

POOR OLD EARL



BY KLRXO

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Earl sat frozen in his wheelchair in his basement bedroom, his useless legs draped in a thin blanket that did nothing to stop the chill seeping through the concrete floor. The room was "comfortable" by the standards of the nurses, but to Earl, it was a tomb.

He stared up at the ceiling, the white plaster acting as a thin membrane between his misery and the life he had been stripped of. Directly above him lay the master suite—the sanctuary where he used to feel like a man, and where he now existed only as a ghost.

Then, the sound started. It began with a rhythmic, heavy thud—the unmistakable sound of the massive four-post mahogany bed shifting violently against the floorboards.

Creak. Slam. Creak. Slam. Creak. Slam.

Earl's grip tightened on the armrests of his chair, his knuckles turning white. He knew that rhythm. He knew the frantic pace of it. His wife Chelsea was up there, and she wasn't alone.

A sharp, piercing squeal ripped through the ceiling, echoing down the vents and filling the basement with the sound of her ecstasy. It wasn't the soft, polite moaning she used to give him years ago; this was raw, animalistic, and loud.

Earl closed his eyes, his heart hammering against his ribs in a mixture of agonizing jealousy and involuntary arousal. He could almost see her—his forty-year-old trophy of a wife—with her golden skin flushed red, her giant tits swinging, her back arched and her fingers digging into the mattress.

The sounds intensified, evolving into a wet, slapping cacophony. *Thwack. Thwack. Thwack. Thwack. Thwack. Thwack.* The sound of hard, masculine flesh colliding relentlessly with her soft, plump ass.

Earl could practically feel the vibration in the ceiling. He imagined the man above her—some young, athletic stud with legs that actually worked, and a huge, strong cock—slamming into her with a brutal, rhythmic force.

He pictured Chelsea's strong, silky legs wrapped tight around the man's waist, her heels digging into his back as she begged for more, her voice devolving into guttural snarls of pleasure.

"Yes! Fuck me! Harder!" her voice shrieked, the words muffled but clear enough to twist the knife in Earl's gut.

He let out a shaky breath, his own hand drifting down to the pathetic, semi-erect nub between his legs. It had been more than a few years now since he'd even had anything remotely close to an erection.

He was a prisoner in his own home, a broken old man relegated to the first floor while his vibrant, lusty wife was being fucked hard just a few feet above his head. The thought of her pussy

being stretched wide, the friction of a thick, veiny cock sliding deep inside her over and over again, made him tremble.

He could imagine the scent of her sweat and sex filling the room, a scent he was no longer allowed to smell or taste.

The headboard began to hammer against the wall with a violent, erratic speed. The bed was practically jumping off the floor. Earl could hear the man grunting, a deep, primal sound of exertion and pleasure.

Chelsea responded with a series of high-pitched, breathless whimpers that escalated into a screaming climax. She sounded like she was being broken open, her body shuddering under the weight of a relentless pounding that Earl could only dream of delivering.

He clenched his fists, a surge of bitter rage washing over him. He wanted to scream, to wheel himself up those stairs and burst into the room, to see her sprawled out, drenched in cum and gasping for air. But he remained stationary, trapped by his own shattered body.

He stayed there in the dim light of his bedroom, listening to the wet sounds of her being fucked relentlessly, the rhythmic slapping of skin on skin serving as a cruel metronome for his own impotence.

The dim, grey light of morning filtered through the windows, casting shadows across the floor. Earl hadn't slept. He had spent the remaining hours of the night staring at the ceiling, the echoes

of the bed's rhythmic violence still ringing in his ears long after the slapping sounds had ceased.

"Good morning, sleepyhead!" Chelsea's voice drifted from the doorway, playful and singing with a lightness that felt like a slap to Earl's face.

He heard the click of her stiletto heels as she entered his bedroom, and the air seemed to shift, suddenly smelling of expensive perfume and the lingering, musky scent of sex.

She was carrying a tray with eggs and coffee, but Earl barely noticed the food. He was staring at her. Chelsea looked radiant, her skin flushed a deep, healthy pink, her eyes bright and heavy-lidded.

She was wearing a sheer, silk robe that clung to her curves, the fabric sliding provocatively over her humongous breasts—the same breasts that had made her a famous bra model when they first married.

Even now, at forty-one, she was a masterpiece of flesh, and the "glow" she wore wasn't from the morning sun; it was the unmistakable sheen of a woman who had been thoroughly, relentlessly fucked.

"How did you sleep, Earl?" she asked, leaning over to set the tray on his lap. As she did, the robe parted, revealing the creamy expanse of cavernous cleavage, and small purple suck-marks that her lover had left there.

Earl looked away, unable to meet her gaze. "Not good," he rasped, his voice sounding thin and old.

He didn't have the courage to tell her that he had spent the night as a captive audience to her pleasure, listening to every wet thud and every guttural scream as she was filled by someone who could actually move.

Chelsea's hand resting lightly on his shoulder. Earl could feel the warmth radiating from her, the heat of a body that had been pushed to its limits.

He looked up and caught the expression on her face. She wasn't sympathetic. A slow, knowing smirk played on her lips, her eyes dancing with a cruel, erotic intelligence.

"Oh, that's too bad," she purred, her tone dripping with mock pity. "I hope the house wasn't too... noisy for you."

He could tell by her sly expression that she knew. She knew he had heard every single thrust, every moan, every drop of sweat hitting the sheets. It was as if she was weaponizing her sexuality to remind him exactly what he had lost.

Earl's gaze drifted down to her chest, the heavy swell of those giant tits straining against the silk. He remembered when those breasts belonged to him, when he was the one making her scream.

Their marriage had been a scandal from the start—a real estate mogul in his sixties and a twenty-year-old bombshell. They had built a life, had one child, Logan, but as the years piled on and Earl's health collapsed into this wheelchair, the power dynamic had shifted. He was no longer the provider or the protector; he was a relic, and she was a predator in her prime.

"Honey," he rasped, his voice cracking. "I can't stay down here anymore. It's... it's lonely. Maybe... maybe it's time I moved back upstairs. Back into the master bedroom. I miss you. I miss *us*."

His wife began to chuckle, a light, melodic sound that felt like a serrated blade carving through his dignity. She stepped back, looking down at him—not with hatred, but with a devastating kind of amusement.

"Oh, Earl," she sighed, her voice dripping with a sugary, condescending sweetness. "Look at you. You're an old, weak man in a wheelchair. You can barely hold a fork, let alone hold a woman."

She leaned in, her eyes flashing with a cold brilliance. "The master suite is for people who can actually *use* the bed, darling. Not for someone who needs to be hoisted into it like a piece of luggage."

The cruelty was wrapped in a smile, making it all the more potent. "Be grateful for this room, Earl," she continued. "It's comfortable, it's private, and it's *here*. The only other option for a man in your condition is a nursing home. You should be thanking me for keeping you in your own home."

Turning away, she began to move around the small room, tidying up with a practiced, effortless grace. She straightened the magazines on his side table and smoothed the wrinkles in his bedspread, her movements fluid and provocative.

Every time she bent over, the silk robe flared open, giving Earl a dizzying view of her perfectly sculpted, rounded ass and the deep

crease of her thighs. He watched the sway of her hips, the way her heavy breasts bounced and wobbled slightly with every movement.

He began to obsess over the man upstairs. Who was he? Some young, athletic stallion with hard muscles and a cock that didn't quit?

He imagined that stranger's hands gripping those succulent, wide hips, digging fingers into her soft flesh to pull her closer. He could almost see it—the man burying his face in those giant, heavy tits, sucking the nipples raw while his wife arched her back and screamed.

He pictured the rhythmic, wet slap of skin on skin as that man hammered into her, feeling the plush shelf of her amazing ass beating against his pelvis in a relentless, primal cadence.

She was a goddess in her prime, a voluptuous MILF whose body was a temple of pleasure, and she was being worshipped by someone else. The thought made Earl's heart race and a phantom ache throb in his groin, a cruel reminder of the manhood that had failed him.

He wanted to scream, to beg, to feel her heat wrapped around him just one more time. He would have traded every cent of his fortune, every memory of his success, just to feel her wetness sliding against him again.

But as Chelsea glanced back at him, her smirk returning, he knew it was an impossible dream. He was a ghost haunting his own

house, trapped in the dark, while his wife lived a vivid, screaming life of pleasure just a few feet above his head.

"Hey, Mom," Logan, their scrawny 18-year-old said, entering the doorway, his voice cracking slightly with the remnants of puberty. "Did you buy any more Captain Crunch? I'm out."

Earl's gaze dropped instantly to the center of his son's lap. There, pushing aggressively against the flimsy fabric of the shorts, was a massive, unmistakable erection. It wasn't just a bulge; it was a rigid, pulsing pillar of flesh that tented the fabric upward in a sharp, lewd peak.

The cock was piss-hard, straining against the cloth as if it were an iron bar, thick and long, his bulbous head clearly outlined, pulsing with the raw, uncontrolled energy of youth.

Earl felt a wave searing jealousy wash over him as he looked at his own withered lap, then back at the boy. Even through the fabric, it was clear that Logan's cock was monstrous—easily twice the size of what Earl had ever possessed in his prime.

The sheer, arrogant physicality of the boy's arousal felt like a direct insult, a biological mockery of the impotent old man trapped in the wheelchair.

"I'll pick up more today when I'm at the store, sweetheart," Chelsea stated, not seeming the least bit affected by her son's state.

Logan stood there, shifting his weight, the hard length of him swaying slightly, a living testament to the virility that Earl had lost and that Chelsea clearly craved.

"Thanks," said Logan as he gave a lazy, half-lidded smirk, though it seemed more like a habit of youth than a conscious jab.

He didn't say a word to Earl, treating the man in the chair as little more than a piece of furniture. After a moment, he pushed off the doorframe and began to walk away, his gait slow and swaggering, the massive spear in his shorts bouncing with every step, practically announcing his readiness to fuck anything in sight.

"For God's sake, Chelsea!" Earl snapped, his voice raspy. "He's walking around the house with a... a blatant erection! He shouldn't be parading himself around in that condition, especially not in front of his own mother."

Chelsea didn't look shocked. Instead, she let out a soft, melodic giggle that sent a shiver of resentment down her husband's spine.

"Oh, Earl, stop it," she teased, waving a hand dismissively.

"You're overreacting. He's eighteen. Erections like that are perfectly natural for young men. It's just biology, darling."

"Well, he should make more effort to cover it at least," Earl stated.

His wife leaned down, her heavy breasts brushing against his shoulder, her voice dropping to a playful, mocking whisper. "You sound less like a concerned father and more like a jealous old man," she murmured. "Are you really that bothered by the sight of morning wood, Earl? Or does it just remind you of what you can't get anymore?"

"Thank you for pointing that out," he spat, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

Chelsea let out a soft, condescending sigh and reached out, her slender fingers beginning to rub his shoulder. "Oh, you poor thing," she murmured, her thumb circling the tension in his muscle. "I'm not trying to be mean, honey. It's just a fact of life. Your body is just doing what's biologically natural for a man of your age."

"I know," he said in a disappointed tone.

"There's no reason for you to have hard-ons anymore anyway," his wife continued. "You're far too old and frail for actual sex. You couldn't possibly handle the exertion, let alone the demands of a woman sexually."

Earl let out a choked sound, a mix of a sob and a growl, but she continued, her tone becoming more animated, her eyes glazing over as if she were recalling the very sight of their son's massive erection.

"Now, Logan... he's the polar opposite of you," she whispered. "He's a stallion, Earl. He's always hard, always ready to go, pulsing with that raw, primal energy. That's how a young man should be—driven by a hunger that never quite goes away. He doesn't have to think about it; his penis just reacts, demanding to be buried deep inside something warm and wet."

The image flashed vividly in Earl's mind—the grey jersey shorts tenting upward, the sheer size and steely-strength of the boy's

member. Surely at 18 their son must be ravaging more than one hot pussy by now.

"He just need to—"

"Instead of being a selfish, jealous old man," his wife interrupted, "you should be proud, Earl."

"Proud?"

"Yes, proud—excited for him. Think of all the ravenous sex... the mindless, animalistic pleasure that lies ahead for our son. All the huge, warm tits he'll suck on. He has a gift, a weapon of youth that you've long since lost. You had your years, your turn to play. Now, it's Logan's time to take everything he wants from women. He's built for it."

Earl's mouth opened, the words clawing at his throat. He wanted to accuse her of being the one receiving someone's "weapon of youth" every single night. However, if he accused her now, she would simply laugh in his face, call him delusional, and paint him as a paranoid, senile old man.

Chelsea gave him one last, lingering look of pity before turning on her heel. She sauntered out of the room, her hips swinging in a rhythmic, hypnotic sway.

As she entered the kitchen, the morning light hit her, highlighting the flushed glow of her skin. Logan was there, perched on a stool, mindlessly chomping on a bowl of cereal.

The moment his mom stepped into his line of sight, the boy stopped chewing. His eyes dropped instantly, tracking the heavy, rhythmic bobbing of her udders, which bounced freely under her robe. He looked like a starving animal watching a feast, his gaze hungry and possessive.

Chelsea noticed the stare and let out a playful, throaty giggle. She leaned against the counter, arching her back to push those humongous tits forward, making her fat nipples poke prominently through the fabric.

"I bet it makes you feel so powerful, knowing you're making your father jealous just by standing there with that hard teenage cock in your shorts." she teased, her voice a sultry purr.

Logan let out a low, guttural chuckle, his eyes never leaving her. He didn't deny it; instead, he shifted his weight, making the massive tent in his grey shorts wobble stiffly, the head looking as though it could rip right through the fabric.

"You mean 'this' cock?" he asked with a cocky smirk, making it flex on its root, the meaty, vein-encrusted stalk jumping beneath his shorts.

Chelsea stepped closer, the scent of her post-coital musk still clinging to her skin, and reached out. Her slender fingers traced the blood-engorged length of him, her fingertips circling the flaring, throbbing knob of his dick through the thin fabric.

She pressed down firmly, feeling the rock-hard heat of the member that had spent the previous eight hours plowing through

her birthing tunnel, slamming into her cervix until she had screamed herself hoarse.

She gave her boy a heavy-lidded, "fuck-me" stare, her tongue wetting her lips. "God I'm in love with you," she purred, like a lust-struck teenage girl.

"Why, because I make you squirt like a busted pipe?" her son asked.

"You love having your cock and ball drenched just as much as I do drenching them," she teased, crushing her warm, pillowy tits against Logan's bare, lean chest. The contrast was stark—her soft, mature meat molding against his hard, youthful frame.

"Dad would really lose his old mind if he knew I was fucking your ass off with this every night," he groaned, jabbing his boner against the swell of her pubis. "If he knew how soaked you get for me, how you beg for every fucking inch of it."

"Oh, he would," she whispered back, licking along his jawline. "He'd die of jealousy knowing exactly how you stretch me out."

She tilted her head back and pulled him into a sloppy, tongue-tangling kiss, their saliva mixing as they devoured each other right there in the kitchen, completely indifferent to the broken man sitting in the silence of the room nearby.

When the sloppy kiss finally broke, a wicked, cocky glint sparked in Logan's eyes as he looked toward his father's bedroom door, then back to his mom. He let out a low, mocking laugh, his hand sliding down from her hip to grip the meat of her ass, squeezing hard.

"You know," Logan murmured, his voice dripping with arrogant confidence, "maybe we should just tell him. Maybe we could have a little contest. See who can actually make you cum more. Me, or the old man in the chair."

Chelsea threw her head back and laughed. She reached down, her hand closing fully around the massive, throbbing pillar of Logan's cock, squeezing the thick shaft through the fabric of his shorts.

"A contest huh?" she giggled, her voice laced with cruel amusement. "Logan, honey, that's adorable. Even back when your father could actually get a hard-on, he wouldn't have stood a fucking chance against this."

She slid her hand beneath the waistband of his shorts to feel the raw, pulsing heat of his bare cock. She gasped, her fingers curling around the engorged member. It was a monster, a ten-inch rigid rod of youthful vitality that felt like it was made of granite.

She marveled at the way the veins stood out like thick cords, winding around the shaft, the erectile chambers so swollen and gorged with blood that the skin felt stretched to the absolute bursting point. It was powerful, primal, and utterly dominant—everything Earl was not.

As she stroked the thick stalk, Chelsea's mind drifted back to how this madness had spiraled. It had started innocently enough nearly a month ago. A few lingering touches between mother and son while snuggling during a movie, which had quickly transitioned into frantic dry-humping and making out like two starving teenagers.

The taboo of it had acted like an aphrodisiac, turning her hunger into an obsession. First, it had been the handjobs—Chelsea discovering the sheer size of her son's cock and spending hours gripping it, watching it twitch and throb as she stroked. She became addicted to being painted by the hot, sticky cum that blasted from her boy's piss-slit.

Then came the blowjobs and the tit-jobs, where she would slide his thick shaft down her greedy throat or between her heavy tits, demonstrating the unique skills of a cock-hungry mother.

She had been mesmerized by his endless cum production, draining load after load from him, amazed that a body so lean could produce such torrents of thick, white seed. She began to guzzle it down into her belly by the gallon.

Then came the first time they truly broke the seal. They had driven to the outskirts of town, parking in a secluded grove of trees. In the cramped backseat of her car, they had become two sweaty, rutting animals of incestuous filth.

There was no romance, only a raw, desperate need to fuck and cum. She remembered the feeling of him slamming into her for the first time, the sheer force of his youth stretching her open, the rhythmic slapping of his cum-heavy balls against the upturned ring of her asshole.

They had fucked for hours, a sweaty, primal marathon that left her shaking and completely spent. That was the turning point. That was when the "arrangement" changed. Earl hadn't been moved to the first floor for his own comfort or medical necessity; he had been exiled.

Chelsea had orchestrated the move with a calculated smile, ensuring that the master suite above was cleared of the old man's presence.

In the bedroom, Earl was useless; she wanted the room empty so she could have unrestricted, nightly access to Logan's cock.

That night, Earl waited in the living room's stale darkness, the wheelchair's leather groaning softly whenever he shifted his weight. He was listening for the creak of the back door, the whisper of an intruder's step—the one who'd been fucking his wife every night—but there was nothing.

Then it began: the rhythmic thumping from upstairs, the low gasp he knew too well, the wet, slapping sound of skin on skin. His wife's moans climbed, raw and greedy. No one had come in. Which meant whoever was up there fucking her didn't need to sneak. The son-of-a-bitch was already home.

Logan. His own boy, hammering into her right over his head. He gripped the dead arms of his chair, useless. He couldn't get up those stairs, couldn't do a goddamn thing but sit and imagine it: his son's young back straining, her nails digging in, those giant tits bouncing with every thrust.

Earl wheeled himself back to his room, the rubber wheels whispering over the floorboards. He tried to block it out—the wet, rhythmic slap of his son fucking his wife, the creak of their headboard like a ship breaking apart.

Her moans drilled through the walls, raw and shameless, climbing toward a climax he hadn't heard in years. He could almost see it: Logan's young body pummeling into her, her tits bouncing, her

mouth open and greedy as she cried out his son's name instead of his.

Earl could never confront his wife until he knew for certain; he had to be sure. So the next day, once both of them were gone, he acted. He slipped from his wheelchair, lowering himself until he sat on the floor.

Gritting his teeth, he began the slow, brutal climb: step by cruel step, he hoisted his useless legs and ass up the staircase, his arms straining with each lift, hauling his stubborn, broken body closer to the second floor, refusing to surrender.

No one was there to see the effort or the sweat beading along his jaw, the silent, relentless drive in his chest as he inched upward, dragging himself over each threshold.

In the upstairs hallway, he found the wreckage of his marriage dumped in a heap. Framed photos of their wedding day, her in white silk and him standing tall, were stacked face down on the floor.

A dried-out corsage from their anniversary was crushed under a pile of his old love letters he'd given his wife, the ink now smeared from what looked like a spilled drink.

Tucked between it all was the lacy black nightie he'd bought her for their tenth anniversary, now torn at the strap and stiff with another man's cum.

Earl dragged himself into the bedroom he used to share with his wife, the stink of sex and sweat hitting him like a physical blow. His son's shit was everywhere—cheap cologne next to her perfume, a gaming headset draped over the silk pillows he'd bought her in Paris.

A black lace thong was snagged on the bedpost; bras, lingerie and teenage briefs scattered across the floor like they'd been torn off in a hurry.

The bed itself was a battlefield—sheets tangled and stained, the indent of two bodies still pressed deep into the mattress. And right there on the nightstand, in a cheap plastic frame: a sweaty, grinning selfie of them naked in this very bed, her tits smashed against Logan's chest, his hand gripping her ass like he owned it.

Next to the picture sat a collection of their filth: a silicone cock ring still slick with grease, a purple vibrator crusted at the base, and a half-empty bottle of anal lube.

Scattered everywhere were gold foil condom wrappers—two dozen at least—ripped open with jagged teeth marks, lying next to a sticky bottle of edible body chocolate smeared with fingerprints.

Earl's heart didn't break—it curdled. The room smelled like cheap cologne and dried cum. This was a shrine built to mock him, a mess they'd left out like trash because they never thought the crippled old man could crawl his way up here to see it.

"Earl, honey?" Chelsea's voice was a sugar-coated blade from the hallway, followed by the sharp, impatient click of her stilettos on the stairs.

She paused in the doorway, taking in the scene: him on the floor, surrounded by the proof of her infidelity. A slow, cruel smirk touched her lips before she rushed to his side, the feigned concern not reaching her eyes.

"You shouldn't have come up here yourself, Earl," she cooed, her hand brushing his shoulder. "You could have fallen and really hurt yourself."

"Chelsea, what is all this?" He gestured weakly at the stained sheets, the used condom wrappers, the bottle of lube still glistening on the nightstand. "Are you and Logan... sleeping together?"

She let out a light, airy laugh. "No... I mean, yes, we are sharing a bedroom, and we do sleep in the same bed now."

Her fingers trailed along the silk pillowcase smudged with lipstick. "It's silly for him to be stuck in that small room down the hallway when there's so much space in here."

His eyes fell on the collection of filth beside the bed—the cock ring, the crusted vibrator. "What is all this stuff though," he managed, his stomach turning. "Are the two of you...?"

He couldn't say it. Couldn't form the words.

She giggled, a careless, dismissive sound. "No. He's always got girls over when we're out." Her gaze drifted to the black lace thong snagged on the bedpost. "I keep telling him to clean up after his sluts, but...you know how teenagers are."

Earl's trembling finger rose, pointing at the framed selfie on the nightstand—their naked bodies gleaming with sweat, her giant tits pressed against Logan's chest, his son's hand gripping her ass like a possession. "When was that picture taken?"

Her smile tightened. She reached over and turned the frame face-down with a definitive click. "Earl," she said, "this is Logan and I's

private space. I really don't feel like I should have to provide explanations for everything you see in here."

"Chelsea, I just—"

"Back downstairs you go," she interrupted, helping him up.

The busty wife patiently helped him back down the stairs and into his chair. "Earl, please don't do that again," she advised. "It's simply too dangerous for an old man to do on his own."

Logan arrived home that afternoon, body glistening with sweat, his gym bag slung over a shoulder. He stood in the doorway of the living room, his basketball shorts strained by a thick, obvious erection that curved against the fabric.

"Hey, dad," he said, not quite meeting Earl's eyes, his voice still breathless from his run home. "Where's mom?"

"She's upstairs I think," Earl uttered, then watched his son rush up the stairway two steps at a time.

The next thing Earl heard was the bedroom slamming shut with enough force to shake dust from the light fixtures. For a fractured instant, silence seethed—a stretched, sticky moment where even the house seemed to hold its breath.

Then it hit: the deep, shocking thump of two bodies smashing together atop their shared bed, the box spring screaming in protest as the weight and velocity of young muscle bore his wife flat beneath him.

The headboard began to rattle, a desperate, arrhythmic tattoo, banging against the wall so hard it set up a tremor in the old man's bones.

The noises built, escalating in waves—the fleshly clapping of Logan's heavy, sweat-soaked balls pummeling the soft curve of Chelsea's upturned ass, each slap punctuated by the wet suction of her greedy cunt as it swallowed and squeezed at every inch of invading cock.

They were animals, rutting with an intensity that made the entire house vibrate. Chelsea's moans rose in wild, gulping sobs, thick with need, the raw edge sharpened by her attempts to muffle them in a pillow. But nothing could silence her, not when Logan was splitting her wide, forcing those monstrous, milk-heavy tits to lurch and quake with every savage thrust.

Earl could hear her straining, desperate for more, the mattress frame shrieking beneath them as Logan pounded her over and over, faster, harder, the animal grunts erupting low and primal from his son's throat.

It was sensory overload; there was no escape from it, no mercy. Over the wet, obscene soundtrack of flesh and lust came the distinct squelch of lube and the slap of skin on skin, so loud, so shameless that even Earl's numb, useless legs prickled with remembered sensation.

He could practically see it through his eyelids: Chelsea's body arched like a bow, her knuckles white on the sheets as Logan rutted into her like a wild dog. The thick, sticky slap of his balls against her stretched asshole was relentless, mechanical, like pistons firing at maximum speed.

Sometimes her cries would spike into muffled, strangled squeals, bitten off behind clenched teeth or swallowed by the pillow she buried her face in. There was hunger in those cries—a bottomless, feral greed that had never sounded for Earl himself, not even on their wedding night.

Logan responded with guttural, wolfish snarls, each noise vibrating down through the wood and plaster, every blow a sledgehammer against a body that could never compete.

The tempo ramped up, each thrust now a piston stroke, brutal and merciless, the bed thundering beneath them. The squelch of lube and the frantic, rattling slap of those thick, engorged balls against Chelsea's hole built to a fever pitch, until her attempts at silence collapsed entirely and she screamed, high and raw, her voice ragged with climax.

Logan roared back, louder, triumphant, like he'd conquered her and claimed the right to break her body on their marital bed.

For long, shattering seconds it continued, the savage thumping, the helpless, gasping cries, the filth so loud and intense it flooded the whole house with the stench of defeat.

Earl sat and listened to his wife get fucked to pieces by his own son, every sound branding itself into memory: the desperate, sloppy slaps, the animalistic grunts, the defeat in his own shallow breathing.

And then—it was over. The bed gave a final, punishing creak as Logan finished inside her, a thick gasp of relief from both of them, as if they'd spent every drop of themselves in the act of betrayal.

For a moment, there was only panting, Chelsea's giggle soft and sticky-sweet as she praised him, her hands running over sweaty, post-coital flesh. She was proud. She was ruined. She was Earl's no longer.

Upstairs, on the battlefield of the bed, Chelsea whimpered in delight as Logan's cum sloshed deep inside her, their naked bodies entwined, the stink of their sex settling over everything.

Downstairs, Earl stared at nothing, his hands curled around the dead arms of his wheelchair, shivering under the weight of the forbidden symphony above—a sensory wound that would never heal, no matter how hard he tried to block it out.

"You know... I might be old, but I'm not deaf," Earl said at dinner, his fork trembling above his plate. "I heard you two earlier. The headboard hammering the wall. The wet slap of skin on skin. Her screaming your name while you grunted like an animal."

Chelsea and Logan exchanged a look—a flicker of shared arousal before their faces smoothed into mock concern.

"Honey, what a vile thing to imagine," she said, her voice syrup-sweet. "Just because Logan is staying in my room doesn't mean we're—"

"Then what was it I heard?" Earl cut in. "Because it sounded to me like two people having... ravenous sex."

Chelsea hand snaked under the table, invisible from Earl's rigid, locked vantage point, and landed squarely atop the thick, pulsing rod that strained against Logan's mesh gym shorts. She could feel

its heat even through the synthetic fabric, a living beast that jerked and flexed for her attention.

Her fingernails grazed the outline, then, with practiced confidence, she slipped her fingers inside the loose hem of his shorts, finding the swollen, veiny shaft and curling around it like a predator's grip.

"Earl, honey... are you sure you're not imagining things?" Chelsea purred, her lips shaped in a delicate, pink pout, voice so soft and syrupy it could drown a man. "You know I love you, but lately you've been so... confused. Sometimes you get things mixed up, and I worry it's starting to affect your health."

She punctuated her words with a sharp, secret squeeze on Logan's cock, causing him to stifle a twitch beneath the table; there was a tremor in the air, a hyper-charged tension that radiated from beneath the placid surface of domestic banality.

Earl couldn't see it, but across the table his wife's calves pressed snug against Logan's, her stilettos digging into the kitchen linoleum as she stroked the thick shaft with slow, possessive strokes. She was in full control, a sensual queenpin orchestrating her own forbidden universe.

Under the table, Logan's body reacted instantly: his cock throbbed, expanding in her grip, so engorged now that the head bulged purple and glossy, leaking a drop of pre-cum that smeared onto her knuckles and made her shiver with a secret, predatory pleasure.

She tilted her head, golden hair falling in a lush curtain over one eye, feigning concern. "Maybe it's time we talked about a higher level of care. They say sometimes these... episodes of confusion can get dangerous. You could hurt yourself, going up and down

stairs like you did today. I read online that a nursing home might be the most responsible thing for someone in your condition.”

Her words were weaponized sugar, each syllable shaped into a bullet, all while her hand worked Logan’s cock in long, relentless strokes that left him barely able to breathe.

“I’m not living in a nursing home,” Earl stated, taking a bite of his dinner.

Chelsea’s cleavage was scandalous, almost grotesque in its abundance—the colossal, cream-colored mounds of flesh straining against the tight V-cut of her sundress, every movement causing them to quiver and bounce in hypnotic waves.

Logan’s gaze was glued to them, fever-bright, his nostrils flaring as he recalled the countless hours spent buried in their pillowed weight—the way her heavy, milk-scented flesh would engulf his face as he suckled, his teeth grazing the thick, dark areolas until she gasped.

He remembered the slick, rhythmic clench of her cunt around his cock as she rode him, her hips rolling in a slow, possessive grind that milked him dry while her nails dug into his back.

Each time her orgasm hit, her pussy would flutter and seize around his shaft, pulling another hot, helpless burst from him as she moaned into his ear, “That’s it, baby, give it all to Mommy.”

Logan tried to keep his composure, his voice strained. “I... I think Mom’s right, Dad. You’ve been, uh, getting things mixed up,” he managed to choke out.

Chelsea’s grip tightened, her thumb circling the base, massaging the engorged veins that bulged like steel cables beneath his skin.

She was milking him, hungry and efficient, her perfect manicure gliding slickly along the shaft as his cock swelled to full, obscene rigidity under the table.

"Those noises you're so fixated on," Chelsea said, her voice a placid, almost bored hum. "They're in your head, Earl. The idea that Logan and I would ever—it's absurd. He's my son."

"You really think I've lost my mind," Earl snarled. "You really think you two can make a fool of me?"

Chelsea's hand never stopped stroking Logan under the table—a furious, unstoppable rhythm, veins bulging against her palm, the throbbing shaft twitching as if desperate to erupt.

"No one's making a fool of anyone," she cooed, her voice pure honey and venom. "But you know, stress isn't good for you, darling. And those delusions... they can get worse if you're not properly cared for. Wouldn't it be nicer if you could just relax, and have someone else take care of you? You could watch your programs, take your medicine, and rest."

Beneath the table, Logan's cock was an engine at maximum RPM, swollen and glossy with pre-cum, his entire body teetering on the edge of climax under his mother's ruthless manipulation.

Chelsea could feel the tremor building, the pulsing, animal pressure ready to explode. Her hand squeezed the tip, her grip closing tight just beneath the bloated head, and a hot, sticky jet of pre-cum smeared onto her thumb, making her clit throb with sympathetic need.

"I'm not moving to a nursing home," Earl uttered. "End of story."

"I just love you too much to see you hurt, Earl," his wife stated. "But if you can't accept how things are... maybe it's time someone stepped in."

Her hand delivered a final, deliberate stroke, and Logan's entire frame tensed; under the table, his cock jerked in her fist, every muscle straining as he fought to hold back the torrent waiting to flood out.

Chelsea released his shaft with a slow, triumphant motion, trailing her hand up to her own thigh, where she wiped the sticky residue and suppressed a shudder of arousal.

"I don't want anyone's help," Earl whispered, the words thin and defeated.

"Darling," Chelsea said, "that choice may not be yours for long. No more of these... warped fantasies or we'll start exploring other options for your care."

At bedtime, Logan stepped out into the bedroom, the damp heat of the shower still clinging to his skin like a second layer. The air was thick with the reek of pussy-musk that hung heavy over the battlefield of what used to be his parent's marriage bed.

At its epicenter was Chelsea, sprawled on all-fours with her mountainous, naked ass thrust straight back at him, the glistening crevice of her pussy already swollen, parted and drooling in anticipation.

She looked like a prize cow in heat, her thick hips writhing, the broad haunches rippling with every needy wiggle. Her tits hung down like obscene fruit, colossal and quaking, each movement

causing them to slap together, the nipples so engorged they looked ready to burst.

Chelsea arched her spine, her face mashed against the mattress, eyes closed, mouth slack and desperate. "Oh my god, baby," she whimpered, her voice a wrecked, trembling gasp. "Get over here and fuck me. I need you to split me open, right now."

Her ass was hypnotic, the massive, milk-heavy cheeks jiggling with each impatient twitch. Logan felt his cock respond instantly, swelling to full, unholy teenage hardness in a single, pulsing second.

Even after the endless hours of fucking that afternoon, he was still ready, his shaft a weapon forged for nothing but splitting her wide open.

He stalked toward the bed, the tip of his cock already weeping clear, viscous pre-cum that traced slow lines down the veiny shaft to pool at the base. He could feel the ache in his balls—a deep, animal pressure, demanding release.

He lined himself up behind her haunches, letting the head of his cock drag over the glistening lips of her pussy, smearing her own cream across her thighs.

Chelsea's entire body quaked at the merest touch; she rocked back, trying to impale herself, but Logan gripped her by the hips, pinning her in place.

His hands closed around her flesh with a bruising authority, fingers sinking into the soft, generous meat of her ass, spreading her open for his inspection. The pink, swollen rim of her asshole winked at him, impossibly overstretched from the anal pounding he'd given her that morning.

He could see every detail: the thick folds of maternal pussy, gleaming and sticky; the battered opening twitching in anticipation, begging for another round. He growled, deep in his chest, and lined up the massive, purpled tip of his cock right at her entrance.

Chelsea moaned, her body shuddering in anticipation. "Oh god, Logan," she sobbed, her voice shaking with greed, "stuff me, babe! Split mommy open with that monster cock!"

"You got it, girl," he obliged.

With a brutal, piston-like stroke, he slammed his penile meat inside her, burying half his length in a single, devastating thrust. The air exploded from Chelsea's lungs in a high, fractured scream; the shockwave made her whole body convulse.

Logan felt her cunt wrap around him, the walls rippling, desperate to accommodate his impossible girth. Her pussy was a suction chamber, clenching and pulling, so wet and tight it sounded like he was plunging into a bucket of syrup.

"Damn, I'm gonna fuck the shit outta that sweet cunt," he snarled, then yanked her hips back, and plunged deeper, driving the rest of his shaft into her clinging tunnel until his hips crashed into her ass with a seismic THUD.

The impact sent her colossal tits swinging in wild arcs beneath her, the heavy, sweat-slick mounds smacking together and swaying like punching bags.

Logan began to hammer her, relentless and mechanical, his juice-sheened cock punching in and out with punishing force. Every stroke bullied those slick, corrugated walls apart, drawing out a fresh gush of her juices to spatter against his thighs.

The slap of flesh on flesh became a relentless, dirty percussion: the clapping of his heavy balls smashing against her clit, the squelch of lube and pussy, the animal grunts wrenched from his throat with every savage thrust.

Chelsea was gone, lost to pleasure, every moan a broken prayer. "Yes! Yes! Fuck me, Logan! Oh god, fuck your own mom, make her cum, make her yours!"

He grabbed two fistfuls of her hair, winding it around his hands, and used it as leverage to wrench her back onto his cock, impaling her over and over, her buttocks rippling as it beat against him.

Her face was twisted in blinding ecstasy, drool leaking from the corner of her mouth as he fucked her through the mattress. The bedframe howled and bucked beneath them, threatening to collapse under their violence, each impact driving the headboard into the wall and shaking the entire house.

Below, Earl could do nothing but listen: the brutal, mechanical slap of bodies, his wife's shrieks echoing through the floorboards, the knowledge that every helpless thrust was their own son's cock splitting her open, filling her, marking her as his.

Logan's grip tightened, his hands moving from her hair to her shoulders, yanking her back so he could pound into her deeper, harder, impossibly fast.

Sweat rained down his temples, his vision tunneling as the world shrank to nothing but the wet, sucking vortex of her cunt and the animal urge to seed her.

Chelsea's ass rippled under every collision, the cheeks bouncing, dimpling, then jiggling wildly as the veiny steel rod of his cock battered her from within.

"You feel that, mom? I bet dad never got in that far?" Logan rasped. "I'm gonna make you taste me in your fucking throat."

Her voice was pure surrender: "All of it! Every inch! Please, Logan, breed me! Make mommy yours, fill her up!"

He shifted his angle, yanking her hips up higher, so her battered pussy was exposed, open and leaking down her thighs. He rammed in with a new ferocity, churning her insides, milking her G-spot until she shrieked, her nails tearing into the sheets as another orgasm ripped out of her, savage and helpless.

The rhythmic slapping was deafening; each stroke drew a spurt of creamy lube and pussy juice from her battered slit, until the whole bed was slick and sticky with their filth.

Logan's cock felt like a steel rod, veins standing out in stark relief, the tip throbbing as it battered the far wall of her pussy over and over.

Chelsea's screams built to an animal crescendo: "Yes, baby! Breed your whore mommy! Oh fuck, oh fuck, I'm... cumming, I'm fucking cumming!"

Her pussy rippled around him, trying to strangle his shaft, milking it for every last drop. That was all it took. Logan slammed himself home, balls mashing against her abused clit, and exploded inside her.

The first blast of cum hit her so hard it forced a shriek from her lips, thick and hot, painting her deep where no other man had

reached. He kept fucking her, driving every rope of seed so far inside that it overflowed from her battered slit, leaking down her thighs in obscene, pearly streams.

The bed thrashed under them, battered by the force of his climax; every muscle in his body seized, mouth locked in a stunned, silent roar as he filled her with pulse after pulse of hot, forbidden cum.

Chelsea was a ragdoll beneath him, sobbing with ecstasy, her monstrous tits squashed flat to the mattress as she milked every drop from his still-pumping shaft.

Logan collapsed forward, draping himself across her back, their bodies glued together by sweat and spunk and the ruin of her dripping cunt. For long moments, all he could hear was the animal rasp of their breathing and the slow, sticky applause of their bodies finally coming to rest.

Below, Earl didn't move. The wet thrum of their betrayal echoed on, a sick soundtrack to his defeat.

Finally, Logan withdrew, his cock slithering out of her battered cunt with a wet POP, leaving her gaping and drooling thick globs of his seed. Chelsea rolled onto her side, clutching at her ruined pussy with both hands, shuddering with aftershocks.

"Oh my God," she purred, voice hoarse and triumphant. "No one's ever fucked me like you do."

The room reeked of sex and victory. Logan's cock, already twitching back to life, nudged against her thigh, eager for another round. Chelsea reached back, spreading her ruined pussy lips wide, offering herself up like a feast.

He slid back in, starting the brutal, infernal rhythm all over again.

The next morning, after his son shut the door behind him and headed out for school, Earl made up his mind. He would show his wife he still had it; he was going to move on her, seduce her right there in the kitchen, wheelchair be damned.

His old body—a hulking shell bound to the chair, with joints stiff as rusted bolts and muscles trembling with every effort—refused to answer the call. Each push, each reach, only betrayed him further.

His hand barely skimmed her thigh before his arms gave way; he lurched forward, the motion awkward and desperate, and his wife let out a startled giggle.

“Darling, you’re going to hurt yourself,” she said, leaning back against the table’s edge until her spine curved like a drawn bow.

One long, powerful leg swept up and over, the arch of her foot flexed, toenails gleaming like wet rubies in the kitchen’s low light. She planted that bare foot squarely against his sunken chest, holding him at bay.

“Can’t I just touch my wife?” Earl asked, his voice cracking.

“You know as well as I do what that does to your heart,” she purred, her eyes dropping to the pathetic bulge straining uselessly against his trousers. “That little flutter in your chest isn’t excitement, Earl—it’s failure. And at your age, failure can be fatal.”

“I really don't think—”

"If you want to admire, you admire from a distance," Chelsea advised as she stood before her husband, her body an obscene, living monument to everything he'd been forced to give up.

She thrust her chest out, her mountainous, cream-white breasts straining against the thin mesh of her negligent top, fat nipples protruding from beneath the fabric.

Then she sauntered around him. With every calculated sway, those spheres of flesh wobbled and collided, hypnotic in their excess. She knew the raw, animal power she held over him, how each jiggle and ripple of her titanic cleavage gouged at the fragile, useless pride inside his withered body.

"Come on, tiger," she taunted, her voice a honeyed purr that dripped with mockery. "Show me what you've got left in you."

She bend forward, deliberately sending her colossal tits rolling down the deep canyon of her neckline, the pale skin marbled with blue veins and flushed with a vibrant, impossible life.

"Don't you want these tits? You used to beg me for just a taste—you remember that, right?"

Her hands cradled the heavy weights, mashing them together until they nearly overflowed the cups; the deep, dark areolas peered out, nipples already beading as if in anticipation of a lover's mouth.

"Come on, old man... you gonna suck these, or just sit there drooling?"

Earl tried to lurch upright in his chair, arms trembling with effort, his gnarled fingers stretching for that luscious, overripe fruit. But

every movement betrayed the feebleness beneath his anger: his wrists buckled, his breath came in ragged gasps, and he could only reach the outer perimeter of her thigh before he sagged back in humiliation.

Chelsea giggled—a high, crystalline sound that stabbed through his chest and left him floundering.

“Is that all you’ve got left?” she hissed, leaning just out of reach, her hips swinging with a lazy, predatory grace. “Oh, you are old, aren’t you?”

She wrenched the hem of her panties aside with two fingers, baring the saturated, pulsing cleft of her pussy; the swollen, glistening lips parted with ease, exposing an infernal pink that beat in time with her racing heart, already wet and shining in the morning light.

“You want this hot, wet pussy back, don’t you, darling?”

She thumbed her cherry-sized clit, spreading the lips wide, holding the dripping slit inches from his helpless face. The scent of her heat wafted down, thick and pungent, alive with the memory of fucking.

“Come here, old man. Come taste what you’re missing,” she snarled, her words a dark, deep vibration that made his cock ache with useless longing. “Come lick my pussy, like you used to beg to do. Go ahead, crawl for it. Drink deep. You think you can make me cum again?”

He lunged, desperate, tongue darting out for even a drop of her nectar—but she was always a fraction beyond his reach, her laughter growing more savage with each failed attempt.

"Easy old boy," she giggled, pushing him back with her foot.
"Easy! Don't get yourself too worked up."

She slapped her own ass, the enormous, jiggling mounds quaking and rippling with cartoonish exaggeration. "Do you miss this big ass, darling? Miss these cheeks beating against you?"

Her hips twisted; her flesh quaked, twin moons rolling and rebounding beneath her tiny dress. She bent over the table, her ass-cheeks splitting wide, the dusky pucker of her asshole gleaming wetly.

"How about this? You wanna eat my ass? Come on, get your tongue in there. Worship me. You remember the taste?"

She grinned back over her shoulder, her eyes luminous, taunting. "You're just dying to get your mouth in it, aren't you? Go on... eat me like a young bull."

Earl's body shivered with all the ancient, pent-up lust he could muster, but the nerves in his legs were dead, his hands shaking too hard to grip her. Every inch he failed to gain, Chelsea made sure he noticed; she moaned, rubbing her sopping folds with two fingers, her breasts swinging heavily beneath the drape of her dress, her ass jiggling with every mocking wiggle.

"Oh, baby... look at you. Is this what it's come to? You can't even get up out of that chair, and you think you're gonna fuck this girl and make her cum?"

She braced against the table, her cunt gaping and winking at him, her tits hanging like obscene globes, the heavy, dark nipples quivering with need.

"You wanna fuck me so bad, don't you?" She jerked the neck of her top down, spilling both massive tits into the air, her hands framing the rigid, up-thrust mountains. "Why don't you show me, Earl. Come show me what you've got left. Give it to me, get that dick up and pound me hard as you can!"

Earl's body strained as he tried to lever himself from the wheelchair. His hands slipped on the armrests, slick with sweat, and he collapsed back into the seat with a defeated grunt.

Chelsea watched, a smirk playing on her lips before she let out a low, mocking giggle. "Oh, baby," she cooed, her voice dripping with false pity. "You can't even get up, can you? Look at you—all that want and no way to get it. You can't even get to this pussy."

She ran a hand lazily over the damp cameltoe. "It's right here, wet and throbbing. And you're stuck."

She stood up and straddled his lap, mashing her soaked, burning cunt against his useless crotch, grinding in hard circles that made her entire body jiggle with lewd, rippling waves.

She could feel the wavering, insubstantial bulge behind his zipper, the last flickers of life in a cock that had long ago been retired from the battlefield.

"Oh, is that all you can muster? After all these years, my pussy still gets you leaking, but you can't get it hard, can you? You wanna fuck and can't do a goddamn thing about it."

She clamped his head between her tits, mashing them together until his ears rang with the slap of flesh. Her hand crept down between their bodies, pressing the sodden mound of her slit against his crotch, grinding harder.

"Bet you wish you could feel this, huh? Squeezing you and soaking you. Wish you could bury yourself in my pussy like you used to, split me wide and make me scream for it."

She lifted off him, just enough to grab her own ass, spreading the cheeks wide, the puckered, abused hole flexing, slick from the last round in bed. "But you can't. Not anymore. My holes are just for teasing you, now. All you can do is stare from down here, wishing."

She planted one stiletto heel against the floor, giving her immense ass another wild, deliberate shake. She was taunting him with every muscle, every jiggle, every inch of flesh he'd once owned and now could only worship from a distance—a crippled, sweating supplicant denied even basic communion.

"You wanna taste me, old man? I'll bet you do. I'll bet you'd crawl across broken glass to put your tongue in me again, taste my fucking nectar. But you aren't even half the man you used to be. Can't fuck me. Can't even get your tongue in deep enough to make me cum."

She groped her tits, rolling the monster nipples between thumb and knuckle, savoring the way Earl's eyes bugged in helpless awe.

"You remember how much you loved these? You begged to suck them every night. But now all you can do is watch me stroke them, watch my nipples get hard and throb."

She dragged the base of one swollen tit across his open mouth, painting his lips with her scent, then cruelly pulled away, snorting with glee.

“That’s right. You’re just the audience now, Earl. My body’s just for putting on a show. All you can do is crave it and remember what it was like. All you can do is imagine the taste, the heat, the way it felt wrapped around your cock.”

She broke into a savage, victorious laugh, planting both feet and spreading her thighs wide, hunching over to let her ass sway and quake; the sight was obscene, a living porn loop replayed over and over with no hope for satisfaction.

She straightened, fixing him with a look that was half pity, half lustful cruelty. “You really wanna taste it, don’t you? Look how you’re drooling, just from staring.”

She plunged two fingers inside her cunt, scooping out a gob of wetness, then smeared it across his lips. “There. That’s all you get. Just a taste. Just to remember.”

Earl swallowed, eyes glazed, body shaking with the violence of denial. Above him, Chelsea just grinned, marveling at her own power—the sway of her hips, the wild, jostling bounce of her colossal tits, the electric thrill of knowing he would never touch her properly again.

This show was for him, but it was also for herself—a reminder of what she’d once settled for and how far beyond him she’d already gone.

Later, Logan lounged like a king, splayed out on crisp sheets that still reeked of last night’s violent fuck—a grinning beast, shirtless and loose-limbed, game controller vibrating in his hands.

The blue-white flicker of the TV bathed his naked torso in alien light, highlighting every hard, sculpted line of muscle; his sweat-damp hair was still tousled from gym class, and the scent rolling off him was a feral, testosterone-soaked cloud.

He barely looked down as Chelsea crawled onto the bed naked, her colossal breasts dangling and swaying beneath her like twin planets in wild orbit, nipples already flushed purple and glossy with anticipation.

She moved with clinical purpose and predatory hunger, fitting herself between her son's splayed thighs, her hands gliding up the slabs of muscle from knee to groin.

The fabric of his shorts was already lewdly tented, the outline of his cock a thick, bulging cannon so hard it looked physically painful. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband, baring him in a single, greedy pull—a heavy, triumphant cock springing free, slapping hard against his sweat-slick abdomen with a meaty thud.

The mother's breath hitched. His cock was monstrous: thick as her own slender wrist, veiny and furious, the purpled head swollen to obscene, impossible size and drooling a steady stream of translucent pre-cum.

The corona was flared and prominent, the entire shaft streaked with serpentine veins, hotter and heavier than any cock she had ever put her mouth on—including the mortifying, shriveled memory of Earl.

This was Logan's domain now, every anatomical inch a monument to youth, virility, and forbidden, cunt-pleasing power.

She locked eyes with her son, heat pulsing in the tiny space between their bodies. Logan didn't even pause his game, though

his biceps bulged as he squeezed the controller, knuckles whitening at the first brush of her fingers.

Chelsea wrapped both hands around the base, her manicure gleaming in the light; even two fists couldn't close the gap, and the shaft flexed with animal impatience, surging in her grasp.

"Jesus, baby... I'm surprised you haven't split me in half with this thing," she whispered, her voice gone ragged with awe and craving.

"Sure felt good in your ass this morning," Logan confessed, his voice thick and low as his cock gave a heavy, involuntary flex in her grip.

His mind flashed back to the brutal, perfect tightness of her—how her ass had gripped him like a hungry fist, the way her bowels had yielded to the swollen flare of his glans as he'd buried himself to the hilt. "Felt like you were trying to suck my soul out through my dick."

Chelsea giggled as she stroked him with slow, possessive pumps, her palms slick with the pre-cum oozing along his length, smearing the clear liquid up and down until the whole shaft glistened wet and obscene.

She leaned in, hair cascading in a waterfall over her shoulder, and pressed her tongue to the tip. The taste was raw, electrifying—a cocktail of salt, sweat, and the dense, animal tang of her own DNA.

She circled the glossy, plum-sized head, lapping at the slit, gathering every bead of slick that bubbled up from inside her son's cock. The flavor was instantly addicting, a narcotic hit

straight to her cunt; her own thighs flexed involuntarily, the lips of her pussy twitching in sympathy.

"Such tasty pre-nut," she whispered, a thread of saliva trailed from her mouth to the tip, spider-silk thin and shining.

Then she dove in, stretching her jaw to the limit, cramming the fat head past her lips and into the creamy, wet heat of her mouth. The sensation was pure overload: the density, the heat, the way it forced her cheeks wide, invading every inch.

Logan groaned without looking away from the TV, his abs flexing as she pushed down, burying more and more of his oversized cock in the humid suction of her throat.

She was relentless, mechanical in her rhythm, swallowing half the shaft with every bob, her thick, pouty lips slamming into the veiny ridges with a wet, squelching sound that echoed off the headboard.

The mother made a science out of it, calibrating every movement for maximum destruction: She used her tongue to lash the underside, flicking and rolling the sensitive frenulum just below the crown; her hands were in constant motion, one gripping the root and stroking in tight, rapid bursts, the other sliding down to cradle the fat, swollen sac that swung beneath.

Logan's balls were huge, taut and furred with a faint fuzz, as heavy as a pair of ripe plums and just as slick. She palmed them ruthlessly, kneading and rolling each orb, feeling the internal pressure mounting in his vas deferens, the sperm channels fluttering under her touch like cables on a live power line.

Her mouth was a vacuum, cheeks hollowing with every descent. Strings of saliva and pre-cum started to puddle at the corners,

dripping down over her fist to soak Logan's balls, wetting them so they glistened in the TV's glow.

She loved the way his cock responded to her—a living, writhing entity, hot enough to burn, twitching and flexing against the roof of her mouth. With every flex, the veins bulged, the tip flaring in her throat like a battering ram.

She knew all his weaknesses now. She suckled the head, swirling her tongue around it, then popped off with a loud, sloppy suck, relishing the sound and the shudder it sent up his spine.

She traced long, slow licks from the base to the tip, savoring the taste of salty, pearlescent fluid that oozed from every pore, then dove straight back down, taking him deeper, training the muscles in her jaw and neck to withstand the brutal intrusion.

"Fuck, Mom," Logan muttered, his voice thick, the controller trembling as his thighs tensed. He grasped her by the hair and held her there, her lips suctioned to his root. "You're insane—so hungry for my cock."

She moaned around his appendage, the vibration sending fresh spikes of pleasure up through the shaft. Even without words, her hunger was visible: the frantic swing of her tits as she bobbed, the mess of spit and pre-cum that drenched her chin, the glint in her wild, predatory eyes as she stared up at him, worshiping every inch of his monster cock.

But that was only phase one. Chelsea let the shaft pop free, glistening and slick, and dragged her tongue down the length, tracing the thick ridges of vein and tendon to where his balls hung heavy and waiting.

She tilted his cock so it slapped up against his belly, the sound loud and obscene, exposing the entire undercarriage: the balls, the tightly furled seam of his scrotum, the glistening patch of sweaty, man-scented skin running down to his taint.

She buried her face in his balls, inhaling the sharp, heady stink of his musk—a primal, overpowering perfume that left her dizzy and drooling.

She took both orbs into her mouth, stretching her lips wide to fit the bulk, tongue swirling and pressing up from beneath, milking him the way a newborn might.

Her hands never stopped pumping his cock, the shaft so hard it felt forged from steel, throbbing in her grip. As she sucked, she lashed at the exposed skin of his taint, flicking her tongue across the sensitive ridge, feeling him jerk and buck in response.

“Holy shit,” Logan hissed, eyes glued to the screen but hips arching greedily up into her face, as if his entire body was a single, pulsing nerve ending desperate for the next rush.

Chelsea redoubled her efforts, smearing her spit all over his balls, up and down the shaft, making everything hot, wet, and frictionless. Then, without warning, she dove lower, letting her tongue zigzag down over the trembling line of his perineum, until she reached the tight, sweat-damp ring of his asshole.

She paused, savoring the forbidden thrill—the knowledge that this was pure depravity, territory no other woman had probably dared to touch on him yet. She lapped at the rim, teasing the wrinkled flesh, then pressed the flat of her tongue against it, massaging with steady, confident circles.

The taste was salt and skin and dark, thrilling filth, made even sweeter by how Logan's whole body bucked upward, his abs flexing so hard she could see every muscle striated beneath the skin.

His cock pulsed in her fist, leaking a constant drizzle of pre-cum; her own cunt clenched in sympathy, nipples scraping against the bed as she buried her face deeper in his ass.

She probed the tight entrance, tongue flicking and drilling in short, furious bursts, all while her hands kept up a brutal, relentless stroking of his shaft and balls. The entire lower half of Logan's body was slick now, glazed with a combination of sweat, spit, and shimmering secretions straight from his mother's mouth.

She alternated her assault with the precision of a surgeon, the flat of her tongue tracing the tight, crinkled ring of his anus before she surged back up the sweat-slicked valley of his perineum.

She took his left testicle into her mouth whole, the weight of the cum-swollen orb straining her jaw. A high, desperate whimper escaped him as she suckled, her tongue applying pressure to the base where the vas deferens corded upward, a taut cable thrumming with the promise of his seed.

Then, she devoured his cock with wet, slobbering lunges that left her gagging and wheezing for air. She didn't care; she was in her element, a pure, unrepentant MILF hooked on the taste of her son's anatomy, determined to leave him a ruined, quivering mess.

Logan's play was suffering; his grip slipped, the controller falling to the side as he surrendered, arms braced hard behind him on the bed. His thighs were so pumped with blood they looked

carved from marble, his cock bulging, purple and angry, veins rippling with every shudder of pleasure.

"Fuck, Mom... don't ever stop," he groaned, voice ragged and unrecognizable.

Chelsea dug in, redoubling her efforts. She sucked the base of his cock while her fingers massaged his asshole, teasing the muscle until it fluttered and gave way.

She slid a spit-soaked fingertip past the outer ring, gently corkscrewing inside, feeling his entire body seize up with the shock and pleasure of it. She milked the shaft with the other hand, twisting it so the skin rotated in time with her mouth, making Logan buck and gasp.

She kept the rhythm merciless: lips sealed around the cock-head, cheeks sucked in tight, tongue drilling the slit, hands cranking the shaft and fondling the balls until the entire organ was a pulsating, leaking engine of pleasure. She flicked her wrist, feeling the veins tighten, the skin getting hotter and tighter with every beat.

He was close. She could sense it in the abrupt, savage jerks of his hips, the way his asshole fluttered around her probing finger, the way his cock got even harder, impossible as it seemed, as thick jets of pre-cum spilled out in anticipation of the final eruption.

"Goddamn, the way you suck me," he gasped, feeding the rod of his cock up through the ring of her lips like it was a hot, wet pussy.

Chelsea went for the kill: she mashed her tits together, creating a deep, pillowy groove of cleavage, and stuffed Logan's spit-soaked cock between the massive globes.

She pumped them up and down rhythmically, the flesh wobbling and undulating, providing a gliding, frictionless channel that squeezed the shaft from base to tip. At the apex, her lips latched around the crown, tongue swirling and sucking, drinking up every drop that oozed out.

“Gonna cum, gonna fucking cum, Jesus Christ, Mom!” Logan roared, his voice breaking as the orgasm detonated behind his balls.

The shaft jerked violently, the head mushrooming in her mouth, and then the first blast of cum exploded straight down her throat—a white-hot cannonball that pooled instantly against her tonsils.

Another; then another. She swallowed greedily, barely keeping up with the obscene quantity of fluid as it rocketed from his meatus, rope after rope, the taste thick and salty, pure animal protein.

She didn’t stop even as he snarled and writhed, pinning his hips to the bed as she worked the cock for every last shudder, every spasm, draining his balls for the hot, forbidden load.

Spunk flooded her mouth, drenched her lips, streaked down the shaft to mix with the spit on her tits, decorating the entire scene with streaks and globules of white.

When it finally slowed, she eased off the cock with a filthy, sucking noise, then licked up and down, cleaning every inch with the zeal of a predator savoring the kill.

She traced circles around his spent, twitching balls, then pressed her face back to his asshole, giving it a final, delicate lick, claiming every last forbidden flavor as her own.

Logan sprawled back, stunned and helpless, vision glazed over as his cock twitched with aftershocks, dribbling down his mother's tongue. Chelsea gazed up at him, face smeared with the evidence of his climax, her tits glistening with a mixture of sweat, spit, and ribbons of cum.

She purred, voice thick and triumphant. "Good luck finding a girl your own age that can suck your cock like that."

She bounced her colossal breasts for emphasis, then sucked the last dribble from his tip with a slow, deliberate moan of satisfaction.

Earl knew the only way to prove his wife and son were rutting like animals was to catch them in the act. He'd dragged his broken body up those stairs once before; he could do it again. This time he'd catch them in the act, watch her take their son's cock like the hungry slut he knew she was.

That night, when the bed began to squeal and the wet slap of flesh echoed through the ceiling of Earl's room, he wheeled to the stairway and hauled himself from his chair.

He took the stairs on his ass, one agonizing thump at a time, his useless legs scraping behind him. The sounds grew louder—grunts, her high shameless moans, the boy's ragged breathing—as he dragged his body down the hallway toward their door, then opened it just a crack.

Earl's vision swam; for a moment his brain simply failed to process the atrocity unfolding on his old marital bed. Chelsea had Logan on his back, her thick ass planted over his lap, knees braced wide on either side of his thighs.

She was naked, incandescent in the creamy lamplight, sweat shimmering off every inch of her trembling flesh, and her monstrous, milk-swollen tits swayed and bounced in a breathtaking, obscene rhythm as she rode their son with absolute, animal authority.

Logan was pinned beneath her, a prisoner of her gluttonous body, his arms straining to hold on as she bucked and slammed herself down on his sinewy cock over and over.

The teenager's face was a study in delirious agony and pleasure, eyes rolling back, jaw slack, muscles corded along his shoulders as he surrendered completely to the suffocating embrace of maternal flesh.

Every time Chelsea plunged down, her hips crashed against his, the impact driving Logan's cock so deep into her battered cunt that it looked like she was trying to tear herself open from the inside out.

The noise—the wet, meaty applause of their bodies slamming together, the frantic, greedy slurp of a pussy that never got enough—was a living thing, echoing off the walls and drilling itself straight into Earl's skull.

Chelsea's tits were the gravitational center of the universe. Each time she rose and fell, the colossal globes swung free, nipples hard and dark, sometimes smacking together with a lewd, echoing slap, then flattening against Logan's face whenever she crushed down to the root.

Earl could barely breathe just looking at them. He could see the streaks of sweat snaking through her deep, creamy cleavage, the faint red lines where her son's fingers had clawed and groped for

purchase, as if even both his hands weren't enough to contain one of them.

Logan tried to keep up—to worship, to hold, to knead those impossible mounds—but they always escaped him, jostling and jiggling as Chelsea dominated the rhythm, fucking him like she was determined to drive the memory of any other man out of her own body.

Earl was struck by how his wife rode their son with the absolute, mechanical greed of a prize broodmare in full heat. Her eyes were wild, unfocused, hair plastered to her face in sticky golden ropes as she leaned forward and bounced, her ass rippling with every violent downward stroke.

Each time she bottomed out, a high, inhuman noise tore out of her, part sob, part scream. The battered lips of her pussy clung around Logan's shaft, every inch of her split wide by the thickness of her own son's cock.

Earl could see it: the obscene, glossy length disappearing in hungry increments, veined and slick with both their juices, each thrust leaving a pearlescent ring at the base that smeared across his thighs.

Her pussy was a gaping wound, drooling with need, stretching obscenely around teenage cock that belonged nowhere near her body—and Chelsea wanted more, always more.

"Oh fuck, baby, don't stop! Don't you dare fucking stop!" Chelsea howled, slamming down harder, her hands mashing her own tits together and shoving them over Logan's slack, drooling mouth.

She smothered him beneath the pillowy slabs, her nipples jabbing at his lips until his tongue lunged out, desperate to suck and clamp down as if his life depended on it.

Logan's face vanished in a canyon of maternal cleavage, gulping for air, smothered and blinded by the rippling weight of her breasts, as Chelsea used his mouth like a sex toy, riding his cock and his tongue at the same time.

Earl's heart didn't just break—it shattered. Every grunt, every wet slap was a mockery of the timid 'lovemaking' they'd shared. His own cock had always been... sufficient. But Logan's was a thick, veined animal—pumping in and out of Chelsea's greedy cunt with a brutal efficiency Earl could only dream of.

It was built for her: thick enough to stretch her wide, long enough to punch deep into places Earl had only ever dreamed of reaching. A perfect, filthy fit for a woman whose hunger had always been bigger than any man he knew.

"FUCK—YESS!" his wife snarled as the rhythm went feral.

Chelsea's hips became a blur, the flesh of her ass rippling and jiggling with every collision. Logan's fingers dug so deep into her trembling ass-cheeks that the prints would linger for days.

The bed was a warzone: springs shrieking, headboard hammering a madman's tattoo against the drywall, sheets twisted into ropes beneath their writhing, sweat-soaked bodies. The stench was overpowering—a living fog of sex and defeat, the sharp tang of cum and pussy juice layered over the reek of perfume and teenage sweat.

Earl stared, unable to look away. His wife's body was working overtime, every muscle and tendon straining for maximum

impact. He envied, with a savage, mind-eating jealousy, what Logan must be experiencing: the prison of her thighs, the suffocating heat of her pussy milking every drop of spunk from his balls; the unbearable softness of her tits engulfing his face, the rubbery tips prodding his flesh. It was the type of fuck every boy his age dreamed of, but few got to experience.

Chelsea bent low, mashing the bulk of her tits into Logan's mouth, grinding her plump clit into his pubic bone with a desperate, sobbing rhythm. She was cumming again, cunt fluttering along his shaft, splattering their filth all over his thighs and the ruined sheets.

"Don't fucking stop! Don't ever stop fucking me!" she keened, her hands winding behind Logan's neck to haul him deeper into her tit-flesh, burying him beneath the avalanche of her sweat-glazed cleavage.

Logan choked and gasped, licking his way up until his lips sealed around a nipple, his own hips jerking up in involuntary, seismic thrusts.

His cock pulsed like a living beast, every vein bulging, the swollen head battering her g-spot and cervix with mechanical violence. He fucked back with everything he had, desperate to keep up with her, to overwhelm the hungry vice of her cunt before she crushed him.

"Oh, god, mom... I'm gonna fucking cum. I'm gonna fill you up, oh fuck, oh fuck!" Logan moaned, his voice a ragged thread.

Chelsea's cunt seized on him, milking, strangling, and the echo of her orgasm hit the air like a bomb, her body convulsing and trembling as his cock erupted inside her.

The impact was volcanic: Logan's load surged into her ripped-open tunnel, each spasm flooding her with fresh, hot nut, flooding her womb until the excess drooled right back out, slicking down his balls and her pounded slit in pearly torrents.

She kept riding, even then—not slowing, not letting him escape, determined to milk every last pulse, every drop, until he was limp and boneless and ruined under her.

Her tits bounced and slapped over his slack face; her hands mashed his lips against her nipple, forcing him to swallow her sweat and salt as he clamped his teeth to her teat.

Earl could barely comprehend the depths of the betrayal. He understood, now, why nothing he did could ever elicit a fraction of that response, why her pussy had always been hungry and her tits aching for a mouth that wasn't his.

This was what Chelsea was made for: an obscene hunger, a mechanical, animal need to fuck and be fucked, to grind her son into a puddle and then scoop up every drop for herself.

She finally collapsed forward, her body trembling with aftershocks, pinning Logan beneath a mountain of breast and belly. Her cunt gaped around his still-hard cock, leaking streaks of fresh seed down his thighs.

Logan's hands roamed lazily over her hips, dazed, as if even now he couldn't believe the immensity of pleasure her flesh delivered; his lips never left her nipples, lapping and sucking at the slick, rubbery tip until she moaned and trembled right through the afterglow.

For a long, sticky moment there was nothing but the creak of the ruined mattress, the wet noises of sucking and swallowing, and

the ragged, animal panting of two bodies fused together by pure, endless need.

Chelsea finally rolled off, her tits swaying and quivering, her cunt still drooling Logan's cum in a slow, obscene ooze across the sheets. She sprawled on her back, arms flung wide, and laughed—a long, wild, victorious howl, the sound of a predator who had won and would never, ever be tamed.

"God damn, baby. You fuck mommy better every single time," she sighed, her words thick with post-coital bliss.

She massaged her own tits, milk-white flesh glistening with sweat and spit, then reached down to swipe a slick trail of juice from her gaping slit, sucking it from her fingers while her cunt twitched and winked in the open air.

Logan dragged himself forward, mouth still greedy and open, and clamped his lips around the peak of a nipple—a hungry animal desperate for another round.

"Oh, you want more of this pussy, don't you?" Chelsea purred, and the cycle started again: Chelsea arched her back, her body a living engine of lust, ready to fuck until neither of them could walk.

And Earl, immobilized, was left only to listen—and to dream, in hideous, technicolor detail, of what it must feel like for Logan: to fuck her, to suck her, to drown in the avalanche of her monstrous tits and the velvet, strangling grip of her cunt, again and again, with no chance for escape.

Earl knew he could confront them, make his presence known and prove without a doubt they were fucking. But why? What would it solve? He was in the final years of his life and why waste them in

a confrontation that would only end with him rotting in a nursing home.

He had satisfied his own curiosity, and that was enough.

His wife was in her prime—a voracious, insatiable engine of lust—and he was just a crippled old man with a tired dick and empty balls. Confronting them and denying her sex would be cruelty; letting her find it with some stranger would be a deeper betrayal.

At least this way, the pleasure stayed in the family. The seed flooding her womb was still his bloodline, and perhaps only until his son found a wife of his own. The thought was a bitter pill, but Earl forced it down.

He scooted back down the hallway and down the stairs, descending to the rhythm of their fucking: the wet slap of flesh on flesh, his wife's choked sobs of pleasure, his son's guttural groans as he emptied himself inside her again.

Earl decided then to spend his last years in the first floor with his model trains and whiskey, while above him the bedsprings screamed and his wife's cunt swallowed his son's seed, making the second floor a temple of sweat and cum where they fucked like animals in heat, relentless and raw.

He couldn't help but recall his wife's words from just a few days ago: "Think of all the ravenous sex... the mindless, animalistic pleasure that lies ahead for our son. All the huge, warm tits he'll suck on. He has a gift, a weapon of youth that you've long since lost. You had your years, your turn to play. Now, it's Logan's time to take everything he wants from women. He's built for it."

Earl now knew his wife was right. He'd known the glory days—the slick, frantic, breathless nights of youth when he could still pin her down and fuck her until her eyes rolled back, and her throat went raw from screaming.

Now it was his son's turn: to feel the suffocating heat of her cunt, to drown in the milk-heavy weight of her tits. Let the boy have it. Let him learn what it means to be devoured.

THE END

