

Size Does Matter...to Mom

By Klrxo

"Ronald, you'll never believe what I just found out," his wife, Jill exclaimed with an excited glint in her eye.

"What is it?" Ronald asked curiously.

"I heard through the grapevine that our son, Ryan, has a monster-sized cock," she said, almost unable to contain her shock. "Can you even imagine?"

"Jill, where did you hear such a thing? Did Ryan tell you that?" Ronald questioned skeptically.

"No, you know how gossipy some mothers can be. I overheard one of my friends talking about it, she heard it from her daughter who heard it from another friend who Ryan must have had sex with," Jill explained with a hint of embarrassment.

"So, even if it is true, so what?" Ronald scoffed, crossing his arms defensively. "Ryan's fully grown and the size of his penis is nobody's business but his."

"That's not necessarily true," Jill chimed in, her tone earnest. "Haven't you heard that the size of a boy's cock can greatly increase his confidence

level? When word gets out about Ryan's impressive endowment, he'll have girls lined up down the street to fuck him."

"Honey, size isn't everything," Ronald tried to reason.

"Ronald, that's simply not true," Jill argued, shaking her head. "Just because you happen to have a much smaller than average penis doesn't mean you can sit there and deny the impact that large cock size can have on a man's confidence and attractiveness."

"I don't think I'm THAT small," Ronald stated defensively, glancing down at his crotch with a hint of insecurity.

His wife burst out laughing and flashed him a mocking glare. "You ARE small, Ronald. Short-dicked. Pathetic. Worthless sexually." She paused for effect before adding, "But I married you despite all of that because you're smart and a hard worker."

"Jill, you know I hate it when you call me pathetic," Ronald muttered, looking away from her disapproving gaze.

"But you are pathetic," Jill giggled. Her laughter was like a tinkling of bells, sharp and mocking.

“And that's why you don't deserve to fuck, Ronald, we've had this discussion before.”

“Yes, we have, and I disagree with you every time.” His voice was low and strained with frustration.

“You can disagree with me all you want. Guys like you weren't made to have sex,” she stated plainly, her words dripping with condescension. “It's no fault of yours. You were just made that way. That's why I don't have sex with you, Ronald. You just don't have what it takes to please a woman like me, or any woman for that matter.

“I think that's bullshit,” he stated in clear frustration, the flat tone of his voice belying his inner turmoil. “Your my wife. We should be having sex.”

“So what...I can pretend I'm getting pleasure from it?” she snickered, her lips curling into a cruel smile. “The last time you fucked me I wasn't even aware that you were inside me.”

“But I was,” Ronald stated in his defense, his tone pleading for her understanding.

“Barely. Not even enough to make it worth the effort,” Jill smirked, enjoying his discomfort.

“Ronald, I just don't like fucking you, which is sad because I love to fuck.”

“Well, it's been awhile. Maybe we could try again.”

His wife nodded adamantly. “That's not happening. Ronald, you're a sexual invalid who will never experience the incredible pleasure a pussy can give you.”

“Jill, that's pretty mean.” He sounded hurt and wounded by her words.

“And it's also the truth,” she smiled smugly, reveling in her power over him. “And now that I know what Ryan is packing, I may finally get the fucking that I deserve.”

Ronald stared at her in disbelief. “Jill, that's incest. You wouldn't possibly—”

“Oh please, Ronald,” Jill interrupted him, rolling her eyes. “You know I don't see it that way. Ryan is an adult, and I'm still attractive enough to capture his attention. Besides, if I'm honest, I've always found the idea of fucking a family member quite exciting, and I've always wanted to try something new. Don't worry, though. I won't hurt you or ruin your reputation. I'll make sure to keep it a secret.”

Ronald's face was a mix of shock, hurt, and betrayal. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

Jill continued, "And don't you dare try to throw your 'love' and 'commitment' in my face, Ronald. I know you better than anyone. You love your own ego more than me. And as for your commitment, well, I've never been fully sexually satisfied, have I?"

"You really plan on pursuing your own son?" Ronald asked.

"Well, first I have to find out if the rumors are true," his wife replied. "And if they are, and he does have a giant-sized cock, I would be an absolute dummy not to pack my neglected pussy with such delicious, young meat."

"Well, just know that you'll be doing so against my wishes."

Jill burst out with an evil. "Yes I know, and that fact will make it all the more thrilling for me."

"Thrilling for you? To see me upset by this?" Ronald asked.

"Absolutely!" Jill replied, a grin spreading across her face. "It's like a bonus, an added layer of

excitement. I'll be thinking of you every time I'm on top of Ryan, picturing your distress and impotent rage."

Ronald's face twisted into a mixture of anger and pain as he watched his wife walk away. His wife couldn't help but take one more stab at his ego, glancing back at him. "Short-dicked loser," she snickered.

For years, Ronald had been plagued by the frustration and embarrassment of his condition. While his penis was not the smallest in the world, at only three inches it certainly did not impress anyone, especially his wife. And to make matters worse, Jill was a stunningly beautiful woman. Her long, flowing hair cascaded over her shoulders like a waterfall, framing her face and drawing attention to her full lips and piercing eyes. Her body was a work of art - curves in all the right places, with a round, luscious ass and breasts that were nothing short of enormous.

But for Ronald, no matter how hard he tried, he could never measure up to his wife's expectations. He had tried everything - pills, creams, exercises, even stretching devices - all in a desperate attempt to increase his cock-size. But despite his efforts, there was seemingly no improvement, just as his wife had always so

cruelly reminded him. The constant disappointment and shame weighed heavy on him, a burden he carried every day of their marriage.

Ryan lay sprawled across his bed, the soft light of the moon casting shadows across his naked body. His lean muscles rippled and flexed as he gripped his oversized boner, his hand moving in a steady rhythm, up and down its length. The shaft stood tall and proud, like a pillar carved by the gods themselves, glistening with his own slippery precum. Veins bulged and pulsed beneath the pink-skinned membrane, like blue lightning streaks running up the stalk. At the top, a swollen knob crowned his erect manhood, perfectly formed for intense pleasure.

Ryan's gaze was fixed on his cock, a source of pride and pleasure for him. He knew from experience that he could make any woman weak at the knees with this lengthy appendage, and he relished the thought of adding even more conquests to his list.

With a gentle knock on the door, his mother's sweet voice called out to him. "Honey, can I come in?" Ronald's heart raced as he quickly threw a blanket over his lap, concealing the embarrassing

bulge in his pants. "Come in, Mom," he replied, trying to sound nonchalant.

He heard the delicate click of his mom's heels as she entered his room. His body involuntarily responded to her presence, causing his boner to flex and more precum to dribble from its tip. His eyes feasted on her appearance as Jill sashayed towards him, her ballooning boobies jiggling with each step. She was clad in a tight bodycon dress that fell just below her crotch, leaving nothing to the imagination. He could see every curve and contour of her smooth, sleek legs as she walked towards him. The dress had a daringly low neckline, exposing a generous amount of cleavage that threatened to spill out at any moment. Her long brunette hair was styled perfectly and her dainty feet were propped up in six-inch slip on heels, showcasing her painted toenails.

"Wow," Ryan uttered breathlessly, unable to tear his eyes away from her stunning figure. It was like one of his wet dreams had suddenly come to life before him.

"You look absolutely stunning," he exclaimed as she gracefully sat next to him on his messy bed. Her hair cascaded down her back in loose curls, and her bright blue eyes shone with excitement.

"You look pretty amazing yourself," Jill replied, her gaze hungrily traveling down his sculpted torso to the unmistakable boner-bulge under the blanket. She licked her lips in anticipation, her tongue thick and pink as it curled across them with a desire for his cock. She breathed in deeply, feeling Ryan's intoxicating pheromones fill her nostrils and send a rush of arousal through her horny body. "And quite delicious, I might add."

"Thanks," Ryan said proudly, his grin widening.

"Since you're not out with one of your usual girlfriends tonight, how about going on a date with me?" Jill asked seductively, her fingers trailing teasingly across his chest.

"A date...with you?" Ryan repeated, his eyes lighting up with interest.

"Yes, we could go park behind that old barn on Mill Road. A lot of moms like to take their sons there to talk and...cuddle." Jill's voice turned husky as she leaned in closer, pressing her breasts, filled with soft, fatty fluff, against his chest and smothering it completely. "What do you say?"

"That sounds like a great idea," Ryan eagerly agreed, his cock suddenly surging with more blood.

"Excellent," Jill beamed, then leaned down to whisper in his ear. "We'll have so much fun," she promised before playfully nipping at his earlobe with her teeth.

"Ryan and I are leaving," Jill announced to her husband, her voice laced with excitement. "We're going out on a date."

Ronald's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "A date?" he repeated incredulously.

Jill's eyes twinkled mischievously as she answered. "Yes, Ronald. You do know what a date is, don't you?"

He cleared his throat, trying to hide his discomfort. "Yes, but...with your son?"

Jill's lips curved into a knowing smile as she replied, "Well, he may be my son, but he's also a handsome, virile boy who just happens to be incredibly well-endowed in the one area that matters most to me."

Ronald's jaw dropped in shock as he watched his son enter the room, dressed in his best attire and looking every bit the charming gentleman.

Jill took Ryan's hand and they began to make their way towards the door, still hand in hand. "We'll probably be gone for several hours so don't

wait up for us," she declared with a mischievous glint in her eye.

As they drove to their secret spot, Ryan's heart raced with excitement. He couldn't take his eyes off his mom's alluring figure as she expertly maneuvered the car. Anticipation built within him, knowing what was to come once they arrived at the old barn on Mill Road - a notorious place for mother/son romance and passionate encounters. His gaze kept drifting over to her gigantic tits, mesmerized by how they seemed to defy gravity in her tight top. He had been with well-endowed women before, but none quite as generously blessed as his mom. The thought of being buried deep inside her cleavage made him ache with desire.

The barn on old Mill Road was a secluded haven for indulging in the nastiest desires and fantasies. Tucked away from prying eyes, it was a popular spot for moms and sons seeking a private place to let go of all inhibitions.

As they pulled around back, the sight of several vehicles already parked there signaled that they were not the only ones with this idea. "Oh look, it's Samantha's car," Jill pointed out, her voice

tinged with excitement. "She's my yoga instructor and has a son your age."

As they passed by the vehicle, Ryan caught a glimpse of Samantha's toned legs kicked in the air in the back seat, quivering from clearly being fucked hard by the man on top of her. The unmistakable sounds of passionate lovemaking filled the air. "Do you think that's her son in there with her?" Ryan asked, his curiosity piqued.

"Of course it is, honey," Jill answered with a smirk. "The only reason women come out here is to be alone with their sons."

Ryan couldn't help but notice that the other vehicles were also swaying violently, their occupants clearly lost in the throes of wild sex. It was like an taboo playground hidden from the rest of the world.

Jill shut off the car and turned to Ryan with a devilish grin, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Shall we move to the back seat?" she suggested, her tone teasing and suggestive.

Ryan's heart skipped a beat as he tried to calm his racing thoughts. "Back seat?" he gulped, his mind already wandering to all the possibilities.

Jill bit her bottom lip and playfully parted her legs, revealing a tantalizing glimpse up her skirt

at the sheer fabric of her panties hugging her crotch. The sight of her labial lips and darkened cuntal fissure sent a surge of desire through Ryan, causing his already oversized member to strain against his pants.

"Yes," Jill purred, closing the gap between them. "We can get so much closer back there." The thought of being in the intimate confines of the back seat with Jill sent shivers down his spine and made his mouth run dry with anticipation.

They shifted to the back seat, the car swaying gently with each movement as Jill's hands reached for Ryan's face, pulling him into a deep, passionate kiss. Her hands gripped his hair, pulling him closer as their tongues danced and twirled, each thrust electric and intoxicating. Ryan's cock throbbed with each kiss, the need to be inside her tight, smoldering consuming him.

Jill's hands found their way to Ryan's belt, eager to have him out of his clothes and between her warm thighs. She fumbled with the buckle, her hands shaking with desire as she undid the clasp and began to slide the belt through the loops of his pants. Ryan's breath hitched at the sensation of her fingers on his skin, each touch sending shockwaves of pleasure coursing through him.

His eyes locked onto his mom's as she slowly unzipped his pants, her lips curling mischievously. "Are you as anxious to fuck as I am?" she asked.

Ryan couldn't respond, his mind and body overtaken by the desire to be inside his mother's warm, wet depths. He nodded fervently, his breathing labored as he felt the cool night air against his skin.

Jill eagerly pulled Ryan's pants down, revealing his impressive erection that stood at attention like a long steel rod. The sight of his thick, pulsating cock caused her heart to race, and she licked her lips in excitement, anticipating the moment when she would take him into her body.

She reached out and wrapped her fingers around his shaft, stroking him gently, feeling the veins throb and the skin twitch in response to her touch. Ryan groaned softly, his grip tightening on the car door as he fought to maintain control in the face of his powerful urges.

"You're so big, honey," Jill breathed, her eyes wide with awe. "I've heard so many women talking about how endowed you are, but seeing it for myself...it's even better than I imagined."

"Are we gonna fuck?" he asked candidly.

Jill giggled. "Well, that is what people do here behind the old barn, honey, moms and sons that is. It allows big dicked boys like you to go back to the womb, but in a different way."

"You won't feel bad cheating on dad?" Ryan asked.

Jill burst out laughing. "Oh God no," she answered. "I don't even think of it as cheating. It's more like receiving an...upgrade. Imagine if your car needed an upgrade and you traded it in for a newer, better model. That's sort of what this is like. Except instead of a car, it's me and the new, bigger version is you."

Jill slowly ran her hand up Ryan's throbbing cock, feeling it twitch under her touch. "I've been dying to have such a big powerful tool pounding deep into my core."

"I never even hear you and dad going at it," Ryan stated. "Does he even fuck you?"

"Your father is what you'd call a 'shrimp-dick,'" she giggled. "I hardly ever let him fuck me and when he does it, it's not pleasurable at all. My pussy can barely feel him. It's like he's not really even there. It's so fucking pathetic. "

Jill said this with a sinister smirk as she continued to stroke Ryan's cock, her eyes never leaving his.

Ryan grinned, his eyes fixated on the deep valley of cleavage that threatened to swallow his entire head. "It must suck to be him," he mused. "I have the opposite problem. Sometimes it takes me awhile to even get my cock inside a girl. I guess that's what happens when you're as well endowed as I am."

Jill's fingers traced along the rigid length of his erect member, her voice low and sultry. "Well, I haven't had a lot of experience with sex, obviously. So my pussy is probably as tight as a virgin."

She leaned in closer, her breath hot against his skin. "But we have all night to let you pry your way inside of it, and give me the fucking I've always dreamed of getting." The anticipation in her voice sent shivers down Ryan's spine, and he couldn't wait to indulge in every inch of her tightness.

Ryan watched in amazement as she gracefully shed her skimpy dress, revealing a stunning black bra and panties. Perched on her knees beside him, her body was a vision of alluring curves and flawless skin.

"Holy shit," he gasped, his mind reeling at the sight of her colossal breasts. Creamy cleavage spilled from the cups of her delicate sheer bra,

adorned with intricate embroidery that showcased the softball-sized rings of her darkened areolas. His eyes were drawn to the long, plump teats that protruded from their centers, beckoning to be touched, sucked and nibbled on.

Jill's laughter broke through his trance as she playfully reached behind herself with both hands. "Don't lose your mind yet, honey," she teased. "I haven't even taken off my bra yet."

Her fingers delicately grazed the fastenings, a sultry smile spreading across her lips as she unhooked the clasp. With a subtle movement, she allowed her breasts to spill forth from their confines, revealing just how humongous they were. Ryan couldn't tear his eyes away as he shamelessly squeezed his prick, imagining the wobbling juggernauts on her chest against him, smothering him in their squishy weight.

He had never been with a woman whose tits were so obscenely large and he was already obsessed with how they would move and feel against his skin. "I hope you're okay with me sucking on those?" he stated eagerly.

"Of course I am, honey," she replied, helping him shed his shirt. "Sucking on warm, soft titties is just one of the many perks of having such a big, delicious dick."

As Jill discarded her last piece of clothing, her panties falling to the floor in a rush, the sweet aroma of aroused pussy lingered in the air around them. The anticipation and desire between them was palpable as they both took in each other's naked bodies.

Jill wasted no more time, straddling his loins eagerly. She reached down and grasped his monster cock, pointing it upward towards her dripping slit.

"Fuck," Ryan gasped as she leaned forward, his entire head sinking down into the soft canyon between her dangling tits. He felt like he was a penguin waddling in an ocean of flesh, unable to move as she covered his entire face in her soft, round mounds.

"Mmm, that's right," Jill cooed, gently rubbing his cock-knob against her engorged clit. "Take a long, deep smell of your mother's big tits. I bet you've fantasy-fucked me a million times while you were growing up, and now here you are getting ready to bury your long, thick meat inside me."

With his face pressed against the cleavage side of one of her titanic, spongy boobs, Ryan focused completely on the feel of penetrating her pussy.

Ryan's flaring cock-tip slipped against her vestibule, leaving a trail of slick precum in its wake as it pressed against the mouth of her entrance. Her inner walls clenched and quivered at the touch, remnants of her hymen stretching around his bulbous glans. He met resistance as he pushed forward, feeling the tightness and warmth of her tender, vaginal tissues. Slowly, steadily, he sank deeper into her, each inch met with a chorus of moans from both of them.

"Oh wow," Ryan snarled, overwhelmed by the intense sensation of her snug mucus membrane wrapping tightly around his thick cock. Her hot, slippery secretions coated him, allowing him to sink further inside.

"Oh my God, this is unbelievable," Jill squealed in ecstasy as she felt her pussy being pried open by Ryan's enormous, blood-swollen fuck-muscle.

He eased himself back, allowing his engorged member to be coated with the slick, sensual oils that seeped from both her tight walls and his yawning piss-slit. As he pushed forward once more, he felt the spongy, corrugated tunnel expand around his invading tool, sheathing it in a tight embrace that sent shivers down his spine.

A primal moan escaped from both of them as he reached deeper and deeper, his fat bell-tip

pressing against the rounded, lip-like structure at the entrance to her cervix. With a bold thrust, he sank between the donut-like ring and pushed into her endocervical canal, eliciting another gasp from Jill. He held himself there, his cock pulsing with desire and the veins throbbing beneath his skin as her pussy rhythmically squeezed and pulsated around him.

"Fuck," Jill groaned breathlessly, marveling at how packed full she was. "Now THAT'S a dick."

Jill's primal instincts surged forward, urging her to move and take control. With a confident and fluid motion, she began riding Ryan's erection, her thick, rounded ass bouncing up and down with each thrust.

"Ahhhh, shit," Ryan's voice trembled as he felt the power of Jill's tight sex tunnel engulfing his big, juicy dick. Her walls hugged him tightly, her pleats scraping deliciously against his flaring coronal ridge, sending shivers of pleasure through his body.

As she increased her tempo, Jill's breasts swayed and danced around Ryan's face, her turgid nipples grazing his shoulders with every movement. In a frenzy of passion, she brought her face to his and kissed him deeply, their tongues intertwining in a wild rhythm.

Ryan's hands gripped Jill's waist tightly, guiding her movements as she rose and fell upon his cock. Her muscular thighs flexed and tightened around his legs, her knees digging into the car seat as she continued to ride him harder and faster. The smell of their sweat and lust filled the air, mingling with the intense musk of Jill's arousal.

As her movements became more frantic, Ryan's hips bucked upward to meet each of her thrusts, the tip of his cock angling upward, tapping against the sensitive fornix at the deepest part of her pussy. The sound of their bodies slapping together echoed throughout the car, as the force of their passion grew more intense.

Ryan's hands roamed over Jill's body, hungrily exploring every curve and contour. But it was her supersized tits that truly captivated him. As they moved together in a passionate dance, his lips found a swollen nipple and latched on, drawing it deep into his mouth. He couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by the softness of her breast against his face, as if he were being enveloped in a cloud of pure pleasure. The way her tit-meat rippled and sloshed around his face only intensified his desire, causing his cock to throb with an extra hardness. And as he continued to suck and caress her breasts, he could feel Jill's

body respond with fiery passion, igniting every nerve cluster within her.

"Oh fuck, honey," Jill gasped. "I'm gonna fucking cum!"

Her anal sphincter pulsed, and her pussy clenched and spasmed around his cock as she thrashed wildly, her arms wrapping around his neck as she felt herself hurtling towards ecstasy. The car rocked from side to side as they slammed together, each thrust driving them closer and closer to the edge.

As her orgasm peaked, Jill's pussy clamped down on Ryan's dick like a vice, sending shivers of pleasure up his spine. He felt Jill's juices gush from her core, coating his straining shaft in a slippery sheen. It was then that he knew he couldn't hold back any longer.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum too," he groaned, his hips bucking uncontrollably. His balls tightened, and he felt the familiar sensation building in the base of his cock. He thrust hard into Jill's pussy one last time, and with a roar, released his hot load deep inside her.

The sensation of his cum filling her up triggered another powerful orgasm from Jill, and she screamed his name as her body shook with

pleasure. Her pussy milked his cock, trying to draw every last drop of his cum into her depths as she quivered and moaned in ecstasy.

As their bodies continued to move together, the hot nectar of their passion continued to flow between them, mingling and creating a thick, viscous lubricant that coated their skin and filled the car with the heady scent of sex.

"That was insanely good," Jill sighed.

Ryan nodded in agreement, his face still buried in the warmth of Jill's chest. He pulled away and looked up at her, his eyes filled with lust and admiration. "I won't argue with that."

Ronald's eyes flicked up to the clock on the wall, the hands ticking away the time. It had been three long hours since his wife and son left on their "date," and he was beginning to worry. He couldn't shake off the nagging feeling in his stomach, like something wasn't right. With a heavy sigh, he decided to FaceTime Jill on her phone, hoping for some reassurance.

To his surprise, she actually picked up. Her voice was breathless and strained, as if she had just finished a vigorous workout. "Ronald, what do

you need? What's wrong?" she asked, trying to catch her breath.

As Jill held the phone above her head, Ronald could see the sweat glistening on her face and neck, her hair matted against her skin. But what shocked him even more was the sight of Ryan's head resting on her shoulder, their bodies tangled together in the backseat of the car. They were both flushed and panting, their movements synced in a rhythm that he had only see in porn movies. He could see the intensity in their expressions as they moved together, lost in the pleasure of their lovemaking.

When he called his wife, he certainly didn't expect to see them tangled intimately like this, although it shouldn't have surprised him considering what his wife had told him earlier. "It's just getting late," he stated, trying to maintain his composure. "I wanted to make sure you guys were OK."

"Didn't I tell you we'd be out most of the night?" His wife's voice was low and husky, tinged with a hint of frustration. "You don't fucking listen very well, do you?" She added, her breath hot against her son's skin.

With his mouth hanging open in shock, Ronald couldn't help but ask the obvious. "Are you two...having sex?"

Jill let out a laugh that was both exhilarated and slightly wicked. "Is it that obvious? We've been fucking all night long, Ronald. Something you know nothing about."

Quickly panning the camera downward, Jill captured the steamy scene between her and Ryan. The sight made Ronald's stomach churn even more, as he watched Ryan's young, muscular body pump vigorously between his wife's cradling thighs. The sweat that glistened on their bodies only accentuated the strain of their passionate movements.

"Now that's a real man," Jill panted, before wrapping her tan, silky legs around Ryan's waist in a tight sexual embrace. It was clear to see the strong physical connection between them as they moved together in perfect rhythm.

Jill's husband hesitated, his discomfort clear in his expression. "Jill, I'm really not comfortable with this," he finally expressed.

"You think I've been comfortable all these years, not getting sex from my short-dicked husband?" Jill snapped back, her breathing already

increasing with anticipation. "I've been dying to get fucked and tonight I finally get it from the best."

"I just really don't think that—"

But before he could finish, Jill let out a loud moan and tilted her head back in ecstasy. "OH FUCK!" she suddenly blurted, her body arching against the seat. "I'M CUMMING!"

Ronald watched in disbelief as his wife experienced something he had only seen a few times in their marriage, and never with such intensity - she was having an orgasm. Her neck strained and her body shook uncontrollably, her screams of pleasure startling Ronald with their intensity.

As he continued to watch, Jill's phone trembled and moved around in her hand, giving Ronald a full view of their naked, sweaty bodies writhing together like two wild animals on the backseat of her car. He could hear Ryan's grunts and snarls as he fucked Jill with savage thrusts, the sound of his large, wet balls slapping against her ass filling the small space.

"Fuck, I'm cumming, mom!" Ryan groaned.

And with that, he thrust deeper into Jill, shooting his hot load deep inside her pussy. His cummy-

cum filled Jill's womb, coating her insides with a warm and sticky feeling that only a boy's cum could provide.

Jill's body shook with pleasure, her orgasm intensifying as she felt Ryan's hot ball-nectar fill her up. She wrapped her legs tightly around her boy's waist, greedily pulling him deeper into her cunt as she milked every last drop of his cream from his throbbing cock.

As they lay in the afterglow of their intense lovemaking, Ronald couldn't help but feel a sense of betrayal and anger. His wife, the woman he had married and trusted, was now having sex with his own son, and it was the most obscene thing he'd ever seen.

"Are you two done now?" he asked, his voice tight and heavy with emotion.

Jill laughed, a wicked smile playing on her lips. "With this round, yes, but we still have many, many more rounds of hot, nasty sex to go. In fact, we may not be home until morning, Ronald, so you may as well just go to bed."

With that, Jill hung up the phone, leaving Ronald to stew in his discomfort and betrayal. He sat alone in the dark, listening to the clock tick away the minutes as he tried to process what he had

just witnessed. Every so often, he would catch himself replaying the images in his mind, his son fucking the shit out of his wife, making her cum in a way that he never realized she could.

He felt a surge of anger and despair that threatened to consume him. He knew he was a short-dicked loser and his long, fat-dicked son now ruled his wife's sexual world.