work his taint while I milk his shaft, mom" she instructed, demonstrating with obscene finger gestures.

Leslie shot her daughter a stern look. "Please, young lady. I was stimulating taints while you were still sucking pacifiers," she purred, immediately finding that sensitive ridge of flesh between his heavy balls and puckered hole.

Her expert fingers pressed and circled with practiced precision, making Jackson's back arch off the mattress as a strangled groan escaped his throat.

“Fuck that feels good,” he sighed, eyes rolling back as he recognized their practiced expertise—his sister's hand twisting in hypnotic corkscrew motions that squeezed his shaft with surgical precision, her fingers glistening with his leaking pre-cum.

Each upstroke ended with her thumb swirling over his purple, swollen head, catching the sensitive ridge of his frenulum and dipping into his weeping slit like she was playing a familiar instrument.

Meanwhile, his mother's manicured talons performed their own dark magic below, her middle finger pressing rhythmically against his taint with the confidence of a concert pianist, sending electric jolts through his prostate while her other fingers massaged the hidden root of his cock buried deep in his perineum.

The dual assault made his heavy balls tighten and churn, pressure building like magma beneath the surface of a volcano about to erupt.

Leslie's body went rigid as her husband's gruff voice boomed from the hallway. "Where is everyone?"

Her eyes widened in panic, eyes darting between her children as she yanked her silk robe closed over her nearly-exposed tits.

"Just telling Jackson goodnight, honey!" she called out, voice unnaturally high.

She smoothed her tousled hair with trembling fingers, leaned down to press a too-quick kiss on her son's forehead, her perfume lingering like a guilty secret.

"Rebecca, finish helping your brother," she whispered urgently, the words dripping with double meaning before she slipped out, the door clicking softly behind her.

Rebecca's eyes rolled dramatically as she straddled Jackson's still-throbbing lap. "Well, if you think for a second that you're getting into Mom's panties, forget it," she purred, grinding her damp heat against his rigid length. "She's too fucking terrified of having to work some minimum wage bullshit if Dad catches her with your cock buried in her MILF pussy."

"Her fucking loss I guess" he growled, yanking his sister's sweat-dampened crop top back up over her heaving tits.

He latched onto her left nipple, teeth grazing the sensitive peak until she whimpered like a wounded animal.

Rebecca's eyes rolled back as she increased her humping pace, her thick ass slapping against his thighs while her sopping cunt ground mercilessly against his steel-hard cock.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she panted, her hips becoming a frenzied blur atop him, the cotton barrier between them growing hot and sticky with their mingled juices—her dripping pussy cream mixing with the pearly pre-cum leaking from his throbbing purple head.

“Fuck yeah, like that,” Jackson gasped, then bit down on her rubbery nipple with savage intensity, growling like a feral beast as thick, gooey ropes of hot cum erupted from his purple-headed monster.

Her sopping cunt lips smothered his shaft through the thin cotton, grinding with merciless pressure that wrung every last pearly drop from his throbbing meat.

His briefs became a sodden mess of sticky jizz as his hips bucked violently against her dripping snatch.

Rebecca's eyes rolled back, her face contorted in ecstasy as she trembled atop him, her own explosive orgasm turning her into a quivering, moaning mess of sweat-slicked flesh.

“Damn, that was fucking insane,” Jackson said breathlessly, squeezing on his sister's tits.

“Guess I won't have to use my vibrator tonight,” Rebecca sighed, then remembered how insatiable her sexual appetite was. “Ok, but I still might.”

"So you ever gonna be DTF for real?" Jackson asked, his voice husky with need.

Rebecca snorted, her gaze dropping to the massive bulge still visible beneath his cum-soaked briefs. "No fucking way. That monster would split me in half and ruin my tight pussy forever," she said, trailing her fingernail along his semi-hard shaft.

“You think?”

"I don't think, I fucking know," she replied. "I'd be dreaming about my brother's thick cock stretching me open every time some guy tried to fuck me for the rest of my goddamn life."

Jackson's mouth twisted into a disappointed grimace. "Guess I can forget about drilling you or Mom then," he grunted.

Rebecca gave his sticky package a sympathetic pat. "Sorry, bro. Some holes are off-limits, even for this magnificent bastard."

The next day, Leslie's loaded the trunk of her Camry with groceries. Her throbbing pussy lips rubbed together with each movement, still swollen and desperate after last night's forbidden activities with Jackson.

The silk thong cutting between her ass cheeks was already soaked through, her nipples painfully erect against her cashmere sweater.

That's when the neon lottery sign caught her eye—\$450 million jackpot in glowing red digits. Leslie's glossy lips parted as she imagined financial freedom: no more fear of divorce, no more alimony nightmares.

With that kind of money, she could brazenly ride her son's throbbing cock while her useless husband was helpless to do a damn thing about it.

Her pussy clenched at the thought. Abandoning her half-loaded groceries, she strutted back into the store, her thick ass jiggling hypnotically as she dug through her purse for cash.

Days later, Leslie had almost forgotten about the crumpled lottery ticket buried beneath lipstick tubes and credit card receipts in her designer purse when Jackson burst through the front door that Wednesday afternoon, his muscular frame vibrating with excitement.

"Mom! Did you hear?" he panted, cheeks flushed. "Someone bought the winning Mega Millions ticket at Pete's Grocery Mart—where we always shop!"

Leslie gasped and quickly upended her purse onto the granite kitchen island, scattering receipts and makeup across the polished surface until she spotted the yellow slip.

She snatched it up, her eyes darting between the ticket and her phone screen displaying the winning numbers. Each matching digit sent electric shocks through her core.

"I WON!" she shrieked, launching herself across the kitchen. She wrapped her toned legs around Jackson's waist, her giant breasts crushing against his broad chest as she clung to him like a desperate koala. "I WON, I WON, I WON!!!"

Her nipples hardened to diamond points against her silk blouse while her neglected pussy pulsed with delicious anticipation. Financial independence meant freedom—freedom to finally take what she truly wanted.

The lottery win transformed their lives with obscene speed. Leslie traded her sensible Camry for a fire-engine red Maserati that vibrated between her thighs when she revved it.

Their modest colonial vanished in the rearview mirror as they moved to a sprawling mansion with a pool shaped like a woman's curves.

Hal strutted around in designer suits for exactly two weeks before announcing he'd "retired" from his accounting firm. Now he lounged by the pool all day, his growing beer belly hanging over swim trunks, completely dependent on Leslie's signature on every check.

She watched him from the master bedroom window, manicured fingernails tapping against her champagne flute, savoring how the power had shifted. With his financial balls firmly in her diamond-studded grip, Leslie decided it was time for a conversation about their marriage's new... arrangements.

"Hal, I'm gonna be fucking Jackson from now on," she announced, her nipples visibly hardening beneath her silk blouse at the mere mention of her son's name.

She crossed her toned legs, the whisper of expensive fabric sending a shiver through her still-damp thighs. "You can divorce me and move out, or stay, keep enjoying our new lifestyle and be a cuckold bitch while I drain our son's heavy balls every night. The choice is yours."

Hal's face crumpled, his pathetic eyes wide with shock until he finally had the balls to answer. "You wanna divorce me?"

Leslie leaned forward, her massive breasts threatening to spill from her low-cut top as she fixed him with a withering stare.

"Hal, did you hear those fucking words come out of my mouth?!" she shouted. "I SAID... you can choose to divorce me if you want—I'm not making you stay.

"But..."

"But Jackson," she purred, finishing her husband's sentence, "is the new man in my life."

"So... no more sex between us?" Hal's voice cracked.

Leslie threw her head back, her lips parting as she released a throaty laugh that made her enormous breasts quiver beneath her silk blouse.

"Sex? You call those pathetic two minutes where you poke at me with that limp noodle 'sex'?"

She leaned forward, manicured fingernails drumming against her toned thigh. "Even with those little blue pills, your dick stays softer than melted ice cream. I need a real man who can make me scream."

"I could... try a new medication," he suggested.

"Don't waste your money," his wife said, shaking her head. "My pussy doesn't even get wet when you touch me anymore."

"But Leslie, I—"

"Just be grateful I'm letting you stay in my house instead of tossing your useless ass into the gutter."

Hal's face crumpled like a discarded cum rag. "I didn't realize money would change you so much," he whimpered.

"The money didn't change me, you pathetic little worm," she purred, uncrossing her legs so he could catch a glimpse of her glistening pussy lips through her sheer thong. "It just gave me the fucking balls to say what I've been thinking for years."

"You've always thought I was... pathetic?" Hal's voice cracked.

"Oh Hal, you've gotten so fucking disgusting with age, I can barely look at you without gagging," she snickered. "Your sad little cock never filled me up, even in your prime. For years, I've had to fantasize about real men just to get wet while you pumped away uselessly on top of me."

"I thought you enjoyed the sex we had."

"Whatever enjoyment you saw was faked, I assure you," she smiled, rolling her eyes.

Leslie stood up, her massive tits bouncing freely beneath her silk blouse as she towered over her pathetic husband.

"Now that we've gotten that news out of the way," she sneered, "I expect your worthless shit out of the master suite by sundown."

"Out of our bedroom?" he asked in confusion.

"You can have any other bedroom in this mansion."

"But I thought this was our room, as husband and wife," he whimpered.

Leslie's ruby lips curled into a cruel smile. "It WAS our room," she purred, her nipples visibly hardening, "but now it's where Jackson's gonna rail my dripping pussy every night... until I can't walk straight. This is the sex room now."

Hal got quiet as he processed this new reality.

"And if I ever catch your limp-dicked ass in here again, there'll be hell to pay. Do you understand?" his wife warned.

"Leslie, you can't just—"

"DO YOU FUCKING UNDERSTAND?!" she screamed, cutting him off.

Hal's shoulders slumped in defeat. "Yes," he mumbled, his manhood shriveling with each passing second.

Jackson sprawled on a lounge by the pool, his chiseled abs glistening with tanning oil when Leslie strutted onto the patio in what could barely be called a swimsuit.

The microscopic triangles of neon fabric strained to contain her enormous tits, which bounced with each step like two overinflated beach balls fighting for freedom.

The back was nothing but a string that disappeared between the quivering globes of her ass cheeks.

"Holy fucking shit," he gasped, nearly choking on his protein shake as she executed a slow twirl, her fat nipples visibly hardening beneath the flimsy material.

"You like what you see, baby?" she purred, bending forward to give him an eyeful of cleavage deep enough to lose a man for days.

"Not much fabric to like, mom," he smirked, adjusting the massive python stirring in his swim trunks, "but what's underneath is pretty fucking spectacular."

Leslie sprawled back on the lounge beside him, her massive tits flopping obscenely to either side of her rib cage like two overfilled water balloons.

The pathetic scraps of neon fabric couldn't contain her areolas, which peeked out like dusky-pink discs around nipples that stood at attention like pencil erasers.

"Gonna let the sun bake my skin for just a little while," she purred, spreading her legs wide enough that the thin strip of fabric disappeared completely into her glistening slit. "Then I'm gonna wrap this hot cunt around that monster cock and let you drill me until I can't fucking walk."

Jackson's jaw dropped, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard. "Holy shit, we're actually gonna fuck," he whispered hoarsely.

Leslie's laugh was filthy as cum-stained sheets. "That's right, baby. We're rich as fuck now, and if your limp-dicked father walks and divorces me, who gives a shit?"

"He's crazy if he leaves," Jackson stated. "Even if he knows I'm fucking you... he has life pretty damn good right now."

"My thoughts exactly," she purred, "and speaking of your pathetic father, he's clearing his shit out of the master bedroom as we speak."

"Clearing his things out?" Jackson repeated questioningly.

"That's right," his mother smiled, tracing a nail down his chest. "I want you to move your things in tonight. That new California king is perfect for what I have planned for us."

"Let me guess," her son grinned, "lots of hot, nasty sex?"

"Mm-hm. Imagine how convenient it'll be—your cock buried inside me every night, every morning."

Jackson's hand moved to his throbbing erection, squeezing it through his shorts as his breath quickened. "This feels like some kind of fucking dream," he groaned, his voice husky with need.

Leslie's laugh was low and filthy as she pressed her lips to his ear. "I know, baby," she whispered, her hot breath

making him shiver. "And we haven't even gotten to the best part yet."

Her hand replaced his, fingers wrapping around his rigid length through the fabric. "The hot, nasty fucking that's going to make you forget your own name."

"Oh yeah," the teen sighed, enjoying the skillful stroke she gave his meat. "I'm gonna fuck you real good, mom."

Hal dumped his pathetic collection of belongings onto the king-sized mattress of an unoccupied bedroom when Rebecca slithered around the doorframe like a venomous snake, her fat tits threatening to spill out of a tank top that read: "RICH BITCH - GET THE FUCK OVER IT" across the front.

The designer thong barely covered her shaved pussy, riding up between her ass cheeks like dental floss.

"What the actual fuck do you think you're doing in my room, loser?" she snarled, her glossy lips curling in disgust.

Her father's shoulders slumped. "I thought you already had a bedroom," he mumbled.

Rebecca's tits jiggled as she laughed. "I have three bedrooms, dickwad. This entire wing is mine, so drag your saggy balls out before I punt them into your fucking throat."

Rebecca watched him grab a handful of things, her nipples visibly hardening beneath her tank top as she savored his humiliation.

"So Mom finally had the balls to kick your pathetic ass out of her room, huh?" She smirked, twirling a strand of hair around her finger. "She's been dying to ditch your limp dick for years."

Hal's face sagged like old scrotum skin. "I doubt that," he mumbled weakly.

Rebecca's eyes flashed with cruel delight. "It's absolutely true," she sneered, "and now Mom and Jackson don't need to sneak around like horny teenagers anymore."

"Sneak around?" Hal's voice cracked.

"Oh my god, you're so fucking clueless," she laughed, her tits jiggling with each cackle. "They've been dry-humping and tongue-fucking each other's throats raw for weeks."

"What are you talking about?"

"Hello, your wife and son," Rebecca shouted, "they've been grinding like animals in her car when you were home, and when you aren't, they'd rub their sweaty bodies all over every surface of this house."

"They were?"

"Yes, they were, moron. You were just too fucking stupid to notice your wife's dripping pussy whenever Jackson walked into the room."

Hal's shoulders slumped as his pathetic voice cracked. "I guess I did miss that."

"It doesn't fucking matter now," his daughter snickered. "Mom's loaded, and she can fuck her own son like a whore, right in front of your ugly face, and you can't do a damn thing about it."

"I suppose you're right, but—"

"You should Jackson's cock," Rebecca blurted, cutting him off selfishly, "thick as my wrist and veiny as fuck."

She stalked behind him down the hallway, her ass cheeks jiggling with each deliberate step. "He's gonna pound Mom like a sweaty bull in rut, those heavy balls slapping against her asshole while she screams for more."

"Rebecca, please," Hal whimpered, his face ashen.

"Enough."

She only giggled, the sound dripping with cruelty. "Take the room next door to them, cuck. You can press your ear against the wall while they fuck like animals. Listen to your wife's cunt squirting all over her son's throbbing cock while she has one screaming orgasm after another."

Hal trudged toward the basement stairs. "I'm taking the room downstairs," he muttered, his voice hollow as an empty grave.

Rebecca stalked behind him, iPhone extended on a selfie stick. She arched her back until her enormous breasts

strained against her tank top, then stuck out her pierced tongue, its silver barbell catching the light as she snapped a pic.

"Fuck yeah," she purred, examining the result.

Three steps down, she posed again, hiking one bronzed leg onto the railing, her thong disappearing completely as she pouted her glossy lips.

"Two hundred likes in thirty seconds," she announced, thumbs flying across the screen. "These horny fuckers worship me."

She thrust the phone in Hal's face, showing him the stream of fire emojis and explicit comments.

"How does it feel?" she asked, snapping another photo of her cleavage while he averted his gaze.

"How does what feel?"

"How does it feel being a pathetic loser?" she asked coldly.

"Rebecca, I—"

"Your shriveled old dick will never feel wet pussy again. You know that, right?" she loudly asked. "Not that your limp noodle's seen any action lately.

"That's none of your—"

“Mom says she'd rather masturbate with a cactus than touch your pathetic dick again—told me it's like trying to stuff a wet sock into a keyhole,” his daughter said with a smirk.

Hal shuffled toward a basement bedroom his shoulders hunched like a beaten dog.

"Can I please just finish moving my things?" he mumbled.

"Not that bedroom!" she blurted, her voice cracking sharply enough to make him flinch.

When he sighed and dragged his pathetic cardboard box toward another door, she blocked his path, her enormous breasts heaving against the thin fabric of her tank top.

"Not that one either, loser."

"What's wrong with these bedrooms?" Hal asked impatiently.

Rebecca's glossy lips curled into a smirk. "Nothing's wrong with them. I just don't want your disgusting old-man stink in those rooms. Take that one," she said, pointing to the smallest of the three rooms.

She watched his face crumple, savoring the way his shoulders slumped in defeat.

Hal dumped his shit in the closet-sized room and trudged back toward the stairs. Rebecca stalked behind him, her plump lips curled in disgust.

"You're so fucking ugly," she spat, her massive tits bouncing with each step. "Your face looks like someone set fire to a

scrotum and put it out with a shovel. Why did Mom ever marry you to begin with?"

"I'm not answering that," he whispered.

"She should've married that bull who was ramming her raw before your dates—his cock was thicker than your forearm."

When Hal's eyes met hers questioningly, she covered her mouth in mock horror. "Oops," she giggled, twirling her hair. "I probably wasn't supposed to tell that."

"What?"

"You know, how Mom's pussy was dripping with another boy's cum every time you kissed her goodnight while the two of you were dating."

Hal's face contorted with disbelief. "You're making that up," he croaked.

"Oh really?" Rebecca smirked. "Then how do I know Mom never let you eat her snatch when you begged while you were dating? How she'd cross her legs and make excuses?"

"Um... I—"

"I'll tell you why, because she told me," Rebecca blurted. "She told me Spencer's thick, creamy load was always dripping inside her swollen pussy. That's right—Spencer. The guy with the Mustang who was 'just a friend.'"

Hal remembered the cocky teen well and how his wife had always acted grossed out by his supposed advances.

“Mom told me how she'd always fuck him raw before your dates, how his hot cum was still be leaking down her thighs the night your proposed to her.”

Hal's face contorted like he'd been gut-punched. "That's not possible," he sputtered, "Your mother was always disgusted by Spencer. Called him a greasy-haired pervert with wandering hands."

Rebecca's mouth twisted into a cruel smirk. “Mom may have told you that," she sneered, "but nothing gets a girl's cunt wetter than letting some filthy degenerate pound her like rabid pig while her clueless boyfriend waits at home with flowers. The dirtier it feels, the harder we cum."

Through the window, Hal saw his wife—her oiled skin glistening in a bikini that barely contained her gigantic tits. Her nipples pressed visibly against the thin fabric as she led Jackson by the hand toward the house, her hips swaying hypnotically with each step.

Jackson's muscled torso gleamed with sweat, his swimming trunks tenting obscenely in front.

"Look at Mom's hungry eyes," Rebecca whispered. "She's practically dripping for him. Better move your pathetic shit before they christen their new bedroom—just like she did with Spencer in her bridal room closet while you waited at the altar, clueless as fuck."

Hal's face drained of color, his skin turning corpse-gray as the memory of his wedding ceremony hit him like a sledgehammer. He'd stood there in his rented tux, sweat-

soaked armpits darkening the fabric while he shifted from foot to foot waiting for his bride to walk down the aisle.

The bridesmaids eyes gleaming with cruel knowledge as they assured him, "She's almost ready."

Now the truth crashed through him—they'd been snickering because his bride was just down the hall, wedding dress hiked up around her waist, Spencer's veiny cock plowing her dripping cunt while she bit down on lace to muffle her whore moans.

Spencer's mouth had been latched to her fat nipple like a starving animal, his balls slapping against her ass as he pumped her full of thick, ropey cum that would later leak into her silk panties during her and Hal's first dance.

Jackson stumbled through the back entrance, mesmerized by his mother's meaty ass swaying before him. Her bikini thong had disappeared between two glistening globes of flesh that quivered with each deliberate step.

Sweat beaded in the deep crack between her cheeks, making the tanned skin glisten obscenely in the afternoon light.

"Fuck, Mom," he groaned, his cock straining painfully against his trunks, "that ass is making me fucking throb."

She bent at the waist, her meaty cheeks spreading slightly as she pressed backward, grinding against his rigid erection.

"Just wait," she purred, reaching back to pull one cheek aside, exposing the puckered rim of her asshole. "Mommy's gonna make this fat ass clap against your balls until you're begging to cum."

Hal staggered down the hallway with another pathetic armload of his belongings when Leslie and Jackson rushed into view, their tongues already down each other's throats.

Leslie's hand was shoved down the front of her son's swim trunks, gripping his throbbing erection while Jackson pawed at her jiggling ass cheeks.

"We need the bedroom, Hal. You can finish later," Leslie snarled, her nipples visibly hardening beneath her soaked bikini top. "Jackson's about to split Mommy in half."

"Leslie, can we please talk," her husband requested.

Leslie rolled her eyes and turned to her son. "Baby, go get that fat dick ready for Mama. I want you naked and rock-hard when I come in."

Jackson's eyes never left his mother's heaving tits as he nodded, shooting his father a smug grin that screamed who's the man of the house now, loser?

"What is it, Hal?" Leslie asked impatiently. "Can't you see I'm in the middle of something?"

"Did you...did you sleep with Spencer the day we got married?" Hal asked his wife.

Leslie's glossy lips curled into a smirk, her eyes gleaming with cruel amusement. "Why would you ask me that after all these years?"

"Rebecca said that what you told her happened... at our wedding of all places."

Leslie's newfound wealth had stripped away any need for the lies she'd once hidden behind. What did she care about Hal's feelings now? Her bank account was fat, her confidence fatter.

"Yes, I let Spencer fuck me at the wedding," she admitted. "His thick cock stretching me so wide I had to bite my fist to keep from screaming."

She tossed her hair, breasts straining against her bikini top. "That was the last time though. Never cheated during our marriage, despite how pathetic you were in bed."

Hal's face drained of color. "So, during the whole engagement, you were—"

"Yes, I was letting him fuck me whenever you weren't around," she cut in, inspecting her manicure. "But don't get all emotional. Spencer was just a teenage pervert with a large cock. He just wanted wet pussy and these fat tits in his mouth. Nothing more."

"I don't think I can handle this," Hal whispered, his bloodshot eyes welling with tears. "You fucked Spencer our entire engagement, and now—" his voice dropped to a horrified whisper, "—you're about to sleep with our son."

"God yes I am," she hissed, her tongue darting across glossy lips. "Twenty fucking years of your limp, pink cocktail wiener that couldn't stay hard long enough to make me wet. Twenty years of faking orgasms while you wheezed and sweated on top of me."

"But I—"

"I've fucking earned this throbbing teenage cock," she blurted, cutting him off, "after suffering through your pathetic two-pump performances without spreading my legs for every other man who looked at me."

"I really don't like this arrangement at all," her husband whispered.

"Shhh," Leslie breathed against his ear, her massive breasts pressing against his trembling arm. "If you listen real close... you might hear someone who gives a fuck, because I sure don't."

Her cruel laughter echoed in the hallway as Hal's shoulders slumped. "Please," he begged, "isn't there anything I can do?"

Leslie's eyes raked over his pathetic form, lingering on his sagging gut. "Just one thing," she purred, licking her lips.

"What?" he asked desperately.

"Turn handsome, fit, and young. Grow a cock thick enough to make me scream." She glanced toward the bedroom

where Jackson waited. "Because that's exactly what I'm about to get."

"You know I can't... do that."

Leslie's eyes widened in cartoon pity; she pouted glossy lips, tilted her head. "I know you can't, sweetheart," she cooed, voice sticky as syrup, "which is why you're just one big, limp, fucking disappointment."

She hooked two fingers under the doorknob, swung it open. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm about to take out years of pent-up frustration on a hard teenage cock."

The gap birthed a slice of bedroom light that caught her son sprawled on the duvet: carved abs, dumb-boy grin, a vein-thick erection jutting from his hairless groin like a flagpole hammered into fresh cement—everything Hal wasn't, packaged in obscene high-definition.

After closing the door, Leslie yanked the string of her bikini top, unleashing her colossal tits that crashed against her ribcage like twin wrecking balls.

Her areolas—dark and wide as coffee saucers—crowned each mound, nipples jutting out like obscene thumbs.

"Goddamn," Jackson uttered, slowly stroking his rod as he stared at those giant bobbling milkers.

Leslie hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her bottom, sliding them down her tanned thighs with deliberate slowness.

She shimmied out of them, revealing her hairless cunt, the puffy outer lips parted like a ripe fruit split in the sun, her engorged clit-hood protruding obscenely.

Jackson sprawled across the pillows, his eyes bulging from their sockets. His cock jerked upward, a silvery rope of pre-cum oozing from the purplish head before running downward along the angry veins of his shaft.

"Holy fuck, Mom," he groaned, his voice thick with animal lust. "That's what I'm fucking talking about."

She giggled like a flirty teenager and crawled onto the bed, her dangling udders swinging like pendulous fruit, slapping against each other with each movement.

Her tongue—pink and glistening—snaked out between crimson lips as she descended on his throbbing manhood. "Mm, this looks so yummy," she purred.

Jackson writhed and growled like a feral beast when she dragged her hot, slick tongue from his puckered asshole across his sweat-slick taint.

She slobbered over his heavy ball-sack, each testicle getting special attention before she lapped up his rigid shaft like a bitch in heat, leaving a glistening trail of spittle across every pulsing vein.

"Damn that tongue, mom," he sighed, watching it curl around his glans.

His cock flexed violently at its root as Leslie's lipstick-smearred mouth engulfed him, her throat muscles contracting around his swollen head.

She bobbed with practiced rhythm, each descent accompanied by obscene slurping noises and bubbling saliva that leaked from the corners of her stretched lips.

The mother's fingers twisted savagely around the veiny base, her wedding ring glinting as she pumped what wouldn't fit into her greedy mouth.

Jackson's toes curled against the sheets, his abs clenching into rigid squares as her expert tongue assaulted every nerve ending—lapping at his frenulum, circling his flared rim before drilling into his weeping slit with merciless precision.

"Holy fuck, I never knew you could suck cock like this," Jackson's hissed, eyes rolling back in his skull .

Leslie released his glistening shaft with an obscene pop, strings of saliva connecting her swollen lips to his purple cockhead.

"It's been a while since I've had something this massive to worship," she purred, jerking his veiny meat with practiced twists of her wrist.

Her eyes glazed with filthy nostalgia as she remembered how Spencer used to skull-fuck her raw behind Hal's back in High School. He'd fist her hair like reins on a horse, force-feeding her every throbbing inch until his sweaty

balls slapped her chin and his hot cum flooded her throat like a broken fire hydrant.

Jackson sat up, his eyes wild with lust. "Plenty of time for hot, sloppy head later, mom," he growled, flipping Leslie onto her back like she weighed nothing.

He shoved her knees back against her heaving tits, splaying her thighs wide open. Her glistening cunt gaped before him, pink inner lips unfurling like some obscene flower.

"Fuck, look at that greedy hole," he snarled, thumbs pulling her outer labia apart to expose every wet, fleshy fold.

"Gonna eat this fucking snatch before I destroy it with my cock."

Without warning, Jackson plunged face-first between her thighs, tongue spearing into her dripping hole while his nose mashed against her swollen clit.

Leslie's hips bucked violently off the bed, her thighs clamping around his head like a vise as Jackson's tongue plowed through her dripping folds.

Her cunt gushed against his face, coating his chin and cheeks with slick juices that ran down his neck in obscene rivulets.

"Oh goddamnit," he groaned, his voice muffled against her sopping hole as the raw stench of her sex filled his nostrils—musky, tangy, and unmistakably maternal.

The taste of her cunt nectar flooded his mouth, making his cock throb painfully as he buried his face deeper between her legs, slurping and sucking at her swollen labia with animalistic hunger.

“O-h-h yes, eat that fucking pussy, baby,” Leslie squealed shamelessly.

Jackson's lips latched onto the hooded flesh of her prepuce, creating a vacuum seal around its dome before popping off with an audible smack.

He peeled back the fleshy hood with his thumbs, exposing her engorged clitoris—a glistening pink nub the size of a ripe maraschino cherry.

"Fuck, Mom," he growled, "you've got the fattest, juiciest clit I've ever fucking seen."

His mouth descended again, drawing the swollen button between his lips, his tongue flicking rapidly across the bundle of nerve endings.

He alternated between aggressive suction and gentle tugging with his teeth, all while his eyes remained fixed above her smooth, hairless mons pubis.

From this angle, he could see her enormous tits quaking like gelatin with each spasm, her wide areolas puckering as she bucked her hips against his face, grinding her sopping cunt against his chin.

After a minute of cunt-feasting, Jackson surfaced from between her thighs, his chin dripping with her juices like a wolf after a fresh kill.

"Your cunt tastes like fucking candy, mom," he growled, strings of saliva connecting his swollen lips to her glistening slit.

He dove back down, his tongue carving through her puffy labia with obscene slurping sounds, his nose buried in her musk as he devoured her like a starving animal at a trough.

He wanted to make her cum just once before he split those puffy cunt lips with his throbbing battering ram.

His tongue flattened against her clit while he rammed two thick fingers into her dripping hole, groaning at how her velvety walls clamped down like a vise.

"Fuck, you're tight as a virgin," he growled, imagining how those same walls would stretch and burn around his veiny cock, her neglected pussy struggling to accommodate his girth.

"There it fucking is," he snarled against her swollen nub, feeling the ridged patch of her G-spot beneath his fingertips.

He hammered against it mercilessly, curling his fingers in the come-hither motion that had made countless sluts squirt all over his hand.

“Oh fuck, baby,” the mother gasped, her huge fleshy tits quivering with excitement, “you know what we girls like, don't you?”

“Mm-hm,” he answered, his lips vibrating against the fat bulb of her clit.

Jackson suspected from their furtive grinding sessions—when her silk panties turned to sodden rags against his brick-hard erection—that his mother was a squirter.

His theory proved catastrophically correct when Leslie's spine arched like a drawn bow and she shrieked, "I'm fucking cumming!"

Her cunt convulsed violently, the tiny slit above her vaginal opening pulsating before unleashing a pressurized geyser of clear ejaculate that splattered across his face in hot, musky waves.

Jackson opened his mouth greedily, catching the briny deluge on his tongue, gulping audibly as the maternal nectar flooded down his throat.

"Holy fucking Christ," he growled, face gleaming with her secretions, "that's the yummiest shit I've ever tasted."

Leslie thrashed beneath him, her thighs clamped around his ears, her screams echoing off the bedroom walls as her cunt continued to spasm and squirt.

The mother's fingers tangled in Jackson's sweat-damp hair, yanking his face from between her thighs with savage force.

"Fuck me, Jackson," she snarled, her voice guttural and raw. "Hammer my fucking cunt like a goddamn animal."

Her legs splayed obscenely wide, exposing her glistening, puffy labia that twitched with need.

Jackson's eyes glazed over, his mouth and chin dripping with her juices. "Fuck yeah, Mom," he growled, positioning his veiny battering ram at her slick entrance.

Leslie's limbs coiled around him like a python, her ankles locking behind his sweat-slicked back, her manicured nails digging crescents into his shoulders as she prepared to be impaled on her son's throbbing meat.

"I'm gonna pound you into next week," Jackson snarled like a rabid wolf as the purple mushroom head of his cock breached her swollen labia, the tight ring of her cunt entrance strangling his throbbing shaft.

As he slowly sunk two-inches in, her vaginal walls gripped him like a vise, the ridged flesh dragging against every bulging vein on his meat.

"O-h-h shit that's tight," he gasped, feeling the heated squeeze around his meat.

He'd jackhammered enough cherry pussies to know the drill—retreat until only his flared cockhead remained lodged in her quivering entrance, letting her Bartholin's glands secrete their slick juices over his angry red shaft before ramming forward again.

"Your cock is splitting me in fucking half," Leslie gasped, her words inflating his ego like a balloon.

The muscle and tendons at the base of his dick contracted violently, blood vessels pulsating as he fed inch after veiny inch into the scorching wet tunnel that had once birthed him.

"You're gonna have all of me on this next thrust, mom," he breathed as once more he withdrew his glistening shaft a few inches, knowing with this next thrust his bulbous purple cockhead would slam against the spongy ring of her cervix for the first time.

"Give me all that dick," the mother's voice quivered, "every fucking inch."

Leslie's swollen inner labia clung desperately to his veiny member as he backed out several inches, then Jackson's engorged glans surged forward like a flesh torpedo, impaling her squelching cunt completely.

Her vaginal walls quivered violently around his throbbing teenage meat, stretched to their absolute limit by his obscene girth.

Before her maternal hole had a chance to adjust, his cock began jackhammering inside her, his heavy cum-filled balls slapping wetly against her taint with each brutal thrust.

"Here we fucking go!" the teen announced, his tight ass bobbing rhythmically between her thighs.

They crashed together on the king-sized bed, Leslie's thighs spread obscenely wide as Jackson pile-drove his throbbing cock into her with bestial grunts.

The ornately carved headboard slammed against the wall with each brutal thrust, marking time like a metronome for their depraved symphony.

Leslie had specifically chosen this four-poster monstrosity from the furniture showroom, imagining how its sturdy oak frame would withstand the savage pounding of her son's girthy battering ram stretching her neglected cunt.

Yet even this fortress of hardwood groaned in protest as mother and son rutted like rabid animals, their sweat-slick bodies fused in a grotesque knot of forbidden flesh.

Leslie squealed like a stuck pig, her crimson talons raking furrows down her son's sweat-slick back as he pile-drove her gushing cunt with merciless, porn-star brutality.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUUUUCK!" she shrieked, eyes rolling back in her skull.

Her mind flashed to her wedding day—crammed inside the tiny closet of her dressing room, wedding dress hiked up while Spencer's massive, veiny cock split her open mere minutes before she'd walk down the aisle to clueless Hal.

Jackson's savage rhythm—the way his veiny battering ram punched her cervix with each thrust—was Spencer

incarnate, reducing her to nothing but a quivering, cock-drunk sleeve for his teenage meat.

Her enormous tits flopped and sloshed like water balloons in an earthquake, fat, tender nipples scraping painfully against his chest while her husband's limp-dicked pumping faded to a pathetic memory.

“Goddamn this pussy feels divine,” the boy growled, feeling it strangle his cock as he took full-length thrusts.

A guttural moan tore from his throat as Leslie's body went rigid beneath him, her silken inner walls clamping down like a velvet vise around every throbbing inch of his engorged member.

Her cunt contracted rhythmically, each spasm milking his shaft with primal hunger. He'd made countless girls cream themselves on his cock before, but this—his own mother's pussy convulsing around him—sent lightning bolts of forbidden ecstasy crackling through his nervous system.

“O-h-h fuck,” Leslie gasped, thighs quivered against his hips as she pulled him deeper into the scorching furnace between her legs, her mountainous breasts heaving and slapping together as she writhed beneath him. “I'M FUCKING CUMMMMMMIIINNNNGGG!!

The obscene squelching sounds of her climax echoed through the room as clear ejaculate gushed around the base of his shaft, dripping from his ass-slapping ball-sack and soaking the tangled sheets beneath them.

The knowledge that his throbbing cock was now strangled by the same raw, gushing cunt that had once squeezed and soaked his entire slippery newborn body as it emerged from her dilated cervix and slid down that warm, fragrant birth canal towards the light of the waiting world sent a sick, perverted thrill straight to his balls.

Jackson's teeth bared in a feral grimace, spittle flying as he roared, "Take my fucking cum!"

His hips pistoned with savage force, the headboard smashing against the drywall with each brutal thrust.

His cock swelled impossibly larger inside her, veins bulging like garden hoses as his balls contracted violently.

The first volcanic eruption of semen felt like molten lead being forcibly ejected through his urethra, his entire body convulsing as rope after thick, pearlescent rope of genetic material flooded the very womb that had once housed him.

For several minutes, their bodies remained locked in carnal combat—Leslie's back arched impossibly as aftershocks rippled through her cunt, each spasm milking another thick rope of cum from Jackson's pulsating shaft.

His hips jerked involuntarily as his boner kicked and spewed deeply inside her. He ground his pubic bone against her swollen clit while her nails carved crimson trenches across his shoulder blades.

Their mingled fluids formed a viscous puddle beneath her ass, soaking into the Egyptian cotton sheets as they writhed and gasped.

Finally, utterly spent, they collapsed into a sweaty tangle of limbs, their heaving chests slick with perspiration, the musky perfume of sex hanging heavy in the air as they basked in the forbidden afterglow.

In the coming weeks and months, Leslie's world transformed into a carousel of carnal depravity. Every room in the house now bore witness to their rutting—kitchen counters sticky with their mingled fluids, shower tiles smeared with breast prints, even Hal's leather recliner permanently imprinted with the outline of her splayed ass cheeks.

Her throat, raw from screaming obscenities, produced hoarse wails that deliberately carried through the house and into her cuckolded husband's ears.

The neglected cunt that had withered during her marriage now bloomed obscenely, perpetually swollen and dripping, its hungry depths constantly stretched around Jackson's veiny battering ram as they fucked like rabid animals in heat.

Jackson strutted through school hallways like royalty, smirking at the cheerleaders who once occupied his fantasies. Their perky tits and tight asses held no allure now—not when his mom's cum-drenched cunt awaited him at home, her stretched hole perpetually slick and ready for his teenage battering ram.

Every afternoon, he'd slam the front door and find her already naked, nipples hard as bullets, her fingers frantically working her swollen clit.

They'd barricade themselves in their bedroom for marathon fuck sessions, the mattress springs screaming in protest as she rode his throbbing cock in every position she ever dreamed of.

Her massive ass cheeks jiggling, slapping his thighs as she vigorously rode him, while she howled filth that would make porn-stars blush.

"Deeper than your father ever went," she snarled, her wide birthing hips moving in frantic figure-eights that made his iron hard cock stir inside her depths.

Jackson could only groan, latched to her rippling tit, his face sunk so deep in its supple meat that he thought he might suffocate.

Stuffed full of nipple and areola, his mouth suckled and chewed, her warm tit-nectar flowing down his greedy throat.

Leslie's cunt muscles milked his shaft for hours as she demonstrated all the depraved positions Hal's limp dick could never satisfy.

Jackson's cock glistened perpetually—slick with his mother's saliva or coated in her viscous cunt nectar. Leslie's oral worship had become ritualistic, her mouth descending on his morning wood before he'd even fully awakened.

If Leslie hadn't hit those lucky six numbers, Hal would have surely served her divorce papers—knowing what he did now. But with nine figures sitting in her account, he tolerated the constant reminders of his sexual inadequacy.

While Leslie and Jackson rutted upstairs like animals, he sat in his basement workshop, fingers sanding exotic hardwoods for the model ships he crafted with obsessive precision.

The lottery money had bought him freedom from his accounting job and the expensive things he'd always coveted, though it couldn't purchase the one thing his wife clearly needed—a husband whose cock could stay hard for more than thirty pathetic seconds.

It was a fact Leslie and their daughter mentioned at every family dinner with cruel smiles that made his ears burn and his stomach knot.

THE END