

RAWDOG WITH MOM

CUCKOLD VERSION



BY KLRXO

Rawdog with Mom (Cuckold Version)

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Jay had just recently started getting into the wild world of hot, nasty sex, but his health class had drilled the importance of wearing protection into his head with brutal persistence. Now, slipping on a condom on his long, veiny, teenage cock before fucking hot cheerleader pussy was like second nature for him, a necessary shield against the lurking dangers of STDs and knocking a girl up. But damn, that latex barrier, while keeping him safe, also dulled the fiery rush of wet, raw contact on his erectile flesh. Every time he plunged into a girl's tight, slick warmth, the wild surge of nerves firing off along his dick were stifled, a maddening buffer against the full-on pleasure that struggled to flood his mind.

The condom was like a dam, blocking the raw, animalistic friction between his heated teenage cock-flesh and the dripping depths of tight girl-pussy. Still, Jay stuck with what he knew, and even through this frustrating layer, he savored the exhilarating, unfamiliar sensations of sex, a thrilling new territory waiting to be explored.

Kelly and Marcy, juicy middle-aged moms, reclined by the pool, their massive, pregnant bellies and oversized udders glistening with sun-warmed oil. Marcy turned to her friend, the beautiful brunette's eyes narrowing with a troubled gaze.

"You won't believe this, but I hear those little vixens your son's been dating are forcing him to sheathe his flesh in those god-awful condoms. They won't even consider the pill, the selfish little bitches!"

Kelly's face darkened, her eyebrows slashing downwards. "That's ridiculous! I won't have baby boy's carnal pleasures muted by some latex barrier!"

Kelly's body was an electrifying spectacle, her auburn hair crashing down her shoulders in a torrent of vibrant, lustrous waves. Her fetus packed belly jutted out with defiant pride, straining against a minuscule bikini that barely contained the explosive allure of her ripe curves. The fragile triangles of fabric waged a futile battle to conceal her massive, milk-laden breasts, each heavy globe teetering on the edge of liberation with every breath she took. Her cleavage was a cavernous, shadowed gorge, irresistibly drawing the eye down to where her swollen nipples pushed demandingly against the sheer fabric. Kelly's body was the ultimate embodiment of fertile beauty, a lush terrain of sumptuous curves and seductive valleys that would make any ardent man burn with the desire to explore. "When I was his age, I made damn sure my dates felt inch of my hot cunt with no barriers!" she continued.

Marcy growled in agreement and massaged her mammoth belly. "It's a travesty! Jay deserves to be swallowed by the hot, slippery grip of a woman's hungry cunt. Those girls have no fucking idea what they're denying him."

"Precisely!" Kelly roared, her pendulous breasts quaking with fury. "I swear, once Jay feels vaginal tissue around his hard, veined flesh, he'll never return to those stupid fucking condoms again. My son will not be cheated out of the true pleasure of fucking!"

The two mothers writhed on their loungers, their sweaty, shaved cunts pulsating beneath the barely-there scraps of fabric that passed for bikini bottoms. Kelly's swollen labia strained against the flimsy material, her fat clit erect and glistening with a mix of sweat and pussy juice under the blazing sun.

Marcy's gravid pussy was a lewd spectacle, her thick, dark lips engorged and stretching the sheer spandex, barely containing her heavy, pregnant cunt. Their wet, pink fuck-holes spasmed and gaped, aching to be brutally invaded by a young, rock-hard cock.

Their bikini bottoms crept up their ass cracks, grinding against their quivering, puckered assholes, which throbbed with raw lust. The thin

crotch fabric clung to their bloated clits, the little shafts and heads visible, engorged with extra blood from pregnancy. Their massive, milk-laden tits rose and fell with each ragged breath, hard, plump nipples stabbing against their bikini tops like they were trying to tear free.

Pregnant and consumed by carnal hunger, Kelly and Marcy were desperate for a savage, filthy fucking - and just imagining Jay's naked cock jackhammering into their bare, defenseless cunts made their pussy lips engorge, clits pulse, and their starving fuck-holes seize with the primal need to be flooded with potent teenage seed.

Kelly couldn't hold back the flood of filth pouring from her mouth, Marcy eagerly drinking it in. "At Jay's age, his cock must be a hot, pulsating monster, especially when it's standing fully erect. The tip - those fat purple glans - like a fucking nerve bomb, craving every wet, slippery stroke of a girl's pussy. And fuck me, the underside of a boy's shaft, right along that fucking frenulum? When that's grinding against a bare, wet pussy, it's like a fucking electrical storm for a young stud."

Marcy was practically salivating, nodding like a fucking sex-starved maniac. "You're right. Those sensitive spots on a boy's penis need to be hammering all the right places inside a woman's cunt. Not inside some ribbed rubber bullshit. He should be jackhammering her G-spot and cervix, skin-to-fucking-skin."

"Exactly!" Kelly was on a roll, spitting the words out like venom. "The only thing better than his granite-hard cock plowing a girl's depths is feeling her pussy walls convulsing and clenching, milking the meat of his shaft as she detonates all over his bare cock. Feeling a skilled cunt soak your naked cock - that's the fucking nirvana every horny boy deserves. Not some muted, wrapped-up bullshit."

Marcy grinned like a fucking demon, "Mmm, Jay's cock must get so fucking hard, like titanium wrapped in pink velvet. What a travesty to trap it inside a fucking condom!"

Kelly's eyes flashed with a wicked glimmer. "You know, I'm so tempted to just take matters into my own hands. Let Jay sheath that throbbing cock in my pregnant pussy - no fucking, of course, just pure, skin-on-skin penetration. Let him feel what it's like to have his bare cock engulfed by hot, slick female flesh."

Marcy's face lit up, a diabolical grin stretching her lips. "Kelly, that's a fan-fucking-tastic idea! Slide that young, hard meat into your hungry cunt and let him experience the ultimate pleasure. Hell, if you change your mind, I'll happily do it for you. My pregnant pussy would welcome his raw cock with the wettest, tightest hug imaginable."

Kelly shivered, her clit pulsing at the deliciously taboo scenario. "God, can you imagine? Guiding Jay's virgin-bare cock into the depths of my mature cunt? Clenching my velvety walls around him, giving him a true taste of pussy, rawdog, the way nature intended. "

Marcy groaned, her heavy tits heaving. "Yes! Teach him what ecstasy really means! School that lucky boy in the carnal delights only a true woman can provide. Once he feels your molten pussy gripping him, he'll be ruined for all those silly girls that make him wrap his cock. He'll be hooked on the real thing!"

Kelly and Marcy writhed in their lounge chairs, their pregnant bodies electrified by the filthy temptation. Their pussies gushed and throbbed, aching to sheath Jay's raw, young cock and show him the ultimate heights of pleasure. The desire to corrupt and claim him, to make him crave the feel of their bare cunts, consumed their every thought. They knew it was so deliciously wrong... but the taboo only fueled their depraved lust.

As they schemed and fantasized, their hands crept to their aching fuck-holes, plunging into the wet heat to stroke their engorged clits. They moaned in debauched unison, imagining Jay's hard, twitching cock sliding into their defenseless cunts, giving him his first taste of raw, uncensored ecstasy. Oh, how they hungered to make him theirs, to ruin him for all other women with the sheer primal bliss of their slick, pregnant pussies.

Later that evening, as Kelly and her husband Frank lay entwined in bed, she broached the intense conversation she'd had with Marcy, her voice low and deliberate.

"Frank, darling, I've been doing some serious thinking," Kelly began, her hand unconsciously tracing circles over her pregnant belly, her mind racing. "Jay's gotta stop wrapping his dick when he's with these girls. It's robbing him of real sexual pleasure."

Frank's eyebrows shot up, disbelief etched across his face. "Are you serious? I thought using protection was crucial at his age. It keeps him from picking up anything nasty or getting some girl pregnant."

"Sure, sure, but at the same time, he's missing the ultimate thrill," Kelly insisted, her eyes glinting with conviction. "The sensation of flesh against flesh, every nerve ending on fire, the incredible feeling of a female's pussy gripping his dick... he needs to know what that truly feels like. Every boy deserves that."

"Damn, I guess I see what you're getting at," Frank murmured, letting the idea simmer in his mind. "But how can he do that and still stay safe?"

Kelly paused, biting her lip before revealing her daring suggestion. "Well, I was thinking... what if I let him slip his bare cock inside me? Just let it rest there, nestled in my pussy, no movement. So he can feel the difference, truly appreciate it. I'm already pregnant, so there's no risk there."

Frank's face was a picture of sheer horror. "You want our son to have sex with you? Are you out of your mind, Kelly?"

Kelly fed him an impatient glare. "Perhaps you didn't hear me right, darling. I said penetration, not sex."

"Isn't it the same thing?" Frank asked, his brown curls in confusion.

Kelly snickered. "No, Jay is technically only fucking me if he thrusts. Letting him sleeve his cock inside my vagina is hardly the same thing."

Seeing the hesitation in her husband's eyes, Kelly leaned in, her voice a sultry hiss. "Come on, baby. It's for his own good. To give him that raw, primal experience and some real sexual power. You know I'm only suggesting this because I love our boy and want him to be a man."

Frank's body was rigid with tension, his voice a low growl. "I don't think I would feel right about it. It would be like we're letting you cross some sacred line."

Kelly's eyes turned into piercing daggers. "So, you're choosing your stupid puritanical hang-ups over our son's sexual needs? Real fucking mature, Frank."

"I'm just saying... it's not a normal thing for a mother to do."

"Are you trying to upset me, Frank?" Kelly asked with a stern expression.

"No, I'm just—"

"Being stubborn and not respecting what I feel is best for our son, that's what your doing."

Kelly sat up, her massive breasts heaving with anger. "You know what happens if you upset me, darling. I start acting like all the other scorned wives out there. I'll go find two or three young, hung studs to fuck my pregnant pussy like animals. Is that what you want?"

Frank's face drained of color, his stomach twisting into knots. "No, I don't want that, Kelly!"

"Then stop being so fucking selfish and get over yourself," she snarled. "This is about Jay and what he needs. Don't you want him to grow into a sexually dominant man? Letting him feel my tight, wet pussy gripping his hard cock will do just that, Frank. It'll enlighten him and boost his confidence."

Frank's face was a picture of doubt and disgust. "I don't know, Kelly," he growled, "Having our son inside you, even if he's not thrusting away, it still seems wrong."

Kelly huffed, her patience wearing thin. "Oh, Frank, you're being absurd. It's not fucking, it's just... penetration. A sacred, loving union between a mother and son for educational purposes. That's all."

Frank shook his head firmly. "Having Jay stick his penis in you, for whatever reason, just isn't right. It's sick, Kelly."

His wife sneered. "Typical, Frank. You just wouldn't get it."

"Wouldn't get what?"

"You've never felt your own mom's cunt wrapped around your bare cock. She didn't fuck you when you were 18 like she did your older brother, Chris. If she had, you'd know how fucking deep that bond can be, and I'm sure it would have made you a MUCH better at sex."

"I'm not sure I agree, Kelly," her husband uttered, shaking his head.

Kelly's eyes narrowed, a clear threat in her voice. "As I've said before, there are plenty of horny teen boys around here who'd jump at the chance to fuck a pregnant MILF like me. Young studs with big horny dicks who I'm sure could turn my cunt to cream. Keep refusing to put our son's sexual needs first, and you'll just drive me to spread my legs for them, Frank. I'll let every boy on this block fuck the shit outta me. Is that what you want?"

Frank stammered, "You'd actually cheat on me with random teens to get back at me?"

"It's not just about revenge, darling. It's about getting what I need for Jay," Kelly snapped. "If you refuse to let me help our son, then letting those hungry boys fuck me silly would just be the natural consequence of your fucking failure as a husband and father."

She let out a cold laugh. "Picture it, Frank - coming home to find me sprawled out on our bed, pregnant belly shiny with sweat, tits covered in hickies, my fucked-out pussy dripping with young cum. Is that what you want? Because that's where your fucking rejection is leading us."

Kelly delivered her ultimatum. "So think very carefully about your next move. You can get on board with letting Jay experience my bare pussy, or you can resign yourself to the fact that I'll be taking other cocks and pulling away from our marriage. The choice is yours."

Frank swallowed and nodded, feeling a lump of anxiety in his throat. "Alright. Fine, just... do what you gotta do."

"That's more like it," Kelly sneered, her hand giving his crotch a condescending tap. "Now, why don't you crash on the couch tonight so Jay can come cozy up with mommy. And if you hear any noise, just remember—it's a good thing. That's the sound of our son becoming a man."

Even though her words were laced with venom, Kelly harbored no genuine intent to betray Frank with the lustful teenage boys from their neighborhood. Her threats of infidelity were nothing more than a sharpened weapon of manipulation she had perfected over the years to make Frank crumble under her dominance.

Kelly understood that even the mere suggestion of her indulging with youthful studs would send her insecure husband spiraling into a pit of gut-churning terror and revulsion, compelling him to comply with her every whim to prevent his worst nightmare from materializing.

Kelly grinned like a bitch in heat as she slipped out of her husband's bed and snuck down the hall to her son's room, leaving Frank to rot in his fucking cuckold anxiety.

She paused outside Jay's door, seeing it was open just a crack. Peeping through, she got an eyeful of her boy's ripped body sprawled out on his bed, buck-ass naked.

Jay's eyes were rolled back in ecstasy, his fist jacking his rock-hard cock like a piston. Kelly's mouth watered at the dirty show. Her son's erect dick was a fucking masterpiece - a thick, throbbing monster with a fat, purple head and veins popping out like roadmaps. It was hard as steel, ready to blow.

As Jay stroked himself feverishly, pre-cum dripped from his piss-slit like a leaky faucet, flowing over his pumping hand. His big, full balls, loaded with hot, young spunk, swung and tightened with each jerk. Judging by his speed and the tense look on his face, Jay was close to busting a nut, ready for the kind of explosion only a horny teenager can produce.

Kelly's lusty eyes were locked onto the scene before her, unable to look away despite the taboo. She was consumed by the raw, carnal display of her son, Jay, gripping his fuck-organ, pumping it with an urgency that sent waves of heat crashing through her. Seeing him like this - not as her innocent child, but as a virile man consumed by lust - awakened something feral within the mother. Her cunt pulsed and throbbed, drenching her lace panties with a flood of desire.

Every fiber of her being screamed for Jay's thick, potent cock to fill her, to stretch her, to initiate him into the raw, primal dance of fucking without the hindrance of a condom.

Kelly kicked the door open wide and prowled into her son's room, her heavy milkers and swollen belly swaying with each deliberate step. Jay's eyes shot open, his hand still wrapped around his pulsing dick. He fumbled for a pillow to hide his erection, his voice shaking with shock and humiliation.

"M-mom! W-what are you doing in here?!" he stammered, face burning with shame.

"Shh, it's okay sweetie," Kelly cooed as she reached his bed. Her voice was sugar-sweet and babyish, like she was talking to a tiny child.

"Mommy didn't mean to interrupt your special playtime. I know my good boy needs to make his big pee-pee feel good."

Jay cringed, feeling the juvenile language pierce him like needles, his cheeks burning with an intense, unbearable heat. "Geez, Mom, I wasn't—I mean..." His voice quivered, pleading for an escape from this torment.

"Aw, is my little man embarrassed?" Kelly teased, her voice dripping with syrupy sweetness as she traced a finger along the edge of the pillow that shielded Jay's crotch. "But baby, Mama has seen your cute wee-wee plenty of times before. I used to change your diapers, remember?"

Her laughter bubbled up, a sound that grated against his nerves, and she gave him a conspiratorial wink. "Though I must say, your penis has gotten much bigger since then! Such a big boy now, aren't you, Jay-Jay?"

Jay groaned, writhing under the weight of his mother's cloying gaze and mortifying baby talk. He clutched the pillow desperately against his persistent hard-on, his mind racing with the hope that she couldn't see how deeply this was affecting him.

Kelly leaned in, her voice a relentless drill. "Don't you dare be shy about your body with me, Jay. Not with Mommy. You understand?" She loomed closer, her eyes glinting with a fervor that made his heart thunder with dread and humiliation. "It's high time we had a little chat, you and I." Her words were a noose, tightening around him, inescapable.

She planted herself on the bed, the mattress groaning under her heavy, pregnant frame. Heat rolled off her in waves, and her cloying perfume filled his lungs, suffocating him. He could see the darkened abyss of her cleavage and her nipples, obscene and prominent, straining against the flimsy fabric of her nightgown, demanding his attention.

Kelly's hand clamped onto his knee, a claim staked. "Baby, I know you've been using condoms with those little sluts. Good boy, being all responsible." Her voice dripped with mockery. "But Mommy's worried you're not feeling the real pleasure, the raw, hot pussy hugs you could be feeling..."

Jay squirmed, trying and failing to ignore the traitorous twitch of his cock at her words. "Mom, I'm, um... fine with protection, really," he gritted out, desperation clawing at his chest.

Kelly's voice dropped to a sultry whisper, "Listen to Mommy, sweetheart. Those stupid little pee-pee balloons steal something precious from you—they block the special tingles that should be yours." She leaned in, her breath hot on his ear. "With a rubber, your sensitive knob—that perfect purple helmet—it can't feel all the wet, hot hugs. All those raw nerve endings are cheated out of so much pleasure."

She trailed a finger along the shaft hidden beneath the pillow, making Jay convulse with need. "And this—this ridge right here, the frenulum—that's your hot spot, baby boy. It feels so much better when it's inside a girl's pussy naked, without a condom on."

Kelly's tongue darted out, wetting her lips. "Imagine the fevered pulse of a woman's soaked pussy-lips locked around the base of your cock, squeezing in rhythm as she explodes on you. Pulsating, milking your bare shaft as you drive in deep..."

Jay's hips jerked upward, a primal groan tearing from his throat. "Mom, I um..."

"Hush, baby boy, let Mommy take control," Kelly purred, tugging the pillow away to reveal Jay's throbbing erection. It stood up from his trim loins, tall and proud, engorged and glistening with desperation. "Mom just wants to make you feel so, so good..."

Jay's world exploded as Kelly's perfectly manicured fingers gripped his throbbing shaft, stroking him with a torturously slow rhythm from the very base to the engorged tip. His eyes rolled back, and a guttural "Fuuuck..." tore from his throat, raw and primal.

"Watch your mouth, young man," Kelly admonished, but her eyes glinted with a sadistic delight as she continued to pump his iron-hard flesh with maddeningly languid strokes. "But Mommy understands. You're just overcome with finally having a real woman's touch on that pulsating cock, aren't you, baby?"

"Ahhh, Mom, yes!" Jay growled, savagely bucking into her tight grip. Her hand was a revelation, soft and delicate, yet relentless, the silken glide of her skin against his throbbing shaft driving him to the brink of insanity.

"That's it, my good boy," Kelly purred, her other hand cradling his taut, aching balls, massaging them with a feather-light touch that sent jolts of electric pleasure coursing through him. "Mommy loves seeing you like this, wild and desperate. And this is just the beginning. Imagine the ecstasy when you finally plunge this monster into Mommy's drenched, hungry pussy..."

Jay's eyes shot open, his hips freeze-framing mid-motion. "Wh-what?!" He choked out.

Kelly descended, her tongue flicking the quivering head of his manhood, wrenching a gut-deep groan from within him. "Mommy's going to school you, honey," she rasped, her voice laced with dark promise, and his body shuddered. "You're about to enjoy the raw, unsheathed ecstasy of your throbbing cock buried in a drenched, hungry cunt. Bare. No barriers. Doesn't that just make your balls ache?"

Jay could only writhe, a primal grunt escaping him as Kelly rekindled her torment, stroking his shaft with agonizing slowness. Pearls of need pulsed from his tip, a lewd, glistening invitation.

"Here's the plan, baby," she growled, her voice a sultry, sinister lullaby. "Mom's dragging you to her bedroom, stripping down to nothing but skin and sin. Then, you're going to pin me down, force my legs open wide, and impale me on that steel-hard cock. Every. Last. Inch."

Jay's breath hitched, drowning in a sea of lust and shock. Kelly merely chuckled, a sound like distant thunder, and continued her explicit tale.

"You're gonna hold it there, sweet boy. Your cockhead throbbing against my womb, my soaked pussy lips sucking you in, milking you dry. No pumping, no fucking. Just raw, pulsating connection."

Jay's throbbing shaft pulsed within Kelly's tightening grip, his breaths ragged and desperate. "Mommy's going to guide you through every sinful sensation," she rasped, her voice laced with dark promise. "I'll teach you how to enjoy a woman's body clutching your throbbing length. You'll feel things you never dreamed possible, my sweet boy."

"God, mom..." Jay gasped, in utter disbelief of what he had just heard spill from her lips.

"You crave that, don't you, Jay-Jay?" Kelly insisted, her voice a sultry growl. "To have your massive cock buried in Mommy's tight, wet heat? To thrust deep into my core while I smother you with kisses and praise? Tell Mommy how badly you want that..."

"I... oh... Mom, please..." Jay stammered, delirious with lust. His balls throbbed, and he teetered on the edge of explosion. "Yes... want it... wanna feel you..."

"Mmm, good boy," Kelly purred, releasing his cock and rising to her feet. She grasped Jay's hand and led him to the master bedroom, her full hips and voluptuous ass swaying hypnotically with each step. She could feel her son's ravenous gaze locked onto her bouncing cheeks, his stiff cock swaying heavily as he trailed behind her.

"Mom? Where's Dad?" Jay asked, his voice trembling with nervous anticipation as they entered the opulent room.

Jay's heart hammered as Kelly's voice dripped like hot poison in his ear, "Don't give him a second thought, my sweet boy. Daddy's downstairs, while Mommy's up here, ready to make you feel like the only man in the world."

She reached behind her neck, fingers trembling with anticipation, and tore at the satin ribbon holding up her barely-there black negligee. With a jerk of her shoulders, the flimsy garment cascaded down her voluptuous, pregnant body, landing in a puddle at her feet, leaving her naked except for a mere whisper of a lace thong.

Jay's mouth went bone dry as he drank in the sight of his mother's breathtaking, bare flesh. Her colossal, milk-engorged tits heaved from her chest, crowned by saucer-sized areolas, dark and thick as wine. Her nipples, plump and rubbery, jutted out nearly half an inch, begging to be sucked.

Kelly's swollen "baby bump" was awe-inducing, her once-flat stomach now a taut, glowing hemisphere, crisscrossed by silvery stretch marks that screamed raw, primal fertility. Jay felt a primal urge to fall to his knees, worship her belly with his lips, his tongue, his entire being.

Kelly, sensing his desire, cradled her heavy bump, shaking it slightly and making it undulate obscenely. "See anything you like, my baby boy?" she growled, her voice thick with lust. "Mommy's body is a temple, ripe with your new brother, isn't it?"

Jay, speechless, could only nod, his eyes wide with hunger. Kelly chuckled, low and throaty, turning away to reveal her ample ass, barely restrained by the straining lace. Each cheek was a perfect, quivering caramel sphere, swaying hypnotically as she sauntered to the bed, bent at the waist, and gripped the mattress, knuckles white.

"Get your sweet ass over here," she ordered, her voice a sultry command. "Help Mommy with her panties. They're painted on me, thanks to this pregnant belly."

Jay dove onto the bed, practically trampling his mom in his urgency. His fingers, shaking with anticipation, tore away the flimsy lace concealing her flesh, exposing the swollen mound of her sex and the shadowed depths of her ass.

Kelly bucked her hips, her glistening folds throbbing with need. "God, yes," she growled. "Now Mommy's ready for your thick cock."

She envisioned the carnal education she was about to give her son, considering each position with a growing hunger. Doggy style would allow for brutal, primal penetration, but she wanted to see his cute face reacting to being bare inside a cunt for the first time.

Cowgirl would give her control and offer Jay a view of her pregnant body writhing above him, but she needed more intimacy for his first raw plunge into a woman.

She decided on missionary, desperate to feel his bare flesh pressed against hers from head to toe. In this position, he could witness every grimace and gasp of lust as he plunged into her scorching wetness for the first time. She could envelop him in her arms, directing him with fevered whispers of encouragement.

Kelly sprawled onto the bed, a famished tigress ready to devour her prey. Her breasts and belly quaked with her abrupt movement, and she flung her thighs open, exposing the engorged folds of her sex, slick and pulsating with need.

"Come here, baby boy," she growled, summoning a shocked Jay with a curl of her finger. "Get on top of Mom and shove that thick, hard cock right fucking here."

Jay lurched forward, hypnotized by the raw display of his mother's hunger. The thick scent of her arousal invaded his senses, sending blood rushing to his cock, engorging it to the point of pain. He wedged himself between her trembling thighs, skin scorching from her heat. When his cockhead grazed her drenched folds, they both shuddered with anticipation.

"That's the spot, baby," Kelly snarled, grasping Jay's shaft and grinding his sensitive tip against her slit, coating him in her juices. "Feel that? Momma's cunt is on fire, fucking dripping for you. Better than your fucking hand or some shitty rubber, isn't it?"

"Yessss," Jay hissed through clenched teeth, eyes screwed shut against the overwhelming sensation. The velvety grip of his mother's labia sucking at his naked cockhead was a pleasure so intense it bordered on agony.

Kelly positioned the thick head of him at her entrance and bucked her hips upward, desperate to be filled. "Now, baby boy," she panted, voice ragged with lust. "Fucking drive it home. Ram that big cock deep into Momma's tight, greedy cunt. Let me fucking engulf you."

The boy's breath hitched in raw, primal awe as the swollen head of his cock vanished into his mother's flesh, her slick entrance stretching lewdly to engulf his thick shaft. Kelly's moan echoed like a feral creature's cry as she felt her son's thick cock invading her drenched, pregnant pussy, inch by agonizing inch. "Fuuuck, baby, yesss!" she growled. "Mommy's cunt is devouring your big fat cock, can you feel it? My hole is stretching wide, gripping you like a vice, slick and hungry!"

Jay could barely breathe, let alone speak, as brutal waves of sensation crashed through his body. The velvety, ribbed walls of his mother's vagina constricted around his shaft like a living thing, pulsating, squeezing, driving him to the brink of insanity. Her scorching heat consumed him, a furnace of wet, carnal need.

"Fuck yes, all the way in, like a good little boy," Kelly hissed as Jay's hips slammed against hers, his full balls pressing hard against her ass. "You're so fucking deep in Mommy's womb now, baby. Your thick cock is ramming against my cervix, filling me completely, making me your fucking whore."

Jay was overwhelmed by the exquisite sensation of his mother's internal muscles convulsing and rippling along his throbbing shaft, milking him with a fierce urgency. The engorged head of his cock rammed against the unyielding barrier of her cervix, sending jolts of raw electricity coursing down his spine.

Kelly bucked her hips, wrenching a primal groan from her son as her velvety vaginal walls sheared across his hyper-sensitive flesh. "Oh Jay-Jay, your cock feels like fucking heaven inside Momma. So fucking hard, so fucking hot, so fucking thick. It's like your dick was forged just for my pussy."

She clawed at his ass, nails digging into his flesh, demanding he grind against her without thrusting. "That's it, baby, hold yourself fucking deep and let Mommy's cunt muscles squeeze you. Feel every fucking inch of my pregnant hole gripping your massive cock."

Jay complied, drowning in a torrent of pure, carnal ecstasy. His thick shaft pulsed and throbbed inside the vice-like grip of his mother's sex, coating her inner walls with his free-flowing pre-cum. He had never experienced anything so scorching, so wet, so alive, seemingly devouring his bare cock.

"Feel that spot just under the head of your cock? That's your frenulum, baby, the most sensitive part. It's grinding right against Mommy's swollen G-spot, sending fucking shockwaves through us both," Kelly growled, her voice hoarse with lust.

Jay was engulfed in a storm of sensation, his mother's body clutching him tightly as she militantly contracted her internal muscles around him, wresting a primal groan from his core.

"Feel that?" she growled. "My velvet cunt is throttling your cock, pulsating, squeezing out every ounce of your resistance. That's what fucking perfection feels like, Jay. Raw, bare and primal."

He was swallowed whole by her opulent flesh, drowning in her silken touch. Her colossal breasts—swollen with milk and topped with thick, erect nipples—crashed against his chest, while her pregnant belly, a taut and formidable mound, pressed insistently between them. He could feel it—the fetus of his soon-to-be sibling squirming between them, as if the weight of Jay's body and jab of his cock had caused his unborn brother to reposition.

Kelly ensnared him, her arms and legs a vice around his body, her dainty feet digging into his back, urging him deeper, past the point of no return. Her eyes, ablaze with a feral mix of maternal devotion and ravenous lust, consumed him. She feasted on his expression—a raw, overwhelmed mask of ecstasy.

"That's it, Jay," she rasped, her hips rolling in a relentless, hypnotic rhythm. "Feel me. Feel Mommy's greedy cunt sucking you in, every fucking inch. You're mine, Jay. All. Fucking. Mine."

Jay's breath hitched, hips grinding against Kelly's with a primal urgency. His mother's molten core enveloped him, her slick muscles convulsing around his shaft, drawing forth a flood of pre-cum from his throbbing, purple tip.

"Oh, yesssss," he growled, his voice feral.

Kelly's lips curled in a sultry smirk, her voice a husky purr. "I can feel you leaking out inside me, baby. Your thick cock is weeping, pouring all that

hot, sweet nectar into Mommy's starving cunt. It's like your dick is sobbing with joy, with need, with raw fucking lust."

Jay groaned, a sound torn from his very soul, as he buried his face in the sweat-slicked valley of her heaving tits. His cockhead, engorged and pulsating, ground against her cervix, the hypersensitive ridge of his frenulum grinding against her G-spot with exquisite, agonizing pleasure.

Kelly's velvet pussy gripped him like a vice, its plush lips sucking at the base of his shaft, as if desperate to drain the cum from his swollen balls. It was a sensation like no other, a thousand hungry mouths feasting on his most intimate flesh.

Consumed by a storm of forbidden ecstasy, Jay's hips began to move subtly, his fat cock moving inside his mom's drenched, clasp hole.

"Oh, baby," Kelly gasped, her voice a harsh rasp even as she clamped her pussy tighter around him. "Remember, Mommy said no thrusting. Just hold that huge, hard cock deep in my cunt and let me squeeze the cum out of it, let me drain those fat, full balls!"

Jay's breath hitched, his body trembling with the effort of restraint. "I'm... I'm sorry," he gritted out, his voice tight with pent-up lust. "It's just... it's too good. I can't... I can't stop."

Kelly threw her head back and laughed, a sultry, throaty sound that only served to stoke Jay's flames higher. She raked her nails down his quivering spine, her voice a dark purr. "My poor baby boy is just throbbing with need, isn't he? Your thick cock is just aching to piston into Mommy's dripping hole like a wild beast, isn't it?"

She clenched her muscles tighter, her pussy gripping his shaft like a velvet vice, drawing a raw, primal groan from deep within him. "It's okay, my sweet boy," she murmured, her voice thick with carnal desire.

"Momma understands your dark needs. When a potent young man feels

a hot, wet cunt wrapped around his cock, he just wants to fuck and rut and claim. Especially when it's a ripe, pregnant pussy like Mommy's."

She rolled her hips, her swollen cunt grinding on his thick shaft, her voice a harsh, hungry growl. "But we can't let our bodies slam together like that, my love. Or it would be filthy, taboo incest. Mommy would be a dirty, cheating whore, fucking her own son raw and unprotected. We're just sharing a special, forbidden lesson, remember?"

Jay's cock throbbed, the head dragging along Kelly's ribbed inner walls, drawing a strangled cry from his lips. "Please... I need... I need..." He trailed off, his breath coming in ragged pants, his body aching with a savage, feral hunger.

"Shhh, baby, Mommy knows what you need," Kelly murmured, her voice a dark, seductive purr. "You need to shoot all that hot, thick cum you've been saving up in these heavy, swollen balls. You need to mark Mommy with your seed, don't you, my love?"

The vixen reached down and clutched his bursting, seed-filled balls, digging her fingers into the tender flesh. "Mommy can feel the ache, little man," she hissed, eyes glinting as she saw the frustration and desperation in his pathetic face. "You're ready to pop, aren't you? Just dying to fill Mommy's fertile womb, is that it?"

Jay's head snapped up and down, tears of lust streaking his cheeks. Every fiber of his being screamed to ravage her, to claim her, to fill her with his virile seed. She had driven him to this, and now he was a wild animal, crazed and frothing.

Kelly's eyes burned like flames from the deepest pits of hell. "Mommy's gonna crush you with her devil pussy, gonna milk that fucking cock until you erupt like a volcano. You want that, don't you? You wanna paint Mommy's insides with your thick, scalding cum?"

"Fuck yes!" he begged, all pretense of decency gone. "I need to fill you."

"That's my boy," she snarled, her pussy clamping down on him like a steel trap, the heat of his shaft making her feel like she was made of lava. With a brutal roll of her hips and a vice-like clench of her cunt, she began to grind, the slick walls of her pussy stroking and squeezing him, a liquid inferno.

"Oh, you feel that, don't you, little man?" she growled, her voice a low, hungry rumble. "Mommy's hot, pregnant pussy is devouring your thick cock, squeezing and pulsating, dripping and gripping, isn't it?"

"Yesss!" Jay roared, eyes rolling back in pure ecstasy. His mother's pussy was a relentless vice, the wet, clenching muscles convulsing around his shaft while the delicate ring of her cervix throbbed against his engorged cockhead, a brutal, lewd embrace. Each time the velvety ridges of her inner walls raked over his frenulum, electric jolts shocked through his system.

Kelly was a woman possessed, her sole purpose to drain every last drop of her son's potent young cum. She alternated between long, waves of crushing pressure and rapid, pulsating flutters, hitting every nerve, every sensitive spot. Her juices gushed, drenching his cock in hot, slick lubricant.

"Come on, baby boy," she commanded, her voice a dark, seductive growl. "Let Momma consume you. Let the fire build in that thick, throbbing cock. You're gonna erupt like a volcano, fill me with your molten cum..."

Jay's breath hitched, his body convulsing as his orgasm barreled towards him like a freight train. The vision of his mother's face, twisted in ecstasy, her scent, raw and primal, and the weight of her pregnant form...it was sensory overload. Coupled with the rhythmic grip of her velvety depths, he was utterly consumed.

At the doorway, Frank's gut wrenched as he stared into the master bedroom, his eyes glued to the profane spectacle unfolding before him.

There was Jay, his rigid cock buried deep within Kelly's pregnant pussy, not pumping but rotating and churning in a lewd, rhythmic dance. And Kelly, his formerly faithful wife, was lost in rapture, her hips rolling like thunder, and her powerful inner muscles rippling along Jay's pulsating shaft.

"Oh fuck yes, Mommy's pussy is feasting on your fat cock," she cried, her enormous, milk-filled tits swaying hypnotically. "Mmmm, Mama's hungry cunt is swallowing every thick inch of my baby boy's dick!"

Jay moaned, drowning in the taboo bliss of his mother's flesh. "Your pussy is milking me so good," he gasped. "It's so wet, so tight—way better than my hand!"

Kelly's voice dripped with carnal hunger, "And Mommy's pulsating cunt is throbbing for this thick cock," she growled, clamping down on him like a vice with her internal muscles. "I'm gonna suck every last drop from these bursting balls, drain them until you're empty, and blast that rich, potent seed against my throbbing cervix."

Frank watched, horrified and rigid with arousal, as his wife relentlessly drove their son to the brink of insanity with her dirty talk and brutal pussy. Jay's bare ass spasmed, desperately trying to hold back from plunging into his mother's voracious hole, his engorged balls drawn tight, shuddering with imminent eruption.

"Ahhh, fuck, Mommmmmmyyyy!" the teen screamed, his body convulsing as his orgasm tore through him like a hurricane. "I'm cumming, I'm cummmminnnng!"

"Yes, baby, give it to me! Give Momma that thick, hot fuck-cream!" Kelly demanded, grinding her engorged clit against Jay's pelvis, feeling the first scalding blast of his cum painting her insides. "Oh god, I feel you gushing so deep, so fucking hot and thick! Flood Mommy's womb with that sweet, rich jizz!"

Jay convulsed wildly on top of her, letting out a string of garbled curses and grunts as he ejaculated a massive load, his fat cock pulsing and throbbing as it disgorged what felt like gallons of cum.

Kelly's pussy clenched and suckled greedily, rippling rhythmically to milk out every drop. Obscene wet squelches filled the room as her son's potent semen overflowed her stuffed channel, frothing out around his pistoning shaft.

Frank exploded into the bedroom, his rage finally boiling over. "What the hell, Kelly?! You let him cum inside you? I don't remember THAT being part of our agreement."

Kelly glanced up at her husband, languid and sated from her taboo tryst. She smacked Jay on the ass, dismissive. "Head back to your room, honey. Mommy needs to have words with Daddy."

Jay grudgingly withdrew his wilting cock from his mother's ravaged opening with an obscene sucking sound, a deluge of his thick seed gushing out. He bolted from the bed, snatched his clothes, and fled the room, evading Frank's scathing stare.

Alone, Kelly sneered at Frank's explosive fury. "Oh, get a grip, you self-righteous ass. So our boy ejaculated his hot seed inside me, who gives a shit? It's not like he can knock me up any more than I already am." She rubbed her distended belly, defiant.

"That's not the point!" Frank roared. "You're my wife, his mother! Letting our own son treat you like a whore is twisted and wrong!"

"Oh, screw you," Kelly hissed. "Don't act all high and mighty now. You were plenty happy watching Jay stuff his thick bare cock in my pussy. So what if he blew his load in me? I didn't hear you complaining when he was fucking me deep and raw."

Frank's face contorted with a volatile mix of shame and futile rage. It was true, he had stood by, paralyzed, as depravity unfurled, too weak and

spineless to intervene. Kelly, seeing her advantage, sneered at him, her eyes gleaming with malice. "You should be groveling in gratitude," she hissed. "Our boy was overflowing with pent-up lust. His balls were heavy, aching for release. I simply did what any devoted mother would— offered my warm, inviting flesh for his relief."

She arched her back on the bed, stretching like a satiated panther, as Jay's seed trickled obscenely from her ravaged hole. "And relieve him I did," she purred. "He flooded me, wave after relentless wave, coating my insides with his thick, hot cream. He pumped so much into me, I thought my belly would burst!"

Kelly, with a vulgar smile, scooped the frothing spunk from her leakage and brought it to her mouth, sucking her fingers obscenely. "Mmm, our little stud's cum is divine," she moaned. "Fresh and potent, bursting with life. Not that you'd know anything about that, impotent as you are."

She laughed, a sound like shattering glass, reveling in Frank's anguish. "Does it sting, darling?" she taunted. "Watching your own son claim your wife, filling her with his virile seed while you barely manage a pathetic dribble? It must be utterly emasculating."

Kelly raked a perfectly manicured nail through the hot, sticky mess trembling between her thighs, a wicked smile playing on her lips. "Face it, Frank—even at your peak, you've never filled me like Jay just did. That boy's balls produce more cum in a single fuck than you could dream of in a lifetime!" She arched her back, her enormous, pregnancy-swollen tits quivering with contemptuous laughter.

"And that pathetic excuse for a cock between your legs? It can barely even twitch to life anymore. Nothing like our son's throbbing fuck-monster." Her eyes rolled back, recalling the raw, primal force of Jay's cock. "When he rammed that fat, steel-hard beast into me, I thought he might fucking destroy me—and I loved every second of it."

She looked at Frank with scathing pity, her lips curling into a vicious sneer. "You should be on your knees thanking me for still letting you fuck me. Most women would have thrown your impotent ass to the curb by now. I have needs, Frank. Dark, hungry needs that only a thick, hard, young cock like Jay's can satisfy."

"So you're gonna let him put his... penis inside you again, is that what you're saying?"

"No, I was merely pointing out that boys like Jay are what women my age crave," she candidly answered. Kelly cradled her gigantic baby bump, a shudder of ecstasy coursing through her. "Thank god our son inherited my side of the family's cock. With a massive, pulsating fuck-tool like that, he'll be a breeding beast, a relentless baby-making machine."

The next day, Kelly met Marcy poolside, their lounge chairs primed for another session of salacious gossip. Kelly could barely contain her enthusiasm, leaning in to spill every filthy, exhilarating detail of the previous night's debauchery.

"I'm about to blow your mind with what I did for Jay," she began with an electrified smirk, her eyes glinting with mischief. "I finally let him dive into some hot pussy, condom-free."

Marcy's eyes flew open, filled with a mix of shock and intrigue. "No way! You didn't..."

"Oh, but I did," Kelly boasted with a wicked grin. "I pulled him into my marital bed, cast off every shred of clothing, and welcomed him to plunge that throbbing, magnificent cock into my bare, pregnant pussy. Skin on skin, not a whisper of latex between us."

"Oh my god, you wild temptress!" Marcy squealed, her voice tinged with envy. "I bet he was over the moon. What teenage boy wouldn't be ecstatic to slide his naked boner into such eager cunt?"

"He was in sheer nirvana," Kelly purred, her eyes glazing over with the memory. "The way his eyes rolled back as he entered me... I thought he might just lose consciousness from the overwhelming bliss!"

She squirmed on the lounge chair, feeling the heat reignite at the vivid memory. "God, Marce, the sensation of Jay's cock pulsing inside me with no barrier... it was beyond incredible. So hot, so hard, so vibrantly alive. I swear I could feel every ridge, every vein, electrifying my inner walls."

Marcy licked her lips, enthralled by the explicit details. "Damn, that's scorching. I'm practically dripping just picturing it! Did you let him release inside you too?"

"Oh, you better believe it," Kelly growled, a wicked grin spreading across her face. "I'm no ordinary mother. I gave my boy the raw, unbridled ejaculation he deserved."

"Fuck, Kelly, you're a filthy, fucking slut," Marcy breathed, eyes wide with a mix of shock and respect. "I can't believe you took your own son's cock. Didn't Frank lose his shit?"

"Oh, he had a fucking meltdown," Kelly snapped, hand slicing through the air. "But I shut that noise down fast. I reminded him that he was the one who agreed to Jay penetrating my bare cunt. Not my problem he couldn't handle Jay cumming inside of me."

The two friends cackled, their laughter dripping with sin. "Well, Kelly," Marcy said, "you've certainly given Jay one hell of an education. Once a boy's had that raw pussy, there's no going back to wrapping his cock again."

"Damn right," Kelly hissed, clutching her swollen belly. But then, her eyes darkened with a sudden maternal urge. "But you know, Marce, as epic as last night was, I've realized Jay still hasn't felt the full force of raw fucking. Sure, he felt my bare pussy clamping down on his cock, and he

spilt his seed, but he didn't make ME cum. Which means he doesn't know the thrill of having his dick drenched in a woman's hot, orgasmic mess."

Marcy nodded, her eyes gleaming with a dark intensity. "You're right. Feeling a pussy clamp down and explode on your bare cock is the essence of raw, primal fucking. Especially for a young man. It's a baptism by fire, a rite of passage that ignites his masculinity and brands him a stud."

"Yes!" Kelly hissed, her breath hitching with excitement. "I want my boy to experiencing the sensation of making a woman detonate on his cock. To feel her cunt erupt and drench him as he relentlessly pounds her."

Marcy's smirk was a razor's edge. "You're practically salivating at the thought, aren't you? You wanna be the one to initiate him, to ride your son's raw cock until you burst like a fucking hydrant and show him the true meaning of unrestrained pleasure?"

"Guilty," Kelly panted, not even trying to hide her hunger. "I'm fucking addicted to Jay's colossal cock now. It's ruined me for other men. I crave it. I need it plowing my depths again."

"You shameless, insatiable whore," Marcy growled, her voice thick with envy. "You're determined to transform your son into your personal fuck-stud, aren't you? Fuck, I'm practically dripping just thinking about it."

Kelly bit her lip, her body throbbing with anticipation. "I need to give Jay that experience. To have him feel my pregnant pussy erupting around his throbbing cock, to show him the mind-blowing power of the female orgasm from the inside. Pulsating, gripping, fucking drowning him in my cum..."

"Absolutely!" Marcy urged, her voice laced with lustful malice. "Since you're already pregnant, let that boy relentlessly pump his potent seed into your insatiable cunt, making you scream in orgasm again and again. Drown his throbbing cock in your torrent of pleasure!"

"Fuck yes," Kelly growled, her breath hitching with carnal hunger. "I'll keep him rock-hard and pulsating for hours, his thick cock steeped in my ravenous depths. By the time I'm through, Jay's manhood will be baptized in my liquid fire, and he'll never want the barrier of a condom again!"

The two debased mothers cackled sinisterly, plotting the myriad ways Kelly could further ensnare her son with her flesh. Indoctrinating him to lust for the sensation of mommy's convulsing, climaxing pussy engulfing his naked cock, eternally ruining him for any other embrace.

That evening, during dinner, after Jay had excused himself, Kelly shattered the calm with her announcement to her husband about her upcoming plans with their son.

"Just so you're aware, Frank, Jay and I will be stepping out tomorrow night. On a date," she stated with deceptive nonchalance, taking a deliberate sip of her wine.

Frank's reaction was immediate and visceral, nearly choking on his pork chop. "What did you just say? A date? With our teenage son?!"

"Exactly," Kelly replied with a breezy air, as if discussing the weather. "I've booked us a luxurious hotel room downtown. We'll enjoy dinner, then retire for the night. Just the two of us."

Frank's face flushed a furious shade of purple as he sputtered, teetering on the edge of outrage. "Have you lost your mind? An overnight trip with our son? What will people think? And... are you two planning on... doing anything in the hotel?"

Kelly rolled her eyes with exaggerated impatience. "Fucking? Is that what you're trying to ask, Frank? If Jay and I plan to fuck?"

"Well...yes!" he erupted, his voice a mixture of disbelief and anger. "It's a legitimate question, given how wildly inappropriate this whole situation is!"

She met his gaze with an icy coolness. "Honestly, beyond us getting room together, there's not much more you need to know."

Frank stared at her, incredulous and incensed. "You're my wife, and he's my son! If you're planning on... on fornicating, I have a right to know!"

"Oh, spare me," Kelly scoffed, her tone dripping with disdain. "Don't play the wounded husband with me. You didn't seem too concerned about fidelity when you let our Jay shove his bare cock in me the other night."

"That was different!" Frank's voice cracked with desperation. "We agreed it would just be penetration! Not full-blown intercourse!"

"Funny," she retorted with a venomous smirk, "beyond last night, I don't recall agreeing to any such limits. But regardless, what Jay and I may or may not do in the privacy of a hotel room is solely between me and him. All you need to know is not to expect us back until morning."

His eyes filled with desperation, her husband implored, "Kelly, if you go through with this, it's cheating. You understand that, don't you? You'd be blatantly betraying our marriage vows."

Kelly shrugged off his concern with chilling indifference. "I never said I was planning to cheat, Frank. Only that you don't need to know our itinerary. Any conclusions you draw from there are your own affair."

Frank's thoughts whirled in a chaotic storm as he grappled with his wife's nonchalant attitude about her intended rendezvous with their son. "But Kelly, you booked a hotel room for the two of you! Just what exactly do you think people will assume is going on?"

She laughed, a sound laced with callousness. "Oh Frank, get your head out of the gutter. Can't a mother spend some quality one-on-one time with her boy without it being sexual? You're the one making it dirty with your assumptions."

"Quality time?" he erupted, practically spitting the words. "Alone in a hotel overnight? That's completely twisted!"

Kelly released a deep sigh, her frustration palpable. "Honestly, it cuts deep that your mind leaps straight to incest. I'm simply trying to connect with our son. Not everything revolves around sex, Frank.

She took a deliberate, dainty bite of asparagus, then continued with a sly smile. "But speaking of sex... I did pick up some new lingerie for the occasion. A barely-there babydoll nightie that leaves almost nothing to the imagination. I thought Jay might appreciate it."

Frank spluttered, choking on his water. "You WHAT?! Kelly, have you lost your mind? Why would you ever consider flaunting yourself in skimpy lingerie in front of our teenage son?!"

"Whoa there, slow your roll!" she retorted sharply. "I never mentioned flaunting. Are you projecting here? I just want to feel sexy and confident. My body is undergoing changes with this pregnancy. Wearing beautiful underthings gives me a boost."

Her husband stared at her, wide-eyed and aghast. "In front of our child though? Kelly, there's a line between sexy and wildly inappropriate!"

"Inappropriate? For heaven's sake, Frank!" Kelly snapped, her patience fraying. "Jay is a mature young man. He can surely handle seeing a glimpse of his mother's figure without it being a federal case. The female body is a natural, beautiful thing. I refuse to be shamed for embracing myself."

She wiped the corner of her mouth with a napkin, a smirk playing on her lips. "Besides, it's nothing he hasn't already seen. Remember, he's already been intimately acquainted with my lady bits. Seeing me in a negligee will be downright modest in comparison to what he saw last night."

Frank's face turned an alarming shade of purple, his blood pressure skyrocketing to dangerous levels. The casual manner in which Kelly discussed the previous night's debauchery made his stomach churn.

"In fact," she continued, her voice dripping with mischief, "maybe I'll skip the nightie altogether and just sleep in the nude. After all, body heat is the best way to stay warm and cozy, isn't it? I'm sure Jay won't mind if his mommy snuggles up to him wearing nothing but a smile..."

"ENOUGH!" Frank roared, slamming his fist on the table with a force that rattled the dishes. "I refuse to sit here and listen to you concoct your... your ABOMINATION with our son! It's sickening, it's twisted and I won't tolerate it under my roof!"

Kelly laughed with wicked delight at her husband's futile outrage. "Oh Frank, you're just precious when you get all blustery like that," she taunted, her voice dripping with condescension. "But let me remind you, if Jay and I were to indulge in some intimate play, it wouldn't be 'under your roof' at all, now would it? After all, I booked a hotel specifically for the sake of privacy."

Frank's face contorted into a grotesque purple mask as he choked on his own rage, struggling to find a response. Kelly, with a cruel smile allowed the weight of her threat to crush the air between them.

"But mark my words, Frank," she hissed, her voice a venomous whisper, "if your pathetic, self-righteous outburst tears our marriage apart, this neighborhood is filled with eager young studs just waiting to feast on a pregnant queen like me. They'll worship at my altar, ravaging my body, showing me the raw, filthy appreciation you can't. They'll feed my hunger, Frank. They'll fill me, again and again, with their youthful, potent seed."

Kelly's tongue snaked out, tracing her lips. "Can't you just see it? A relentless, sweaty parade of hard, young flesh satisfying my every need.

Can't you just hear my screams of pleasure, echoing through our home, as they claim me, pumping me full of their virile, pulsating essence?"

She arched a meticulously groomed eyebrow at Frank's horrified expression. "Is that what you want, Frank? To unleash me upon the neighborhood, to become their shared, insatiable prize? To transform me into the local fucktoy, a living, breathing vessel for their lust? Because that's precisely where your little display of machismo is pushing us, darling."

Frank sat there, utterly crushed, as defeat washed over him like a relentless tide. Her words left him hollowed out, and he slumped back in his chair, his hand trembling as it dragged down his weary face.

"I didn't think so," Kelly sneered, her triumph blazing in her eyes. "Here's how it's going to go. Tomorrow night, Jay and I are going on our special date, and you won't utter a single word of protest. I'll wear whatever I damn well please and do whatever I want with MY son, and you'll just sit there, smiling and nodding like a good little cuckold. Got it?"

Frank's voice failed him, leaving him nodding in mute resignation, shackled by humiliation and impotence in the face of his wife's brazen audacity. Kelly's smile widened, savoring her victory and the power she held over him once more.

"Good boy," she taunted, her voice dripping with condescension. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to help Jay pick out the perfect outfit for our romantic evening. I'm thinking something that highlights those bulging muscles and draws attention to that hefty package. After all, if I'm gonna be seen with a younger, handsome man, I want everyone to see what a total stud he is."

With a flirtatious wink and a deliberate, exaggerated sway of her hips, Kelly sauntered out of the dining room, leaving her thoroughly emasculated husband to drown in the depths of his cuckold anguish.

The next evening, Frank wore a hole in the living room floor with his frantic pacing, his stomach a writhing nest of snakes as he awaited the emergence of his wife and son for their perverse overnight tryst. He was trapped in a nightmare, helpless to halt the runaway train that was Kelly's incestuous infidelity with their own child.

The sharp staccato of heels on hardwood snapped his gaze upwards, and his heart plummeted like a stone at the sight that assaulted him. Kelly was a voluptuous, pornographic vision of fertile maternal lust, poured into a scarlet dress that clung to her obscene curves like a second skin. The neckline plummeted down to her navel, offering up her grotesquely magnified cleavage on a platter of shimmering silk. The hem of her skirt was a mere whisper, barely concealing the cheeky expanse of her ass and leaving her endless legs naked and nubile.

On her arm was Jay, a teenage god carved from marble, squeezed into fashionably tight slacks and a crisp button-down shirt, open wide to reveal his throat. His pants did nothing to disguise the monstrous python of his erection, a thick, writhing beast trapped along his thigh. His face was a study in arrogance, his grin wide and wolfish, drunk on the knowledge that he would soon be sheathed to the hilt in his own mother's flesh.

"Well, well, look at you," Kelly all but growled, gripping Jay's bulging crotch like a joystick. "Don't you look fuckable, my sexy stud. Every whore in the restaurant will be creaming their panties over you."

Jay flexed under his mother's touch, thrusting his hips forward to give her more of his cock to molest. "You like, Mom?" he sneered, his eyes feasting on her turgid tits. "I can't wait to rip that dress off and—"

Frank's throat-clearing echoed like a thunderclap in a desperate attempt to shatter the revolting conversation unfolding before him—his wife and

son locked in a flirtatious dance. They turned to him with the disdainful indifference one reserves for an irritating gnat.

"Oh, Frank. I almost forgot you were there," Kelly's voice dripped with dismissive ease. She sauntered toward him with a deliberate sway, each step a taunting pendulum. Her hands found his shoulders, and she leaned in, her breath hot against his ear. "There's no need to call and check in. Jay and I will be far too engrossed...in bonding...to entertain any interruptions."

Kelly's hand darted down, her fingers curling around Frank's crotch, squeezing his flaccid manhood with disdainful mockery. "Naturally, you wouldn't grasp what it's like to be swept away in the throes of fervent, untamed affection. To be so engulfed in raw, primal desire, so consumed by carnal hunger, that the world outside ceases to exist."

Her gaze shifted to Jay, a wicked, calculating light dancing in her eyes as she surveyed his youthful, imposing physique. "No, such relentless stamina and singular sexual intensity demand the raging hormones of a teenager. The inexhaustible vigor and power of youth, not a middle-aged cuckold hampered by a limp excuse for penis"

"So you are having sex together then?" said Frank, posing it more as a statement than a question.

"I never said that," his wife answered innocently. "Did you hear me say that Jay and I were having sex? I merely pointed out that he's full of raging hormones, and so am I."

Jay sneered, muscles swelling, his cock pulsating visibly in his constraining pants. Kelly, ravenous, swept her tongue across her lips, devouring the lewd spectacle. "Mmmm, speaking of raging hormones...we should leave before I'm overwhelmed and surrender to my urges, dropping to my knees to commence our date with a primal, protein-packed feast..."

Kelly drank in Frank's anguish, her eyes gleaming with malice as she watched him crumble—shock, revulsion, fury, and despair cascading across his face. She threw her head back, laughter erupting from her throat, delighting in his powerless torment at her flagrant infidelity.

"Oh, don't act so pathetic, I'm just joking with you, darling!" she snarled, dismissing him with a wave. "Then again, maybe I'm not. You should see yourself, Frank—you look like you just stumbled upon Jay and I fucking our asses off. Flesh slapping against flesh, as I screamed your son's name, letting him claim me on our marital bed!"

Frank choked, his mouth gaping like a dying fish, no words coming to his aid. He was helpless, broken by his wife's vicious mockery.

"Don't strain that feeble brain of yours, dear," Kelly purred, her voice dripping with condescension. "Tonight your wife and son WILL share a bed! It shouldn't bother you. It shouldn't make that thick vein in your forehead throb with impotent rage like it is now."

With a final, dismissive gesture, Kelly turned away, pushing Jay towards the door. "Remember my words, Frank! Not a single text or phone call tonight, no matter what!"

Kelly strode to the car, and knew Frank's mind would be a torture chamber tonight, vividly picturing her naked body writhing against their son's muscular frame, their sweat-slicked limbs entangled in a primal, forbidden dance.

At the restaurant, Kelly pressed her heavy, swollen breasts and gravid belly against Jay's muscular arm, feeling his bicep tense and quiver with barely suppressed lust. She reveled in his discomfort, her touch a cruel, tantalizing promise of what was to come.

Throughout dinner, she tormented her son with lewd insinuations and provocative gestures, her every movement a obscene pledge that her body would be his twisted playground tonight.

"Is Mommy's big boy hungry for dessert?" Kelly purred, her voice a sultry, poisoned whisper as she noticed Jay squirming, his obscene erection straining against his pants. She traced the pulsating outline with a scarlet fingernail, making him shiver. "Not yet, my eager stallion. But soon, you'll have your way with Mommy's body. And you will fuck me like a beast...all...night...long."

Jay had to suppress a primal groan, his cock throbbing urgently at his mother's explicit promise. He knew his balls would be emptied completely by dawn, his potent teenage cum pumped relentlessly into Kelly's fertile womb, over and over, until her pussy overflowed with his seed.

As they awaited the valet, Kelly dragged Jay into a shadowy alcove near the restaurant's entrance. Ensuring they were unseen, she hitched up her barely-there skirt and seized his hand, forcing it between her trembling thighs.

"Feel how drenched Mommy is for you," she gasped, grinding desperately against her son's fingers as they grazed the soaked silk of her panties. "My pregnant pussy is throbbing, starving to be stuffed by your massive hard cock."

Jay growled as he felt his mother's slippery arousal drenching the delicate fabric of her panties. He feverishly explored her dripping folds, rubbing and stroking through the wet silk. "Wow, Mom, you ARE drenched," he grunted, astonished at how shamelessly wet she was for him.

Kelly threw her head back, eyes rolling in ecstasy, as she grinded against his exploring fingers. "You have no fucking idea, baby," she groaned, her voice thick with lust. "Mommy's pregnant pussy has been dripping all night, craving your thick, raw cock. I'm hollow, aching, desperate to be stuffed with your hot, young meat. I want you to fuck me senseless."

Checking the area with a predatory gaze, Kelly urgently shed her panties, balling them into Jay's pocket. "A little teaser for what's to come," she growled, her voice laced with sin. "So you can inhale Mommy's scent and think about how soaked I am for you, how I'm fucking dripping for your cock on the way to the hotel."

Jay felt like he could explode as his insatiable mother flashed her bare, wet pussy at him, the lips glistening with her desire. Knowing she'd be sitting next to him, barely anything between him and her swollen cunt, made him rock hard.

The sexual tension in the car was suffocating. Kelly and Jay sped towards the hotel, both writhing with unbearable need. Jay stole glances at his mother's naked thighs, knowing her drenched, hungry pussy was barely concealed. The thick, musky aroma of her panties filled the car, making his cock pulse with every heartbeat.

Kelly slammed her son against the hotel room wall, her mouth crashing onto his with a feral hunger. "Fuck, baby, Mommy's starving for you," she growled, her teeth nipping at his lips, her breath ragged. "I'm gonna make you feel so fucking good, gonna milk this big cock dry."

Jay groaned, his hips bucking against her as Kelly's hands roamed his body, tearing at his clothes. Buttons flew, fabric ripped, and in seconds, he was naked, his muscles flexing, his massive erection pulsing with need.

Kelly stepped back, her eyes devouring Jay's chiseled form. "Fuck, look at you," she hissed, her gaze locked onto his throbbing cock. "My boy's packed like a fucking stallion." She gripped his shaft, her fingers barely wrapping around his thick girth as she stroked him roughly, pushing him towards the bed.

Jay stumbled, his eyes fixed on the hypnotic sway of Kelly's wide hips and full ass, her pregnancy only amplifying her raw, carnal allure. She shoved him onto the mattress, then peeled off her tight dress, revealing

her nude body in all its fertile, voluptuous glory. Jay's cock twitched at the sight of her engorged breasts, her swollen belly, and her glistening, ready sex.

Kelly mounted the bed, a predatory gleam in her eyes as she straddled his hips. "Lie back and submit, sweet boy," she commanded, her voice a sultry growl. "Let Mommy feast on this hard, young body."

She attacked his neck, covering it with fierce, devouring kisses, her tongue lapping at the tender flesh of his neck and collarbone. Jay's body shook, his breath hitching as his mother's hungry mouth and eager hands claimed every inch of his flesh.

Kelly ravaged her son's chest, her tongue flicking and circling his nipples before drawing them into stiff points with her ravenous mouth.

"Mmmm, such a delectable boy," she growled, her tongue blazing a trail down his taut abs. "Mommy's gonna consume you whole tonight."

She journeyed lower, her lips tracing every carved ridge of his six-pack, her teeth grazing and biting at the sharp V of his hips. When she reached his throbbing erection, Kelly paused, her eyes widening with lust. "What a monumental cock," she breathed, her cheek brushing against the pulsating, velvety shaft. "So thick and hard, aching for Mommy's mouth"

Locking eyes with Jay, she slowly, torturously extended her tongue, licking a scorching, wet trail up the entire length of his cock. He let out a guttural cry, his hands clutching the sheets, knuckles white, as waves of intense pleasure crashed over him.

Kelly growled, a primal sound from deep in her throat as she assaulted the engorged head of Jay's cock with aggressive licks, her tongue darting into the weeping slit like a striking serpent. "Mommy's starving for your cock, baby. Salty and filthy—just like you," she snarled.

She crushed her mouth onto the tip, forcing the head between her hungry lips, her eyes locked onto his with feral intensity. Jay made a raw,

guttural sound as his hips jackknifed off the bed, his cock plunging into the scalding depths of her ravenous mouth.

"Wow, Mom! Oh God, yesss!" he roared, eyes wide and wild, as she began to devour him, her cheeks caving in with brutal suction. Her lips clamped onto his throbbing shaft, slick and voracious, as she worked him in a merciless rhythm.

Kelly groaned, a feral sound that sent shockwaves through Jay's cock, her taste buds flooded with his pre-cum, a salty-sweet ambrosia that made her pussy convulse and drip with fresh arousal.

She forced her throat to relax, taking his considerable length deeper, gagging herself on his cock as the blunt head battered the back of her mouth with every vicious plunge. Above her, Jay was a trembling mess, reduced to incoherent pleas and desperate sobs, his body a live wire of ecstasy.

"Fuck, fuck, fuckkkkkk," he chanted, fingers clawing at her scalp, his world narrowed down to the wet, hot suction of her mouth. "Gonna fucking cum, gonna—oh fuck, Mom, here it comes!"

Kelly, driven by a primal hunger, desperate to feel her boy's release, attacked his cock with a feral intensity. Her head bobbed wildly, saliva foaming and dripping as she took him deep, the lewd, wet sounds of her sucking filling the room like a filthy symphony. She felt Jay's shaft throb against her tongue, his balls drawn tight, ready to explode. With a greedy moan, she slid a hand between his trembling thighs, grasping his balls, feeling the hot, thick load ready to burst.

"Mom, I'm gonna- I... I can't hold back!" Jay's hips bucked wildly, his body tensing as his orgasm barreled through him like a runaway train. "FUUUCKKK!" he roared, his head thrashing back, the first explosive rope of cum detonating from his cock, painting his mother's throat. Kelly groaned in ecstasy, swallowing hungrily as his cock pulsed, pumping his

thick, molten seed down her throat. She felt his cock throb violently against her tongue, his balls emptying in powerful, shuddering spurts.

Jay's body jerked and convulsed, the raw, savage pleasure of his release tearing through him. His eyes rolled back, lost in mindless bliss, a ragged chorus of gasps and grunts falling from his lips. " Mom, yes, my cum, uunnngghhh, so good, don't stop..."

Kelly devoured Jay's convulsing cock, sucking his climax out with a feral hunger, demanding every last drop. She craved the taste of his thick, potent cum, feeling it scorch the emptiness of her womb, feeding the life growing inside her. Her pussy throbbed and dripped, starved for the same brutal attention.

As Jay's cock finally stopped pulsing, Kelly released it from her lips with an obscene pop, licking him clean with ravenous strokes. "Mmmm, such a good little man, giving Mommy all that rich, hot seed," she growled, rubbing her cheek against his exhausted balls. "I live for the taste of your thick cream."

Jay could only manage a weak groan in response, shattered and dizzy from the intensity of his orgasm. His wildest dreams had never conjured anything as mind-blowing as his mother's mouth on his cock, swallowing his load like she was dying for it. He had seen galaxies as she drained him.

Kelly crawled up Jay's body, her massive tits crushing against his heaving chest. "Mommy's still hungry, stud," she hissed into his ear. "That was just the appetizer. I need this fat cock fucking me, stretching me, filling me all fucking night."

She grabbed Jay's spent, sticky cock, feeling it swell again in her grip. "Mmmm, look at you, already hard again, you virile little beast," she snarled. "You're gonna destroy Mommy's pussy with this monster, aren't you, my little sweet pea?"

Jay's body convulsed as his mother's expert fingers stroked him back to a throbbing, almost painful erection. His hypersensitive flesh pulsed with a mix of pleasure and pain, but a primal hunger was already building, his balls churning with fresh, hot seed. Kelly grasped Jay's renewed hardness, a sharp gasp escaping her lips as she felt its demanding throb. "Oh god, baby, your cock is like steel again," she growled, her grip tight and urgent. "Mommy's gonna ride this thick fuckpole hard, drain these heavy balls of every last drop..."

With a swift, aggressive shift of her hips, Kelly dragged the engorged, leaking head of Jay's cock through her soaked folds, her body trembling with raw need. She ground their swollen sex bulbs together in harsh, maddening circles, her slick arousal coating his shaft like hot, wet velvet.

Jay's fingers dug into the soft, yielding flesh of her ass, desperation clawing at his voice. "Mom, the teasing," he grunted, hips jerking, trying to impale her on his pulsating length. "Need to... need to be inside you..."

Kelly's voice was a sultry, tormenting purr. "Aww, is my baby boy's cock aching to stuff Mommy's pregnant pussy?" She continued her infuriating grind, her voice a hot whisper. "Don't worry, sweetie, Mama's gonna let you slam this thick meat all the way in, deep and hard. Gonna ride you until this young cock explodes and you're completely emptied out."

Kelly, feverish with desire, grasped Jay's throbbing cock and positioned it at her dripping entrance. She impaled herself onto him with a fierce, primal cry, their moans entwining as her tight, scorching flesh yielded to his pulsating invasion.

"Fuck yes, baby, Mommy's cunt is splitting open for your massive cock," Kelly growled, grinding her hips to devour his shaft. "Oh god, I can feel every vein, every thick inch hammering into me, filling me completely..."

Jay's head thrashed against the pillow, mouth agape with ecstasy as his mother's molten core consumed him. The sensation of her greedy

muscles clenching and milking his throbbing flesh was overwhelming, more intense than any pleasure he'd ever known.

With Jay sheathed to the hilt, his coarse pubes grinding against Kelly's throbbing clit, she began to ride him wildly. Her body rose until only the tip of his cock remained inside, before she slammed herself down, taking him to the base, establishing a brutal, lustful rhythm.

"Take Mommy's juicy cunt, baby boy!" Kelly grunted as she bounced on her son's pistoning cock with abandon. Her huge milk-laden tits jiggled hypnotically with every undulation, swollen nipples stabbing the air. "Yeah, slam that big dick in there! Unh, unh, fuck me hard like a good boy!"

Jay stared up at his mother with wide, hunger-filled eyes as she rode him like a woman possessed, her body writhing and convulsing above him. He had never witnessed anything so raw, so primal, in his young life. Kelly's glistening pussy lips were stretched obscenely around the thick girth of his cock, gripping and sucking his youthful shaft as it throbbed in and out of her slippery, sweltering depths.

The slick, reddened inner lips of her labia formed a vice-like seal around Jay's veiny cock flesh, pulsating and massaging every rigid inch. With each brutal pump of his hips, his engorged cockhead raked mercilessly against the ribbed roof of Kelly's vagina, tearing shuddering, guttural gasps from their throats.

Her throbbing clit, swollen and hypersensitive, peeked out from its hood, pulsing in time with Jay's relentless thrusts as it ground against his pubic bone. Thick, viscous fluid gushed steadily from her core, drenching his balls and plastering his wiry pubes with her essence. The air was thick with the musky, pungent scent of her arousal, a scent that invaded his lungs and set his senses ablaze.



As Kelly impaled herself over and over on her son's thick, pulsating pole, the muscles of her vagina convulsed and undulated along his length,

squeezing him rhythmically. He could feel every spasm, every clench of her velvety walls caressing him from tip to root, demanding him deeper.

"Oh God baby, you're stirring up Mommy's pregnant pussy so good!"

Kelly wailed,

Kelly rode Jay's cock like a woman possessed, her wide hips spinning in lustful circles, grinding his engorged head against her cervix with each desperate gyration. "Oh, Mommy can feel you bruising her womb, sweetie!" she cried out, "Marking the baby squirm with each brutal kiss!"

Jay's cock was practically torn apart by Kelly's vice-like pussy. Her opening strangled his base mercilessly with every thrust. His mother's drenched slit savagely devoured his throbbing shaft again and again. Viscous strings of her wetness clung to their sexes, lewdly binding them together. His gaze was locked to the brutal spectacle, his brain consumed by taboo hunger.

"Fuck, Mom!" Jay growled like a wild animal, slamming his hips upward to meet her feral downward plunges. The sound of their bodies colliding was a war. It was filthy. It was primal. It was a symphony of flesh slapping against flesh, of wet succulent voraciousness. "Your cunt... UNGH... it's destroying me, Mom. Never felt anything... FUCK... so intense!"

Kelly looked down at her son, her eyes ablaze with carnal triumph. Her lips curled back from her teeth in a snarl, the picture of sexual conquest. She reveled in the power she held over him, intoxicating him with her prowess. "Mmmm, and we're just getting started, you little fucking stallion! Mommy's gonna milk this engorged fuck-tool until your vision blurs and you see galaxies imploding!" She punctuated her threat by vice-gripping Jay's throbbing cock with her pussy, expertly pulsating her inner muscles from the thick base to the bloated tip, threatening his sanity.

Jay stared, mouth agape, at the titanic, gravid tits swaying above him like twin moons, defying gravity as Mommy rode his cock with primal

abandon. Each sweat-slicked orb was easily as big as a ripe watermelon, the flesh stretched shiny and drum-tight, ready to burst with her fertile bounty. Jagged lightning bolts of stretch marks slashed across the pale skin, a brutal map of her body's relentless transformation into a fucking goddess.

Kelly's areolas were obscenely swollen, the color of dark chocolate and easily the size of dessert plates. As Jay watched, they crinkled and drew taut, the nipples hardening into bullet-like points, weeping beads of creamy nectar. His mouth watered, a ravenous thirst consuming him as he imagined sealing his lips around one of those dripping teats and draining them like a starving beast.

Jay succumbed to his primal urges, sitting up and burying his face deep into the voluptuous chasm of his mother's heaving bosom. A guttural groan escaped him as the soft, yielding flesh enveloped him, his face digging deeper into her sweet, musky scent. Kelly's enormous breasts billowed and shaped around his head, clutching him tightly as they quaked with the rhythm of her grinding hips.

With a feral intensity, Jay ravaged the valley of his mother's cleavage, his face motorboating back and forth, drinking in her intoxicating aroma—a heady mix of sweetness, musk, and warm milk.

"Ohhh, does my big, hungry boy love Mommy's swollen, milky tits?" Kelly panted, her voice a breathless, sultry purr. She clamped her arms around her breasts, squeezing them tighter around his face, imprisoning him in a throbbing, titanic cleft of flesh. "Yes, that's it baby boy, take a dive in those big, juicy mommy-melons while you fuck me like a beast!"

Jay's response was a primal groan, his hips pistoning upward into his mother's dripping cunt, drowning in her thick musk and silken skin. Her stomach was a sweaty valley that his body jerked against as he fucked, lost in a whirlwind of quivering thighs and bouncing tits.

Kelly's nipples stabbed at his cheeks, insistent and leaking milk, as she roughly ground her massive tits into his face. He was a drowning man desperate for a lifeline, and her nipple was the only thing that could save him. Turning his head, he latched onto the thick bud, sucking with a fervor that bordered on madness.

Milk sprayed into his mouth, coating his tongue in a thick, sugary cream.

Above him, Kelly howled like a wild animal, her cunt squeezing his cock like a vice as he drained her.

"Suck me fucking dry!" she screamed, slamming her pussy down on his cock, her body convulsing with each hard thrust. "Milk your pregnant mother like the greedy little motherfucker you are!"

Jay sucked harder, his cheeks hollowing out as he swallowed mouthful after mouthful, drunk on her taste, her scent, and the sheer wrongness of it all.

Jay wrenched his mouth from Kelly's nipple with a lewd pop, instantly devouring her other tit, desperate to claim every last drop. He ravaged each swollen bud with famished gulps, his stubbled jaw grinding against her tender areolas. Rivers of overflowing milk cascaded down his throat, soaking his chest, merging with the slick sweat on their frenzied bodies.

As Jay savaged Kelly's bouncing tits, she impaled herself on his cock with wild abandon, her drenched cunt squelching filthily with each brutal slam of her hips. The hotel bed groaned and shook beneath their feral fucking, the headboard crashing against the wall in a primal rhythm.

"Fuck yes, Jay! Your cock is ruining me, splitting me wide open!" Kelly screamed, eyes fluttering in delirious ecstasy as her pussy sucked greedily at her son's marauding shaft. "Ram that thick fucking dick into Mommy's filthy hole! Breed me like a whore, fuck your baby right into my slutty womb!"

Jay growled and bucked his hips with ferocious force, his engorged balls swinging heavily against Kelly's quivering ass. He felt his cockhead pummeling her cervix with every vicious thrust, pushing insatiably against the gateway to her defenseless womb. The thought of pumping his seed deep into his mother's baby-filled sanctum sent his shaft throbbing with relentless urgency.

Jay, having already flooded his mother's eager throat with a torrent of hot cum earlier, now found himself endowed with superhuman stamina, fucking Kelly through an earth-shattering symphony of climaxes. He jackhammered into her with relentless force, feeling her velvet pussy walls convulsing and clamping onto his pistoning cock like a vice as tsunamis of orgasms crashed through her body.

"FUUUUCK, I'M EXPLODING ON YOUR COCK!" Kelly screamed, her voice raw and hoarse, as her head thrashed wildly in ecstasy. Her pussy detonated violently around Jay's invading shaft, while her massive, milk-engorged tits swung obscenely, erupting geysers of creamy breastmilk from her distended nipples with each brutal thrust. "ANNIHILATE MOMMY'S CUNT, YOU BEAST! YEEESSSS!"

Jay watched, eyes wide with lust and awe, as his mother's voluptuous body convulsed and writhed above him like a storm at sea. Her hips bucked desperately to meet his savage thrusts, while her beautiful face twisted into an ugly mask of pure, animalistic pleasure. Her full lips were stretched wide, gasping for breath as she screamed and howled like a wild animal, over and over again. Each time Jay's thick cockhead bludgeoned her G-spot, guttural, feral screams were ripped from her throat, sounds so primal they barely seemed human.

Jay's cock jackhammered into his mother's spasming cunt, her juices exploding around him, drenching his groin and balls in a tsunami of her essence. Scorching, musky fluid erupted from her convulsing core, painting his abs and chest with her uncontrollable release. The hotel bed

was a swamp of her successive climaxes, the sheets drenched and dripping.

Jay's pace was a brutal assault against her pelvis, his iron-hard cock demolishing her clenching pussy with ferocious intensity. His muscles screamed in agony, but he was a man possessed, determined to annihilate Kelly's senses, to prove his virility and reduce her to a quivering, cock-crazed wreck.

He grabbed a handful of his mom's hair and pulled until her spine arched like a bow.

"Take it, Mom!" he roared, his voice a primal growl.

"Take my fucking cock!"

The room echoed with the filthy, wet slaps of his hips crashing against Kelly's ass, his cum-bloated balls swinging like a wrecking ball, slamming into her shuddering flesh with every vicious thrust.

Kelly's eyes rolled back, her body convulsing as her son's filthy words detonated another explosive orgasm within her. Her pussy spasmed violently, the velvety walls clamping and pulsating around Jay's throbbing shaft like a ravenous, hungry maw. Primal screams and ragged sobs tore from her gaping mouth as lightning storms of pure, unadulterated ecstasy ravaged her nervous system.

Kelly impaled herself onto Jay's rock-hard cock, her massive ass cheeks quaking and rippling with each brutal thrust. She threw her head back, howling in sheer rapture as she engulfed his thick, pulsating shaft deep within her pregnant, insatiable cunt.

"Oooh yea baby boy, stuff Mommy's cunt!" she squealed in a high-pitched baby voice, her cunt squelching lewdly around him. "Mommy wuvs your hard dinky in her naughty puss-puss! Pump Momma's hungry hole full of your sticky cummies!"

Jay groaned as his mother began to bounce on his lap energetically, her sweaty bubble butt flying up and down. Her sopping wet pussy made the most obscene slurping noises as it slid along his veiny shaft, suctioning him tightly.

Jay's rock-hard cock was a biological battering ram, plundering the depths of his mother's gushing cunt with relentless virility. His engorged shaft was a pillar of raging male flesh, the bulging chambers swollen with blood that made it rebar-stiff. The fat mushroom head, angry purple and flaring, plowed through Kelly's juicy folds like it was tilling fertile soil, churning her slick pink walls to a frothy cream.

Thick, pulsing veins corded the surface of Jay's long cock, each ridge and vascular pathway friction-dragging deliciously against his mom's clasping pussy. The boy's groin flexed powerfully with each thrust, a densely packed concentration of ligament, sinew and muscle all working together to piston his huge dick mightily into Kelly's defenseless cuntal barrel.

The base of his shaft, the very root, was a solid anchor embedded into Jay's pelvis, a foundation of strength from which his cock gained leverage to slam repeatedly against the gates of Kelly's womb. She could feel the sturdy structure, the very architecture of her son's rampant organ as it conquered her utterly, claiming her sex as its sheath.

The thousands of nerve endings that stippled Jay's glans pulsed with electrified bliss as Kelly's molten flesh engulfed him. He could feel every nuance of texture and pressure, from the ribbed roof of her vagina rubbing against his frenulum to the plush give of her cervix kissing his tip. Without a condom to dull the sensations, the tender skin of his cockhead was directly caressed by his mother's slick vaginal walls with each stroke, bathed in her creamy essence.

Along the sensitive shaft, the contrast between condom sex and raw fucking was equally stark. The smooth skin was alive with sensation,

tingling and sparking as it dragged against Kelly's rippling wet heat. The thick dorsal vein running along the top was a lightning rod of pleasure, pulsing ecstatically in time with Jay's heartbeat as his mom's pussy suctioned him. The delicate skin stretched taut over his swollen cock was in direct, unfiltered contact with her clenching silken sheath.

"Ohhh baby, can you feel how much better Mommy's pussy feels on your naked cock?" Kelly purred sultrily, undulating her hips in sensual circles. "No icky rubber dulling the sensation, just Mama's bare cunny slurping all over this fat pee-pee..."

"Unngh fuck yes," Jay grunted, his fingers sinking into the pliant flesh of Kelly's ass as he pumped up into her. "So hot and wet and tight... I can feel EVERYTHING."

"Mmmm, I bet you can feel Mommy's special spot, too," she cooed. "That little ridge right inside, the one rubbing so nicely on the sensitive underside of your cockhead... That's my G-spot, baby boy. Your big naked dickhead is kissing it perfectly with every thrust, making Momma feel SO good..."

Jay growled like a wild animal, zeroing in on the spot Kelly commanded, as the taut bundle of nerves grated brutally against his throbbing glans and ultra-sensitive frenulum with every raw, slippery thrust. A condom would have muted that blazing, direct friction, but now, it was sending jolts of lightning searing up his shaft, electrifying his spine.

"Fuck, Mom... Gonna explode..." he gasped, breath ragged, balls already tight and ready to detonate. "Can't fight it..."

"Fuck yes, YES!" Kelly screamed, slamming down harder, riding him with savage abandon. "Do it, baby, blow that fucking load! Drench Mommy's pussy, fucking coat my walls with it! I wanna feel you throbbing, convulsing, fucking filling me up..."

Jay's roar echoed like thunder as he impaled his mother onto his cock with a final, brutal thrust. His body convulsed, back bowing off the bed as scalding jets of semen erupted from him like a volcano. Kelly's shriek was a symphony of ecstasy, her body quaking as she felt her son's seed detonate against her cervix, flooding her with liquid fire.

"Mmmm, my wittle man is SO big and stwong!" Kelly babbled in saccharine babytalk. "Pounding into Mommy's juicy gash wif dat FAT baby-maker! Oooh, jam it in deep and naughty, sweetums! Stirr up Momma's tummy and make her go BOOM BOOM!"

Her hips bucked like a wild beast as she slammed down onto him, her colossal tits brutally smacking his face with each savage thrust. Milk exploded from her nipples in chaotic streams, drenching them both in her hot, sticky fluid. Jay ravaged his mother's titanic, heaving breasts with a feral hunger, his cock jackhammering up into her with primal grunts.

"Fuck yes, Mommy, take my fucking cock!" he roared, his fingers digging into her clenching ass like talons. "I'm gonna fucking flood your filthy cunt with so much cum, the baby's gonna choke on it!"

"FUUUUCK YESSSS!!!" Kelly screamed, her head thrashing back as a cataclysmic orgasm detonated within her. Her cunt convulsed like a thunderstorm, vice-gripping and milking Jay's relentless cock. Squirt erupted like a geyser, dousing them both in her juices as she rode him through the catastrophic climax.

"FIWW MOMMY'S TUMMY WIF YOUR SPUNK SPUNK, BABY BOY!!!
BWEED MOMMA'S NAUGHTY BITS!!!"

The hotel bed shook violently, the frame crashing against the wall as mother and son savagely indulged in their forbidden lust. Kelly's screams echoed through the room, her body convulsing with a torrent of explosive orgasms as Jay relentlessly drove into her.

"MOMMY'S EXPLODING!!! OOOH FUCK MOMMY'S CUNT IS ERUPTING ON YOUR MASSIVE COCK!!!" she cried out, her pussy pulsating and gushing like a ruptured dam. As Jay neared his peak, Kelly's dirty talk grew more depraved, begging her son to drench her pregnant womb in his boiling seed.

"Ooooh yea baby boy, Mommy can feel your big pee-pee goin' supa dupa fast in her gishy gash!" she squealed. "Pump Momma fuwl of your yummy cummies! Gimme all dat sweet baby batter in my naughty mommy hole!"

Jay pistoned his hips frantically, balls slapping against Kelly's jiggling ass. "Ungh fuck...cumming! Gonna fucking nut in you Mom!"

"EEEEEE YESSSSS!!!" Kelly shrieked in elation as she felt the first hot spurts of her son's cum painting her cervix. "FIWW MOMMY'S TUMMY WIF YOUR SPUNK-SPUNK!!! DROWN THE BABY IN JIZZY JUICE! HNNNGGGHHHH!!!"

Jay howled like a wild beast as an orgasm of volcanic intensity detonated within him. His cock convulsed and thrashed inside his mother's clutching pussy, erupting with a torrent of thick, scalding sperm. Relentless ropes of cum pummeled Kelly's womb, coating her inner walls in a white-hot deluge. The sheer volume of his load overwhelmed her quivering hole, forcing gobs of semen to explode back out around Jay's pulsating shaft with vulgar, wet slaps.

"FUUUCKKK YEESSSSS!!!" Jay growled like a feral animal, his ass cheeks clenched tight as he emptied an immense load into his mom's cunt.

"Take my fucking cum!"

"Mmmm yea baby, Mommy's gweedy womb is swurping up allll your yummy skeet skeet!" Kelly babbled deliriously, milking his erupting cock with her greedy pussy muscles. "Oooh, your cummies are SO warm and gushy! Momma WUVS being your wittle cum dump!"

The hotel bed was soaked, a deluge of sweat and bodily fluids spreading out from where their bodies were obscenely fused. Thick ropes of come pulsed from Kelly's stretched hole as Jay's climax surged, his virile balls pumping out a torrent of searing seed. Time seemed to slow, every second an eternity as Jay convulsed, his cock throbbing and kicking as it unleashed a tidal wave of sperm.

Finally, with a groan that sounded like it was torn from his very soul, Jay collapsed back against the pillows, his body wrung out, his cock finally slowing its relentless pulse. It slipped from his mother's ravaged pussy with an obscene sucking sound, followed by a gush of frothy come.

Kelly crumpled onto Jay's heaving chest, her body smearing the thick, gooey mess everywhere. She clutched his face, her kisses feverish and desperate. "Oh fuck, Jay. That's it. Fill Mommy up. Fill me with that thick, sweet come. You're Mommy's little stud, aren't you? My perfect little breeder."

Jay shivered under her, his body twitching with aftershocks as Kelly's filthy praise washed over him. She bit at his neck, her breath hot and hungry. "Those little sluts can keep their rubbers, Jay. Your cock was made for Mommy's pussy. Raw. Bare. Just the way God intended. You promise me, baby. Promise Mommy that this cock," she grasped his slick, spent shaft, making him gasp, "will always fuck Mommy raw."

She sat up and clutched her enormous, swollen belly. "And if you make Mommy pregnant again with your potent seed, then so be it! I'll bear you an army of babies, my womb your eternal fucking grounds!"

Jay growled at the raw, filthy promise, his spent cock throbbing against his thigh, already greedy for more. "Mom, you're gonna make me hard as steel again," he rasped, voice hoarse with lust.

"Mmm, is that right?" Kelly purred, hand diving down to stroke his slick, sticky cock and balls, fingers tracing the pulsing veins. "Good thing we

have all fucking night, stud. Plenty of time for Mommy to milk these heavy balls dry, over and over, until you're shooting fucking dust!"

She shifted her hips, positioning her drenched, throbbing cunt over Jay's thickening shaft. "And for round two, I want it slow. Brutally slow. I want you to feel every fucking inch of my pregnant pussy gripping your bare cock like a fucking vise, squeezing every last fucking drop of cum from your aching balls..."

With a primal groan, Kelly impaled herself on her son's rock-hard erection, her ravenous hole devouring him whole. They both growled at the brutal, exquisite sensation of their flesh fusing together, still dripping from their first savage fuck.

Kelly slammed her hips down onto Jay's iron-hard cock, her insides churning with a storm of slick, molten heat. She clamped her vaginal muscles around him like a vice, pulsating, and milking his shaft with a savage hunger to swallow every drop of his cum.

"Fuuuck!" Jay roared, his hands digging into Kelly's thrashing hips. He could feel every raw, primal movement of her body, the heavy, fertile weight of her belly pressing down, the scorching, drenched grip of her pussy lips, and the ravenous suction of her cunt devouring him whole. Kelly's eyes blazed with a feral mix of lust and maternal dominance.

"Take it, baby," she growled, voice dripping with carnal desire. "Feel your Mommy's magic pussy draining your thick cock. You know you want to fill me up, don't you? Give in to the power of my body, Jay. Give. Me. Your. Cum."