

OPERATION:

DRAIN MY SON'S BALLS



BY KLRXO

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Kurt's jeans strained against his throbbing cock-shaft as his pregnant mother squirmed on his lap, her weight pressing down on his growing flesh. Mandy's lips curled into a smirk, feigning ignorance to the rock-hard desire pulsating against her ample ass-meat. She knew it was forbidden, but the primal lust stirring in her teenage son ignited an inferno within her.

As the local parade marched by, Mandy casually reached back, her fingers digging into Kurt's muscular thigh, mere inches from his throbbing groin. Kurt bit back a groan, his body trembling with the electric jolts of pleasure coursing through him. Every subtle movement sent waves of agonizing ecstasy crashing against his swollen cock. He clenched his jaw, the noise of the parade drowning out his stifled moans.

His gaze was drawn to the sweat-slicked valley between his mother's heaving breasts, her low-cut tank top revealing more than it concealed. The way her ripe, pregnant tits swayed with the rhythm of the crowd was hypnotic. Kurt could feel the wet spot of pre-cum growing in his boxers, his body aching for release.

Mandy's breath hitched as she fought the urge to grind against the steel rod nestled between her ass cheeks. Pregnancy had turned her body into a inferno of raging hormones, every taboo thought amplifying her lust. She craved the forbidden, the wrongness of it all pushing her closer to the edge of oblivion.

Kurt's dad bellowed his approval at a passing float, deaf and blind to the electric sexual tension pulsating between his wife and son mere inches away. His daughter was just as oblivious, her eyes welded to her phone screen.

Mandy pressed her thighs together, desperate to suppress the insistent throbbing of her greedy pussy. She could feel the dampness pooling in the crotch of her panties, the heat of her desire threatening to consume her. It was all she could do not to shove a hand up her sundress and fuck herself right there in public.

When the parade finally ended and it was time to leave, the overheated mother reluctantly peeled herself off Kurt's lap. As she stood, her eyes were drawn like magnets to the massive slab straining inside his jeans. The lewd wet spot of pre-cum was a glaring beacon, making her pussy clench and spasm with want.

Their eyes met, and they exchanged a searing, knowing look before tearing away, both fighting to act normal. Kurt awkwardly adjusted himself as he stood, the rigid pillar of his cock blatantly outlined against his thigh.

"Alright, everyone, let's move out," Kurt's dad declared, still clueless. "I don't know about you, but I'm starving!"

Mandy's tongue darted out, wetting her lips as her eyes flicked back to her son's groin. She was starving too, but not for anything on a menu. Pregnancy hormones had her craving the taboo taste of her teenage boy's virile cum, her body aching with a hunger that threatened to devour them both.

Kurt's body trembled, his cock throbbing with a mind of its own, despite his desperate attempts to suppress it. The image of his mom's voluptuous ass, grinding against him, was seared into his brain, a torturous, relentless loop.

As they weaved through the thinning crowd, Kurt lagged behind, his eyes locked onto his mom's swaying hips, the rounded shelf of her bubble butt moving with a mesmerizing, carnal rhythm.

Mandy's breath hitched, her pulse quickening as she fought the primal urge to drag her son into the nearest dark alley and fuck him senseless, consequences be damned.

Kurt's imagination ran wild as well, visions of taking his pregnant mom from behind in some hidden nook, pounding into her with brutal, unforgiving thrusts, her pendulous breasts swinging like wrecking balls. His hands shook, nails biting into his palms, as he wrestled with his self-control.

The air between them crackled with sexual tension, a tangible force field of forbidden desire that threatened to consume them both. With every step towards the car, their resolve weakened, their bodies screaming to be entwined in a heated rut, to satisfy the taboo hunger that threatened to devour them whole.

Just days later, Mandy found herself at Kurt's basketball game, striding with determination on her delicate stiletto mules. Her enormous, milk-swollen breasts and her seven-month pregnant belly thrust forward with intensity, a bobbling monumental weight she bore with every step, making her way toward an acquaintance named Madelyn.

"Hey Madelyn! It's been ages. Looks like we're both about ready to burst, huh?" She laughed, motioning at their taut, baby-packed bellies straining against their skin-tight maternity tops.

Madelyn grinned, her own massive, milk-laden breasts rising and falling heavily. "Oh my gosh, I know! Just a couple of months to go. I feel enormous!"

"Tell me about it," Mandy groaned, shifting her weight in a desperate attempt to find some semblance of comfort. "So hey, I heard my Kurt went out with your daughter last week!"

"Oh yeah, she mentioned that! I think they had a great time," Madelyn responded, bouncing slightly from foot to foot, her own enormous boobies bobbing and swaying with the movement.

"Young love!" Mandy chuckled. "Ah, to be that age again. No worries, no responsibilities, and perkier tits" She cupped her own swollen, milk-heavy breasts and sighed wistfully.

"Ha, I know exactly what you mean," Madelyn said. "But hey, at least pregnancy gives us an upgrade in the boob department, right? Even if they're leaking like crazy."

"My girls hardly needed an upgrade," Mandy snickered. "My cup size was already somewhere in the middle of the alphabet, and that was BEFORE I got knocked up."

The two mothers shared a knowing laugh, their ripe, full bellies nearly colliding as they stood chatting, commiserating over their ever-changing bodies while cheering on their kids with a blend of nostalgia and amusement.

Madelyn leaned in so close that her breath mingled with Mandy's, her eyes blazing with a mischievous fire as she whispered conspiratorially, "Listen, my daughter revealed something about her night with Kurt that I just have to tell you."

"Alright, spill it," Mandy replied, her eyes sparkling with eager anticipation.

"She said they parked and had sex, but he couldn't... well, you know, ejaculate."

Mandy's eyes widened like saucers. "Seriously? Even with someone as young and vibrant as your daughter? That's unexpected."

"I know, right? But here's the kicker – he went at it for over two hours! Absolutely wore her out until she literally passed out from sheer

exhaustion. Can you imagine that?" Madelyn shook her head in disbelief, her voice tinged with incredulous admiration.

"Wow," Mandy exhaled, a dreamy look glazing over her eyes. "A two hour fuck. I can't even remember the last time my husband and I went at it for more than ten minutes before he rolled off and started snoring."

"Ha, men," Madelyn scoffed, a cynical smile playing on her lips. "But you wanna hear something crazy? When Jenna told me that, instead of worrying about why your son didn't ejaculate, a twisted part of me felt envious. I mean, what would it be like to be utterly ravished for that long?"

"It certain is a question we moms ask ourselves," Mandy agreed.

"Sorry, I know that sounds awful, but these pregnancy hormones have me feeling hornier than ever," Madelyn confessed in tone hinting in frustration. "And my husband won't come near me. Says it's 'weird' to fuck someone as pregnant as I am." She punctuated her frustration with air quotes, her eyes rolling in exasperation.

"Ugh, I get you. My husband has practically abandoned our sex life, and my vibrator has become my closest companion lately," Mandy sighed, her hand absentmindedly caressing her swollen belly. "But two hours... even if my son didn't finish, that sounds incredible. Your daughter is one lucky girl."

"That she is," Madelyn admitted, her voice laced with envy. The two pregnant women stood in a charged silence, their minds swirling with heated fantasies, their bodies yearning to be worshipped and pleased by tireless youthful vigor for hours on end, like Madelyn's daughter had been.

Later that evening, Mandy felt her meaty mommy-buttocks sway and dimple beneath her silk nightgown as she sauntered into her son Kurt's room, her bare feet pressing against the cold floor.

Kurt, a studious teenager, was hunched over his desk, cramming for an exam. Her sultry voice broke the silence, "Honey, do you have a minute to chat?"

Kurt turned, his face flushing as he caught sight of her giant heaving breasts, barely contained within the flimsy fabric. "Sure, Mom," he stammered, his eyes widening at the sight of her.

Mandy beamed with satisfaction, savoring the overwhelming impact her voluptuous form had on her handsome boy. She shifted slightly, allowing him to fully absorb her curvaceous silhouette - her massive belly thrusting forward with pride, while the burden of her milk-laden breasts stretched the delicate silk to its limits.

Kurt swallowed hard, his gaze trailing over her bountiful flesh, from her alluring face down to her generous, shelf-like buttocks, round and luscious like a ripe peach ready to be plucked. A familiar heat surged within him as he fantasized about grasping those weighty breasts, drawing the sweet nectar from her swollen teats. Her golden locks cascaded over her shoulders in wild, tousled waves, enveloping her in an almost otherworldly allure.

The mother inhaled sharply, her breath trembling as her nerves frayed at the edges. "As you've probably noticed, I've been thrilled about being pregnant with your brother," she announced, her voice taut with underlying tension. "But, Kurt, I have a problem. A serious problem."

Kurt's gaze flicked to the shadowy chasm of her cleavage before darting back to her face. "What is it?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Mandy cast a furtive glance at the door, even though she knew they were alone. Her husband was in his home office, buried under a mountain of work, and her daughter was tucked away at a friend's house. "Your father," she spat, her voice venomous. "He's being impossible. He thinks sex while I'm pregnant will harm the baby. I've told

him he's wrong, I've even tried to show him the facts online, but he won't listen."

Kurt's face burned with embarrassment, the frank discussion of his parents' sex life making him squirm. "So, Dad won't... touch you?" he choked out.

Mandy's eyes flashed with anger and desperation. "No!" she cried, her voice throbbing with frustration. "He expects me to go the next two months without sex, Kurt. Two months! I can't even go two days without it!"

Kurt's breath hitched, his young mind racing with illicit thoughts. He had often fantasized about his mother while choking his cock late at night and after she sat on his lap at the parade, being locked between her thighs was all he could think about. "What can I do to help mom?"

Mandy exhaled deeply, her breath trembling as she steeled herself to request an unthinkable favor from her own son. "Kurt, if I share this with you, promise me—swear to me—you won't see me as a monster," she implored, desperation lacing her voice.

"I could never see you that way," he responded with unwavering loyalty, clasping her hand with a reassuring grip. She held his hand tightly, her eyes meeting his innocent gaze and seemed to hold a mischievous glint.

"Sweetheart, I can't endure two months without sex. Your father is immovable on this matter, so—I intend to be unfaithful," she revealed, her words hanging heavy in the air.

"You mean... cheating on dad, with another man?" he asked, his voice tinged with confusion and surprise.

Mandy hesitated, knowing she needed to frame her truth in a way her son might grasp. "Honey, have you ever heard the term 'hypersexual'?" she inquired.

He shook his head, prompting her to continue. "A hypersexual woman is consumed by thoughts of sex, driven by an insatiable desire. It's not something she can control; it's a condition spurred by overwhelming hormones."

"I didn't know that," he murmured, his voice small and unsure. "Is that what you are?"

She nodded gently, a warm smile softening her features as she squeezed his hand once more. "Yes, your mother is intensely hypersexual, which is why your father's ultimatum is impossible for me, and why I need someone else to help me chase that elusive release."

The boy gritted his teeth, forcing out the words, "So, you have someone in mind to help you?"

The beautiful mother locked eyes with her son, her teeth sinking into her bottom lip until it turned white. "Yeah," she breathed, her voice a low growl. "Yeah, I do."

She leaned in, her voice a conspiratorial hiss. "If I'm gonna chance destroying my marriage, it won't be with just any anyone. It'll be with a man who sets my fantasies ablaze. The one I picture when I touch myself."

Kurt's face burned with a fierce blush. "You... you touch yourself?" he stammered.

A dark chuckle escaped her lips. "Everyone fucks themselves, sweetie. Just like when you stroke that hard penis of yours at night, Mom has her own needs during the day. You didn't think I was just your little maid during the day, did you?"

Kurt's heart pounded, his mother's raw confession and the knowledge that she was aware of his own primal habits sending a wave of heat crashing through him.

"Now, back to my perfect lover," Mandy growled. "He'd have to be young... like, barely legal young, lean, hung like a horse, and always ready for more. Always hungry for me."

Kurt was frozen, his mother's words, that he could hardly believe she was sharing, painting a vivid, carnal image in his mind. His breath hitched as she continued.

"And he'd have to be close. Very close. Because I'd need him. Often. Very... very often."

The boy's voice was barely a whisper, "And you... you have someone in mind like that?"

Her eyes were wild, her breath coming in heaving gasps that made her fat tits rise and fall heavily. "Oh, I do," she purred, her voice thick with lust. "It's you, honey."

His eyes widened, shock and disbelief warring with a dark, forbidden thrill. "Me? You want me to—"

"Fuck me," she finished, her voice a low moan. "Would that be so terrible?"

Kurt swallowed hard, his heart racing in disbelief. "Could we really do that?" he asked, his voice trembling with a mixture of shock and forbidden excitement.

Mandy downplayed the taboo aspect, her voice dropping to a seductive purr. "Oh honey, you'd be surprised how many moms and sons are having sex these days. It's just not something people talk about openly for fear of getting in trouble. But it's perfectly natural, a beautiful expression of the deepest bond between a mother and her child."

"Honestly, I like the idea a lot," he confessed, "but there's something I need to tell you first."

Mandy tilted her head, concern etched on her face. "What is it, baby? You can tell me anything."

Kurt looked down, his cheeks burning with shame. "I have trouble... finishing. No matter how long I jerk off or have sex, I can never seem to... you know, cum."

Mandy's eyes widened in surprise. "Oh honey, I had no idea," she lied, suddenly recalling her and Madelyn's discussion at the game. "That must be so frustrating for you." She reached out and stroked his cheek tenderly.

"It's awful," Kurt admitted, his voice cracking. "I feel like there's something wrong with me."

"Shh, don't say that," Mandy soothed. "There's nothing wrong with you. Just because you have trouble ejaculating. It doesn't make you any less of a man."

Kurt met her gaze, his eyes shining with unshed tears. "Really? You don't think I'm a freak?"

"Of course not," Mandy assured him. "In fact, I think it's kind of... hot. I can only imagine how long you could last, how many times you could make a girl cum before you finally let go."

Kurt's breath hitched at her words, his cock twitching in his pants. "You really think so?"

Mandy nodded, a wicked gleam in her eye. "Mmmhmm. I bet you could go for hours, couldn't you baby? Pound a tight little pussy until a woman screaming for mercy?"

Kurt let out a shaky breath. "God, Mom... I want that so badly."

Mandy smiled knowingly. "I had a feeling you might. The truth is, honey, I don't think there's anything wrong with you at all. I think you just haven't

been with a woman who knows how to really take care of you. A woman like me."

She stepped closer, her heavy, pliable breasts brushing against his chest as she leaned in to whisper in his ear. "I bet I could make you cum so hard and so fast, you wouldn't know what hit you. Mommy knows exactly how to milk a big, young cock like yours."

Kurt shivered, his erection straining painfully against his jeans. "Please," he whimpered, not even fully understanding what he was begging for.

Mandy gazed hungrily at the eager bulge tenting Kurt's jeans. She had planned to wait until tomorrow to seduce her son, but seeing his throbbing erection, she knew she couldn't hold back any longer. Her hormones raged out of control, her pregnant body burning with an all-consuming need to be filled and fucked hard.

"Come on honey, let's go for a walk," she purred, grabbing Kurt's hand and pulling him up from the chair. "I wanna show you something."

Kurt stumbled after her, his mind reeling from her earlier confessions and the feel of her soft hand in his. "Where are we going?" he asked breathlessly.

"You'll see," Mandy replied with a mischievous wink. She led him downstairs where her husband Tom was buried in work at his desk. "Hey babe, Kurt and I are going out to take a long walk, get some fresh air. We'll be back in a bit."

Tom barely glanced up from his computer. "Sounds good, have fun you two," he mumbled distractedly.

Mandy smiled to herself as she tugged Kurt out the back door. If only her clueless husband knew what she was really planning to do with their son. The forbidden thrill sent tingles racing down her spine straight to her aching, empty cunt.

She walked briskly, her ass-globes swaying seductively under the thin nightgown with each step. Kurt followed in a daze, unable to tear his eyes away from the mesmerizing jiggle and bounce of her ripe cheeks. His cock throbbed almost painfully, trapped in the confines of his jeans.

After a short walk across their expansive property, they reached the old treehouse Kurt used to play in as a kid. Mandy released his hand and sauntered ahead, her wide child-bearing hips swaying hypnotically.

She climbed the wooden ladder, her son's eyes glued to her plump ass as it jiggled with each step. Once inside the small fort, she turned and crooked a finger at him. "Get that sexy butt up here."

Kurt nearly tripped over himself in his haste to obey. He clambered up the ladder and crawled into the treehouse, his heart hammering. Mandy was sprawled out on the dusty floor, her nightgown riding up to reveal her creamy thighs.

"Remember how you used to love playing in here?" she asked huskily, running a finger down his chest. "Well, I thought it was time to make some new grown-up treehouse memories together."

Kurt swallowed hard, his heart pounding wildly. "What kind of memories?"

Mandy answered by lifting her nightgown and shrugging it off her shoulders. It slithered to the floor, exposing her spectacular milky breasts capped with wide areolas and light brown nipples. Her pregnant belly swelled gently between her wide hips. She wore nothing else.

"The kind where mommy teaches you what this hot, pregnant body needs," she growled, grabbing his hands and placing them on her heavy tits. "The kind where you pump me full of your huge, backed-up load while I scream your name."

Kurt gasped as he squeezed the biggest tits he had ever seen, capped with wide, thickly textured areolas and rubbery nipples. The heavy flesh

overflowed his groping hands. He couldn't believe he was actually fondling his own mother's enormous breasts.

Mandy moaned wantonly, arching her back to press more of her sensitive milk-swollen flesh into his touch. "That's it baby, get to know mommy's big titties. Soon you'll be sucking on them while you fuck me senseless."

Shaking with nervous excitement, Kurt quickly wriggled out of his jeans and briefs, freeing his long teenage cock. He stared down at it, admiring how perfectly shaped it was - a thick shaft curving up slightly to a bulbous purple head, pulsing with need. A pearly drop of pre-cum oozed from the tip.

"My god," Mandy breathed, eyeing his impressive young cock hungrily. "Look at the size of you. Mommy hit the jackpot with her hung boy."

Pride surged through Kurt at his mother's awed reaction to his equipment. His dick flexed in anticipation, eager to plunge into her wet heat.

Mandy grabbed his hips and pulled him between her splayed thighs. Her swollen pink lips glistened with arousal, engorged and ready. "Give it to me," she demanded, reaching down to rub her throbbing clit. "Shove that big cock in mommy's pregnant pussy. I need it so fucking bad!"

Kurt positioned his dripping tip at her entrance, hardly believing this was real. He was about bang his very own gorgeous mother. With a guttural groan, he bucked forward, burying his entire length in her tight, clasp channel.

"Unghhhh fuck!" Mandy cried out, inner muscles clenching greedily around the welcome invader. "So deep! You're so goddamn deep in mommy's cunt! Punish my cervix with that huge cock!"

Kurt pulled back and slammed in again, grunting as her silky walls squeezed him. He set a hard, driving rhythm, the lewd slap of flesh filling the treehouse as he rutted into her roughly.

"Harder...HARDER!" Mandy screamed, scissoring her sexy legs around his pumping ass. "Break me with that young dick! Ruin me for your father!"

Kurt felt a burst of savage pride, knowing he was outperforming his dad and giving his insatiable mother what she truly needed. He crushed his mouth to hers in a sloppy, open-mouthed kiss, all tongues and teeth as he pounded her into oblivion.

After breaking the kiss, the teen gazed in awe at his mother's swollen sex as he pistoned in and out of her. Her pregnant pussy was a marvel - the lips puffed and ruddy, flowering open to reveal the pink, glistening flesh within. As his thick cock speared her depths, he could feel every fold and ridge of her channel fluttering and clenching around him.

Her entrance was a tight, grabbing ring, the muscles engorged from her expectant state. It suctioned his plunging shaft on every stroke, the rubbery labia clinging and dragging deliciously against his pummeling cockmeat. Creamy nectar seeped from her core, frothing around his relentlessly pumping cock and matting his pubic hair.

Mandy let out a piercing wail as Kurt slammed against her cervix at the end of each thrust, the bulbous head of his cock kissing the entrance to her womb where his unborn sibling slumbered, blissfully unaware. The spongy tissues yielded and molded around his tip before he withdrew to slam home again.

Mandy's hands flew to her crotch as the first powerful contraction ripped through her vaginal canal. Her swollen labia flared wide around Kurt's plunging shaft as a torrential gush of clear fluid fountained from her urethra and sprayed his pumping groin. Ejaculate streamed down his balls and soaked the old wooden boards beneath them as he continued to pound into her squirting pussy.

"UNNGGHH FUUCKK! I'm cumming so hard on your huge cock!" Mandy screamed, her fluttering vaginal muscles clamping around him like a vise. Her bladder unleashed spurt after spurt of feminine nectar with each powerful clench, splattering obscenely against his pubic bone and running in rivulets down the insides of her quivering thighs.

The milking contractions of her orgasming pussy were almost unbearably pleasurable, the grasping wet velvet practically strangling Kurt's pistoning young cock. But still, despite the exquisite sensations engulfing his manhood, he felt no building urge to erupt himself.

With a primal roar, he redoubled his efforts, determined to wring every last drop of climax from his convulsing mother. His heavy balls slapped against her squirting slit as he reamed into her harder and faster, the treehouse creaking ominously from the force of his thrusts.

Mandy threw her head back and loosed a silent scream, her body nearly convulsing off the floor as he pounded her through a second, even more explosive orgasm.

The teen pounded into his mother's sodden pussy like a man possessed, grunting and snarling as he rutted her into oblivion. For 30, 40, 50 minutes he hammered away, reducing Mandy to a quivering, babbling mess beneath him. Her pregnant body convulsed through orgasm after mind-shattering orgasm, feminine juices gushing out to soak the floorboards.

"Oh god, oh fuck, oh KURT!" she wailed deliriously, barely coherent as the ecstasy seemed to fry her brain. "Mommy's cumming again! You're making mommy cum so fucking HARD!"

Her boy feasted on her giant pillow tits as he pumped into her relentlessly, suckling and gnawing at the rubbery nipples until milk began to leak out. He growled around a mouthful of titflesh, lapping up the sweet cream even as his cock continued to scour her convulsing depths.

But despite the exquisite, unending stimulation, Kurt's swollen balls refused to surrender their backed-up load. His stamina seemed inhuman as he fucked her into the floor with machine-like precision, never faltering or slowing his brutal pace.

Desperate to finally feel her son's seed erupting inside her, Mandy clenched her vaginal muscles rhythmically, milking his jackhammering cock for all she was worth. She babbled a stream of filthy encouragements into his ear, her voice a debauched purr.

"Come on baby, give mommy that huge fucking load," she panted. "I wanna feel you explode in my pregnant cunt. Fill me up with your hot, nasty spunk. Breed me!"

She worked her coital barrel around his penile flesh in a relentless squeeze and release, but even her most valiant efforts couldn't seem to push Kurt over the edge. His heavy sack slapped against her pink, crinkled asshole as he reamed into her harder, faster, but the dam just wouldn't burst.

Mandy wept with frustration even as her body shook through another series of crushing orgasms. She couldn't understand it - her boy was an absolutely phenomenal fuck, slamming her cervix with unbelievable power and stamina. But she needed to feel him cum, needed his potent teenage seed searing her womb. She craved that intimate, primal connection with her son.

Mandy rolled onto her hands and knees, her heavy breasts swaying beneath her as she presented her lush, heart-shaped ass to her son. "Fuck me from behind," she panted over her shoulder, reaching back to spread her dripping cheeks. "Pound mommy's pussy like a bitch in heat."

Kurt shuffled forward on his knees, gripping her wide hips as he notched the bulbous head of his cock between her puffy lips. With a feral growl, he slammed forward, burying his aching shaft to the hilt in her sopping cuntal passage.

"Unngghh yes!" Mandy keened, tossing her head as he immediately set a hard, driving rhythm. Her ripe ass cheeks jiggled and rippled hypnotically with each hammering impact of his pelvis, the lewd slapping of flesh on flesh filling the treehouse.

Kurt gazed in awe at the erotic sight, watching his veiny cock disappearing between her plush cheeks over and over as he reamed into her. Her pink rosebud winked at him enticingly and on impulse, he gathered some of her drooling juices on his thumb and pressed it against the forbidden entrance.

"Ohhhh fuck!" Mandy wailed as he breached her tight rear passage, the dual stimulation sending lightning bolts of pleasure sizzling through her nerve endings. She bucked back onto his pistoning cock, the obscene squelch of her overflowing pussy like music to their ears.

Kurt worked his thumb deeper into her clutching asshole, groaning at the velvety heat engulfing the digit. He pistoned it in counterpoint to his hammering cock, filling both her holes in a deliciously dirty rhythm.

Mandy's body began to quake as a massive orgasm crashed through her, her pussy clamping and fluttering wildly around Kurt's plunging shaft. "I'm cumming! Fuck, I'm cumming so hard on your huge cock!" she screamed, feminine juices gushing out to soak his balls and run down her shaking thighs.

Kurt roared in response, fucking her straight through the endless contractions. His heavy sack swung forward to slap her engorged clit with every thrust, pushing her higher and higher. He couldn't get enough of her ripe body shuddering and undulating beneath him as he pumped into her with all his youthful strength and vigor.

And yet, despite the mind-blowing ecstasy engulfing his cock, he still couldn't crest that elusive peak. His balls churned with pent-up seed, aching for blessed release, but it remained maddeningly out of reach. He

rutted into his mom's quivering cunt with almost vengeful intensity, but his orgasm stayed frustratingly beyond his grasp.

Mandy quickly disengaged from her son's still raging erection, turning to kneel before him. She gazed up at him with lust-fogged eyes as she wrapped her small hand around his thick, slick shaft. It pulsed and jumped against her palm, the bulbous head an angry purple.

"Mommy's gonna suck this big cock until you explode down my throat," she purred, pumping him in a tight fist. Pearly fluid leaked from the tip and she lapped it up hungrily, savoring the musky taste of his arousal. "I won't stop until I've milked out every drop of your creamy load."

Kurt groaned gutturally as she took him into the wet heat of her mouth, her lips stretching obscenely around his girth. She slurped and suckled noisily, her cheeks hollowing as she worked him deeper. Her tongue swirled and undulated along the throbbing underside, teasing the sensitive bundle of nerves just under the head.

"Oh fuck Mom, your mouth feels so good," he panted, fingers tangling in her hair as he resisted the urge to thrust. Mandy took him right to the back of her throat before pulling off with a lewd pop, strings of saliva connecting her lips to his flesh.

She devoted worship to his heavy, cum-filled balls next, drawing each testicle into her mouth to lave and roll them around her tongue. Kurt's cock flexed and bobbed against her face, smearing pre-cum across her cheek. She nuzzled into his musky sack, inhaling deeply of his potent masculine scent.

"These balls are so full," she murmured, caressing his aching sack. "So heavy with seed for mommy. I can't wait to feel them emptying down my throat."

Mandy engulfed him again, relaxing her jaw to take him impossibly deep. Kurt cried out sharply as the head of his cock pushed into the clutching

heat of her throat, her nose pressing into his groin. She swallowed around him, the rippling muscles massaging his length exquisitely.

Holding him there, she gazed up at him with her pretty eyes as she began to hum, the vibrations shooting pleasure through his shaft and causing his balls to tighten. She cupped and kneaded the heavy orbs, coaxing them to unleash their pent-up load.

Mandy bobbed feverishly on Kurt's straining erection, taking him to the hilt again and again. She hollowed her cheeks and suckled fiercely, swirling her tongue around the engorged head on every upstroke. Her hand pumped the base in counterpoint, twisting and squeezing the throbbing shaft.

Kurt groaned and grunted above her, fingers flexing in her blonde hair as she worked him over with single-minded intensity. The treehouse creaked as he rocked into her mouth, chasing his release. But no matter how enthusiastically she slurped and slobbered, he just couldn't crest that peak.

Switching tactics, Mandy released him with a lewd pop and began slapping his spit-slick cock against her face. The heavy shaft thumped her cheeks as she rubbed it all over, smearing his dripping pre-cum into her skin. "Come on baby, paint mommy's face," she purred sultrily, lashing the head with the flat of her tongue. "I want to wear your hot, nasty load."

Kurt's cock pulsed and flexed against her, the sight of his own mother debasing herself with his meat nearly unbearably arousing. But still, his balls refused to surrender their backed-up cum. They churned heavily, bloated and aching, but the eruption remained tantalizingly out of reach.

Just then, his dad Tom's voice rang out from the direction of the house. "Mandy? Kurt? Where are you two?"

Mandy froze, Kurt's twitching cock still pressed to her face. Panic seized her as she realized how long they had been out here rutting like animals. If Tom came looking and caught them...

"Shit, we have to go," she hissed, releasing her son and scrambling to her feet. Grabbing her nightgown, she hastily threw it over her naked, sweat-damp body. "Baby, I'm so sorry but we can't let your father find us like this."

Kurt groaned in agony, looking down at his raging hard-on, flushed a furious purple and throbbing in time with his heartbeat. Gritting his teeth, he struggled to stuff it back into his jeans, hissing as the rough denim chafed his sensitive flesh.

Mandy threw open the treehouse hatch, desperately trying to smooth her tangled sex hair. "Coming, honey!" she called as brightly as she could manage. "We just lost track of time!"

She turned back to Kurt, biting her lip as she saw him carefully maneuvering down the ladder, his straining erection clearly outlined against his pants. "I'm so sorry baby," she whispered. "We'll finish this later, I promise. Mommy won't leave you hanging like this."

Kurt could only nod tightly, his heavy balls practically turning blue as he trudged after his mother. His unsated teenage cock ached and pulsed with every step, a painful reminder of how well his mom had worked him over. He just prayed he could conceal his raging hard-on from his father until it subsided.

The next morning, Mandy paced nervously in the kitchen, phone pressed to her ear as it rang. She glanced at the clock - Kurt had just left for school, his gait awkward and pained from his raging case of blue balls. Her heart clenched with guilt and frustration.

Finally, her mother picked up. "Hello?"

"Mom, it's me," Mandy said urgently. "I need to talk to you about something. It's...delicate."

Concern colored the older woman's voice. "What is it, honey? Is everything alright with the baby?"

"The baby is fine," Mandy assured her. She took a deep breath. "It's about Kurt. Mom...we had sex last night."

There was a shocked pause. "Sex with...your son? Mandy, I don't understand. What about Tom?"

The words poured out of Mandy in a rush. "Tom refuses to have sex with me while I'm pregnant. He thinks it will hurt the baby. But Mom, you know how I am. My hormones are out of control, I'm hypersexual. I can't go these last two months without it."

Her mother made a thoughtful noise. "I see. And you turned to Kurt to satisfy your needs."

"Yes," Mandy admitted. "At first, I rationalized that it was better than cheating with a stranger. But the truth is...I've been attracted to him for awhile. He's so young and virile and hung like a bull. I couldn't help myself."

"Mandy, you know I would never judge you," her mother said gently. "I understand better than anyone the power of a woman's urges. If Kurt is a willing participant and you're both being safe, then I support you."

Mandy sagged with relief. "Thank you, Mom. You have no idea how much that means to me." She hesitated. "There's something else though. A problem."

"Tell me," her mother coaxed.

"I can't make Kurt...finish," Mandy confessed. "No matter what I do, he can't ejaculate. I fucked him for hours yesterday, sucked his cock, let him pound me in two different positions. But he never climaxes."

Her mother, a retired sex therapist, hummed thoughtfully. "It sounds like delayed ejaculation. Fairly common in young, inexperienced men. The stimulation and arousal is there but the orgasmic response is inhibited."

"So what do I do?" Mandy asked desperately.

Her mother didn't hesitate. "Here's what I suggest..."

Mandy listened intently as the older woman outlined a plan. By the time she hung up, her cunt was throbbing and her nipples were diamond-hard points against her robe. She couldn't wait for Kurt to get home from school.

When the boy returned home later, Kurt's jaw dropped as he entered his bedroom to find his mother waiting for him, wearing the skimpiest outfit he had ever seen. The black fishnet bodystocking clung to her every curve, the open cups putting her massive, milk-heavy tits lewdly on display. His gaze zeroed in on her cleanly waxed pussy, glistening pink and swollen through the open crotch.

"Welcome home, baby," Mandy purred, giving a slow turn to show off her barely-clad body from every angle. "I have a special surprise for you."

Kurt swallowed hard, his cock already rock-hard and straining against his jeans. "Mom, you look...incredible," he rasped.

Mandy sauntered over to him, her hips swaying seductively in the fuck-me stilettos. She pressed her huge, bare tits against his chest as she reached for his belt. "Strip," she commanded huskily. "I need to see that perfect young cock."

Kurt hurried to obey, practically tearing his clothes off in his haste to get naked. In seconds, his impressive teen erection sprang free, slapping up against his abs. The head was already an angry purple, drooling pre-honey from its yawning meatus.

Mandy licked her lips hungrily as she drank in the sight of her son in all his glory. Unable to resist, she wrapped her hand around his pulsing shaft, groaning at the heated silk over steel. "I'm gonna drain this big dick dry," she promised, giving him a slow pump.

Kurt moaned, his heavy balls drawing up tight at her touch. After last night's intense edging session, he was beyond desperate for release. "Please Mom," he begged. "I need it so bad."

Mandy released him and sauntered over to the bed, crawling onto the mattress on her hands and knees. Her giant jugs wobbled back and forth—dangling, stiff-nippled udders, heavy with milk. She reached back and spread her ass cheeks, her slick pink folds parting obscenely through the open gusset of the bodystocking.

"Come here and lie back," Mandy instructed sultrily, patting the bed. "Mommy's gonna ride this big cock until you're completely drained."

Kurt scrambled onto the bed, stretching out on his back. His raging erection pointed straight up, throbbing and leaking against his belly.

Mandy swung a leg over him, straddling his hips. She reached between their bodies and gripped his shaft, notching the engorged head at her entrance.

"I'm gonna milk you dry, baby," she promised, her voice a low, wanton growl. "By the time I'm done, these swollen balls will be empty." She cupped and squeezed his heavy sack for emphasis.

Kurt groaned as she sank down slowly, her soaked, scorching heat engulfing him inch by excruciating inch. The fishnet bodystocking rasped deliciously against his skin, the exotic texture adding to the intensely erotic sensations.

"Unngghh fuck," he grunted when she settled flush against him, his cock buried to the hilt in her rippling sheath. "You're so tight and wet, Mom."

Mandy began to undulate on top of her boy, using every trick she had learned over years of satisfying her hypersexual cravings. She rolled and swiveled her birthing hips, grinding her plump clit against his pelvis as she worked his cock deep inside her claspng pussy. Her heavy, milk-filled tits bounced and rippled hypnotically with each sensual rise and fall.

"That's it baby, let mommy make you feel good," she purred, bracing her hands on his chest as she increased her pace. The wet suction of her cunt devouring his penile flesh filled the room, punctuated by their mingled moans and grunts of pleasure.

Kurt loved how the meat of her gravid belly felt squashed against his torso, his unborn brother's fetus sandwiched between their writhing midsections. His mom's ginormous tits swung above his face in a hypnotizing pattern, her fat leaky nipple brushing his cheeks.

Mandy clenched her strong internal muscles rhythmically, milking Kurt's plunging cock like a fist. He groaned gutturally, his hands flying to her full, jiggling ass cheeks. He kneaded the plush globes, assisting her increasingly frenzied movements.

"Fuck Mom...don't stop!" the teen panted, his handsome face contorted in ecstasy. He bucked up into her, their bodies slapping together lewdly as they rutted in perfect sync.

Mandy felt her own pleasure building rapidly, her clit sending sparks of bliss shooting through her veins with each delicious grind. She rode him harder, faster, determined to push them both over the edge.

Lost in the throes of passion, the mother felt her orgasm rapidly approaching. She didn't try to stave it off, knowing her climax would only heighten Kurt's pleasure and increase his chances of ejaculating. Her clit pulsed against his pelvis as she rode him with abandon, chasing her release.

"I'm gonna cum on this huge cock!" she wailed, her nails digging into his chest. "Fuck, I'm gonna cum so hard!" Her pussy rippled and clenched around him as the orgasm crashed through her, juices gushing out to soak his groin.

She tossed her head back with a sharp cry, shaking and shuddering through the intense peaks. But she never stopped riding him, determined to milk his load from his churning balls.

Mandy grabbed her son's face and buried it between her giant, sloshing tits. "That's it, baby, suckle on mommy's big titties while she fucks your brains out," she growled, guiding a thick rubbery nipple to his eager mouth.

Kurt latched on and began to nurse hungrily, whimpering and mewling around her flesh as he drew the warm, sweet milk into his mouth. His hands roamed the expanse of her naked back as he suckled, loving the feel of her hot skin and womanly curves.

Mandy worked her hips in a relentless rhythm, her bubble butt a blur as she rode his straining cock. The wet slap of flesh on flesh and the creak of the abused mattress springs filled the room as she fucked him with single-minded intensity.

For 40, 50, 60 minutes she kept up the frenzied pace, her pussy clenching and rippling along his shaft, coaxing him towards orgasm. Sweat poured down her body, making the fishnet bodystocking cling to her even more lewdly. Her engorged clit pounded against his pelvis, sending constant sparks of bliss zinging through her nerves.

Smothered beneath a giant mound of soft, heavy tittie-flesh, Kurt clenched his teeth and whimpered around the fat nipple and elongated areola he had crammed inside his mouth.

The sensations around his prick were exquisite, but despite the unending stimulation, Kurt still teetered on the edge, unable to crest into ecstasy.

He groaned in frustration around her nipple, pumping his hips to meet her downward thrusts. His swollen, aching balls churned with pent-up seed, drawn tight to his body, but stubbornly refused to unload.

"Come on baby, cum for mommy," Mandy panted, running her fingers through his hair as he suckled. "I wanna feel you erupt in my tight pregnant pussy. Fill me up with your hot, potent spunk."

Kurt released her nipple with a gasp, his face flushed and gleaming with sweat and milk. "I'm trying Mom," he gritted out, his voice tight with strain. "You feel so amazing but I just can't...I can't..."

Mandy's heart ached at the desperation and shame she saw in his eyes. Her poor boy, so virile and responsive but denied nature's most basic release. Gritting her teeth with determination, she redoubled her efforts, her ass pounding up and down on his straining erection with jackhammer intensity.

"You WILL cum!" she growled, locking her blazing eyes with his. "Mommy won't stop until she's milked out every last drop. I'll fuck this big, young cock all night if I have to."

And fuck him she did - for another mind-blowing, pussy-destroying hour she rode him like a woman possessed. The bed shook and creaked ominously, the headboard slamming against the wall with each powerful thrust.

Kurt's cock was a throbbing pillar of iron sheathed in silk, pulsing and flexing against the deliciously tight confines of Mandy's clinging cunt. The bulbous head flared a furious purple, the slit weeping a steady stream of pre-goo as it kissed her spasming cervix with each deep thrust. The thick shaft was a network of straining veins and sinew, the taut skin flushed a deep, angry pink from the unrelenting friction.

Mandy's greedy pussy muscles worked the engorged column mercilessly, rippling along every ridge and contour as she sought to milk him dry. Her

inner walls fluttered and squeezed, the muscular barrel behind her dripping labia suckling his length, desperate to coax out his seed. Her clit pounded against his pubic bone, engorged and pulsing, sparking electric pleasure through her core with each grinding contact.

"Give it to me, Kurt!" Mandy wailed, throwing her head back in ecstasy as she rode him with wild abandon. "I need your cum in my pregnant cunt! I need to feel you explode!"

Kurt could only groan helplessly beneath his mother's sensual onslaught, his body wracked with pleasure bordering on pain. His balls felt swollen to the size of grapefruits, churning with what had to be gallons of backed-up spunk. The ache was exquisite, every cell in his body screaming for blessed release, but still his orgasm remained frustratingly out of reach.

Leaning back, Mandy braced her hands against his quivering thighs, changing the angle of his plunging cock. The head dragged deliciously against her G-spot with each thrust now, sending starbursts of rapture radiating through her sheath. Her pussy gushed around him, the obscene wet sounds of their fucking filling the room.

"Christ Mom!" Kurt panted, his fingers digging into the plush globes of her ass as he bucked up into her. "Don't stop, please don't stop!"

Mandy had no intention of stopping. She would fuck her virile young son until they both passed out from sheer sexual exhaustion if that's what it took. Tossing her head, she rode his jackhammering cock with wild, primal vigor, her massive tits bouncing and sloshing with the force of her movements.

The fire in her loins built to an inferno, her impending orgasm sizzling through every nerve ending. Reaching down, she began to frantically rub her pulsing clit, rolling the slick little bud beneath her fingers as she sought to push herself over the edge.

"Fuck... fuck... I'm cumming!" Mandy shrieked, her pussy spasming violently around Kurt's plunging shaft as her climax crested.

Mandy ground her hips in sensual circles, focusing the spongy head of Kurt's cock directly against the fleshy ring of her cervix. She knew the sensitive tissues there could send him over the edge if stimulated just right.

With the skill and precision that only a mother's instinct could provide, she undulated her pelvis, massaging his tip against her deepest reaches. She watched his face intently, desperate for any sign that her efforts were pushing him towards that elusive orgasm.

Kurt groaned and thrashed beneath her, his handsome features contorted in exquisite agony. "Ungh Mom...It feels so good but I still can't..." He trailed off with a frustrated growl, his fists clenching in the sheets.

Mandy's heart broke for her boy, so virile and responsive but unable to find sweet release. Her pussy clenched and fluttered around him as she continued her sensual assault on his cock, determined to milk him dry.

"Come on baby," she panted, grinding her cervix against the throbbing head of his dick. "I know you have a huge load saved up for mommy. Just let it go, let it all go inside me!"

But despite her most valiant efforts, Kurt remained teetering on the brink, his climax staying just out of reach. Tears of frustration pricked his eyes as he bucked and writhed, chasing a peak that wouldn't come.

Mandy felt her own orgasms starting to wane, her body exhausted from the marathon three hour lovemaking session. With a defeated whimper, she finally slowed her movements, collapsing against Kurt's heaving chest.

"I'm so sorry honey," she whispered, nuzzling his neck. "Mommy tried, she really tried, but you're father's gonna be home soon."

Kurt wrapped his arms around her, hugging her sweaty body close. "It's okay Mom. It felt amazing, better than anything I've ever felt. I just don't know what's wrong with me."

Mandy peppered his face with tender kisses, her heart aching for her precious boy. She knew she couldn't give up, not when her son needed her so desperately.

The next day, while Kurt was at school, Mary arrived at her daughter's house with a large duffel bag. The two women embraced warmly, a knowing glint in their eyes.

"Did you bring it?" Mandy asked eagerly as they settled on the couch.

Mary nodded, unzipping the bag. "Of course, dear. This little device has helped many of my patients over the years. I have no doubt it will do the trick for Kurt."

She pulled out what looked like a large, clear plastic tube with various buttons and dials. Mandy examined it curiously, running her fingers over the sleek surface.

"It's called a penis milking machine," Mary explained. "You lube up his cock and slide it into this sleeve. Then the device applies just the right amount of pressure and stimulation to coax out even the most stubborn orgasm."

Mandy bit her lip, her pussy clenching at the thought. "And what do we do while the machine works its magic?"

Mary grinned wickedly. "I'm glad you asked. You'll suckle his balls, bathing them with your tongue, while I massage his prostate. The combined sensations should send him over the edge in no time."

Mandy hugged her mother tightly, overcome with gratitude. "You're a lifesaver, Mom. I don't know what I'd do without you."

Mary stroked her daughter's hair soothingly. "Anything for my baby girl. Now, let's get ready for when Kurt comes home. We'll blow his mind...and his load."

The two women giggled conspiratorially as they headed to Mandy's bedroom to prepare for the depraved afternoon ahead. Mandy stripped naked, her lush pregnant body on wanton display. Mary set up the milking machine on the bed, making sure it was ready for Kurt's raging cock.

They didn't have to wait long. The front door slammed, announcing Kurt's arrival from school. "Mom? I'm home!" he called out.

"Up here, honey!" Mandy yelled back, arranging herself on the bed. "Come to my room, I have a surprise for you!"

Footsteps pounded up the stairs and then Kurt was bursting into the bedroom, only to stop dead at the erotic sight that greeted him. His mother naked and spread out on the bed, her huge tits and pregnant belly mouth-wateringly obscene. And next to her, his grandmother, holding the most bizarre contraption he'd ever seen.

"Grandma? What are you doing here?" he sputtered, his cock already hardening in his jeans.

Mary just smiled enigmatically. "We're here to help you, my dear boy. To finally give you the release you so desperately crave. Now strip down and get on the bed, it's time to milk that big beautiful dick of yours dry."

Kurt's breath hitched, his eyes wild and wide as they flicked between his mother's curvaceous naked body and his grandmother's hungry gaze. With hands shaking violently, he grasped the edge of his t-shirt and tore it off, exposing his taut, muscular chest.

"That's it, my sweet boy," Mary growled, her voice thick with lust. "Don't hold back. Let Grandma see the man you've become."

Empowered by her words, Kurt hastily kicked off his jeans and tore away his underwear, his colossal erection jutting out, thick and proud. It throbbed before him, the engorged purple tip already slick with anticipation.

Mary's tongue snaked out, wetting her lips as she devoured her grandson's monumental endowment with her eyes. "By God, Mandy. You weren't lying. He's built like a fucking stallion." She reached out, her fingers wrapping around his thick shaft, stroking it firmly. "This is a true pussy-destroyer right here."

Kurt grunted, his cock throbbing in her tight grip. Mandy watched, her eyes glazed with desire, her cunt aching with urgency. "He's been so good to me, Mom," she rasped. "Filling me up when his fucking father wouldn't. He deserves to be rewarded."

Mary jerked Kurt's pulsating cock, her grip tight and relentless. "We're not stopping until this monster is completely drained, understand Kurt?"

"Yes, Grandma," he gasped, desperately bucking into her fist. "Please, I need to cum bad."

"Get on the bed, now," Mary commanded, her voice sharp as a whip. She tore at her blouse, buttons flying. "I want you to see what you're fucking begging for."

Kurt's eyes widened, his breath hitched as his Grandmother stripped, revealing her voluptuous, mature body. Massive tits, a round, soft belly, wide, fuckable hips - she was a sinful vision come to life.

Mandy's cunt throbbed as she watched Kurt devour Mary's naked form with his eyes. The forbidden thrill of involving her own mother in their twisted game sent waves of heat crashing through her.

Mary crawled onto the bed, her massive melons swinging hypnotically. She positioned herself between Kurt's trembling legs, his cock rock-hard

and leaking. "Fuck, you're dripping like a sieve," she growled, thumbing his wet slit. "Let's lube this fucking monster up and lock it down."

Grabbing the heated lube, Mary coated Kurt's throbbing shaft until it shone obscenely. Then she forcefully encased his cock in the clear plastic tube of the milking machine, making him groan and writhe as the sleeve constricted around his massive teenage dick.

Mary flipped the switch, and the machine roared to life, a beast awakened. The clear sleeve viciously sucked down onto Kurt's thick root, vacuum-sealed, claiming its prize. Milking rings aggressively pulsated, ravaging his shaft in a brutal, rhythmic dance. Hot, frothing liquid churned within, scalding his cock in a slick, torrid bath.

"Oh fuck!" Kurt roared, eyes rolling back as raw ecstasy ripped through him. His cock throbbed, a monster awakened, veins bulging like twisted vines beneath the skin. The fat head of his cock swelled, a grotesque, purple plum, blood trapped and pulsating.

"That's it, baby, let the machine ravage that fucking beast," Mandy growled, grasping his cum-bloated balls. She worked them in her palm, feeling the hot, pent-up load churning within. Leaning down, she extended her long tongue and lashed at his taint, tracing the sensitive flesh with a ravenous hunger.

Kurt howled, hands clawing at the sheets as a storm of sensation crashed against his cock. The milking sleeve mercilessly squeezed and rippled, a relentless, mechanical mouth and throat. His mother's wicked tongue danced over his taint and balls, electric pleasure scorching through his groin, a wildfire uncontained.

Mary plunged her lubed finger between Kurt's trembling thighs, assaulting his clenched asshole with circling, insistent strokes. She forced her finger past the defiant ring of muscle, impaling him with a brutal, invasive thrust. Kurt howled at the sudden violation, his hips thrashing wildly against the mattress.

"Take it, you darling boy," Mary snarled, driving her finger deeper, pumping it mercilessly. "Grandma's gonna fuck your prostate until you scream."

She hooked her finger, savagely probing for his most sensitive spot. When she found it, she attacked, relentlessly stroking and jabbing the quivering nerve bundle, sending raw, unbridled ecstasy crashing through Kurt's convulsing body.

"AAAH! FUCK! FUUCK!" he screamed, his cock thrashing and pulsing within the slick, milking sleeve. A steady stream of clear pre-cum erupted from the tip, churning and foaming in the liquid.

Mandy redoubled her efforts, feasting on her teenager's balls like a starving beast. She sucked one swollen testicle into her mouth, bathing it in her hot, hungry saliva. She mauled it, tugging and grinding in a feral rhythm, her fingers dancing and tormenting the hidden, forbidden pleasure points only a mother could exploit.

A veteran sex therapist, Mary directed her daughter's onslaught with surgical precision, pushing Kurt's testicles to their breaking point, milking them for every last drop of brutal, shuddering release.

"Work those cum-tanks, baby girl," Mandy's mother commanded, her voice sharp as a scalpel, "Concentrate on the epididymis. That's the tube coiling up the back of each testicle, where the sperm boils and churns. Squeeze it, grind it—force the explosion of his release."

Mandy dug her fingers into the pulsating flesh, feeling the epididymis like a taut rope ready to snap. She pinched and rolled it, wrenching a guttural groan from Kurt's depths. His sack constricted, drawing up tight and hard.

"That's it, Mandy," Mary hissed. "Now yank his scrotum, stretch it like you're trying to tear it from his body. Make the cremaster muscles seize up, force his balls to ascend, drive his arousal to the brink."

Mandy clutched the heavy orbs, tugging and kneading, feeling the skin stretch and contract. Kurt's breath hitched, his body trembling.

Mary jabbed a finger at the strip of flesh between Kurt's ass and balls. "Let's work this perineum now—attack it. Stimulate the prostate and detonate his climax."

Mandy drove two fingers into Kurt's taint, rubbing hard, circular, relentless. Kurt's cock throbbed violently in the milking machine, his moans ragged and desperate. His mom rammed her finger faster, brutal against his prostate.

"His pre-cum is flooding now, he's on the edge," Mary announced. "Keep that pressure, don't let him escape. With the machine ravaging his cock and our hands crushing his prostate and balls, he's done. He's fucking done."

Mandy launched into a frenzy, consumed by the need to wrench that explosive release from her son's body. She could feel his testicles drawing up tight and hard against his body, his moans escalating into desperate cries.

"Do it, baby, give it to me," she growled, her tongue lashing a trail up his convulsing sack. "I wanna see you detonate like a fucking volcano."

Mary's finger invaded the scorching, velvety depths of Kurt's rectum, zeroing in on his prostate—a throbbing, engorged walnut, pulsating with need. She attacked the textured surface, feeling every ridge and contour as if it were a battlefield she intended to conquer.

Massaging in relentless circles, the talented Grandmother demanded Kurt's pleasure center yield its precious cargo. She knew exactly how to wring the gland dry, having forced countless men to surrender to mind-shattering prostate orgasms in her sex therapy practice.

Kurt writhed and groaned as she rubbed mercilessly, his untouched cock thrashing wildly in the milking machine. The inner sleeve ravaged his

veiny shaft, perfectly mimicking the muscular contractions of a hot, wet cunt. His cockhead bloomed a furious purple, the slit yawning and weeping a continuous river of pre-cum.

"He's on the fucking precipice," Mary panted, her finger pumping like a piston. "Suck those balls, Mandy."

Her daughter complied, her lips locking around Kurt's roiling sack like a vice. She alternated between sucking and massaging the sperm-filled organs, rolling them on her tongue like a storm-tossed sea. Her boy's cries escalated into feverish whimpers, his pelvis bucking and jerking like a wild animal in its death throes.

Mary felt Kurt's sphincter convulsing wildly around her invading finger, his testicles drawing up tight and hard against his body, as if trying to burrow back inside him. The signs of his impending climax were screaming at her, but just as suddenly, the tension evaporated. His moans morphed into desperate sobs of frustration as the elusive orgasm slipped through his grasp like sand through a sieve.

"Fuck!" Mary growled, slowly extracting her finger from Kurt's still-clenching hole. "We were right on the edge."

Mandy released her son's balls with an obscene, wet sucking sound, glaring up at his agonized face. "Poor baby," she growled, her voice a low, feral snarl. "Mommy and Grandma won't stop until we've wrung the cum from these fat, swollen balls. I swear it."

Mary nodded, a predatory gleam in her eye as she surveyed her panting grandson, his throbbing erection still imprisoned in the relentless milking machine. "I have another idea," she declared, her voice like thunder. "Something that should shatter his fucking limits."

She turned to her daughter, a sadistic smile curling her lips. "Mandy, I want you to mount his face. Suffocate him with your pregnant pussy while we continue to torture his cock and balls."

Mandy's eyes flashed with shock and lust at the depraved suggestion. The thought of smothering her boy with her dripping cunt, of feeling his tongue burrowing into her starving folds, sent a flood of molten heat to her core. "You're a fucking evil genius, Mother," she hissed. "Let's fucking do this."

Kurt couldn't believe it as his mother swung her leg over his head, her massive tits swaying like pendulums of flesh. She loomed over him, her swollen cunt lips glistening with arousal, just inches from his mouth. The thick, musky scent of her pussy filled his nostrils, making his cock throb like a fucking jackhammer in its brutal prison.

"Feast on my cunt, baby," Mandy commanded, voice ragged with lust as she lowered herself onto his face. "Make me fucking explode while Grandma milks your balls dry."

Kurt groaned like an animal as her slick folds smothered his mouth, her heavy ass cheeks sealing his ears from the world. He thrust his tongue deep, plunging it between her bloated lips, lapping up her juices like a starving man. She tasted like fucking ambrosia, her cream coating his tongue as he fucked her pussy with his mouth.

Mandy screamed, bucking her hips and grinding her cunt against his face. "Fuck yes! Ram that tongue in deep, get it fucking soaked for your cock!"

As Kurt devoured his mother's pussy with ravenous hunger, Mary turned her focus back to his throbbing cock and cum-filled balls, still being relentlessly pumped by the machine. She bent down, extending her tongue, and licked his taint with wide, fierce strokes, electrifying that hyper-sensitive strip of flesh between his asshole and balls.

"The perineal raphe is a fucking hotwire to a man's pleasure centers," Mary panted, her tongue working the tight ridge of skin. "It's packed with nerves that, when hit, fucking explode in the brain."

Mandy rode her son's face with savage abandon, grinding her drenched pussy against his lips and tongue as if her life depended on it. "Fuck yes, his moans are making my clit throb!" she growled.

"That little strip of flesh is basically a male clit," Mary purred, lashing her tongue against it with fierce, hungry strokes. "So you know he's fucking loving this."

Kurt convulsed and bucked beneath them, his cock throbbing violently in the incessant milking machine. His grandmother's relentless tongue ravaged his most sensitive spots while his mother smothered him with her pussy, drowning him in her intoxicating scent.

"Now, pay close attention to his balls," Mary commanded, dragging her lips along the trembling orbs before taking one into her mouth to suck hard. She released it with a loud pop. "See this line running down the middle? That's the scrotal raphe, and it's a goddamn pleasure hotspot."

Mandy leaned back to watch, never stopping the relentless roll of her hips against Kurt's face. "I see it," she gasped.

Mary grinned wickedly up at her. "This line is fucking electric. The skin here is thin and hungry for stimulation." She demonstrated by tracing the faint ridge with the tip of her tongue, making Kurt thrash and groan into his mother's soaked pussy. "Working this seam with your tongue and teeth will drive him insane and make those balls fucking explode."

Mandy, consumed by her mother's fervor, descended and engulfed Kurt's other testicle with her mouth, worshipping it with a feverish devotion. She bathed it with her tongue, the organ throbbing with pent-up release, before drawing it into her mouth, her tongue lashing the scrotal raphe with relentless, electric flicks.

Kurt's hips bucked wildly, his body a puppet to the overwhelming sensation. His sac tightened, drawing up close to his body, as mother and

grandmother worked him over with merciless precision. The tension in his loins spiraled tighter, a storm ready to explode.

"The frenulum now, Mandy," Mary commanded, her voice a harsh rasp. "That's the key to his undoing. The crown jewel of his cock, where the nerves sing with ecstasy."

Mandy's eyes locked onto Kurt's engorged cock, the frenulum stretched to its limit. "Mmm, it's screaming for release," she growled. "Begging for my tongue."

"That little band of flesh is the male G-spot," Mary hissed, her finger tracing the ultra-sensitive ridge. "The holy grail of his pleasure. Lick it, suck it—make him detonate."

Mandy's smile sliced like a knife, her eyes gleaming with malice as she listened to her mother continue. "I promise you, Mandy, if you wrap those pretty little lips of yours tight around it, suck it through that sleeve like you need it more than air itself, you'll have Kurt howling like an animal in heat. Mark my words, that suction combined with your hot little mouth is going to make him erupt like a fucking volcano!"

Mandy's grin was feral as she shifted, her face inches from Kurt's groin, zeroing in on her target. Through the thin crystal-clear plastic, she could see his cockhead, engorged and throbbing, a deep, angry purple, desperate for release. With deliberate slowness she parted her lips, sealing them around his frenulum, drawing the thin stretch of skin into her mouth with a harsh, unyielding suction.

Kurt's guttural cry was muffled, his face buried deep in his mother's pussy. His body convulsed, raw ecstasy laced with agony tearing through his nerves. Every fibre of his being screamed for release, his muscles taut, tendons straining. "Fuck!" he roared, his voice hoarse with primal need.

His mother was relentless, her cheeks concave, her tongue a writhing serpent along the ridge of his frenulum. She could feel it, taut as a

bowstring, pulsating against her lips. Her own cunt throbbed, clenching in empathy, hungry to be stretched, filled, ravaged by her son's monumental cock.

Mary, savage and unyielding, attacked Kurt's prostate with renewed vigour. Her fingers dug deep, kneading the swollen gland through the thin wall of his rectum.

Kurt was shaking now, wild, desperate sobs wrenching from his throat. His orgasm was a storm, a tsunami, a fucking freight train about to crash into him at full force.

Mary's voice was a relentless, hungry whisper. "Don't you dare stop. He's teetering on the brink. Push him, harder!"

Mandy ravaged Kurt's frenulum with her tongue, her hand squeezing his balls in a merciless, pulsating rhythm. Her pussy, dripping and insatiable, ground against his mouth, using his face like a flesh-covered machine built for her pleasure. "Give it to me, baby," she demanded, voice hoarse with lust. "Fucking erupt for us!"

The boy's body was a taut, trembling wire, his back arching sharply as every muscle seized. His balls drew up painfully tight, his cock thrashing wildly in Mandy's relentless grip. His body was a war zone, sensation bombarding him from every angle.

"He's fucking there!" Mary screamed, voice edged with desperation. "Suck him dry, ride his face, lick that fucking spot!"

Mandy unleashed on Kurt's frenulum, teeth grazing, tongue lashing, lips sucking as she ground her pussy against his mouth with brutal force. Mary plunged her fingers into his ass, savagely stroking his prostate, feeling it swell and throb.

But the storm of sensation crested too soon, the brutal intensity ebbing away before Kurt could tumble over the edge. His body, once a rigid, trembling arc, collapsed onto the bed, defeated. A guttural, anguished

moan tore from his chest, vibrating against his mother's slick, swollen folds.

"Fuck!" Mary spat, yanking her fingers from Kurt's clenching hole. "We fucking had him." Her voice was a bitter, frustrated snarl, echoing in the room heavy with their shared, savage hunger.

Mandy tore her gaze from her son's throbbing cock, a guttural groan ripping from her throat as she relinquished her grip. She crawled off his face, eyes locked onto his shaft, still constrained by the relentless milking sleeve. His cockhead was an enraged purple, weeping rivers of pre-cum.

Mary lunged, slamming her hand down on the off switch. The machine released Kurt's dick with an obscene, wet sucking sound, the brutal suction finally abating. His cock sprang free, slapping against his abdomen, a wet, pulsating, twitching beast.

"Fuck this shit," Mary snarled, impatience etched onto her face. "Time to take matters into my own hands."

Mandy and Kurt watched in shock and awe as the ravenous grandmother straddled his hips, aligning his furious hard-on with her entrance. Her engorged, slick pussy lips kissed his cockhead, ready to consume him whole.

"Mom, what are you doing?!" Mandy choked out, eyes bulging.

"What does it fucking look like?" Mary growled, a sinister smile playing on her lips. "I'm gonna ride our boy until he explodes and fills my womb with his seed. Sometimes you need a scorching, tight cunt to extract a defiant load."

With that, she impaled herself on Kurt's thick shaft in one brutal, fluid motion. Every inch of his cock disappeared into her voracious pussy. The air filled with Kurt's savage roar, his head thrown back in sheer ecstasy as his grandmother's velvety walls enveloped him. The milking machine

paled in comparison to the primal, raw sensation of being buried in a woman's molten core.

Mary growled, grinding her hips like a tempest, "That's right, boy. Grandma's gonna teach you a lesson in raw, dirty fucking. I'm gonna milk that cock until it explodes."

She slammed onto him, her pussy lips smacking against his cock-root as she took him deep, then pulled up until just the tip was left pulsing. The room echoed with the primal, wet slaps of their fucking.

Kurt was mesmerized by her massive tits, which swung like heavy wrecking balls with each brutal thrust. They were larger than his mother's, crowned with dark, thick nipples that begged for his mouth. The sight of them, swaying, rippling and bouncing against his chest, sent jolts of lust straight to his cock.

He couldn't help but compare the two women. His mother's tits were huge and meaty, filled with milk, while his grandmother's were softer, their delicate skin bearing the marks of time. Mandy's nipples were a soft pink, always hard from her pregnant state, but Mary's were a deep, rich brown, wide and long, screaming to be sucked until she cried out.

Kurt grabbed those heavy tits, his fingers sinking into the soft, yielding flesh. He squeezed and kneaded, watching as the flesh bulged and spilled between his fingers. A guttural groan escaped him as he captured her fat, rubbery nipples, rolling and tugging them until she threw her head back, howling with pleasure.

Mary slammed herself down on her Grandson's cock, her voice a ragged growl, "That's it, baby, manhandle Grandma's massive tits while I fuck you into oblivion. Our tits are fucking altars, aren't they? Enormous, swollen, fuck-meat made for mauling and sucking."

Kurt groaned from deep within, his cock pulsating like a wild beast inside her. He yanked her down, latching onto one quivering nipple, sucking like

a man possessed. The thick, sweat-slicked flesh filled his mouth, choking him as he feasted, switching to the other breast with ravenous hunger.

Mandy watched the raw, carnal spectacle of her son devouring his grandmother's tits, her eyes ablaze with lust. She attacked her clit, frigging it with violent strokes. Milk erupted from her rock-hard nipples, streaming down her convulsing belly. Her pussy spasmed each time Mary impaled herself on Kurt's monstrous cock, remembering how brutally it had stretched her.

"Fuck, Mom, annihilate that colossal teenage cock," she snarled, twisting and pulling her throbbing nipples. "Drain him with your cunt. I wanna see my son detonate in you, flood your fucking womb like a tsunami!"

Mary rode Kurt's cock like a woman unhinged, her thick thighs trembling as she jackhammered herself onto his iron rod. The room echoed with the obscene, sucking sounds of his cock pummeling her creamy depths, a symphony of escalating moans and the brutal slap of sweat-drenched flesh.

As time ticked by, she continued to bounce on Kurt like a wild animal, her breath coming in ragged gasps. "Listen to me, Kurt," she growled, her voice a primal snarl. "I'm a woman who loves your grandfather with every fiber of my being. But right now, I'm doing this for you—for the desperate need I see in your eyes. You've been there for your mother, and now I'm going to be the fucking salvation you need."

Kurt bucked beneath her, his cock throbbing like a live wire inside her tight, wet heat. "Grandma," he groaned, his voice a mix of pleasure and pain. "I don't want to mess with what you and Grandpa have."

"You're not, darling boy," Mary snapped, her hips slamming down on him with brutal force. "This is about you—about giving you the fucking release you deserve. Your father's a stubborn ass, and your mother needs you. Now, I'm going to be the woman who gives you everything."

She ground her hips against him, her pussy clenching and unclenching like a vice, milking his cock with intense, pulsating heat. Kurt's fingers dug into her ass, holding on for dear life as she rode him like a fucking storm.

"Fuck, Grandma!" Kurt choked out, his body tensing like a drawn bow. "I can't hold back much longer!"

"Then don't," Mary commanded, her voice a whip crack. "Give me that cum, Kurt. I wanna feel you fucking explode inside me. Fill me up with your hot seed. Fucking paint my womb with it!"

She slammed down on him with a feral intensity, her body demanding his surrender, urging him to give her everything he had.

Mandy prowled over to Kurt's head, her massive, milky tits swinging like pendulums before his eyes. "Suck Mommy's big titties while you fuck Grandma," she growled, forcing a dripping nipple into his mouth. "I wanna hear you groan around my tit as you blow your fucking load."

Kurt attacked her boob, gorging on the hot cream as he clawed at her other swollen breast. His hips bucked wildly, meeting Mary's brutal downward slams, desperation fueling his pursuit of release.

"Fuck Grandma like you mean it, Kurt!" Mandy demanded, rubbing her clit furiously as she watched their savage fucking. "Blow that fucking load, baby! I wanna see you cum so hard you fucking black out!"

Mary could feel Kurt's cock ballooning inside her, the fat head throbbing against her cervix. She knew he was on the precipice, ready to plummet into the abyss of climax.

Kurt was consumed by the savage sensations of his grandmother's ravaged cunt, a world apart from his mother's. While Mandy's pregnant pussy was a tight, plush sheath, Mary's was a punishing gauntlet of tough, weather-beaten flesh, pummeling his cock with every remorseless

drive. Her drenched channel gripped him like a velvet vise, the internal ridges and folds starkly pronounced, clawing at his engorged length.

Kurt could feel every raw flute and corrugation mauling his turgid flesh, clawing at the hyper-sensitive underside of his glans. The skin of her labia was parchment-thin, crinkled like ancient crepe, fluttering desperately against his jackhammering root.

But it was the yawning chasm of Mary's cervix that really sent Kurt into a frenzy. The entrance to her womb was loose, gaping from bearing children decades past. With each brutal thrust, the head of his cock plunged into that slick, dilated maw, as if it were hungry to devour him. The tissues convulsed around his tip, milking him for his seed.

By contrast, his mom's cervix had been fortified shut, the minuscule opening sealed tight to safeguard his unborn sibling. When Kurt had ravaged her, he'd felt that resistant seal fighting against his cockhead, gradually succumbing to his relentless assault. But it had never yielded to him like Mary's did now, greedily begging to be drowned in his virile seed.

Kurt growled like a wild animal, teeth bared as he sucked in a ragged breath, his mother's breast still in his mouth. "Fuck, yes!"

"That's it, baby," Mary hissed, her voice a low, feral growl. She ground her pelvis against his with a savage intensity, her eyes locked onto his. "Feel that? That's Grandma's greedy cunt swallowing you whole. I'm gonna drain your fucking balls dry, Kurt. I want every last drop of that hot, sticky boy-cum."

Mary's pussy convulsed, clamping down on Kurt's jackhammering cock like a vise. A brutal orgasm tore through her, and she threw her head back with a primal scream. "Fuck! I'm cumming! I'm cumming all over your thick, fucking cock!"

Her ravenous cunt pulsed and gripped, wringing Kurt's shaft like a wet, spasming fist. A flood of arousal surged around his pounding length, drenching his balls and soaking the sheets beneath them like a tsunami. But even as her climax crested, Mary never broke the punishing rhythm of her hips, impaling herself on Kurt's engorged cock with a ferocious, relentless hunger.

For nearly an hour the insatiable grandmother rode her grandson like a woman possessed, pushing him to the brink of ecstasy and beyond, each orgasm more devastating than the last. Her pussy was a merciless vise, the textured walls convulsing like a stormy sea as she climaxed again and again, drenching him in her sweat, her body a writhing, glistening symphony of carnal desire.

Kurt was a man unhinged, feasting on his mother's colossal tits, his grunts and groans primal, feral. Milk sloshed down his chin as he ravaged Mandy's tender nipples, drawing the swollen nubs deep into his mouth like a man starved. His hips bucked upwards, meeting his gran's savage downward plunges, his engorged balls swinging like a pendulum against her quaking ass.

Yet, despite the overwhelming dual assault on his senses, Kurt's release remained maddeningly elusive. His cock pulsed and throbbed within Mary's clenching sheath, the mushroom head ramming against her hungry cervix. Agony and ecstasy radiated from his groin, his balls bloated and heavy with unreleased seed, his body a taut, trembling bowstring of desperation.

Mandy, eyes ablaze with lust, looked down at her son, her fingers a blur on her clit. "Fuck her, Kurt," she growled, voice hoarse with need. "Fill her cunt, paint her womb! I wanna see your cock explode, see your cum drip from her pussy!" Her words were a guttural chant, a filthy, fevered plea for his release.

Mandy and Mary rode Kurt with a feral intensity, their bodies slick with sweat as they relentlessly pursued his climax. Kurt hovered on the precipice, his face a mask of anguish as tortured groans ripped from his throat, desperation and frustration consuming him.

Suddenly, they all froze as the front door slammed open and shut like a gunshot downstairs. Tom's voice boomed through the house, "Mandy? I'm home early!"

"Fuck!" Mandy spat, scrambling off her son like a cat on hot tin. Panic clawed at her throat as she realized her husband could burst in on their sordid tryst at any second.

Mary tore herself from Kurt's pulsating cock, his shaft glistening with her juices as it sprang free with an vulgar sucking sound. Kurt choked back a groan of pure agony as his painfully engorged erection hit his stomach, a dark and angry red.

Mandy lunged for the bedroom door, slamming the lock home just as the handle rattled from the other side. "Mandy? Why is the door locked?" Tom demanded, his voice laced with suspicion.

"Tom!" she gasped, plastering a fake smile on her face as if he could see her through the door. "Mom and I are just...just having some girl talk in here. You know, brainstorming some new ideas for the bedroom decor."

There was a pause before Tom asked again. "Where is Kurt at?" His words dripped with skepticism.

Mandy's heart pounded wildly as she grasped for a lie. "He's...he's over at Jason's. They're working on a...a big project for school." Her voice wavered precariously, barely concealing the chaos within.

"Together?" Tom questioned, sounding unconvinced.

"This is monumental project, Tom," Mandy implored, lungs burning as she held her breath. Behind her, Kurt and Mary were statuesque on the

bed, breaths shallow with anticipation. Kurt's cock stood brutally erect, throbbing and jerking, a river of pre-cum cascading onto his abdomen. The air crackled with tension as seconds ticked by before Tom finally responded, "Fine. I'll be in my office. Call me when Kurt returns."

"Understood," Mandy snapped, body sagging with relief as Tom's footsteps echoed away. She pivoted back to her son and mother, dragging a trembling hand through her hair.

"That was a catastrophe waiting to happen," she hissed, eyes wild. "We can't keep doing this. Not here, not with Tom lurking. He could barge in anytime, catch us in the act."

Mary nodded, gaze locked onto Kurt's throbbing cock, hunger in her eyes. "You're right, it's a risk we can't take. We need privacy, endless hours to milk him dry."

Mandy's mind raced, teeth sinking into her lower lip. Then, her eyes blazed with an idea. "The hunting cabin," she declared, voice low and intense. "The one your father owns, buried deep in the mountains. Miles from anyone."

A sinister smile played on Mary's lips. "Perfect. A whole weekend, just the three of us. No intrusions, no distractions. Just relentless fucking until Kurt's balls are utterly spent."

Kurt swallowed hard at the thought, his cock jumping against his stomach. A whole weekend alone with his mom and grandma, rutting like animals in the wilderness? It was like something out of his most depraved fantasies.

"I'll tell Tom that Kurt and I are going on a mother-son bonding trip," Mandy said conspiratorially. "He won't suspect a thing."

The next morning, Mandy met her two older sisters and their friend Gina Young for coffee. Gina had been Kurt's 3rd grade teacher years ago. The four women were all stunningly gorgeous, with huge breasts straining against their tops. And remarkably, each of them was pregnant, their round bellies in varying stages of growth.

As they sipped their drinks, Mandy couldn't help but notice how her sisters' already impressive busts had swelled even larger with their pregnancies, the heavy globes practically spilling out of their bras. Sandra, the eldest, looked ready to pop any day now, her massive tits resting on her protruding stomach. Becky was only a few months along but her boobs had already ballooned, the puffy nipples poking through her thin sundress.

Gina was somewhere in the middle, her belly a perfect round bump. She kept adjusting her low-cut blouse, unable to contain her expansive pregnancy cleavage. Mandy thought back to parent-teacher conferences when Kurt was in Gina's class - even then, the buxom teacher's wardrobe had been provocative, her tops always straining over her generous chest. Seeing her now, tits engorged with milk and glowing with impending motherhood, Mandy felt a rush of heat between her thighs.

"I have to say, you all look incredible," Mandy gushed, eyeing their abundant curves with envy and lust. "Pregnancy definitely agrees with you."

Sandra laughed, cupping her massive bust. "I feel like a cow, my tits are so huge and achy. But I'm not complaining - Alex can't keep his hands off me."

"Same," Becky chimed in. "Mike says my boobs have never been bigger or more sensitive. The slightest touch makes me so wet now."

Gina nodded, licking her lips. "It's the hormones. They've turned me into a total nympho. I'm constantly horny, I can't get enough."

Mandy squirmed in her seat, images of the four of them naked and writhing together, a tangle of full breasts and pregnant bellies, flashing through her fevered mind. Clearing her throat, she decided to broach the real reason for this coffee date.

"So, I actually wanted to talk to you all about something," she began tentatively. "It's about Kurt...and the special bond we've developed recently."

Three sets of eyes widened in surprise and curiosity. Mandy took a deep breath and launched into her tale, describing how her own raging pregnancy hormones had driven her to seduce her son, and his eager reciprocation. She shared the erotic details of their couplings, how Kurt's huge young cock stretched and filled her so exquisitely, his endless stamina pounding her to countless screaming orgasms.

Her sisters and Gina listened with rapt attention, their eyes growing wider with each sordid detail. When Mandy finished, a charged silence hung in the air, broken only by their shallow breathing.

Finally, Sandra spoke, her voice husky with arousal. "Mandy, that is so incredibly hot. If I had a son, I'd probably be doing the same damn thing. Pregnancy hormones are no joke."

Becky nodded eagerly in agreement. "Seriously, sis. You're living out every mom's secret fantasy. I'm almost jealous I don't have a strapping young boy to satisfy me right now."

Gina leaned forward, her huge tits threatening to spill out of her top. "Incest between mothers and sons is becoming a lot more common, you know. I can think of at least three women off the top of my head who are fucking their own boys. No shame in it, if you ask me."

Mandy sagged with relief, grateful for their understanding and acceptance. "I'm so glad you all don't think I'm some kind of deviant. I was worried about being judged."

"Are you kidding?" Sandra scoffed. "In this day and age? With all the wild shit people are into? Banging your son is practically vanilla."

Gina nodded solemnly. "It's a tale as old as time, hun. Moms and sons have been getting it on since the dawn of man. We're just embracing our natural urges."

Mandy nodded, leaning forward conspiratorially. "There's actually more to the story. You see, Kurt has been having trouble...finishing," she confessed. "No matter what I do, how long we go at it, he can't seem to climax. It's like he gets right to the edge but can never crest over into orgasm."

The women made sympathetic noises, their brows furrowed with concern. "Oh you poor thing," Becky cooed. "That must be so frustrating for both of you."

"It really is," Mandy sighed. "I've tried everything - hours of intercourse, oral, prostate massage, you name it. Even brought in Mom to help stimulate him. But he just can't seem to bust that nut, pardon my French."

"Wait, hold up," Sandra interjected, her eyes wide. "You fucked Kurt with Mom? As in, our mother Mary?"

Mandy nodded, a wicked grin tugging at her lips. "Yep. She rode his cock like a pro while I sucked his balls. It was the hottest thing I've ever seen. But even that didn't push him over the edge."

"Holy shit," Gina breathed, fanning herself. "That is wild. You Baxter women definitely don't hold back."

"Clearly Kurt needs some intensive, dedicated attention to work through this issue," Becky mused, tapping her chin thoughtfully.

"That's the plan," Mandy confirmed. "Mom and I are taking him up to the old family hunting cabin in the mountains this weekend. Total seclusion,

no interruptions - just the three of us focused on draining those backed-up balls."

The table fell silent as the women processed this salacious information, each lost in their own lurid imaginings. Finally, Sandra spoke up, her voice trembling with barely suppressed excitement.

"You know...I think Kurt could really benefit from having all of us there to help him through this," she suggested, her eyes gleaming. "Four pregnant women and his grandmother utterly devoted to his pleasure, taking turns milking that huge young cock...he'd be a new man by the end of the weekend."

Becky and Gina nodded fervently, practically squirming in their seats at the prospect. "Absolutely," Gina agreed. "The more hands, mouths and pussies, the better. We could tag-team him, keeping the stimulation constant and varied."

Mandy saw the logic in having all five of them there to focus on Kurt's pleasure. When one woman tired, the next could take over, never letting up the relentless stimulation until her son had finally erupted in a mind-blowing orgasm. With their insatiable pregnant libidos, they could keep him on the edge for hours, tag-teaming his cock and balls until he was a babbling, incoherent mess.

But she had to be sure they understood the gravity of what they were proposing. Fixing each woman with a serious look, Mandy asked, "Are you absolutely certain you want to do this? It would mean cheating on your husbands. I don't want you to have any regrets."

"Honey, I've never been more sure of anything," Sandra declared emphatically. "Tom barely touches me now that I'm the size of a whale. I'm dying for some hot young cock and I know Becky and Gina feel the same. Right ladies?"

"God yes," Becky moaned, rubbing her swollen belly. "Mike is always 'too tired' these days. I need a virile stud like Kurt to really give it to me, fuck me like he means it."

Gina licked her lips hungrily. "I haven't been properly satisfied in months. The thought of that teenage cock pumping me full, sucking his cum from my pregnant slit...I'm dripping just imagining it."

Mandy grinned, relieved and excited by their enthusiasm. "Well then, it's settled. This weekend, Operation Drain Kurt's Balls is a go. I'll pick him up from school on Friday and head straight to the cabin. You three arrive separately later that night. Then the real fun begins."

The women broke into giddy laughter, clinking their coffee mugs together in a toast to their depraved plans. Mandy felt a thrill of anticipation zip through her, her pussy clenching at the thought of all of them naked and writhing with her son. Maybe together they could finally milk Kurt's backed-up balls dry.

By the time Friday afternoon rolled around, Mandy was a ball of nervous energy. She had packed the car with everything they would need for a weekend of nonstop fucking - suitcases stuffed with lingerie, sex toys, lube, snacks to keep their energy up. She even brought the penis milking machine, just in case.

Picking Kurt up from school, she could barely keep her hands to herself as he slid into the passenger seat. He looked so handsome and virile, his bulging crotch hinting at the huge cock lurking beneath his jeans.

Mandy wanted to pounce on him right there, but she restrained herself. There would be plenty of time for that once they reached the cabin.

As they ascended the treacherous mountain roads, Mandy's eyes were continually drawn to her son, her gaze tracing the sharp lines of his profile and the prominent bulge in his pants. Her heart pounded, a primal

drumbeat echoing the thrill of the hunt. This weekend would be a raw, carnal chase, and Kurt's pent-up seed was the ultimate trophy.

"Mark my words," she growled, her voice thick with lust, "this weekend, we're going to hunt you down, Kurt. We'll be relentless, tracking your seed like a pack of hungry predators. But instead we won't use knives or rifles. Instead our weapons will be writhing flesh, dripping cunts, and stretched asshole that will swallow you whole."

Kurt took a shuddering breath, his cock throbbing at the image. "Jesus, Mom—"

"You can't deny it," Mandy hissed, her eyes wild. "We'll be far from civilization, surrounded by nothing but nature and our own depraved desires. No laws, no morals, nothing to stop us from fucking like beasts in heat until we've sucked you dry."

She grasped the thick bulge in his jeans, her eyes turning feral. "This is our prey, Kurt. This fat, throbbing cock and those balls full of hot, sticky cum. We won't stop. We won't rest. Until every. Last. Drop... is ours."

Kurt exhaled in a ragged gasp, his cock throbbing almost painfully against the constraining denim. The raw, filthy words pouring from his mother's mouth in public were like gasoline on the wildfire of his lust. He was consumed, utterly infernoed.

"We'll hunt your cock, Kurt, day and night like it's the last dick on earth," Mandy growled, her voice a low, sultry thunder. "Ambush it, tease it with our drenched, quivering holes. And when it's cornered, we'll attack – a frenzy of sucking, fucking, and draining that cock dry with our ravenous bodies."

She swept her tongue across her lips, eyes ablaze with raw hunger. "I'm dying to watch you explode, baby. See those swollen balls contract and unload all that scorching, thick cum. It's going to be a fucking spectacle."

Kurt groaned from his core, eyes screwed shut as he envisioned it – his mother, aunts, and ex-teacher conspiring to extract his climax, their insatiable, pregnant bodies assaulting his senses. His cock twitched violently in his jeans, pre-cum gushing from the tip.

"When we're done, we'll mount your massive cock like a fucking trophy," Mandy vowed, her voice laced with wicked triumph. "Parade it as testament to our conquest. My own son's cock, drained and conquered."

Mandy's gaze dropped to Kurt's crotch, widening at the sight of a dark, sprawling wet spot staining his jeans. Pre-cum soaked through the fabric, accentuating the crude contour of his erection.

"Well, well, looks like you're already primed for the taking," she purred, tracing the damp patch with a fingertip. Kurt shuddered, his cock pulsing under her touch. "You're oozing like a sieve, baby, leaving a trail for us to track. A wounded beast dripping blood couldn't do better."

Kurt could only groan as his mother tormented him, her filthy words igniting an inferno within him. Sweat poured down his face, his heart pounded like a war drum, and every muscle in his body tensed, ready to explode.

"By the time we reach the cabin, these pants will be drenched," Mandy hissed, gripping his throbbing bulge. "You're a fucking animal ready to ravage. Blood boiling, cum bubbling, ready to fucking burst."

She licked her lips, eyes locked onto the growing wet spot like a starving predator. "When we catch you, you'll be fucking desperate. Balls tight, cock throbbing, ready to fucking explode at a single touch. And we'll fucking devour you, suck you dry until there's nothing left."

Kurt's hands shook as he fought the urge to grab himself, his cock throbbing painfully against the soaked denim. He needed release like he needed his next breath, but he knew waiting would make it so much more intense.

"I wanna see that fucking cum stain grow," Mandy growled, rubbing his bulge harder. "Soak these fucking jeans, baby. Show us how badly you need to fucking explode."

Kurt slammed his head back against the headrest, a guttural moan tearing from his throat. His hips bucked up, grinding his cock against his mother's palm. The wet spot spread obscenely, the denim clinging to every pulsing vein of his engorged cock.

Mandy finally relented, tearing her hand away and gripping the steering wheel like a vice. Kurt convulsed at the abrupt disconnect, his cock throbbing in rebellion.

"Looks like the prey is primed and ready for slaughter," Mandy growled, her voice a low, sadistic purr. She could see the raw, unadulterated need etched into every line of his body, and it satisfied her deeply. "The hunt this weekend is going to be brutal. My boy is packing some serious fucking heat, ready to detonate."

Kurt could only emit a guttural groan, squirming in his jeans that clung to his skin like a sticky, sweaty second skin. The thought of his mother, aunts, and teacher zeroing in on his throbbing cock, relentlessly working to drain him completely, was almost too much to bear. It was a sensory overload that pushed him to the brink of insanity.

"Your filthy talk drives me insane," he rasped, his voice hoarse with lust.

"That's the fucking point, baby," Mandy snarled, giving his cock a rough, possessive squeeze. "I want you feral and fucking desperate by the time we get to the cabin. Ready to rut like a wild, mindless beast. Because that's exactly how we're going to fucking take you - savage and primal, like a buck in heat, fucking possessed."

She licked her lips, her eyes glazing over with pure, carnal hunger.

"You're going to be our fucking stud bull, plowing through all these horny, pregnant bitches. Mounting us again and again, fucking us full of

your potent seed. And we're going to milk you dry, baby. Drain those fucking swollen balls until there's not a single drop left in you."

Kurt slammed his head back against the headrest, a tortured, animalistic roar tearing from his throat. The depraved images flooded his mind, short-circuiting his brain. He could vividly see himself surrounded by the ravenous women, their ripe, fecund bodies slick with sweat as they took turns impaling themselves on his cock. The wet, suctioning heat of their cunts engulfing him, finally fucking him dry, wringing out every last drop of his orgasm.

After what felt like hours of teasing and agonizing arousal, they finally arrived at the secluded mountain cabin. Kurt's jeans were completely soaked through with pre-cum, his swollen cock straining against the denim. He practically stumbled out of the car, legs shaky from pent-up need.

Mandy grinned at her son's desperate state as she grabbed their bags from the trunk. "Looks like the prey has arrived primed and ready," she purred, eyeing the obscene bulge tenting his pants. "Let's get you inside and fattened up before the real fun begins."

Kurt stalked behind his mother into the weathered cabin, his heart pounding like a war drum. He stopped dead in his tracks as he saw who lay in wait—an ambush. Sprawled on the couch were his grandmother Mary, Aunt Sandra, Aunt Becky, and his former teacher Gina. Eight eyes blazed with primal hunger, stripping him bare, feasting on the pulsating bulge in his jeans.

"Well, well, look what the cat dragged in," Sandra purred, her legs parting like a predator stretching before a hunt. Her sundress hiked up, revealing the lacy edges of her thigh-high stockings. "We've been waiting, baby boy."

Becky rose, her heavy breasts swinging like pendulums of lust. She prowled over, her hand gripping his bulge possessively. "My, my, that's

quite the beast you've got caged up in there," she growled, squeezing his throbbing manhood. "Soon we'll set it free."

Kurt's breath hitched as Gina pressed against him, her massive tits crushing against his arm. "I always knew you were destined for greatness," she whispered hotly in his ear. "But this...this is fucking magnificent. I need to see it. All of it."

Mary cackled, her eyes gleaming with wicked delight as she closed in, her fingers tracing the flush of his cheek. "My dear grandson, you're a fucking feast. Don't you worry, we're gonna devour you this weekend. Every. Last. Inch."

Mandy clapped her hands sharply, commanding their attention with a mischievous glint in her eyes. "Alright, ladies, let's not devour the poor boy right out of the gate. I'm sure he's starving from the drive. Let's have some lunch and save the real feast for later, hmm?" Her voice dripped with seductive promise.

The women reluctantly pulled back, their eyes lingering with hunger, but not before each indulged in a deliberate touch—a bold stroke across his chest, a firm grope of his backside, a teasing caress over his throbbing erection. Kurt shuddered, feeling like a prized piece of meat surrounded by a pack of ravenous lionesses ready to pounce.

They circled the small kitchen table as Mandy expertly whipped up some sandwiches, but it was anything but casual. The women flaunted themselves brazenly—bending over with exaggerated slowness, offering Kurt an unobstructed view of their ample cleavage, "accidentally" letting their gigantic tits brush against him as they reached for condiments, each touch electric.

Mary pulled Mandy aside into the next room, her eyes sparking with eager anticipation. "I couldn't help but notice the state of Kurt's jeans," she whispered with conspiratorial excitement. "They were absolutely

soaked through with pre-cum. Did something happen on the drive up to get him worked up like that?"

Mandy grinned wickedly, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Let's just say I gave him a little preview of what's to come with some dirty talk," she purred. "Painted a vivid picture of all us horny pregnant ladies hunting his cock like prey, taking turns milking him dry."

Mary's eyes flashed with a predatory gleam, her gaze sharpening like a blade. "Fascinating. It seems our little toy is extraordinarily responsive to the fusion of physical torment and obscene verbal lashing." Her lips peeled back in a sadistic smile. "I do believe we've just discovered the key to unleashing his explosive potential."

Mandy's breath hitched, her mind spinning with dark possibilities. "Absolutely. If we wanna shatter him completely, we need to invade his most powerful sexual organ—his mind. Bombard it with a relentless assault of debauched images and sensations until he's drowning in them."

"Precisely," Mary growled. "We must be ruthless in our coordination—every touch a tease, every whisper a filthy promise. We'll paint him a vivid, carnal picture of what we have in store for that magnificent cock of his."

Mandy trembled with lustful anticipation. "By the time we're through with him, those balls will be utterly spent, and he'll be writhing, begging for release. Our helpless prey won't stand a chance."

The two women exchanged a sinister laugh, their eyes ablaze with a ferocious determination as they rejoined the others. They had unlocked the secret to Kurt's climax, and they intended to exploit it mercilessly.

Kurt's lunch remained untouched, his entire being consumed by the thick, pulsating sexual tension that choked the air. Every brush of his mother's and grandmother's breasts against him was a jolt of electricity,

every scorching glance from his aunts a branding iron, every flick of Gina's plump tongue a lash of fiery torment. His cock was a throbbing, iron rod in his soaked jeans, painfully constricted, the tip already slick and dripping with anticipation.

"Enough," Mandy declared, her voice a sultry growl as she rose from the table. She began to unbutton her blouse, her eyes gleaming with a hungry, predatory light. "Kurt, sweetheart, get to the bedroom. Strip. We'll be there soon enough to tend to that... urgent need of yours."

Kurt choked back a groan, his nod jerky and desperate. He stumbled from the room, propelled by a primal urgency, leaving behind a chorus of heated whispers. Becky's voice, a throaty purr, clawed at his back, "I can't wait to devour that young, throbbing beast."

In the bedroom, Kurt's hands trembled violently as he tore at his jeans, his cock exploding from its denim prison, slapping against his abdomen with a fierce, angry heat. It was a monster, engorged and purple with a maze of pulsing veins. A river of pre-cum flowed from the tip, drenching his shaft in a glistening, slick sheen.

A guttural groan tore from Kurt's throat as he kicked aside his sodden clothes. He stood naked, muscles taut, body trembling, cock defiantly erect, aching with a primal, savage need. His balls were tight, swollen with a storm of pent-up lust, ready to erupt if they could only figure out how to make it happen.

The teen could feel the vibrations of the women's hushed whispers and laughter from the adjacent room, their voices dripping with carnal anticipation as they schemed their debauched plans for him. His cock throbbed violently at the thought of what was to come—ten ravenous eyes feasting on his body, five insatiable mouths and cunts taking their turns, using him for their pleasure. He clenched his eyes shut, gripping his throbbing shaft, giving it a brutal tug.

Electricity coursed through his veins as he envisioned his mother and grandmother bare and writhing before him, his aunts' obscene tits crushing against his back, Gina's expert hands cradling his balls...

Suddenly, the bedroom door flung open, and the women stalked in, freezing at the sight of Kurt in his raw, naked glory. Ten eyes locked onto his colossal cock, standing tall and proud.

"Sweet Jesus," Mary gasped, her eyes glued to her grandson's monstrous dick. "If that's not a fucking beast of a cock, I don't know what is."

Sandra's tongue darted out, wetting her lips as her nipples threatened to tear through her flimsy sundress. "Fuck stud—that's a goddamn monster cock. I'm gonna split myself in half riding it."

Becky dropped to her knees, prowling towards Kurt with a hungry, feral look. "I bet it tastes like sin," she growled, wrapping her fingers around his thick base. "I'm gonna choke myself on this fat dick."

Gina slunk behind her Grandson, her massive tits flattening against his back as her hands explored his carved torso. "We're going to milk your fucking balls dry," she hissed in his ear, her voice laced with venomous lust. "You'll be begging for mercy by the time we're through with you."

Kurt could only emit guttural groans as the horde of women swarmed him, their hands and mouths consuming every inch of his flesh. His cock throbbed violently in Becky's vice-like grip as she milked him with brutal, agonizing slowness, smearing his pre-cum like lava down his shaft.

Mandy stalked forward, tearing off her blouse to reveal her massive, milk-engorged breasts barely contained by a lacy bra. "Let the games begin," she growled, a sadistic smile twisting her lips as she ripped off her bra. "It's hunting season on Kurt's cock, ladies. May the filthiest slut win."

Mandy threw her son onto the bed, smothering him against her soft, heaving boobs. She clutched his head to her chest, her lips grazing his ear.

"That's it, baby, just surrender to Mommy's will," she hissed, her scorching breath searing his skin. "I'm gonna fucking poison your mind with filth while these whores worship your massive, throbbing cock. I'm gonna drown you in every depraved, fucked-up thing we're going to do to you."

As Mandy spewed her obscene promises, the other women ravaged Kurt's writhing body. Becky stretched her lips around the engorged head of his cock, feasting on it like a starving animal. Her tongue thrashed against his weeping slit, drinking in his salty-sweet essence like a parched wanderer at an oasis.

"Mmm, you taste like fucking heaven," she moaned around his thick shaft. "I could suck this monster cock until the end of time." She opened her throat and impaled herself, taking him inch by agonizing inch into the crushing depths of her throat.

Sandra joined her sister, diving between Kurt's trembling thighs, attacking his sweating ball sack with a ravenous hunger. She mauled the cum-filled orbs, her overactive tongue lashing the sensitive skin like a whip. Savagely sucking one, then the other into the scorching heat of her mouth, she felt them pulse with pent-up seed.

"So fucking full," she growled, releasing them with a pop. "These fat balls are gonna explode when you finally blow your load. I wanna see it overflowing from your balls."

Behind them, Gina seized a bottle of lube, pouring it over Kurt's taint, letting it flood down to his clenching pucker. She clawed at the sensitive area, circling his pink asterisk before brutally forcing a finger inside.

"Gonna fucking destroy this sweet prostate of yours," she hissed, thrusting her finger in and out like a piston. "Make all that jizz erupt out of you and straight into our starving cunts."

Through it all, Mary watched with feverish obsession, her eyes wild as she rubbed her throbbing clit raw. "Suck every last drop out of him," she panted, barely able to breathe. "I wanna see him drench you all in that thick, scalding cum."

As the debauched scene unfolded before him, Kurt bucked against his mother's soft curves, drowning in the tsunami of pleasure. Five women, all worshipping his most intimate areas with a feral intensity - it was his most depraved fantasy brought to life.

But it was Mandy's filthy commentary in his ear that really sent him spiraling over the edge. Her voice was a guttural, primal snarl as she detailed all the debased acts she and the others would inflict on him.

In the sultry, shadowed chamber, Mandy's voice dripped like poisoned honey into Kurt's ear, a serpent's hiss weaving a debauched tapestry. "Once upon a fucking time, there was a prince named Kurt, his cock a monster, thick as a tree trunk, insatiable, a weapon of pure carnal devastation."

Kurt's body convulsed, his cock throbbing in Aunt Becky's voracious mouth. She gobbled and slurped, the lewd, wet sounds echoing like a filthy symphony with Mandy's twisted lullaby.

"Every whore in the kingdom drooled for Prince Kurt's royal fuck-staff," Mandy rasped, pinching his nipples brutally. "Their cunts clenched, hungry for the stretch, the burn, the relentless pounding of his teenage love-lance. They yearned to be filled, bred, knocked up like fucking animals."

Gina's fingers plunged deeper, savagely massaging his prostate. "That's what you want, isn't it, baby?" she growled. "To pump your Teacher's cunt full of seed, make her belly swell with your fucking baby?"

Kurt's hips thrust wildly, Sandra's tongue lashing his balls. Mandy's vile words set his blood ablaze, driving him towards a explosive release.

"They lined up for his cock, the princess sluts," Mandy hissed, her tongue tracing his ear. "Aunt Sandra and Aunt Becky, the big-titted whores. Gina, the dark enchantress. And Queen Mary, the cock-crazed ruler. All of them, fucking desperate for his royal dick."

Mary clutched Kurt's sweat-drenched brow, her eyes blazing with a feverish, almost maniacal intensity. "My darling grandson," she rasped, "the royal scepter between your legs will make us all your slaves today. We'll milk you dry and bathe in your sacred essence."

Kurt squealed like a pig as Becky engulfed him to the base, her nose buried in his pubic bone. She swallowed, her throat rippling obsessively around his cockhead.

"But it was Queen Mandy, his own depraved mother, who lusted for Prince Kurt's cock most fervently," Mandy growled, grinding against his leg. "She was obsessed with her son's body, endlessly tempting him, begging to be impaled on his monumental shaft. To feel him detonate in her fertile womb."

Becky tore her mouth off his dick with a desperate gasp, her hand stroking the saliva-drenched shaft. "Defile Mommy's pregnant pussy, baby!" she cried, her eyes wild. "Show her who owns her!"

Mandy mounted her son's hips, his dripping tip poised at her entrance. "Seize your throne, my son," she panted. "Invade Mommy's cunt with your weapon and unleash your seed!"

With a primal roar, Kurt watched as his mother impaled herself on his throbbing shaft, her slick folds stretching to consume him inch by

agonizing inch. "Oh fuck, Mom, you're so tight!" he bellowed as her velvety walls clamped down on him like a vise.

The other women swarmed, their hands roving Kurt's convulsing body as they hissed filthy commands. "That's it, baby, split Mommy's cunt," Gina snarled, her teeth sinking into his earlobe. "Fill her up with that monster cock."

Sandra snarled, her voice a guttural command, as she twisted his nipples viciously. "Breed her. Plant your seed so deep it takes root instantly. Flood her womb until she's swollen with your spawn again."

Becky gasped, her breath hitched with lust as she roughly massaged his throbbing balls. "You're a fucking stallion," she cried, "Born to rut and reproduce. Look at this cock—a fucking weapon, built to split pussy wide open!"

Mary seized his chin in an iron grip, forcing his eyes to meet her fiery gaze as Mandy began to ride him like a wild animal. "Don't you dare hold back, baby boy," she growled. "We want to see you explode like a fucking volcano. Drown your mother's womb with your thick, potent cum!"

Kurt could only writhe and groan as Mandy impaled herself on his shaft, her heavy tits crashing against his face like thunder. She ground her hips in obscene circles, devouring his cock with her drenched pussy. "Fuck me, you beast!" she screamed. "Ravage Mommy's hungry cunt!"

Kurt's monstrous cock jackhammered into Mandy's soaked channel, her inner muscles convulsing around every throbbing vein. The engorged head battered against her cervix, her delicate flesh stretching to the limit to take his colossal girth.

Mandy's pussy was an inferno, a blazing crucible of liquid flesh that clamped down on him like a velvet vise. With each brutal thrust, Kurt felt

her slick folds caressing and squeezing his pulsating length, driving him to the brink of eruption.

Her juices churned and foamed around his pistoning shaft, the raw, wet sounds of their fucking echoing through the room like a filthy symphony. Thick ropes of her arousal clung to his cock, dripping and oozing each time he pulled back, only to be rammed back inside as he plunged forward with primal force.

As 10, 20, 30 minutes passed, Kurt's cock was engulfed in an inferno of pressure, the likes of which he had never experienced. His mother's cunt was a vice of velvet and sin, designed with the sole purpose of draining every last drop of pleasure from his shaft. Every hidden fold and crevice was a torture device, the ridges stroking him with an expertise that was almost unbearable.

As the other women continued their vile symphony, painting lurid images in his mind, Kurt felt his orgasm building like a storm surge. His balls, heavy and swollen with pent-up seed, drew up tight to his body, ready to detonate. His mother's pussy was a relentless machine, pushing him to the edge of sanity.

The dual onslaught of the women's touch and their verbal filth was a barrage he could not withstand. His balls drew up painfully tight, the pressure aching and intense, reaching a boiling point. "Fuck, I'm gonna explode!" he growled through clenched teeth. "I can't hold back!"

"Yes, give it to me!" Mandy screamed, impaling herself one last time. "Fill me up! Breed me with your seed!"

With a primal roar, Kurt thrust his hips upward, driving his erupting cock deep into his mother's core. Thick ropes of teenage semen shot from his slit, coating her convulsing walls with his essence. Mandy's screams of ecstasy echoed through the room, her pussy milking him for every last drop.

The other women watched in reverence as Kurt's balls visibly clenched, pumping out what seemed like endless streams of spunk into his mother's spasming cunt. They stroked and petted his trembling body, their voices a chorus of praise. "That's it, drain those heavy balls," Mary urged. "Give her every last drop!"

Kurt bucked and writhed beneath his mother, his first, powerful orgasm crashing through him like a storm surge, wave after wave of ecstasy leaving him at its mercy.

Mandy wailed and shuddered above him, her pussy convulsing around his erupting cock, greedily drawing out every last drop of his seed. Their combined fluids flooded out around his thrusting shaft, drenching his balls and streaming down his ass crack like a river in full flood.

Time seemed to stand still as Kurt finally collapsed back onto the bed, his chest heaving like a bellows. Mandy peeled herself off his spent cock, a torrent of semen gushing from her used pussy as she rolled beside him, equally exhausted.

The women stared in awe at the sheer deluge of semen Kurt had unleashed, his thick seed flowing freely from Mandy's ravaged cunt. "Holy fuck, look at all that cum!" Becky cried, scooping up the creamy jizz and voraciously licking her fingers clean. "Fuck, it tastes incredible."

Mary's face split into a savage grin. "I think we've finally unlocked the secret to making our boy erupt like a fucking volcano," she declared. "It's the combination of physical sensation and dirty fucking talk that sends him over the edge."

Gina crawled over to Kurt like a hungry panther and straddled his face. Her pussy was slick and ready. "His cock is mine next, you greedy sluts!" she snarled. "I wanna feel that fat dick stretching my tight teacher cunt after he devours me."

As Kurt's tongue plunged into Gina's dripping pussy, Sandra and Becky descended on his swiftly hardening cock, their mouths and hands working feverishly to bring it back to full, throbbing life. "Fuck, he's hard again already," Sandra growled, pumping his thick shaft. "He's the perfect fucking stud to satisfy a bunch of horny, pregnant sluts like us."

In the eternal stretch of that day and the yawning darkness of night, the cabin bedroom metamorphosed into a lair of pure carnality, as the women took their turns on Kurt's unyielding shaft. They impaled themselves in every conceivable configuration—reverse cowgirl, piledriver, wheelbarrow—each more depraved than the last. The air choked thick with the musk of sex and sweat, as the fuckfest raged on, the room echoing with the obscene symphony of flesh slapping flesh, drenched cunts squelching, and shameless moans. Kurt was a relentless piston, jackhammering through pussy after pussy, his engorged balls swinging heavily with each brutal thrust.

Aunt Sandra commanded him to fuck her monstrous tits, squeezing his glistening cock between her colossal flesh-mounds. "Defile my giant whore udders with your seed," she snarled as he plowed her chest. "Mark me like the filthy cow I am!"

Aunt Becky bent over the bed, spreading her ass wide, lewdly wagging her backside. "Ram that fat cock up my ass," she pleaded, eyes rolling back with primal need. "Split my tight shithole and pump my guts full of cum!"

Gina shoved him onto his back, squatting over his face, and grinding her dripping cunt against his mouth. "Tongue-fuck your dirty teacher," she gasped, breath hitching. "Make me a sloppy mess before I fuck you raw!"

And Kurt's own mother Mandy was a bottomless pit, ceaselessly yanking him back into her slick grip, her velvet vice draining his cock. "I can't get enough of your dick, baby," she moaned, ferally bouncing on his cock.

Kurt was swallowed by a maelstrom of carnal ecstasy, losing track of the innumerable, earth-shattering orgasms that racked his body throughout the debauched weekend. His balls churned like industrial pistons, expelling what felt like endless gallons of molten, viscous seed into the insatiable voids of the women's hungry holes, their screams of rapture echoing like banshee wails as they climaxed again and again.

His cock, a merciless fucking juggernaut, jackhammered into the slopping, soaked cunts and vice-like assholes for marathon sessions, the room a symphony of primal, wet sounds as flesh brutally slapped against flesh, their cum-filled pussies squelching with each savage thrust.

With devilish precision, Kurt mastered the dark art of their pleasure, his hips undulating like a serpent to grind the engorged head of his cock against their swollen G-spots, his pelvis crushing against their pulsating clits, his thick shaft spiraling like a drill bit to strike every hidden nerve within their spasming depths, setting off a chain reaction of ecstasy within them.

Drenched in their musky, primal scent, he was baptized in their gushing, squirting release as they coated him, their cum painting his chest, plastering his hair, and dripping from his chin like some obscene, erotic war paint as they rode his face with reckless, untamed fury. He guzzled their sweet, tangy nectar, lapping at their convulsing cunts like a man possessed, dying of thirst in a desert of debauchery.

As the inferno of their fucking reached its crescendo, Kurt's abs were slick with a sheen of their mingled lust and his own virile spend, the air thick with the pungent, intoxicating perfume of raw, primal sex. He stood, triumphant and glistening, the alpha predator who had conquered and bred a writhing, panting harem of fertile, hungry bitches, now sated and marked as his own.

His cock was raw and throbbing, his balls screaming from the gallons of cum they had unloaded, but a savage grin of primal satisfaction spread

across his face like a battle scar. He had lost count of his explosions after the first dozen, each one a brutal, pulsating geyser of pure virility.

The women lay strewn around him, wrecked and ravaged, their holes gaping and inflamed, flooding rivers of his potent seed. They were marked with savage bite marks, angry hickeys, and the sticky residue of his cum, like the aftermath of a primal rutting frenzy.

"That boy is a fucking beast," Aunt Sandra growled, gingerly touching her swollen, ravaged cunt. They'll need a forklift to pry me off this bed."

"I lost count of how many times he made me cum on that monster cock," Aunt Becky moaned, smearing cum into her heaving tits like a wild animal. "Wave after wave, like a never-ending orgasmic storm."

"I've never seen a man shoot such massive, thick loads," Gina gasped, scooping jizz out of her cream pie with her fingers. "He just kept erupting like a fucking cum-fountain. I thought he'd tear me apart!"

Mandy mounted her son, smothering his neck and chest with her massive, milk-engorged breasts. She claimed his lips in a fierce, devouring kiss, her tongue pillaging his mouth. Breaking away, she gazed down at him with a feral, satisfied smile.

"Operation Drain Kurt's Balls was a fucking triumph," she growled, nuzzling his cheek. "You annihilated us all, baby. Fucked us into oblivion with that relentless cock and pumped us full of your scorching seed over and over, like a fucking cum volcano."

Her fingers traced a path down his chest, seizing his swollen, throbbing shaft. "Mommy is overwhelmed, you fucking stallion," she growled, gripping his aching balls. "You fucking went for hours, like a goddamn piston, and erupted so many times. We fucking drained you dry."

Kurt, panting and ravaged, looked up at her with wild eyes. "Thanks, Mom. You and the others... fuck, I never knew sex could be so fucking brutal, so fucking primal. And that an orgasm could feel that amazing!"

Mandy attacked his face with fierce kisses. "That's what happens when you have a fucking harem worshipping this monster cock," she said, stroking him aggressively, feeling him harden like steel in her grip. "We'll fuck you raw, anytime, anywhere."

She tightened her hold, feeling his pulse with renewed hunger. "Give us a moment to catch our breath, and then we'll go again. Harder. Filthier. Ready to push every fucking boundary. Would you like that, you fucking beast?"

Kurt roared as his cock sprang back to life, throbbing and engorged, ready for another round. The other women, sensing his renewed power, stirred and turned towards him, and their eyes blazed with feral lust.

"Insatiable," Mary snarled. "That's my fucking grandson. The ultimate fucking machine, satisfying his starving mother and a pack of pregnant, sex-crazed whores."

The women descended, their hands clawing at Kurt's sculpted body as they prepared to devour him whole, to worship his cock with brutal, unyielding intensity once again.

THE END