The Cline's Conquer Time

The Talkman

Chapter 1

"Life is full of choices. Each choice can decide the rest of your life. Life can go in infinite directions. Different permutations, different outcomes. You can literally end up anywhere in life... with anyone. But I honestly feel, from the bottom of my heart, that in each and every one of these different outcomes, different destinies, I would have ended up with you."

Derek finished the first half of his vows and smiled at his bride, who had tears in her eyes.

"I've always been different. I've always been an outsider. Only one person has ever made me feel normal. Just a regular guy. And that is you, Heather."

Heather smiled, her face flushed, happier than she had ever been.

"I want you to be my bride. My love. My life-long soul mate. Sometimes the decisions you make feel out of your control. Sometimes it feels like the choice has been made before you even knew about it. But this decision is all mine. I have never been more sure of anything in my life. Heather Cline, I want you to be my wife. I want to be your husband. You have one choice, and I think you know the answer." Derek finished.

"Heather Cline, do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?" the pastor questioned.

"I do." Heather said with a laugh.

"Heather Cline. Derek Daniels. I now pronounce you man and wife." the pastor said.

Derek and Heather leaned forward, the soft lips meeting in a soft, gooey kiss. The church erupted as the attendees of this wedding clapped and cheered their approval of this union. Cause they all knew these two were just perfect for each other.

Well, most of them did.

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Derek's background was impeccable. Incomparable. He graduated high school at 13. Became a Rhodes Scholar at 16. A doctorate in theoretical physics at 19. And now, married at 20.

He had already been published in multiple journals, and he was being hailed as the next great scientific mind. He was already breaking new ground in many fields. But his central focus was String Theory.

String Theory is the theory that space-time can be imagined as a bundle of strings. And each of these strings are interconnected. Everything connected to everything. The littlest thing can affect everything else in the world. And this theory housed something Derek found extra interesting: multiple dimensions.

This is what Derek specialized in. Just the idea that somewhere out there were multiple iterations of the same things made Derek's mind run wild with possibilities. It was widely accepted that these different dimensions were simply on a subatomic level, but some, like Derek, thought these multiple dimensions could expand into whole different timelines. Multiple versions of yourself, of your own life, where with every similar decision opportunity within the timelines, you make a different decision than the other timelines. Every single iteration of your life, where you made every decision you regretted not making.

It was Derek's life work to prove the String Theory to be true. To prove that there are multiple dimensions. And perhaps, even visit them.

This all might sound boring. And to most, it is. That's why a lot of what Derek said went over the heads of most of the people at the wedding. He tended to be a bit verbose. But one person found a connection with each and every word. Heather Cline, his bride.

Heather was a simple college student. She was bright, but no genius like Derek. She was an English major who wrote for the school paper. And she had thought the assignment of interviewing a science wiz was a bit boring. But then she saw him speak. She watched him give a presentation at the science building on campus. And true, most of what he had said went over her head. But she was endlessly fascinated by him. There he was, this 19 year old guy, the same age as her, and he was so much smarter, so much more worldly. Even though she didn't know the first thing about String Theory, she hung on every word he said. It also didn't hurt that he was darn cute.

You would expect for a guy like Derek, a whiz kid, a genius, to be socially awkward in some way. And to a point, he was. He was too smart and too driven to be a kid and sew his wild oats. So he was inexperienced around girls. Awkward in social situations. Unsure of how to fit in around 'normal' people. And that was a shame because he was devilishly handsome. During his teen years he had been lanky and awkward looking, but he had filled out to become a handsome young man. In an attempt to fit in, he had committed himself to the gym, trying not to look too much like the typical science nerd. And once he reached 19, he

didn't. He looked like the type of guy that you would see in movies. A cute, slight smile. Enough facial hair growth to look sharp and model-like but not unkempt. And as he grew within the science world to the point where he was being interviewed for multiple TV specials, he learned to best display his looks, no longer was his hair uncared for, styling his hair in just a way to look like a normal guy. So now, when you looked at him, you didn't think science nerd. And, at the time, nothing made Derek happier.

Derek and Heather both felt their connection immediately. The conversation was ongoing, with no pauses or breaks. Derek had never met anyone he could talk to like this. And he didn't even talk about science at all. They just shot the shit. Derek felt weird doing it, but at the end of their 'interview', she gave him her number.

Their relationship was fast paced and hectic. Both were so controlled and logical. Heather was very oriented, very organized and regimented. She had always been a planner. She was a great student and a bit of an overachiever. She was the lead on many different clubs in school, and she finished top of the class. But meeting Derek made her realize there was so much more out there. Something about

the fact that he was so much smarter than her made her extremely attracted to him.

They brought out each others' best. Derek brought her into his world, expanding her mind with concepts she could barely comprehend, but she was able to keep up. And Heather brought Derek into a new world as well, the world of the normal 19 year old. Going to parties. Doing stupid stuff. It was mutually beneficial.

They hated being apart, even for a moment, so when Derek asked her to be his bride she eagerly accepted. For two such regimented people, such a whirlwind romance was a welcome treat. Being a bit irresponsible in marrying so fast was oddly thrilling. But due to the nature of their speedy nuptials, they didn't get to do the things most couples do. They skipped a lot of steps. Like the one where you meet the other's family. Derek had introduced Heather to his parents, but Derek had never met Heather's family.

Derek had seen a lot of things, explored a lot of crazy theories, and delved the deepest depths of scientific law.

But he had never experienced anything like the Cline women.

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More than most, the Cline family was primarily about the women. And in the Cline family, there were two types of women. There were the bookish, controlled women, like Heather. Women that worked hard, went to school, and did all the right things. They tended to be pretty but not stunning, attractive but not sexy. Hard working, but unfortunately, not very successful. Like Heather's second cousin, Abby, the cousin Heather idolized, who wrote for a living. She had worked for a high-end fashion magazine, but unfortunately, she had gotten fired for mysterious reasons and now wrote for some car magazine. She had missed the wedding, because of some car show in the middle of nowhere. This didn't bother Heather. Part of her hoped she could be too big for her family. Part of her hoped she could leave her past behind, because the Cline family was an inescapable vortex. You couldn't escape their far-reaching tendrils. What bothered Heather about her family so much? It was simple.

The other type of women in the Cline family was far different from her. While her type worked hard, the other type didn't. They didn't work. They didn't go to school. They didn't need to. The other type of women in the Cline family were far different. While Heather's type was more bookish, the other type was more voluptuous. More sexy. And somehow, someway, these women were the stars of the family. They had the money. They lived the good life... at the expense of their men. They were the true Cline women.

The Cline women were a tough breed and because of that, men didn't stick around long. But their money did. So did their gifts, their cars, their houses. So eager were men to escape the Cline's evil clutches that they would give up more than half their worth to get away. So while the girls like Heather worked hard, the other type lived the easy life, traveling the world, driving expensive cars, spending money all over the place.

That is why Derek had never met the Cline women. They were too busy living the good life to worry about such trivialities as the youngest Cline woman's marriage. But

now, worlds were about to clash. Derek was about to meet three generations of Cline women.

While many women carrying the Cline name were at the wedding, they were the type like Heather. Regular women. Women who helped Heather with her wedding, because they were good people. But when you think of Cline women, you don't think of them. You think of the other type, the type that barely made it to the wedding on time, so they didn't even meet the groom before the wedding. And this bothered Heather, because these were the three women in her family closest to her. It wasn't until the happy couple entered the reception, and Heather led him to the back of the room, where three women were huddled together sipping on the finest of champagne, that Derek met the true Cline women.

He was about to enter the Cline family vortex.

"So, I want you to get to know them well." Heather suggested as they crossed the reception hall. "Next summer, I want to go on vacation to meet up with one of them at one of their places. I want you to help me decide where to go."

"Yeah, okay, I know." Derek said, having heard this spiel before. "They're such a mystery. What are they like?" Derek asked.

"They're... you just have to meet them." Heather said with a laugh. They found a clear view of the three women from across the hall. They were deep in conversation, about God knows what. And for the first time, Derek caught a view of the Cline women.

Derek saw a younger woman, maybe only a few years older than him.

"That's my older sister Jackie." Heather said.

"Ah, the famous Jackie." Derek said, having heard many stories about her through Heather but never seeing her in person. Words could not do her justice.

Jackie was a beautiful brunette. She was absolutely gorgeous and the young man was momentarily stunned by her

beauty. He never would have known her and Heather were sisters. Jackie looked like a model. Her face was perfectly made-up, and her lustrous brown hair was elegantly styled.

She was wearing a silky white dress which hugged her body. And what a body it was. But young Derek was too in love with his wife, too frazzled by the busy wedding day, too good of a guy to let his eyes wonder across his sister-in-law's lush frame. So Derek was blind to the fact that his wife's older sister was stacked.

He would have to take a good look later.

But Jackie's smooth lips were curled in a coy smile as her striking eyes stared at him. She looked a bit playful and teasing. She looked like those girls that Derek could never work up the nerve to talk to at school. Those gorgeous party girls. It always felt like they lived in a different world than him. But now, those two worlds were about to collide.

"She lives in New York. She hangs out with all these famous people. She's always been the party girl. I guess she's a big deal over there. I keep trying to spend my summer's with

her, but she is always so busy." Heather explained. "And next to her is my mom, Jocelyn." Heather said.

And that brings his attention to Heather's mother, Jocelyn Cline. Derek was further stunned by this revelation that this woman was Heather's mom, as from this range, this woman barely appeared older than Jackie.

Jocelyn Cline was a stunning redhead. Her face was just beautiful. Derek was immediately taken aback by this. Her long crimson hair was perfectly styled, and her pretty face was elegantly made up. Her skin was creamy and pale, which made her green eyes even more striking. She was looking right at Derek, appraising him. Derek was a good head taller than her, but he immediately felt a certain... intimidation from her. He was a little afraid of her. She immediately seemed like a tough cookie.

He had no idea.

And if the naive young man didn't take a look at his gorgeous sister-in-law, he would never take a glance at his

voluptuous mother-in-law. He didn't see where Jackie got her looks and body from.

He didn't know what he was missing.

Jocelyn wore a slinky black dress, which clung to her body like Jackie's did. It looked very expensive, one of those dresses that you bought at a boutique or something. But Derek was naïve, and he was a married man, so he didn't see the intricacies of this dress and how it highlighted her body. He just saw she was wearing a black dress. He didn't notice the treats it was barely covering.

"She lives in London, now. She sings. Her voice is amazing, but she rarely goes on stage anymore. She's like, famous. She travels all over the place, she's friends with all sorts of famous people. Her life is amazing." Heather said, jealous of her mother's success. "And next to her is my grandmother, Helena."

Derek took one look at Helena and was stunned. This woman was a grandmother?

Sure, she looked older, but she didn't look old. She looked barely old enough to be Heather's mother, let alone her grandmother. She was an elegantly beautiful blonde. And much like Jackie and Jocelyn, she looked very well made-up and styled. All three appeared to have come from an expensive boutique. Her dress was black and hugged her mature body. A body that Derek again did not notice. A body that any woman would kill for.

Derek didn't know what he was missing out on.

She looked like one of those women you would see at a country club, or at an opera. Very posh. Very elegant. Very sexy. Her skin was creamy and pale, not as pale as Jocelyn's, but a perfect creamy complexion. Her eyes were as stunning as Jackie's and Jocelyn's. Her lips were smooth as she smiled warmly.

While Jackie looked playful, and Jocelyn looked intimidating, Helena looked warm and approachable. She looked like a nice, friendly older woman. A good person.

He could not be more wrong.

Derek had never looked at older women, not at all. But both Jocelyn and Helena were very beautiful women. There was no doubt about that. Derek felt pride fill him, pride that his wife came from this line of beautiful women.

"Grandma's, like, awesome. She was always my favorite. She owns houses all over the place, all over the world. She's traveled the world. She knows everything, and everybody. Like, really, everybody. If you want to meet someone, she's the one to ask. She just flew in from Italy on her personal jet." Heather explained.

"Wow, you have some... impressive family members." Derek said.

"I hope you don't have any regrets marrying the freak of the family." Heather joked, exposing the fact that she knew, deep down, that among the Cline women, she could be considered the ugly duckling.

"Hey..." Derek began, putting his arms on his wife's shoulders. "I like freaks." he finished, kissing her softly.

"Okay, hubby. Let's go meet my girls." Heather said. They began to walk towards the three Cline women, who appeared to still be in spirited conversation.

But Heather too was naïve to what 'her girls' really were. She didn't know that the familial bond they all shared was a flimsy one. It didn't matter to those women that Heather was family. Heather didn't know how dangerous they were. They were not to be toyed with. They were not to be trusted. They were sluts. Each and every one of them.

Sluts of the worst kind.

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"Mom, Grandma, I'm not kidding..." Jackie began. "His dick was huge. Like... 10 inches. Vincent was the biggest I ever had. They don't come bigger. Trust me, I know."

"Please, honey. You're embarrassing yourself." Jocelyn explained, trying to restore order, knowing her daughter tended to get carried away. "I've had 11 inches. On multiple occasions. Once... I had two at the same time."

"Well, Mother, I'm sorry I don't get gangbanged by black dudes on a regular basis." Jackie said cattily to her mother.

"Jackie!" Jocelyn said, seemingly shocked at this statement. "Only one of them was black. The other was... Canadian... I believe."

"Canadian's not a race, Mommy." Jackie said brattily.

"I think he was Canadian, anyway. Hey, it was the Olympics, and they were from rival nations. And they had one unifying goal. To make me cum." Jocelyn said.

"Jesus, girls. We haven't seen each other in three years and at first sight, you two act like little sluts." Helena said, disappointed in her daughter's and oldest granddaughter's awful manners. "And by the way, three men at once, 40

inches between them... you do the math." Helena said quickly, easily trumping Jocelyn and Jackie, sipping her champagne in victory.

"Jesus, Mom." Jocelyn said, shocked at her normally more reserved mother's brazen declaration. Helena smirked slightly at her daughter, and noticed Jackie trying to do the math in her head but struggling.

"Okay, let's move on..." Jocelyn began. "...to the thing I know we are all thinking about... About how my little Heather landed herself that fine hunk of man."

"Oh my God, I know!" Jackie squealed out. "I thought he would be, like, some super nerd or something, but he is so fucking hot!"

"GIRLS!" Helena barked quietly. "I know what you are thinking, and no! This is Heather's day. Not yours. Let her have her man. Don't get involved."

"We won't, Grandma." Jackie said with a sneaky smile.

"You hear me. Don't you dare! I know he is a lot hotter than we all expected, but drop it now. Get him out of your head, or you are both out of the inheritance!" Helena commanded. Helena was no saint, but she had her limits. Lines she would never cross. The girls simply smiled.

It was hard for all of them to get Derek out of their mind, because quite simply, he fit all three Cline women's taste to the letter. The women had much in common. Despite their success at bedding men, all three were single. None of them had found a man ready to put up with all of their bullshit, their demands, their sick, disgusting fetishes on a long term basis. And even though they got laid, they never seemed to find the man they wanted. All three loved the flesh of younger men. And Derek was a young man seemingly built for each of them.

All three of them looked up as they saw the happy couple approach. Helena watched Jackie check her cleavage and hard nipples, making sure they were being properly displayed. Helena saw Jocelyn do the same. And Helena,

despite her feeling otherwise, made sure her own expansive, mature, creamy cleavage was visible as well.

"Hey guys!" Heather said excitedly, bouncing up and down as she ran towards her family, the only family she knew. The first thing she did was run towards her sister and give her a big hug, followed by a hug to her mother then her grandmother.

Although she simply greeted her mom and sister, she took the opportunity to say a bit more to her favorite relative, her grandmother.

"Keep Mom and Jackie under control, Grandma." Heather whispered.

"I know, dear." Helena replied with a warm smile. Despite the fact that Heather loved her mother and sister, both tended to dominate the situation. She remembered her birthday parties in her younger years, when Jackie's fierce temper forced them to get gifts for her, so on Heather's birthday, Jackie was getting the same amount of presents as the birthday girl. And, Heather also remembered that

whenever she let her mom meet her boyfriends, Jocelyn would make Heather nervous by getting uncomfortably close and intimate with them. At Heather's grad party, Jocelyn made herself the star of the show, hanging out with all her classmates as if she were one of the popular girls in school. So Heather knew how her sister and mother operated. But Helena always treated her well. She never crossed any lines or made her uncomfortable. Helena always treated her granddaughter with love and respect. So Heather knew she could trust her more than anyone else. And she could trust her grandmother to make sure her mother and sister behaved themselves.

"And here is my lovely husband, Derek." Heather said, introducing her soul mate to the women of her family. Derek awkwardly held out his hand, unsure of how to greet them. But Cline women don't shake hands.

Cline women hug.

Jackie was first. She stepped into her brother-in-law's arms and pulled him in for a tight hug. A Cline hug. The type of tight hug that Heather would share with Derek, belly

against belly, chest against chest, an intimate, tight clutch full of love and intimacy. The type of hug that was very different from Heather with a girl like Jackie. Derek was about to learn one of the qualities that Cline women shared. A quality he had ignored because he was too good of a guy to notice. A quality Derek was gonna be forced to deal with, whether he wanted to or not. This hug would be different for one simple reason: Jackie's enormous breasts. When a girl with giant breasts hugs like she does, a hug becomes something more than an intimate gesture. It becomes something sexual.

Derek was about to realize that big breasts run in the Cline family. Well... most of the family. And if the Cline women got their way, Derek would also learn that perfect asses, tight cunts and rough sex are all common traits among Cline women. Well... most of the Cline women.

Derek felt his sister-in-law's great big breasts collide with his fit chest, causing him to grunt in surprise at the forceful impact. As Jackie wrapped her arms around her fit young brother-in-law and pressed her excessively large breasts into him, Derek had no choice but to stand there and receive her tight hug without backing down.

Jackie forced him to take it.

Her breasts billowed outward as they molded to his fit chest. And her dress was so thin that Derek, against his better judgment, could feel her rock hard nipples against his chest. It felt like she was practically naked in his arms.

Her soft, smooth hair cascaded onto his shoulder, and her sexy, girly perfume filled his nostrils. She brought her glossy lips to his ear and whispered...

"You take care of my baby sister, or you'll have to answer to me."

Out of sight to her sister, she gave him a soft, wet kiss on the cheek, causing a shiver to run through her nervous brother-in-law. She pulled away, leaving a confused Derek in her wake. That was more than a friendly embrace. Looking at his wife's beautiful sister, with her gorgeous face, and with, as he now noticed, her very large breasts. She was

a beautiful girl hugging him so intimately. Derek couldn't help the strange rush that went through him.

As she stepped back, Derek took a glance at the body that had been pressed against him. For the first time, he took a glance at her large, tan breasts that she showed off in her low cut dress. They stood out proudly, showing off a deep line of cleavage. Her dress clung to her tight, hourglass frame. But Derek was too good of a guy to gawk at her. Gawk at her exposed, long legs. Gawk at the way the dress hugged her firm, hot ass. Gawk at her nearly visible nipples through the thin white dress. Derek's attention was pulled from Jackie as Jocelyn stepped up to him and embraced him.

Jocelyn was a lot more firm and forward than her daughter, lacking the softness and teasing that Jackie's hug possessed. Jocelyn pressed herself into her son-in-law firmly. And as her big breasts collided into his firm chest, they were even more noticeable and caused an even bigger impact as they slammed into him, taking his breath away. Jocelyn had a very strong posture and due to that it felt like she was practically forcing her large breasts into his chest, and much like with Jackie, he could feel her hard nipples

pressing into him. And they felt almost too hard, too sharp, as if her nipples were maybe... pierced. But that would be ridiculous. She was an older woman. Older women like her don't have pierced nipples. That'd be crazy.

Getting his mind off his mother-in-law's hard nipples, he let himself be absorbed into the hug. She clutched him tight, like a spider. Her huge breasts against his athletic chest. Her flat belly against his fit belly. And sadly for him, the prominent bulge, which he didn't know he had, pressed into her belly button. Cline women exude pheromones. It was common for them to make men throb for them. And like a good mother, she didn't bring it up and embarrass him in front of his new wife. She just let him continue to press his hardening dick into his new mother-in-law like a good mother would.

Unsure of what to do with his hands, he just let them rest on her prominent hips as she clutched him like a snake. Her silky hair fell onto his neck, and even though her perfume was not as prominent as Jackie's, it was a bit more refined, with a bit of a bite. She followed in her daughter's footsteps, whispering in his ear...

"Take care of my daughter, or I will destroy you."

Derek laughed, like it was a joke. But there wasn't as much humor from Jocelyn's end. She scratched her nails on his back, letting him know how serious she was. As she pulled away, giving him a cursory peck on the cheek, his smile faded in a bit of intimidation at his forceful mother-in-law. Derek couldn't help but notice her body was every bit as lush as Jackie's, possibly more so. But while Jackie's body and demeanor were more welcoming, Jocelyn's was intimidating. Imposing. Her big breasts, her creamy skin, the cavern of cleavage her slinky low cut dress left exposed, it was enough to scare the shit out of the inexperienced Derek.

Before he could think about Jocelyn's warning any further, Helena approached. Calling to her European lifestyle, she gave Derek a classy kiss on both cheeks. Helena 's hug was far different from the rest. Her hug was not as forceful or long-lasting as the other two. Her hug was quick. Not brash and brazen, but a tease. Even though her body was voluptuous, she didn't force herself on the young man. She

gave a standard Helena Cline hug. Her large breasts pressed into his chest, her hard nipples giving his chest a slight kiss, her firm belly pressing into his now engorged cock ever so slightly. Her body not being forceful against his, but teasing him. Teasing the delights her hot, mature body held.

She brought her mouth to his ear, and with her slightly accented voice she said...

"Welcome to the Cline family."

Derek smiled warmly as Helena pulled away, the three Cline women standing together again, the married couple standing across from them. He glanced at Helena, and noticed her body held up its end of the bargain. She matched up to her daughter and her granddaughter. She had extremely large breasts, like Jackie and Jocelyn did. But she was not showing it all off like Jocelyn and Jackie did. Her dress was hugging her body, but she did not just throw it all out there. Her dress clung to her large breasts, exposing just a hint of what was no-doubt a very deep cleavage. Her dress was long, not showing off as much leg, but clinging to

her firm legs. Her dress was like her hug. A quick tease of something... more.

But the young man would never take his temporary infatuation with the bodies of his wife's family any further. Right? He was simply too good of a guy to take his quick obsession any further.

"I'm looking forward to getting to know you guys." Derek said. Jackie and Jocelyn smiled evilly at this.

"I bet." Jackie chirped dangerously, causing Helena to glare at her.

"I'm so glad you all made it." Heather said warmly, clutching her husband to her possessively, as if she subconsciously already saw the moves the other women were making to take over.

"Pull up a chair, darling. Let's chat." Helena said. Derek and Heather complied, even though they had planned on not

sticking around their table to long. They had other guests to attend to.

What was supposed to be a quick conversation turned into a long one. Jackie, Jocelyn, and Helena were incredible conversationalists. They regaled the young couple with stories about their travels, their adventures, and the couple hung on every word. Jackie and Jocelyn drove the conversation, carrying most of it. Helena chipped in when she could but she did her best not to take over the conversation. And she did her best to prevent Jackie and Jocelyn from taking over, but they were not to be stopped. Before they knew it an hour had passed as the Cline women monopolized their time.

"Oh, Heather dear." Jocelyn began as if she had just noticed something. "Get comfortable. Have a drink."

"Oh, uh, I don't know, Mom." Heather said. Even though she was not of age to legally drink, she wasn't a complete introvert, and she had partied a bit in her time. Heather knew her limits. She was a lightweight. It did not take a lot for her to get absolutely trashed. One drink led to two,

which led to four, and so on. So, she kept herself in check and didn't drink very often.

"Oh, c'mon sis, loosen up. Don't want to your hubby to think you're boring." Jackie teased. She knew how her sister was with alcohol, but she also knew how to get to her sister.

"She doesn't have to drink if she doesn't want to." Derek said.

"Just one drink, darling?" Jocelyn said.

Heather thought it over. Hey, she was a bit older. She could control herself. But what if she didn't? What if she lost control again? But she had to show Derek she wasn't afraid. She didn't want to seem weak. To him.

What would she do?

Little did she know that this was one of those flux points in time, a point where life splits off in various directions. A

decision, though seemingly small, that would in fact decide everything. It was as Derek said in his vows: Life is full of choices. Each choice can decide the rest of your life. Life can go in infinite directions. Different permutations, different outcomes. Heather was deciding everything. Deciding how her life would go. Deciding how her marriage would go.

Deciding whose pussy Derek's big dick would be fucking.

So as you can tell, this was a big decision for her. A very important choice. A life-altering choice.

What would Heather do?

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(Timeline A: All Goes as Planned)

"I'd better not." Heather said, resisting the peer pressure from the other women. Jackie and Jocelyn smiled, but you could tell it was in annoyance, as if Heather not drinking upset their plans.

Derek was proud of her, for showing her maturity by resisting the peer pressure from the women she looked up to. Her idols. That was why Derek loved her. Her maturity, her strength as a woman. Derek put his arm around his wife and clutched her lovingly.

"C'mon, honey, let's go dance." Derek suggested, taking his wife and bounding onto the dance floor.

As Derek and Heather danced, Heather was on cloud nine. She was living her dreams. Surrounded by all of her family and friends, being held by the man she loved. It was just so... perfect. She couldn't have asked for a better moment.

Luckily for her, the other Cline women behaved themselves. Yes, they were all crushing hard on Heather's new hubby. Jackie and Jocelyn were very overt with their attraction, but even the controlled Helena felt a raw, animal

urge around the young man. But Heather kept him so busy that none of the girls had the chance to get him alone. The couple was too busy basking in their love, working the room, and just plain having fun talking to their closest friends and relatives.

It wasn't until the afternoon turned into night that Heather and Derek started to retreat to their wedding suite. The reception had been held in a banquet room of the hotel they were staying at, so it was not a long journey.

They said their goodbyes to friends and family as they began to leave. Heather was on cloud nine. Being surrounded by friends and family, life couldn't get any better.

The last person they said goodbye to was Helena. Heather's favorite relative. Her greatest idol.

"Have a wonderful night dear." Helena said.

"Thanks, Grandma. I love you so much. You've always been there for me." Heather said.

"I did my best." Helena replied.

"Seriously, I wouldn't be here without you." Heather admitted, causing her grandmother to smile.

It was true. Heather had spent so much time with her grandma in her youth. She had given her advice about friends, boys, dating, sex. Her grandmother didn't make the world seem like a perfect place, and that all little girl's dreams come true. Helena instilled a sense of truthfulness, honesty, and realism to how Heather viewed the world.

She recalled a memory, from a few years prior. An occasion on one of her summer visits to her grandmother when she went to her grandmother for advice, when Helena conveyed wisdom to her. The boy she had been crushing on started dating the school tramp, and Heather didn't understand why. Then Helena sat her down and conveyed a message, a speech that would live on in Heather's mind from then on.

Helena sat on the bed next to Heather. Helena put her hand on Heather's back and began to speak.

"Heather, I'm about to tell you something I wished my mother had told to me. I know you are always told to chase your dreams, that if you work hard, and be good, all your dreams will come true. Honey, unfortunately, that is not the case. Life is not a fairy tale, and if it is, it's a dark twisted one. Not everyone is driven by good intentions. There is darkness in everyone. School can be a difficult place. The girls there can be so... insidious. There are girls out there willing to do whatever it takes to land a guy. Some girls are willing to cross lines more civilized girls would never cross. Some girl's will bend the rules and break them if they must. They will dress filthy, and show off their abundant charms. Some will take advantage of the system, use the rules against you. You've got to make a choice. You've got to know how far you're willing to go. You need to know what lines you're willing to cross. You need to know yourself."

"In doing so, you must understand your place in life. We all can't be the most popular girls in school. We all can't end

up with the prom king. You need to know what guys you can go after, and what guys you can't. You need to know when you're overstepping your bounds. You're a beautiful girl, dear, but not all guys will see it. Guys your age are looking for something different. Guys your age are looking for something at a more... cosmetic level. Guys your age are looking up the stars, and sometimes, they don't notice the flowers beneath them. We can't all be stars, dear, and you can't help those guys who are stargazing. Not all girls can be movie stars. Not all girls can be bikini models. Not all girls can dance in music videos. Some girls use their bodies to get ahead. Some girls do filthy things to get famous .You need to know whether you are one of those girls, or one of those girls who uses her mind and intellect. You could be a doctor... or a lawyer. In the end, it's those positions that get respect. And after a while, your mind and intellect is what will get you ahead. Those things will be what guys are looking for. But not all guys. Some would rather party and indulge themselves in... darker delights. Sure, they may be the guys you pine for, but they might not be the guy for you. A relationship based on appearance and cosmetic features is a hollow one in the end. You need to look for someone smart, who sees both the beauty inside and out. Who knows the complete you. A guy who is willing to look beyond and see what's on the inside."

"Are you sure Grandma?" Heather asked.

"Of course, dear." Helena said with a smile.

From that point on, Heather's viewpoint had changed. Even though some may feel slighted by the speech, what she said was true. Heather had to know where to set her sights, not expect that everything would work out perfectly. It taught her she had to work hard and get a guy for the right reasons. And it had worked! Heather had her dream man, and it was partly thanks to what her grandmother had said.

Finally, the happy couple freed themselves and moved on, eager to consummate their marriage. They left the reception hall and started walking towards the lobby, excited to get back to their suite.

The suite was a gift from Heather's mother. Her second marriage reception was held at this hotel, and she had stayed at the wedding suite they provided, and she thought highly of it so she recommended it for her daughter. It was

a bit too expensive for Heather's budget, but since Jocelyn was paying, she was happy to take her up on her offer.

Heather and Derek were getting led to the suite by the hotel hostess, a woman in her late twenties named Kaitlyn, a pretty brunette, dressed smartly in a suit-jacket and a knee length skirt.

"I talked to your Mother, Heather, and we were happy to get all your bags loaded into the room. The room has a king-sized bed, a Jacuzzi, a 55-inch flat screen TV, a fully stocked bar with wine and beer, a fully stocked fridge, and a balcony overlooking the city. All expenses are paid for. I think that's the end of my spiel. If you need anything, here is my card. Call me at anytime. Anytime at all." Kaitlyn said, flashing a bright smile at the happy couple.

"Thanks." Derek said.

"And... I've seen a lot of couples go in here, but you guys might just be the cutest." Kaitlyn said.

"Aw, thanks." Heather said.

"You guys have a good night." Kaitlyn said, opening the door and handing the key to Heather. She held the door open, allowing the couple to enter. She smiled at Heather, and gave Derek a wink. Derek just smiled at her as they entered.

"What a night!" Derek said, exhausted but still full of adrenaline.

"Today could not have been any more perfect!" Heather basked.

"Part of me wants to lay down and just pass out." Derek said, loosening his tie.

"Well," Heather began, facing her husband, "I hope there's one part of you that isn't exhausted."

"And what part would that be?" Derek said, his voice lowering to a silky smooth timbre as he put his hands on his wife's hips.

"Oh, I don't know. A big, fat part of you. A part built for pleasure." Heather said, her hand squeezing her husband's hardening cock.

"Mmm, I think he's awake." Derek said, kissing his wife slowly.

Derek and Heather had a healthy sex life. Both had been rather inexperienced when they had first met, so they took the opportunity to explore sex with each other. Both were pretty open for different things. They were happy to try different positions, different types of sex, light role playing. Innocent fun, the type two healthy young adults exploring their sexuality would.

Lots of playful kissing. Light, sexy touching. Blindfolds and feathers. Slow teasing. Getting a little carried away in public. Different positions, like having her on top! Maybe even doggy style! Up to their standards, they were pushing the

boundaries of indecency. In their opinion, their sex life was pretty wild.

But to a Cline woman, their sex life was laughable.

A Cline woman doesn't make playful love. Cline women fuck. They don't just 'try out' a few different positions. Cline women are whirlwinds, constantly moving, constantly changing positions and directions. Not the pansy-ass positions most girls do. Cline women were experts in all forms of sex. Deep, wet blowjobs, taking huge cocks down their tight throats. Tit-fucking, smothering a cock in their always copious breast flesh. Cowgirl, reverse-cowgirl, any position you can imagine, any position that ensures a giant cock gets buried in their tight, wet pussies. Cline women will take it in any hole. Mouth. Pussy. Ass. Cline women were experts at anal sex. Not the experimental anal that young couples will do when they try to 'change it up'. No, Cline women did real anal. Hard anal, ass-fucking as fucking hard as it fucking gets, only stopping when their assholes get filled with cum.

Cline women take control. They suck, fuck, and practically destroy any cock in their path. They fuck men into oblivion. They don't play around with feathers and blindfolds and all that light-hearted crap. Usually, all they bring in is their hot bodies. Only occasionally will they bring in toys to help them out in the bedroom, and it's not the light-hearted stuff like silky blindfolds and feathers. They used leather. Whips and chains. Real Cline women don't fuck around. Cline women are hardcore.

You can tell which kind of Cline woman a girl was by how they fucked. The regular Cline women made love, like Heather. Real Cline women could drain your balls. Like Jackie. And Jocelyn. And Helena. There was some kind of unspoken bond Cline women shared, a shared knowledge of hard fucking. It was in the genes.

Derek stepped away from his wife, starting to take off his clothes. Heather excitedly began to do the same, attempting to untie the knots on the back of her dress.

"Uh, can you help me out?" Heather asked, blushing and turning around.

"Oh, yeah." Derek said with a nervous laugh. Heather leaned her head forward. Derek brushed her hair over her shoulder as he undid the knots. Finally, the dress fell in a pool at her feet. Heather stepped forward and turned around.

"Wow." Derek gasped, looking at his wife's lingerie clad body.

Heather was not typically a lingerie type of girl. She normally kept it casual and wasn't the type of girl to wear the finest, most expensive underwear. She wasn't the type to have an expensive, designer piece of material threading the crack of her ass, like most Cline women. She was more the type to have an economical piece of fabric covering her whole ass, not really flattering her in any way. So that's what made her outfit better.

The snow-white lingerie showed off her fit, trim body. Lace stockings clung to her firm, athletic legs. Suspenders held up her stockings, connecting them to her garter belt. Her lace panties were full coverage, but they were still sexy. Her

belly was covered by a matching lacy camisole. Her breasts were covered by the thin lace. And sure, her breasts were small and petite, like her. Cute little A-cups, but they still looked good covered with silky coverings.

"Well, what do you think?" Heather asked nervously, not used to being dressed so... girly. Derek looked at his wife, blown away by how good she looked. Her firm legs. Her cute petite ass covered by lacy underthings. Her cute, fit breasts. Her olive coloring, which was really set off by her white lingerie. Her styled black hair, more done up than ever before. Her pretty face, made-up slightly but perfectly, made her more stunning than usual.

"I love it." Derek said, approaching his wife, putting his hands on her hips. He brought his lips to hers, smooching with his wife.

Derek and Heather kissed, again and again. Derek and Heather had been very quick to make their relationship physical, as both were happy to find someone that liked them and be with them that they were both desperately eager to slake their physical desire. And their sex life had

been relatively active, but in the last few months, they had made a conscious desire to hold back, so their wedding night would be special. Let their desire build up for each other. Let the cum fill Derek's balls to the brim, filling him with pure sexual desire. And now Heather would be on the receiving end of that lustful energy that had built inside of him.

Their hands began to grope each other's bodies, both getting lost in the pleasure. Heather's hands lustfully attacked her husband, eager to get her hands on her husband's fit, muscular, manly flesh. She knew her husband was a catch, a steal. Most women find out he's a science guy, a nerd, and they look past him. Sure he was handsome, but they think he's a dork. Not the type of man a lot of girls his age are looking for. But when you look past that first impression, you see the truth, that Derek is not just a science nerd. He's a man. A hunky man. A studly man. A fit guy, devilishly handsome, with a sharp sense of humor, the type of guy who was so smart and knowledgeable he could talk to people and relate to people about any topic. He could charm anybody. And when Heather fell back to the bed and looked forward and saw him naked, with his fit muscles, his tan frame, and his beefy ten-inch cock, Heather knew he

was a catch any girl would be lucky to have. She knew he was a steal, a man who could have any girl he put his mind to. But he chose her. That is why she knew their love was real.

Derek joined his wife on the bed, lovingly pulling down her thin panties, moist with her desire, revealing her trimmed pussy. Derek kissed his way up his wife's legs, starting at her calves and causing her to shiver. He dragged his lips along her smooth flesh, raising goose bumps on her sensitive flesh.

"Please don't tease me!" Heather gasped out, scratching her nails lightly in his scalp. Derek brought his wet tongue to her dripping honey pot, gathering her juices in his mouth.

"UHHHH, you are so good at this." she gasped as Derek lovingly licked and dug his firm tongue into her wetness. Derek kept busy at her vagina for a good ten minutes, working his wife up good. He knew she had been worked up after a few months without sex, but he knew that the tease was better, bringing her close but never taking her over the edge. He circled her clit, gently teasing it, sifting

through the hair on her vagina lovingly. He licked upwards lovingly, lifting her camisole so he got his tongue on her bare skin, her smooth belly button, her ticklish flesh, then her swollen nipples.

"Oh God!" Heather moaned, clutching her husband to her sensitive nipples. Derek licked up the gentle slope of her small breast before continuing onward, up her taut neck, along her prominent jaw-line and into her open mouth.

Derek and Heather's tongues dueled energetically, eagerly, desperate to move this encounter to the next level. Heather ran her hands down his spine. With one hand she clutched his firm ass-cheek in her palm. With the other hand, she took the base of his beefy, throbbing cock and stroked it lightly.

"Please." Heather begged, eager for her husband to give her the pleasure she craved. He nodded as she guided his dick into position. Meeting his wife's eyes, looking into the eyes of his soul-mate, he began to push.

"Uh!" Heather groaned out. Due to the sizable meat between his legs, he couldn't give her the full in-an-out strokes his cock wanted. He could only get about four inches deep before she always stopped him. So he knew her limits, and he never pushed them. He just viewed her as so petite and delicate. He never wanted to hurt her, even the slight pain she commonly felt during their loving embrace made him feel guilty.

Heather's vagina had already been affected by his immense size, no longer quite as snug as it used to be. It still felt great to Derek. He had no complaints.

Heather clutched her husband's ass as he jabbed her with short, quick strokes.

"Oh, honey. It feels so good. You're so big!" Heather moaned out.

"So good." Derek groaned out. Even though he wasn't getting the full experience of having his dick completely smothered in warm pussy, he was so worked up from months without sex that anything was good. And besides,

he was so inexperienced that he didn't know this is what he was not supposed to expect. He didn't know that there were pussies out there built to pleasure enormous dick. Cunt that was dug deep, built to smother a huge dick with tight, warm snugness. To pleasure a giant cock from all over, bringing every square inch of cock immeasurable pleasure. To drive a man's dick crazy with delight, making him lose himself in the moment. So crazy that he stops thinking about controlling his strokes so he doesn't hurt his dainty wife. Where all he could think about is how fucking good that warm... hot... tight cunt feels, and how he wants to fuck that tight hole as hard as possible and fill it with cum. And then fuck it again. And again. And again. Over and over. Just keep fucking, get lost in the pleasure, and render other concerns meaningless.

So Derek kept giving his wife these small strokes and that was enough to give his wife pleasure. That was all it took. She wasn't some whore who needed a full-on, knob-to-root dicking, getting her brains pounded out until she has a series of screaming orgasms. She wasn't a connoisseur of sex who required the best sex she could get, sex in each one of her holes on a nightly basis. She didn't ask for the biggest,

hardest and fattest dicks she could get her hands on. No, Heather was easy to pleasure.

"Keep going, baby. Keep going, sweetie." Heather said lovingly. Derek and Heather were so worked up that neither was going to last long.

"Uh, I'm close." Derek grunted.

"Oh, me too!" Heather gasped. Derek's strokes sped up as he began to lose control.

"Uh, Heather, where should I... you know...?" Derek stammered.

"It's okay. I'm on birth control." Heather assured. Derek nodded. Derek felt himself turning the corner, and he began to let loose.

"Ah, here it comes." Derek grunted out.

"I'm cumming." Heather squealed, her skin covered in sweat, her remaining lacy lingerie clinging to her flesh.

"AHHH!" Derek grunted. His balls tightened and his dick exploded, shooting streams of warm and creamy cum deep into the petite vagina of his new bride. It clutched at his dick as she came right alongside him, seemingly perfectly matched.

They spent a few minutes riding out their orgasms before Derek rolled off his wife, his hunger for sex quenched. Heather gasped hard, trying to regain her strength.

"That was amazing!" Heather gasped.

"Yeah." Derek said. Heather curled up next to him, putting her head on her husband's chest.

"Today could not have been more perfect." Heather said, her smile bright, her cheeks glowing. She was happy. Truly happy. Fully fulfilled. She had heard the whispers that she wasn't like the other Cline women. But she was the one that

was now happily married, to this hunk of a man, while so many others, like Jackie, and Jocelyn, and Helena, were all single. They may have lived busy lives, but they had never had the fulfillment Heather felt now. Heather drifted to sleep, happier than she had ever been.

Derek's thoughts wandered too. Tonight had been amazing. Everything he hoped it could be. Through all the chaos of time and space, fate had conspired to give him perfection. His dreams had come true. And as he drifted to sleep all he could think about were all the things that could have squashed this dream, crushed it and ruined it. But time had been kind. All the right choices were made. But if a single choice was made differently, maybe all these great things would never have happened.

As Derek drifted off, he had to wonder if there was some universe out there where those different choices were made. According to all of his work and theories, there had to be. There were universes where this night had not gone so perfectly. But every choice felt so right. So perfect.

How could they have turned out any other way?

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(Timeline B: Just One Drink)

"Life is full of choices. Each choice can decide the rest of your life. Life can go in infinite directions. Different permutations, different outcomes. You can literally end up anywhere in life... with anyone. But I honestly feel, from the bottom of my heart, that in each and every one of these different outcomes, different destinies, I would have ended up with you."

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"I guess one drink won't hurt." Heather said, taking the advice of her relatives. Jocelyn signaled the waiter and ordered a round of drinks. All of her relatives seemed happy at Heather loosening up, which made Heather happy.

Derek wasn't crazy about this, but Heather was an adult and she could handle herself. Maybe she had changed. Maybe she could handle her booze better than she used to.

(Two Hours Later)

"I looooooovvvveee yooooouuuuuu!" Heather slurred as she clutched to her husband's shoulders. Clearly, she was still unable to handle her liquor as she had gotten completely trashed. She had gotten too loosened up and she was now working the room more like a party hostess than as a new bride. She was chatting people up, people she barely knew. She was dancing with all sorts of people, leaving Derek unaccompanied. Which forced him to chat with Heather's relatives, and listen as they gently chided Heather.

"She's not usually like this." Jackie said.

"I thought she could control herself." Jocelyn said disappointingly.

Derek didn't say much, since he was too uncomfortable with them to chit-chat. He just got a bad vibe from them. But with Heather being sloshed, it was left to them to take over Heather's duties. A good wife shouldn't leave her husband unattended at their wedding reception. It was their duty to dance with Derek, right? If Heather only gave him one, cursory dance at the beginning of the reception, it was up to them to keep him entertained for the rest of the reception. They didn't want any enterprising woman to swoop in and steal him away. Derek was meant to be with a Cline woman. Only a Cline woman would be fucking him tonight.

The Cline women kept his attention only on them. To make sure his eyes didn't wander too far. They hogged him in conversation, and on the dance floor. There were many beautiful women at the wedding, women eager to swoop in and steal his attention. But they had to sit back and watch three women hog his attention. They were forced to watch as Jackie Cline danced energetically with him, moving around with the fast paced music. Jackie danced a bit inappropriately with him considering the fact he was married to her sister. She danced close, too close, her body too close to his. Her large breasts pressed a little too firmly

against his chest, her cunt a little too close to his prick. And some of the moves she did were downright nasty. The kind you would see in a music video. She was popping her hips, shaking her booty, shaking her breasts. Derek acted like it was a joke, and Jackie played along, but she knew she was deadly serious. She left him on the dance floor confused at her dancing, and uncomfortably turned on.

Jocelyn swooped in when she could. She also got a little too close for comfort, touching him too intimately considering they had known each other for only a few hours. She was happy to rub her hands on him, on his strong shoulders, his solid arms, his firm thighs. All this touching made him very uncomfortable. And by rule, he had to dance with his wife's mother on the dance floor. A slow and intimate number. They had to dance close. She had to press her chest firmly into him. She had to make sure his hands were on her hips. She had to make sure her nails scratched his scalp lovingly. She had to keep her face close to his. She had to move her lips near his, giving him that weird feeling that she wanted a kiss. She controlled the pace of the dance. She led the dance. She exerted control over Derek in these moments. She hoped it would not be the last time she exerted some... control... on him. Cause he would look so good on his knees,

bowing to her superior will. And once again, Derek found himself with an unwanted erection.

Helena was a blessing. Every time either Jackie or Jocelyn got a bit too close for comfort, Helena would appear from out of nowhere, forcing Jocelyn and Jackie to behave. It was as if she were keeping a watchful eye on the two other Cline women. Jackie and Jocelyn were unrelenting, trying to hog his attention, so Helena was kept busy shooing them away.

Derek ended up hanging close to Helena. Once things were smoothed over, Derek felt obligated to dance with Helena, not that he wouldn't have otherwise. He was just... intimidated by her. She just seemed so imposing. He wasn't scared to be close, like he was with Jocelyn. She was just so... impressive. She was so worldly, so experienced. She was such a classy, elegant older woman that it felt strange for him to dance with her, as if he were on her level. He was just some 20 year old science wiz. She was a worldly older woman. That was an imposing thing for a guy like him. She just seemed like she was on a different level than him. Her classiness and elegance just made him feel like he didn't belong anywhere near her. Plus, she had these really big tits, and it was hard to literally get close to her while dancing

without feeling that supple, mature flesh press against his firm chest. So when Helena forced herself close to him during their dance and she forced her huge tits to squash into his chest, which forced his eyes downward into the deep, dark cavern of his wife's grandmother's expansive, impressive cleavage, it added to his uncomfortable erection.

Without him realizing it, she was quietly hogging his attention. Although she was not quite as forceful as the other two, she was subtle enough to interject herself without looking like she was doing so. She would tell incredible stories, tales of her many adventures traversing the world, hob-nobbing with her famous friends, interesting enough to hold Derek's attention. Derek was pretty famous within the science world, and even a few of Helena's famous friends knew who he was. Actors. Royalty. And then there was one of her friends, some fashion magazine mogul, who had noticed Derek's keen intellect and handsome looks and thought he might be the perfect representative as both a male model for upcoming male fashions, as well as someone to show that just because he was a 'science nerd' didn't mean he still couldn't look good. Derek was flattered by this, and nervously said he probably

wouldn't be interested, but Helena smiled and let him know they would be in contact. Derek was eager to change the subject.

"So, uh, Jackie and Jocelyn are a bit, uh...." Derek said nervously.

"Those two can be a bit much." Helena finished. Derek laughed, relieved that he wasn't alone in that thought. "Heather asked me to keep an eye on them. Those two tend to... dominate... if you let them."

"Well, I hope that doesn't run too deep in the family." Derek said with a smile.

"Well, most Cline women have a lot of things in common." Helena said, unconsciously pushing her very large breasts outward as they danced. "But Heather, she's different. She's a sweet girl."

"Where, uh, where do you fit in?" Derek asked.

"You'll have to find out." she teased gently, enjoying this light flirting with the young man. Derek looked a bit confused, but he just smiled and replied.

"Well, I appreciate the help."

"I think my dear granddaughter might need your help now." Helena indicated. Derek turned around to look for Heather.

Derek saw his increasingly drunk wife and felt obligated to work over the room and smooth things over. Helena offered to do that instead. Derek appreciated the generosity, even if he didn't know the real reason why she did it. It was because she loved her granddaughter, Heather. She didn't want her to embarrass herself and ruin her own wedding. And also, she knew most Cline women didn't have the same boundaries as she did. There were so many gorgeous women here, Cline women as well as female friends and women Helena didn't even know. And they were all so eager to sink their claws in Derek that Helena knew it was her responsibility to push them away.

Derek knew he had to get away from these women because if they kept affecting him like this, they would surely notice and that would be beyond awkward. So Derek knew he had to leave and get Heather out of there with him.

He tried to break away from Helena, but she was a hard woman to escape from. It was as if she knew he was trying to break away and kept finding ways to stop him, either by extending their conversation, or introducing the new member of her family to friends of hers that were attending the wedding as a favor to her. Famous people, not like celebrities or anything but people that were notable in certain circles.

Derek tried to step away to attend to his wife when he heard Helena call out in surprise. He turned to see what grabbed her attention, and he felt her grab his wrist and pull him along, away from his wife. Before he knew it he was in front of a woman he didn't recognize.

"Derek, honey, this is Audrey Clarke, an editor for 'Style' magazine and one of its subsidiaries out of Europe. I mentioned her to you before. She is basically the second

most powerful woman in the fashion industry, just behind her boss, Nina Baxter, who, by the way, is my close personal friend. Audrey here is an absolute sweetheart, and she wanted to talk to you about possibly modeling." Helena said.

Derek glanced at the woman in front of him. She was an auburn haired-woman, her hair perfectly styled, going down well past her shoulders. Her face was strikingly pretty. She looked like a model. Her skin was a lovely shade of pale, almost porcelain. Her green eyes looked sharp and confident. Her eyebrows were impeccably plucked and styled, and her make-up was perfectly understated, allowing her beautiful features to shine through. Her lips were plump and full, the glossy pink lips showing a confident smile. Her dress looked expensive, a slinky black number, supported by two thin straps and hugging her impressive body.

Working in the fashion industry, it was her job to look good. And she lived up to that. She was fit as a fiddle, by no means a hard-body, but she had a body that illustrated that she took good care of herself. Her belly was flat and her arms and legs were firm. The dress clung to her voluptuous form,

hugging her flat belly, smoothly pouring over her prominent hips, and molding to her spectacular heart-shaped ass. And most importantly, her dress clung to Audrey's impressive rack.

Audrey was a woman who understood style like few others could. Style wasn't just about the clothing. It was about the woman in the clothes. It's how the clothing was filled out. It's about showing off the female form. Audrey knew style wasn't about emaciated stick-figures with clothes hugging their flat bodies. Style was the way clothing hugged a pair of giant breasts, like her perky, firm, soft DD's. Style was about how much cavernous cleavage could be shown off by a fashionable top. Style was about how much a pair of hard nipples could be seen under a tight top. Style was the way the material clung to a round, lively ass. Style was the way a dress swished and swirled, showing off a pair of creamy thighs, teasing the delights just above and beyond them. Style was a pair of high heels, tall and expensive, like the ones Audrey was wearing, and the way they made the muscles in woman's leg looked taut, firm, and sexy. Style was the way a pair of high heels made a woman's butt really catch your attention.

Audrey was clearly a very stylish woman.

"Hello, Derek. So nice to finally meet you." Audrey said, her English accent shining through. Derek had spent quite a bit of time in England, so he could easily tell which region of the country she was from. He smiled at her, but he couldn't help but look past her and notice his wife in conversation with a couple of wedding guests, to the point where they looked a bit uncomfortable. Derek was about to speak up when Helena interrupted.

"Now treat her nice, Derek. She's practically family." Helena said, causing both women to laugh.

"Hi." Derek said, clearly distracted. "Listen, no offense, but we'll have to talk another time. I think I need to grab my wife."

Derek went to move past her when she stepped in front of him.

"Okay." she said, tossing her hair back, showing off her firm neck. "Well, at least take my card. Cause we are very interested in you." Audrey said, removing a card from her handbag and handing it to him.

"Uh, yeah, thanks." Derek said, taking the card.

"Call me." Audrey said, holding eye contact with her stunning eyes. Derek pulled away and walked past the fashion icon. Audrey watched the new husband walk away, eying his fantastic rear as he did.

Derek approached his wife and the couple. Making apologies, he scooped up his wife who was clearly making the couple uncomfortable by trying to dominate their conversation, so Derek had to rescue his wife from embarrassing herself.

As soon as he pulled her away, Jackie appeared next to them.

"Sorry about Heather, Derek." Jackie said.

"Oh, it's, uh, okay." Derek said.

"Let me help you out. A man shouldn't have to carry his drunk bride to the wedding suite." Jackie said, rubbing his shoulder.

"No, it's okay. I got it." Derek said smiling.

"You sure?" Jackie said, styled eyebrows raised, seemingly hinting at something that he was not understanding. Derek thought it over. Jackie had made him uncomfortable all night. Sure, she had been nice, but she seemed very... flirty. Maybe that was just the way she was, but still, Derek was a bit freaked out by her. It might be best to stay away from her. However she was Heather's sister. She wouldn't do anything to ruin her little sister's big night and make him feel uncomfortable. Right?

"Yeah. I got it." Derek said with a smile. Jackie smiled, seemingly disappointed. But she let him pass.

Seconds after he passed Jackie, Derek heard the band stop and heard some conversation begin on stage. He kept focused on leaving, but he heard the tone of the band change, and he stopped when he heard a female voice on the microphone.

"Oh baby, be mine! Oh honey, take my... body and say, you'll always be mine."

Derek turned to look, only to see his mother-in-law on the stage. She stood in front of the microphone, as if she belonged there, belonged on stage. Derek stopped walking and watched his mother-in-law at work.

"My flesh against yours... is all that I crave."

Derek's eyes were enraptured by his wife's mother singing. Her voice was smooth, silky and sexy. Derek recognized the song she was singing, it was "Be Mine" by Yvonne, but it had never sounded so sensual as it did when Jocelyn sang it.

"Skin against skin... sweat mixing with sweat."

Her voice was impressive, full and mighty. It took over the room as she sang. It commanded attention.

"My body and yours... nothing between."

Jocelyn's large breasts heaved outward as she belted the sexually-charged song, her hard nipples showing through her dress.

"Your love isn't here... it's just you and me."

The song was a controversial one, as it seemed to endorse unprotected cheating. It was a very inappropriate song to sing at a wedding reception.

"Your hands on my flesh... the best you have felt."

Jocelyn's smooth, sensual voice was singing a siren's song, and Derek was unconsciously moving towards the stage.

"You abandon your life... I'm all that you want."

Jocelyn's cold, striking eyes met his, drawing him forward.

"You lose all control... in pleasure with me."

Derek wasn't alone. The crowd was enraptured.

"Oh baby, be mine! Oh honey, take my... body and say, you'll always be MIIIIIIINNNNNNNNEEEEEE!"

She boomed out the last part of the song, and as she finished with a flourish, causing a raucous applause to fill the reception hall. She stepped down from the stage like an experienced songstress. She approached the frozen Derek.

"What'd you think?" she asked firmly, looking at him.

"That was good, really good." Derek stammered as she held his gaze.

"I'm sorry my dear daughter made a fool of herself. I thought she had better control than this." Jocelyn replied.

"Well, I'm sure she'll regret it in the morning." Derek replied, fearing the fierce hangover and shame she would feel when she emerged from her drunken stupor.

"Well, I can't believe Jackie didn't offer to help with Heather here." Jocelyn said, disappointed.

"Oh, she did. I told her it was okay." Derek said.

"Well, how about I help you two get up to your room, and I'll sing you another song... in private." Jocelyn offered.

"Oh, uh, it's okay." Derek replied.

"Well, I am her mother, and I insist on helping out." Jocelyn said firmly, aggressively moving toward them to take Heather's arm over her shoulder.

"No, uh, Jocelyn, I've got it really." Derek said, smiling nicely.

"Derek, I know you're a nice young man, but it is my responsibility as her mother to take over for her since she showed such little restraint and got herself trashed. So budge over, let me help, let me take over." Jocelyn said.

Derek felt strange defying Jocelyn. He didn't want their relationship to begin with her being pissed at him, and she looked like the type not to be defied. But Derek was Heather's husband. She was his responsibility, now. She wasn't Jocelyn's to mother anymore. Except... Derek didn't want to anger Jocelyn.

What would he do?

"No, it's okay Jocelyn. I've got it." Derek insisted. For a second, Derek saw a look of pure fury on her face. This look startled him for a second. But then her look softened and she smiled.

"Of course." Jocelyn said, allowing Derek to get by. She stared daggers into the young man. He would pay for that.

Derek moved onward, nearing the exit, only to run into one more Cline woman. Helena.

"I'm sorry for my girls. All of them. I'm sorry Heather got drunk. And I'm sorry about Jocelyn and Jackie. I can't believe Jocelyn found an excuse to sing again. She always does that. Both of them can be a bit... forceful." Helena said, rolling her eyes in annoyance at the other Cline women.

"Oh. It's okay." Derek said, laughing a bit, relieved to have someone that understood what he was going through.

"Now, I know you're being nice, a good husband, but if you do need some help with her, I would be happy to do so." Helena said.

Helena had been extremely helpful, so Derek would feel really bad if he turned her down. But he had to show her he could be a good husband and shoulder the responsibility for Heather. Then again, could he turn down someone who had been so helpful?

"Don't worry, Helena. I can handle it." Derek said.

"Oh, you're a strong boy. I bet you can." Helena complimented, causing Derek to smile. She stepped aside and let him pass.

Derek finally escaped the banquet room, Heather on his arm.

"I looooooooveeeeee yooouuuuuu." Heather said again.

"I know, honey. I love you too." Derek replied. As they walked past the front desk, the hotel hostess walked from behind the desk and approached the happy couple.

"Hi, guys, I'm Kaitlyn, I'm your hostess." she said.

"Oh, hi. I'm Derek. This is Heather." Derek said.

"I talked to Jocelyn, Heather's mom, and she got the room all taken care of for you guys. If you want to follow me, I will take you right there." Kaitlyn said.

"Oh. Thanks." Derek said. Kaitlyn made idle chit-chat about their wedding day while she led them to the elevator. Derek studied her as they chatted.

She appeared to be about ten years older than the couple, and she was very attractive. She was a pretty brunette, dressed smartly in a suit-jacket and a knee length skirt. Being forced to look away from his drunk wife, he had to take Kaitlyn in beyond a cursory glance. Even though her veneer and attitude was nothing but professional, she was

truly a stunner, and it appeared that she had a very voluptuous body underneath her professional clothing.

Derek shook his head and stopped gawking at the pretty hotel clerk. He was NOT that type of guy.

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Helena watched the young hotel clerk lead his granddaughter and her new husband away. Helena was suspicious of the young woman, but she couldn't be that paranoid. Sure, Cline women had no limits, but most women did.

Helena noticed an annoyed looking Audrey approaching.

"Have a good time?" Helena asked the young redhead.

"I suspect you feel the same way I do." Audrey said tersely.

"What do you mean?" Helena asked.

"Cut that bullshit, Helena. You know why I was here. For the same reason you're here." Audrey replied. Helena looked at her, a bit surprised. "Don't be surprised, Helena. I know who you are. I know what you've done. I know what depths of depravity you are capable of."

Helena was a bit shocked by this, but she shouldn't have been surprised. She had worked very hard to evolve beyond the woman she used to be, but some did know about her past. About how she had gained her fortune. So it was a bit shocking to hear this young woman calling her out. But then again, knowing her boss, she shouldn't have been surprised.

"I didn't think she would have gotten to you." Helena began. "I didn't think she would put you in the middle of our little... disagreement." Helena and Audrey's relationship had always been professional. Audrey had typically been an intermediary between Helena and Nina. She didn't know Audrey was involved in any way.

"My boss keeps a keen eye on your little adventures." Audrey began. "She knows what you get up to in all your mansions. She knows you've had half of the young studs in Italy between the sheets. So don't pretend that I don't know what you're thinking."

"I'm not that woman anymore." Helena remarked. "Just because my body craves pleasure doesn't mean I'm willing to cross that line."

"But your slut daughter is! I saw her up on stage, singing like a skank. What a desperate fucking whore! And Jackie, that little slut, she's been all over him too. And I saw you dancing with him. Admit the truth. You want his dick as badly as I do." Audrey taunted.

"Like I said... I am not that woman anymore!" Helena replied firmly.

"Wait till Nina hears about this, about how her rival has lost a step. I'm sure bringing this juicy bit of information to her will get me another mansion." Audrey remarked.

Helena Cline had invited Audrey to the reception as a favor to her dear, dear friend, Nina Baxter. You know, the world famous fashion designer. That Nina Baxter. Helena and her had been very close, albeit they acted more like quarreling siblings most of the time. Helena looked at Nina as what she would have been had she gone through life never evolving from being the evil slut she used to be. Helena had been kept keenly aware of Nina's exploits, and although Helena looked down at her for what she had done, Helena knew if she was transplanted into Nina's place, if she was the woman Nina was, a woman not evolved beyond being a filthy whore, she would have taken her sexual conquests far further than Nina had the guts to take it.

Theirs was a battle of wills. For Helena, she had tried to prove Nina was not the queen slut she thought she was. Sure, she was good, but not that good. So Helena would take some fine young men she had met, met but never fucked, and she would send them Nina's way. One by one, these men, no matter how good, how nice and thoughtful, would fall to Nina's charms. This culminated when Nina hired one of Helena's relatives, one of her great-nieces, Abby. It was a complete coincidence that Abby had applied to work with

Nina, but Nina had figured out her connection to Helena quickly. Helena toyed with Abby, made her feel so secure, and Abby had worked her tail off. Then, Nina proceeded to destroy her and steal her husband. Helena didn't even know about Abby working with Nina until it was too late, when Nina lorded this fact over her after she had stolen the young woman's husband.

For Nina, she knew who Helena was and what she had done. Nina had tried tempting her dear friend into falling back into her old ways. She had sent many rich men her way, trying to see if Helena would become the evil slut she used to be. But Helena had held strong and resisted. She did not do to them what she had done to many rich men before. Nina would not beat her in that way. But Nina had apparently tried a new tact, sending her best soldier, Audrey Clarke, to the wedding, about a supposed modeling gig. It had become clear Audrey was out to steal Derek for herself, an attempt by Nina no doubt to again interject upon Helena's family. Helena been running interference all night, keeping all the sluts after Derek at bay, and she had unknowingly kept Audrey from her prize. Now, Audrey was calling out Helena for her true intentions. Helena simply smiled, pulled Audrey close, and whispered to her:

"Tell your boss it's time for her to move on. It's time for her to realize she's an old slut whose best days are behind her. Tell her that she can be defeated. Tell her it's time for her to give up her empire. Tell her it's time to move on."

Helena gave her a quick peck on the cheek and pulled away. Audrey looked back at her and her lips curled into a quick smile.

"Do you think she sent me here?" Audrey said in her posh accent. "Do you think the old bird does the work I do? No, she's too busy with her new boy toy. She doesn't know about Derek. She's lost her touch. The old her, the one that I idolized, she would be here herself. She would already have his dick up her ass. She's lost a step. She's gone soft. You should have seen the way she treated Abby, your little relative, your great-niece or whatever. She was treating her like a daughter. I swear Nina idolized her for a second. She wished she could be the sweet, young, bright hopeful girl. She eventually straightened up and stole the little idiot's man, but I saw that weakness in her. I don't idolize her

anymore. I plan to surpass her. To steal her empire. I don't have the softness that she does."

Helena appraised the vivacious British slut, a bit taken aback.

"You have potential, dear." Helena said with a slight smirk, "But tonight's not your night."

Audrey looked up at the older woman, appraising her, and replied.

"We'll see."

Helena smiled as she watched Audrey leave the reception hall. Helena got the feeling she hadn't seen the last of her.

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They left the elevator as Kaitlyn led the way.

"I talked to your mother, Heather, and we were happy to get all your bags loaded into the room. The room has a king-sized bed, a Jacuzzi, a 55-inch flat screen TV, a fully stocked bar with wine and beer, a fully stocked fridge, and a balcony overlooking the city. All expenses are paid for. I think that's the end of my spiel." Kaitlyn said, flashing a bright smile at the happy couple.

"Thanks." Derek said.

"And... I've seen a lot of couples go in here, but you guys might just be the cutest." Kaitlyn said.

"Yourshh very prrrettty." Heather slurred.

"Aw, thanks." Kaitlyn said. She approached Derek and whispered in his ear.

"Don't worry. It happens all the time." she said. Derek smiled.

"You guys have a good night." Kaitlyn said, opening the door and handing the key to Derek. She held the door open, allowing the couple to enter. She smiled at Heather, and spoke to Derek.

"If you need anything, anything at all, here is my card. Call me at anytime. I work all night!" Kaitlyn said and gave Derek a wink. Derek just smiled at her as they entered and Kaitlyn shut the door, leaving the happy couple alone at last.

"What a night!" Derek said.

"I feel sick." Heather said. Unhappy, Derek watched as Heather rushed to the bathroom.

Needless to say, Derek's wedding night did not go as planned. Watching his new wife get sick, holding her hair, was not what he had in mind. He took off her wedding dress so she didn't get it dirty, and he was wowed when he saw his wife in her lingerie. But unfortunately, the lingerie went to waste, as she passed out asleep before they could consummate their marriage.

So Derek tried to fall asleep next to his unconscious wife, but his throbbing dick prevented him from calming down. All the sexual energy was building to this night, and he didn't know if he could wait another day. He might have to sneak to the bathroom and jack off so he could get some sleep, but that felt so... wrong. Jacking off on his wedding night was not the way he wanted to begin married life. Derek vowed to hold off, till his wife was ready, so their marriage could be something special.

But that didn't help him now, as he needed help calming down so he could fall asleep. He went to the mini bar to grab a drink, but it felt strange being stuck with his passed out wife and drinking. He needed to get away. He was definitely disappointed that she spoiled what should have been a perfect night. It didn't make him regret marrying her or anything like that. He was just annoyed that she couldn't control herself.

Derek got cleaned up and slipped out of the room. He didn't know where he was going and as he made his way to the ground floor he knew he had to decide.

He could go to the hotel bar. Have a few drinks. Maybe someone he knew from the wedding was there, and he could have someone to unload to. Or he could go out, out of the hotel and into town. And who knew what would happen?

As the door opened and he emerged into the lobby, Derek had to choose. But his mind was quickly made up.

Derek made his way towards the entrance, wanting to get away. He didn't want to run into any Cline women, and hear them chiding Heather's behavior. He just needed to escape this vortex, so he made his way towards the front.

Derek had his eyes forward, focused on the doorway, his attention pulled away finally at the clicking of high-heels approaching him.

"Mr. Daniels, you going somewhere?" a voice said from the side. Derek looked up to see the hotel hostess walking towards him.

"Uh, yeah, uh, it's Kaitlyn, right?" Derek asked.

"Yes, that's right. Now, I wouldn't be doing my job if I just let you leave our wonderful hotel without experiencing everything it has to offer." Kaitlyn said perkily.

"Oh, that's fine. I thought I would sneak away and find a bar somewhere. Get a drink." Derek said with a sheepish smile.

"We have a fine bar here." Kaitlyn suggested, flashing her brilliant white teeth.

"Well, I'd rather go somewhere where no one will recognize me." Derek said quietly.

"I see. Don't want your family to wonder why you're not spending your night in your honeymoon suite." Kaitlyn said knowingly.

"Uh, yeah, something like that." Derek said, embarrassed that she knew the truth, that he didn't want to spend his night next to his black-out drunk wife.

"I tell you what. I know just the thing." Kaitlyn said, holding out her finger. "If you just follow me, I'll show you." she added, beginning to walk towards the elevators. Derek felt compelled to follow.

"Where are we going?" Derek asked as the hostess pressed the button on the elevator. As the doors opened and they entered, she began to explain.

"Some people think the honeymoon suite is our top suite, but it's not." Kaitlyn started, selecting a floor. "We have an executive suite. It's on the top floor. It's gigantic, it has a view of the entire city, and it's pretty much the shit." she joked as the elevator lurched to life, going upward. "Fortunately, during this season, the executive suite isn't quite as busy as it tends to be, and since I practically run this joint and I work all the time, nobody minds if I put it to good use."

"So we're going to your suite?" Derek asked skeptically.

"Don't worry!" Kaitlyn said, holding up her hands and laughing, assuaging his skepticism. "I'm a professional. It's like I said before, you're not the first newly married man whose wife had a bit too much to drink at the reception. You're not the first man who's gone out into the city for 'just one drink'. Trust me, nothing good comes out of that. I know it. So believe me when I say that having a few drinks in a private relaxed setting, right here in the hotel, not far from your room and away from prying eyes, is what you need right now."

"Well, uh, I guess that sounds alright." Derek said nervously.

"That's good, cause I know how to mix up a drink perfect for this situation." Kaitlyn teased. The elevator doors parted, and Derek nervously followed.

"How long have you known your wife?" Kaitlyn asked, looking over her shoulder at him.

"Uh, about a year now." Derek said, being bad at small-talk in general with strangers, especially with beautiful women.

Even though he was a new husband, he still wasn't great around the opposite sex. He got a bit tongue tied around beautiful women, confident beautiful women. Despite his newly married status, he had to admit Kaitlyn fit that bill. She was a stunner, with perfectly styled straight brown hair, and a deep tan. She seemed professional but charismatic, someone perfectly cut out for her job. Her personality was infectious, pulling you in, letting her sell to you whatever she was offering. She'd make some guy a lucky husband someday.

Derek was a good guy, so he noticed the positive aspects of her character. He didn't notice the positive aspects of her body, or at least he acted like he didn't. He didn't notice her enormous breasts, packed snugly under her professional jacket. He didn't notice her bouncy, robust ass hidden underneath her thin skirt. He didn't notice her full, pouty lips, or her smoky bedroom eyes. He didn't notice her lack of a bra, not noticing the way her tits bounced. He didn't notice the slight whale-tail peeking out from under her thin skirt. He didn't realize she was a thong-type of girl.

Especially on busy days like this one. Especially when her hotel was hosting a wedding reception. And hosting a freshly-married couple in the honeymoon suite. Those freshly married studs in their wedding duds. Those were the days she wore her thinnest, tightest, sexiest thongs, in hopes of catching a wandering eye. Maybe from a man feeling the pangs of buyer's remorse, immediately regretting getting married. Maybe feeling a bit in over their heads now that married life was a reality. They would glance at her and think about all the hot-ass out there they were losing out on. And when their wives no doubt failed to satisfy their urges, they would sneak out of their room, maybe out to the city. But they would never make it. They would always seem to get intercepted by an intrepid young hotel hostess, who would guide them elsewhere.

Derek was too good a guy to think he was getting deceived, that in reality, on his wedding night, he was going to another woman's room. A woman he did not know. A woman who might not be as innocent and professional as she may appear.

They approached a pair of large double-doors, and Derek watched as Kaitlyn removed a card from her breast pocket and unlocked them. Kaitlyn pushed upon the double-doors and the married man followed.

"Wow." Derek said, taking in his surroundings. It was a massive room, less of a hotel room and more of an elite apartment. It was expansive, very wide open, with marble floors and expensive looking furniture. Art lined the walls, nothing famous or anything like that, but stuff that looked nice and one-of-a-kind. There was a full kitchen, what appeared to be multiple bedrooms, a fully stocked bar, and a balcony overlooking the city.

"Who can afford this place?" Derek asked.

"Executives on business trips, and the occasional celebrity. Yvonne stayed here during her comeback tour about a month ago." Kaitlyn said.

"Oh yeah?" Derek asked, impressed that a celebrity as famous as Yvonne would stay here.

"I hear you're pretty famous yourself." Kaitlyn asked.

"Yeah, kinda. In the science field, I guess I'm pretty well known." Derek said humbly.

"You don't look like a science nerd to me." Kaitlyn joked, causing Derek to laugh lightly as he was used to hearing that. "So... what kind of science stuff do you do?"

"I do a lot of theoretical stuff. Mainly string theory." Derek said.

"What's that?" Kaitlyn asked.

"Uh, well, it's the theory that time and space is composed of bundles of strings, where every action along the string, or along time, affects the rest of the flow of time. The theory also implies the existence of multiple dimensions, where all of us exist, but where our lives played out differently, where the choices we made were the opposite of the ones we did make." Derek tried to explain as simply as he could. Kaitlyn

listened intently, but judging by her smile and wide eyes he could tell she didn't quite get it.

"You don't understand, do you?" Derek asked.

"No." Kaitlyn said with a giggle, flashing her teeth in a bright smile. "It's a bit over my head."

"That's okay. It's... kind of a hard thing to wrap your mind around. I'm one of the weird ones for actually understanding it." Derek joked.

"Okay..." Kaitlyn began, changing the subject, "You should relax a bit. Check out the balcony. Take in the city. Clear your head of all your worries."

"Uh, okay, I guess." Derek said, taking her advice, beginning to walk towards the balcony.

"Good, you relax, and I'll cook you up a special drink that I came up with, perfect for times like this. I call it the 'Groom's Wedding Night'." Kaitlyn said with a laugh.

"Oh, uh, okay." Derek stammered, walking towards the balcony. He stepped out into the crisp night air. The city was impressive, the tall buildings, the lights, a town full of life. And the night air did clear his head out, helping him look past how disappointed he was in his wife for spoiling their wedding night by getting loaded.

Kaitlyn watched him from the bar as she cooked up her drink, going over the tried and true recipe in her mind. A gulp of this for flavor. A splash of that to make the drink go down smooth. A lot of this to make sure that this drink packed a huge punch. And a smidge of that to hide the massive amounts of alcohol in this little drink. And finally, the last ingredient, the ingredient that made this the perfect drink for a man on his wedding night. Kaitlyn removed a few pills from the pill bottle, crushed them up, and sprinkled them in the drink, making sure Derek had a full dose. Making sure Derek would feel the full effects of the pills. Making sure that Derek's dick would be rock fucking

hard all night long. Kaitlyn cooked up a drink for herself, and met up with the married man on the balcony.

"Here you go." Kaitlyn said, handing Derek the drink.

"Uh, thanks. You're right it is nice out here." Derek said.

"I know, right? Why do you think I try to stay here as often as I can?" Kaitlyn joked.

"What's in this?" Derek asked.

"A little of this. A little of that." Kaitlyn said coyly.

"I usually don't go for mixed drinks." Derek said.

"Well, it's my own special concoction. Trust me. It's tasty." Kaitlyn said. She watched as Derek brought the drink to his lips and took a sip.

"Ohhhh." Derek said as the drink went down. "A bit strong." Derek croaked out.

"Well, I should warn you. This sucker packs a bit of a punch. If you need to get off your feet, just let me know." Kaitlyn warned.

"Uh, I think I'll be alright." Derek assured, taking another sip. But he had to admit, he was already feeling the effects of the drink. His head was already a bit fuzzy, and his throat was getting dry. But it was compelling him to keep drinking. As he did, the sounds of the city faded away, as did the sights soon after. Soon, he could barely see in front of himself. By the time he emptied his glass, he was practically numb to the world. The only think he felt was the soothing hand on his back, guiding him inside.

It was a strange thing for a man so interested in time to be so numb to it. So numb to the passing of time. To lose all sense of time and space. But the sensation of losing control, losing himself, forgetting all the things that clouded his mind, was oddly thrilling to the regimented young man.

Five nanonseconds. Five seconds. Five minutes. Five hours. Derek was so numb to the world that he honestly couldn't tell the difference. He lost all sense of time. All sense of space. All control of his thoughts. All control of himself. Derek was out.

It was about five hours before Derek's mind began to emerge from the fog. His mind was blurry, as were his eyes. His sense of self began to return. His eyes attempted to blink away the fog, trying to figure out where he was. The lights were out, so it was hard to see.

The sensation of touch returned to him fully before his eyesight did. The feelings from his hands were the first thing that broke through his fuzzy mind. And his hands were not idle. They were very busy, squeezing something. A pair of things, it seemed. They felt like they were enormous pillows, but they were too fleshy and sweaty for that to be the case. They felt like the ripest of fruit. Gigantic and firm, but soft enough to overflow his manly hands. To seep through his outstretched, clutching fingers. And in each palm was a hardened nub, hard enough to cut glass. They were hard points, and Derek's hands were compelled on play with those hard points, twisting and pinching them

with his fingers. Derek's drunk mind couldn't figure out what his hands were playing with.

Derek blinked his eyes, trying to clear the fog. And suddenly, his vision cleared. On a plateau on top of him was the answer to the swirling questions in his mind. On top of him was the answer to his question of what his hands were up to. What his hands were playing with. They weren't pillows, although they were just as big and soft as them. They certainly weren't fruit, even though they were as ripe and full as could be. No, the answer to what he was squeezing was quite simple:

Big, bare, ripe... titties.

Derek looked up at them. They were huge! Just enormous. They were big and firm, riding proudly on her chest. The skin was evenly tan and the flesh was smooth, the only thing interrupting the perfect softness were the hard nipples, pointing outward. They looked so perfect. So touchable. So squeezable.

It was as if Derek was not in control of his hands. As if they were working on instinct. And their instinct wasn't to just stay idle when there were big tits within reach. His instinct was to squeeze them. Feel them. Slap them and play with them. Cup them, and feel their heavy weight. Embrace their soft ripeness. Pinch those hard nipples. Mash his sweaty hands to their sweaty flesh.

Derek's mind was sluggish, so it took him a few moments to realize that the breasts he was squeezing did not belong to his wife. His wife didn't have tits like this. She practically didn't have tits. No, this was not his wife at all. Derek was squeezing another woman's tits. On his wedding night.

Derek's thoughts began to return to him, as did his sensations. He quickly realized his hands were not the only part of him that was busy. He looked away from her tits, down the woman's flat belly and to their conjoined genitals, busy in the act of coitus. Immersed in the act of intercourse. United in the act of sex. Bouncing to the rhythm of hard fucking.

Derek's eyes were arrested to the sight of this woman's bare pussy stretched around his throbbing cock. It felt tighter than tight, smothered around his cock as she bounced on top of him furiously. Engulfing the newly married man's cock in warm, tight pleasure.

Both Derek and the woman on top of him were covered with sweat, as was the bed, so they must have been at it for awhile. She was bouncing fast, her hands on his chest, digging in lightly, bouncing her hips like a pro. Derek looked up her body, past her bouncing breasts, to her pretty face. Her familiar face.

Kaitlyn, the hotel hostess.

She was the one fucking Derek. Riding his fat cock. She was the one spending his wedding night with him. She was the one who was taking advantage of the fact that he hadn't had sex in months, saving for his wedding night. She was the one experiencing the pleasure that should have been Heather's. She was the one experiencing his lustful fury, not his wife.

Derek tried to fight her off. But it felt like his body was working against him, acting on instinct, not listening to his mind that was in revolt and trying to escape this woman he was now cheating on his wife with. He tried to pull away, but his hands just kept squeezing her immaculate titties.

"Whatshhh goinggg onn?" Derek slurred out, his body still not responding to his will.

"Keep going baby! Keep going! Make me cum again!" Kaitlyn squealed, her ass beating against his balls in a firm rhythm.

"I neeeeed to shtop! Myy wifffeee..." Derek drunkenly stammered.

"Oh, don't worry about her! She's not here for you! I am! So stop talking baby, just keep fucking me!" Kaitlyn moaned out, fucking fast.

"But my wiffeee...Heathshure." Derek groaned out. Kaitlyn rolled her eyes and fell forward so her giant breasts were hovering over his face.

"Just shut up and suck on these instead." Kaitlyn offered, slowing her bounces, hovering her nipple over the husband's closed mouth.

"But I'm marriMMMPPHHH!" Derek began, but Kaitlyn took advantage of the husband's open mouth by forcing her hard nipple in it. Derek's mouth was sealed shut by Kaitlyn's fat nipple, and again, Derek acted on instinct. When a woman forces her big breast against your face, nipple to open mouth, it was his instinct to suck it. Lick the nipple, play with it, try to get as much of it into his mouth as possible. Suck it hard, hollow his cheeks.

Derek had tried to fight her off, but the hard, suckable nipple in his mouth took the fight right out of him. He stopped trying to fight her off. His head fell back to the bed, smothered by the massive breast. His hands fell to her fantastic ass, fingers squeezing the hotel hostess's perfect rump, on instinct. An ass that began to bounce, the intrepid

hostess seizing the opportunity to resume their illicit lovemaking. Derek's hands squeezed at her ass as she bounced, clinging to her, assisting her in her rough bouncing, helping her to fuck him hard.

"Oh that's it. Just lie there and take it baby. Lie there and let Kaitlyn take control. Let Kaitlyn control that married cock of yours." Kaitlyn purred. Kaitlyn laughed and shook her hair, causing it to fall onto his face, causing her sexy perfume to hit his nose.

"When I told you this happens a lot, I meant it. So many stupid wives get drunk at the reception, leave their hubbies hanging. No husband should spend their wedding night with their dick hard and no woman to take care of it. No big married dick should go uncared for, especially when attached to such a stud like you. No married man should have to go bar hopping in search of good pussy on their wedding night! That's why I'm here. That's the service I provide. But I have to tell you baby, I rarely enjoy it quite as much as I am right now. Rarely are the men I'm with such fucking studs." Kaitlyn complimented, bouncing hard.

"I rarely meet a man who can go for as long as I can. I mean, I know I can fuck all night, but I've never met a man who can actually keep up with me. I've never met a married man who acts so innocent but fucks so hard! All I had to do is get a drink or two in you and you were down for anything. It only took a couple drinks before you were complimenting my ass. Asking to see my tits. Asking to see my thong. If I didn't know any better, I would say someone is not so satisfied with what he's getting from the missus." Kaitlyn said, grinding her tight cunt around the full length of his sizable cock, milking his cock, extending the pleasure he was feeling.

"MMMMPPPHH!" Derek groaned in pleasure, his words muffled by the giant breast in his mouth.

"I know, baby. I know it's good. That's what you've been telling me all night. Don't you remember? Don't you remember how you practically demanded to see me naked? Don't you remember how hard your dick got when you did see the goods? Don't you remember how hard you fucked me at first? How much you came? I'm surprised you still have some left in the tank. I mean, you already came so much tonight. In my mouth. In my ass. In my pussy. Your

wife must not be taking good care of you if your balls are so, so full." Kaitlyn said.

Was this true? Had he flirted with her? How long had they been fucking? Had Derek really been fucking this girl for hours? Had he really cum in her pussy? Her mouth? Her ass? Had Derek fucked this woman he didn't know in the ass? Had he filled all of her holes with cum? Had he been so quick to cheat on his wife?

Kaitlyn continued to bounce on the married man's dick, mashing their slick, sweaty bodies against each other. Derek wanted to fight off the slut on top of him, but his body was too much in a haze to obey his mind's wishes. His body was too exhausted, too worn out to do anything but just lie there and take it. He wanted to fight for his marriage, for his wife. Even though she had drunkenly spoiled their wedding night, she didn't deserve this. She didn't deserve for her husband to get drunk and get the first pussy he could find. He really should fight her off, but he couldn't. He was just too weak. Too defeated.

"I can tell you're exhausted baby. I know. You've already done so much. And I know that once you cum, you're probably gonna pass out." Kaitlyn said, her firm voice hypnotizing to his ears. "You've already made me cum like crazy. All I'm gonna ask you for is one more. One more screaming orgasm. Can you give that to me? Pretty please?" Kaitlyn begged. Derek didn't say anything. He just drove into her harder. Faster. Not only to make this slut cum, but also to ease the ache in his swollen balls.

He wasn't acting on logic. Once again, he was running on pure instinct. The deep, dark male instinct to fuck the hottest, sexiest, tightest bitch he can find and fill her up with cum. He wasn't in control of his actions. At least that is what he told himself. That was his justification for why he began driving into the slut on top of him furiously, matching her pace, making this fuck session a really nasty one. A sweaty, nasty fuck session, the type where the only sounds were those of hot female ass beating against firm male hips, the squishing of a thick cock stretching out a firm, tight, wet pussy, and the slight moans escaping the mouths of the two lovers.

"Ahh, Ahhh, AHHHHH IT'S SOOOO GOOOOD!" Kaitlyn moaned, nearing her climax. She pulled her swollen nipple from Derek's mouth and replaced it with her wet tongue. She gave the married man a fiery French-kiss, an act similar to the intimacy of a married couple, when in fact it was the intimacy that could only be shared between a married man and his slut.

Kaitlyn kept bouncing while kissing him, her cunt going from the tip to the balls on his swollen cock. His bare cock was positively soaked with their combined juices. These juices not only covered his cock but also the cunt of the whore riding him, as well as the thighs of both of the lovers.

"UGHHH! UHHHHH!" Derek grunted, more animal than man.

"Keep fucking me! Keep doing it! KEEP FUCKING ME WITH THAT FAT COCK OF YOURS! I'M CUMMMING! OHHHH FUCCCKKK YESSSS!" Kaitlyn screamed, her screams echoing through the floors of the hotel. Her cunt tightened around the cock of the married man, clenching it, milking it, smothering it in pleasure. Drawing the cum

from his balls, sucking it out, teasing the cum out, letting him know he had a welcoming place to cum, a warm, wet, tight hole ready to take the large amount of semen boiling in his balls.

"UHHHHHHHHHH! AHHH FFFUUUCCCKKKKK!" Derek groaned, the pleasure too much for him to take. He grunted and screamed as his cock fired a burning stream of hot cum deep into the tight pussy of the slutty hotel hostess on top of him. Again and again, his cock shot bursts of cum into the welcoming vagina of Kaitlyn, this woman he barely knew.

It was a night that was supposed to be for soul-mates sharing the first of many nights together, a night that was supposed to be an expression of the incredible love shared between husband and wife. Instead, it was a night spent in lustful pleasure for a good, loving guy and a scheming slut with a hotter than hot body. Cum that was promised to Heather forever and ever was now simmering in the steaming hot cunt of Kaitlyn the perky hotel hostess. The girl that had been so helpful in setting things up for the reception, so eager to please the married couple and their

family, was doing it all just to get into the married man's pants.

Kaitlyn truly was a nasty, scheming, evil cunt.

Kaitlyn rolled off of the married man, settling on the sweat-soaked sheets. Derek tried to stay conscious, but with the adrenaline fading away, he was very close to passing out. He felt the slut curl up next to him.

"You were incredible. Maybe the best I've ever had." Kaitlyn whispered, kissing his ear softly. She put her hand on his chest and pressed her soft breasts against his side. She scratched his chest with her nail affectionately.

Derek tried to keep his thoughts together. Tried to stay awake and not spend his wedding night sleeping with another woman. But he just couldn't. He was so tired. So exhausted. And so guilty. He felt terrible. He had betrayed his wife. The woman he vowed to cherish forever. He had cheated on her within the first twelve hours of their marriage. What an asshole he was. What a fucking prick, to fuck another woman on his wedding night. Derek just

wanted to crawl into a hole and die. He wanted to escape this situation, escape the guilt he was feeling.

As he faded into sleep, he kept asking himself, why did he have to leave his room tonight? Why did he decide to go into town, where he ran into Kaitlyn? Why couldn't he have just stayed in his room, or at the very least, why didn't he just go to the bar?

How could it have been any worse?

(Author's Note: I hope you all enjoyed this and didn't get too confused. Chapter two is coming next week, and it's Audrey Clarke's time to shine)

Chapter 2

Timeline C: A Beaten Cline Defeated by Time

Derek got cleaned up and slipped out of the room. He didn't know where he was going and as he made his way to the ground floor, he knew he had to decide.

He could go to the bar. Have a few drinks. Or he could go out, out of the hotel and into town. And who knew what would happen?

As the door opened and he emerged into the lobby, Derek had to choose. But his mind was quickly made up.

Derek needed a stiff drink. He didn't want to leave the hotel and he figured he had whatever he needed here at the hotel.

From what he had heard the hotel had a really nice bar, so he made his way there. It was late, so he was hoping he didn't see any familiar faces. And as he entered and looked

around, he didn't recognize a single face there. He smiled and made his way to the bar.

"Rum and Coke." Derek said to the bartender. He nodded and walked away.

"Congratulations." a voice said next to him. Derek looked at the seated woman next to him. Not to sound callous, but she was the kinda person you looked past. She was a pretty woman, maybe five or six years older than him. But she was really dressed down, wearing a bulky cardigan, unflattering jeans, and big, bulky glasses.

"Uh, for what?" Derek asked the mousy brunette. She looked a bit inebriated as she sipped her drink.

"For the wedding. Congratulations." she said, smiling drunkenly.

"Oh, uh, thanks. I'm sorry, were you at the wedding?" Derek asked.

"I... was invited. But I didn't go." the woman said.

"But, why are you here if you didn't go?" Derek asked, confused.

"I didn't want to see certain people in my family. I guess I'm kinda the black sheep now." the woman said.

"Are you related to Heather?" Derek asked.

"Yes. I'm her second cousin. My name's Abby. Abby Cline." she said, smiling at Derek.

"Abby? I've heard about you. Heather idolizes you." Derek said, sitting down next to the woman just as his drink appeared. "Why didn't you talk to Heather? She would have loved to see you."

"I can't show her what I am now. What I've become. What happened to me." Abby said.

"What happened?" Derek asked. Abby laughed, like the question was beyond explanation. Abby looked down, into her drink, shook her head and began to speak.

"I was living my dream. I was happily married to the love of my life. I moved to New York to be a journalist. And I got what I heard was a dream job. Executive Assistant to Nina Baxter, the biggest fashion icon in the world." Abby paused. That name rung a bell with Derek, but he couldn't figure out where he had heard it before. "I didn't know a thing about fashion, but it was supposed to be a good job. It would gain me contacts. Connections. So I took it. I took the job. Nina treated me like hell. Everyone did. But I was tough. I fought through it. I learned, I studied, I immersed myself in the world of fashion. I worked hard, really hard. And eventually, I earned their respect. I was going places. I earned the respect of the toughest bitch in town. I just thought... I had done it. I was going places. But then..." Abby paused, as if she hit a tough part of her story. "And then my boss fucked my husband."

Derek coughed as he swallowed his drink.

"What?" he asked.

"My boss fucked my husband." Abby said, staring Derek in the eye.

"Wow! I am so sorry." Derek said apologetically. "Was there any problem with your marriage or something?"

"No. I mean, sure, I worked long hours, but that wasn't enough for him to cheat, right?" Abby asked.

"No. Not at all!" Derek said, comforting the emotionally fragile woman with his words.

"My boss was, like, an old lady, but my husband left me for her. And he... he knocked her up. It was, like... a nightmare. We had been together for years, and he dumped me and knocked her up instead. My boss!" Abby said. Derek listened in horror at the hell she had gone through.

"Nina fired me, and since she is so rich and famous, she put out word to all the major magazines and newspapers to blacklist me." Abby said.

"Why would she do that?" Derek asked.

"Cause she's pure fucking evil!" Abby said. "It amuses her to ruin my life. She stole my husband, sabotaged my livelihood, and ruined my life... just to tickle her own ego. I don't know what she did to him, how she got him on her side. Cause he ended up being complicit, with everything. He enjoyed what she was doing to me."

"I'm so sorry." Derek said.

"I feel like she put a spell on him or something. I just wanted to talk to him. I just know that if I could just talk to him, I could win him back. I went to them to try to talk to him. She said I could... for a price. Nina made me do things... horrible things. Then she laughed in my face and pushed me away. She lied to me. She never let me see him. I tried everything I could to see him. To talk to him. I tried, for some fucked up reason, to earn her respect again so she

would let me see him, but it's just this fucking torture she's putting me through just to amuse herself." Abby said, eyes welling with tears.

"I am so sorry." Derek reiterated.

"They have four kids now. He's living this rich life, him and her are photographed together. And I'm working for this shitty car magazine being ogled by fat, sweaty men at car conventions. I'm in hell, and neither of them care." Abby said.

"But, why would you be embarrassed to be here? You did nothing wrong." Derek asked.

"Oh! That's the best part. Turns out, some of my relatives, some of Heather's family, turns out they are friends with Nina, the bitch that stole my man. And guess what... they took her side!" Abby said.

"What!?" Derek asked.

"Yeah, all these people, my whole family, they took Nina's side! It was my fault I lost him! It was my fault I had my husband stolen from me. It was like I was less of a woman cause I had my husband stolen from me. Apparently, I wasn't a real 'Cline Woman', whatever that bullshit means... So, that's why I couldn't bring myself to show up. I love Heather, but I didn't want to see any of those bitches that blamed me for this. So all these women in your wife's family, just know that they don't care about anyone but themselves, and other people exactly like themselves. So be careful." Abby said.

"Abby. I am so sorry." Derek said, putting his hand on her shoulder comfortingly. "Listen, if you're staying at the hotel, you should meet up with Heather in the morning. We can meet up in private or something. I'm sure she would love to see you."

Abby smiled, her eyes full of tears as she recalled these bad memories. She smiled a sad smile at him.

"You seem like a good guy. Heather's very lucky." Abby said. Derek smiled his cute smile as he studied her. She really was

very pretty, Derek thought, but she had clearly gone long lengths to reject the fashion industry. The bulky clothes she wore would impress no one with an eye for fashion and were unlikely to attract attention from any male admirers.

"I know it might be tough now. But you seem like a bright, beautiful woman. If a guy would cheat on you, then you don't need him. I am sure what he has now doesn't compare what you two had. I am positive." Derek said, saying just the right thing to comfort the emotional woman. Abby stared at him for a few silent moments, staring at the cute young husband. Then... she pounced.

Her lips met Derek's before he could react. Their lips mashed, her probing tongue desperate to get into his tightly sealed mouth. He jumped back and onto his feet.

"What are you doing?" Derek asked in shock. The bartender and the few other bar patrons were now looking at him.

"Please! I know you're married, but it's been so long. I need... something. No man has touched me since Nathan left. I need to feel something. Please. I'm begging you. Please have

sex with me!" Abby said, desperately, standing meekly before the newly married man.

"Abby. I feel sorry for you, but... I'm married. I'm not like your husband. I'm not cheating on my wife." Nathan said, feeling both revulsion and pity for the beaten down woman.

"Please, I just need..." Abby began before she was interrupted by a new voice.

"Derek Daniels, just the man I was looking for." came a lilting British voice from across the bar. Over Abby's shoulder he saw Audrey, that fashion woman, approaching. She stepped up to both Derek and Abby. "I was beginning to think you'd forgotten."

As she finished speaking, she looked at the woman next to Derek.

"Oh my goodness, Abby Cline. So great to see you." Audrey said. Abby looked like she had seen a ghost, a ghost from

another life. Audrey hugged Abby, a hug that was not returned. Audrey stepped back.

"Wh... wh... what are you doing here?" Abby stammered.

"We are trying to recruit young Derek here to do some modeling. Are... you related to his wife?" Audrey asked. She took Abby's frozen expression as her answer. "Wow, I had wondered. What a happy coincidence!" Audrey said. Abby didn't seem to share her enthusiasm.

"Well, Derek, are you ready to talk now?"Audrey asked. Derek had no real desire to talk to her, but he wanted to escape this awkward situation with Abby.

"Um, I should probably get back to Heather." Derek stammered.

"Why aren't you with her now?" Audrey countered.

"Uh, well, she got a bit drunk and passed out." Derek admitted.

"Well then, she won't miss you for a little bit." Audrey replied.

"I guess." Derek said.

"So, can we talk?" Audrey asked with a small smile.

"Yeah. Okay." Derek said, seeing no other option. Audrey began to lead him out of the bar, but she stopped and turned back to say something to Abby as Derek waited for her.

Audrey got close to Abby, still frozen, and approached her ear.

"Abby, I hope you know, but Nina is keeping your husband very happy. Nathan is doing very well. I can speak to that. I... met... with him a few nights ago. Nina likes to share the

wealth." Audrey said. Audrey smiled arrogantly as Abby's eyes went wide in shock. She was left trembling as Audrey walked towards the married man, shaking her voluptuous ass at the frozen woman at the bar as she walked.

"Thanks for, uh, getting me out of that." Derek said.

"Yes, she can be a bit much sometimes. I saw her try to kiss you. How utterly pathetic." Audrey said dismissively. As they left the bar, Audrey turned back to call out to Abby.

"Have a good night, ass kisser!" Audrey called out. Abby blanched and burst into tears. Derek looked at Audrey confused.

"That girl kissed the ass of the woman who stole her husband just to get him back. Like, she literally kissed the asshole of her husband's new woman. She got right in there. It was brilliant. I mean, what kind of woman lets herself end up in that position. How could you respect a woman so weak?" Audrey said viciously.

"Well, she kinda had a rough go of things." Derek said, a bit disgusted, not sure why he was defending the woman who had hit on him. She did have a sad story, and plus, his wife idolized her. At least, she idolized the old her. Not the shell of a woman she had become.

"Believe me, she has no one to blame for what happened but herself." Audrey said as they reached the lobby.

"Did you work with her? At the magazine?" Derek asked.

"Yes I did. It was dreadful. She was pathetic then and she is pathetic now." Audrey said coldly, not admitting that at one point the two had almost been friends, because of all the good things Abby did to help her out. They had been close to becoming friends until Audrey saw how pathetic she became once she lost her man. Audrey couldn't blame her, though, her man was a catch.

"Wait, where are we going?" Derek said, stopping her as they stood in the lobby.

"Oh. Well, I want to show you the advantages of modeling. The life you could lead." Audrey said.

"Are we going out?" Derek asked.

"Yes, I have a driver ready to take us where we need to go." Audrey said.

"Well, I don't know. I don't really want to leave the hotel." Derek said uncertainly.

"Oh, c'mon Derek. Listen, I know Helena keeps pestering you about me. Just let me make my pitch, and then I'll shut up and let you make up your mind." Audrey said.

"Oh. Well... I guess I can let you, uh, make your pitch." Derek said, smiling lightly.

"Lovely. I know I can be a bit of pestering hag." Audrey said, "But it's my job." Derek laughed.

"Only a bit." Derek joked, causing her to give him a sly smile. Audrey began walking and Derek followed. Kaitlyn watched from the side, disappointed that that skanky, English slut was getting her claws in the young husband, especially when it should have been her.

They went through the revolving door and emerged into the crisp night air under the awning at the entrance. Waiting for them was a luxury car with a chauffeur standing outside of it. As Derek and Audrey approached, the man jumped into action, opening the door, allowing them to enter the back seat. They got seated as the driver got into his seat.

"Drive." Audrey said simply to the driver, and they sped off.

"So... here's my pitch..." Audrey began.

"Okay, lay it on me." Derek said.

Audrey was Nina's acolyte. Her worshipper. Audrey had many natural talents, but after being exposed to a

dominant, aggressive slut like Nina, she learned a few things. A lot of things to be honest. Audrey now had a lot of weapons to unleash. She knew how to break down and destroy a man, till he had no choice but to fuck her and fill her with cum. And now it was time to turn these weapons upon Derek. Turn the lessons and wisdom Nina had taught her against the naïve young man.

"There are two types of people in this world. There is the type of person that goes through life, getting what they want. They get what they want easily because fate helps them. Fate helps them get whatever the hell they want, because, quite simply, they are better than everyone else. There is a section of people who are superior. I am one of those types of people, and you are too. Then there is the other type. They are the type who hates the first type. They work hard, are nice to others, and all that other bullshit. They hate everything about us. But deep down, they dream about being one of us. They wish they were one of us." Audrey stated.

"Why are you telling me this?" Derek said, confused.

"You are very unique, in that... you are of the first type but you act like you're in the second. You surround yourself with your... science nerd friends, people who are lucky to be breathing the same air as you, and you act like you belong." Audrey said.

"Excuse me?" Derek asked confused.

"We have watched you for some time. You are a star. That much is obvious. You are gorgeous and you are charismatic. You could be living a life so much better than the one you have now, but you slum it. Sure, you could make some... scientific discovery, and that's all well and good, but is that fun? Is that fulfilling? Is spending your days with your nose in a book the best thing you could be doing with your time? I can think of a lot better places that nose should be. Couldn't you spend your time enjoying the blessings you were given? Couldn't you spend your time doing things a man like you should be doing?" Audrey asked.

"Like what?" Derek asked. Audrey smirked.

"That's what I'm going to show you." Audrey said as they drove downtown. "We are the beautiful people. We deserve the best. We deserve to be catered to. That's the life I lead. It's the life you should be leading. That's the life I'm going to show you."

"I thought you wanted me to become a model?" Derek asked.

"I do. The world of high fashion is where the beautiful people revel in their own greatness. It's the only profession where you get rewarded for how much better looking you are than others. Isn't that so much simpler than taxing your mind on such nonsense like science and physics?" Audrey asked.

"Uh, I like what I do." Derek replied.

"That's because you don't know how it is on the other side." Audrey stated. "Here, let me show you. Look." Audrey indicated, pointing out the window. There was a line of people lined up outside a club.

"See, that is a normal club. With regular people. Just look at them. Uggos. Fatties. Yuck! A regular club with regular drinks. Regular music. Just a nasty place. A person like us wouldn't be caught dead there, getting caught in their disgusting scent. Yuck." Audrey said.

"Um... okay." Derek said nervously.

"Now, a little down the way here is another club. This is the one they tell everyone that the famous people go to. So, they get all sorts of star chasers, people trying to act like they belong. But again, a person like us would not be caught dead there." Audrey explained.

"But... if we keep going, I'll show you a club that you won't find in any phonebook. No signs. No nothing. Any of these... regular people couldn't find this. This is where people like us go. This is where people like us belong. There are places like this all over the world. The locations are passed around by word of mouth, among people like us. I'm gonna show you this life." Audrey stated.

"I don't know. I don't really think I belong here. I probably won't fit in with your type." Derek said, feeling uncomfortable with her personality and the tone of the conversation.

"Oh. That's so cute. Derek, trust me. You would be a perfect model. Look at you. You're gorgeous. Those eyes. Those cheeks. That jaw line. That body. You look delicious. You are built to be shown off, not taxing your mind with such nonsense." Audrey began.

"I thought I had heard you guys wanted me to model to bridge the gap between modeling and science, to show science nerds can still look, I don't know... cool, I guess." Derek said.

"Well, yeah, sure, you can do that... if you want. But trust me, I know that once you start modeling, I'm sure you'll start caring about that life far more than the one you have now, doing... science stuff." Audrey said.

"Well, uh, I doubt that." Derek said. Derek watched through the window as they drove through town, past any place he

recognized. The car kept turning, taking him through different small roads, until he was completely lost. Derek watched as they drove up to a parking structure and stopped at the guard station at the entrance. The driver gave something to the guard there, and he lifted the barrier allowing them to enter. Derek watched out the window as they circled through the parking structure, the car driving underground. They passed through another guard station, and finally, the car pulled up front a pair of glass double doors with two bouncers standing guard. The driver quickly got out and opened the door, allowing Audrey and Derek to get out.

"What is this place?" Derek asked.

"Derek, get ready to see how the other half lives." Audrey said as the bouncers opened the doors, allowing them to enter.

The first thing to hit him was the music, booming beats that struck his ears quickly. They walked through a dim hallway until they emerged into the open room of the club. Derek stood, looking down at the mass of people within. A lot of

them were dancing, a lot were talking, and some were doing... other things. And everyone there had one thing in common: they were all beautiful. Each one of the people there were very attractive. The women were drop dead gorgeous. The men were studly and handsome.

"Derek..." Audrey called out over the booming music, "This is how the world works. This is where business is done. This is where us, us better people, us superior people, make things happen. This is where the truly extraordinary meet to take care of business. This is where people like us go to take care of business, make connections, and sometimes, meet their future spouse. Like I said, there are places like this... all over the world. No name, no phone numbers. This is where the beautiful people go. If you look down there, you will see models, actors, athletes, CEO's. The best and the brightest. A mind like yours, with a body like yours, would fit right in."

"Wow. This is amazing." Derek said in awe. There was always that thrill a person got when they saw someone famous, and as Derek looked down, he saw so many people he recognized. Professional athletes. Famous actresses and models. The beautiful people.

"Here. Have a drink darling." Audrey said, grabbing a drink off a waitress's tray and giving it to him. As he took the glass of champagne in his hand, he asked Audrey something.

"Uh, how much is this?" Derek asked, always very thrifty in nature. This question made Audrey laugh.

"Derek, the great thing about being rich is how little you have to spend. For people like us, drinks are free. People pay their money to make sure our lives are better. To make sure they cater to our will. That is the life on this side. You don't have to spend a dime. Derek, take a drink." she ordered. Derek sipped his champagne.

"Oh wow, that's good!" Derek said, awed by the incredible champagne he just tasted.

"That is from a $10,000 bottle of champagne. And we don't have to pay a dime." Audrey said, smiling proudly.

Derek was so overwhelmed. He was a young man of only 20. He had been told he was a nerd all of his life, yet here he was, in the fanciest of clubs, being told he belonged among the highest class of people. It was... overwhelming.

"Here, let me show you around." Audrey said, taking his hand in hers. For the next hour, Derek was tossed back and forth as he was introduced to person after person, all famous, all beautiful. There were so many faces he recognized, the famous athletes, actors and actresses. And the conversations weren't awkward. These famous people, these beautiful people treated him like a brother. They treated him like he belonged. They treated him like he was cool. It was an incredible feeling. How would anyone react any differently? When you have athletes treating you like a friend. When you have all these beautiful women, models and actresses, when you have those women flirting with you, you can't help but enjoy it, to get addicted to the thrill of being one of the upper, upper class. Derek could feel himself adjusting quickly to living this lifestyle.

Audrey kept a full drink in his hand as she guided him into this new life. He felt a little shaky from the alcohol, which dulled his normally logical mind, letting him got lost in the

thrill. His legs felt like jelly, and he felt shaky. As much as he was enjoying himself, he knew he had to leave. He had to get back to his wife. After all, it was his wedding night.

"Audrey, I need to go." he told her.

"Okay, Derek, that's fine. But, I've shown you so much. I think I've earned one dance." Audrey said, just as a slow song came on.

"Uh, I don't know." Derek asked.

"C'mon, you danced with a bunch of people at your reception right? How is this any different?" Audrey reasoned. Derek smiled and nodded, and Audrey stepped close. Relenting, Derek put his hands on her hips, and her hands went to his shoulders. She pressed herself close, uncomfortably close, so her body pressed into him. Her voluptuous body pressed to his fit frame.

"So, what do you think?" Audrey asked. For some reason, Derek's eyes were drawn to the soft breasts pressing into his

chest, and the milky, creamy canyon of cleavage exposed by her low-cut dress. Derek glanced away before he hoped she'd notice, but she had a trained eye. She noticed immediately and smiled.

"Uh, of what?" Derek stammered. Audrey giggled, her plan for the married man about to reach its inevitable climax.

"My offer, honey. To model?" Audrey explained.

"Uh, oh yeah... well, I don't want to quit my day job or anything. Um, what kind of modeling are you talking here?" Derek asked.

"Cock modeling, mainly, you know, cock-shots." Audrey said, causing Derek to choke on his saliva.

"What!" Derek asked, eyes wide, causing Audrey to giggle again and reply,

"I'm joking silly."

No. She wasn't.

Audrey had big plans for Derek and his no-doubt big cock. Sure, the modeling gig would start with full body shots of him in fancy clothing. A gentle transition from his scientific work to a few tasteful shots. He would be shocked at the affect his pictures had on the women who saw them, and he would quickly realize he had earned more fame from a few pictures than he had with his entire collective life's work in the scientific community. And when it came down to it, if a man had to choose who he'd rather be impressing: a group of old, male science nerds or thousands of hot, sexy women, it was obvious which option would sound more appealing.

He would decide to do a bit more modeling, and it would quickly progress to him wearing slightly more revealing clothing, as it did with most models. Once he saw the affect his body had on women, and got addicted to the lustful stares women gave him, he would be talked into taking off a little more, then a little more. Soon, he would feel totally comfortable standing completely nude in front of total strangers. Eventually he wouldn't even notice that the

photographers had stopped taking pictures of his handsome face and were mainly focusing on the slab of meat hanging between his legs. These pictures would quickly get passed around among Audrey's circle of friends, the type of women that were in this club, the superior class of women. And those photos would not doubt end up in the hands of one Audrey's many friends in the porn industry.

There were a lot of very powerful women in the porn industry, and they were always on the lookout for hot, young male talent. They would send a gaggle of porn stars to chat with him. They would no doubt run some game on him, causing his mind to swirl at the sights of their juicy cleavage and fuckable asses. Pretty soon, they would convince them that there wasn't much of a difference between having pictures taken of your throbbing cock and fucking a tight, wet pussy... on camera. And there really wasn't any difference between fucking a girl's cunt and fucking a girl's mouth, so he would do that too. And really, by that point, there was really no point in avoiding completing the tri-fecta, so he would fuck a girl's asshole on camera as well. And pretty soon, he would stop thinking of that life he used to have, and would put all of his strength,

all of his brains and knowledge, into being the best fucking porn star a man could be.

And how would this benefit Audrey? Part of the fashion empire she now controlled lied deep in the Silicone Valley, home to some of the nastiest porn studios in the business. Unknown to most, fashion and porno went hand in hand. To Audrey, modeling was modeling, and clothing never looked quite as alluring as it did on the bodies of two people who were about to fuck. The way it clung to their horny bodies, desperate to be removed and end up in a pile on the floor. That right there was high-fashion. That was what style was all about.

So there was good reason for her to recruit Derek into the world of fashion. And porn. If Derek were even half the man she suspected in the bedroom then, well, he would make her an even richer woman. And, if all went to plan, she would find out how talented this young hunk really was very soon.

"Oh, yeah, good one." Derek said, laughing nervously. His heart was beating quickly, and his hands were tingling

where they contacted Audrey's hips. He all of a sudden realized he was in a place he didn't know, dancing with a woman he barely knew. A very attractive woman, whose sharp tongue, strange sense of humor, and gigantic set of breasts were making him totally gob-smacked.

"Don't be so nervous, dear. You're among equals here." Audrey said, scratching his chest with her nail softly.

"I think I should, uh, get back." Derek said nervously.

"But I never answered your question," Audrey began, "About you modeling."

"Oh, it's okay. I don't think I'm interested." Derek said, sweat on his brow.

"Oh, but I think you are." Audrey whispered softly. "Imagine the thrill you'll get when you notice women gawking at your hot body. Trust me, it's always such a thrill to be so... appreciated."

"You're, uh, flattering me." Derek said.

"Trust me, Derek, you're a stud." Audrey said with an impressed laugh. "And it's a shame girls never told you that, right? I bet you went so long being unappreciated. A science nerd. And by the time you grew into the stud you are now, it was too late. Don't you think you deserve to be... appreciated? Don't you want to get gawked at? Don't you want to feel like the hot hunk of man you are? Don't you want to turn the tables on all those girls who ignored you for so long? Don't you want those girls to see pictures of you and let them know what they missed out on?"

"I'm comfortable with who I am. I don't have anything to prove to anybody." Derek said.

"Yeah, you say that, but you have to admit you would get a bit of pleasure out of seeing those girls' jaws drop, am I right?" Audrey asked.

"There's only one woman whose opinion I care about, and that's my wife." Derek said proudly.

"Aww, that's cute." Audrey replied with a small smile. "But all kidding aside, just think. Imagine... a group of women, beautiful women, drooling at the sight of you. At the pictures of your handsome face," she paused, her eyes admiring his gorgeous features. "These firm abs." Audrey whispered, running her hands on Derek's firm stomach. And before he could stop her, she reached around and gave his butt a firm squeeze.

"Hey!" Derek said, stepping back quickly, causing Audrey to laugh.

"And that hot tight butt of yours." Audrey finished. Ignoring his shock at the invasion of his person, Audrey stepped into the arms of the married man again, resuming their dance.

"Look around, Derek." Audrey suggested. Derek did, taking in the mass of people surrounding him. He couldn't get over the fact that the women here were so beautiful. Some were young, some were older, but they were all very sexy.

"All the women here are gorgeous. And I guarantee... any one of them would have sex with you right now." Audrey said.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" Derek said, again stepping away from Audrey.

"Derek! You could be the type of guy who could have any girl he wants! And your ticket to that life is modeling." Audrey said.

"Audrey, I'm married!" Derek clarified again.

"And where is she right now? Black out drunk if I remember correctly." Audrey argued, stepping forward, forcing him back against the bar. "I know you're a good guy. I know that, but... you deserve something more. You've always wanted the best, and you could have it. Live for yourself, not this made up sense of loyalty you're obligated to have. If something makes your life better, then take it. Fuck everyone else, do what's best for you. Sure, you could be the boring loyal hubby, in a boring nerdy job. Or... you could

be the type of man who takes what he wants, conquers life, and beds all sorts of beautiful women."

"That's not what I want!" Derek said, terrified beyond belief. He had never been around a woman so... aggressive.

"I think it is what you want." Audrey said, stepping close. "You belong here, with the beautiful people. That's what you want. You wouldn't be here, on your wedding night, at a club with a woman you don't know, dancing close with her, hands on her hips, checking out her tits, unless you were interested in something... more. You wouldn't have been at a bar on your wedding night if you were truly satisfied. You were looking for something more, and you found it."

"Audrey! Please! I need to go!" Derek said. Despite his marital status, he still felt very awkward around girls, and with someone so aggressive, he didn't know how to handle himself. He didn't know what to do. He didn't know how to say no.

"I tell you what... they have rooms here, gorgeous rooms. Fully stocked. Full bar. Let's go back to my room... you can grab one of those ten thousand dollar bottles of champagne they are so happy to give to us. You can open it up, and pour the champagne all over my naked body. We'll see if that changes your mind. How does that sound baby?" Audrey offered.

Derek was floored. Audrey wanted to fuck him. No doubt. But he was so young. So inexperienced. He had no idea how to handle himself. He was a good guy, but she was older, about ten years older than him, and she was so aggressive. He had never been desired like this. He had never been so mercilessly hit on before, especially by someone so attractive. He didn't know what to do. He didn't know how to escape.

He was falling into Audrey's hands.

She stepped close, pressing her tits tightly against his chest, putting her sexy lips close to his ear.

"Look down my back. At my ass." Audrey commanded, and he didn't know what to do other than comply with her wishes. So, looking over her shoulder, he glanced down her back at her ass, which stood out like a shelf.

"It looks nice, doesn't it?" Audrey whispered, running her lips softly along Derek's taut neck. "You can squeeze it if you want?" she offered. He looked around, seeing if anyone had noticed, but everyone was distracted by their own business. "It's okay. You're among friends here." Audrey said softly, running her tongue along the firm muscles of his neck. Derek's eyes shuddered in pleasure, and his hands moved on their own accord, sliding past her hips and onto her firm rump. And he couldn't help but give both cheeks a firm squeeze.

"Mmmm, that's it, baby. Feel my ass. You can reach under my skirt if you want." she gasped, resuming sucking the married man's neck.

Derek was too overwhelmed to disobey. Too much of a nice guy to push her away. Too turned on to remember his wife, waiting for him at their suite. Too rock hard to care.

Derek slipped his hands under the hem of the fashion icon's skirt, and nervously lifted it past her hips, exposing her pale, heart-shaped ass, standing firm and proud, now revealed to the room. But Audrey was too confident to care. She was so proud of her hot body that she had no qualms about showing it off.

Anyone looking towards the soon-to-be lovers would have gotten a glimpse at perfection. Her ass was spectacular, jutting out from her slim frame. The pale, round cheeks were firm and fleshy, built to be man-handled. The skin was smooth and creamy, making anyone lucky enough to see her ass desperate for one good feel. The ripe cheeks were split by a tiny, black designer thong, made of the finest fabrics, worth a small fortune, naturally. Only the finest clothing touched her flesh. And because of her being such a powerful, desired woman, the fact that the expensive thong was being worn on her voluptuous body only increased its value. The fact that it was soaked with her pussy juices, that it had been lucky to be in contact with her perfect ass, probably doubled its worth.

Derek looked down Audrey's back at the impressive ass cheeks, and the sexy thong splitting them, and it made his dick throb. His sizable dick was apparent through his pants, and it was very evident to Audrey as it now throbbed against her fit belly. Her suspicions were very correct. He was huge! And feeling that throbbing hardness let her know it was time to turn up the heat.

"Squeeze my ass, darling. Make it yours." Audrey whispered heavily. Derek complied and gave both cheeks a firm squeeze, feeling the perky flesh filling his hands. Derek used his big hands to play with her ass, mashing it, playing with the cheeks, pulling them apart to get a full view of the tiny thong running down her ass crack, getting a glimpse of barely covered asshole.

Audrey kissed along his jaw line softly, making the married man shiver. As she did, her hands were busy, loosening the married man's belt. So when her open mouth met his, and her tongue finally entered his mouth, her hand deftly entered his pants, her soft fingers curling around the base of his pulsing cock.

"Mmmmm." Derek moaned, never before experiencing a kiss quite this sensual. Her tongue ran circles around his in his mouth. Her soft lips pressed against his lips in just the right way. Her sensual perfume entered his nose. Her soft moans entered his ears. And her firm hand was slowly stroking his pulsing cock, his pre-cum already soaking her hand.

This scandalous make-out session went on and on, the two illicit lovers feeling no shame at publicly entering the beginning stages of sex, a sex session that promised to be a nasty one. A very nasty one. Derek got lost in the pleasure, no longer caring he was making out with a woman who was not his wife, and not just any woman but a woman much sexier than his wife. Derek began sucking her neck as Audrey moved her lips to his ear.

"Here's what's gonna happen, baby. We're gonna go back to my room, and me and you are gonna fuck. Hard! And then, you're gonna sign a very lucrative modeling contract. And then, we'll fuck again. And again. And again. We have a long night ahead of us. I hope you're ready." Audrey whispered. Derek had one last crisis of conscience, and he pulled away.

"Audrey, I can't. I can't do this. I'm married. Heather..." Derek pleaded.

"Who cares? I don't give a fuck that you're married. And clearly, you're body doesn't care either. Look at yourself. You are positively throbbing. Trust me, I feel it." Audrey giggled. "Look around, baby." Audrey commanded. Derek looked across the floor of the club, and although no one was blatantly staring at them, it was clear a lot of people were definitely paying attention. "Look at all the women, Derek. Look at them. They are so beautiful. Sure, some are old. Some are young, but any one of them would have sex with you. And sure, you can try to escape from me and go back to your precious wifey, but there are so many women here ready to swoop in for the kill. So, even if you say no to me, do you think you will be able to say no to all of them. I don't think you have it in you. Face it, baby, the second you walked in here, you resigned yourself to your destiny. Derek, you will be fucking another woman by the end of the night. No doubt. You will be pounding some pussy tonight, and it won't be your wife's. So, the only choice you have right now isn't whether or not you will be fucking someone. The question is who? It can be some faceless

stranger you don't know. Or it could be the woman you've been making out with. The one you've been dry-humping. Eye fucking. Whose ass you've been groping. The one who can provide you a bright future. So you have to choose baby. You have to decide."

Audrey reached into her cleavage and retrieved a key card.

"Room 101, baby. I'll be there. Waiting. I'll bring the champagne. You bring the cock." Audrey tittered, giving the married man a peck on the lips, winking at him, and walking away, shaking her hips proudly, causing her perfect ass to bounce.

As soon as she was out of sight, Derek faced the rest of the room. Already, a few women were moving closer to him, quickly. Derek was panicking. He struggled saying no to Audrey. Clearly, Derek had a weakness for aggressive women. And with so many women quickly approaching, aggressively, Derek knew he didn't have the strength to turn them all down. He didn't have it in him.

So Audrey was right. The choice wasn't whether or not he would be fucking. It was whom he would be fucking. Audrey was a known quantity, at least somewhat. These women, they could be anything. Anyone. Derek didn't know. He had to think fast, and he made the logical choice.

He quickly escaped the bar area as he moved the direction Audrey had, away from the encroaching crowd. He entered a small hallway, empty of people. He looked for the room number he had been given, not sure if the women in the bar would be following. If he had been a bit calmer, he would have noticed the exit sign at the end of the hall, his ticket to freedom and a loyal life with his new wife. But he was too caught up with the choice he had made. He had tunnel vision. He wasn't looking to escape.

He was looking to get fucked.

Derek located room 101, and slid the card quickly. The door opened up, and Derek entered fast, slamming the door behind him. The room looked expansive, but he didn't have the chance to take it in.

Appearing in front of him was Audrey, a bottle of champagne in her hand, and his jaw dropped.

Audrey was completely naked.

Derek's eyes widened. He looked at her gorgeous, smirking face, and her eyes guided his downward, begging his eyes to feast on her body. And feast he did.

His eyes traveled down her graceful neck, following her smooth, creamy skin down to her chest. His eyes kept traveling downward as her flesh ballooned outward from her fit, lithe frame, forming her marvelous rack.

And marvelous they were. Audrey was the proud owner of an exquisite pair of breasts. Firm, heavy DDs, perfectly formed, shockingly perky, standing proudly on her chest. Her creamy flesh made her massive jugs look incredibly soft and smooth to the touch. They rode close together, forming a perfect line of natural cleavage. They were capped by a pair of rock hard nipples, surrounded by smooth, round areola. They were begging to be sucked on. They were practically throbbing with desire.

Derek was able to drag his eyes from Audrey's jugs long enough to feast on the rest of her. She had a flat belly, evidence of the time she took caring for herself. He wasn't used to seeing such a sexy, fit, feminine stomach. Heather was by no means overweight or anything, but she wasn't as perfectly fit as Audrey was. Heather's belly was a bit soft around the edges, not as jarringly fit and sculpted like Audrey's. Her prominent hips and lightly formed muscles fashioned a perfect line dragging his eyes past her sexy belly button to her bare pussy.

And there it was. Audrey Clarke's vagina. A sight most men would kill for. As they should, because quite frankly, her cunt was top of the line. Perfectly plump lips, built to be kissed. A perfect, rock hard clit, built to be sucked on. Not a bit of hair on it, just a totally bare, perfect cunt.

Derek's eyes went further downward, traveling down her firm, smooth legs, down her silky thighs and calves, down to her delicate, bare feet, her nails perfectly pedicured.

Derek's eyes jumped to her smooth arms as she spread them apart, allowing the married man to take in her delicious frame. He studied her soft arms, and saw the champagne bottle held lazily in her right hand. He looked at her face to see her smiling proudly.

"C'mon, baby. Let's have some fun!" Audrey said with a smile.

Audrey spun on a dime, moving to walk away. This allowed Derek to take in Audrey's delicious ass. It was perfect. Her backside was perfectly ripe and well shaped, the cheeks smooth, round, and firm. As she walked away, her ass cheeks jiggled in just the right way, arresting his vision like a beacon. She turned a corner, and just like that, she was out of sight.

Derek had a decision to make. Audrey was leaving it up to him. He could follow her, join her for a bout of what promised to be some nasty, sweaty, disgusting, excellent sex. Or, he could leave now, somehow get back to his wife, his lovely wife. His soul mate.

He didn't want to cheat on his wife. He really didn't. But, Audrey was so... demanding. She had a way of saying things in such a way that made him want to do what she wanted. Not only want to do what she wanted, but it made him feel like he had to do what she wanted, or there would be hell to pay. He felt a bit threatened by her. Afraid of her. Sure, she had been all smiles, but he just knew that if he ran away from her now, she would track him down. She would not take no for an answer. For some reason, she was after him, and she would not stop. She would find him, wherever he was, and she would fuck him. It would not be pleasant. It would not be loving. She would take him. It didn't matter if his wife was around or not. Audrey would take him. Hard.

For a second Derek thought he was building her up too much. Maybe he was exaggerating her desire for him. But the truth was, he wasn't. Audrey was exactly what he thought she was. She was a cold blooded seductress, and for a guy like him, his worst nightmare. And his biggest weakness.

Audrey had a lot of money invested in Derek. She had a lot of plans. Derek would make her even richer. And if he chose to ruin her plans, then she would be very angry, and

a lot of people would be losing money. This wasn't about love for her. This wasn't about finding a husband. This was a business transaction. His cock was the currency. And like any person in business, if they had the opportunity to mix business with pleasure, they of course would. If she found a man who could simultaneously make her a loads of money and give her loads of cum at the same time, then by golly she'll fuck the ever-loving shit out of him. And like Derek thought, she would not be denied.

Derek was a young man, only 20. He simply did not have the life experience necessary to deal with someone like Audrey. He could barely handle the young girls his age, let alone an experienced whore like her. He was not built to handle a voracious slut like her, it was obvious. It was his fate to bend to her powerful will. She was a carnivore, and he was a piece of meat. It was his fate to be fed to her.

Derek was in a no win situation. It was attempt to run and eventually get fucked by her whether he liked it or not, whether his wife was there or not. Or, he could fuck this slut here and maybe escape her clutches by giving her what she clearly wants, namely his big fat married cock. Maybe he could give her one good fuck and she would be satisfied.

One good fuck and she would stop coming after him. One good fuck, without his wife knowing.

What could he do?

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Heather stirred awake, her groggy mind escaping its fog. She lifted her head and immediately regretted it, as her drunk mind began to swirl. She thought she heard her husband move inside the room. She closed her eyes to regain her bearings. As she did, she reached out to grab her husband. But unfortunately, all she grabbed was air. Her eyes slid open to locate her husband, only to find his side of the bed empty. She glanced around the dark room and saw no signs of life. She sat herself up and poised her feet on the ground. She stood up on unsteady legs, her swirling head causing her to lose her balance. She braced herself on the wall till the room stopped swirling.

"Derek?" she called out hoarsely, but there was no reply.

"DEREK!" she yelled out, but it became clear he wasn't there.

"Whirr arrre youuu." Heather mumbled. On wobbly legs, she walked across the room. She saw her phone on a table, so she grabbed it. Drunkenly, she texted:

"whr r u?"

As she did, her stomach began to swirl. As she rushed to the bathroom, to pray to the porcelain god, she completely forgot about wondering where her husband was.

That was probably for the best.

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"BBBBBRBBRBRRBBRRBRBRBRBRBRBBRRB!" Derek exclaimed, scrubbing his face between Audrey's massive breasts.

Derek was sitting on the bed, clinging to Audrey as she rode his massive cock. His head was jammed between her sweaty breasts as she humped the married man with her tight cunt.

"AHHH! OH FUCK! Open up baby. OPEN UP!" Audrey moaned. Derek faced upward, toward the ceiling, towards the face of the slut riding him. He watched her bring the open champagne bottle upward. He watched her take a swig of it. He watched her poise it directly above herself. She looked down at him, cocking an eyebrow expectantly. The married man opened his mouth, causing the slut to smirk.

She tipped the bottle and hung her head back, pouring the expensive champagne onto her gigantic, sweaty breasts, completely soaking them. Her cleavage acted like a funnel, directing the precious fluid directly onto the married man's face. Directly into the married man's mouth.

Derek let the expensive liquid enter his mouth, and damn did it fucking taste incredible. The champagne, combined with the flavor of her succulent flesh, created a delightful concoction. The champagne overfilled his gullet, and he swallowed fast as he could, but the icy liquid kept coming.

"BBBBBRBBRBRRBBRRBRBRBRBRBRBBRRB!" Derek exclaimed again, allowing the champagne to soak his face as he scrubbed himself between her enormous titties again. Derek let the champagne cover his face, washing his face, baptizing him into a new life.

Audrey brought her head forward and as she did, she dumped the remaining contents of the bottle over her head, soaking herself with the cool drink until her face and hair were soaked.

This was how the other side lived. They didn't use the expensive $10,000 champagne for drinking. No, they used it as lube, as a sex toy to aid them as they fucked. It was so wasteful. So unnecessary. So sexy.

Derek's lips closed around Audrey's wet nipple, soaked with champagne and her sweat. He sucked hard on her nipple, drawing a moan from the fashionista.

"AHHH! FUCK!" Audrey screamed out. She tossed the now empty bottle away and laughed, basking in the self-indulgent pleasure. She roughly shoved Derek back, her nipple popping from his mouth as he fell back to the bed. Audrey put her hands on his chest and scratched him roughly as she resumed bouncing on his cock.

"Tell me how much you like it! Tell me how much you love my pussy!" Audrey demanded.

"UGGHHHH! IT FEELS AMAZING!" Derek called out. And he was not lying. He had never experienced anything quite like Audrey Clarke's pussy. The sensation of the tight, wet suction around his cock was an indescribable pleasure. Derek tried to look at the union of their genatalia, where rock hard cock met tight pussy, but the sight was too much to take. It was like staring into the sun. You couldn't look for too long without being overwhelmed. A man could only take in the sight of a sexy, bare, tight pussy, the snug lips wrapped around the large shaft lovingly, her juices soaking them both, the hard clit poking outward, evidence of the pleasure he was bringing her, for so long without being driven mad. It was too sexy a sight for anyone to take.

But Derek's eyes had no escape. He could look at the sinewy muscles of her fit stomach, undulating in the natural rhythm of primal sex. He could look at her mountainous, firm DDs, bouncing wildly while maintaining their firmness, nipples dancing in the air, calling his attention. He could look at her gorgeous face, eyes scrunched up in pleasure, plump lips parted in a heated gasp. And he was sure if he could see her ass, it would be an immaculate pleasure as well. Bouncing up and down, firm muscles in her ass flexing, the sexy firm cheeks covered with sweat and champagne. Her body was built for sex, and being able to gaze upon it was enough to drive any man wild. Every part of her body was enough to drive any man over the edge.

But Derek was not any man. Despite his inexperience, his true nature was shining through. Sure, he had a mind for science, but he had a body built for sex. And no mind was strong enough to resist the needs of the body. When you have a cock the size of a baseball bat, it will demand satisfaction, at the expense of everything else. Derek was soon to learn that he could continue his life in the scientific field, but all of that scientific progress would have to take a backseat to the bouts of vicious lovemaking he would be

having in the future with whatever whore was by his side at the time. The curiosity of his mind would take a backseat to the demands of his beefy cock and swollen balls. And, like all studs, he would eventually reach the point where all other concerns, other than the ones coming from his aching balls, would become... meaningless.

Did Audrey feel bad about possibly setting back scientific progress just to get laid? Of course not! He was built to fuck, and it was her job to show him that. It was a tough job, and but she was the one to do it. And for that job, she expected to be well paid. And she should be, because that cock Derek was wielding was a real money maker. A real pussy pleaser. A real 'make a girl drool until she has to suck it' kind of dick. A real 'fuck a girl's cunt hard and fast until she squirts hot girl-cum everywhere' kind of dick. A real 'make a girl bend over and spread her cheeks and hope for a good reaming' kind of dick. A real 'shower a girl with cum until she's covered' kind of dick. A real 'a girl would pay a lot of money to see his dick in action' kind of dick. A real 'dick so good that women young and old just love it' kind of dick. A real 'a girl would watch him fucking countless porn sluts and fantasize about it being her on the receiving end' kind of dick. A real 'exhaust all funds and connections you've got so

you get to see this dick in person' kind of dick. A real 'spend thousands of dollars to spend one night getting nailed into the bed' kind of dick. A real 'forgo most of the money you earn fucking to your boss so you can keep fucking whores' kind of dick. A real 'forgo of life of science to keep fucking whores until your boss is insanely wealthy' kind of dick.

So no, Audrey felt no guilt. Derek would spend his life using his dick to fuck sluts, and Audrey would reap all the benefits. Derek would not only be fucking women for the rest of his life, he would be her personal tool to help grease the wheels of negotiation. There were a lot of powerful women out there in the need of something only a man like Derek could provide. And Derek would be her ticket to a life among those other strong women, as a sister. Derek was a powerful tool, one of the most powerful tools of all. And she would ride that tool to the top. From among the elite to a life among the super elite. A group of women she had only heard rumors about. Women that controlled everything. Above all of other women she knew. Above even her boss, the great Nina Baxter.

In her mind, she had surpassed her boss. Nina had grown old and complacent. She had lost her edge. She had a new

boy-toy, a young, hot husband, a gaggle of children, and she had lost that conquerors spirit. It was time for her to step aside and allow Audrey to stake her claim among the elite.

Audrey had learned everything she could from Nina. She had watched from the sidelines, watching Nina aggressively brow-beating men with her callous attitude and hot body. Reducing men to compliant slaves, eager to do her bidding. Audrey had watched her boss in action, watched her mature, voluptuous body fucking men into a stupor. She watched how Nina used every part of her body to its fullest. She watched as Nina inhaled cock fiercely. She used her firm legs to clutch men in her web. Used her massive breasts to drown men in their flesh, until they stopped fighting her off and lost themselves in softness. She watched as Nina's ass fucked men into oblivion, an unstoppable force of sex.

So sure, Audrey had cribbed her boss's moves. She had taken her moves, her methods, and improved upon them. Audrey added in her own special style and a bit of British charm into her sex, putting her own spin on Nina's methods. So, Audrey felt she had surpassed Nina's limits. That old lady couldn't compete with her hot young body

anymore. And Nina simply wanted to conquer the fashion world. Audrey dreamed bigger.

This was about more than padding her bank account. This was about power. This was the reason Audrey was dead-set on recruiting Derek. This is why she would not be denied. She deserved a life among the super elite. And she would get it.

Fate smiled on the lions. The bright light of had guided her to this moment. Where she would seize control of her life, and assert her rightful place among the most mighty.

She would turn Derek. Convert him. Corrupt him. Bring out the man he really was. He was no science nerd. He wasn't built for that. He was built to fuck girls. It was deeply ingrained in him, as if it was instinct. His mind was young, experienced, yet he still could fuck like a beast. The rhythm his balls beat against her ass was not one of inexperience. It was the rhythm of a true master. He would be something special.

"You're pretty fucking good. For such a boy!" Audrey teased, scratching his chest lovingly while her ass beat his thighs into submission.

"I'm not a boy!" Derek called out, as if he was used to being teased about being young. He was always the youngest man in the room. "I'm a man. I'm twenty!" Derek called out.

"I suppose you are. I suppose that is your manhood I feel so deep inside me." Audrey said, tightening her sweet cunt around it.

"Ahhh! Oh fuck!" Derek called out.

"I suppose that is your manhood pounding my tight cunt. But you are simply an inexperienced boy with a man-sized weapon. Mmmm." Audrey said, stifling a moan by biting her lip.

"Well, then, this inexperienced boy is the one making you cum." Derek taunted.

"Barely. Just little cums." Audrey started, "But you fuck like a young man who's never fucked a girl's cunt before. What really makes me cum like a fucking whore is when I get fucked hard by a man! And let me tell you, boy, a real man takes control. A real man makes pounds his bitch. A real man demolishes his whore's tight cunt, and makes sure she cums loads. A real man puts his whore's needs before even his own. He will make sure his slut cums ten times as much as he does. A real man wouldn't lie there and let his bitch take control! A real man doesn't just lie there and take it! A real man takes his woman! A real man ravishes her, treats her like a queen! That's why I know you're not a real man! Cause you don't fuck like one!"

As she went on and on, Derek got angrier and angrier. She took pleasure in his cock, and she had the gall to say he wasn't enough of a man for her? He was tired of being regarded as a boy. He was always the youngest in his class. The youngest in school, so he was rarely around girls his own age. And the older girls always looked down at him, like a cute, little pet. Like a sideshow attraction, never an equal. Well, it was time to shed that skin. Be the man he always was. He was fucking tired of being seen as a boy.

Derek was a man, and it was time for Audrey to learn that.

Derek grabbed Audrey's prominent hips and tossed her to the side, rolling with her until he was on top, his cock staying firmly implanted in her silky cunt. Audrey smirked smugly. Audrey was telling him he should be a man, but all of her advice was further supplanting her control of him. Further making him her slave. Him 'being a man' was all a ruse in order to get fucked harder. It was all a ruse to get him to make her hot cunt cum heaping amounts of squirting orgasms and for him to fill her with buckets of cum. How could he think he was winning this encounter when he would be making her cum ten times more than he would? That would really show how much of a man he really was, Audrey thought with a laugh.

Audrey smugly placed her ankles on his shoulders, making sure that fat cock of his got in deep. He pressed his dick into her, smothering it in its silky tightness until his balls rested against her ass. Derek looked down at Audrey, his fiery eyes meeting her arrogant stare.

"If you're really a man... prove it." Audrey dared, smiling. Sneering Derek pulled back, easing his shaft out of his smothering wetness up to the tip. Then he slammed it back in roughly.

"AHHHH!" Audrey screamed out in pleasure. Derek took advantage of her open mouth, his lips meeting Audrey in a heated kiss. Roughly, Derek scooped her massive DDs into his hands, squeezing roughly, pinching the nipples.

Derek began to piston his shaft roughly in and out of her. Their rocking bodies separated their mouths. Derek's mouth zeroed in on her dancing nipple, biting down on one roughly.

"FUCCCCK!" Audrey called out, the mix of pain and pleasure rippling through her mind. Derek switched nipples, making sure the other got the same treatment. Audrey brought her lips to his ear.

"This is pretty good, I guess. But... I thought you said you were a man." Audrey taunted.

Derek saw red.

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Heather was passed out in the bathroom off her hotel suite, in the dark, alone. All energy was gone from her. This was her wedding night. This was supposed to be her dream night, but it wasn't. She had ruined it, with one simple innocuous decision. She had taken one drink. But she had taken it too far, gotten drunk, black-out plastered. And now her husband was out of the picture, getting some excellent pussy while she was in her hotel suite by herself, alone.

Time and space works in mysterious ways.

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Derek was now pummeling Audrey like an animal, a rutting beast. Her own hand was strumming her clit. The combination of her delicate fingers on her clit and the enormous shaft demolishing her pretty pussy was driving

her wild. Each deep insertion of Derek's sizable cock, each time his enormous balls slammed against her asshole, set her off.

"FFFFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKKK!" Audrey cried, her eyes crunched up in pleasure, ankles at her ears, her cunt squirting cum on each of his downward thrusts like a sprinkler, coating both of their thighs in her most precious of fluids. The most precious fluid a woman can give to her lover. More precious than the finest champagnes. The most expensive wines. A truly rare commodity.

Despite being in a constant state of near-bliss, Audrey was able to moan out commands to her lover.

"Ahhh, keep going, that's it!" she gasped. "You might be a man after all." she added, her voice warbling.

Derek was more beast than man at this point. More animal than articulate creature. The once soft spoken young man was now a slave to the primal need to fuck. All thoughts of other universes, other timelines was gone. His wife was forgotten, no longer a concern for him. His sweet, good-

hearted wife who had taught him so much was now left by the wayside, replaced on his wedding day by a woman who taught him more in the two or so hours they had spent together than his wife ever had.

Derek's balls were swollen. His cock was pulsing. Any regular man would've cum long before. But he was more than any regular man. He was of another class. He was among the special. The elite.

He deserved to cum anywhere and with any girl he fucking wanted.

Time slowed down for the two lovers as they reached their climax. Derek's ass was flexing and driving in a hypnotizing rhythm as Audrey palmed one of his sweaty ass cheeks roughly. Derek was a rutting, fucking man, taking all pleasure he could from the slut under him while giving her orgasm after orgasm. Each and every one of these moments was drawn out as time slowed, each deep insertion of his cock, each squirting orgasm she had, were infinite in time. The sensation of her magnificent cunt smothering his cock was an endless pleasure that they rode out, together. A

moment that only happens once in a lifetime to most, a moment now shared between this good married man and this scheming whore he was fucking.

And then the moment, when the pleasure was too much for either of the excited lovers to handle, Derek felt the creamy cum traveling up his shaft as he inserted his throbbing meat into Audrey's slutty cunt. As if completely in tune with each other, the moment his cock hit bottom, the moment his balls came to rest against her asshole, cum exploded from the tip of his cock, coating the inside of her cunt with his creamy seed. Her tight cunt clenched around his shaft, coaxing the cum from his aching her balls into the loving confines of her wet pussy. Her hands now clutched both of his ass-cheeks, making sure he got as deep as he could. Her legs fell to the side, spread wide like the filthy whore she was.

Their sweaty torso's comingled, their sex-sweat mixing in an unholy combination. Her massive breasts pressed into his chest, her still hard nipples scratching against his chest. Her wet, sinewy tongue was firmly entrenched in his married mouth, adding an unusual level of intimacy to what had been a raw, physical affair.

This moment, with them riding out life-altering orgasms, lasted for ages. Lifetimes, it felt like. Locked, in this intimate embrace, sharing this incredible pleasure, the pleasure only felt when a spurting cock exploded in a tight, wet, warm cunt.

The moment from first spurt of cum till the last painful ejaculation lasted for ages. Time seemed to return to normal as the last spurt of cum fired from his balls. The moment passed as Derek fell exhausted on top of Audrey, as the two lovers attempted to regain their strength.

But time seemed to be in flux for the rest of the night. In what seemed like mere moments but what might have been many minutes, the two were ready for more. In no time at all, Audrey was no longer on her back. She was on all fours, soaked with sweat, cum leaking from her cunt, pointing her ass at the married man. She looked back at Derek, styled eyebrow raised, daring him to proceed.

And, in what felt like no time at all, Derek's tongue was worshiping the fashionista's sweaty ass-crack, his tongue

lavishly traveling the length of it, over and over again, making sure it was ready for what was to come.

And it felt like mere moments later when the married man staged himself behind her, his ready cock poised to breach her tight asshole and make it his. Read to fuck her ass like a man.

But the moment he attempted to enter her ass, that moment was drawn out again. The sensation of her asshole yielding to the pressure, giving in, wrapping around his invading cock, that sensation lasted for ages. As did the feeling of Derek grabbing Audrey's sweaty hips, aggressively forcing his thick dick up her tight ass. Audrey's moans were the sweetest song, softly entering his ears over a lifetime of sensation. But, as soon as his torso met her ass, his cock completely stuffed up her tight ass, time sped up.

In what might have been hours but only felt like minutes, Derek roughly fucked Audrey's ass. In and out, in and out, again and again. He slapped her ass, spanked it red, and fucked her brains out. Derek was pure beast, but Audrey still kept one eye on business.

She found the strength during this rough anal fuck to grab a slip of paper and a pen from the side table. She fused the paper to her sweaty back, it getting soaked with her sweat. She handed the pen to Derek, expectantly.

In his animal like state, Derek found it in him to take in the piece of paper, and what it was. And with an arrogant sneer, he clicked the pen, and signed his name on the dotted line.

Derek's modeling contract was now signed, his future now set.

He tossed the paper away and reached under her, scooping her massive breasts in his hands, sucking on Audrey's neck. But Audrey couldn't lose herself in the pleasure yet. She had more business to take care of.

She grabbed one of the two phones she had discreetly retrieved. Pointing it at herself and the married man fucking her, she decorated her face with the most arrogant of smirks and took a picture. She sent it to her good friend

Abby, the pathetic excuse of a woman who had unwittingly helped this happen. Who, once again, made her life easier by helping her get laid while she stayed on the sidelines. And Audrey imagined the sobbing face of her pathetic ex - coworker. And she did imagine it correctly, as Abby looked at the married man that she had flirted with, who rejected her due to his wedding vows, now fucking one of her rivals, one of the women who benefitted the most by Abby losing her husband. Abby hated that bitch, and she hated that Abby once again came up short to another in the war of love. Fate had not been kind to her.

She was a beaten Cline, defeated by time. She was definitely not a true Cline woman.

Audrey had one last piece of business to take care of. She repeated the same photo on Derek's phone, and quickly transferred the evidence of his cheating to his beloved wife, making sure Derek had no chance to run back to that life. He was now truly hers, for life.

Audrey finally allowed the pleasure to overwhelm her. She finally lost herself in the moment. She allowed the

sensation Derek's beefy cock pounding her ass to overwhelm her. She let the feel of Derek's manly hands on her great big breasts to send her over the edge.

"OHHHHHH! FUCK!" Audrey screamed, her ass tightening around his throbbing cock. Derek grunted an animal moan, his hips pounding her ass as she set him off. They rode out their orgasms together, Derek yanking her hair as they gyrated together. Audrey kept her ass up as they both came, before the strength finally left her, and they collapsed to the bed, together.

The strength was now gone from the fucking couple, and no amount of willpower could keep them awake. They fell asleep, a messy tangle of sweaty limbs, drying champagne and their shared, sweaty juices.

Derek's fate was set in stone now. He would become a model, but as Audrey knew, he had a lot more in store for him than that. A lot more. All good shreds of Derek were now gone. His love of Heather, his love of science had been fucked out of him. The good aspects of his character were

gone. He was now a fucking beast, a cheating bastard. Audrey's personal whore. The monster that she created.

This was all his fault. This is what happens when he rejects his wife's family. That was his mistake. He sought comfort from a stranger instead of his new family, and that led him to a life as the personal fuck-toy of some woman he didn't know. He shouldn't have been afraid of the Cline women, let alone running from them. He didn't know that embracing the Cline women would lead him to so much joy.

And so much pleasure.

(Author's Note: Thanks for enjoying the story so far. And just an FYI, the remaining four chapters will all be in the incest category, so when they come out, look there. Chapter 3, Derek's first confrontation with a true Cline woman, is coming next week.)

Chapter 3

Timeline D: Jackie Cline Flirts with Time

Derek made his way across the reception hall, approaching his wife and the couple she was talking to. Making apologies, he scooped up his wife, who was clearly making the couple uncomfortable by trying to dominate their conversation, so Derek had to rescue his wife from embarrassing herself. As soon as he pulled her away, Jackie appeared next to them.

"Sorry about Heather, Derek." Jackie said.

"Oh, it's, uh, okay." Derek said.

"Let me help you out. A man shouldn't have to carry his drunk bride to the wedding suite." Jackie said, rubbing his shoulder.

"No, it's okay. I got it." Derek said smiling.

"You sure?" Jackie said, styled eyebrows raised, seemingly hinting at something that he was not understanding. Derek thought it over. Jackie had made him uncomfortable all night. Sure, she had been nice, but she seemed very... flirty. Maybe that was just the way she was, but still, Derek was a bit freaked out by her. It might be best to stay away from her. But she was Heather's sister. She wouldn't do anything to ruin her sister's big night and make him feel uncomfortable. Right?

"Uh, yeah, okay. I guess." Derek said.

"Great!" Jackie exclaimed, flashing her white teeth at the husband. She stepped over to them and went to Heather's other side, putting her arm around her sister's shoulder. While he was supporting his wife's weight as she stumbled around, Jackie just had her arm around her sister's shoulder lazily, only guiding her as opposed to actually helping him carry her. She wasn't really helping. It was as if her help was for show. But he couldn't complain.

She was family now.

Jackie Cline, Heather's older sister, had just turned 23, and she was already well on her way to walking in the footsteps of generations of Cline women. Her bank account was already packed, thanks to her many relationships with rich, older men. She had used her feminine wiles to secure one of the finest luxury apartments in New York City. She hob-nobbed with the big city elite, making connections with only the most wealthy and successful people in town. And not the only kind of connections in the sense of getting her name out there and attending the best parties. No, the connections she tended to make were the ones where her tight pussy and the big, fat cocks connected over and over again. Big, fat cocks attached to the richest, most powerful men in the city, whether it was millionaire playboys or CEO's. So her bank account was nice and fat. While her younger sister was working hard, studying, living a humble life, her older sister was getting reamed out by giant dick on a regular basis and was crazy rich because of it.

So it was without question that Jackie was stunningly beautiful. Just absolutely perfect. An almost model-like face, with big, bright, stunning eyes and smooth, plump, sexy lips. She had shiny, brown hair, looked like the type

you'd see in one of those hair commercials, done by the best stylists, cascading in chestnut waves down her back. Her tan was perfect, her skin ideally sun kissed, thanks to the summer she spent in her ex-boyfriend's beach house in the Bahamas. Which, thanks to her scheming, cunning mind, was now... her beach house.

Jackie looked incredible. She was tall, much taller than her sister. Tan, much tanner than her sister. Gorgeous, much more gorgeous than her sister. While Heather was the bookworm, Jackie was the model.

Not that being the bookworm was a bad thing. That's what attracted Derek to Heather. She was a nerd, just like he was. He was never the type to go after the sexiest girl around. They just weren't his type. Not that they didn't have their appeal. But Derek liked down-home, regular, funny, hard working girls.

Jackie didn't work. Ha! As if a real Cline woman would work. No, she spent her time keeping herself fit and gorgeous. Her belly was flat, her legs were firm, and her ass was out of this world. It rode proudly, firm and perky, round like

perfectly ripe fruit. Her ass swayed when she walked. But none of these features compared to her proudest feature. Well, her two proudest features.

Her mother always told her that big tits were her ticket to the good life. And they fucking were. Huge, jutting, perky, fleshy DD's sat on her chest like a work of art. As soon as any man saw them, whether bare or covered in her tight molded clothing, they went into brain lock. All those men could think about was getting their hands on her tits, that sweet succulent flesh, and squeezing them while Jackie convinced them to give her whatever the fuck she wanted. And she was very successful.

Her relationship with Heather was... interesting. There was no animosity or anything between them. It was just... Jackie looked at her sister like a naïve child. Jackie loved her sister and cared for her deeply, but it was clear they were too different to ever be best friends. Jackie just didn't understand how Heather could live such a boring life. And Heather always wanted her to understand her way of life. She wanted Jackie's approval desperately, but she would never get it. They were cordial, they kept in touch, but they just had nothing in common. They were two different types

of women. Heather was a regular woman. Jackie was a Cline woman.

It was widely regarded that it was in poor form to wear white to a wedding. But Jackie Cline, ever brazen, wore a long, silky, pearly white dress. And yet, no one questioned her choice. The fashion police were not judging her. And there was a good reason no one was looking down at her for wearing a white dress: she was rocking the shit out of it.

Her dress was very thin and airy, molding to her body while looking like it could fall in a puddle at her feet at any moment. The thin straps clung to her shoulders, indenting into her firm skin. Much of her chest was left exposed as her dress was very low cut, allowing everyone to get a glimpse at the tops of her bulbous breasts. Her skin was like silk, her chest so smooth that anyone looking at her would just want to feel her soft skin.

The amount of cleavage left exposed was incredible. Her large breasts were so round and full that they appeared to be perfectly ripe fruit, pulsing with energy, bursting to be free. They were packed into her dress but anyone looking

could see the full shape of them. They could see every nook and cranny of her creamy orbs. Her big fat nipples on her big fat tits were packed into her tight little dress, just barely. Everyone could see them.

The dress molded to her flat, fit belly before cascading out around her prominent hips. Her dress fell in waves to just below her knees, only allowing people to see the lower halves of her firm, creamy legs. She wore matching white high heels, and any woman could tell you those shoes looked like high-end expensive stuff. The stuff you only find at the fanciest boutiques.

And as she walked, her silk clad ass was being shown off to the appreciative eyes of every male in the room. Just a round, heart-shaped, ripe, squeezable, spankable ass. The kind of ass you only found in porn. The type of porn where asses like hers were brutally fucked and spanked and the women came like crazy.

Derek was stunned by his wife's sister's beauty. She was one of those girls that looked unattainable, especially to a guy who had been called a nerd all his life.

Jackie was getting tired of the men she was regularly getting banged by. Sure, the near constant sex she was having was great, but it was getting a bit too boring. Just the same types of dumb, douche bag guys, with all the same moves. She was looking for something a bit more fulfilling. A bit more fun. A bit more... nasty!

Jackie just wasn't cumming like she used to. Sure, the men she fucked were built and had nice big dicks, but their fucking lacked that level of pure filth a slut like her needed. She had been on the lookout for something to quench her thirst. Multiple men, married men, nothing quite fit the bill. But now, at her little sister's wedding, the little sister who idolized her so very much, all Jackie could think about was how this Derek could be the one who could satisfy her the way she needed.

He was so fucking hot, oh my god! He honestly looked like a model. The kind you would find in magazines, hunky guys advertising cologne. Not even close to the lanky, dorky guy she expected when Heather told her she was marrying a physicist.

All Jackie could think about was how fucking nasty it would be if she were the one to get fucked by Derek and not her cute younger sister. Yeah, Heather was a sweet girl, but she was naïve in the ways of the world. Naïve in the ways of the dark arts, the kind Jackie was especially talented in. God, how hot would it be to get fucked by her younger sister's new husband, her rich, brilliant husband, on her wedding day! He was hot. He was smart. He seemed to be sweet and loving. He was also built and most likely had a big cock, but he was so much more than that. So much more than any man she had ever been with. Jackie was positively smitten!

They walked towards the exit. Jocelyn was up on the stage, poised to sing when she noticed Jackie walking alongside young Derek. Jocelyn looked angrily at them. Derek was too distracted supporting his wife. If he hadn't been distracted, he would have seen the smug smile Jackie flashed her mother, a smile of victory. Derek would have seen Jocelyn's eyes narrow in annoyance. Derek also didn't notice as they passed by Helena, and the disapproving shake of her head she gave them.

And if Derek had seen these disapproving stares, he wouldn't have even understood them. He would have thought their annoyance was simply due to Heather being drunk. Sure, that was part of their annoyance. A small part, as their motherly instincts kicked in, as they looked in disappointment at the young girl who couldn't afford to make this kind of mistake. She always seemed so smart, but she had made such an immature mistake. And she couldn't afford to have any fuck-ups, not with the man she had landed.

As much as they loved Heather, it was obvious that he was so far out of her league it wasn't funny. And if she wanted to hold onto him, she had to be perfect. She couldn't afford any mistakes, cause there were a lot of more capable women ready to swoop in and take her place at the end of his cock. Jackie, Jocelyn, and Helena understood the ways of the world. Derek was a good guy, but if his wife wasn't up for the job of keeping his balls drained, he would find someone who would. He was so young, so innocent, so inexperienced, so eager to please. He was ripe for the taking, ripe to be stolen and if a woman wanted to keep him she needed to lock him down totally. And all the Cline

women rightfully suspected that Heather didn't have what it took to lock a man like Derek down.

So this was the root of Jocelyn and Helena's annoyance. It was jealousy. It wasn't really that Heather was drunk. It was the fact that she had already lost Derek's fat married cock. Jocelyn and Helena knew his throbbing cock would not end up in his wife tonight. Heather blew it, and due to that, the Cline women knew that his cock was now destined to end up in the warm, wet, tight confines of Jackie's cunt instead. Heather fucked up, and now her husband would spend his night fucking her hot older sister instead. This infuriated Jocelyn and Helena. That bratty, impudent young slut didn't deserve Derek. Well, yes, she was a much better match for him than Heather was of course. And she was far more compatible with him than 99% of all women. But Derek could have even better.

Jocelyn and Helena stewed in jealously of Jackie. Why would he choose Jackie when he could easily have either of them instead? Why would he choose Jackie when he could experience a whole new world by fucking one of their tight mature pussies instead? These young guys now a-days all know that older women fuck far better than younger girls.

That was common knowledge. He knew deep down he was picking a fuck partner for the evening, and he chose Jackie. He chose Jackie, with her amazingly perky tits, perfect even tan, flawless, smooth skin. It was infuriating! Did Derek not understand the true delights of the mature flesh? Apparently, he did not. He was naïve to that fact, and due to that, Jackie would be on the receiving end of his no-doubt massive dick tonight. Bitch!

Jocelyn and Helena had no doubts that Jackie would easily succeed at bedding the young married husband. He didn't stand a chance. Jocelyn knew it. Helena knew it. And Jackie knew it too.

Jackie smiled smugly as they escaped the reception. It was now just Jackie, Heather, and Derek. Jackie was satisfied that she was the victorious one. She was the one who would spend the night with Derek. Jackie had been very observant, and she had seen she was not the only one who had eyes for Derek. Her mother wanted Derek, and, despite her pleas otherwise, her grandmother wanted fuck the shit out of him as well. And it wasn't just her fellow Cline women that wanted him. There were others, like that girl who worked with the hotel, what's her name. Then there was that girl

that was hanging around with her grandmother, the one from the fashion magazine, Audrey. There were others too, even a few women from his own family that were looking at him in a way you shouldn't look at a blood relative. A few of his female cousins, and some other women whose relation to him she didn't know. Then there were the heaping amounts of women who had no chance with Derek, but you could tell they would be fingering themselves to thoughts of him. Derek was the prize of the wedding, a prize Jackie had claimed as her own.

Jackie loved her sister. She did. But she had blown it big time. Jackie knew that if you have a man that is such a stud like Derek, with as big of a cock as Derek surely did, you do not give him a moment for his eyes to stray. You need to make sure his big cock is constantly well cared for. And Heather had already failed at that. And sure, this was her sister's husband, but no slut can resist the lure of a throbbing cock forever, especially when attached to a hunk like Derek. The only barrier between Jackie and that cock was her sister. And that barrier was flimsy at best, as flimsy as the tiny thong covering her sweet cunt. Even if Heather was totally sober, that wouldn't stop Jackie from flirting with her hunky brother-in-law, tempting him, teasing his

beefy married cock. Derek would succumb to her hot body eventually, so all Heather had done was speed up the timeframe of her seduction. Jackie expected Heather to be in the way of her quickly planned seduction, but now that Heather had drunk herself out of the picture, it was Jackie's opportunity to make her move. To do what Heather couldn't. To lock down the cock that should belong to Heather. To steal a married dick that shouldn't be stolen. Yeah, this dick was supposed to be the property of her sister, but... who cares?

He was hot. She was hot. Derek and Jackie would be quite a fine duo. Jackie could tell that her and him would be very sexually compatible. Him, so hot, so studly, so nice, so sweet, so innocent, so... malleable. And her, so gorgeous, so hot, so sexy, with such big tits, and a perfect round ass, and such a tight pussy, and such a completely filthy mind. She knew she could make a real sex monster out of him, a true sexual beast addicted to the filthy fucking she could provide. She could make him hers. She would make him hers.

She couldn't hide her smile of anticipation. He had married Heather, but by the end of the night he would be vowing

his love to her older sister instead. His first fuck as a married man would not be with his wife. If that wasn't a bad omen for the sake of their marriage, she didn't know what was!

Jackie knew she would have to take it slow. Derek seemed easily intimidated, and her typically aggressive approach could scare him off. She had to work herself close to him, slowly but surely, until they were too close for comfort. Too close to run away. Too close to do anything else but fuck!

So, Jackie crossed off a few questions that she would typically ask her studs because she knew that might scare him off. The type of aggressive flirtation that is perfect for seducing guys who are out on the town ready to hook up. You know, her asking if the man she is with has ever seen tits as big as hers. If his big hands could fit around her big breasts or would they get overwhelmed with their softness. Or she would ask him how much he cums, like, does he fire off for half a minute or much longer. Like, could he fill a cup full of his tasty cum, or just muster a miserable dribble? Did he have what it took to fill up all of her holes with cum and be ready for more? If any man could withstand this onslaught of questions without backing down in fear, then he had earned a night getting his brains fucked out by Jackie

and her wondrous body. But this approach was for guys ready to get picked up for sex. Derek wasn't like that.

Derek was scared to death of strong women. The only reason he ended up with Heather was that she was as awkward and shy as he was. He was so hot and eager to please that it was a wonder no girl had taken advantage of this fact. He was the type of guy that was built to be bossed around by a strong, aggressive, dominant woman. The type of man to do whatever she tells him to do. The type of man to carry her bags while she buys such expensive things. The type of man to do chores around the house while letting his lady love make sure her tan was just perfect. The type of guy who she could treat like shit but he sticks around because she's so fucking hot and she fucks so good. The type of man that could have his wedding ruined by his slut of a sister-in-law and would have no choice but to become her personal fuck-buddy.

Jackie had big plans for her brother-in-law. Now, it was just time to reel him in.

"Sisshh, I'mmmmm gooood. I cannnn walk jush fine." Heather asserted, removing Jackie's arm from her shoulder and jumping away from Derek, attempting to walk in a straight line. She stumbled, and Derek jumped forward to catch her as Jackie simply rolled her eyes. Jackie didn't feel like continuing the charade of actually helping to carry Heather, so she watched from a distance as Derek struggled to keep his wife on her feet. Derek looked over at Jackie, silently asking for help, but Jackie simply smiled, playing dumb. Jackie noticed a flash of annoyance cross Derek's face, but it passed quickly. Jackie smiled inwardly, noting that the so called sweet, good young man her sister married could actually get mad. Jackie hoped to soon be on the receiving end of that... passion.

Jackie used this opportunity of being separated from her drunk sister to her advantage. She walked in front of the slowly moving Derek and Heather under the guise of guiding them, when in fact it was just an opportunity to show off her dress-clad ass. And show it off she did.

Jackie knew how to shake her perfect ass, and her ass bounced side to side in just the right way. Jackie was an expert at popping her hips back and forth, her firm cheeks

sashaying under the material of the silky dress. The thin dress allowed any viewer to see the way her perky ass jiggled.

Kaitlyn, the sexy young hotel clerk, was watching this group approach with shock. She was not stupid, and it became clear to her that during the set-up for this reception, when Jocelyn worked with Kaitlyn to set up everything, Kaitlyn knew Jocelyn was after her daughter's man. It was clear to Kaitlyn that Jocelyn had an eye for Derek, even before she had met him. So Kaitlyn, ever the ambitious slut, was eager to watch Jocelyn at work. Kaitlyn was still learning her craft, so she was willing to watch someone more experienced use all her wiles to seduce the young husband. And of course, if Kaitlyn had the opportunity, she would swoop in and run some game on the new husband.

So it was with shock as she watched that slut Jackie approaching with the couple in tow. Kaitlyn did not like the bratty young slut at all. Jackie came across as a posh, spoiled brat, dismissive and elitist. Kaitlyn knew Jackie was the type of girl to not bother dealing with people she deemed as commoners, the working class. She was an elitist of the worst kind. Jackie had been dismissive of Kaitlyn, brushing

her off at every opportunity. To her, Jackie was a grade-A cunt.

So to watch this young slut, smiling ever so smugly as the prized catch followed, infuriated Kaitlyn. How had that spoiled brat gotten her claws in Derek? She was such a total bitch! How had the nice young husband not seen through it?

Kaitlyn had the key card to the honeymoon suite in hand. She had been ready to hand it off to Jocelyn, eager to play some role in the corruption of the hunky Derek. Her eager smile became a frown as Jackie, Derek and the drunken Heather approached. Without a word, Jackie sauntered forward, glanced at the hotel clerk and saw through her immediately. Without a word and with barely a glance, Jackie swiped the card from Kaitlyn's outstretched hand and sauntered forward without stopping. She shook her butt at Kaitlyn as she led the husband to her doom.

Kaitlyn gritted her teeth in anger. What a fucking bitch! Kaitlyn looked at Jackie's perfect dress in that amazing white dress and stormed off.

Wearing a white dress to a wedding was always considered a no-no. Wearing a dress so thin and figure hugging was the type of clothing that would make other women attending gab to each other cattily about how much of a slut she was. But nobody was complaining. Nobody was making nasty comments behind Jackie's back. Nobody saw how the dress molded to her prodigious rump and complained. Nobody looked at the way the dress was stretched around her giant tits and got angry. Nobody spied the juicy cleavage exposed by her low-cut dress and got pissed. Nobody complained that her thin dress was practically see-through in the right light. And that it was easy to see her rock hard nipples, the full shape of her giant breasts, and the tiny white thong clinging to her. Nobody got mad, because she looked... perfect. There was nothing to get angry about. There were no negative words to say. She had the body, and everyone knew she had the right to show it off. All the other women gritted their teeth in envy at Jackie's perfect 23-year-old form. All the men lustily stared at her lush form at the expense of the women they were with.

Except Derek.

Maybe that's why she wanted him. Jackie always got noticed. Jackie was always aggressively hit on, and men were always intimidated by her, so she never had any issues getting any man she wanted. Men were so baffled by her that they had no choice but to give her whatever the fuck she wanted. Guys fell over themselves to bang her. But not Derek.

Her new brother-in-law acted like a regular, normal guy. He wasn't intimidated by her hot bod. He wasn't drooling at the sight of her juicy cleavage. He wasn't brought to his knees by the sight of her glorious ass. His eyes weren't drawn to her long, smooth legs. Derek behaved like she was just some regular, normal chick. It was infuriating!

Jackie was not normal. She was not the status quo. She was a star. She was not someone you look past. She was someone who was to be worshipped. Someone you'd be lucky to even be in her presence. Someone who you would do anything, truly ANYTHING, to be lovers with. She was not some plain, ugly girl. Any man should feel honored... even blessed, to see her naked.

Any man who gets to see Jackie Cline nude is already indebted to her, because her body is one of the greatest gifts a man could get. At that point, if a man sees her amazing body, it is his duty to worship it. She deserved to be worshipped. She deserved to have a man suck, chew and bite her succulent nipples. She deserved to smother a big, strong, handsome man with her immaculate breast flesh. She deserved to have a man lovingly nibble at her hard clit. She deserved to have a man suck at her cunt and take all of her sweet girl-cum into his mouth. She deserved to have a man peel her succulent ass cheeks apart. She deserved to have a hot guy licking the full length off her spectacular ass-crack. She deserved to have to have a real stud suck at her tasty asshole. She deserved to have any hot dick around her available for her use, ready and waiting for when she needs to cum like crazy.

And Derek, this asshole, wasn't giving her any attention. Sure, she's his sister-in-law, but that shouldn't stop him from at the very least admiring her hot body. You know, some secret glances when no one was looking. Jackie always could feel the eyes on her body, and Derek was giving her nothing. Not one glance. Not even one innocent complement. Not one, 'Hey sis, you look great', cause he

would call her sis, since they were family now. Not one, 'Gosh Jackie, that dress makes you're tits look huge', and she would reply, 'it's not the dress that makes them look huge', and they would all laugh. He didn't compliment her ass at all. He didn't say, 'Damn sis, that ass looks incredible'. If he did, she would say thanks, flashing her bright teeth at her hunky brother-in-law. And he would add, 'are you wearing a thong, cause I can't see a thing under your dress, other than your hot body, of course.' And Jackie would smile and reply, 'yeah, it's a really tiny thong. I can show it to you if you want.' And Derek would say, 'of course', and they would sneak off together to the marriage suite, and no one would think anything of it, cause they were family now. The door would shut, and she would let her dress fall to the floor, letting her brother-in-law gape at her nearly nude body, covered only in a teeny, tiny thong. He would gawk at her body in awe, too many compliments to vocalize. And she would whisper, 'you can run your mouth all over me if you want'. And he would be too awed to disobey. His lips would soon be on her. Running over her firm belly. Through her smooth cleavage, his face getting smothered in her huge breasts. His lips would travel down her spine, to the top of her ass-crack and then all the way down it, following the path of her thong through her ass-crack, across her asshole. He would continue on till he got to her thong covered

pussy, and his lips would stay there, kissing her cunt, over and over again, her juice soaked thong giving him a tease of her flavor. And she would peel her thong away, and her brother-in-law would keep kissing, his lips against her bare clit. His tongue deep inside her silky cunt, gathering her juices. And then she would moan out lightly, and they would get carried away...

Jackie was shaken from her fantasy. She realized they were already in the elevator, on the way up to the marriage suite. Derek was distracted by his drunk wife, so Jackie took the opportunity to take an unencumbered view of his cock. Sluts like her could take one look at a man and just know if he was packing heat. And as she had watched Derek walk down the aisle, taking her first glance at the man her sister was marrying, all her senses were telling her that Derek was packing the biggest, beefiest cock she had ever come across. And cumming all across his big cock was all she could think about as him and her sister said 'I do.'

The elevator doors parted, and Jackie held them open.

"Thanks." Derek grunted out.

"I'll run ahead, open up the door for you." Jackie offered.

"Oh, uh, okay." Derek said. She smiled a scheming smile and strutted down the hallway, shaking her hips like a model, her ass jiggling side to side. But Derek still didn't watch. His drunk wife was distracting him from the visual treats his sister-in-law was offering. Jackie opened the door and held it open, posing with one hand on her hip, giving her tits a shake, hoping he would notice. But he just gave a quiet thanks as he passed by and entered the suite.

Jackie rolled her eyes in frustration. She would fuck him extra hard for how pissed he was making her. She was furious at how her sister was ruining this for her, ruining what should be a perfectly hot night between Jackie and Derek. Heather would pay. As would Derek. She would destroy his fucking cock.

As Jackie let the door shut behind her, she watched Derek's confusion as to what to do with his wife. But Jackie knew exactly what she needed to happen.

Jackie sauntered forward as Derek held his wife away from him as he figured out where to put her. Heather's back was facing Jackie. Jackie set her handbag down and approached the couple.

"Hold her up straight." Jackie said assertively, taking control of the situation. Jackie glanced at Derek, and noticed the look of relief flash across his face, relief that someone else was taking control of the situation. Jackie noted this reaction. Noted the fact that Derek likes giving up control. Noted the fact that Derek likes it when a strong woman takes control of a situation. Jackie smiled, cause she was a bitch who liked running the show.

Jackie brought her hands to her sister's dress and began loosening it.

"Uh, what are you doing?" Derek asked.

"You think your wife wants to pass out in her wedding dress and mess it up?" Jackie asked quickly, turning up the bitch-mode a bit on her brother-in-law.

"Oh, yeah, uh, sorry." Derek mumbled passively, causing Jackie to smile inwardly again. Her hypothesis was correct. Derek definitely bent to the will of a strong woman. And if he responded that way to one bitchy comment, she could only imagine what she could get away with when she turned on full bitch mode.

Jackie unlaced the straps holding on Heather's wedding dress. As she let it fall to her feet, and his wife's lingerie-clad body emerged, Derek began to panic.

"Uh, I can, uh, do this." Derek said.

"Derek, she's my sister. I've seen her like this. And I assume you have too. Right?" Jackie asked condescendingly.

"Oh, uh, yeah, of course." Derek said.

"For a smart guy, Derek, you need to stop acting so dumb." Jackie giggled. Derek smiled lightly at this. Jackie lightly shoved her sister forward, towards her husband, away from

the pooled dress at her feet. Jackie bent over and retrieved the dress from the ground.

"I will say this, Heather has shit taste in fashion, but this dress is spectacular." Jackie said, admiring the dress in her hands.

Derek didn't know whether to reply to the slight dig at his wife, or the compliment about the dress, so he just said nothing.

"So, you tuck in my baby-sis and put her to bed... and I think I am gonna try this dress on." Jackie said, as if that were the obvious next step.

"Uh, wait, what?" Derek asked, confused.

"I said put my sister to bed." Jackie said, insistently.

"No, uh, about the other thing..." Derek said.

"What, the dress? Oh honey, this is what sister's do. I didn't get the chance to do this before the wedding. I just got into town last night. Trust me, Derek, Heather wouldn't mind." Jackie said with a bright smile, a smile hiding her true malice.

"Oh, yeah, okay." Derek said, not wanting to make his sister-in-law mad. Was that really something sisters did? It must be. She made it sound so obvious. Jackie smiled, wedding dress in hand, and made her way to the bathroom.

Jackie smiled evilly as she walked away from Derek. She felt no shame in what she planned to do tonight. None at all. Jackie always played the part of the good sister, at least most of the time. But the truth was, she never wanted a sister. If she could go back in time, she would try to make sure she never had a sister. As soon as Heather was born, all the attention went from Jackie to Heather. As they grew up, it became clear Heather had the brains and she had the looks. Jackie could always tell Jocelyn saw Heather as the shining star of the family, and Helena always seemed to prefer Heather instead of her. It didn't help that Heather fucking looked up at her. She was looking for the guidance only an older sister could give. Jackie played the part, but inside, she

was furious. She didn't want to be a big sister. She never wanted that. Things were so much better when it was just her.

Jackie felt forgotten. No one was willing to give her what she wanted. She wanted her sister out of her hair. She wanted to be treated like the star she was. But fate would soon shine upon her. Something that changed Jackie's place in the world.

Jackie grew tits!

As soon as Jackie filled out and was overflowing every bra she was given, people started to pay attention to her. She regained her mother's favor and became her confidante. Her partner in crime. Although Helena never quite warmed to her in the same way, it didn't matter. Helena only played a small part in her life. Her opinion didn't fucking matter.

Very quickly, Heather was left behind, in the shadows, where she belonged. Jocelyn treated Jackie like the star she was. Jocelyn showed Jackie the finer things in life. She showed her how to dress. How to party. How to seduce

men. How to fuck. The essentials any girl learns from her mother.

Her resentment of Heather lessened. It wasn't that she liked her sister more. No, it was more because she was having so much sex and flirting with so many guys that a petty sibling rivalry seemed so minor in comparison.

Jackie simply started living in a different world than Heather did. Jackie still resented her, resented her as an obligation that she didn't want or care about. Jackie hated the times she was supposed to bond with her little sis. Jackie hated every time she saw Heather wearing one of her old shirts that she wore when she was flat-chested. Jackie couldn't fit in those tops anymore, but seeing her pathetic little sister wearing clothes that were once hers and hers alone really pissed her off. It was as if Heather was trying to mooch of her beauty, to steal some of her starlight. That clothing should be put in a museum or something, not covering her flat-chested sister. She was defiling those clothes by wearing them. It was gross.

Jackie could only deal with her dislike of her sister by staying far away. Heather had no idea how much Jackie disliked her, and this pleased Jackie greatly. There was an odd thrill to hating someone who loves you so much. Whenever they were together, Jackie played nice, but that game was getting very old. Jackie was tired of the bullshit. Tired of lying. She wanted to sever this relationship. It was time for Jackie to show her little sister how little she mattered to her. Jackie was about to show her the only time you wear your sister's clothes is when they look so much better on you.

Derek turned to his nearly passed-out-on-her-feet wife. She looked stunning. White lingerie, white as snow. She looked so pure. So angelic. The lingerie clung to her slim frame, really showing off her slight curves in the best way possible. Heather usually didn't splurge on things, especially for herself. Derek loved her practicality. But this lingerie was definitely a splurge. A good splurge. And then he looked at her face. More made up than he had ever seen. She looked so pretty. Derek smiled in pride. He was proud to be married to a woman so pretty.

The pride took a hit at the fact that her eyes were lidded due to her drunkenness. What should have been the big reveal of the evening, his wife's lingerie clad body, was ruined for him due to her lack of control. Her body was exposed to him only to prevent her from ruining her fancy dress. Not an expression of love, but a cold, practical decision.

Derek's smile lessened as he guided his wife into the bed. He lied her down on her belly and pulled the blanket over her. She was out as soon as her head hit the pillow. Derek exhaled in disappointment. Then he heard the bathroom door open, and the click of heels on the polished floor.

"Derek..." Jackie called out, causing Derek to turn around. "What do you think?"

Heather had looked so pure and virtuous and wholesome in her wedding dress. When she was walking down the aisle, all Derek could think about is how much she looked like an angel. Looking at her made him feel pride, pride that this angel would be the woman he would be spending the rest

of his life with. Pride that this angel had chosen him to be with, to love.

So it was baffling to Derek that the dress that could make his wife look so pure could do the opposite for her older sister. A dress that could emphasize how wholesome and virtuous Heather was achieved the exact opposite on Jackie.

Derek's eyes widened as he looked at Jackie wearing Heather's wedding dress. He knew that Jackie was very... attractive. He had known immediately that she looked very model-like, very posh. Her face reminded him of the type of girl you would see modeling clothing, walking down the catwalk. Derek was too good of a guy to just blatantly ogle a woman's body, especially the body of his sister-in-law. But now, in his wife's wedding dress, her body was impossible to ignore.

Jackie stood across the room, hands on her hips, posing. The dress had been perfectly tailored to fit Heather's slim frame. It was not built to contain Jackie's copious curves. The top of the dress was built to be supported by clinging to the chest of its wearer. It had no straps or any other form

of support. It had been perfectly fitted for Heather's slim chest. It was fitted to hug Heather's belly. It was built to drape over Heather's butt.

The wedding dress was not built for Jackie Cline.

Derek lacked the couth of a more experienced man, so he couldn't control the fact that his eyes went straight to his sister-in-law's enormous breasts. The dress's design left her upper chest uncovered. With Heather, this simply meant only the slight slope of her upper chest was exposed. A look that was only a tease of her femininity and sexuality. The same look was not repeated with Jackie. With Jackie, this look was no tease. This look was not subtle. It was like a hammer, beating you over the head with her sexuality and femininity.

Jackie's huge tits were pouring out of the dress, the firm flesh straining the silky material of the dress to the max. The material of the dress was fitted to show off Heather's slim chest without exposing any cleavage. Heather didn't want to be too filthy, or come across like THAT type of girl. But Jackie was that type of girl. To view your wedding and

your wedding dress as an opportunity to show off your tits. The dress was not designed to cover so much flesh, flesh Heather simply did not have. Flesh that Jackie did have. The dress was built to contain a pair of petite A-cups and nothing more. The dress was not fitted to handle a pair of bulging DDs, still standing proudly, too firm to be flattened or restrained by the tight dress. No, the dress bent to the will of her giant boobs. The dress and her breasts were doing battle, and the dress was being demolished. The material of the dress was straining to the max, bending to the will of her monstrous tits.

Jackie's breasts were just barely restrained. With Heather, the dress covered the full expanse of her breasts. With Jackie, the dress struggled to cover her breasts above the nipples. If they jiggled in just the right way, her rack would explode from underneath, destroying the purity of the dress. The dress was so tight, and her tits were so, so big, that it was unavoidable that the dress would create a mile of cavernous cleavage. Just a fucking canyon between her fantastic jugs. Her breasts were bulging over the top, her hard nipples pressing into the dress that were probably the only thing preventing the top of her dress from sliding

down the smooth, mountainous flesh and exposing the delights underneath.

The rest of the silky flesh of her chest was bare. Her thin, glittering necklace the only thing interrupting the purity of the tit flesh. The skin of her chest led his eyes to the smooth flesh of Jackie's arms. Smooth, lightly muscled, faultless. He looked past the graceful curves of her elbows to her smooth hands, her nails glossy and well cared for. Her fingers were planted on her prominent hips.

The dress was clinging to her fit belly and feminine hips. The dress fell in graceful waves downward, hiding much of her legs. But what little off her legs was exposed was as impressive as the rest of her, firm, sensuous, sexy. She still wore her steep, white stilettos, really showing off the firm muscles of her legs. And Derek realized as Jackie spun around, the stilettos really showed off Jackie's incredible ass.

The dress was not built to contain an ass like Jackie Cline's. It was built to downplay the flat, uninspiring butt of its intended wearer, Heather. It was not designed to be molded

to a grade-A, top shelf ass. The dress was simply not strong enough to handle her jiggling, firm, heart-shaped rear end. It was not built to handle such ripe, perfect cheeks.

The material, which hung loosely over Heather's butt, molded to Jackie's voluptuous ass. Stretched across each ripe cheek, covering the smooth flesh, molding to each and every contour. Displaying how her ass jutted out from her frame like a shelf. Showing a hint of the sexy ass-crack in-between.

It was amazing to Derek that his wife's sister could be more fit and svelte than his wife yet somehow fill out her wedding dress so much better.

Derek's eyes traveled up her firm back and up till he reached bare skin, and the flesh there was just as voluptuous as the rest of her. As he glanced there, she spun around, drawing his eyes to her face.

Jackie was positively beaming. Her bright white teeth were exposed in a proud smile, her face framed by her perfectly styled chestnut hair. Her bright expression showed off her

pride in her own looks. Her striking eyes were shining with humor, but as Derek's eyes met hers, it felt like her eyes were penetrating his, gazing into his soul. It was as if she could read his every thought.

She could read the thoughts that even Derek wouldn't let himself see. The thoughts Derek couldn't admit to himself. The thoughts consuming the deepest, darkest parts of his mind. The thoughts of his sister-in-law's voluptuous body. How much hotter she was than the woman he married. How much hotter she was than her own sister. How she got all the good genes. How he married the wrong Cline woman. How he was desperate to see her naked. How desperate he was to see those tits. And that ass! How he wanted to spend his wedding night fucking the shit out of her. How he wanted to spend his wedding night filling up his sister-in-law with cum and fucking her in every hole. But Derek was a good guy. He would never admit these thoughts to anyone. Not even to himself.

Derek should be angry, angry that his slut of a sister-in-law was wearing his wife's wedding dress while his wife was passed out. But he wasn't. He didn't say a word. And the reason why was simple. Much like with the dress she wore

to the wedding, it was impossible to get mad at her when she was rocking the shit out of her sister's wedding dress.

"So... what do you think?" Jackie asked again.

"Uh, you, uh... you look good." Derek stammered.

"Just good?" Jackie asked, preening like a teenager.

"You, uh, look great, Jackie." Derek relented, "But the dress does seem a bit, uh... snug." he added, not realizing he was essentially telling his sister-in-law that he had noticed how the dress molded to her massive breasts. Noticed the pink color of her hard nipples and the surrounding areolas through the thin, white material of the dress. This made Jackie smile.

"You think this is snug, Derek? Ah boys, you don't understand the first thing about fashion. Derek, if this was my dress, I'd make it even tighter. Make the dress a lot shorter. A bit more low-cut. I guess that's why this is my sister's dress and not mine, right?" Jackie joked. Derek

nervously laughed, not realizing he was laughing at the fact that his wife had no tits to speak of.

"So, Derek, let's relax a bit. Get to know each other. No point of letting your wedding night go completely to waste." Jackie suggested.

"Oh, okay, sure." Derek agreed. "What do you have in mind?" he asked. Jackie's eyes flashed with mischief, but the look passed quickly before Derek could notice.

"Well, let's crack open some wine. Sit down and relax." Jackie said, strutting to the bar, shaking her ass at her brother-in-law. She retrieved the most expensive bottle of wine she could find and brought it back to Derek. She held it out, looking at him expectantly.

"Oh, I can open it, I guess." Derek said, grabbing the wine from his sister-in-law. She flashed a smile of gratitude as Derek retrieved a bottle opener and a couple of wine glasses. He quickly poured two glasses and gave one to Jackie, keeping one for himself.

Jackie pulled out a chair near the window, the light from the setting sun framing her body like a work of art. She sat down on the chair and crossed her legs, exposing her fit calves as she sipped her wine. Derek pulled out a chair and sat across from her, Heather asleep in the bed on the other side of the room.

"So, what is it you study... string theory?" Jackie asked.

"Yeah, string theory." Derek confirmed.

"Now what is that again?" Jackie asked naively.

"Well..." Derek paused, looking around. Jackie watched Derek react as an answer to his search came to him. He began loosening his tie, causing Jackie to raise an eyebrow in confusion. Derek extricated himself from his tie and untied the knot, the tie now a long piece of fabric. He smoothly tightened and spun the tie, forming a tight coil.

"Okay," Derek began. "Imagine that this tie is space-time."

"Done." Jackie replied with a smile, causing Derek to laugh.

"Now, imagine that each and every one of the threads in this tie is a timeline. Like the timeline we live in. That would be one of these threads. Each of the other threads are similar timelines, but they are slightly different." Derek began, no longer stuttering over his words as he was now in his wheelhouse, explaining the concept he had spent his life studying.

"Now, imagine that space and time are composed of an infinite amount of coiled threads. Coiled strings." Derek explained.

"As in string theory." Jackie replied confidently.

"Exactly."Derek said. He brought the tie close to his eyes. "Now look here. There is a loose thread. If I pulled this thread, sure, most of the effects of pulling the thread would be on that thread. But, it would slightly effect the threads around it. So, in theory, one string of space-time could

affect another. Two timelines, totally separate, could interact with each other. That is what I study. I am trying to prove this theory, and prove the existence of separate timelines. "

Jackie nodded, seemingly understanding this high-level theory. She looked at her brother-in-law and smiled.

"So, how long have you studied this?" Jackie said.

"Since I was 13." Derek replied.

"I bet all this talk of space-time made you a real hit with the ladies." Jackie joked. Derek laughed and looked at his feet in slight embarrassment.

"Surprisingly enough, no it did not." Derek replied, getting more comfortable talking to Jackie, comfortable enough to joke around. "But it did land me the love of my life." Derek said. Jackie raised an eyebrow.

"But did it land you any other girls?" Jackie asked. Derek blushed and looked at his feet again.

"Uhhh, not exactly." he replied, trailing off. "I was not exactly the most social guy in my teenage years. I was, if you haven't guessed, kind of a nerd." he added. Jackie laughed.

"Well, no offense, but I'm not surprised." Jackie began. "Derek, you should have spent your teenage years having fun, like I did. You know, drink, chase after girls, go crazy. Here's what I think: you should have cared less about the strings of time and more about the string running up the crack of a girl's ass."

Derek choked on his drink as she said this.

"Oh, c'mon Derek!" Jackie said with a laugh. "I'm just saying that instead of having your nose buried in books, you should have had it buried in a girl's thon..."

"Okay, okay, I... I got it." Derek said, eager to end this uncomfortable line of conversation. Jackie giggled in delight at how uncomfortable she was making him. "I should have been more... outgoing. I got it. It was just, uh, I was a late bloomer."

"Must have been." Jackie purred, knowing full well that if Derek had looked this yummy, this fucking hot in his younger years, it wouldn't have mattered how much of a nerd he was. He would have gotten fucked by the hottest of girls. A lot.

Derek didn't hear her as he was consumed by his thoughts, feeling ashamed at how lame he had been for years. He had never felt ashamed of his past and who he was, but having his lameness being pointed out by his worldly sister-in-law made him regret all the time he had wasted.

"So, was my dear sister your first?" Jackie asked.

"Uh, I don't know if I want to talk about this." Derek said nervously, his cheeks growing hot.

"She was, wasn't she!?" Jackie said. She couldn't hide her excitement. Jackie could tell her younger sister was a lame fuck. And that was good news, cause now Jackie knew for sure that her brother-in-law's dick had not been used to its full potential. She just wanted to tell him to pull out his massive dick so she could see it in its smooth, unblemished glory.

"Ah, Derek, don't be embarrassed. That's sweet, really. Marrying your first. God knows where my first is these days." Jackie said. "You know, this night really should have been perfect. Too bad my sister ruined it."

"She didn't ruin it. Today was great." Derek replied with a small smile.

"And tonight should have been great too, Derek, but there she is, passed out drunk, leaving you uncared for." Jackie replied.

"It's okay, we have the rest of our lives to spend together." Derek replied, ever the optimist. Jackie marveled at this. He was so sweet. She couldn't wait breaking him of that bad habit. She couldn't wait to see that sweet veneer drop as he fucked her tight cunt.

"You know, she always said she wanted a perfect wedding day, so I am shocked she fucked it up so badly." Jackie said.

"Oh, it's okay." Derek said.

"No, it's not, Derek." Jackie began, turning up the heat. "And I think it bothers you. I don't think it's healthy to bury this... resentment you're feeling."

"I don't resent her." Derek replied.

"Derek, even though I'm the last person you should ask about marriage, I do know good marriages are not based on lies. If you're mad about something, you should say it, and not hold back." Jackie replied.

"Well, I'm a bit annoyed, I guess. But..." Derek began.

"Derek." Jackie interrupted, "You don't need to tell me this."

"Oh." Derek replied confused.

"Heather has given you an incredible opportunity here." Jackie began, standing up, gesturing for Derek to stand as well, which he did. "Now, my little sis is passed out. Drunk. This gives you the chance to tell her all the things that have, you know, frustrated you about her. You get the chance to get things off of your chest without her getting mad. This is perfect." Jackie said.

"I don't know." Derek said.

"Oh, c'mon Derek, grow some balls." Jackie remarked, knowing his balls were probably more than big enough, but that was beside the point. "There isn't a man alive whose wife is exactly perfect. Most women have flaws, or make mistakes. And look at her. Black out drunk on your wedding day. That's a pretty big mistake, Derek."

"Well, I guess that does kinda annoy me." Derek said.

"Wait." Jackie said, walking to him. "If your gonna tell Heather this, say it to her face." Jackie guided him so he was standing over his wife, looking down at her. Jackie stood behind him, hands on his shoulders, squeezing them lightly.

"Okay, babe. Tell her. Tell her how mad you are." Jackie whispered, the devil on his shoulder.

"Uh, I'm mad." Derek said nervously.

"Derek, say it as if you were talking to her. Say it like you are really pissed off at her cause she did something really dumb." Jackie suggested.

"H... Heather, I'm annoyed you got drunk on our wedding day." Derek said, a bit more firmly.

"Derek, put a bit more oomph into it. I want to feel the anger you're feeling." Jackie said, squeezing his shoulders again.

"Um... okay. Heather, I'm really pissed that you got drunk and ruined our wedding night!" Derek said.

"She really did ruin things, didn't she?" Jackie whispered.

"Tonight was supposed to be perfect." Derek said sadly. Heather snored loudly, causing Jackie to smile, happy that her sister was appearing even more unattractive to her new husband.

"But, Derek, why are you so sad? People get drunk all the time." Jackie wondered.

"She's supposed to be better than this." Derek said.

"Mmm, I know. I know she's supposed to be the smart one. People always said she got the brains. I got the looks, tits

and ass. But maybe they were all wrong. Maybe I got the brains too." Jackie speculated.

"She's supposed to be better than this." Derek repeated, not acknowledging Jackie's dig at her little sis. "She's supposed to be above this kind of thing."

"But she's not." Jackie added. Derek said nothing. "Don't worry, Derek, I know you still love her. It can be tough to find out your wife is not quite who you think she is. That she is not quite the perfect angel you had hoped. That even though she is 20 years old, she is still not the adult woman you wish she was. Cause an adult woman could handle a few drinks without losing control. An adult woman would not ruin their own wedding night. An adult woman would not leave her husband uncared for."

Derek suddenly grew extremely uncomfortable with this line of conversation. He made a move to walk away from the bed and Jackie, but Jackie put her hand on his back, guiding him to where she wanted him to go, guiding him to a couch. She smoothed the wedding dress around her frame and sat down next to him.

"I hope you're not having second thoughts." Jackie began.

"Oh, uh, of course not." Derek replied quickly. Jackie studied him for a second.

"I mean, if you are, I would totally understand." Jackie began with a smile. "There are reasons people don't get married so young. I know it sounds great to marry your first love, but sometimes it's better to play the field a bit. Really experience what's out there."

"But, I'm happy with Heather." Derek said. Jackie smiled at him like he was a slow child.

"What makes you happy now might not be what makes you happy in a year. The little things you find endearing now could get old extremely quickly. You think what you have now is the best you could ever get, and you will think that way until you do find something better." Jackie stated.

"What are you saying?" Derek asked, confused.

"Derek..." Jackie began, searching her mind for the right phrasing. "I love my sister, I really do, but... she's a five and you're a ten. Like I said, I love her, but you can do so much better than her."

"How could you say that?" Derek asked, taken aback.

"I say that because I love my sister, and I care about her." Jackie began. "What I'm afraid of is that a year or two down the line you're gonna run off with some skank. You're a young guy, Derek, and you're very sweet, but you are a man, and eventually, all men think with their dick. And I know my sister. She has many talents, but I get the impression none of those talents are in the bedroom. And Derek, you are a very attractive man, very... sexy. And guys like you usually have a very big appetite in the bedroom. I'm just afraid that once you realize this, you will run off with the first slut that bats their eyes at you." Jackie finished, beaming inwardly at how well she was weaving this bullshit.

"I would never do that." Derek said.

"Really?" Jackie said. She got to her feet and stood in front of Derek, hands on her hips, posing. "Cause I think you will. I think under this charming little façade you've created, you're a real fucking asshole."

"Excuse me?" Derek questioned.

"It's the nice guys that are the darkest, Derek. It's the quiet guys that are the most nasty. It's the good guys that can really dig deep into something really evil when they have to." Jackie said.

"I'm not like that, Jackie!" Derek defended.

"I've met lots of guys like you, Derek. I really have. And those were the guys that were really nasty. Really fucked up. It's the nice guys like you, who go around marrying nice girls, those were the ones who were really into pure filth. Are you that type of guy Derek? Are you the type of guy secretly desires nastiness?" Jackie asked.

"Jackie! No! Of course not!" Derek cried, absolutely floored by this line of questioning.

"Really, cause I know your type. You'd get hard for the first slut that flashes her cleavage to you at some bar. You'd trick your wife into going away for awhile, just for a little quality time with this whore you just met. You'd sneak away, sneak back home, whore on your arm. And you'd fuck her in your marital bed, wouldn't you. You would defile the vows of your marriage just to fuck some slut with really big tits! And you would probably make fun of my sweet little sis, wouldn't you? You would fuck this hot, sexy slut and you would make fun of my sis for not being as hot as this skank you just met. You would make fun of my sister for her tiny tits, and her flat ass, and her plain face while fucking some whore that is superior to your wife in every way. Wouldn't you?" Jackie said, attacking her brother-in-law with her filthy mouth.

"No!" Derek called out. "I don't know why you think this! I haven't done anything wrong!" he added, standing up.

"That is the problem Derek." Jackie said, pointing at him. "You haven't done anything wrong. No one should be the good guy all the time. If you had some clear flaw, I wouldn't be so bothered. But quite frankly, you're fucking perfect, which makes me want to find your little secret. So tell me, Derek, what is your flaw? What is your secret shame? What is something you desperately want that you've never gotten?" Jackie said, pushing out her chest towards him. Showing off her valley of cleavage for her hunky brother-in-law.

"What do you mean?" Derek asked, his eyes not taking the bait.

"All men have desires, Derek." Jackie started. "With some men, their desires are more specific. And most men go through life with these desires unfulfilled. Some men see these desires as a weakness. A flaw. A secret shame. Cause they know that they are in fact a slave to these desires. These desires can bring a man to his knees. These desires can make a man into an animal. A man can lose everything he has, everything he loves, in order to fulfill these nasty, filthy, fun little fetishes. These men can be destroyed by the

very thing they want the most. So tell me, Derek, what's your poison?"

"What?" Derek asked.

"You heard me, Derek. What's that desire that makes you shiver? What's that thing that titillates you most? That desire that brings you to your knees?" Jackie whispered, moving in close to Derek.

"I'm a pretty normal guy." Derek stammered nervously, sweat forming on his brow.

"Oh, c'mon Derek! We all have our secret desires. I know I do! Don't be so boring! Don't be such a boy! Derek, you're 20! You're a man! Men can talk about these kinds of things. They don't get embarrassed. They stand by their desires proudly. So tell me Derek, what is it that you want?" Jackie asked again.

"I want Heather, my wife." Derek stammered. Jackie didn't reply. She just stared her brother-in-law down, meeting his nervous gaze.

Jackie was a strong woman, with an iron will, and a stubborn streak a mile long. She would not be denied her prize. And Derek had never been confronted by the will of a strong woman. And what happens when a man as innocent and malleable as Derek confronts a woman as strong and confident as Jackie?

They submit.

They fucking fall to their knees and worship the alpha female. Their will is bended and molded by this superior woman. They are changed into the man the strong woman needs them to be. And there are various levels of submission. Sometimes, it's as dramatic as falling to your knees, worshiping at the feet of the strong woman. Sometimes, it's kissing her feet, sucking her toes, acknowledging that she is in fact his superior. Sometimes, this act is even more sexual. All submission is sexual in some way. One person submitting to another will always

end up in heated sexual action, because if a man submits to a strong woman's will, it is practically her duty to take advantage of that power in a sexual way. Make that man do whatever is necessary to pleasure her. Some men feel the only way to express their submission is by worshiping at his mistress's sweet cunt. Or her delectable ass. Or her magnificent breasts. Using his open mouth and eager tongue to give his mistress as much pleasure as he can with no concern for his own pleasure. True submission for a man is devoting your life to another's pleasure. An acknowledgment that someone is your superior. They are devoted to the pleasure of their mistress, and devoted to giving ten times the pleasure they allow themselves. They take pleasure in the pleasure they give to the woman they love and worship so much.

But with some men, this first act of submission is far more subtle. Nothing as incredibly dramatic as falling to your knees in worship. Sometime it's a small action. An accidental comment, a Freudian slip that acknowledges their true desire. Or in Derek's case, it's a quick glimpse. Jackie's gaze was too strong and insistent for a guy like him to confront. He was too taken aback by her strength to withstand her stare, so his eyes broke the stare down, giving

her the victory in this showdown. His eyes did not look away. And his eyes did not stare off into the distance. No, his gaze went straight to her tits, straight down into her cleavage. So, in a sense, he did look off into the distance, because the valley between her humongous breasts was an expansive distance indeed.

It was a quick glimpse, and his eyes jumped away quickly. But to Jackie, this was an act of surrender. Derek acknowledged her massive breasts, finally. He had no doubt glanced at her breasts before, but this time, he stared at her rack right in front of her, making sure she noticed. Making sure she knew that he loved her round jugs, more than he loved his wife. She had been parading them in front of him all night, so it was about time she got some feedback. Most women wouldn't have caught this glimpse, but Jackie was very experienced at having men staring at her chest, so even the slightest glimpse was enough to show her what a man's favorite part of her was. And this didn't offend her, not in the least.

Jackie would freely admit she was kind of a bitch. She didn't really deal with people below her social circle. She was a gold-digger, an elitist of the worst kind. She had laughed in

the face of men that most women would kill to be with. She spent money wastefully while so many struggled to get by. She never wore the same outfit twice. She used her body to pull in men, and her body and the sex she could provide was more addictive than any drug. Jackie had destroyed men, left them in shambles, just to pad her back account and make her life slightly better. Men had devoted themselves and their lives to make her life better, and she would barely acknowledge their presence. Men would work day and night to please her, to make her notice them, and she would sit on a beach and work on her tan, rarely acknowledging a man that couldn't do something for her. And Derek could do something for her.

Rarely had Jackie been the hunter. She usually had her pick of the litter. That's what made Derek so fucking tasty to her. Jackie was a freak in the bedroom, a filthy fucking skank, and few men had what it took to fulfill all of her nasty desires. Jackie was driven by these desires. That is what she devoted her life to. Herself and her own pleasure. She was a narcissist of the worst kind, and she got by because quite simply her body was as hot as fire and she knew how to use it. People like that never had to lift a finger, or learn a lesson about their selfish lifestyle. People like that go through life

getting everything handed to them on a silver platter. Women like Jackie get to do what they want, have what they want, and be what they want. No one said no to Jackie Cline.

That is what made Derek's resistance so fucking exhilarating! Jackie was on the hunt. All of her talents were being used to their peak potential. This tornado of sex was being directed squarely at her brother-in-law, and she was finally chipping away at his veneer. He was beginning to give in and acknowledge the fact that he belonged at her feet, worshiping her body.

Derek's cheeks glowed brightly, knowing he had checked out the enormous jugs of his wife's older sister. He was hoping she hadn't noticed, but he didn't know who he was dealing with.

"Derek!" Jackie called out, smiling smugly. "I thought you said you were a good guy? Good guys don't go around checking out their sister-in-law's tits!"

"Uh, uh, I'm so... so sorry." Derek said, beyond nervous.

"You should be. Here I am, talking about how perfect you are, and it turns out you have a thing for big tits! Turns out you're a freak after all!" Jackie accused.

"No! It's not that! They just caught my eye! I'm so sorry!" Derek cried out, feeling awful.

"Derek, I can't tell you how many times I've heard that. But in the end, those guys are the ones begging to see them." Jackie replied.

"Jackie, this is a misunderstanding! I, I, I, I don't have a thing for big boobs!" Derek defended.

"Really, Derek? You don't have to lie. I've felt your eyes on me all night. I've heard guys say so many times that they don't mind little, tiny tits. That more than a handful is a waste. But I guarantee, if they had to choose, they wouldn't choose the girl with the little boobies. They would pick the girl with the giant melons. And when they are done swimming in the flesh of my giant breasts, they would

never even think of picking a flat-chested girl again." Jackie stated.

"Jackie, I don't have a thing for big breasts. I mean sure, they're nice, but I look for other things." Derek justified.

"Oh, I see. Wow, Derek. I didn't realize how fucking sick you are." Jackie said, eyebrows scrunched in shock.

"What are you talking about?" Derek said, panicked and still completely confused. Jackie swiftly shoved Derek backward, knocking him back onto the couch, Jackie now standing over him again.

"You're a real picky bastard, aren't you Derek? You want a girl who is more than a pair of mouth watering titties? I get it. I understand. You want a girl with a perfect ass, too." Jackie said. Like a dancer, Jackie swiveled her hips, spinning in front of her brother-in-law, till her back was facing Derek, till her wedding dress-clad ass was pointed at his face.

The dress was pulled tight around her impressive rear end. Derek had a front row ticket view to a top-tier ass, an ass that was forcing the wedding dress to bend to its will, the slim dress molding to her heart-shaped ass. The firm cheeks were evident through the dress as the gown clung to her. She gyrated her ass slowly, hypnotizing her brother-in-law.

"You like perfect asses too, Derek?" Jackie whispered softly. Derek gulped.

"No, of course not. I, uh, I mean yeah, butts are nice, but it's not what I'm looking for." Derek said.

"Oh, I see. You're looking for the total package?" Jackie asked, still slowly rotating her ass for her sister's husband.

"Yes." Derek said.

"So, you're looking for a girl that has it all. Big tits. Perfect ass. Gorgeous face. Perfect hair." Jackie replied.

"No! That's not what I meant. I want a girl that has the personality, the sense of humor, and if she's darn cute, that's fine with me." Derek stated with a smile, hoping to calm down this strange line of questioning. Jackie stopped her booty shaking and spun around.

"Like Heather?" Jackie asked.

"Yes. Heather is all I've ever wanted." Derek said. Jackie paused then replied.

"I don't buy it."

"You don't buy what?" Derek said.

"I don't buy that you're really, truly satisfied with her. I don't buy that you'll spend the rest of your life being loyal to her. I don't buy that you won't be cheating on my baby sis as soon as you get the chance." Jackie stated.

"I'm... well, I'm sorry you feel that way. I don't know what I can do to prove you wrong." Derek said.

"I do." Jackie said, "I know exactly what to do to prove how right I am." Jackie said, stepping towards Derek.

"How?" Derek asked. Jackie smiled evilly.

"So you're saying you love my sister and would never cheat on her, not in a million years?" Jackie said.

"Yes." Derek replied.

"You plan to love her, hold her close, and never let her go?" Jackie asked.

"Of course." Derek answered.

"You would never run your married hands across the smooth skin of the first slut that comes along?" Jackie asked.

"No! Of course not!" Derek answered.

"And you don't secretly want a girl with a humongous rack, a ripe ass, and a gorgeous face?" Jackie asked.

"I'm happy with what I have." Derek replied civilly.

"So you admit it?" Jackie asked.

"Admit what?" Derek asked.

"You admit that my little sister comes up a bit... lacking... in certain areas." Jackie said.

"What?" Derek asked, shaking his head in confusion.

"My sister is a nice girl, but she isn't exactly the prettiest girl in the world. Her ass isn't exactly an eye catcher. And her tits, well, let's just say, she probably can still wear a training bra and still not fill it up." Jackie said.

"Those things don't matter to me!" Derek stated, getting a bit angry, all but admitting the flaws in his wife, and that he had noticed them.

"Clearly, those...things don't matter to you. They don't do anything for you at all." Jackie countered. "It's like I said, the guys that say that are the ones who end up loving those things the most. It's always the guys who proudly boast how much they love small-breasted girls who stare at my cleavage. It's always the guys who say they're not ass-men that end up noticing what color thong I'm wearing. What I'm saying, Derek, is that men who talk about how much they're not into something are the ones who want that thing the most." Jackie stated.

"Well I'm the exception." Derek stated, getting more firm. "Jackie, I think you should go."

"Derek, you shouldn't lie to me." Jackie said, ignoring his command. She moved closer and her hands went to the upper edge of the dress, straining to contain her massive globes. "Are you really saying, that if I slipped this dress down, and showed you my great big breasts, you wouldn't

start drooling? And all those pleas about not being into big tits wouldn't just disappear? And if I smothered you with these massive tits for hours on end, you wouldn't just sit there and take it? You wouldn't let me take control and let me do whatever the hell I wanted to do? You wouldn't forget about the vows you made to my baby sister and become obsessed with my big, succulent breasts? Your mouth wouldn't open and take in my hard nipples? You wouldn't spend hours sucking them to your heart's content?"

"What?" Derek asked in a sharp whisper.

"And, if I were to slip off this dress completely, and show off my hot, round ass, are you really saying you wouldn't just lay back and let me sit on your face? You wouldn't let me pull my thong to the side and put my asshole directly against your mouth? Are you saying that you wouldn't open your mouth and give my asshole one... loving... suck?" Jackie finished.

"What the hell are you saying?!" Derek said, trying to disappear completely, trying to somehow escape from a

seated position, to somehow disappear through the couch, to escape the clutches of his sister-in-law, who had trapped him between her and the couch, preventing his escape, forcing him to confront her and her body.

"Derek, get your mind out of the gutter! It's not like I am hitting on you or anything like that. It's not like I secretly want to do you." Jackie said, "And that big, fat cock of yours." she added, whispering so quietly only she could hear. "I'm just trying to make sure I understand you correctly. I'm just trying to make sure my brother-in-law is the man he says he is. I am trying to make sure his vows are for real and not pure bullshit. And I really think the only way to prove that is to show you my tits!" Jackie stated, hands on her hips, smiling ever so smugly.

"Jackie! I, I, I, I can't, I mean, you can't do that! It's so wrong!" Derek stammered.

"Oh, c'mon Derek! We're family now. And like you said, you're not into this kinda thing, so there shouldn't be any issue with you staring at your sister-in-law's bare tits. Right?"Jackie asked, her smile sickeningly sweet.

"Yes, it's kinda a problem, cause you're my wife's sister! I shouldn't see, uh... you." Derek said.

"Derek, it's nothing, right? They're just breasts. Sure, they're magnificent, round, perky DDs. But I'm your sister-in-law. There is nothing sexual about seeing your sister-in-law's body naked. Derek, you're a married man now, and Heather's family... my family is now your family. We are family now, Derek. And sometimes, family members see each other naked. It's nothing sexual, or at least, it shouldn't be. So you should get used to it. Derek, Cline women are very open, so you're gonna see me naked at some point sooner or later. And you're probably gonna see my mom naked, too. And you're probably gonna end up seeing Grandma naked as well." Jackie paused. Derek gulped. The thought of these three women so freely showing off their voluptuous, uh, their bodies, was enough to make him shiver.

"So there should be no problem, right? Because there's no way you're getting out of this room without seeing them, so you should just face the facts and ask nicely to see them.

Because it's not like you're lying to me. It's not like you get some sort of sick sexual pleasure out of seeing a pair of big, bare titties? Especially your sister-in-law's big titties. You're not one of those sickos who gets off on that kind of thing, are you? You're not the type of guy who secretly fantasizes about seeing his wife's sister's tits, right? You're not a freak who wants to his sister-in-law's hot body in the buff, right? It's not like you wanted to see your sister-in-law in your wife's wedding dress just to see her voluptuous body in it, right?"

"No, of course not." Derek mumbled, completely flummoxed.

"So... then do it." Jackie commanded softly.

"Do what?" Derek asked.

"Ask to see them." Jackie replied softly. Derek gulped. It seemed so wrong, but... she seemed so sure about this. She seemed totally sure that this was okay. He had always thought this kind of thing was really wrong, but she seemed to want this, want him to ask to see her... chest. It seemed

kinda wrong. Really wrong. But he didn't see any other way out of this. She wasn't listening to his pleas. And something about her really intimidated him. She seemed so aggressive and forceful, he just didn't see himself having the will to stand up to her. He would just have to comply. He would just have to submit.

It wouldn't be so bad, right?

"Uh, Jackie. Can I, uh, see them?" Derek stammered.

"Excuse me?" Jackie asked naively.

"Jackie, can I see your, uh... chest?" Derek asked.

"Be more specific, darling." Jackie insisted.

"Jackie, can I see your breasts?" Derek asked.

"Sure!" Jackie chirped perkily, "And it's about time that you asked, cause this dress is really fucking tight." Jackie said

with a laugh. Derek's eyes widened as Jackie hands returned to the hem of the dress, running her fingers between the material and her big tits. Jackie noticed this change of expression.

"Oh, don't worry, Derek. This is how Cline women do things." Jackie purred. And with that, Jackie pulled down the wedding dress, her giant naked breasts exposed for the first time to her hunky brother-in-law, Derek.

They were just... huge. That's all that could be said right then. They were just so fucking huge. Derek tried to look away, but he just couldn't. It was hard not to, when staring him in the face, were a pair of watermelons standing proudly on his sister-in-law's chest. They sat there, perky as hell, skin as smooth as silk, evenly tanned, perfectly round and riding firmly together, forming a perfect line of natural cleavage. They exploded outward from her fit, thin frame to the point of ridiculousness.

Some had speculated that her tits were fake, mostly catty, small-breasted women who were green with envy at her mouthwatering rack. Women who had to find some way to

disprove her perfection, even by making baseless accusations. And these accusations were baseless, because it only took one look at her bare chest to make you realize those tits were as real as could be.

Stupendously smooth. Perfectly round. Incredibly fucking big. It was baffling that they were able to be packed into the slim wedding dress. It must have been so tight around her incredible breasts. The flesh was so ponderous and bulbous that they practically jiggled with each small movement she made. And those massive jugs were clearly happy to be freed from their tight constraints. The hard nipples that capped her breasts were rock hard, pointing outward happily, throbbing with each beat of her heart. And the areolas surrounding her nipples looked incredibly smooth, practically begging for a pair of lips to be pressed against them, desperate for a firm tongue to run circles around the silky flesh.

"Well, Derek, what do you think?" Jackie asked, spreading her arms apart, letting her brother in-law take in her big breasts. But he didn't answer. He couldn't answer. Derek had never seen anything like what he was seeing now. Derek was a good guy. He was raised right. He was raised

not to objectify women. He had never even seen a porn before! So Derek was not exactly experienced at seeing a pair of perfect, massive breasts. So, like with anyone seeing an amazing new thing for the first time, all he could do was stare. Stare at his sister-in-law's breasts, slack-jawed.

"You see, Derek, they're just a pair of big breasts, right?" Jackie added, subtly needling her brother-in-law, knowing how awed he was.

Derek shouldn't be silent. He shouldn't be reacting this way. He should know better. He should be able to see a pair of big tits and not drool like a pervert. But he just couldn't look away. He just kept feasting on this vision in front of him. They were just so fucking big. And they looked impossibly soft. The animal side of him, a side he wouldn't even admit he had, just wanted to cup those soft breasts, squeeze them, suck them, fuck them and cum all over them, defiling their perfection with his copious seed. Her tits were a work of art.

Some believed the universe was chaos. Derek did not. Derek believed the universe was ordered, regimented from the top down, from the infinity of space to the smallest

quark. Cause if he didn't believe in this order, his life's work would be for naught. And staring at his wife's sister's perfect big breasts only reaffirmed that his beliefs were true. The universe was not chaos. Because chaos could not create such flawlessness. Only a deft, disciplined, ordered hand could create such perfection, such a work of beauty. Looking at his sister-in-law's tits, Derek's beliefs were confirmed. Derek knew his life's work was not for naught. String theory, multiple timelines, alternate universes, all now proven in his mind, thanks to his sister-in-law's succulent tits.

Derek had to stop himself from drooling. He had to stop himself from falling to his knees in worship at these tits that had already shown him so much. Derek couldn't get Jackie's earlier words out of his head. Only a filthy pervert would be so enraptured by a big pair of tits. A good guy would not be so gob-smacked. This was his wife's sister! He shouldn't be gawking, but he couldn't stop himself. Did Derek not have any limits? Was he a dirty asshole who lets himself become obsessed with his sister-in-law's chest? If he could reach such depths, what was stopping him from doing other bad things? Was he the type of guy who liked such things? Was he a... cheater? Would he cheat on his wife? He loved

his wife, but if he was truly satisfied with Heather, he shouldn't get so enraptured from something as simple and cosmetic as a pair of succulent titties. If he couldn't handle this, something as simple as clandestine nudity between in-laws, what was going to stop him the first time some gorgeous woman put the moves on him? Could he stop himself then? Could he stop himself if some slutty woman approached him at a bar, cleavage bared, desperate for a man? Could he stop himself when some opportunistic slut snuck in and gave him a sensual kiss, her pouty lips pressed to his softly, the flesh of their lips mashing together lightly but beautifully as her bulbous breasts lightly kissed his fit chest?

Derek shook his head, attempting to clear these adulterous thoughts, but that was quite difficult to do when a bare, DD rack was staring you in the face.

"Derek!" Jackie said, her tone changing, trying to get his attention. Derek tried to pull his eyes away, but they were locked on her rock hard nipples. They were like magnets, attracting his gaze.

"Derek..." Jackie began, but again his eyes could not meet hers. "I thought you said you were a good guy? I thought you said you didn't need a pair of big, soft breasts in your life? I thought you said you were totally satisfied with Heather, and would never look at another woman? Because you're looking at me. Me, you're wife's sister. That's sick! That's something only a real bastard does. A real fucking asshole! Derek, I can't believe you lied to me! You let me believe you were this perfect fucking guy, you marry my little sister, and then you invite me up here, let me prance around in your wife's wedding dress, cause you knew I'd look fucking hot in it, then ask me to show you my tits!"

"I, I..." Derek stammered, still staring at Jackie's jiggling jugs. "I didn't do that."

"Derek, you're no better than those douche bags who hit on me at the club. You act like a good guy until you see my breasts, then you become a slobbering beast. I thought you were above this kind of thing. I thought we could be close. I thought we could be best friends, you know, and have none of that tension between us if we just happened to see each other naked. But we can't do that now. We're always gonna have this tension between us now. This sexual

attraction. I can't hang out with you guys... cause you'd spend the whole time checking out my jugs. And now, whenever you fuck your wife, you're gonna be thinking about me. And these." Jackie said, pointing at her tits.

"I'm, I'm, I'm a good guy." Derek muttered, unable to stop staring at his sister-in-law's chest.

"Well... there is a way to prove that, I think." Jackie began, stepping forward. "All you have to do is let me sit on your lap... and let me get real close... so my big breasts are right in your face. And then... I'll put my hands around your head... hold on tight... and smother you with my boobs. Just fucking drown you in their softness. And this could last five minutes. Or it could last all night. Long enough to prove you are the man you claim to be. And, I'll have to grind against you... just a little bit... just to make sure you're not enjoying it." Jackie finished, standing directly in front of the seated Derek, his eyes following her breasts every jiggle.

"And I guess I should confess, Derek, that I'm a bit of a slut. A giant whore, to be honest." Jackie began. "And I've been enjoying all of this very much. Because the truth is, I am

one of those women who you would meet in a bar. The type of girl that would try to get you to cheat, even though I know you're married. The type that would make sure you glanced at my smooth cleavage. And honestly, that's what I'm doing right now. Ever since I saw you walking down the aisle, about to marry my little sister, I can't get you out of my head. You've been driving me nuts, Derek! And all I could think about was finding a way for me and you to get some alone time, so I could show you my tits. Because I really think you needed to see them, and I love showing them off. And I know that ever since you saw them, all you can think about is that you saddled yourself with a girl that has no boobs and that you'll never be able to experience the pleasures that big tits could offer."

"But you need to face facts Derek. You are really fucking hot! Like, one of the hottest guys I've ever met! And the fact is, if a guy is as hot you, you can get as much pussy as you want. And you could get the best pussy. It doesn't matter that you're married. That makes it easier. Because there is nothing a girl wants more than the man they can't have. And when a girl is so hot she has her choice of men, the only thing she wants is a challenge. She wants a guy she can't have. She shouldn't have. She wants the perfect guy to fulfill

all of her sick fetishes. That's the type of guy I'm looking for, Derek. I am a nasty one, and all I want is a guy that can keep up. A guy as sick as me. Derek, I think you and I am a match made in heaven." Jackie said. She grabbed her brother-in-law by the chin and turned him so his eyes met here.

"What are you saying?" Derek asked.

"Derek, you're a sweetheart but you're a bit dense. You think my nipples are hard cause it's cold? No. They're hard cause I'm turned on. They're hard because I'm hot. Hot for you. I've been wet since you said 'I do'. My thong is fucking soaked thanks to you. And I know you've felt this connection between us. This sexual tension. Although you're so hot I bet you feel that with all the pretty girls. But with me and you it's different. Our bond is more of a 'you wish you had met me first so you could have married me instead' kind of bond. But I'm a nasty girl, and you're such a good guy. So the only thing I could think of was that you were a secretly a filthy freak. And judging by the way you've been staring at my tits, I guess I have my answer." Jackie said.

"Jackie! Please! I'm not a bad guy. I love Heather." Derek pleaded.

"I do too, Derek. I love my sister, I really do... uh quite frankly, to be honest, no I don't. I really don't give a shit about my little sister anymore. I honestly fucking hate her. So all I could think about during the wedding was me and you, cheating behind my little sister's back and how hot that would be. How hot it would be that you think I'm so much hotter than her that you would want to cheat on her with me on your wedding day. And how hot it would be if me and you fucked in the wedding suite, on that fucking bed. How hot it would be when those insults slipped out of your mouth. How you would tell my sis how much hotter I am than her. How much more you like my big tits, my hot ass, my tight cunt, and how much more important they are to you than your wedding vows. And I would join in and bash my little sis, cause how could I respect a girl whose husband cheated on her on their wedding night?" Jackie said.

"Jackie... I want to be a good guy." Derek pled, knowing that he was losing control of himself due to her incredible rack.

"Oh, honey, I know it's hard, but it'll get easier. I mean, you still have a chance here. I'm just gonna put tits in your face. All you have to do is control yourself. Not get carried away with your sister-in-law. Not suck your wife's sister's hard nipples, even though they'll be all over your face. And not lie on your back and let me sit on your face, even though I really want to. And I'll hump against that fat cock of yours, just to test you. And if you lose control, then you can lose control with me. I'll bite that bullet, so you don't end up shacking up with some slut who doesn't deserve you. This way, you'll still be in the Cline family. And you can take care of all that tension, that dislike you feel towards Heather right now. Take out all the tension you feel on my hot body. So you'd better control yourself cause if you don't, then you're gonna have to deal with me, because I will take this all the way if I have to. I will let you put your cock in whatever hole you want. Even though I'm your wife's sister. Even though you're my brother-in-law. Even though we're family. "

"Jackie, please don't." Derek begged. Jackie simply smiled. And before Derek could move, Jackie put her hands on his shoulders and forced him back against the couch, keeping

him still so she could climb aboard his lap. Derek let out an "oomph" as Jackie landed on his lap, her weight settling on his thighs, her crotch near his, her tits hovering in front of his face.

Derek tried to find words, but he just couldn't. Jackie saw the conflict written across his face.

"It's okay, Derek. Let Jackie take control." she purred. And with that, Jackie pulled his head forward, directly into her cleavage. And Derek didn't resist. Not one bit. The muscles in his neck did not fight back. They did not tense in the slightest. It was as if he wanted it. It was as if he wanted to dive face first into his sister-in-law's cleavage. And if he did indeed want that, that was what he was about to get.

Softness. All he felt was softness. Softness smothering his face, from seemingly all directions. Jackie used her arms to force more of her tits into his face, and she clutched his head tighter to her.

"Mmmm, Derek, I'm so glad me and you can do this without you making it sexual." Jackie purred, as she shook

her chest back and forth, scrubbing her breasts across his face, her soft breasts molding against his head, her nipples scratching across his cheeks. "Maybe I was wrong about you, after all. Maybe you're not a cheating asshole. Because a cheating bastard would open his mouth, catch one of my nipples, and suck it to his heart's content. Suck it till he drove me wild. Suck it till he made me cum. And then he would switch nipples, and suck that one till he made me cum again. And then he would spend hours playing with my tits, squeezing them, sucking them, pinching him, slapping them, rubbing his face on them. Leaving me a soaking wet, a turned on mess. Leaving him addicted to them. Addicted to the softness. Addicted to the pleasure they give him. So addicted that he would do whatever he had to do to feel them again. So addicted that he would fall to his knees and bathe me in pleasure. So addicted that he would lay on his back, open his mouth, and ask no questions. He would give me his mouth to use for whatever pleasure I wanted him to give me. He would suck my sweet cunt, and my asshole, till I came some more, again and again. And then he would offer me his dick, and I would use it. Again... and again. Until he had no more energy to give me. And then he would rest up, and gain just enough energy to start the cycle all over again. He would have to quit his job, and all other obligations, just so he could devote all of

his time to me. Doesn't that sound so filthy, Derek? What kind of man would be like that?" Jackie pondered. Derek didn't reply. He just sat there and let himself be bombarded by Jackie's massive breasts.

"It's a good thing you're not that guy, Derek? Cause you have so much potential. You're a good guy. You have a wife. You are one of the great scientific minds in the world. So it would be such a shame if all that talent got wasted. If after all that work, you just ended up focusing all that time and energy on pleasing some big-titted slut. It would be so bad for you." Jackie said, petting Derek's head. Then her face lit into a bright smile. "It would be bad for you, but I wouldn't mind. I actually think it would be kind of hot. Because a girl would have to be awfully hot for him to throw his life away. Throw away his job, and his marriage. A man that is willing to do that would be fucking irresistible to any girl. A man that shows a girl he wants her that badly, bad enough to throw his life away, then, well, he's basically guaranteeing that his cock is going to get fucked so hard for, like, the rest of his life. That doesn't sound so bad, does it? Going the rest of your life getting fucked by some gorgeous slut with perfect tits? It doesn't sound so bad to me at all. So I couldn't really blame any man for doing that. Even if he was my

brother-in-law. And even if that slut that he devoted himself to was... me." Jackie paused.

"So, Derek, I hope you forget about Heather." she began, still scrubbing her mammoth tits across Derek's face. "Because as hot as that all sounds, it would be even hotter to me if that woman that got dumped was my sister, and you were the man that dumped her. And it would be so fucking hot if you abandoned her on your wedding day, the same day you vowed to love her forever. Like I said, I'm a dirty fucking whore, so I'm totally into this kind of thing. I love rubbing my tits in your face. I could do this every day if you let me. All I need you to do is let me. All I need you to do is let me take over your life. Forget about my stupid little sis and pledge yourself to me. Cause she doesn't deserve you. She doesn't deserve to be getting railed by you on a regular basis. Only a girl like me does."

"I don't know what it is, Derek. Fate. Destiny. Whatever it is, it shines brightly on only certain Cline women, and it shines brightly. I know I've felt it. The guiding hand of fate. I know you've felt it to. That's what brought me here. On your lap, with my huge tits in your face. It just feels so right, doesn't it? Like this is where you belong, with a slut on your lap.

You don't belong with her, my stupid little sis, apologizing for her flaws, having boring sex with your boring wife. Where you do belong, is getting your brains fucked out, on a daily basis, by a slut like me. I know you think you're happy. I know you think you're fulfilled. But you are not. These tits can give you more fulfillment than my sister ever could. These tits can please you in ways you never knew were possible. If you devote yourself to me and my incredible breasts, you're life will have true meaning. And that is just my tits. Imagine what the rest of my body will do to you. If my tits make you want to worship me, then my pussy, my mouth, my ass, those will make you want to submit to me completely. Practically be my sex-slave. You'd be a young married husband, a great scientific researcher, and, oh yeah, sex-slave to your sister-in-law." Jackie finished with a laugh.

For a few minutes, Jackie focused on gently hammering her brother-in-law's face with her soft tits. He was lost in the sensation, not putting up a fight, just sitting there and taking it, like a good slave would.

"I know, Derek, that you thought you wanted Heather. You said you were a good guy. But don't you want to be a little

bad? Or really bad? Maybe, you want to be a fucking asshole, who fucks his wife's sister. So I'll let you decide, once and for all. I'll just put my nipple right against your lips. If you want to be a good guy, then you'd better keep your mouth closed. But if you want to submit to me completely, you'd better open that mouth of yours, and start sucking." Jackie commanded, looking down at his handsome face.

Almost immediately, acting on pure instinct, his mouth opened. And Jackie's hard nipple immediately entered his mouth. And Derek's cheeks immediately hollowed as he began to suck in earnest. Jackie purred in pleasure. She loved having her nipples sucked.

How could Derek not fight back? He had fought back and resisted for so long. He loved his wife dearly. He really did. But he was not built to handle this. Few men were, but especially a guy like him. So young, and inexperienced, unable to withstand the charms an aggressive hot slut can provide. All thoughts of resistance were hammered out of him by his sister-in-law's incredibly mammoth breasts. Each time they ran across his face, each time her sweaty breasts molded themselves across his handsome face, each

time her hard nipples grazed across his face, it was like she was carving away the layers of goodness and loyalty instilled in him his entire life by his parents, his family, his wife. Those layers had been carved away, leaving only his pure essence, a cursing, rutting beast of a man. A malleable hunk of clay that Jackie could mold into her perfect man. The resistance had been worn away, leaving a man with no will to fight back, no resistance to the relentless charms of his busty sister-in-law.

"Ahhhhhhh! That's it!" Jackie moaned out as she felt Derek's firm tongue flick against her nipple for the first time. He forced her breast against his face, trying to force more breast into his sucking mouth. Her body shivered in pleasure, and she thought he was owed a bit of a reward for the pleasure she was being given. So, she brought her hips down and for the first time she humped her cunt against his bulging cock, straining against the pants of his tux.

"Mmmm, we do have a big one!" Jackie said with a laugh as she ground her soaked cunt along the extensive length of Derek's married dick. Jackie was in bliss. Her brother-in-law's dick was every bit as big as she expected it to be, probably even bigger. She had to stop herself from losing

control and letting her cunt take control and just furiously grind into his meaty cock until she came like crazy. She really wanted to, and her pussy was positively dripping with lust. But she knew the wait, the drawn out pleasure, was the best part. So she took it slow, took her time, grinding up the length of his cock (It felt like 10 inches!) and letting her copious juices soak his crotch. She hoped his cloth covered dick would marinate in the juices her cunt had soaked his pants with. Marinate in the juices, soak in the lust she was feeling, until his cock was throbbing like it had never before, throbbing until it just had to burst!

Derek's sucking mouth brought her attention back to her nipple. It was now soaked in his spit, as was the surrounding flesh.

"Mmmm, you'd better get used to this Derek. You'd better get fucking used to this." Jackie began, a hard edge appearing in her voice. Jackie was the type of girl that fucked mean, and the hornier she got, the meaner she would get, the more demanding she would get for pleasure.

Derek did not know what he was in for.

"You'd better get used to this, cause you'll be doing this every fucking day! I'll find an excuse to come over, visit my little sis. Me and her can gab, then you and me can sneak off and you could suck my nipples for a while. Worship them like they are meant to be worshipped. And I travel a lot, so I could invite you on trips, only you, not my pathetic baby sister. We could go anywhere we want, around the world, and you can suck my nipples along the way. Doesn't that sound great, baby? Spending hours chewing and sucking on these perfect nipples? Soon, you'll become addicted. Soon, you won't be able to live without them. They'll be more important to you than your wife, your family, your work... anything. You won't be able to get through a single day without them. You won't be able to focus without getting your fix. You won't be able to rest without having your head rest on my soft pillows, sucking yourself to a peaceful rest. I'm telling you this as a warning, baby. These tits are more addictive than any drug, and yet you keep sucking. You already know how irresistible they are, don't you? You can already feel the addictive effects. You're already under their spell, aren't you? These tits, and these fucking nipples mean more to you than my sister ever has, don't they?" Jackie said, hammering her thoughts into

his head until they weren't her thoughts in his mind. They were his thoughts now.

Jackie was using her tits to basically reprogram Derek's mind, his educated mind. All that knowledge, all that talent, all that education, his good nature, all the things that made him the man he was, were being wiped away. All the years of work he spent trying to better understand how the world works, all that potential to make true progress and to better the world, were now shoved aside in favor of the pleasures a pair of really big boobs could offer.

Derek's mind was now filled with these thoughts, thoughts of breasts, tits, knockers, hooters, whatever name you could think of. Derek would not be able to think of much else besides humongous tits. He would try to focus on his work, or his wife, but he would not be able to get huge boobs off his brain. He was basically an addict at this point. A big breast addict. And he could not satisfy this addiction at home, or at work. He would not be able to satisfy this addiction without indulging. He would not be able to get by without finding the first slut with big tits that he could get his hands on, convince her to slip off her bra, and let him

indulge his addiction for a few hours. Thanks to Jackie, Derek would never be the same.

He was a prime candidate to fall into addiction. He was a sheltered, good boy, who thought the best of others, and assumed others would think the same of him. He would never suspect that others might have insidious plans for him. And when those others introduced him to a dangerous new habit, a man as curious as him would dive in face-first. And he wouldn't know that he was addicted until that addiction smacked him in the face.

"Okay, baby, switch nipples. Show the other one some love." Jackie insisted. Jackie pulled her wet nipple from his warm mouth, turned her torso, and forced her other nipple directly into his open mouth, his lips forming a seal around her areola.

Jackie held him tightly to her chest, so he had no escape from the softness. Her wet, saliva covered nipple scraped along her brother-in-law's face. The sight looked so appetizing that she couldn't resist the temptation herself. She scooped her bare breast in her hand and directly the

wet nipple into her own mouth. She emulated her brother-in-law's technique, her tongue circling her own nipple. With her cunt grinding on his cock, and now with both nipples in a sucking mouth, she was being pleasured on multiple ends. She bit her own nipple, savoring the sweet pleasure, especially in contrast to the loving sucks Derek was savoring her other nipple with. This went on and on, the only sounds heard were Heather's snores and the sucking of big, wet nipples. Both Jackie and Derek were lost in a daze of pleasure. Both were lost in the moment, and neither could be interrupted. Both were lost in the pleasure of sucking a big, fat tit.

Jackie would never admit it to herself, but Derek might not be the only breast addict in the room. Derek was a slave to Jackie's great big breasts, but the thing was, so was Jackie. Jackie was as much of a slave to the whims of her big breasts as Derek was. Jackie was addicted to the pleasure of a man getting lost in the softness, sucking at her hard nipples. The sharp pleasure of having her nipples sucked was an unquenchable desire for her. She could have her breasts sucked hour after hour, day after day, and it would never be enough for her. Her nipples could not be sucked hard enough or long enough. She could never get enough of the

feeling of a man lost in her breast's softness. A man's hard muscles, his rough hands, his throbbing cock, against her perfect, silky breasts... to her, the feeling was indescribable. Jackie loved this pleasure. She needed this pleasure.

This went on and on, Derek's mouth full of nipple as Jackie alternated the nipple she offered to him. The two in-laws each had a light sheen of sweat from their exertions, as well as the heat generated by two turned-on people in close quarters. Jackie's thong was soaked, as was the crotch of Derek's tux. Although the pleasure of her nipples being sucked was exquisite, Jackie was ready to take this to the next step.

Sighing lightly, she pulled away from Derek, her right nipple popping from his mouth. His eyes were half-open, and as she pulled away, his mouth followed, as if he didn't want to stop sucking that succulent nipple. His eyes opened wide as Jackie stood up, hands on her hips, her upper half now bare. He was again struck by how unbelievably sexy she was. Her tits looked absolutely huge on her slim frame. They looked so perky, so firm, her skin like silk. And even her fit, firm belly was sexy. She obviously stayed in unbelievable shape, as her sexy stomach slowed a slight bit

of definition, showing that she worked hard to look that good. The only thing interrupting this was her cute belly button, and even that somehow looked incredibly sexy on a girl like her. Derek shouldn't be so engrossed by this sight, but it was so raw. So sexual. He couldn't look away.

But Derek's eyes did catch sight of something else. Heather, his wife, completely unconscious on the bed behind Jackie. Derek blinked a few times, trying to clear his vision, clear himself of the haze he was in. The gravity of what had just happened hit Derek. He moved to stand up.

"Jackie, you should go." Derek choked out, cheeks blushing furiously as he got to his feet, unable to meet her eyes with his. He was fiercely embarrassed, horribly ashamed at his weakness. He coughed, and ran his tongue around his mouth, trying to clear the memory of Jackie's tasty nipple from his palate.

"Excuse me, Derek?" Jackie said, her happy veneer turning into anger.

"Jackie, I, I, I... I'm not this type of guy. I love Heather." Derek said desperately.

"I know exactly what type of guy you are, Derek. You're the type of guy who would rather spend his wedding night sucking his sister-in-law's nipples than fucking his wife!" Jackie argued.

"Jackie, please!" Derek begged. "I need you to leave. I can't do this."

"Do what?" Jackie asked naively.

"I, uhh, you know..." Derek stammered.

"Know what?" Jackie asked.

"Uhh, you know... do it." Derek mumbled.

"Do it? What? Have sex?" Jackie said. "Wow, Derek!" she said with a laugh. "You are mightily presumptuous. You think

that just because a girl let's you suck her tits means she will let go to town on her."

"I don't know, just... Jackie, please, cover yourself." Derek asked.

"What, cover these? I don't think so. Maybe, instead, I should just let you see the whole package, since that's what you really want." Jackie said. And with that, she lowered the hem of the dress past her hips, and she shimmied, letting the dress fall to the floor. And just like that, Jackie was exposed to her brother-in-law, only clad in her tiny thong.

Derek's eyes widened. Jackie's legs were as amazing as the rest of her. They were long. They were firm. They were bare. Derek had never been a leg man, but looking at this pristine pair might make him one. They looked so long, so smooth, so sexy. It took all of his willpower to resist getting on his knees and running his tongue along her calves.

The tiny white thong stood against her tan skin. It glowed brightly, as if radiating the heat of the treasures within. The thong just barely covered her vagina, and it was clinging to

her, soaked with her juices. The strap clung to her hips, just those tiny white strings holding the thong to her. Then Jackie spun around, and Derek got to see her ass for the very first time.

Holy Shit! Jackie Cline ass had looked great when covered, but bare... it just looked jaw dropping. The cheeks were just incredibly round, and incredibly firm. And they were just the perfect fucking shape. Heart-shaped, firm and fit, riding proudly, sticking out from her fit back like a shelf. The cheeks were just beautiful, begging to be touched, caressed and spanked. The only interruption to this vision was her tiny thong, but the tiny strings riding around her firm hips, splitting the crack of her firm ass, somehow only added to her sexiness.

Derek looked up her firmly muscled back. And it was just as perfect and sexy as the rest of her. She spun back around, and his eyes met hers.

"You don't want me to go, Derek. In fact, that is the last thing you want. You think you can say no to me? Do you know who I am? I am Jackie fucking Cline! Nobody says no to

me!" Jackie said, getting increasingly angry. "Nobody says no to these?" she said, pointing at her breasts. "Or these." she said, pointing at her legs. "Or this." she said, spinning around, pointing her ass at him once again. "And most importantly, no one says no to this." Jackie finished, spinning around, pointing at her thong-clad cunt. "Derek, you do not get to say no! You've come this far. You don't get to leave me hanging. You will do what I want! No more back talk! Be a man! No more bullshit resistance! You want this as much as I do. You will do whatever the hell I tell you to. Got it!" Jackie yelled out, turning up the bitch mode again, the attitude she knew Derek loved so much. Derek gulped and said nothing. Jackie smiled slightly. She knew he was hers.

"Now, since you've gotten to see the goods, you should let me see a bit of that yummy body of yours." Jackie insisted.

"What?" Derek croaked.

"Take off your clothes." Jackie commanded.

"Jackie, I can't do..." he began.

"Derek!" she screamed out, with no fear of waking her drunken sister. "Shut the fuck up and take off your clothes. They seem to be getting very... tight." Jackie added, her voice softening, staring straight at his bulging crotch. "Wouldn't you feel so much more comfortable with those pants off? Wouldn't you feel so much more comfortable if you gave that big dick of yours some room to breathe?" Jackie whispered, stepping close to Derek, her boobs jiggling with each step. Derek stepped back, trying to avoid any more contact with Jackie's inviting flesh.

"Derek," Jackie began, voice getting more insistent, "I must insist that you should take off your clothes. I know what's best for you. I know what's best for that big cock of yours. And I know how much better it would feel if you just took off those pants, and let that big dick stand proud... and mighty. Trust me, I felt that dick. That thing is built to be a conqueror of women. That thing is built to pleasure sluts like me. And the fact that it is not is really a shame. Guys like you, who are packing heat like that, know how to use that thing for what it is: a weapon. Guys with dicks like that always have sluts in their crosshairs, and the fact that you haven't already taken advantage of all the primo pussy at

this wedding tells me you're not that type of guy at all. You've got the tool, but you don't know how to handle it. You just don't have it in you. And that's why you will always fall to girls like me. You know that, right? You can feel that weakness, deep in your bones. That is why you crave having someone like me, someone with experience handling such weapons, to take control. If you don't give up here, then someone else will come after you. You will fall, whether you like it or not. You've craved being in a situation like this, going to battle with a slut like me. But you've never craved victory. You always imagined yourself losing. You always craved bowing in defeat. Submitting. Derek, you know you will lose, you know you will give in, so why bother fighting at all? So you might as well pick out the girl you will fall to. The girl you will submit to. And baby, you won't do much better than me."

She stepped forward, forcing Derek back until he hit the wall behind him. But, he did not run. He did not say no. He did not deny any of the claims Jackie was making. Jackie moved close to him so they were mere inches apart, too close for comfort.

"I'm so right, aren't I Derek? It will feel so fucking good to give in, to fall to your knees in worship. It will feel so good, so freeing, to just take that cock out and expose it to the world. Won't it? You desperately want to scoop that dick out, expose it to any slut that happens to pass by. Expose it so it won't be so uncomfortable in those pants of yours. Expose it in hopes that maybe, just maybe, that dick will find a new home. Maybe a nice, tight, warm home. Don't you want that, Derek? Don't you want to give your dick the best you can give it? Maybe a warm mouth to suck on it. Or a pair of tits to smother it. Don't you want a place to fire off all that hot, sticky cum!" Jackie offered. Derek said nothing, frozen in fear, back to the wall.

Seeing the fight in her brother-in-law disappearing, Jackie took advantage. She brought her hands to his shoulders and slipped off his suit coat, letting it fall to the floor. Jackie held his gaze as her hands went to work. Her hands went to his waist, confidently undoing his belt buckle. She pulled out his tucked-in shirt, and grabbed the shirt along the middle. With a firm jerk, she pulled the two halves of the shirt apart, tearing off all the buttons, causing them to clatter onto the floor. She slipped the shirt off his shoulders, joining the suit

coat on the floor. She grabbed his undershirt and roughly lifted it over his head, exposing his fit, bare chest.

"Mmm, mmm." Jackie purred appreciatively at her brother-in-law's bare chest as she dropped the shirt to the floor. Jackie's eyes consumed Derek's chest. He clearly worked out. His pecs were impressive. And his abs were just yummy. His chest was so hard, so smooth, so tan. Jackie had to stop herself from worshiping his sexy torso with her tongue.

Jackie's hands moved to his zipper. She undid the button and lowered the zipper before letting the pants fall to the floor, leaving him only in his tight boxer-briefs. Jackie looked down, and studied the bulge present there. And it was a mighty bulge, a bulge that once again proved he was not built for science. He was built for pleasure. He was a gift to sluts everywhere, a stud that Jackie was about to unleash.

Jackie couldn't control her anticipation. She had to see this meat in the flesh. She quickly fingered the hem of the briefs and she firmly pulled them down, letting them fall to the floor.

Jackie's jaw dropped, literally, falling in the same way Derek's dick fell from its confines. The same way his dick fell halfway to his knees. Jackie had never felt intimidated by a dick before, but here she was, taken aback by its size. It was just fucking huge! It was as thick as her wrist, throbbing with lust, leaking his precious cum. It was long and smooth. And it was soooooo thick! Jackie didn't think her hand could wrap around it. And his balls were just fucking huge as well. Jackie knew his balls were built to handle that familiar rhythm, the rhythm of big balls against female ass that happens during the most intense of lovemaking. This was the cock you only dreamed about. A thick, meaty pussy pleaser that could give a girl the reaming she needed.

This was more than just a penis. This was truly a weapon. A slut-conquering, thong-soaking, cunt-fucking, throat-choking, asshole-filling piece of perfect, pristine, meaty cock. If Derek were the type of guy that could truly wield this long cock like the weapon it was, like a true master would, then this weapon was truly one of destruction. This was the type of cock your mother warned you about. This was a marriage-destroying, wife-stealing kind of dick, the kind that could get him any woman he wanted. This dick

could destroy marriages, destroy lives, and get any girl addicted to the filthy pleasure only his thick cock could provide. And all of this damage would be done just to satisfy his sick, disgusting pleasures.

But Derek would never be that type of guy. Sure, he had the body of a stud, but he didn't have the willpower. He didn't have what it took to point at the hottest girl in the room, take her to bed, and fuck her till she pledged to be his bitch and vow to take his cum whenever he wanted. Derek just didn't have it in him. Derek was built to be taken advantage of by a strong, clever woman. That weapon he was packing required a strong woman to wield it; to use it as it should be used, namely fucking the daylights out of women. Derek's weakness was scheming women, women shrewd enough to manipulate him for their benefit.

Those firm, sexy muscles, built to manhandle a girl in the bedroom, would only be used in whatever manner his woman wanted. Whether she wanted to be lifted in his firm grasp so they could fuck standing up. Or use all that strength to support her big pair of tits as she rode him. Or flex his muscles for show, to titillate his love, aiding her in cumming extra hard.

Or his ass. An ass like his could make girls drool. An ass like his should be used to drive his fat cock into a girl really fucking hard, providing a girl a perfect place to grab onto while withstanding the vicious fucking a man like him should provide. But his ass was far more likely to end up resting against a bed as he withstood the type of serious fucking a real nasty slut could offer.

His perfectly styled hair, enough to make any girl chew on her lip as she took in how hot he was, would go to waste. Since it would be matted to his head, soaked in sweat from the vicious sex he would be forced to have at all hours of the day by the sluts eager to take advantage of his huge dick.

And that face. It was literally like the face of a model. He should be on, like, magazines, that's how hot he was. But that face would not be on magazine covers. It would be more likely that you would find his face planted between the cheeks of a slut's hot ass. His mouth, and that cute smile, would disappear. It would be too busy, against a girl's asshole, sucking away.

A little bit of flirting, a bit of cleavage, and a bossy attitude was enough to unlock Derek's true nature. Enough to make Derek putty in your hands. Enough to have him offer a girl his cock for her use, and whatever sick plans she had for it. And Jackie had some sick plans for that cock of his.

Derek stepped out of the pile of his clothing, now totally naked. Jackie hid her shocked expression from her brother-in-law, not wanting him to see this moment with her guard down. She regained her icy expression, knowing the bitch mode she had used was what was making him putty in her hands.

"Get on the bed. Next to your wife." Jackie ordered, pointing at the bed. Derek's eyes were entranced by her jiggling breasts, and when he looked into Jackie's eyes, she could see the apprehension there.

"Do it!" Jackie ordered sternly. Derek looked down and walked towards the bed. Wordlessly, he lied down on the bed, next to Heather. Jackie's eyes delighted in consuming her brother-in-law's body as he lied down, cock pointed in the air.

Jackie confidently swaggered to the bed. She stood over Derek, pondering her next move. She quickly slipped into the bed next to him, curling next to his firm body, pressing herself against him. It was an intimate pose, one fitting for two people who were soon to be lovers. She ran her finger along his muscular chest, scratching him lightly, as she looked down at him.

"You're gonna let me do whatever I want to you, aren't you?" Jackie whispered, digging a nail firmly into his chest. "You're gonna let your sister-in-law take over things on your wedding night. You're gonna let me run the show, aren't you? You just so desperately wanted someone to take away all those worries and all those responsibilities. Such a big brain, but in the end you really need a girl like me calling the shots, don't you. Doesn't that sound great? Guys like you really don't know what you're doing. You really need a slut like me making all the tough decisions. So whenever you have a tough choice to make, you will call me first and get my advice. And I mean, any choice. And honestly, you will end up doing whatever I tell you to do. Whether it is you wanting to know where to put all the money you earn you using that nice big brain of yours, or

something as simple what to get my sister for her birthday. I'm the one who will be making all these choices. Got it!?"

Derek looked absolutely terrified. He didn't know what to do. He didn't want to see what Jackie would do if he disobeyed her. He hated to make people upset, and he knew Jackie would be furious if he opposed her. Even if what she was asking for was really messed up, he had no choice but to comply. So he gave... a very slight nod. This caused Jackie to flash him a smile, and a rush of relief flooded Derek, happy that he made her happy.

"That's great Derek. What a great brother-in-law you are. Probably a better brother-in-law than you are a husband!" Jackie said with a laugh, her monstrous breasts jiggling with every giggle. "Like I said, you will be running your life through me. And that's a lot of work for a girl! So, it does come with a fee. Sis tells me you make quite a bit of money. Like, a lot of money. So, any gift you give to her, you will get me something better. You get her a cubic zirconia, you buy me a diamond. You buy her a cute set of underwear, you buy me a thong. You buy your wife a swimsuit, you buy me a pool. You put a thousand bucks in your shared bank account, you put ten thousand in mine. Got it? Running a

man's life is a lot of work, so you need to make it worth my time. You need to make sure all my needs are being cared for. And I am a girl with a lot of needs. Not only with money, or with pretty things for me to wear. You need to keep my needs satisfied in the bedroom."

Derek gulped, and Jackie continued speaking.

"Everything I said about buying your wife things applies in the bedroom. You give her your dick once, you give it to me three times. I don't care if it's the middle of the night. If you fall behind on your quota of sex with me, then you'd better find the fucking time to sneak away from the wife, track me down, and give it to me! I want your best! I know I don't live close by, but for that dick, I will find the time to be close by. I'm sure my sis will love having me around, but you'll love it even more. And I'm sure she won't mind if, during your travels, you and I just happen to end up in the same place at the same time. She won't think twice. And I'm sure she won't notice that you have to travel so much more often than you used to. And if I call you, and tell you I need that dick, you'd better drop everything and come to me. I don't care if you're awake, asleep, at work, with Heather... I don't care if there is an ocean between us, you will find me,

and you will fuck me! That is your life for now on. I run your life, I make all the tough choices for you, and you just make sure to keep me looking pretty and keep my bank account and my pussy filled!"

Derek looked away. He had to. He knew this was sooooo wrong. So fucking wrong. He loved his wife. Heather was his soul mate. But Jackie was so firm. So emphatic. The way she talked and the way she phrased things just made him feel like he had to comply with her wishes. It felt like he had no choice, that the decision was obvious, that the choice was practically already made.

Why was he going along with this? Why was he lying naked on his marital bed with his hot naked sister-in-law pressed against him? Why were her words and her dominant, haughty attitude resonating with him? Did he like this kind of treatment? Did he like being bossed around? Did he like being held on a proverbial leash by a busty, arrogant slut? Was his mind such a whirlwind that he could not get by without having a bitch on his side making all his choices for him? He knew he shouldn't find any pleasure in this, but why did the thought of being controlled by a voluptuous,

gorgeous whore sound so fucking hot? How could he possibly enjoy this?

Derek was a very controlled, ordered guy. In his work, he was very organized. In his mind, if the chaos of the universe could somehow be kept in order, then he could at least keep his notes in order. Derek tried to find a certain level of control with every aspect of his life. Sure, this made him a bit introverted, a bit hesitant to put himself out there and risk losing control. That was why he was a virgin till he met Heather. He never fully gave up the control, even though giving up control could be the one thing that could lead him to true happiness. Losing a bit of control, putting himself out there just a little bit, led him to something incredible he had never experienced. Love. Marriage. Full spiritual happiness. So it was natural for him to associate giving up a bit of control with happiness. But consequently, this very same conclusion had a very dark side-affect. He didn't realize that associating loss of control with happiness was a very dangerous connection to make. He didn't realize that by making that small connection, he had unknowingly imprinted onto his mind one simple, unbreakable, unshakeable truth: if a little loss of control could bring true love, then giving up all control could bring something so

much more. Something more base and instinctual, a kind of connection deeper than the construct of love. A connection that pervades so deeply in a person that it could be theorized this connection pervades space and time itself. That no matter what universe a person is in, what reality this person is living in, this type of connection will always be the same. That connection being deep sexual fulfillment.

This fulfillment is a desire deeply imprinted in the minds of all people. It is something all people crave, need, and desire. And Derek had unknowingly created the path for himself to find complete sexual fulfillment. And for Derek, this fulfillment could only be found through submission.

Nothing made Derek shiver quite like the thought of submission. Nothing turned him on quite like the thought of a beautiful women making him bend to her will, making him fall to his knees. And the thing was, he didn't even know this about himself till now. He didn't know that his own ideal sexual fantasy was being put on his knees, punished by a cruel mistress, a voluptuous, sexy, leather-clad goddess. Derek didn't know that he desperately wanted to be bossed around by a domineering bitch. To be treated more like a sex-slave than a husband. To be fucking owned

by a slut that uses him like the piece of meat he really is. To be used as a fucking sex object, by an evil, big titted slut. Because if your gonna be dominated by a woman, she might as well have huge tits, a gorgeous face, a hot ass and an extra tight pussy. And if she is going to dominate him, she might as well make it clear she is in charge. Wearing tight black leather all over, because that is the type of thing he imagined a dominant slut to wear. Leather boots. Leather gloves. Leather bodice. Leather thong. Just playing the part perfectly, so any onlooker that would happen to catch them in the act would know exactly who was running the show. Derek wanted to be caught, he wanted for his secret shame to be exposed, because if everyone knew what type of guy he really was, he would not have to keep up pretenses. He could commit himself fully to his brutal mistress. He would feel no shame being kept around the house all day. He wouldn't care if the entire world saw him submit. He wouldn't care if the whole world saw him licking his mistress's leather boots. Or letting himself get smothered by her juicy cunt. Or digging deep in his mistress's voluptuous ass, sucking at her tasty asshole. Or losing himself as she smothers him with her massive, firm titties. Or losing each remaining bit of his independence each time he fire a load of hot cum deep inside her. And he

would give up every bit of himself to her, cause that is what he wanted most of all.

This was the disgusting fantasy that was buried deep in this otherwise normal, handsome young man. His sick twisted fantasy that was bubbling to the surface. He didn't know he wanted this, but he was unknowingly letting this fantasy become reality. He was letting this fantasy become a self-fulfilling prophecy. He was unknowingly casting each part of the fantasy. His wife was the wronged party, who would no doubt catch him in the act and expose his hidden shame. And there was no way his sister-in-law would not occupy the role of the cruel, dominating mistress. She fit the part in every way. She had the filthy attitude and an equally filthy body. Through Derek's deep seated desires and Jackie's cunning instincts, his fantasy was about to become a reality.

Jackie had better dig out her favorite leather outfit.

But that was for later, when their relationship progressed further, beyond this feeling out period, when both had settled into their proper roles. Sure, their relationship was

already tinged with dominance, but it was nowhere near where it would be. Yet.

"Answer me, baby? Are you gonna be mine? Are you gonna give me your heart? Your mind? Your soul? Your cock? Tell me, honey." Jackie whispered, her hand on his chest, feeling his rapidly beating heart. Derek knew the answer now. He knew it because it was so deeply ingrained in him that he couldn't say anything else. It was the only answer he could give, because that was the type of guy he was.

"It's up to you." Derek whispered, and as he said it, a spurt of pre-cum bubbled up from his dick, so associated was submission to pleasure in his mind. It had the same effect on his sister-in law, this blatant act of submission caused Jackie to moan from deep in her throat, biting her lip to stifle the pleasure. They were a perfect match.

She had won! She had enslaved her brother-in-law. She had won the prize, namely his big, fat married dick. Now, all she had to do was seal the deal.

She let her hand slide down his fit torso until her fingers wrapped around her brother-in-law's dick, feeling it's heft for the first time.

"I'm gonna make this dick mine, Derek. And once I do, you won't want anyone else. I will spoil that dick. You won't want any pussy but mine. No other woman will be able to get you off, I'm that good. So, Derek, I'm gonna get a taste of this thick piece of meat, and I'm gonna give you a taste of something special." Jackie said. With that, she got on her knees and swiveled around, keeping her hand firmly attached to his thick cock. With her liquids dripping, she straddled her brother-in-laws face, her thong-clad cunt directly above him. She was bent over him, her face hovering over his cock, her soft tits swaying above his muscular stomach.

With a practiced hand, she reached towards her crotch and peeled the soaked material to the side, revealing her bare, soaked cunt to her brother-in-law for the first time. And it was soaked in her juices. Just dripping wet, so wet in fact that her juices were dripping down onto Derek's face. Not allowing Derek any time to change his mind, she began to lower herself onto him.

Derek looked up, looking at the smooth, bare flesh of Jackie's pussy, the small, soft lips. The sharply protruding clit. Derek looked at this cunt and knew that knew was looking at his fate. The tight, warm, welcoming cunt of destiny. Derek's mouth opened instinctively, wanting to welcome his fate with an open mouth. And he did not have to wait long. Mere moments after first seeing Jackie's vagina, his married mouth was soon filled with that perfect, warm cunt.

As if Derek were built for this, as if he knew how this was supposed to go, his tongue leapt from his mouth and into the warm confines of Jackie's tasty cunt. His lips formed a tight seal around Jackie's pussy, making sure he collected all of her juices.

Jackie rewarded Derek's submission by beginning to slowly stroke his thick cock. Her warm breath surrounded the tip of his dick as she studied it. Jackie loved dick! It was her favorite thing in the whole, wide world. Just give her a nice private beach, a stiff drink, an expensive bikini, and a fat dick attached to a hot guy, and she would be a happy girl.

Like a starved woman, she attacked Derek's thick dick, the cock entering her tight throat. Jackie knew how to suck a dick. She had to get in deep on it, practically fucking choke on it, coating it with her spit. She had to run her tongue all over the bloated cock, firmly pleasuring it. She had to wrap her soft, plump lips around the shaft, creating a tight seal, allowing her to suck as hard as she fucking could, till he felt the insides of her cheeks against his dick. She had to stroke the remainder of the shaft not buried in her mouth. Typically, that wasn't much, but on Derek's monster, that was quite a bit. That was not to say she could not manage Derek's whole cock. No, Jackie was a very experienced cocksucker, and there was not a dick in existence that she could not get buried to the balls in her sexy mouth. Jackie was just taking her time, savoring it, enjoying the flavor she could only get from a monster cock. And as she sucked away, she massaged the balls, gently but firmly, like a good slut should.

And Derek was doing what a good stud should. Namely, sucking away at his slut's silky cunt. Running his tongue through every nook and crevice, collecting her delightful juices into his open mouth. Pressing his lips against her

smooth lips. Nibbling at her throbbing clit with his lips and tongue. He opened his mouth wide and enclosed her entire cunt in his mouth. His tongue was on overdrive, her juices coating his tongue's taste buds, causing him to shiver with pleasure. Causing him to throb with lust. Causing his slut to moan in pleasure.

So the two in-laws clung together, locked in an intimate 69. The only sounds heard in the marriage suite were the muffled moans of two horny in-laws, who just couldn't resist their incredible attraction for each other. She was choking on cock, swallowing his tasty pre-cum. And he was smothered with cunt, his mouth coated with her delicious pussy juice. And both of them were naturals. Jackie was as built to suck cock as Derek was built to suck pussy. Both were consuming each others' genitalia with unbridled passion. And both knew enough to take this slow, not to push each other over the edge, because this was merely an appetizer for the sexual feast to follow.

Both were lost in the pleasure. Jackie knew she should be more in control but she knew she tended to lose herself sometimes. That is why they spent what felt like hours going at it, sucking each other off, neither willing to

sacrifice this pleasure for even a moment to change position. Jackie knew how this worked, and knew she had to move on with the proceedings, but she just couldn't stop herself. She loved sucking big cock! So it surprised her a bit that it was Derek that moved this on to the next level. But it wasn't as if he decided to take control of the situation and fuck this bitch hard like he should no. No, it was a further act of submission that instigated this situation moving to the next level.

Derek's big hands moved to Jackie's hips and tried to push her forward a little. Jackie was a bit confused, so she arched her back a bit to move to the position Derek wanted as she kept inhaling her brother-in-law's shaft. And she was shocked as she felt Derek's tongue travel away from her cunt and zero in on her asshole.

This took Jackie by shock. It normally took a bit for guys to be convinced to suck her ass. As tasty as her ass was, few guys wanted to just dive in and start sucking. So it took her completely by surprise when she felt Derek's tongue stab directly against her asshole. Her eyes widened and her mind flashed in pleasure. She was shocked as Derek's typical, demure, innocent façade disappeared between her

ass cheeks. Each time his tongue mashed against her tight asshole, the good, decent Derek disappeared. No good, happily married man would just dive into a girl's ass unless he really wanted to. Unless he was dreaming about it at night. Unless he fantasized about it every fucking day. With the way he dived into her ass, Jackie had no doubt that when he would walk down the street and see some girl shaking her ass, he would fantasize about getting on his knees, peeling her perfect cheeks apart, and diving right in.

Jackie loved having her ass sucked almost as much as she loved having her cunt sucked. To her, it was a sublime pleasure, and anyone willing to give her that pleasure was definitely a keeper. And Derek was someone she would hold onto. Jackie pulled her mouth away from his soaked dick. She had to voice her pleasure.

"AHHH! FUCK! THAT'S SO GOOD!" Jackie squealed out. She sat up, focusing her weight on his face, forcing her asshole against his mouth. His tongue was still pressed against her ass, as were his open lips. The very same lips that had kissed his wife on his wedding day were, only a few hours later, pressed directly against his wife's sister's asshole. And even though she was now sitting on his face,

he didn't resist. His tongue just stabbed at her ass harder, his lips pressed against her more enthusiastically, and he sucked even more. Jackie felt his busy tongue, not only by stabbing at her asshole, desperate to breach her defenses, but by swabbing against her asshole, rimming her furiously.

Derek seemed to love it. He seemed to love this feeling, this feeling of giving in, of cowing to Jackie's superiority. He seemed to love the sensation of being forced to suck her pussy and her asshole. He seemed to love being dominated so thoroughly that when a girl forces her asshole against his face, he had no thought but to open his mouth and start sucking.

But to him, this wasn't what he wanted. Not at all. He didn't want to be sucking his sister-in-law's asshole on his wedding night. He wanted to live a long life with his wife, full of love and happiness. Not this, this night of dark, deviant sexual delights. He didn't want this. Why would he want to eat out a girl's tasty ass? It was madness!

In his mind, this was all Jackie's doing. Jackie was running this show, and he was the victim. He would never admit to

himself his true nature. He would never admit to himself how much he wanted this. How much he needed this. He would never admit how badly he needed to be dominated by a strong willed woman. He would never admit how eagerly his tongue leapt from his mouth and into her cunt. He would never admit that it was his hands that had moved her hips. It was his hands that guided her so her ass was directly over his face. It was his hands that pulled her ass down. It was his tongue that so lovingly rimmed her asshole. He was as much of a guilty party as she was.

His argument was clearly flawed. An onlooker would see he obviously wanted this. An onlooker would think he was one of those guys that loved being dominated by a woman. An onlooker would think he was a guy who probably was into some really kinky shit. The type of guy who probably called up a dominatrix or a whore on weekends. An onlooker would see how eagerly his body responded. That despite all his supposed misgivings, his body clearly wanted this.

And it would not be the last time his body would disagree with his mind.

"OHHH, DEREK BABY, I LOVE IT!" Jackie moaned out. "I love your tongue on my ass! It feels so good! Go in deeper, baby! Go in deeper!" Jackie begged, feeling Derek's insistent tongue against her asshole, pressing forcefully against it, desperately trying to gain entry to her tighter than tight ass. But finally, the seal broke, and his tongue was soon trapped by her tight asshole. "OHHHH FUCKKKK YESSSSS!" Jackie screamed, practically loud enough to wake the dead. But not Heather, as she dozed next to the soon to be copulating couple.

Jackie swiveled her ass against Derek's face, her smooth, firm ass cheeks smothering Derek's face. It was a shocking sight. Jackie felt Derek's mouth sealed around her asshole, and as she swiveled around, his mouth kept the seal tight. His tongue was always on her, firmly embedded in her asshole. She was so turned on her juices were dripping onto his chin. Jackie body was so supercharged that Derek's mouth on her was enough to send her over the edge with a series of small orgasms, enough to make her moan, but only enough to whet her appetite. She was ready for more, so reluctantly, she lifted her ass, the tight seal his lips had formed broken with a pop.

"Babe, if I don't stop you, you'll be sucking my ass all day!" Jackie said, swiveling around on the bed. She pulled off her thong completely and tossed it on her sister's face with an evil smile. Derek was dazed, and the now totally nude Jackie took advantage by leaning over and sticking her tongue down his throat.

Derek's eyes widened as he felt Jackie's plump lips press softly against his. Jackie's firm tongue mashed against his, her sweet saliva mixing with his. Her wet tongue was everywhere, dominating his mouth as she pumped her tongue in and out.

Jackie was making a statement to Derek. She was showing him she had no fear of kissing him, even though he had spent the last twenty minutes kissing her asshole. She was showing him she had no fear in the bedroom. She was showing him she was up for anything.

Jackie moaned into his mouth, enjoying the deep, intimate French kiss with her brother-in-law. She finally pulled away, their mouths connected by bands of gooey spit. She wiped the strands away and crawled down the bed. Moving

confidently, she looked down at her dazed brother-in-law as she straddled his saliva soaked cock. Jackie grabbed it by the base and slapped the tip around the outside of her cunt, right against her clit.

Derek looked up at Jackie. Her body was so imposing. She was so fit. So gorgeous. Her belly was impressively flat. And her tits were just so huge! She was so statuesque, like a goddess. She put her hands behind her head and posed, really jutting those huge tits outward. He knew this was about to reach a point where there really was no going back. He had to stop her.

"Jackie, I, I..." Derek stammered. Jackie rolled her eyes, grabbed his wrists, and slapped his palms against her titties.

"Derek, squeeze these first, then tell me what you want to do." Jackie said simply. Derek couldn't help but give those great big titties in his hands a healthy squeeze. They felt incredible, feeling even better in his hands than they did in his mouth. They overfilled his big hands, drowning them in pillowy softness. He felt the nipples dance in his palms as

he squeezed roughly. They were so smooth, and silky, and heavy. They were just so big!

Derek thought they wouldn't affect him so much. They were just boobs, right? But lying there, squeezing a big pair of tits, he had never felt more like a man. It was his duty as a red-blooded man to find all the big racks he could find and run his hands all over them.

"So, what were you saying, Derek?" Jackie asked with a knowing smirk, knowing whatever fight left in him was gone. And she was right. Derek said nothing. He just lied there, cupping and playing with her boobs, jiggling them in his hands, teasing her nipples, all thoughts of resisting lost in the valley of her cleavage.

Taking advantage of his silence, Jackie swiftly moved his dick into place, poised up against the outside her of cunt. And before he could raise any resistance, she sat down on Derek's dick, the impressively large tip entering the tight confines of her wet cunt.

Jackie's pussy was hypersensitive. That's why she loved those really big, thick dicks, with the really big tips. In that sense, Derek's dick was like a dream dick to her. Her cunt and his cock were made for each other. A perfect fucking fit. Sure, her pussy was small and pretty and tight, and sure her brother-in-law's cock was stretching her cunt to the max, her cunt clinging to his thick meat, but to her, stretched to the max was just fucking perfect. So to her, feeling the tip of his fat cock dig deeper and deeper inside her sweet pussy, forcing the sweet inner walls of her pussy to cling to more and more of his thick shaft, was just... sublime. And as his cock met bottom, completely enveloped in her tight warmth, as her ass came to rest above his balls, Jackie had to bite her lip and gasp in heated pleasure.

As this happened, Derek grunted in pleasure. He tightened up, experiencing a pleasure he had never felt before, namely a truly tight cunt. And this was an incomparable sensation, a truly addictive pleasure. Heather's pussy was decently snug, but it was nothing like her older sister's cunt. Jackie's cunt was an all new experience. Derek had always enjoyed making love to Heather, but it was never the life changing experience he had expected. He heard all these

guys talking about sex and getting pussy. They acted like it was this incredible, life-altering thing. But Derek had never felt that... until now. Being balls deep inside his hotter than hot sister-in-law, he began to see the appeal of sex. He began to feel the all-consuming need guys felt about pussy. He could see how people could get addicted to this kind of pleasure, and lose themselves completely. And to Derek's rattled mind, nothing could sound fucking hotter.

Jackie put her hands on his chest and squeezed his firm muscles lightly as he continued molesting her spectacular breasts. Jackie looked down at him and smiled knowingly, knowing how overwhelmed he was.

"Alright baby, you ready to fuck your sister-in-law? You ready to give me that dick and be mine forever? You ready to become the sick fuck you always wanted to be?" Jackie teased. Derek looked up at her, looking away from her chest for the first time since he had began squeezing them, and replied:

"Whatever you want."

Jackie almost came. Just the knowledge she had turned her brilliant, studly, innocent brother-in-law into a submissive sex-slave using her hot body was so fucking hot to her. Jackie's eyes lidded in pleasure. Once she regained control, she looked at Derek, eyes glassy with lust. Her eyes were very aggressive, letting Derek know he was in for something rough.

Jackie lifted her hips until only the thick tip of his dick was stuck inside her. She swiveled her hips like a dancer would, keeping his dick inside her as she moved. Before he got used to this new sensation, Jackie plopped down quickly, her ass hitting his thighs with a whumph, causing Derek to grunt. Derek squeezed her breasts roughly as he took in the pleasure of Jackie's tight cunt. Jackie rose again slowly before dropping down again.

"Ahhh, that's some good dick!" Jackie moaned out. Derek could feel how much she was enjoying his dick. Her cunt was squeezing his cock in a death grip, resisting when Jackie raised her hips, not wanting to be parted from his dick for even an instant. And her pussy was literally dripping, her juices running down his cock and coating his big balls.

All he felt was tightness. Warm, wet, smothering tightness, massaging his dick in just the right way. It was a new experience for the inexperienced young man, and nothing could compare to it. Having a gorgeous girl ride your big dick with a real cunt, the ones that are tight as hell and grip your dick like a fucking vice, was a life-changing experience. And Derek's life was getting changed. Bounce after hot fucking bounce.

Jackie was nearly dizzy from the pleasure as her hips began to bounce faster. Sweat began to cover the two lovers as the fuck session began to pick up the pace.

"Okay, Derek..." Jackie began, pulling his hands away from her tits, releasing them from their death grip. "You need to get your mind off my tits, at least for once today. SHIT! I mean, oh fuck that's nice, I know they were all you were thinking about today, but I need you to focus on me for a bit. AHHH, THAT'S GOOD!" Jackie squealed as she rode his fantastic dick. She forced his hands to the bed, forcing his eyes to meet hers.

"I know you don't fuck much, so I'm gonna give you some pro tips, cause I am very experienced. I know what girl's like. Derek, you need to talk more. You need to make sure your lover hears you. FUCK! I mean, your huge dick is probably enough for most girls, but some women need more. When you fuck a girl, you need to praise her. Worship her. AH GOD, I LOVE THAT FUCKING DICK! Uhh, you need to tell your girl that she is the sexiest woman you've ever been with. You need to tell her how much hotter and sexier is than all the other girls you've ever been with. SHIT! If you have to lie to the girl you're with about that, then you shouldn't even be gracing her with your monster cock. OH, IT'S SO GOOD! With the girls who are really fucking sexy, these words should come naturally. You shouldn't have to think. You should know exactly how to praise her. And girls really love it when you bash your old girlfriends. Or your wife. All girls hate each other, deep down, but it's so fucking hot to hear it from a hot guy like you. It's so hot for a girl to hear how much better she is than all the other girls. It's so fucking hot for a guy to drop all pretenses and get mean, just bash the shit out of his ex, or his girlfriend, and especially his wife. OH FUCK I FUCKING LOVE THE SHIT OUT OF THAT BIG, HUGE FUCKING DICK!" Jackie screamed again.

For a few minutes, Jackie focused on riding his big cock, using his big cock for her pleasure. Her big, unencumbered breasts were bouncing like crazy, beads of sweat cascading down the mountainous slopes of her enormous breasts.

"MMMMMMMMMMMM!" Jackie groaned, biting her lip as she rode a wave of orgasmic pleasure on her brother-in-law's cock. Her pace slowed a bit as she came back to Earth, and a blissful smile crossed her lips as she continued riding Derek's cock. Now that he lust was placated momentarily, she resumed her lesson.

"You see, Derek, that dick can be enough to drive a girl wild, but if you can speak up and worship your girl the way she should be worshipped, then honey, you can turn any girl into a wet, quivering mess. You can give any girl the best night of her life. You just need to learn these skills from me, then you will be the total package. Cause a hot guy like you, a guy who is smart, hot, packaging some serious heat, and happy to worship his girl, ready to put her pleasure before his own, that is like a dream guy. Derek, you could be my dream guy. So I need you to use what I've taught you and become the perfect man. And if you become a perfect man, a girl would do absolutely anything for you. Anything."

Jackie finished, bouncing her hips, swiveling his dick within her.

Derek reached forward to grab her tits again, but she grabbed his wrists to stop him.

"Uh, uh, uh, lover. You don't get to feel these again until you do what I told you to. You don't get to squeeze these suckers until you become the perfect fucking man. Got it?" Jackie asked. Derek's hands fell to her hips and gripped her lightly. Jackie kept bouncing, full of energy, one orgasm not enough to satisfy this hungry slut.

What would Derek do? He was such a nice guy, and he was not particularly a great talker. He often stumbled over his words due to nervousness. Now, he was being asked to use his words to drive a woman wild. He was forced to use his words to worship his sister-in-law, and tell her she was hotter than any other woman he had been with, and for a guy like him, he only could compare her to one other girl: Heather, her sister. Jackie was asking him to fuck her hard, bash her younger sister, his wife, and worship her body completely.

Could Derek do this? Had he been cowed so completely that he could literally become a different man altogether, a man nearly unrecognizable from the one who had walked down the aisle hours before? A cheating asshole who would bash his wife, fuck a gorgeous slut, and worship at her feet? Was he the type of guy who would cheat on his wife on his wedding night? To completely abandon his wife in every way, immediately, to give up all hope of a loyal marriage, in favor of the dark delights a slut could offer?

Was he really so self-obsessed? Was he really such an asshole to give up all hope in his soul-mate just cause she got a little too happy on her wedding day and had just a few too many drinks? Was he really such a fucking prick that he would dump his wife on his wedding night once he realized her boobs weren't nearly as big as her hot older sister's were? Would he dump his wife simply because her cup size did not match up with what he really wanted in a woman? Was he really such a bastard that he would shack up with his wife's older sister just because he realized his wife was the least attractive woman in her own family? Was his desire to be with a smoking hot vixen enough to make him so uncaring of his wife's love anymore?

Would he get her off of him, cast the slut this evil slut away and return to his wife? Or would he just get her off?

The answer was simple. Jackie had done so many bad things. She had treated her sister like garbage. She was crossing a line no decent person would think of crossing. There was only one bit of recourse, one bit of revenge, a guy like Derek could give to an evil slut like Jackie.

He would have to make her cum.

That was really the only thing you could do when you have a slut like her on your hands. After all the bad things this girl had done, the only thing that any man could do is try to make her cum as fucking hard as fucking possible. Cause that is what an evil, devious slut like her deserved. A squealing, screaming orgasm. A few minutes of incredible pleasure, absolute bliss. Pleasure that should really be given to good, wholesome girls who did everything right. Not evil whores who tore apart lives, marriages, and people to get what they wanted. She shouldn't deserve it, but she was the

one who would get it. Because she demanded it, and Derek was in no place to resist anymore.

The truth was it didn't matter what the fuck he wanted. All that mattered is what Jackie wanted, because the one thing driving him more than anything else was his incredible need to do whatever Jackie wanted. And if he had to demolish his own marriage to satisfy his slut sister-in-law's whims, then so be it.

Jackie's will had taken over Derek completely, erasing the good guy he had been before, replacing him with an asshole who cared more about satisfying his massive dick than his dipshit wife. And he had truly been replaced, as Derek embraced the new him, the fucking asshole cheating bastard.

"Jackie," Derek began, "You're the hottest woman I've ever seen."

"Mmmmm, keep going." Jackie gasped. "Tell me I'm hotter than Heather." she added, bouncing slowly, listening to her brother-in-law's praise. And, as if the real Derek was

awakened, as if he had suddenly become the douchebag cheating husband he was born to be, and knew exactly what to say.

"I wanted to bang you the second I saw you." Derek admitted.

"Mmm, I know, baby." Jackie purred, bouncing a bit faster.

"I realized immediately I married the wrong sister. I had to resist the urge to ask you out during the reception." Derek said.

"Mmm, you think I'm girlfriend material?" Jackie asked.

"You're a lot more than that." Derek replied.

"What part of me really caught your attention?" Jackie asked smugly.

"What do you think?" Derek replied with a laugh. Jackie waited expectantly, waiting for an answer, waiting for him to vocalize his desire.

"It was those big fucking tits!" Derek said loudly, causing her to shake her tits from side to side. "They're just so huge, and perky, and incredible!"

"Mmm, I was hoping you would notice. And I'm glad you noticed mine, and not Mom or Grandma's." Jackie said.

"What?" Derek asked, confused. Why would he check out an older woman's breasts?

"You know how to make a girl feel attractive, Derek. And I think with how horny you clearly are, and those wandering eyes, you made a lot of pretty girls feel very sexy." Jackie said, her pace increasing. "What else did you notice?"

"Mmm, I noticed that ass." Derek said, his hands gliding across her smooth flesh as he took a firm grip of Jackie's two ripe ass cheeks. His large, manly hands squeezed those firm

cheeks, mashing them and pulling them apart as he drove harder into her.

"Mmm, I'm sorry my ass distracted you on your wedding day. I'm sorry you spent more time scoping for my thong through my dress than dancing with your wife. I'm sorry you had to choose whether to look at your new wife or my jiggling ass. I'm sorry I couldn't stop myself from shaking my ass whenever I knew you would be looking." Jackie said.

"I couldn't look away from your gorgeous face. I have never seen anyone as gorgeous as you." Derek said.

"I'm better looking than Heather, aren't I?" Jackie asked.

"Yes! Of course. It's not even that close." Derek grunted, the tight pleasure of Jackie's cunt driving him wild.

"So, it's true then. I got the looks, the body, and the brains, and she got... well, nothing. Right?" Jackie asked.

"Yes! You're better than her in every way. You've got the looks. The brains. The tits. The ass. The pussy. You've got it all." Derek said, praising the bouncing hottie on top of him. She grinned lustily at her brother-in-law, getting more hot for him with every nasty word he said.

"I'm practically the star of this wedding, aren't I? When you look back at today, you won't remember Heather even being here! You will remember my hot body prancing around, working the room, turning this wedding from boring to amazing!" Jackie began, getting more into the sex with every word she said. "You won't remember her boring body in the wedding dress! You'll remember my hot body rocking that dress like she could never do. You won't remember kissing her after saying 'I do'. The more memorable kiss will be the one you planted so lovingly on my asshole! You won't remember swallowing Heather's favorite champagne. You will remember swallowing my tasty pussy juice. You won't remember how snug your tux was, the one Heather picked out. But, you will remember how tight my cunt was. You won't remember putting the ring on Heather's finger." Jackie moaned out. She reached over and grabbed her sister's hand, and smoothly removed the wedding ring from her finger. She quickly put the ring

on her own finger, smiling nastily. "But you will remember how I stole this ring from her passed out hand! And you will definitely remember this." she began, reaching behind herself, taking advantage of the fact that Derek had peeled her ass cheeks apart by slipping her ring finger between her cheeks and slipping it smoothly into her own asshole. The ring that Derek had spent so much money on was now firmly embedded in his sister-in-law's asshole.

"Oh my God!" Derek moaned out, getting as hot for her as she was for him. "You are the hottest bitch I have ever seen!" Derek's strained voice said.

"You already love me more than you ever loved her!" Jackie gasped. "My huge tits, my hot face, my perfect ass, my long legs, my tight cunt... they mean so much more to you than Heather ever could! Tell me!"

"YES!!!!!! I love you more than any other woman! I love your hot body! Your huge tits! Your fucking perfect ass!" Derek moaned out, driving into her. He reached for her tits, thinking he had satisfied her, but she stopped him.

"No!" she gasped. "You don't get to feel these suckers again until you bash the ever-loving shit out of my sister. My stupid, dumb ass little sister who doesn't belong in the same family as me and you!" Jackie yelled out.

The truth was out. Jackie had shown once and for all, that when it comes down to choosing between her family or cock, she would take the cock every time. She showed that she only really cared about her little sister until it reached the point where that loyalty got in the way of some really good sex she should be having. And when that point was reached, Jackie was happy to forget about Heather, acknowledge her sister's inferiority, and fuck the cock that should have been hers. Jackie was willing to sever all connections to her little sis in favor of the beefy hunk she just met. Sever what little loyalty she had, cast her sis away. All loyalty she should feel for her little sister, the sister she had grown up alongside, sharing their younger years together, was just thrown aside. Jackie was one cold bitch. She would throw her little sister under the bus, throw her in jail, whatever it took to make sure she kept getting that good cock. Heather was just some regular, plain woman who she didn't have time to even acknowledge. She was just

some bland obstacle standing in between her and the inevitable pounding she deserved.

"I don't love her. She's nothing compared to you. She's just a beginner girlfriend. A girl you're with for awhile before you upgrade to a real woman. I thought she was pretty, but once I met you, I realized she's not even good-looking. I thought personality was all that mattered, but then I saw your cleavage and realized what really mattered. Her body is pathetic! Her tits are non-existent! She's bad in bed! Please, let me feel your tits again! I need them!" Derek cried out desperately, trying to give her as much pleasure as he could.

"Yes! Take them! They're yours now!" Jackie gasped. Derek's hands flew from her prodigious ass cheeks to her enormous breasts, slapping onto them. His hands squeezed them again, availing in being able to touch these perfect big breasts.

"Don't forget..." Jackie began, "I control whether or not you can touch these. So don't piss me off! Do exactly what I tell you, and these will be your forever!"

"Yes! I'll do, ughhhh, whatever you say, fffffuuuucccck, as long as I can have your body." Derek gasped out, having trouble stifling his pleasure.

"Uhhhh, you're dick is amazing!" Jackie gasped, bouncing harder, working up a good sweat. Derek, like an experienced stud, tweaked Jackie's nipples roughly. Jackie's ass slammed against Derek's fit thighs. No doubt would they end up very sore, but a good kind of sore, a sore that makes you remember how you got sore and the pleasures that came along with it.

Jackie let her head fall back, arms at her sides, her silky hair cascading down her back, her mouth open, moaning towards the heavens. Derek's hands were still on her huge breasts, squeezing away while she rode him.

"AHHHHH! YESSSS!" Jackie screamed, enjoying the feeling of that thick dick driving inside her. Jackie was getting close, very close. She just needed this fuck to get even harder.

Jackie leaned forward, her hands returning to his chest. Her nails dug into him again. Jackie looked down at Derek fiercely. Then her hips went into overdrive. Jackie rode the full length of his dick as hard and as fast as she could, her ass colliding with Derek's hips roughly, hard enough to make the entire big bed shake.

"AH! AHH! I LOVE YOUR BIG MARRIED COCK, DEREK! UHHH, IT'S SO GOOD TO ME!" Jackie screamed out, the big wooden bed whining, being put through its paces by the two filthy lovers. Derek grunted with her, being put through a physical test he had never felt before.

Jackie's screams of pleasure was not enough to awaken her drunken sister, but they could easily be heard by everyone else on the floor. And that included both Jocelyn and Helena. Helena had, unbeknownst to the married couple, set up her room directly next to the marriage suite. Once she saw Jackie manipulating her way into the marriage suite, she and Jocelyn had retreated to Helena's room to keep an eye on the proceedings next door.

"AH! AHH! AHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHHH! DEREK! YOUR COCK IS INCREDIBLE! FUCK ME! FUCK ME HARDER THAN YOU EVER FUCKED MY STUPID LITTLE SISTER!" Jackie screamed out, her voice easily going through the thin walls. This scream was followed by a thump against the wall, a thump any experienced slut would know, the thumping of the headboard against a wall.

Jocelyn and Helena were watching the wall vibrate with each successive collision, each thump louder against the wall. They stood across the room, leaning against the opposite wall, both smoking a cigarette.

"She doesn't deserve him, Mom." Jocelyn said.

"OHHHH! FUCK YES!" Jackie screamed.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"I know, dear." Helena replied.

"UHHHHH! I LOVE IT!" Jackie screamed.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"I mean, she's only 23! Sure, she's great for her age, but he should know if wants to get really, truly fucked, he needs to be with an older woman." Jocelyn argued, taking a drag from her cigarette angrily.

"Agreed." Helena replied.

"UHHH! IT'S SO GOOD!" Derek grunted.

"AHHHH! YOUR COCK IS SO BIG!" Jackie squealed.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"I mean, how does he not know that older women are, like, superior at sex? It's practically a fact. That's the shit he should be studying. Not that stupid string theory garbage.

He should be doing hands-on testing proving that older women are better at sex." Jocelyn said.

"Hm." Helena agreed with a slight laugh.

"UGHHH! I LOVE YOUR PUSSY!" Derek groaned out.

"IT'S SO THICK!" Jackie praised.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"I mean, how does he not know? All these young guys do nowadays is spend all their time jacking it to MILF porn, because it's the best stuff there is." Jocelyn said.

"True." Helena agreed with a slight, knowing smile.

"I mean, the porn business nowadays is just like a fucking shrine to older women. That's the high end shit. And every single young guy knows that fact except the one guy who marries my daughter." Jocelyn said, annoyed.

"YOU'RE SO GOOD AT SEX!" Derek praised.

"I KNOW, BABY. I KNOW!" Jackie bragged. "TELL ME YOU'RE MY SLAVE."

"I'M YOUR SLAVE, HONEY! YOU OWN ME!" Derek cried.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"But, dear, that's what it'll make it so good when he figures out what a big mistake he made." Helena replied.

A silence fell as they savored their cigarettes, watching the paint flecks hit the floor as the wall coped with the collisions on the other side. All they could hear were the moans and thumps coming from the marriage suite.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!

"AH! AH! AH! AH! AHHHHHHHHHH!" Jackie screamed at the top of her lungs.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

"Bitch." Jocelyn muttered at her slut of a daughter.

"Whore." Helena said, judging her skanky granddaughter.

"Slut." Jocelyn added.

"Skank." Helena replied.

"Cunt." Jocelyn said, causing both of them to laugh in some weird sense of pride. Helena looked away from her daughter, exhaling smoke into the night air. Jocelyn rolled her eyes behind Helena's back, as if not thinking her

mother actually stood a chance with Derek, even though she was hot. If Derek wanted mature sex, if he wanted a mommy, he would come to her, his mother-in-law.

Notice how they had made no mention of Heather's plight. Despite the fact that Helena loved Heather, and tried to be a more controlled person, and even though she loved her granddaughter dearly, even she said nothing. Even she didn't raise a fuss when her granddaughter's husband blatantly cheated on their wedding night with his wife's older sister. There was no sympathy, no pity, because both of them had come to the same conclusion Jackie had just come to. If someone was standing between a slut and the cock she should be rightfully fucking, it didn't matter if it was friends or family, the slut had to be ready to cut them out of their life if it meant getting that cock deep inside them. A slut had to be cold and ruthless if she wanted to win. Helena, Jocelyn, and Jackie were all winners. And they had all realized that Heather was not a winner. They all knew the truth.

Heather was a loser.

Heather was a failure as a daughter, a woman, and now, as a wife. She was a Cline in name only. Sure, the other Cline women kept up appearances, but they had no time for girls like Heather in their life. Ugly, plain, boring girls who would never understand, approve, or fit in with their way of life. It was of no use trying to include them. It was just easier to write them off. Helena, Jocelyn and Jackie were like sports cars, and Heather and girls like her were those speed bumps that barely registered as speed bumps, acting more as slight interruptions on the road to indescribable pleasure. Helena and Jocelyn had essentially written Heather out of their lives, so they felt no pain or sympathy for her when she had her husband stolen so cruelly from her. That was her destiny, to lose. Helena and Jocelyn did not care one bit that Heather, their own blood relative, had been so callously pushed aside and defeated.

The Cline women were coldhearted cunts.

So Jocelyn and Helena listened as Heather's husband got fucked away from her. They listened with hard nipples and wet pussies. Every thump matched the thumps of their excited heartbeats.

THUMP! THUMP!

Jackie was furiously riding, and I mean, furiously riding Derek, from balls to knob. Over and over. They were colliding so hard it was painful, but the pain to them just added to their immeasurable bliss. They were both soaked with sweat, their sweat mixing intimately. Both of their voices were hoarse and had devolved to bestial grunting. The loud slamming of the headboard against the wall was almost overwhelming to their ears. And to the side, on the bed, was Heather's unconscious body, rocking with the bed, rocking but not awakening.

The sounds and smells of hardcore sex were soaking into her mind, affecting her, humiliating her, washing away any sexual confidence she might have had, rendering her endlessly inadequate in her own mind, knowing she could not have real sex the way women like Jackie did.

"AHHHHHHHH! UGHHHHHHHHH!" Jackie groaned.

"HNNNNNGHHH! UHHHHHHHHH!" Derek grunted, driving into her. Sweat dripped from her juicy body onto him as they fucked like animals. Her ass drove him into the bed, the sound of their wet bodies colliding was like the slapping of meat.

Derek had trouble gripping her sweaty breasts, but that did not stop him from trying to get the best grip he could, grabbing on for dear life while withstanding the filthy sexual desires of the slim brunette riding him.

Jackie's nails dug into his chest as she brutally fucked her brother-in-law into submission. Every square inch of his thick cock was soaked with her sexual juices, as were his large balls. His thighs were probably bruised and his cock had been so overwhelmed by the pleasure of her tight pussy that it was practically numb. And that was perfect for both, cause it allowed him incredible staying power, and it allowed her to get pounded into oblivion for a long, long time. So, win-win.

"UGHHH, I'M GONNA CUM AGAIN!" Jackie screamed roughly, her perfectly styled hair soaked with her sweat, clinging to her head. This cum would be just another drop in the bucket, another orgasm in the endless wave of orgasms she had had since getting her hands on his married dick.

"HNNNNNNNNNNNN! UGHHHHHHHHHH! GONNA CUM TOOOOOOOOOO AHHHHHHHHHH!" Derek groaned. Derek had endurance he didn't know he had, but no man could withstand the fury of a Cline woman for long.

Jackie's driving hips became slower and more forceful. The slapping of their skin got louder, and her hips and ass became more insistent. The cum in Derek's balls was bubbling just below the surface, and each time Derek's cock was buried to the balls into her cunt by her driving ass, that cum came closer and closer to erupting.

As he came closer and closer to exploding, Jackie's hips got slower, and more forceful. He got even closer to exploding. Her tight, snug cunt, smothering every inch of his thick cock, went up and down. Again and again. Harder and

harder. As she got closer to a truly explosive orgasm, Jackie's cunt spasmed around Derek's dick, her cunt getting tighter... and tighter... and tighter, bringing him closer and closer to the edge, until...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Jackie squealed, having without question the hardest orgasm of her life. Her juices squirted from her clasping cunt, exploding from inside her.

"UUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Derek screamed out, roaring like a lion, his normally meek voice now echoing through the halls of the hotel, so everyone there would know he was being really, truly fucked. His cock exploded inside her, his unprotected dick firing jets of hot cum deep inside her, coating her womb with his married seed.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Jackie moaned out, each shot of cum setting her off again and again. Just the sensation of her brother-in-law filling her with his cum, cum that should belong to her brainless younger sister... bliss. The idea of her brother-in-

law recklessly emptying a gallon of cum from his overfilled balls into her welcoming cunt was just euphoric.

"AWWW! GOD DAMMMIT!" Derek groaned, this orgasm near painful it was so good. He closed his eyes to shield himself from the overwhelming pleasure. And as he did, an image of his sister-in-law bent over in front of him, him driving his cock inside her again, flashed through his head. The image fluttered away before he could commit it to memory, and his mind returned to the present.

His balls fired one more shot of cum into Jackie's clasping cunt, their combined juices soaking their sex organs. Jackie's cunt tightened again one last time, causing her to scream.

"AIIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!" she squealed, one last crescendo of orgasm hitting her body, her body tensing up, her back arching in incredible, unbelievable pleasure.

The sound left her throat, but her mouth stayed open as her body remained contorted in orgasm. Finally, her body relaxed and one small gasp left her lips. She collapsed onto

Derek, her giant breasts pillowing against his firm chest. Their sweaty bodies mashed together as they both returned to Earth, breathing hard, regaining their energy.

Now that some cum had left Derek's balls, he should be able to think a bit more clearly. And did he have any regrets. Any shame at having fucked his hot-bodied sister-in-law on his wedding night?

Fuck no!

Derek had well and truly been fucked into submission. The kind of sex Jackie could provide was a life-changing experience. An addictive pleasure, one that only a fool would run away from. If betraying his wife and fucking her sexy older sis on his wedding night could feel so good, then sign him up. Derek was ready to follow this new way of thinking, the new him. No longer the good, young, scientist. He was officially converted to a fucking, groaning sex-slave for a real slut.

She was just too hot to say no to. Her tits were just so huge. And firm. And perky. And they were so fun to suck. That

was a pleasure he could imagine losing himself in. And her ass was just out of this world. So firm, and perky. Just a perfect, round, heart-shaped ass. And like her tits, it was also very fun to suck on. He had never even thought about sucking a girl's asshole, and now he realized what a divine pleasure it was. How truly fulfilling it was to fall to his knees and worship at the asshole of a sex goddess like Jackie. Jackie's legs were long, and firm and sexy. Her cunt was so pretty and neat and so incredibly tight. And then there was her gorgeous face, sexy bedroom eyes, and perfectly styled hair. She was the total package.

But the most important thing that Jackie had shown him was how fucking good it felt to submit to the whims of a sexy woman. It felt so fucking incredible to be bossed around by a woman, a woman so sexy and voluptuous, and evil. It was exhilarating.

Jackie regained her bearings. How the fuck had her inexperienced, repressed, 20 year-old brother-in-law given her the best fuck of her life? How was he already soooo good at sex? He was truly a natural at sex, and she could only imagine how good he would become once she had trained

him fully. Her instincts were correct. Derek was a keeper, and he would be wasted on her little sister.

Jackie was quite nearly fucked stupid, but she regained her strength and attempted to peel her sweaty body off of him. Once her chest separated from his, her tits jiggled into place, nipples still rock hard, capturing his vision again. But something else caught her vision.

Her stupid little sister, still passed out, oblivious to the nastiness that had just happened next to her. That in itself was pretty nasty, but an idea flashed through her mind. An idea that was even nastier than what had just happened. An idea that made her eyes flash with lust and sent a ripple of pleasure through her voluptuous body.

Jackie pulled her cunt off of Derek's lengthy dick and lifted herself off of him, his still hard dick plopping onto his stomach. Their combined juices leaking from her no-longer filled-with-dick cunt. She crawled away from a still exhausted Derek. He looked at her, curious as to what she was doing.

Smiling smugly, Jackie straddled her sister. Derek looked confused for a second, and his eyes widened as Jackie bent over, getting on all fours over her passed out sister-in-law.

"What are you doing?" Derek croaked out.

"Okay, Derek, my big, hunky sex-slave, my man, I want to see how nasty you are. And I want you to see what your life is now. What makes this sweet isn't just the sex. What makes this so fucking divine is that this dumb bitch beneath me will never catch on. She will never understand that you are mine. That you are going to spend the rest of your life giving me your best. And she will never catch on, because she is too fucking stupid. What makes this so hot is how we will be rubbing our affair in her face, and she will never know. We will be all over each other, and she just won't put two and two together. So now, I really want you to show me how willing you are to rub our love in her face. I want you to get up, get off your ass, find some balls, and get that dick good and ready, cause you are in for something special. Cause I need a dick in my ass, and I won't wait any longer. I need you to make me cum again. I need you to make my ass cum with your thick dick, and this night won't be over till you do." Jackie said, her expression cold and ruthless,

staring him down, staring into his soul, a soul that was promised to her sister but now belonged to her.

For a bit, Derek said nothing. Jackie watched him, daring him to say no. For a second, she wondered if this was too much. If this act of fucking on top of her drunken sis was too nasty. Derek didn't move, for an achingly long time. Then, he smiled. A smug smile that matched Jackie's attitude.

"Whatever you want." Derek said, getting on his knees, his dick regaining its strength. Jackie smiled arrogantly and looked away. She felt his body moving behind her. He could do anything to her. He could pick her up and toss her away like the whore she was. But he wouldn't, and she knew it. She just looked at the headboard, smiled, and raised her delectable ass even higher.

Derek got behind her and slapped his hands onto her firm cheeks. He confidently pulled her cheeks apart, then gave her ass-crack a long, loving lick. He then focused on her asshole again, rimming her sensually, giving her asshole the treatment it deserved. Then he straightened up, grabbed his

shaft and pushed it against her sweet asshole. With the swagger of a more experienced stud, he took a firm grip on her hips and flexed his hips, pushing his dick against her tight asshole. Unfortunately, her asshole refused to give. He grabbed her hips tighter, pushing into her forcefully, and finally, her ass began to give.

"Ahhhhh!" Jackie moaned out.

"Ohhhhh shit!" Derek said, the feeling of her tight asshole stretching around the tip of his thick meat. Derek needed more leverage, so he leaned over and grabbed her hair. He grabbed it roughly, pulling her head back.

"Ahhhhh, that's it!" Jackie moaned out. Derek kept forcing more of his shaft into her yielding asshole.

"Ughhhhh!" Derek grunted. He kept pushing and pushing, until his balls hit her flesh, and his shaft was totally buried in her tight ass.

"Oh my God. That's it! That's what I like! Right fucking there!" Jackie groaned out. She turned and looked back at her brother-in-law. She noticed the cool confidence on his face, a look that was positively devilish. She loved it.

"Do it, Derek! Fuck me!" Jackie commanded. Derek flexed his hips back, pulling his shaft from her ass. Once only the tip was still inside her, he drove into her again.

"C'mon, baby. Harder! Give it to me! I can take it!" Jackie begged.

"Can you?" Derek asked, a glimmer of confidence, some definite swagger crossing his face.

"Mmm hmm." Jackie said, chewing her bottom lip.

****

(Ten Minutes Later)

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Jackie screamed at the top of her lungs.

Derek was piledriving his enormous cock as hard as he fucking could deep into Jackie's tight asshole. Her ass met his thrusts, making this fuck a really hard, nasty one.

"FUCKKKK MEEEEE! FUCK ME ON TOP OF MY SISTER!" Jackie screamed. Both Derek and Jackie were once again covered with sweat from the intense exertion they were putting themselves through. Sweat dripped off Jackie's enormous breasts, soaking Heather and her cheap looking lingerie. Derek reached under Jackie and pawed at those great big boobs, his hands taking pleasure in their immense size and softness. He used them as a handhold that allowed him to fuck her harder, pinching her nipples hard in the process.

"Tell me! Tell me how great my ass is!" Jackie asked.

"I love it.! Your ass is the best thing ever! Your ass is the best thing I've ever felt! Your ass means more to me than my wife does!" Derek called out.

"OH FUCK!" Jackie squealed. She lowered her chest, mashing her upper body against her sister's passed out torso. Her large breasts mashed against her sister's flat chest, billowing outward, her slick chest soaking her drunken sister with sex sweat. Jackie grabbed her sister's shoulders roughly and held on while her sister's husband pounded her hot ass. Her face ended up near her sister's ear.

"Thanks, baby sis. Thanks for giving up your husband to me. We are all so much happier! OH FUCK!" Jackie screamed.

Derek's hips were a blur as he drove into her. He reached back and spanked her ass, the crack echoing through the room. He repeated the process a few times, giving his mistress the best fucking she could ask for. Derek felt the end coming. He could feel his balls boiling again.

"FUCK MY ASS! MAKE ME CUM! I'M SO FUCKING CLOSE! MAKE MY ASS CUM, BABY! MAKE MY ASS CUM!" Jackie squealed.

Her asshole clenched around his dick as an orgasm ripped through her voluptuous form. She pressed herself tight against her sister as she rode the wave of pleasure, a wave of pleasure that she could only get from a really good butt fucking.

"Ah! AH! UGH, JACKIE I'M GONNA CUM!" Derek screamed. He felt his balls about to explode. Then, the world went black.

A series of images flashed through his head. He saw himself at home, in his bedroom. He knew his wife was at work, so he wouldn't get caught. He saw himself naked on his knees, a blindfold over his eyes, his dick hard again. And he was not alone. He heard the clicking of high heels. Walking around him was Jackie, his sister-in-law, who showed up five minutes after his wife left. And she was dressed to kill. She looked like his dream woman.

She was a vision in leather. Leather high-heeled boots, up to her knees. A leather thong, tiny as can be, exposing her voluptuous ass-cheeks and only barely covering her sweet cunt. She wore a tight leather corset, accentuating her slim

form. A leather bra supported and showed off her giant breasts and canyon-like cleavage. She wore long leather gloves up to her elbows. Her hair was done up on her head, severely, matching her look.

"Derek." she said sternly. "I said... bow."

Derek saw his own nude form bend over. He watched as his lips met the tip of her boot.

"Mmmm, that's nice. Worship my boots, baby, and if you do good, I'll let you worship my feet. And if you do a really good job, I'll let you at my legs. Then my cunt. And my ass. Then my tits. Frankly, baby, you have a long day ahead of you, so you'd better hurry up. You only have like eight hours till Heather gets home. You can't afford any more close calls. There's only so many excuses you can come up with about why you and I are here alone." Jackie said smugly.

This scene began to fade away. Derek had very little time to process this. It didn't feel like a dream. It felt like a vision. A vision of the future. A vision of his future. And judging by

what he saw, his relationship with Jackie would reach new depths of depravity.

But none of these visions were able to stick in his mind as memories. They faded away, fading away forever until the time those visions became reality. His mind went blank as he passed out completely.

Derek's body fell on top of Jackie, his sweaty chest meshing against her back and ass. Jackie was still on top of Heather, so she was forced to tip to the side, forcing Derek's unconscious body to slide off of her onto his side of the bed. Jackie was exhausted, but lying on top of her sister was very uncomfortable. Then, she had an evil thought, causing her to smile.

She lifted herself off of Heather, got on her knees next to Heather, then callously pushed Heather over the edge of the bed, her body falling to the floor, hitting the floor with a dull thud. Jackie took one last glance at her, and verified she was still out. Jackie smiled in satisfaction as her head hit her sister's pillow. She curled up to Derek, pressing her tits against his back, joining him in peaceful slumber.

Derek had seen the life he had ahead of himself with Jackie. These were the consequences of the poor decisions he made. He needed to learn you cannot trust a slut like Jackie, because she was evil. He had to learn that you can never fully trust a sister-in-law. If he was going to put his trust in someone in his wife's family, he had to choose better. Someone more mature, and in control.

Like his mother-in-law.

Chapter 4

Timeline E: Jocelyn Cline Battles Time

Let me help you out. A man shouldn't have to carry his drunk bride to the wedding suite." Jackie said, rubbing his shoulder.

"No, it's okay. I got it." Derek said smiling.

"You sure?" Jackie said, styled eyebrows raised, seemingly hinting at something that he was not understanding. Jackie had made him uncomfortable all night. Sure, she had been nice, but she seemed very... flirty. Maybe that was just the way she was. Still, Derek was a bit freaked out by her. It might be best to stay away from her. But she was Heather's sister. She wouldn't do anything to ruin her sister's big night and make him feel uncomfortable. Right?

"Yeah. I got it." Derek said with a smile. Jackie smiled, seemingly disappointed, but she let him pass.

Seconds after he passed Jackie, Derek heard the band stop and heard some conversation begin on stage. He kept focused on leaving, but he heard the tone of the band change, and he stopped when he heard a female voice on the microphone.

"Oh baby, be mine! Oh honey, take my... body and say, you'll always be mine."

Derek turned to look, only to see his mother-in-law on the stage. She stood in front of the microphone, as if she belonged there, belonged on stage. Derek stopped walking and watched his mother-in-law at work.

"My flesh against yours... is all that I crave."

Derek's eyes were enraptured by his wife's mother singing. Her voice was smooth, silky and sexy. Derek recognized the song she was singing, it was "Be Mine" by Yvonne, but it had never sounded so sensual as it did when Jocelyn sang it.

"Skin against skin... sweat mixing with sweat."

Her voice was impressive, full and mighty. It took over the room as she sang. It commanded attention.

"My body and yours... nothing between."

Jocelyn's large breasts heaved outward as she belted the sexually-charged song, her hard nipples showing through her dress.

"Your love isn't here... it's just you and me."

The song was a controversial one, as it seemed to endorse unprotected cheating. It was a very inappropriate song to sing at a wedding reception.

"Your hands on my flesh... the best you have felt."

Jocelyn's smooth, sensual voice was singing a siren's song, and Derek was unconsciously moving towards the stage.

"You abandon your life... I'm all that you want."

Jocelyn's cold, striking eyes met his, drawing him forward.

"You lose all control... in pleasure with me."

Derek wasn't alone. The crowd was enraptured.

"Oh baby, be mine! Oh honey, take my... body and say, you'll always be MIIIIIIINNNNNNNNEEEEEE!"

She boomed out the last part of the song, and as she finished with a flourish, causing a raucous applause to fill the reception hall. She stepped down from the stage like an experienced songstress. She approached the frozen Derek.

"What'd you think?" she asked firmly, looking at him.

"That was good, really good." Derek stammered as she held his gaze.

"I'm sorry my dear daughter made a fool of herself. I thought she had better control than this." Jocelyn replied.

"Well, I'm sure she'll regret it in the morning." Derek replied, fearing the fierce hangover and shame she would feel when she emerged from her drunken stupor.

"Well, I can't believe Jackie didn't offer to help with Heather here." Jocelyn said, disappointed.

"Oh, she did. I told her it was okay." Derek said.

"Well, how about I help you two get up to your room, and I'll sing you another song... in private." Jocelyn offered.

"Oh, uh, it's okay." Derek replied.

"Well, I am her mother, and I insist on helping out." Jocelyn said firmly, aggressively moving toward them to take Heather's arm over her shoulder.

"No, uh, Jocelyn, I've got it really." Derek said, smiling nicely.

"Derek, I know you're a nice young man, but it is my responsibility as her mother to take over for her since she showed such little restraint and got herself trashed. So budge over, let me help, let me take over." Jocelyn said.

Derek felt strange defying Jocelyn. He didn't want their relationship to begin with her being pissed at him, and she looked like the type not to be defied. But Derek was Heather's husband. She was his responsibility, now. She wasn't Jocelyn's to mother anymore. Except... Derek didn't want to anger Jocelyn.

What would he do?

"Uh, okay, I guess." Derek said, acquiescing to his mother-in -law. He didn't know why he did that. There was just some part of him that felt like he should obey her wishes.

She was the mother of his wife after all. It would be a good idea for him to give her what she wanted.

"Good." Jocelyn said, as if she were expecting that answer. Jocelyn walked over to her son-in-law and daughter and got on the other side of Heather. She leaned over towards her daughter and put her arm around her shoulders. Jocelyn grabbed her shoulder in her hands and firmly squeezed into it, digging her nails painfully into her daughter's shoulders.

"Stand up straight and walk! You're embarrassing yourself!" Jocelyn whispered harshly in her daughter's ear. Jocelyn had always been very no-nonsense. She did not put up with any bullshit from either of her daughters. And to her, bullshit was anything that got in the way of her plans. And although her daughter getting drunk did make her plans to fuck her son-in-law so much easier, she needed to get to the hotel suite before she could make him hers.

Derek was again just shocked by the fact that this woman was Heather's mom. She truly appeared to be barely older than Jackie. Heather's mother was a stunning redhead. She

wore a slinky black dress, extremely low-cut to expose more than a hint of the cavernous cleavage caused by the mountainous peaks on her chest. Her dress was backless, allowing the world to see her firm and fit sexy back. Her skin was creamy and appeared to be silky smooth.

Jocelyn was a true Cline woman if there ever was one. When Heather was a child Jocelyn doted over her, but that changed once her and Jackie became teenagers. Once Jocelyn recognized Jackie's nature, once Jocelyn realized that Jackie would become a true Cline woman and Heather would not, Jocelyn and Jackie practically became BFFs while Jocelyn and Heather's relationship became increasingly more boring. Jocelyn and Jackie's relationship was no typical mother-daughter relationship. Once Jackie turned 15 and sprouted gigantic tits, Jocelyn began to treat her not so much as a daughter but as a friend. A confidante. A girlfriend who she could share her adventures. An apprentice she could teach her life lessons. Jackie had learned everything from her mother. How to flirt. How to seduce. How to dress seductively. How to entice men. Rich... powerful... married men. While Jocelyn and Jackie became as thick as thieves, Heather was left behind while Jackie entered the world Cline women were entitled to.

Heather went to College. Jocelyn and Jackie... they got fucked.

Jackie had been successful, but she was no Jocelyn. While Jackie was slumming it with the New York nightlife, Jocelyn traveled the world. The Cline bunch, Jocelyn, Jackie and Heather had lived all over the world thanks to Jocelyn's exploits. But Heather and Jackie were young. Heather wanted to settle, at home, in America. And Jackie wanted a turf of her own and she chose New York City as her stomping grounds. But that was thinking too small. Jocelyn was worldly.

Jocelyn traveled the globe. She flew in the fanciest of planes, with the fanciest of men. Not just businessmen and playboys. She got fucked by leaders. By celebrities. By royalty. Men didn't say no to Jocelyn Cline. Young or old, single or married, Jocelyn was always victorious. Like her daughter, Jocelyn never worked a day in her life. But unlike Jackie, Jocelyn had a discernible talent, other than sex, of course. She could sing.

Jocelyn had an incredible singing voice, practically operatic. She was told she could sing opera and be among the best, but that was not her thing. The opera scene doesn't get you laid. But if the price was right, Jocelyn was happy to show off her incredible pipes. Only at the fanciest of parties did she do this. It wasn't a job or anything, but she made sure to get paid handsomely. Jocelyn sang in front of kings and queens, musicians and movie stars, and Jocelyn always stole the show. Jocelyn laughed at those little pop starlets that were blown away by this woman double their age, looking so sexy in a hot, ballroom gown. Jocelyn knew there was one thing men loved, loved even more than hot, sexy sluts: Men loved hot sexy sluts... with talent. Seeing a sexy woman with legit talent turned men on like no other. Jocelyn knew this for a fact, because it wasn't those fake little pop starlets that were getting fucked by their hot young musician boyfriends at the end of the night. It was her. How could they resist? Jocelyn was as sexy as could be. That was why she had busted out her voice at the reception. No man could resist her siren song.

Jocelyn was a young mother, only 40. She had silky, crimson hair, a deep, dark red. Her face was absolutely fucking gorgeous, perfect smooth lips and dark mysterious

eyes. Her skin had that perfect soft complexion that really set off her hair perfectly. Milky, creamy skin, so soft to the touch. No man could resist when she flashed her long, firm legs. Her creamy thighs. It was impossible for any man to keep their hands to themselves. Jocelyn knew just how to drive men wild. Her velvety skin. Her smooth, sexy voice, tinged with honey. Her plump lips, built for kissing. Her eyes were mysterious deep pools, capable of drawing you in. Her face was perfectly made up, flattering her strong features, her prominent cheekbones, her sexy lips. She looked classy, regal, but with a hint of playfulness to her. Her firm, sexy back, built to be shown off in backless dresses. Her fit belly, still flat after two children. And then, there were her tits.

Her tits. Holy fuck, her tits were amazing. Firm... perky... jutting... round.... smooth... fleshy. When you're a 40 year-old with all natural EE cups, you just have to show them off. And boy, Jocelyn did show them off. No matter the elegant dress, no matter how expensive, she made fucking sure that it showed off her canyon of silky smooth, cavernous cleavage. They jiggled and bounced with every step she took. When she sang, her breasts ballooned and swelled as

her chest billowed with air, making all the audience members know how truly "talented" she was.

And then there was her ass. What an ass Jocelyn Cline had. Round and perky, heart shaped and fleshy. It was built for booty shaking. If she was that type of woman, she would be a bikini girl in a music video, even though she was a mature woman. If she were a model, it would be her ass that would be her claim to fame. Even in her fancy ballroom gowns, her fancy dresses, countless men fell victim to staring at her wondrous, glorious ass.

Jocelyn, despite being a mature, older woman, somehow, someway had her daughters beat in every category. Not just Heather, I mean, that was obvious. She had Jackie beat as well. In her opinion, she was hotter, sexier, had better hair, a better ass, sexier legs. And facts were facts: her tits were far bigger. Jocelyn loved that feeling of superiority she had when looking at her daughters.

Heather loved her mother. Jocelyn was idolized by both her daughters. As they traveled in their younger years and watched as Jocelyn brought the house down by singing, as

they watched Jocelyn work a room and be the star of the party, both girls wanted nothing more than to be exactly like their mom, especially Heather. Heather seemed like she had the inside track. She was more active, more inquisitive, more energetic. And Jocelyn would admit that when she was a child Heather was her favorite. It wasn't until Jackie's and Heather's teenage years that that changed. When Jackie filled out in all the right places and Heather didn't. When Jackie was revealed to be a true Cline woman after all and Heather was not. Much like with her relationship with Jackie, Heather desperately wanted to return to how it used to be, where she was the apple of her mother's eye. But it was too late. Jackie was her mother's daughter. They were close, closer than most mothers and daughters. And like Jackie, Jocelyn's relationship with Heather had become nothing more than cordial. Heather just didn't fit in with Jocelyn's lifestyle anymore.

Heather had always been a good daughter. She always obeyed her mother. She always trusted her mother's judgment, even when she didn't understand or agree with it. But there were times where she wondered if her mom was a bit of a hypocrite, because she let Jackie show off her body like crazy in slutty clothes and yet Jocelyn didn't

object. Yet, Jocelyn would never let Heather dream of wearing anything like that. Heather sometimes felt like her and her sister played under different rules. Jocelyn had all these rules. Heather obeyed like a good daughter would, yet Jackie flounced the rules, disobeyed all the things her Mother said to her. And still, Jackie was obviously the favorite in her mother's eyes.

Heather hid her displeasure for years. She had always been the good daughter, but that always got her nowhere. Jocelyn had let Jackie start dating from a young age. She encouraged her to have lots of boyfriends and dress really nasty to attract guys. And she rewarded her for this behavior, buying her a nice car and fancy clothes and giving her whatever she needed. Yet, when Heather reached the same age Jackie did when she had begun dating, Jocelyn gave her nothing. She didn't want her dating, she bought her nothing and there was no car for her. Heather was frustrated by this, but she was too good of a person to yell and scream at her mother's hypocrisy.

Jocelyn had always known exactly what she was doing. She was fully aware of this hypocrisy, and she accepted it. Because the truth was, her daughters were very different,

and they did play by very different rules. Heather had the brains. Jackie had the body. This became clear to her as they grew up. So she imparted the cold hard truth to both of her daughters, who she honestly loved dearly. She treated her daughters like the world would, because the truth was, Jackie would have it much easier than Heather would. Jackie would probably have a much better life than Heather would and that was a fact. It might not be fair, but life was much easier for beautiful women. Jackie had to get used to the fact that the world would be handed to girls like her. Jackie would not have to work for anything. People would give her whatever she wanted just to be in her proximity. Men would fall over themselves to be with her. Jackie had to learn that fact from a young age and if she understood it she could use that to her advantage. She could use her body like the weapon it was. She could get the world in the palm of her hand, thanks to Jocelyn's tutelage.

Heather did not have the same advantages as Jackie had. It was cruel but it was the truth. She was pretty but not eye catching. Her body was fit but plain. The truth was, no one would ever fall over themselves for her. She had to get used to the fact that she would have to work hard for everything she needed to get. She shouldn't even get used to trying to

use her body to impress others. She could never be that type of girl. Heather had to get used to having to earn things with her own merits. Clothes, cars, jobs... boyfriends. She had to use her brains and personality to get boyfriends. She couldn't rely on her looks like her sister could.

These lessons were very cold lessons indeed. Cold, but probably accurate. Despite her blatant favoritism, Jocelyn always believed she was a good mother. A stupendous mother. And she still believed that... even though she wanted to fuck her daughter's husband. This wasn't purely an act of a slut. This was an act any good mother would do. Cause the truth was, Derek was way out of Heather's league, and he would realize that eventually. So she believed it was best for him to realize that fact today, cause it would be much better for Heather in the long run. It would be so much better for everyone involved if Derek were to betray Heather tonight, for him to lose all loyalty to his new wife in favor of the throbbing needs of his dick. He needed to learn this fact now, that he could get something so much better than what Heather could ever give him. That there was so much better pussy out there that was his for the taking. He was like Jackie in a way. He is the type of guy who could have the world handed to him. However his mother

had not trained him like Jocelyn had with Jackie. But Derek was not stupid. He would figure this fact out eventually, and once he did, he would avail himself in the pleasures of the flesh, and destroy Heather emotionally in the process. But, if Jocelyn made him betray his wife now, and destroy her emotionally now, yes it would hurt, but it would make Heather stronger in the long run.

Therefore, her plans would really be for the best. Heather would confront the ways of the world, and she would learn to not marry a guy so far out of her league, a man that was destined to leave her. She would learn to marry someone plain and normal, like her, not someone extraordinary like Derek.

He would learn that his hot body was a weapon built to pleasure gorgeous women. And Jocelyn, well, she would get the reaming of her life from her son-in-law on his wedding night.

Everybody wins.

Jocelyn loved the forbidden taste of young male flesh. Young men so desperate for a Mommy figure to guide and control them. Young men so baffled by this mature woman's hot fucking body that they had no choice but to fuck her, fill her with cum, and vow to be her undying sex slave forever. Jocelyn had many sex slaves. They lived normal lives, most were happily married, but when Jocelyn was in town, they were at her feet. Jocelyn lived to be worshipped. She was too fucking hot not to get the proper worship she deserved.

And this Derek, he was so young, so inexperienced, and so sexy. He was destined to end up at the beck and call of an older woman. An older woman who knew how to care for that great big young cock Jocelyn knew she had. He was destined to end up on an older woman's leash. Jocelyn wanted to be the one holding that leash. Jocelyn wanted to be the older woman he gave his undying love to.

Sure, he was kinda, sorta, technically, legally married to her daughter. She loved her daughter, truly, but when she weighed the options in her head, she had to decide which was more important to her: her sweet young daughter's love, or a big fat cock on a hot young man. She had to

decide which of the two gave her more pleasure. More fulfillment. And unfortunately, for Heather and her marriage, the answer was clear.

Heather tensed up when her mother whispered in her ear. She had heard that tone many times before, whenever she had misbehaved in her younger years. She loved her mother, but Heather knew better than to piss her off. When Jocelyn got angry, you did not want to be near her. She would get furious. She was a hurricane, and she could create a wide swath of damage in her wake.

Jocelyn was a strict, cutthroat bitch, and she knew it. In her opinion that's what made her not only a good mother, but also an effective seductress. Her manner of seduction was not one of coy interplay and light flirting, but one of cold dominance and aggressive sexual confidence. There was no mystery with her. If she wanted to fuck you into submission, you would know it. And this method was tried and true. Most men didn't know how to handle a woman so coldly aggressive, and they usually had no choice but to bend to her unwavering will and yield their thick dicks to this aggressive MILF slut. And once they gave into her, there was no going back. No matter who these men

promised their love, loyalty, and cum to, when Jocelyn came calling, these men belonged to her.

Jocelyn didn't just fuck men. She owned them. She added them to her collection of fuck partners around the world. Everywhere she went, each stop she made, she had a man ready and willing for her to fuck, dominate, and destroy. One of the few places she did not have a booty call in place was at her daughter Heather's house... until now. Jocelyn was ready to add another boy-toy to her collection.

Heather had better get used to the fact that when her mother came to visit, she would have to yield up her marital bed and sleep on the couch. Cause Jocelyn would settle for nothing less than spending her nights in the marital bed with the man of the house. Heather had better get used to the fact that she would have to try to spend her nights on the couch trying to fall asleep while listening to her mother's moans and screams echoing throughout her home. She would try to fall into a peaceful slumber while hearing the slapping of skin, the groaning of the bed, the slamming of the headboard against the wall. Heather would have to get ready to yield her husband to her mother, like so many had before. Heather would have to prepare to give

up her husband to her or face the consequences of her ruthless cunt of a mother.

These thoughts, these evil fantasies, made Jocelyn smile slyly.

She watched her daughter tense up and try to straighten out and walk on her own, but she was far too drunk to maintain this façade for long. She would try to walk straight but it only took moments for her to resume tripping over herself. Derek leapt forward to grab her and carry her forward. Jocelyn didn't even bother keeping up the pretense of trying to help. She strode ahead of the happy couple, swaying her incredible ass as she walked, showing her new son-in-law how a real woman should carry herself.

Derek didn't watch her delectable ass shake in front of him, and Jocelyn suspected that he wouldn't. But that was okay. Because he would get a much more up-close view very soon. A very in-your-face kinda view. Derek would get a first hand view of how powerful a weapon his mother-in-law's ass was. Jocelyn knew how to shake her ass like the filthiest of sluts, the nastiest of strippers. And he would see

how enticing she could be when he saw her ass in the flesh, bared to his vision, merely inches apart. And when they would get even closer. When her ass was smothering him into submission, only then would he understand it's true power.

Jocelyn marched on with confidence, leading her daughter and son-in-law. The attractive hotel hostess stepped towards Jocelyn like a soldier would her commander, smoothly handing her the room key before stepping away. Kaitlyn knew from her dealings with Jocelyn how domineering she was, so she knew enough to step back and steer clear of the damage Jocelyn was about to do.

As Jocelyn pushed the button for the elevator and they all stepped inside, Derek could sense Jocelyn was not happy. A tense silence surrounded them all, other than his wife's drunken mutterings. Mercifully, they reached their floor quickly and Jocelyn marched on ahead, easing the tension temporarily.

Derek was starting to get annoyed with his mother-in-law for not bothering to help carry Heather. He was struggling to make sure Heather didn't fall down.

"Uh, Jocelyn, can you, uh, help me out a bit?" Derek asked. Jocelyn stopped and looked back at him, annoyed. She walked towards them and moved in close to Heather. Gripping her daughter's arm, she leaned in and whispered harshly.

"Stand up straight, young lady, you are embarrassing me!"

Heather gulped and stood up straight, in fear of her mother. Jocelyn proceeded onward, now that Heather was standing straight.

Derek followed Jocelyn as she reached the door to the suite. She held the door open impatiently and allowed her son-in-law and her daughter into the room. As soon they cleared the door, Jocelyn allowed the door to slam shut. She turned the deadbolt and followed the couple as they entered the room.

Derek was unsure of what to do with Heather and Jocelyn saw this indecision.

"Give her to me." Jocelyn said tersely, and Derek handed over his wife into her mother's arms. Firmly and quickly, she led her over to a loveseat and tossed her roughly onto it. Heather was dazed and dizzy but still conscious.

Derek was rubbing his forehead in frustration when he noticed his mother-in-law staring at him, hands on her hips, looking furious. Heather and Jackie had experienced Jocelyn's furious anger in the past, and they had survived. Derek was so easy going and eager to please that he never made people made at him. He would go out of his way to please others at his own expense. He was long overdue for the disciplining he truly needed. He had been coddled and made soft by a weak-willed father and overprotective mother. His friends and family treated him with reverence, building him up. He had surrounded himself with people more interested in protecting him than knocking him out of his comfort zone, tearing him down a few pegs.

Jocelyn's nipples tightened and her pussy moistened as she looked at her son-in-law, ready to give him the verbal thrashing he so desperately needed. She thought over her plan of attack. There were multiple directions she could go. She was an experienced whore, so she knew how to land a guy. She just tried to think of what the best approach would be to make this young man call her Mommy. He would probably resist, fight back. But those were the growing pains necessary to become a man.

She quickly formed a plan in her mind. Use her iron will to get him on his knees. Use her huge, soft breasts to take the fight out of him. Use her imposing ass to break him. Let the games begin.

Derek saw the anger on her face and he tried to diffuse that anger with his cute smile, but Jocelyn was not one to fall victim to such amateur tactics. Once her blood was boiling, there was no stopping her.

Jocelyn just stared him down, her hands on her jutting hips as she stood imposingly in front of him. Her lips were pursed in a thin line as she studied her insolent little shit of

a son-in-law. Her pose showed off her hot body to him, and he didn't even take her in. He didn't notice the canyon of cleavage her dress showed off. He didn't notice the silky smooth flesh of her monumental breasts. He didn't notice her long, lean legs, her muscles showed off exquisitely thanks to her high-heels. He didn't notice the way the dress clung to her hot body, clung to her fit thighs, clung to her hot ass. He didn't notice the way her nipples showed through her thin dress. This just set her off. He could be a naïve little shit all he wanted, but if he didn't at least appreciate her perfect, mature body, then he was practically begging her to tear him apart.

He would get his wish.

"This is all your fault, you know." Jocelyn said icily.

"What is?" Derek asked, gulping.

"I talked to your mother earlier." Jocelyn started as she began circling around Derek. "She talked all about you. She was gushing. She said you were such a good son."

She circled around him till she was directly in front of him, about a foot apart.

"In my experience, you can either be a good son, or a good husband... but not both." Jocelyn said. Derek's eyebrows crinkled in confusion. "So you need to know what type of guy you really are. Not what type of guy you want to be. What type of guy you are! You need to decide what's more important to you, your wife or your Mommy. Are you a momma's boy or a loving husband?"

"I, uh..." Derek stammered in confusion. "I love my wife. She's my world. I love my mother too. But, I'm not... like, a momma's boy. I haven't lived with her for years."

"Derek, I'm not being literal!" Jocelyn said sharply, rolling her eyes. "What I am saying is... what do you need more? Do you need a wife... or do you need a mother?"

"What?" Derek asked, confused. "I, I, I need Heather. She's my wife. I love her." Derek stated.

"THEN ACT LIKE IT!" Jocelyn screamed, causing Derek to jump and step back.

"Whashhh goinnnn onn?" Heather slurred.

"Shut up!" Jocelyn said sharply, dismissing her like a child, shooing her away to let the adults talk. She turned slightly to look at her daughter from her periphery. She turned back to face Derek and sneered at him.

"When a man marries a woman, it is his job to protect her, keep her safe. Some women need more. They need more guidance, more protection... like keeping her from doing stupid shit like getting drunk on her wedding day." Jocelyn stated, staring pointedly at Derek. "As her husband, I'd expect you to know what type of girl you're dealing with. As her mother, I have to ask myself if you even know what type of girl Heather is. I have to ask myself 'are you just that stupid'? I have to ask myself if you married her to try to be someone you're not." Jocelyn said.

"I, I don't understand." Derek replied, causing Jocelyn to roll her eyes again.

"Some men get married because he and his wife are a perfect fit. They have total and complete trust. Others get married because they like being with a girl who calls the shots. A girl who runs the household... makes all the decisions. A woman who 'mommies' them. So I have to ask, do you think Heather is the mothering type? Cause if you do, I'm afraid your mistaken. She's too passive to be that kind of girl. She's the type of girl who needs lots of guidance." Jocelyn said.

"Whaaattt?" Heather asked.

"I said SHUT UP!" Jocelyn roared. "If you married my daughter because you want to be mothered around, you are barking up the wrong tree. If that is the case, you need to tell me now, cause I just don't think you have it in you to be the husband my daughter needs. You just don't seem like the kind of guy to be the head of the household. You just seem like the kind of guy who always gets bossed around. And if you are, you need to tell me, now! If you are, this

marriage will not last, and I will not have my daughter married to some boy who can't guide her the way she desperately needs to be guided. We both know she's not the smartest or the prettiest of girls. And she knows that too. So if you break her heart and waste her time, it will destroy her. And honestly, I'm all for tough love. I understand that some people need to have their heart broken a few times before they find their place in the world. I just need to know now what your intentions are for my daughter. Do you intend to love her forever, or do you intend to break her heart? If you intend to leave her at some point, I won't stop you, but I will have our lawyer draw up the papers. Have them ready to go."

"Jocelyn..." he began, shaking his head."I don't know what you're talking about! I don't want to hurt Heather! I don't want to break her heart. What kind of man do you think I am? What are you thinking?"

Jocelyn's eyes flashed, and for a split second, Derek thought she was about to slap him. She looked tense and incensed.

"How dare you talk to me like this? How dare you question me?" Jocelyn spat out.

"What... Jocelyn, wait! I don't want to make you mad! I just want to know where this is coming from." Derek replied, trying to placate his mother-in-law's anger.

"I've known boys like you before. Sick, sick boys who quickly realize marriage is not their kind of thing. Filthy, nasty boys who would rather seek out a real woman, who bosses him around and gives him the disgusting kind of mothering he craves." Jocelyn said.

"Jocelyn, I don't..." Derek began.

"I am the woman who raised the girl you claim to love with all your heart! The woman you married! You should be on your knees thanking me. You do NOT speak to me as if I'm just some woman you met on the street. You will treat me with respect... and reverence! And you should address me as such." Jocelyn spat out.

"Um, wait... what do you want me to call you?" Derek asked.

"Call me... Ms. Cline... for now." Jocelyn said, with a satisfied smirk.

"Um, okay... Ms. Cline." Derek said, again placating his mother-in-law. "Um, like I was saying..."

"No, Derek, you misunderstand. When I said you should be on your knees, I meant it." Jocelyn said, pausing, letting the thought sink in.

"What?" Derek asked.

"You disrespect me by marrying my daughter without my permission. It is the job of any good mother to scout out her future son-in-law, make sure he is the perfect fit for her daughter. You robbed me of that, and you disrespected me by avoiding my judgment, forcing me to do this now, on your wedding night. Derek, you've been a disrespectful asshole for too long and it is time for you to learn your lesson." Jocelyn stated.

"Joceyl... I mean, Ms. Cline, I meant no disrespect. Honest." Derek said.

"Then prove it." she said coolly, staring at him expectantly. Derek looked around, unsure if he should give her what he knew she wanted. It felt kinda strange. He looked over at his wife, who was barely staying conscious. He didn't have a choice, right? This was his mother-in-law. He had to win her over for his marriage to work out. He couldn't afford to make an enemy of her.

Derek never would have wanted to do this normally. But his mother-in-law held him with her striking eyes, her cold gaze transfixing him as she yelled at him. Derek shouldn't be afraid of her. He was a fairly muscular, tall young man. She was a slim older woman who was a head shorter than him. But yet, he was terrified of her. She had this presence about her. You just didn't want to defy her.

And there was something inside of him, like weird deja-vu or something, which was telling him that there was a certain pleasure in giving in, to falling to your knees in front of a

woman. It felt like it was awkward as it felt, he knelt down and got on his knees in front of his mother-in-law. He looked up at her and held his arms out as if to ask if she was satisfied.

A jolt ran through Jocelyn. This was going so fast. Derek was so easy! He was so easygoing that he would do anything to placate her anger. He was the perfect type of guy to be taken advantage of. She would enjoy this.

"It's a good start." she said coldly, "But you have a lot of work to do to win my blessing. My trust. You ask my daughters and they will tell you, I don't play games. I am quite direct, and I expect everyone around me to do the same. Trying to keep secrets, trying to hide from me, that was your first mistake. So from now on, I want to know everything. I ask you a question, you tell me the truth. About anything I ask. There are no secrets between us. There is nothing in your head that I don't deserve to know. And there should be nothing that you are not willing to do to make me happy."

"Okay." Derek nodded, kind of unsure of what she was saying but nevertheless slowly getting beaten down by Jocelyn's strong will.

"Okay what?" Jocelyn asked. Derek searched for what she was wanting from him.

"Okay... Ms. Cline." Derek replied. Jocelyn gave him a slight nod.

"I need to know that if I give you an order, you will do what I say. Got it?" Jocelyn said.

"Yes, Ms. Cline." Derek answered.

"That's good to hear. Isn't that good, Heather?" Jocelyn called out, looking at her daughter

"Yeshhh." Heather mumbled, barely awake. Jocelyn smirked.

"You need to stay awake, dear. I know it's easy to keep acting like a child and pass out after overindulging, but you need to stay awake and see the things adults do. How adult women are supposed to behave. Got it?" Jocelyn asked.

"Yesssh Mommy." Heather mumbled, trying desperately to keep her eyes open.

"Good." Jocelyn said. She turned to look down at Derek.

"So, what to do with you?" Jocelyn asked herself, looking at Derek as if he was a disobedient dog. "You know, it takes a lot of work to set up a wedding as opulent as this one. I think you owe it to me to rub my aching feet."

"What?" Derek asked. He saw her face begin to morph into a scowl and he added, "I mean, uh, okay, Ms. Cline." she looked down at him, clearly annoyed with him, her lips pursed in anger. Finally, she relaxed and sat on the couch in front of him. She crossed her legs and smoothed her dress over her thighs. She dangled her high heel in front of his face.

"Take my shoe off. Slowly." Jocelyn commanded firmly, staring him down. Derek looked right at her, unsure. Something about this felt so wrong, but he had promised he would do what she asked. He knew he couldn't afford to get on her bad side so soon after his marriage had begun. He felt uneasy about it, but her firm command and steely gaze erased any questions he had. Plus, it was only rubbing her feet, that wasn't so bad, right? It was a perfectly normal request, wasn't it? Slowly, his hands reached forward and he took her black high-heeled shoe into his hands.

"There you go, baby." Jocelyn said, giving him the slightest bit of praise. His fingers lingered on the shoe for a few moments. "What's wrong? What's on your mind? Tell me." Jocelyn asked firmly.

"Uh, it's, uh, this feels kinda strange." Derek said.

"What's so strange? This is perfectly normal. Good son-in-laws make it a point to please their mother-in-laws at every opportunity. Good son-in-laws make it a point to rub their mother-in-law's feet. Or their shoulders. Good son-in-laws

treat their mother-in-laws even better than they treat their wives. Good son-in-laws put their mother-in-law's needs above everyone else's, including their own." Jocelyn paused. She continued this line of thought in her own mind.

A good son-in-law should give everything to his mother-in-law that he gives his wife. Much more, to be honest. He should welcome her into his home. Into his bed. And a good daughter should honor her mother by letting her walk all over her and giving up her place in the house to her hot-bodied mother. A good daughter would happily resume the natural order of things, with the mother in charge and the daughter eager to please. A good daughter should be happy to offer up her husband for whatever her mother needs of him. A good daughter should help her mother dress up in her sexiest night clothes, making sure she looks extra tasty. A good daughter should make sure her mother's thong looks perfect between the cheeks of her mature ass. A good daughter should make sure her nightie on her mother shows just a bit of nipple. A good daughter would make sure to dress down to look extra plain, so her husband desires her mother even more. A good daughter would be happy to hear the door to her bedroom lock, locking in her mother and her husband and preventing her from

interfering. A good daughter should be honored to hear her mother's moans echo throughout the house, and she should take pride in the fact that it is her husband that is making her mother cum so hard.

And a good son-in-law should think that there is no greater way for a man to honor his wife than by making sure her mother, the woman who brought his wife into the world, is in a constant state of bliss. A good son-in-law makes sure that his mother-in-law cums ten times a day. A good son-in-law makes sure his mother-in-law's cunt, mouth and asshole are all well fucked, every single day. A good son-in-law ignores his wife at all opportunities and saves his best for her mother. Cause that's what good son-in-laws do. And a good daughter understands. Even if her mother decides to make this arrangement permanent, she shouldn't be angry. She should be honored.

A good daughter should be overjoyed when she finds out her mother is keeping her husband. A good daughter should feel so proud that her mother is so sexy than she could successfully steal her husband. A good daughter should be pleased when her husband and her mother go on vacation and leave her behind. A good daughter should be

happy to see the pictures online of her husband and her mom canoodling intimately. A good daughter should be happy when her mother lets all of her daughter's friends know that she has stolen her hunky hubby. A good daughter should feel so proud when all of her friends think her mom is so much cooler than she is and become friends with her instead. A good daughter should be overjoyed when her mother decides it would best if she carried all of her hubby's children in her mature belly instead of in the stomach of her unprepared daughter. A good daughter should feel so happy when her mother asks her to sign divorce papers so her hubby can put a ring on her mother's finger. A good daughter would accept her mother's explanation that this is a marriage for legal reasons only and that she can still act like she is married, and that the whole thing is too complicated for her to understand. And a good daughter should totally understand when her mother tells her that she should ultimately move out and get her own place, leaving her mother and her husband to share the house together. A good daughter will happily live in a tiny apartment alone, knowing her mother and hubby are happily sharing their big house together. A good daughter will totally accept it when her mother and her husband never return her calls and never make any attempt to contact her, because they are probably too busy in each

others' arms to answer any silly phone calls. A good daughter would happily live the rest of her life alone just so her mother and her husband spend a life together in unending bliss. A good daughter would be happy knowing her mother has greedily stolen the life that was meant for her. A good daughter should feel honored that her mother would spend the rest of her life getting fucked by the dick that she should have had locked down. A good daughter should be pleased knowing her mother had all the children meant for her.

That's what a good daughter would do. That's how a good daughter should treat a Cline woman.

Jocelyn regained her senses and continued hammering into Derek's psyche.

"So, something as simple as rubbing my feet shouldn't be a problem. Don't you agree, Heather?" Jocelyn called out.

"Whuuuhhh? Yeaahhh, whateverrrr." Heather mumbled.

"See, Heather agrees. So what's the problem?" Jocelyn asked, staring him down again. Derek really had no way out of this uncomfortable situation. So reluctantly, he had no choice but to comply.

"Yes, Ms. Cline." Derek said quietly, giving in. He pulled off the shoe from Jocelyn's dangling foot and set the shoe on the floor, exposing the bare foot of his mother-in-law. He repeated the gesture on her other foot, leaving her feet completely bare. They were nice looking feet, the nails well cared for, perfectly pedicured and coated with black nail polish.

Derek was not one of those guys that had a fetish for feet or anything like that, so he got no particular pleasure at the sight of Jocelyn's feet. But that was not Jocelyn's plan. She knew guys like him, and she knew he would revel in the submission of the situation. She knew he was a good boy, raised well by his parents. They had taught him to respect his elders, and that would be his downfall. His parents never warned him about lecherous older women that would take advantage of his generosity and use him to satisfy their own sick, twisted fantasies. And they had unfortunately created a son who was an ideal target for slutty older women. They

did everything right with him and had created a son who was a complete stud and a scientific genius. The unintended side effect of this perfect parenting was that they created a perfect young man who had little chance of ending up with a perfect young woman. They had created a naïve young man unprepared for the evils of the world, unready to handle the experienced maneuvers of seduction that only an older woman can know. Derek was simply not built to fight back against the aggressive and overt displays of sex that older women could provide. Derek would respect his elders all the way to his doom, till that respect and naïve obedience led him balls deep into a MILF's tight cunt. Derek's parents had created the perfect guy to spend the rest of his life fucking mature women. All that perfect, mistake-free parenting, all that hard work that had gone into making Derek the man he was today, would only benefit one woman. That perfection and work ethic would all be redirected into one singular focus: making an older woman cum. And Jocelyn knew she would be the one on the receiving end.

"Use those big strong hands and really dig in deep Derek." Jocelyn commanded. Derek's fingers made contact and he began to rub her feet, using his thumbs to apply heavy

pressure. "Oh, that's it!" Jocelyn moaned out, curling her toes as he massaged her feet. His thumbs smoothly dug into her heel, rubbing away any soreness stored there. He let his thumbs travel the length of the tendon under her foot, causing Jocelyn to shiver.

"Mmm, you're a natural at this, Derek. A lot of women would pay good money to be treated like this. I might have to spread the word to all my friends about you. Now do the other foot, darling." Jocelyn commanded firmly. Derek didn't know what to say to all of this, so he simply obeyed, giving her other foot the same treatment. As he did, she wiggled her toes, which were about a foot from his face.

Jocelyn studied Derek's face as he did this. Even though his hands were busy with her foot, his eyes were locked on her bouncing toes. She knew the struggle he was going through. It was always the same with young guys like him. They all thought they were normal, regular guys, but as soon as they found themselves on their knees in front of her, staring at her cute toes, they all felt the incredible urge to take those toes in their mouths and worship them like they are meant to be worshipped. It was the same with all the young guys she enslaved. It was in their blood.

Derek's eyes followed his mother-in-law's bouncing toes as he caressed her feet firmly. His mind kept flashing to strange images. He kept having strange urges, namely to take her pretty toes into his mouth and give them a tongue bath. It felt like that is what she really wanted. It felt like that was what he was supposed to do in this situation. That sucking her toes was the protocol. That any guy in his position should do that. And that thought, the thought of sucking his mother-in-law's toes, sent a thrilling shiver through him.

Why? Why was he enticed by the idea of sucking his mother-in-law's toes? He wasn't into feet or anything like that. That wasn't what interested him. It was just the idea of getting on his knees in front of a strong, powerful woman, massaging her feet, and sucking her toes... there was no way to look upon this predicament of his and not see it as an utter act of submission on his part. An admission of her superiority... her dominance... his submissiveness.

Derek felt like he had been in this situation before, but he couldn't remember where or when. It felt like déjà vu. It felt

like he had gone through this thought process before. That he had thought about submitting to a strong woman. It all felt like it had happened, in this very room. The déjà vu alarm bells were ringing, but he couldn't figure out why. But he examined his own thoughts, and even though this was a new situation, he was reading through his thoughts like a book that was already written.

Derek was a very controlled, ordered guy. In his work, he was very organized. In his mind, if the chaos of the universe could somehow be kept in order, then he could at least keep his notes in order. Derek tried to find a certain level of control with every aspect of his life. Sure, this made him a bit introverted, a bit hesitant to put himself out there and risk losing control. That was why he was a virgin till he met Heather. He never fully gave up the control, even though giving up control could be the one thing that could lead him to true happiness. Losing a bit of control, putting himself out there just a little bit, led him to something incredible he had never experienced. Love. Marriage. Full spiritual happiness. So it was natural for him to associate giving up a bit of control came with happiness. But consequently, this very same conclusion had a very dark side-affect. He didn't realize that associating loss of control with happiness was a

very dangerous connection to make. He didn't realize that by making that small connection, he had unknowingly imprinted onto his mind one simple, unbreakable, unshakeable truth: if a little loss of control could bring true love, then giving up all control could bring something so much more. Something more base and instinctual, a kind of connection deeper than the construct of love. A connection that pervades so deeply in a person that it could be theorized this connection pervades space and time itself. That no matter what universe a person is in, what reality this person is living in, this type of connection will always be the same. That connection being deep sexual fulfillment.

Derek's instincts were working against his mind. His brain was telling him to stop this situation from getting out of control. But his instincts wanted him to do the opposite; to lose, be defeated, be cowed and beaten by a dominant woman. His brain was telling him to run, but his instincts as a submissive man were telling him take her toes into his mouth and lavish them with the tongue worship they so obviously deserved.

Derek licked his lips as he stared at Jocelyn's foot. No, she was Ms. Cline. She would always be Ms. Cline cause it was

so much better that way. To acknowledge her dominance by not being allowed to call her by her first name. To be on his knees rubbing her feet, sucking her toes... nothing sounded better at the moment.

He looked up at Ms. Cline's face, past her wiggling toes. She was staring down at him, a look of pure smug, sexy, knowing dominance on her face. She wet her lips with her smooth tongue, and firmly said two words to him.

"Do it."

Derek shivered at this command. His rational, controlled mind just shut down at this overt command by such a sexy, dominant woman. His mouth opened, he craned his neck forward, and allowed his mother-in-law's big toe into his mouth.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!!" Jocelyn moaned out, her head falling back and her nipples tightening. Feeling her son-in-law's tongue surrounding her toe for the first time was a divine pleasure.

"Ohhhh, I am definitely telling all of my friends about you, baby!" Jocelyn moaned out. "You are so fucking good at this! You should stop doing that science nonsense and become a full-time toe-sucker! Ha-ha!" She turned to face her nearly passed out daughter.

"Look, at your husband, honey! Look at him and look at what you allowed to happen!" Jocelyn said. Derek had almost forgotten all about his wife. Her drunken, glassy eyes were watching this unholy scene, her husband on his knees with her mother's foot in his mouth. Luckily, she was half-passed out, so she couldn't comprehend what she was seeing.

"Whashh gug hnnnnn?" A nearly unconscious Heather muttered.

"Oh, can't you tell?" Jocelyn stated, "Your husband is sucking my toes! And it feels soooo good!"

'And it won't be the only part of me he sucks on tonight' Jocelyn thought to herself. If his tongue felt that good on her toe, she could only imagine how good it would feel on her nipples. Or her cunt. And especially against her asshole.

Derek looked at his wife, but she wasn't close to objecting or really doing anything other than passing out. She was just gonna let this happen. It couldn't be so bad then, right? Even through her drunken fugue, if what he was doing was so wrong, she still probably would have gotten up and objected. But she didn't. She just sat there and let this happen. So if she didn't object, then what was stopping him from diving in, right?

Derek focused on Jocelyn's foot, weaving his tongue between her toes, smothering them with his tongue and soaking them with his spit. He gave her other foot the same treatment. He kept at it for a few minutes, never letting his mouth leave her cute toes, worshipping her feet like they deserved to be worshipped.

Jocelyn looked down at her son-in-law worshipping at her feet. She thought now was as good a time as any to hammer into his malleable psyche just a bit more.

"Mmm, I think we've answered my question from before, Derek. You act like such a good guy, a good husband, till you get a new mommy in your life and you realize you would much rather serve her instead. You'd rather be a good son than a good husband, it's painfully clear now. I read this article a while back. They did a poll about men who have sucked on a girl's toes. 75% of those men said the women whose toes they've sucked were over 40 years old." Jocelyn stated, uttering complete bullshit but treating it as fact. "So, it seems to me that men who suck on girls' toes prefer older women. Men that suck on a girl's toes would rather be a mommy's boy than be with a girl his own age. The study also said the men that prefer older women make it a point to suck on her toes as often as possible. These men don't just love older women. Men that want older woman don't just want them. They worship them. So, I must say, Derek, the evidence is really beginning to pile up. You might say otherwise, but the numbers are against you, baby. Or should I call you son? Is that what you'd prefer?"

"It's not true, Ms. Cline." Derek said, pulling his mouth away from his mother-in-law's toes, saliva connecting his lips to her big toe. He went to stand up, but Jocelyn put her foot on his shoulders and forced him back to his knees. She smoothly forced her wet toes back into his mouth. Derek didn't fight back. He just kneeled there and took it.

"Ha Ha Ha!" Jocelyn laughed. "For a genius like yourself, you sure are stupid!" Jocelyn said arrogantly. "Numbers are numbers! Facts are facts! You have all the characteristics of a boy who prefers to be dominated by an older woman. So stop being a boy! Be a man and admit you a need a mommy!"

"No!" Derek said, his tongue still running circles around her big toe.

"You're really starting to piss me off! But I get it! The truth is hard to find. You need cold, hard numbers. You need facts. And I have them. This little study I read didn't just talk about toe suckers like you. It had other facts as well." Jocelyn stated. Then, as quick as a bullet, Jocelyn grabbed his head between her feet roughly and jerked him forward, showing

gymnast-like flexibility in the process. Derek's head was now between his mother-in-law's thighs. She released his head from between her feet and quickly wrapped her thighs around his head, putting pressure on his skull and holding him in place. She crossed her feet and clenched her fit thighs, really turning up the pressure.

Derek's vision was jarred, and it was only when his eyes settled that he realized he was six inches from his mother-in-law's thong clad cunt. In her smooth motion of grabbing his head, her dress was now flipped over her waist, exposing her barely covered cunt to the young man. And her black thong was tiny, the type only a really filthy slut would wear. It barely covered her pussy and the straps of the thong were barely there, barely interrupting the vision of her smooth skin. The thong clung to the puffy lips of her mature cunt and her hard, protruding clit. The scent of her wet cunt hit Derek's ears and made him dizzy again.

"I have some more numbers for you, Derek." Jocelyn began, her voice muffled in his ears by her firm thighs smothering his ears. "I read that 90% of all men that eat pussy prefer eating the cunts of older women." she began, watching his eyes as they were enraptured by the vision of her barely-

covered cunt. 92% of men that eat older women's cunts end up sucking those same older women's assholes as well, even if they never have eaten out an asshole before." Jocelyn said. She watched Derek's eyes widen as his eyes followed the tiny string of the thong that ran into Jocelyn's ass-crack. And it was easy in the position she was in to see her tight, mature asshole behind the tiny black string. It arrested Derek's vision. "95% of the men that ate an older woman's asshole did it again. 96% of men that rim women's assholes on a regular basis say that older women's assholes are much sexier than the assholes of younger women."

Jocelyn was a cunning seductress. She knew how to attack Derek's scientific brain. She used numbers, and facts and figures. Even though these numbers were complete bullshit, he was eating them up.

"Derek..." Jocelyn began. "This same article polled men who had a little fetish for great, big breasts. Experts in the field in the best of tits. 98% of those men said that mature breasts were better. Better for sex, better looking, better to the touch, better to suck on, and much better to nurse from." Derek looked away from his mother-in-law's cunt and up

to the round, ripe melons on her chest, her hard nipples protruding under her dress.

"I'll finish with this. 99% of men said that older women were sexier than younger girls, and that they were better at sex. Even if those men are with younger women, or women their own age, they all admit that older women are probably better than younger women in every way. The only reason all men don't end up shacked up with older women is that some men are afraid or ashamed of the fact that they prefer older women. But you don't have to be ashamed, Derek. There's nothing to be afraid of."

"Older women aren't to be feared. They are to be worshipped, because they are built for pleasure. That is why the truly modern, forward thinking men these days are all ending up with older women. You look at all these sexy famous older women who maintained their hot bodies. They don't date old guys. They all end up pairing off with hot, young guys. They end up with the hot young studs that all the young girls fantasize about. Those older sluts end up hogging the hot guys for themselves, as they should. Older women are taking over. The best models, whether it be fashion models, swimsuit models, or nude models, all of the

top models, the models most in-demand, are women my age. The finest pornography these days, the ones that sell the most, are the ones where older women are fucking younger guys. Modern, cultured, informed men know the truth. They've sampled the finest of the flesh, and older women come out on top."

"So, there's no shame in admitting the truth, Derek. There is no shame in admitting that you have spent most of your life fantasizing about older women sexually. There is no shame in admitting that you would sacrifice your marriage and your career to get some mature pussy. There is no shame in wanting a mommy more than a wife. There is no shame in admitting you never, ever fantasized about girls your own age. There is no shame in admitting you fantasized about your mom's hot friends. Or you're voluptuous teachers. Or some stacked relatives. It is perfectly natural for a young guy like you to want to offer his dick up to every hot MILF he sees."

"So you need to admit the truth, and you can start your new life, a life of worship at the altar of mature women. A life where you live under the heel of a strong, mature bitch who knows that is all you ever wanted. You will give an older

women permission to be the bitchy, vile cunt she was born to be and you will love her for it. You will give an older woman permission to run your life through and through, to make all the decisions you are not built to handle, and you will thank her for it. You will admit the truth, Derek, and you will be reborn. You will answer my questions with the truth, and when you do, the rewards will be, indescribable." Jocelyn finished.

Derek's mind was in chaos. He was over-stimulated, and he couldn't get his thoughts straight. Various thoughts rushed through his mind. His wife. Her pretty face. His mother-in-law. Her shockingly gorgeous face. His marriage. Jocelyn's barely clad pussy. The way Heather's hand felt in his own. The feel of Ms. Cline's firm thighs against his face. The sight of Heather in her wedding gown. The sight of all those sexy mature butts of the women at his wedding. The sound of Heather's cute moans when they made love. The scent of Ms. Cline's juicy pussy against his nose. Heather's relaxed, playful personality. Ms. Cline's harsh, dominant, overbearing attitude.

Derek didn't know what to do. His body was telling him to give in. God, it would feel so good to just give in, wouldn't

it? Because somehow, someway, he just knew submitting to a strong powerful woman like Jocelyn would be a sublime pleasure. But his wife was his soul mate! He loved her deeply and she had done so much for him. She had turned him from a boy to a man. She had helped him expand his social skills and his social circle. She had helped him evolve from an awkward, nerdy kid, to a more confident, charming man. She had built him up to the man he was now. He owed her so much.

But it also seemed like she had built him up to become a target for insidious MILFs. She had unknowingly helped create a man perfectly built to be dominated by an older woman. She had built him up to be a man whose seemingly sole purpose was to be used by MILFs for their sick sexual pleasures. And it did feel like it was in his blood, it was in his core instincts to fall prey to an evil, mature woman like his mother-in-law. It just felt like this is what he was meant for. It felt like all the forces in his life, his family, his mother, his wife, all their work had led him to this point. What he was destined to do. It felt like he knew exactly what was required to submit, and how good it would be. It felt like he had been told how to do it, by someone... in some other place.

He loved his wife deeply. He truly did, and he didn't want to hurt her. Derek had never been a slave to any vices. He enjoyed everything in moderation. He was always so controlled in his actions. But for the first time in his life, he really felt like giving in and going against his morals and ethics. Losing all control.

Derek had never felt so weak before. He thought he was a good, well-adjusted young-man. But Ms. Cline had torn him apart and exposed his true self. She had torn down his defenses and exposed how weak-willed and malleable he truly was. She had exposed how little his marriage mattered to him when confronted with the pleasures of the flesh. She had exposed how weak-willed he was when confronted by a strong-willed woman. Derek just couldn't back away. He couldn't say no. It wasn't in his programming. Derek didn't have it in him to disobey his elders. He didn't have it in him to fight back. All he felt was the desire to give in.

It would be his downfall.

It would just be so much easier to give in. To do as Ms. Cline commanded. To do whatever she wanted, because he knew the consequences of disobedience to her would be hellish. He could just tell, even knowing her as little as he did, that this was a woman you did not cross. Derek had no choice. He had to give in. He had to betray Heather. It just wasn't in him to do otherwise.

"So, Derek..." Jocelyn began, "Have you ever thought of an older woman, sexually?

"Uhm, yeah, I think so. I must have." Derek stammered. He had to have fantasized about mature women at some point to feel such a strong desire for Jocelyn now, right? He couldn't remember a specific occasion of doing it. In fact, in the rare occasions he did look at porn, he typically avoided the MILF stuff. He never thought twice about it, but now, Jocelyn was making him think long and hard about it. And this whole line of discussion was turning him on, so there must be some truth to her accusations. It wasn't like his mother-in-law had tricked his supposedly smart brain and implanted a desire for mature women that he had never felt before. That'd be ridiculous.

"Is that a yes, or a no?" Ms. Cline asked firmly, tensing her thighs around his head.

"Yes. YES! I have fantasized about, uh... fucking mature women." Derek said, as confidently as he could, appeasing his mother-in-law.

"So, my dear son-in-law, have you ever indulged yourself in this sick little fetish of yours? Have you? How many older women have you fucked, Derek?"

"Uh, none. I've never fucked anyone except Heather." Derek stammered. Jocelyn looked down at him like a posh socialite looking down at the hired help.

"Derek, I need to know that you are willing to open up your mind and spill all your secrets to me." Jocelyn asked.

"Uh, yes ma'am." Derek replied.

"That's a little secret most young men like yourself don't know. You young guys don't realize how big a role your mother-in-law plays in your marriage. The way I see it, your birth mother gets you to adulthood, gets you ready for what's really out there. And your mother-in-law is your mother from the point you get married onward. You grow away from the mother of childhood and closer to the mother of your adulthood. And, as I think we've established, every man needs a mother." Jocelyn paused.

"But when you're a growing boy, you start to hide your secrets from your mother. You hide your secrets, your shame. But all those things are so... childish. Adults don't act that way. Adults, at least the ones that are really happy, open up with their dreams and desires. But as we both know, a man cannot tell his wife all his dirty secrets. That would be foolish. That's where mother-in-laws come in. Believe me, young wife's like my daughter are idealistic, hopeful. Everything to them is flowers and sunshine. But mature women like me understand the truth... that men, especially young men, are filthy, dirty, naughty boys who need proper training to become an effective adult. A good husband. A real man. Most birth mothers cannot provide for their sons in this way. A lucky few do. But this important

job, training young men, that's what mother-in-laws are built for. That is our job. To do this job, you need to be open to me. A marriage will not work without having a mother-in-law being heavily involved. Many mother-in-laws insist on living with her daughter and her husband to make sure things run smoothly. The daughter has her mother there to make the tough decisions, and the husband has his mother-in-law there to spill his dirty secrets. Derek, I have to know everything for this to work! EVERY... THING! I will understand you better than Heather will. Better than your mother will. Better than anyone will. So, you will be closer to me than you will be to anyone else. We will share a bond deeper than any other. Closer than a husband and wife. Closer than a mother and son. Something new entirely, a bond that can only and should be shared by a young man and his wife's mother. So calling me Ms. Cline might be far too formal. I think you should start calling me Mom for now on. We both know the serious mommy issues you have. I want this marriage to work and the only way it will is if I am heavily involved. Heather will understand. She will think it's so cute that we are so close. And your mother will know the score. She knows what's up. She knows her job is done, and my job is just beginning. She knows how close we'll be, how important I'll be to your growth as a man, and she'll thank me for it. It's a very important job Derek. So,

are you ready to open up? Are you ready to empty your mind to your mother? Are you ready to empty your mind and let me fill it with the only information you will ever need to know?" Jocelyn asked.

"Yes..." Derek paused and gulped. "Uh... mom."

At that, Jocelyn smirked.

"You're not the first young man to call me Mom, Derek, and you surely won't be the last. I've probably been called Mom more than most sons say it to their birth mothers." Jocelyn said aloud, confusing Derek for a bit before continuing. "Mmm, so much I want to know. Well, my dear son-in-law, there are things every mother-in-law should know about her son-in-law. So tell me, Derek... how much do you cum... daily?"

"Uh... what?" Derek replied quickly. Jocelyn's thighs tightened around his head, smothering him in smooth firmness while turning up the pressure on him.

"You heard what I said. Answer me!" Jocelyn commanded.

"Uh, I, uh, ejaculate like, two times a week, maybe." Derek spat out without thinking, trapped by her firm thighs. Finally, she lessened the pressure on him.

"What? I must have misheard you? Two times a week?" Jocelyn asked.

"Yes." Derek replied.

"Do you and Heather even have sex?" Jocelyn asked.

"Yeah, uh, a couple times a week." Derek answered.

"Do you guys make love, or does she really dig deep and fuck you?" Jocelyn asked.

"We, uh, make love." Derek stammered, embarrassed.

"So, surely, you must jack that filthy dick often?" Jocelyn said.

"Uh, no, not anymore. Not since I met Heather. It felt... wrong." Derek replied.

"Oh, that's so cute." Jocelyn began with a coy smile, "I'll work that out of you quickly. Soon, all you'll care about is relieving the pressure from your giant balls, whenever you get the chance. You won't care about your wife, or your job. All you will care about is draining the cum from those balls, won't you? You'll waste away all that talent, all that brainpower. You'll waste all these talents you were given. The world would lose out on all these discoveries you could have made, just cause you like fucking old ladies."

"Uh, yes, Mom." Derek replied.

"You'll stop showing up for work just cause you saw some hot MILFs butt on the street and you got worked up. You'll forget to show up for work just cause you came across some steaming hot MILF porn that really deserves some attention. You'll get fired from your work because you're

too busy sucking a mature woman's tits. You'll get run out of the scientific community when they get sent photos of you rimming out a sizzling hot mature woman's asshole. Doesn't that sound hot, Derek? Doesn't that sound sexy?" Jocelyn asked.

"Yes, Mom." Derek repeated, simultaneously sickened, scared, and violently aroused by the scenes she was painting.

"In fact, it might be best if you just quit your work now, save yourself the embarrassment." Jocelyn proposed. She noticed the mixed reaction on Derek's face. "Are you not sure about what I'm telling you, son?" Jocelyn asked, looking at his kneeling son-in-law.

"I, uh, I'm not sure about quitting my, uh, job. I mean, I love my work. I love what I do. I love using my brain. I don't want to... quit." Derek stammered.

"Dear, you can't ask me to make the tough choices for you and get mad when my commands are tough. I know it will be tough to quit you work. Your research. But believe me,

it's for the best. These silly scientific theories can wait for someone else, someone more ready to handle the pressures of being more of a scientific hero." Jocelyn said, talking to him like a mother would when telling her child they couldn't go to Disney World, that it would be there next year. "I know people have said that there might be some big awards in the future for you, you know, like the Nobel Prize. But that kind of thing is only for men who act like men and can control themselves enough to focus on their work. Your research will suffer until you put these desires you feel in their proper place. Sure, you might get to the point where you can win these awards, make these discoveries... without properly dealing with these desires. But they will get to you, eventually. Imagine the shame you will feel if, even after so much success, after so many rewards, your true desires boil over, and the whole world finds out. History doesn't remember the good things. It only remembers the bad. It's the perceived dark moments that leave their mark in time. History won't remember you winning the Nobel Prize. But, it will remember the time you got caught fucking in a hotel romp with three soccer moms. History will remember the time you got caught being the meat in a MILF sandwich, on a big bed with a gang of sexy cougars, you plowing all the hot, neighborhood mothers on one of their girls' nights out. It will remember

the time you were caught in a hot tub getting frisky with a pair of foxy grandmas, with their huge tits, wearing tiny, filthy bikinis, the type only those sexy young porn sluts wear. The world doesn't yet understand how important and fulfilling it can be for a young man to devote himself to pleasuring older women, women who deserve it. We are getting there slowly. I can only dream of the day when it is the norm for young men like you to pair up with a woman my age. When it is the standard for guys your age to progress from dating girls their own age in school to fucking old ladies soon after. But we are not there yet. Derek, I am here to provide a proper channel for these desires. It will take intense sacrifice. It will require you to believe that what I say is what best for you. It will require you to put your complete trust in me. Got it?" Jocelyn asked.

Derek looked up at his mother-in-law in silence. He didn't want to quit his work. But he clearly had some unrequited desires, desires that anyone with a trained eye like Jocelyn could figure out. Maybe she was right that these desires would bubble over at some point in the future and cause him great embarrassment. Maybe he had to trust her, even though it felt wrong.

The truth was it was very wrong. Derek would get these awards that he had speculated that he would get, eventually. He hadn't had these desires till Jocelyn told him he did. He didn't give himself enough credit. If Jocelyn had never gotten in the way, things would have been fine with him. He had enough control to resist any desires that may or may not have been there. He was a good enough guy to never even dream of cheating. But, he was too good of a guy to resist a strong willed woman who was out to get him. He was too eager to placate someone rather than deny them. Jocelyn was a terrible influence. What she had in planned for him might be the worst possible situation for him, at least if he wanted to be a good person for the rest of his life. But Jocelyn, and her dark desires had gotten in the way, and her evil intentions were flooding his mind till he couldn't resist. Her twisted logic was infecting him, filling him with darkness, leading him down a very grim path. A path towards his mother-in-law's cunt, and a future where he's addicted to the pleasures of mature women.

All of this was to satisfy Jocelyn's needy cunt. All of this so Jocelyn had another fuck buddy. All of this so Jocelyn had yet another young man out there devoted to pleasuring her. All of this so Jocelyn didn't have to worry about getting laid

whenever she visited her daughter's house. All of this to satisfy Jocelyn's twisted ego. All of this so Jocelyn could indulge herself and prove her superiority over her youngest daughter.

Derek's mind was twisted up. He could not think straight. He was discombobulated, trapped between Jocelyn's firm, pulsing thighs. He didn't know what to do. He was easy pickings for an experienced slut like Jocelyn. He was right where she wanted him, ready to be reprogrammed, ready to be told what to do. Ready to be molded into a young man devoted to pleasuring her and her alone.

"Derek, it will be so much easier if you just trust me." Jocelyn said, speaking softly and comfortingly, wedging her way into his mind with honey rather than vinegar. He nodded, looking terrified. A softer woman would pity the scared young man, but he would find no warmth coming from Jocelyn, except for the warm confines of her tight mature cunt.

"So... Derek... you will quit your research." Jocelyn commanded. Derek was so flustered he couldn't resist.

"If you think it's best, Mom." Derek muttered.

"Derek, you don't just agree with my choices. You have to support my choices. As your mother, you have to side with me completely. So, I'll say it again, Derek. You will quit your fucking research until I say otherwise. Got it?" Jocelyn insisted, tensing her thighs around him. She knew the truth, that his days of doing research were done for good. All that natural curiosity that drove him would be redirected once he experienced the pleasures of mature pussy until that was the center of his world, till his inquisitive nature focused solely on hot old ladies.

"Yes, Mom, I will quit as soon as I can." Derek said. The thought of forcing Derek to waste his talented mind made Jocelyn wild with lust. She was an evil one indeed.

"Good. Now, I need to know about your cum production a little more. I know asked before, but I need to know a little more. That kind of thing is very important to women like me. Now..." she began, grabbing a glass of scotch she had poured for herself and taking a swig, polishing the glass off.

She set the glass down, cracking against the glass table. "Now, my son, when you cum, how much of this glass could you fill?"

The glass wasn't overly big. Not like a beer glass, but a typical glass you would get in a bar for a mixed drink.

"What, you mean, like, just the one glass?" Derek asked, confused. Jocelyn's brows rose with surprise.

"What, you saying you would need more than one?" Jocelyn asked, licking her lips.

"I, uh, I think so. Is that a lot?" Derek asked.

"Derek, that is just perfect." Jocelyn said with an evil smile. "Now, Derek, will you insist to Heather that I come live with you till everything settles down?"

"Yes, Mom." Derek replied.

"Derek, I know how marriages work. I know things which will guarantee a happy, long lasting relationship. Some may seem a bit unorthodox, but I insist they are all for the best. I am gonna run through a few of them." Jocelyn started.

"I might have to ask you to withhold sex with your wife. I need to know that you are willing to do so." she asked.

"Um, yes." Derek said.

"It might be for a day... maybe a week... or a month..., or maybe even the entirety of your marriage. I need to know that you are okay with your wife getting zero sex for a very long period of time." Jocelyn asked.

"Uh, yes, that's okay, Mom." Derek said, shocked at this request but afraid to oppose it.

"If me and my daughter disagree about something, I need to know that you will take my side, no matter if you think she might be right, no matter how logical her argument is. What I say is right, got it?" she asked.

"Yes, Mom." Derek replied.

"If she starts acting up, I need to know you have the backbone to fight back. To stick it to her. If she wants a fresh picked rose, you will buy me a bouquet. If she complains about you two never going anywhere, I want you to take me on vacation the next day." Jocelyn said.

"Yes, Mom." Derek repeated.

"If Heather complains about the lack of sex, you will fuck me in your marital bed in front of her." Jocelyn said, staring down at him.

"What?" Derek said, gulping.

"Whuhhh?" Heather moaned out, barely awake.

"Don't be naïve, Derek. You know that this has been where this has been going. We've been dancing around this long

enough. You know that this night is going to end with us fucking in your marital suite. Derek, you'd have to be a fool not have known this." Jocelyn said, treating her son-in-law like a naïve idiot.

"I, uh... I don't think I can do this." Derek cried out, terrified. Jocelyn rolled her eyes. She calmly reached down and peeled her wet thong to the side, revealing her bare cunt to her son-in-law for the first time.

"That change your mind?" Jocelyn asked coldly. Derek's eyes widened in shock. He was staring straight his mother-in-law's bare, wet cunt. Jocelyn said nothing, she just let the young man take it in. She knew she didn't have to say anything. Nature would take its course.

Derek was a very inexperienced young man, so he had never been confronted by something as raw and filthy, something as blatantly sexual as the bare cunt of a mature woman, his mother-in-law. Derek just stared at it, taking in its beauty. Two smooth, puffy lips, still youthful looking. She was clearly turned on as she was totally soaked. The juices dripped out from her pussy down to her now

exposed asshole. It grabbed Derek's vision. This was so wrong, seeing his mother-in-law's clean, tight looking asshole. He had to look away. Just above her pussy was a small tuft of red hair. Then, Derek noticed her clit. It was sticking out, more proof of how turned on she was. But, piercing through it was a silver stud, gleaming in the light.

"You like my piercing?" she asked. "You young guys seem to love it." she commented.

"It's uh, nice." Derek said, unconsciously licking his lips. He studied that throbbing clit and the silver stud, completely consuming his mind, drawing him to his downfall. He looked up, and she gave an ever so slight nod of assent. Derek was moving closer, as if being attracted by an unseen force. He moved closer but then stopped, only inches from her soaked cunt. Her tasty scent was invading his nostrils, but one last shred of resistance stopped him. Jocelyn smirked coldly and smoothly brought her knees to her chest, forcing Derek's trapped head to close the distance. Jocelyn stopped only when she felt Derek's lips mash against her sweet cunt.

"AHHHHH, that's it!" Jocelyn moaned out, flexing her thighs, forcing Derek to really dive in. She smiled when she felt Derek's lips part and take a first, tentative lick.

"Ohhh, that's it! That's a good son!" Jocelyn called out.

Derek felt his tongue graze Jocelyn's wet cunt, her juices mashing against his tongue. Her flavor immediately overwhelmed his senses, the taste of her cunt an exquisite pleasure.

"Don't be afraid to dive in their baby." Jocelyn called out. Derek stabbed his tongue firmly into her.

"AHHHH, SHIT!" Jocelyn screamed.

"Whush gnngg onnn?" Heather slurred out.

"Oh, don't be bothered, darling. Your husband is just eating your mother's pussy!" Jocelyn said with a laugh. "You sweet, innocent, dim bulb, you won't remember any of this. You

won't remember the night of pleasure me and your hubby are about to have. But every so often, in your dreams, you will remember this night. You will be disgusted by it, but you won't stop dreaming about it, being obsessed by the nightmare that you are inadequate compared to your hot mother." Jocelyn moaned out with pleasure.

Derek tried to pull away, shocked by how Jocelyn was talking to her own daughter. But Jocelyn's thighs flexed and held him in place.

"Oh, baby, it's too late for that. It's too late for you to go anywhere now. You are exactly where you are supposed to be. On your knees... sucking my cunt. I know it's hard to believe, but I know these things, and I knew it would come to this. I saw this coming as soon as I saw you. As soon as I saw you walking down the aisle, I took one look at you and knew you'd be sucking my cunt by the end of the night. I knew you would not be fucking my brainless daughter tonight. She's the type of girl who does not get fucked on her wedding night. She's the type of girl who would somehow lose out on something that every wife gets. She's the type that would lose out on that one, good, guaranteed fuck. She's a bright girl, but she is a fuck-up." Jocelyn said.

Derek couldn't reply. His mouth was busy lapping at his mother-in-law's cunt. He was still shocked at how easily Jocelyn could so viciously insult Heather. He looked up at her in annoyance, a look she could read easily.

"Oh, I'm sure you are wondering how I could say such horrible things about my dear daughter." Jocelyn began, scratching his scalp as her son-in-law's tongue dug between the puffy lips of her silky cunt. "If you haven't figured it out by now, I am a very... direct person." she paused. Derek was too busy with his meal, as he gathered her pussy juices into his mouth. He didn't want to like it. He didn't want to be enjoying it, but God her pussy juices tasted really good. It felt amazing to soak his tongue in this amazing liquid pooled deep in his mother-in-law's cunt. He just wanted to dive in and bathe in this spectacular fluid.

"I love my daughter, but she is a fuck-up in every regard of the term. She is a fuck-up and an ungrateful little bitch." Jocelyn said. She turned to face her daughter. "You hear that honey?" she said with a smug smile. Heather's eyes were closed, and she just grunted in response. "Heather got

handed all the advantages in the world, and she threw them all away. She was born into privilege, born into advantages, but as she grew up, it became clear she wanted nothing more than to just be normal. Be a regular girl. I gave her everything! I gave her my love. I gave her the life that any little girl would dream of having. At first, I appreciated her humility. Jackie had turned into a spoiled brat and embraced the lifestyle we lived in. I figured that Heather would grow out of her little 'normal' phase after awhile. Mmm, that's very good, dear. My clit is dying for some attention, though."

Jocelyn brought her knees up, effectively dragging Derek until her hard pierced clit dragged against his lips. Derek instinctively opened up and took the hard clit of his mother-in-law into his mouth and began to tease it with his tongue.

"Ahhh, that's it, my son. That's it, nibble on that clit." Jocelyn moaned out, in pleasure but still in control. "Now, I was just so disappointed when my little girl became a little rebel. She never invited people over. She never wanted to show off our wealth. Our talents. She dressed in common clothing. She acted like a common girl. How should I, as her

mother, feel when my daughter rejects all of the work me and the other women in our family did to get to this stage in life? To get to our level in society? Cline women are strong women. Cline women seize the day! Cline women do not reject any advantage. Cline women take advantage of any gift given to them to improve their lot in life. Improve their own place in society, and improve things for the family. But Heather, my dear daughter, rejected it. She was the smarter of my two daughters, by far. She has a great mind, a great drive to succeed. She might be the smartest girl in our entire family. But she lacks the killer instinct that truly marks a real Cline woman. No, my daughter puts her great gifts to charitable purposes. She writes about issues, she cares about such trivial bullshit. The opposite of what our family did to get her to this level in life. She rejected our way of life, Derek. How should that make her mother feel? She went out of her way to be the opposite of us in every way. Case in point." Jocelyn paused. Derek looked up just in time to see Jocelyn reach to her chest and part her low cut dress, revealing that she was not wearing a bra, revealing her enormous breasts to her son-in-law.

Derek had to stop sucking her pussy. That's how floored he was by the sight of his mother-in-law's spectacular breasts.

They were pale like the rest of her, pale and creamy. They sat on her chest proudly like mountainous hills of soft, silky flesh. They maintained their perkiness, even at her mature age. Derek's eyes were drawn to her prominent nipples standing proudly from her smooth, pale pink areolas. Her nipples were rock hard, and each nipple as pierced with a silver stud. A proud pair of firm, EE cup mature breasts should be commonly associated with the role of mother she should be, but the piercings made it clear these tits were not being used for any motherly pursuits. They were being used for sex.

"I don't know if you noticed, honey, but most Cline women are built like brick shithouses. I am. Jackie is. Even my mother is. Each of us could make a living posing in the nude and no one would complain. Cline women are uncommonly gorgeous and sexy. But there are some who reject this. Who want to be their own women and not use their looks as a tool. Some play their looks down. And for some girls, like my daughter, I swear it's in their coding to be the opposite of us real Cline women. I swear some tell their own brains to not grow tits, to not get hot asses, to not fill out in just the right way, just to be different. So they grow up flat and uninspiring. Pretty, but not jaw-dropping.

They expect us to accept them when they don't want to accept the advantages we worked so hard to give them. Heather had all the tools and she wasted them!"

"That's why I feel no shame in taking her place in her bed. That's why I feel no shame stealing her man for my own uses. That's why I feel no shame in insulting her to her face and showing her how badly she has wasted her time, her life trying not to be like us. That's why I feel no shame telling her the only way she can hold down a man is to grow up, admit the truth that she is not good enough to lock down any man worth a damn. That the only way she will be able to hold down a man for good is to go to the doctor, get some fucking implants, work out, get a makeover. Just do whatever she needs to act like the Cline woman she should have been." Jocelyn paused as Derek flicked her clit.

"AHHHHH, that's fucking good, honey. I'm sorry for all the monologuing, dear. It's just that when I get my cunt sucked I feel the incredible urge to speak my mind. And Derek, nothing is quite as sweet as telling someone their flaws. It got me hot to tear you down, my son. But I am building you into something better. Something stronger. And I am trying to do the same for Heather. So, telling her what I really

think about her is really for the best. Telling her how much of a disappointment she is to me is a good thing for me to say. Telling her she has wasted her life is a fucking great thing for me to tell her. Telling her that I love Jackie more than I love her is a fucking hot thing for me to say, because it's the truth. It's constructive. I love Jackie more even though Heather is smarter and has more potential. I love Jackie more because she embraced our lifestyle, our way of life. I love Jackie more because she has huge tits! It's hard to respect a girl with tiny titties, Derek, especially one in a family of busty women. I love Jackie more because she has the body of a Cline woman and she knows how to flaunt it. AHHHH FUCK! It feels so good to tell the truth after all these years!" Jocelyn moaned out.

"I'm going to keep you, I've just decided." Jocelyn began. "You need a lot of mothering, and it is my duty to be there for you. I will make all the decisions for you. I will boss you around. I will be a grade-A cunt, but that is the type of woman you need. It will be tough, but you need it strict. You will do what I say. You will obey my every command. And you will never have sex with Heather again. I need your focus on me, your mother. And if that spells the end of your marriage, then it's for the best. Heather needs to learn a

harsh lesson, as do you. And there is a good reason you will agree with this. For boys like you, it feels so good to serve the will of a strong woman. It is your place and you know it, deep down. You will find your freedom in serving me. You will experience endless pleasure in servitude. You will experience things you never would have beforehand. And that will start right now." Jocelyn stopped. Derek took in every harsh word, simultaneously sickened by her perversion and agreeing with her harsh judgment. Every word she said was true. He knew it. He did need a mother. He did need to be bossed around. And he knew it was an exquisite pleasure to serve the will of a strong woman. He knew that deep down. It was in his instincts.

Showing off again her remarkable flexibility, she released Derek's head from its fleshy prison between her things and put her feet on either side of his head. She pushed his head away with his feet, and she watched his thick, extended tongue reappear from deep within her tight cunt. Jocelyn forced his head upward till she could reach his scalp with her long-nailed fingers. Smoothly, she replaced her feet with her hands on either side of his head, and in one smooth motion, pulled him forward until his gasping mouth was forcibly attached to her hard nipple.

Derek again acted on instinct. The instinct hidden deep within all young men's minds. The instinct that told you that when a fat, mature breast was forced against your mouth, when the hard nipple is pressing against your mouth, you open up and started sucking. And that is what he fucking did. Derek's open mouth formed a tight seal against her smooth areola. His cheeks hollowed. His tongue leapt outward to flick against her hard, rubbery nipple. His tongue played with the barbell stud piercing that taut nipple.

"That's it, baby! That is it!" Jocelyn moaned out. She brought her mouth to his ear and began whispering. "You just suck at my nipple, baby. I'll let you suck all night if you need to. There are few weapons a woman can have that are better than a pair of huge, perky, mature breasts. They can force any man to their knees! Even the hardest, toughest man can't resist a pair of EE-cups on a stacked older slut! They can turn any man into putty. Your transition into my slave will not be easy. You will lash out, get upset, be the petulant boy you still are. You will yell at me. Scream at me. But a woman like me can't be intimidated. I will stay calm... and walk up to you, scoop one of these fat fucking tits out, and

wait for you to take action. You would be pissed. You would be furious. But you will get on your knees, and you will suck my nipples. Sure, you will angrily suck. You'll bite and you'll chew, but it won't phase me. But it will phase you. It's impossible to stay mad with a hard nipple in your mouth. You will suck, and bite, and chew, and eventually, you won't be mad anymore. All that furious, petulant anger will all transfer to pleasure for me. And pleasure for you as well. Nothing can soothe your frustrations away quite like sucking a firm nipple. And eventually, my son, when the time comes, these tits will be full of milk again, and you will fucking be in charge of drinking all the milk away on a daily basis. These tits will bring you nothing but pleasure. So get used to this, baby. This is your future."

Derek couldn't think straight. He just acted, again, on instinct. And Derek's instinct, the part of him that formed the basis of who he was, that was there from the beginning, that could not be overwritten because it was so deeply ingrained in him. That part of Derek was telling him to suck on that juicy, mature nipple.

A sucking sound echoed through the marriage suite as Derek worshipped his mother-in-law's nipple. Derek's tongue flicked at the nipple embedded in his mouth.

"Bite it, son. Bite it!" Jocelyn commanded firmly. Derek firmly closed his teeth against the protruding nub in his mouth, closing around it firmly. Jocelyn's nipple piercing clicked against his teeth as he chewed, but Jocelyn did not flinch. She simply smiled. It took a lot more than that to make Jocelyn wince.

"Switch nipples, my son." Jocelyn commanded gently. She tilted her chest till her other breast was pointing at his face, and Derek's mouth attached itself to the other nipple capping her other juicy breast. Derek's tongue swirled around the nipple, running along the firm flesh.

"Squeeze my breasts, son. Feel your mother's breasts. Feel your mother's huge fucking tits! Squeeze my firm flesh and think about how much better they are than my daughter's." Jocelyn moaned out. Derek let his hands trail up her firm torso till his hands made contact with her copious breast flesh. Derek let his mother-in-law's huge tits fill his palms

before he gave them the firm squeeze they were so desperately aching for. Jocelyn's pale, firm flesh poured through his fingers, overfilling his big, manly palms.

They were so soft! So firm. Derek had never felt a big pair of tits before. He had never really specifically desired to do it, but now that he had, he realized what a god damn thrill it was to squeeze a pair of huge, mature titties. To squeeze them was addicting. To be smothered in their softness and to fully experience the full power of her firm titties required you to lose yourself in the process. Jocelyn knew this and intended to use this bit of knowledge to her advantage.

"Derek, I know part of you wants to fight for Heather. I want you to keep sucking my big tits till you forget all about her. Till you stop thinking about anything, really. I don't want there to be a silly thought in that pretty head of yours." Jocelyn commanded.

All Derek felt was softness. Jocelyn was a patient woman, and so she happily sat back for a good hour and allowed her son-in-law to lose himself in her prodigious rack. Jocelyn

forced him suck both nipples, hard. Jocelyn scrubbed her gigantic breasts across his face. She forced her big breasts together and forced Derek's head into her cleavage, smothering him till he was low on breath as his face was embedded against her soft, pillowy breasts.

Until he lost himself.

Derek fell into a waking sleep. He was aware of his surroundings, but his mind reverted into a dreamlike state. Jocelyn simply ran her fingers through his hair and allowed her son-in-law to slip from reality.

Derek didn't know how long this lasted. When he came too, he realized he had been moved. No longer was he on his knees in front of his busty mother-in-law. No, now he was on his back on the great big marital suite bed. He looked down to realize he was no longer wearing any clothes whatsoever. He had been stripped nude, and as he looked around, he realized he may have been abandoned, as neither Heather or Jocelyn were in the room. Derek searched for any sign of life, until he heard voices from out

of the room, near the entryway to the suite. Derek strained his ears to listen.

"Yes, I'll take her to your room, Ms. Cline." A female voice said.

"Very good, Kaitlyn." Jocelyn said.

"But Mooooooooommmmmm! I aaaammmmmm not leavfing! This ishh my night! I want to fuck myyyy hubby!" Heather groaned out.

"I told you to be quiet! You are making a fool out of yourself! You are ruining this night for me!" Jocelyn said fiercely.

"Pleashhh Mom! I'm shorry! I'll be good!" Heather groaned.

"It's too late for that. Go with Kaitlyn. Be quiet. Think about what you did! Think about how you ruined this night."

Jocelyn said, scolding her daughter like she was a little girl. Heather began to sob.

"I'll get her out of the way." The other woman, Kaitlyn, said, guiding the sobbing girl into the hallway, letting her stumble away.

"I must say, Ms. Cline, you look stunning." Kaitlyn, said. "Especially when, you know, you're standing next to your daughter."

"Thank you, my dear. It is a shame my daughter never quite filled out like I did, and her sister did, and her grandmother did, and like most of the women in my family did." Jocelyn said, causing Kaitlyn to laugh.

"I noticed that." Kaitlyn said, "Is he in there?" she asked.

"Of course." Jocelyn said.

"Well..." Kaitlyn began, "Have fun."

"I will." Jocelyn replied.

"Don't be too loud." Kaitlyn warned.

"I think you and I both know dear, when there's a 10-inch dick plowing your ass, it's impossible to stay quiet." Jocelyn said, causing both women to laugh.

"Well, that's the truth." Kaitlyn said. "Then I guess, scream your head off, cum like crazy, and wake up everyone in the hotel." she added.

"That sounds about right." Jocelyn said. "I do appreciate your help dear. I know you wanted a piece of him, and you still might get it, but for now, he's all mine."

"I understand." Kaitlyn said. "I know when to move forward, and I know when it's time to step aside and let a master do her work."

"Very good." Jocelyn said. "You have wisdom beyond your years. You won't get his dick tonight, so all I can give you is this."

Unbeknownst to Derek, Jocelyn was slipping a wad of $100 dollar bills into Kaitlyn's cleavage.

"Thank you, ma'am, I appreciate it." Kaitlyn said. Derek heard a pair of kisses as Jocelyn and Kaitlyn kissed each other's cheeks. "Well, enjoy your prize." Kaitlyn added. Those were the last words from her Derek heard before the door clicked shut. Derek heard the ominous approach of high-heels clicking on the floor, approaching him. And when she appeared, Derek's eyes widened.

Jocelyn approached the bed, wearing high-heels and nothing else. She stopped at the end of the bed and put her hands on her hips, letting Derek truly take in her magnificent body for the first time.

Jocelyn's body was intimidating in its voluptuousness. It was enough to make any man step back and gulp. He had seen most of her naughty bits but her body couldn't be

appreciated until he saw the total package. Derek looked at her long, smooth, sexy legs. The long expanse of firm, pale flesh was stunningly sexy. Derek's eyes followed her long legs till he gazed at her gorgeous, bare pussy, which Derek already knew so well. The clit stud stole his vision again. Derek's eyes took in her prominent, child-bearing hips, which housed her slim hands. Derek looked across her smooth, fit belly till he was again confronted with her massive, fleshy breasts again. Standing proudly from her chest like the breasts of a younger woman. They rode closely to each other, the round flesh kissing together lightly to form her perfect cleavage. The firm, round expanse of pale flesh, capped by two still very erect nipples. Her nipple studs glimmered in the light. Her stunningly gorgeous face, smooth graceful neck, and shimmering crimson hair completed the package.

"I'm afraid I had to kick my dear daughter out of the party. It's time for the grownups to do their sick, twisted, disgusting, adult things. You may be a boy, my dear, but you are a man where it counts, and by the end of the night, I will make a real man out of you. So it's time for me to show off my ultimate weapon." Jocelyn explained. She swiveled

her hips smoothly, spinning around to let her son-in-law see his mother-in-law's bare ass for the first time.

Just like the rest of her, it was voluptuous and intimidating. It was a ripe, heart-shaped rump, standing prominently from her frame, a fleshy, silky piece of mature ass. Her ass-cheeks were firm, making a perfectly formed, sexy ass crack. There was something about her ass. It was just.... powerful. Her ass, the fleshy, pronounced rump, just radiated with power. On some women, it would be a divine sight. But on a woman like her, it was a weapon. It was terrifying. It combined sex with power, in one firm, muscular back side. It drew you in with its charms, but scared you with its power. Her ass was an impossibly sexy, imposing sight for any young man. She spun back around and walked back over to the bed.

"I took care of your clothing, I hope you don't mind. You won't be getting them back till I say so." Jocelyn said. She gazed at her son-in-law's naked body, mainly at his cock. "And... I must say, I am very impressed."

Derek's mind had returned to him. The fog had lifted. His first thoughts were of Heather. His wife. The love of his life. He looked up at Jocelyn, and for the first time, he felt fear. He was confronted with the twisted reality of the situation. He felt out and out terror, and his only thoughts were of escape. Escape from her voluptuous, magnificent body and the fleshy delights it could provide. Derek sat up and began looking around.

"I need to, uh, go." Derek croaked, looking around the room, avoiding Jocelyn's gaze.

"Go? Go where?" Jocelyn asked naively.

"Where did you take Heather? I need to... see her. Be with her. This is, uh, not right." Derek stammered as he attempted to stand. As he did, Jocelyn appeared in front of him, blocking him with her imposing body.

"Honey, there is no escape from this." Jocelyn said with a condescending laugh.

"Jocelyn, this has gone too far!" Derek said firmly, finding his backbone, finally.

"Jocelyn? You don't call me Jocelyn anymore, son. What did I tell you to call me?" Jocelyn asked.

"You're not my mother!" Derek screamed out. Jocelyn eyes flashed with lust. The boy would not be so easy after all.

"You do not speak to your mother that way, young man!" Jocelyn said with the disappointed anger that typically a mother would feel for her son. Derek maneuvered around Jocelyn, looking for his clothing. "You will call me Mommy, understood!"

"I will never call you that!" Derek said angrily, mad at himself and his earlier weakness. "Jocelyn..." Derek began pointedly, "This has gone too far! Where are my clothes? I need to go to Heather."

He searched through the closets, looking for anything to wear. Unfortunately, his luggage was not to be found, and

he couldn't even find a towel, or a robe, or anything. Derek slammed the closet door angrily.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?!" Derek screamed at his mother-in-law. "How could you treat people like this? Normal people don't do this! Normal people don't try to steal their daughter's husband!"

"Derek, I am not normal." Jocelyn said coolly. "I am not average. I am not regular. I am superior!" Jocelyn yelled out, walking slowly towards Derek, her boobs jiggling as she walked. "I am stupendous. I am spectacular. I am the one percent!"

"I am better than most people. Better than nearly all other women. Women like me don't have to play by the same rules. Women like me get what we want. People don't say no to us! People live to please us. People live to make us happy. People feel blessed to be in my shadow! People don't hate me cause I'm beautiful. They love me for it. They worship me! Women care more about my sex life than their own! Women root for me to get fucked. Women offer the men they desire to me, because it makes them happy to

know that I desire the same man that they do. It makes them happy to know they play a small role in my life, that they sacrifice their sex lives to make sure my cunt is being well cared for. I don't remember their names, yet they fucking idolize me! They treat me like a goddess! That is the power I have Derek! Life has been so good to me, all the bounces have gone my way, I am starting to think that maybe they're right. Maybe I am a goddess! Maybe the power of my body is supernatural! That is the only explanation for how fate has shined on me! No man has ever resisted me. No man has defeated me. Men are weak. I am strong! And Derek, my son, you belong with us. You belong among us. Because what is the point of being a goddess if you don't have men worshipping you? I have many worshippers, young men like you, who bow to my will. But you are better than them. Derek, you have all the gifts in the world, gifts that should allow you to be among us on your own merits. Derek, you have the body of a god, but the mind of a worshipper. You are cursed with the weakness most young men are afflicted with, the inability to resist the will of a strong woman. You belong among us, but you are not one of us. You belong at our feet. A gift for the goddesses." Jocelyn said.

Derek looked at her quizzically.

"You're insane!" Derek said. "You are fucking nuts!"

Jocelyn laughed.

"Derek, you don't know how hot it is to see you so riled up, knowing that you will be calling me Mommy by the end of the night as you fill me up with all that sweet cum boiling in your balls." Jocelyn replied, glancing at his swollen cock.

"I can't believe my mother-in-law is out of her mind. You think you are a goddess!? You think you are better than everyone else!? Guess what? You're not! You're just an insane fucking bitch!" Derek replied, backing away from her.

"Then what are you afraid of?" Jocelyn said, walking slowly towards him, heels clicking on the floor.

"I don't want my mother-in-law's body rubbing against me. It's so wrong!" Derek replied.

"That's not how you felt before. Derek, you weren't afraid to just... dive right in." Jocelyn whispered smugly.

"That was... a mistake. You tricked me." Derek replied.

"Yeah, right. I tricked you into licking my feet. I manipulated you into sucking my cunt!" Jocelyn argued.

"It was a mistake!" Derek replied firmly, still looking for his clothing.

"Look at my body, Derek. There are no mistakes here. Just utter perfection." Jocelyn said, posing with her hands on her hips like a model. "Perfect breasts." she said, cupping her massive breasts. "A perfect face." she said, licking her lips. "Perfect hair." she said, shaking her lustrous crimson hair. "Perfect legs." she added, running her hands down her oiled covered legs. "A perfect cunt." she said, running a long-nailed hand over her silky cunt. "A perfect ass." she said,

spinning to show off her magnificent ass again. "Even a perfect asshole!" Jocelyn added, spreading her cheeks. Derek looked away from this raw, sexual sight.

"Each part of me... better than most women. My asshole is so perfect... so hot... so sexy, it's superior than any part of Heather. My asshole is sexier than your wife! That is the magnificence of goddesses like me. Being a goddess runs in the family, Derek. My mother is a goddess. Jackie is a goddess. And of course, I am a goddess. So it was pretty infuriating to see that the most perfect guy any of us have seen ended up marrying the most average, normal woman in the family. It is our job, no, our duty... to alleviate that wrong!"

Derek needed to find clothing. Or anything. Anything to wear so he could escape this vile seductress. He was beginning to panic.

"Where are my fucking clothes!" Derek screamed out.

"Derek..." Jocelyn began calmly. "You don't want to escape. You want to stay naked with me. You want to surrender to

me. Surrender to me. Surrender to my tits. Surrender to my ass. You have no idea how many men have fallen under my spell thanks to my hot ass! You want me! You want to give in! You know how good it feels to surrender!"

"No I don't!" Derek screamed out. "I don't want to f... fuck you. I don't want your body! I don't want older women! I don't like old ladies! I never did! I don't need a mommy, a mother, or whatever you want to call it! I need my wife!"

"Derek, now you're just kidding yourself." Jocelyn said with a laugh. "You know you want me. You want to feel my flesh against yours, sweat transferring from my hot body to yours."

"No, I don't!" Derek repeated, ripping open any drawer he could find.

"You won't find anything, Derek." Jocelyn stated. "I hid your clothing very well. But, I will make you a deal. Just call me Mommy... one last time, then I will let you have your clothes back."

"Fuck you!" Derek said, not giving her an inch. Derek's tongue sizzled. He had never spoken so viciously to someone before. It felt kinda good.

Jocelyn bit her lip, wondering for a split second if this young, repressed boy could somehow resist her abundant charms. 'Nonsense, of course not,' she thought.

"Derek, just give up and accept your fate." Jocelyn suggested. Derek turned and looked at her fiercely. He approached her quickly.

"Where are my fucking clothes!? Tell me! Now!" Derek commanded. Derek looked at her fiercely, more angry with her than he had ever been with anyone. She was a monster. He had to resist her and escape with his wife.

Jocelyn stared at him, looking into his eyes, wondering if he would back down from this crusade. Finally, she relented and sighed.

"They're under the bed." Jocelyn said.

"What?" Derek asked.

"Your clothes... they're under the bed." Jocelyn said. Derek looked at her, asking 'really?' with his eyes at her uninspired choice of a hiding place. She just shrugged. He turned away from her and got on his knees next to the bed. He lifted the sheet to find nothing but the smooth marble floor. He looked everywhere he could with his head under the bed. He felt the bed sag above him and removed his head from under it quickly.

"I don't see anyth..." Derek began as he leaned upward. But he was interrupted. As his eyes reached the top of the bed, he quickly realized his mistake. Jocelyn was sitting on the bed, facing him.

"You don't need Heather, my son. Everything you need is already here." Jocelyn said, spreading her arms, inviting him to her impressive bosom. Derek was now eye level with her giant breasts. Derek froze, gawking at them. They were

just so huge. And full. And round. And soft. And smooth. Those nipples were throbbing, begging to be sucked.

Derek had never gotten such a clear, up close view of his mother-in-law's big, bare breasts before. When he had seen them before, he had either been on his knees or smothered in their softness. But now, her prodigious, fleshy, quivering rack was staring him in the face. And they looked so sexy! Derek did not like this woman at all, but he had to admit her tits were a work of art. They pulsed and quivered with her heartbeat. The quivering of her breasts, the throbbing of her nibbles, something so subtle, yet so hypnotizing. Derek couldn't look away.

Derek couldn't explain it. He couldn't put any logic or reason to it. Each hypnotizing jiggle was sending him a message, a siren's song, drawing him forward. Compelling him to move forward, to drown himself in their softness once more, this time by choice. To drown in his mother-in-law's mature flesh, to accept her place as his superior, his mother. His Mommy. Each quiver begging him to open his mouth and take her hard nipple in his mouth in treat it to the worshipful sucking it deserved. They were calling to him. Bathing his mind with dark desires.

"Suck them."

It was like they were speaking to him.

"Lick them."

Derek was being pulled to her nipples, by a force greater than he could stop.

"Drown in softness."

Derek tried to think of heather. His lady love. His soul...

"So soft."

Derek tried to remember Heather. The woman that he marr...

"So smooth."

He tried to just focus and remember...

"Come to me."

He tried to gather his thoughts, and think about...

"Come to your mother."

He was in turmoil. He couldn't think straight. All he could think about were...

"My breasts. Suck on my great big breasts."

All of this was Jocelyn, of course. Jocelyn purred, her smooth, sexy voice entering his mind, invading his soul and taking over. Derek was drooling at the sight of these fantastic tits. He felt his head moving forward, on its own accord. He was so full of fight before, but now being confronted with a pair of EE cups, those earlier concerns didn't matter. Just like Jocelyn expected.

Derek fell face first into her bosom. For the first time, there was no harsh venom spilling from her lips. She welcomed her like a mother. His open mouth descended onto her hard nipple.

Her breasts were peacemakers, stopping any man from fighting back. And once peace was made, she would unleash her most powerful weapon, like any cutthroat war general. Decimate any fight he had left, and make him hers for good. She often imagined in another world, another life, she could have led soldiers to war, torn the world asunder just to get her way. She was that cutthroat. That cunning. She knew how to destroy people. Destroy men. Tear apart young guys and make them hers.

Jocelyn felt Derek's eager mouth nipping at her tits. His soft lips against her soft tits, forming a tight seal around her hard nipple. His teeth biting at her. He sucked at her nipple like a suckling babe. She looked down to see his cheeks hollowing as he sucked at her.

"That's it my son. You are my son now. You need to accept this. Only sons and mothers have this bond. Only they can be so close. These nipples need constant attention. Your mother's nipples need a mouth." Jocelyn purred, scrubbing his scalp in her palm, scratching it lightly.

Derek could barely think. All that he could think about were Jocelyn's tasty nipples. How good it felt to suck on them. How right this felt. Why was he fighting this before? Why would he stop himself from experiencing such pleasure?

"You see, Derek. This doesn't have to be so bad. I don't have to be the ruthless bitch I have been. This is so much easier if you just do what I say. If you could just be a good son, then I will be such a good mother. I don't have to be the cunt I have been." Jocelyn cooed, cradling the young man to her bosom. She knew that even if the hardest, cruelest bitch showed a little softness, it would make men more receptive. More willing to go along with her even when she showed her cold, cruel heart again. If they knew she was capable of some softness, they would accept the harshness.

Derek fell into another waking sleep as he again lost himself in his mother-in-law's chest. She dragged him onto the bed as she fell onto her back as the young man devoured her sensitive buds. Her hard nipples, her beating hearts, her soft, quivering flesh just put him into brain lock. Her breasts fucking owned him, each time he saw them. They were too strong to fight back against.

Jocelyn let this go on till he was nice and compliant and moldable to her whims. It was only then when he pulled his sucking mouth from her throbbing nipples. She watched with a smirk as his mouth kept sucking at air, so lost without her that he didn't realize what he was doing. But that was fine. She had big plans for that mouth of his.

Derek's vision was a blur. But he slowly began to emerge from his slumber. All he remembered was softness. All-encompassing softness. And for a second, Derek wondered if maybe, just maybe, Jocelyn had a soft side.

He could not be more wrong.

He blinked his eyes, trying to clear the fog from his vision. And as he did, he realized he had let down his guard. He had had been deceived. Because in front of him was Jocelyn, on her knees, her ass pointed at his face. Before he could react, Jocelyn reached back, dug her nails into his scalp roughly, and quickly, cruelly, and efficiently forced his face between her ass cheeks.

"Nnnnnnggggghhhhh!" Derek grunted out as his mouth was forced against Jocelyn's asshole. He tried to pull away, but he was held tight by his mother-in-law's iron grip.

"HA HA HA!" Jocelyn cackled. "Look at you. Look at you! Big, strong fucking man! Trying to pretend you're not my slave! Trying to act like I don't fucking own you! You want to be a strong, big man!? Big, strong men don't get their faces forced into the ass crack of a 40 year old woman!"

Derek struggled to free himself from this predicament. He was being forcibly smothered by his mother-in-law's imposing ass. He was being held tight by her iron grip. He tried to pull his face away, but she held him tight. He kept his mouth tightly shut, resisting giving Jocelyn what she no-

doubt wanted, namely his tongue in her asshole. He began to stand with his face still planted between her cheeks. He grabbed her prominent hips and tried to wrestle her away, but he couldn't break away. Finally, in one last desperate lunge, he forced her from her knees onto her side, but she held tight, forcing him to fall to the bed with her, still conjoined by the face to her ass.

Derek tried to escape her clutches, but Jocelyn held tight. They writhed on the bed, both still nude. Derek was panicking and needed to get a full breath. That was what allowed Jocelyn to get the upper hand. That was why the young, strong, fit Derek got out-wrestled by this 40-year old woman. Derek was panicking. Even though he could still breath, his panicked body was making him short of breath. It didn't help that he was being smothered by his mother-in-law's fleshy ass. Derek weakened as Jocelyn swiveled her hips, scrubbing her ass across Derek's face. Derek's grip weakened against her hips, the lack of oxygen sapping his strength. That was why he couldn't fight back when Jocelyn rolled around, forcing his head against the bed as she asserted her dominance as she got on her knees, now sitting on her son-in-law's face.

"Derek, this could have been so much easier. See what happens when you fight back! See what happens when you defy me!" Jocelyn screamed out. She looked down her back at her son-in-law's weakening stare. She showed some mercy and lifted her ass slightly, allowing him to breath. He breathed in harshly, attempting to regain his strength. As he returned from his daze, Jocelyn spoke.

"Derek, face the facts. You can't defeat me. You can't defeat this ass! You can't resist it! You are not strong enough to stop me! You can't escape! You will never escape me. Look at it, Derek! Look at this ass! It is your future! It is your fate! It is your destiny!"Jocelyn moaned out.

"NOOO!" Derek yelled out, again resisting. Jocelyn simply sat on his face again, muffling his resistance, neutralizing him with her round ass.

Derek was furious. He wanted to escape! He wanted to return to his wife and escape this vile woman. But she had tricked him, manipulated him into falling face first between her ass-cheeks, again. He hated Jocelyn, he truly did. He hated how evil she was. He hated how manipulative she

was. He hated how callously she treated Heather. He hated the horrible things she said about him. He hated that she might be right.

How could he be so stupid? So weak? How had this old lady tricked his brilliant mind? How did this slut trick him so easily?

"Derek, admit the truth! You can't beat me! I am smarter than you! I am more connected than you! Babe, you are a fish out of water! You have no idea how cruel this world is! You have no idea the evils that are out there! For a young man like you, you are quite simply not equipped to care for yourself! If you think I am evil, then you should meet some of the women I've met. Women that are positively vile! Women that will make you do unconscionable things not only to you, but to Heather, my dear, dear daughter. Babe, I am protecting you from them! I'm being nice!"

"Derek, look at you. You were so angry. So resistant just minutes earlier. Now, you are face deep in my ass-crack, again! Ha Ha Ha! Face it, my son, you're a bit dumb. You are built to be deceived, to be tricked by whores like myself!

Despite how smart you think you are, how much you supposedly don't want it, you will still end up on your back, on a bed, smothered in mature ass. Derek, you will always lose to women like me! So you might as well accept your place, accept the bit of evil in you, accept the fact that you need to cut ties with Heather, betray her sorry ass, and worship your goddess of your mother-in-law. Derek, it is really for the best. Accept the fact that I am your mother now, and I will lead you into a new way of life, a life of joy. A life of bliss. A life of pleasure. A life of submission, and the pleasure that comes with it. Imagine how good it will be. Imagine how hard you will cum!" Jocelyn said. She lifted her ass, giving him the chance to reply. He gasped deeply, trying to recover.

"Jocelyn, pleas..." he began, before she cut him off by smothering him again.

"Derek! How stupid are you!" Jocelyn said, grinding her ass against his face roughly, grinding his head against the bed. She did this for about a minute before lifting her ass again.

"Now, what was that?" Jocelyn asked.

Derek searched his mind, trying to decipher what she really wanted. Then, it came to him. Grudgingly, he began to speak.

"Uh, Ms., uh, I..." Derek relented. But again, Jocelyn sat on his face, smothering him with her ass.

"Derek, you have been a terrible son! A disrespectful little shit! You have to earn the right to call me Mommy. Got it? Don't call me Mommy until you really mean it!" Jocelyn said. She lifted her ass off of his face again.

Derek didn't know what to say. He just lied in silence, in fear of the mature ass above him.

"Don't fight my ass, Derek! You can't defeat it! You have to just accept its power. It's superiority! Do what young men like you have done for generations when confronted by a power far greater than yours! You fall to your knees in worship! You accept its power, you give in to it! You submit to it! It's the only way forward, Derek. It is your only way

out of this! You future is right there, in front of your face, like it or not. So you can keep fighting it, and maybe you will win eventually. Or, you could give up now, accept its power while you still can, cause you know what will happen if you don't. You know what will happen when you defy me. You know you are not strong enough or smart enough to defeat me. So make your choice, my son. Accept your fate." Jocelyn said, her asshole mere inches above Derek's panting mouth.

Derek tried to fight back. He really did. No one could say otherwise. But now, here he was, smothered into submission by his mother-in-law's impressive ass. He could try to fight, but god her ass was terrifying to him. He did understand its power, and he was afraid of it. He didn't know if he could handle her furious anger anymore. Jocelyn was an unstoppable force. He just couldn't do this anymore. He wanted to fight back, for Heather, but he just couldn't. Jocelyn was right. He was too weak to resist.

What kind of husband was he to just give in to a vile seductress so easily? Clearly a terrible one. He didn't have it in him to be a good, loyal husband. That much was clear. Maybe Jocelyn was right. He needed to accept his fate,

accept his weakness, and just give in to Jocelyn. Give in to his dominant mother-in-law. And maybe, just maybe, her power will shield him, protect him, maybe transfer to him. Maybe Jocelyn can make him into a stronger man. A real man.

Maybe Jocelyn should be his Mommy.

Derek stared up, ready to accept his fate. Derek saw her delectable asshole above him. God, it really was so sexy. Derek shivered. What was compelling him to even think about this? Why was his mouth watering? He just couldn't resist the tasty meal above him.

Tentatively, Derek dove face first into Jocelyn's mighty ass again. His tongue leapt forward, the tip meeting her asshole.

"Ahhhh, that's it!" Jocelyn moaned out. "Be a good son and rim my asshole!"

Derek was shocked to find that Jocelyn's asshole was not objectionable. In fact, it was quite thrilling to lick it, and to

be honest, it was kinda tasty. Derek never thought sucking a 40-year-old woman's asshole could be this hot! But it was, and he dove in like a starving man, soaking her asshole with his spit, rimming her tasty asshole in descending circles until his firm tongue tried to force its way inside.

Derek's tongue laved worshipfully around her tight asshole, soaking it with his saliva. Jocelyn forced her weight down on him again, forcing him to the bed. As his head hit the bed, his lips closed around her asshole as he began to suck her ass in earnest.

"Ahhh! You are so good at sucking ass!" Jocelyn complimented. Derek's tongue was wiggling against her tight hole, trying to gain entrance.

"Mmm, that's it! You are a natural! You know exactly how to suck ass, my son! Derek, don't make me tell you twice. For a woman, getting her asshole worshipped is a divine pleasure. The women you could win over with that fucking mouth. Such a shame... AHH FUCK YES... uh, such a shame, I mean look at you. You are built for this, my son. You are built for sex. You are built to be used, but you do not have

the tools to utilize these natural gifts. That is something your mother should have taught you. Any mother worth her salt that ends up with a stud like you as a son should know that it's their duty for them to turn them into real fucking men. AWWW, SHIT YEAH! There should be a code for mother's everywhere. If their son is hot and studly but doesn't have a clue about how to do his manly duties, their mom should do whatever she can to change that. Get the hubby out of the picture, sit the son down, and show him the goods. Slip off her clothes and show her son her hot, motherly body. Force him to take it, force him to withstand the hurricane of sex that is a mature woman. A few bouts of mother-son sex could turn any boy into a real fucking man! AHHH, THAT'S GOOD! But that's okay. You're mom failed you, but that's where I step in. I can do what she didn't have the nerve to do. I can do what your mother could not, and I can do what Heather will never be able to do." Jocelyn said.

She paused as she admired how furiously her son-in-law was sucking her asshole. She felt his firm tongue pushing forcefully against her asshole, desperate to get inside, when finally...

"Ah, that's it!" Jocelyn squealed when she felt his tongue invade her tight clenching asshole. "Just think, baby, just think of the life you could be living if you had a mom like me around that could have properly trained you. You wouldn't be on your back sucking your mother-in-law's asshole on your wedding night if you had been properly trained. The world could be yours! You could be seizing the day, taking what is yours like the stud you are. You could just crook your finger and you could have any woman. You could be plowing the finest pussy in the world, but look at you! A shy, hesitant boy, sucking his mother-in-law's ass. Rimming your mother-in-law's asshole just to win her favor. Men have gotten so soft these days. There are more boys than men anymore. Women have gotten soft in training their men. It's reaching the point where this is how business is done. It's reaching the point where strong women like me can just mow through boys like you and get whatever they want. In a time where all men are boys, strong women are queens. Women like me run this world, Derek! Women like me have men clamoring to suck our assholes! Women like me make boys so desperately want to serve us! With all the problems in the world, I think it will be a strong woman that gets this world in shape!" Jocelyn pontificated.

She reached down and ran her nails through her son-in-law's hair as he dug deep into her asshole. She followed this up by trailing her nails over his scalp.

"You're doing good, Derek! You're doing so good! You are a natural at this. It's so good that you accept your place so easily. Most boys put up more of a fight. It really shows how repressed you are that you fell so easily to me. I will say that it may be too late for you, though. I'm afraid you've gone too long without being properly put in your place. You've grown up in a world with no structure for too long! You are a feral, untrained animal. It is too late for you to ever be the cock of the walk. The king of the jungle. It is too late for you to ever be the type of guy to take any pussy you want. I'm afraid to say, honey, that you are built to serve. My son, you are so fucking compliant and so fucking easy going that it is inevitable that you will be taken advantage of by a strong woman who will always take advantage of how eager to please you are. Bitches like me can sniff boys like you out from a mile away. It was inevitable you would end up with someone like me. I guess I'm just lucky I found you first. Like I said, bitches like me run the world. It is so much better to just accept your fate now, to know your place, get in, and reap the benefits. Honey, there is no shame in being

as compliant and built to serve as you are. You just have to accept who you are, accept that you need a strong woman running your life. Accept that you need a mother." Jocelyn paused to relish her son-in-law lovingly rimming her ass.

"Mmmmm..." Jocelyn began as her hands slid down his fit chest towards his belly. "Now, my son, I don't normally suck the filthy dicks you young men are packing. Who knows where they have been. But... in this case, such a special occasion... when I have a new son, a son who is so repressed, a dick that, unlike most, has not been busy in the nasty, young, filthy cunts of all the slutty young women around these days. This cock is unblemished. Uncorrupted. Pure. Worthy of my divine mouth."

Derek was too focused on getting his tongue into Jocelyn's asshole that he didn't really think twice as her slick hands slid down his firm stomach. He didn't react when her fingers circled around the base of his cock, her well manicured fingers wrapping around his young, beefy dick. He didn't react when Jocelyn's breath blew across the tip of his throbbing meat.

But when he felt Jocelyn's tongue graze the tip of his dick, his bubbling pre-cum meeting her tongue, a chain reaction began. The sensation of her writhing tongue against his cock-head sent a jolt of electricity through him. And his tongue flexed in response, breaking the tight barrier of her asshole again. This sent a jolt of electricity through Jocelyn's mature frame, and she responded to this by lowering her mouth onto his meaty dick, her thick, plump lips wrapping around his shaft, stroking his dick in the most gentle of ways. This pleasure caused Derek to reciprocate, extend his tongue deeper into her asshole. This caused Jocelyn to dive deeper onto Derek's cock until her lips were wrapped around the root of his cock, his cock buried in the warm confines of Jocelyn's mouth, choking her. And Derek responded to this pleasure by trying to bury all of his tongue into her ass. Thus the two soon-to-be lovers entered a vicious cycle of pleasure, a cycle which would end in one, screaming explosion.

But Jocelyn was not one to give away pleasure so easily. She was one to draw it out, make the act of sex a sweet agony for her partner. Of course, she would indulge herself in pleasure, taking as many orgasms as she could while not

granting the same privilege to her lovers. Jocelyn was truly a greedy whore.

So as the two writhed in the marital bed, young man and 40-year old woman, with choking sounds emanating from her throat and slight grunts emanating from him, Jocelyn was in complete control. So experienced at the art of sex she was, she could tell by feeling when a guy was close to cumming. She could feel the slight quivers and pulsing running through his throbbing meet. She could hear the slight, strained moans coming from Derek.

Derek was in a strange, mixed bliss. On one hand, he had his tongue buried in the asshole of a 40-year-old woman, a position no self-respecting young man should be in. Yet, he was getting a perverse pleasure from it. Her asshole was surprisingly lickable. Undeniably suckable. Shockingly delectable. The sensation of her tighter than tight asshole pinching his tongue was shockingly enjoyable. And that was not mentioning her magnificent mouth sucking him off. Her thick lips wrapped around his pulsing shaft. Her tight throat clutching his throbbing meat. Her wet tongue running circles around his meaty shaft. Her saliva running down to his balls. Jocelyn was furiously inhaling his cock.

She would go up and down with no hesitation. The only time she would remove her exquisite mouth was to kiss his dick, lick his shaft, suck his balls. She even planted her mouth at the sensitive spot underneath the tip of his cock and sucked at it, scrubbing it with her firm tongue, driving Derek crazy.

It felt so good! Derek had never felt anything like this. He didn't know pleasure like this was possible. He didn't know sex could feel this good. His dick was throbbing. His balls were filling with sperm. Derek was about to cum.

But Jocelyn knew this. She could feel the cum filling his scrotum. She could feel his dick swelling. She could tell he was about to reach that crisis point. And just when Derek was about to reach the point of no return, when he was about to have the best cum of his young life and Derek was about to give himself over to the sensation of her wet, sucking mouth, when all he needed was one more firm suck, Derek felt... nothing. He felt a breeze across his pulsing, desperate cock. It took his overworked mind to realize that Jocelyn was no longer sucking him off.

Derek's felt Jocelyn's ass force his head into the bed roughly. Smothered once more, Derek strained for breath. Jocelyn swiveled her hips and lifted her ass off of him, her asshole escaping his probing tongue as it was slowly removed from her rising ass, granting him breath once again. Jocelyn crawled forward over a confused Derek.

"What... what are you doing?" Derek asked.

"Oh honey, you don't get to cum until I tell you to." she replied. "You're such an obedient boy, Derek. You just can't resist any order you are given. So, you'd better behave, or I might not let you ever cum. Your big balls will be so swollen, but you will never get my permission to cum, and you would never disobey me, so you would never cum. So like I said, you'd better behave." Jocelyn warned, crawling over him. She straddled his dick and spun around so she was facing him. She planted one hand onto his fit chest and dug in roughly as she balanced over him. With her other hand, she grabbed his still pulsing cock and slapped it against the outside of her cunt.

"My son, you are about to find out why so many boys these days are choosing older women. You are about to realize why mature women are an addiction for young men like you. You are about to find out why more and more men are realizing they need a mommy more than they need a wife." Jocelyn said, now slapping the dick against her silver-studded clit. She looked down at Derek harshly, in full control of the situation. She finally leaned upward a bit and poised his dick at the entrance to her mature pussy. After gently rolling her hips, rubbing Derek's cock-head against her puffy pussy lips, she clenched her nails into Derek's chest and began to sit on her son-in-law's fat dick.

Derek groaned in a clenched voice as Jocelyn worked her hips in order to insert the thick tip of his dick into her small, tight cunt, but it was a struggle. Jocelyn was so tightly wound it was no surprise that her cunt was exceedingly tight. Derek felt the lips of her pussy splayed around his cock-head as she tried to insert his dick into her clutching hole. He shut his eyes to in an attempt to shield himself from the pleasure. Finally, the tip of Derek's dick popped into her tight pussy, causing both to grunt out in delight.

Derek's cock-head was surrounded by heat. Wet, clutching, all-encompassing heat. A grunt of almost pained pleasure escaped from his throat. Jocelyn was able to sit on a few inches of his thick shaft, but she was struggling to fill her tight hole with his large meat. Jocelyn tried to bury more of his dick in her, but his dick seemed to be too big for her. Jocelyn looked angrily at Derek as she leaned forward, grabbing his fit chest with her other hand. She squeezed tightly with both hands, digging her nails into his chest roughly. Finally, with one mighty thrust of her powerful ass, Jocelyn slammed herself onto him, burying his giant cock deep inside her soaked cunt.

"Oh my god!" Derek grunted out.

"AAAHHHHHH! SHIT!" Jocelyn groaned outward as her pussy was filled to the brim with her son-in-law's beefy dick. But it was nothing she couldn't handle.

She just sat there for a few minutes, letting his dick marinate in her sex juices. She kept working her hips in small circles, gyrating around his spindle ever so slightly. Her cunt knew how to handle a hunk of big meat, and Derek

could tell as her cunt clutched at his dick firmly. Derek tried to fight the pleasure, but it was so all-consuming. It was impossible to look away, to run from it. Derek's eyes peeked open to take in the sight on top of him, and the sight took his breath away.

Jocelyn Cline, his mother-in-law, the mother of his wife, was bare-ass naked on top of him as she ground herself on his thick shaft. Her magnificent, mature udders were hanging down as she leaned over him, so full, so firm, so round and soft looking, so smooth. Derek's dick pulsed. His eyes locked onto the hard nipples that capped her magnificent, mature breasts. They pointed at him, teasingly. Derek looked at her. Her flat belly, her long legs on either side of him, her pussy splayed over his dick, all dazzlingly sexy. He looked at her face and shimmering hair. She looked down at him, haughtily, fully confident and in control. She licked her lips teasingly before speaking.

"Derek, my son, this could have been so much easier for you. So much better. You could have been free to enjoy yourself. Free to cum whenever you want. But you have been such a brat, such an entitled, spoiled boy, that you have to be punished. You must atone for your bad behavior,

my son. You need to prove you can be a good son and are not just completely hopeless. So your punishment is simple..." Jocelyn began. She reached down to his hands, which were clutching the bed, holding on for the ride. She ripped his hands from the bed and slapped them onto her giant breasts. She put her hands over his and cupped them, causing Derek to cup them, causing her big breasts to pour through her son-in-law's manly fingers. "Your punishment for being such a brat is that you have to squeeze my big, mature breasts. Squeeze them rough, squeeze them hard until they are all you can think about. Let them consume your soul, until you can't feel the breasts of a younger woman anymore without getting disgusted. Until you are addicted to squeezing the breasts of an older woman. Until you realize that those big hands are being wasted when they aren't full of big, mature titties. And, my son, while you're squeezing my magnificent breasts, you need to take back all of those filthy lies you said before. Lies are the tool of the untamed young man. You need to be tamed, collared, and domesticated. So, my son, you need to confess your sins and atone for the lies you have told. Worship your goddess. Pledge yourself to your mother. Make me cum! And you do not get to cum till I tell you. So you'd better be good, you obedient boy, or I may never let you cum. You'll try to get by without me, fucking my pathetic daughter, and you'll

call me, desperate for my permission, permission you will never receive. So decide now, boy, decide your own fate." Jocelyn demanded, acting like the evil villainess she was.

With that, uncaring of her son-in-law's decision, she began to bounce, not caring about him, only caring about using him, using his body, using his thick cock in order to cum like crazy. Derek lied there, unmoving, as he felt her tight cunt smothering him, up and down, again and again.

Derek couldn't lie. He hated this bitch. He hated his mother-in-law. He hated how manipulative she was. He hated how callous and uncaring she was to her daughter, and to him. He despised her, he really did. But he couldn't deny the truth. He couldn't deny the fact that her pussy was the greatest thing he had ever felt. How could it be that his mother-in-law, a woman who had given birth multiple times, a woman who was by all accounts a filthy skank, how could it be that this woman had a cunt which was stupidly tight? How could her pussy be so wet, so talented at squeezing his beefy cock? So able to take his dick down to the balls? How was it that Heather, who was a virgin when Derek met her, had a pussy that was not nearly as tight as her filthy mother's? How could something feel so good!?

Her boobs began to bounce in Derek's palms. Derek squeezed them again. God, her boobs were amazing. So big, so soft, they just poured into his palms. Her hard nipples and the studs going through them dug into his palms. Derek couldn't stop himself from squeezing over and over again. He had been truly missing out on the pleasures in life. He never thought big boobs could be so magnificent, so world-changing, so mind-blowing. He never thought anything could feel as good as her soft, silky, round breasts, so perky as they rebounded against his clutching palms. She rode him roughly with her clutching cunt, from balls to tip.

"Speak up, boy." Jocelyn commanded. "Tell your mother what she wants to hear."

Derek gulped. His mother-in-law's magnificent, fleshy body was too good to resist. He had fought so long and so hard to not end up where he was now, but he had failed. Jocelyn, and her iron will, and her hot body, had worn the young man down. He couldn't fight back. Plus, her tits... something about that rack. Their immense size, they were fucking EE cups! They were so soft to the touch. They were

addicting to suck on. They were incredible to squeeze, so soft to the touch. Quite frankly, when Derek encountered those fleshy delights, they fucking owned his world. His brain locked down, his resistance melted away. Derek couldn't think straight when he saw them. Or touched them. All he could do was what he was told. All he could do is take his punishment, squeeze her tits until he couldn't lie anymore. Till he couldn't run from his deep seeded desires.

"I'm sorry." Derek said, squeezing her breasts. "I'm sorry I lied."

"Lied about what?" Jocelyn asked, biting her lip. Derek lied there in silence. He was about to cross a threshold. He had trouble working himself up to it. "Speak up, son. Don't lie there gasping like an idiot. If your dick wasn't so fucking good, I would stop riding you and walk out that fucking door. So speak up. Now!" Jocelyn squealed.

"I'm sorry." Derek began. "I'm sorry I said I'm not into older women." He never really was, but he had to tell her what she wanted to hear. And besides, when you are a 21-year-old and you end up getting ridden by a voluptuous 40-year-

old on your wedding night, you are probably at some level into older women.

"I know you are, my son. Ugh, fuck yes! But I need to know... Fuck! I need to know you're not lying. So tell me when this desire has flared up. Tell me when you first noticed my hot body! Tell me how badly you want your mother-in-law!" Jocelyn begged

"At the wedding... oh fuck... I wondered who the hot older redhead in the front row was." Derek grunted out.

"You were checking out my cleavage, weren't you? Checking out your mother-in-law's soft, creamy cleavage." Jocelyn asked.

"Yes! Your breasts are just so big!" Derek cried out, squeezing her tits as his punishment.

"What else did you see?" Jocelyn asked.

"I noticed your eyes... ugh yes... staring at me. I couldn't look away." Derek confessed.

"How could I not stare at your hot body? How could I not wonder how big your shaft is?" she replied.

"And... ughhh... at the reception! When you sang! That was so hot!" Derek groaned.

"Oh baby, be mine!" Jocelyn sang as she bounced roughly. "Oh honey, take my... body and say, you'll always be mine. My flesh against yours... is all that I crave. Skin against skin... sweat mixing with sweat. My body and yours... nothing between. Your love isn't here... it's just you and me. Your hands on my flesh... the best you have felt. You abandon your life... I'm all that you want. You lose all control... in pleasure with me."

"Uh... oh fuck!" Derek began, his cock throbbing. Her voice, her breasts swelling as she sang.

"I've seen you staring at my sweet Jackie... you really have something for Cline woman. But as beautiful as she is... as busty as she is... I am even more so. She simply has DDs. Me, your mother-in-law, has EEs. And your wife, her tits are nonexistent." Jocelyn said.

"Ughhh!" Derek groaned.

"You had the resist the urge to ask the pastor to stop the ceremony, kick Heather off the stage, and invite me up and take her place." Jocelyn postulated, her tits jiggling in Derek's clenching hands as he held on for the ride.

"YESSSSS!" Derek moaned, almost on edge after her long, furious bouncing.

"You want to be with me?" Jocelyn asked.

"YES!"

"You want to be my slave?"

"YES!"

"You want to dump your wife and have her mother take her place!"

"YESSSSSSSSSSS!" Derek screamed. "Can I cum? Please can I cum?" Derek begged, furiously squeezing her tits. He was right on the fucking edge of explosion. And at that question, she stopped bouncing.

"AHHHHHHH FUCKKKKKKKK!" Jocelyn squealed as she came again, screaming to the heavens. Her cunt clutched Derek's cock again, but he held off cumming until he had her go-ahead. When she returned to Earth and looked at Derek, she smiled and said.

"No, Derek." she purred. "You can not cum!"

"Why?" Derek asked, near tears in how deliciously painful it was at holding himself off. He was extra sensitive as she sat up and off of his cock. This motion was nearly enough to

pull him over the edge. That was until Jocelyn reached down and grasped his balls firmly in her palm, digging her nails into him lightly.

"No, my son. These balls belong to me, now." Jocelyn said, squeezing slightly.

"Ah!" Derek cried out.

"You hold off on all that sweet cum until give you permission. Until you accept that I am your mother now. It will be so much better that way, dear. Imagine, being so charged up, so overcharged, ready to cum but not allowed to. Giving away the ability to cum to someone else. Only cumming based on the whims of another; a smart, sexy, woman who knows what's best for you. I own you now! I own this dick! You do not get to cum without my permission!" Jocelyn commanded.

She gripped him firmly until his orgasm simmered. She eventually released his balls from her grasp. Derek could feel his balls literally swelling with cum.

"Please!" Derek pleaded, practically near tears. "I need it!"

"No you don't, Derek. You are a boy with an unlicensed weapon. You need to be a man with a tool." Jocelyn paused and brought her lips to his ear.

"Imagine how sweet it'll be to wait, Derek. I will teach you discipline. A discipline I only teach my most fervent of worshippers. I will teach you to wait, to prolong the pleasure. Imagine waiting weeks..." she paused, kissing his ear, "maybe months." she added with another kiss, "just waiting to cum. Being desperate to cum but not being allowed to. Just imagine the sweet agony of being on the edge but not going over. It is addicting, my son. Imagine the bliss you will feel when you finally get sweet release. Derek, under my guidance, I will transform you from an undisciplined boy to a hardened, disciplined man. I travel the world, dear, and you may not always be at my side. You will learn the ultimate act of devotion. You will learn that true bliss lies in servitude, in promising to not waste a single drop of cum unless it is for your goddess. Your mother. You will learn how incredible it feels to hold yourself in edge for

weeks, or months, maybe even years, just for that one, exquisite moment. I have men waiting all over the world for me. Not cumming, balls swollen, waiting for me. Waiting for their goddess to care for them. And they all take joy in waiting, because the wait is indescribable. Derek, my dear, sweet boy, you will eventually come to the conclusion that is so much better to not cum like an undisciplined boy every fucking day. You see how you are begging for it now? When I am through with you, you will be begging me to not let you cum. You will beg your mother to not make you cum, because the incredible bliss of drawing it out is so sweet. Drawing it out for your mother. But it does not compare to that one big, fat fucking cum you will have after all that wait. One creamy explosion of cum. If I am merciful, I will make you cum often enough, and grant you that bliss. But if not, I may draw it out for years and drive you insane, ruin you for anyone else but me. I may never let you cum. You might go through life in exquisite agony, not cumming a drop. The sweetest torture. Being a good, obedient slave, unable to let yourself achieve that delicious bliss. So you need start now, be a good son, get on my good side now. You are mine now, whether you like it or not." Jocelyn finished, kissing his cheeks.

Derek was frozen with fear... and a still massive erection. Her words... so wrong... so fucking filthy... so disgusting... so nasty... so fucking hot! It sounded wrong, it really did, but the thought of her filthy desires sent a ripple of fear through the young man.

"So now, my son, I am going to test you." Jocelyn began. "You will now experience the full force of my mighty ass." she added. Derek gulped. "You will experience its power first hand. And you will NOT cum! Not one drop, my son! You will beg me for it, you will try to cum, but you won't do it. You will not be cumming until you convince me you have what it takes. That you want to be my son. To be the strong man I want to make of you. Got it?"

"Do I have a choice?" Derek asked with a gulp. She knew Derek would keep fighting as he got closer to his complete breaking point. He was now simply a young man who wanted to cum. He had not truly let go. She needed to break him, break his spirit and make him completely loyal and dependent on his mother-in-law and her hot body.

"Of course not, my son, but I will sweeten the deal. You have another choice. You could try to pledge loyalty to your wife. You might convince me to let you stay with her. If you are strong enough to hold off from cumming because of some loyalty to your wife, then try it. If you succeed, I will stop and give her back to you. But, I don't think you will. I don't think you have it in you. You are too weak of a boy. A man would stay loyal to his wife and not cum when some filthy mature slut comes along. But you will beg to cum. I know you too well. You will beg for me, choose a life of servitude. Pledge your life to me. Pledge all of your cum to me and my hot body. Got it!?" Jocelyn asked.

With that, Jocelyn straddled Derek again, but this time, she pointed his dick at her asshole. She planted the tip of his cock against her asshole and began to lower herself.

"So, if you beg to cum, I know you need me and my mothering. If you can hold off and convince me you love my daughter, she's yours." Jocelyn reaffirmed. Derek gulped.

If he thought her cunt was tight, her asshole was something else. It would not budge to his large slab of meat. But, the only force stronger than her tight asshole was her mighty ass, so Jocelyn flexed her ass, forcing his rock-hard monster to pop into her tight ass.

"That's it!" Jocelyn moaned out.

"Ahhhhhh!" Derek screamed out. Her asshole was insanely tight! Like, a ridiculous level of tightness. It wrapped around his thick, pulsing shaft as she lowered herself onto him. It was like the tightest fist in the world was stroking his shaft viciously. Like an experienced anal whore, she was quickly able to swallow his dick up her ass to the balls. She collapsed onto him, her huge breasts ballooning into his firm chest.

"So, do you want to cum, Derek?" she asked.

"No!" Derek said, putting up one last fight for his wife. "I want Heather."

"Really?" she said, sitting up, tightening her ass around his dick as she swiveled her hips. Jocelyn knew she was close. When they approached that breaking point, that point where all of Derek's loyalty to her dumbass daughter, Derek would think of her more and more. He would realize what he was doing, and how the sex that Jocelyn provided eclipsed what his wife could offer. He would put up one last fight, one last desperate plea. He knew his old self, the good kind husband was fading away, bound to be replaced by the new him, the rutting, cheating asshole. Change is tough, and of course a young man would fight it. Until it reached the point where he couldn't fight it any longer. Till he realized he needed a mother. Till he realized he needed his mother-in--law. "No man has been able to resist the power of my ass. So hold on, son. Let's see if that loyalty of yours can hold up against my ass!"

With that, Jocelyn began to bounce, her tight asshole wrapped around his thick meat, quickly moving up and down. Her first few bounces were slow and methodical.

"You think you can handle this, son?" Jocelyn asked arrogantly.

"Yes." he replied stoically. "I don't want this. I want Heather."

"No you don't!" Jocelyn asked, speeding up her bounces.

"Yes I do!" Derek said, resisting the urge to cup her gigantic, bouncing breasts again. He just lied there and watched them bounce hypnotically.

"So you don't want a mother?" she asked, her ass whumphing against his hips. "You don't want a mother around, easing your overworked mind?"

"No." he replied, clenching his eyes shut.

"You don't want a mommy making all the decisions for you?" she asked.

"No," he answered stoically.

"You don't want to have a bitchy mother bossing you around?" Jocelyn asked.

"No!" Derek replied, despite how fucking hot that sounded.

"Really? You don't want a mommy being a giant bitch, bossing you round in public, and in private?" she asked.

"No!" Derek said, his dick shivering. But he held himself off from cumming. He had to.

"You don't want to be bound to a woman almost double your age? You don't want to be marched around in public like a trophy, getting nasty looks as you hold hands with an older slut with a mile of cleavage?" Jocelyn asked.

"No!" Derek replied, opening his eyes and staring at her huge breasts again.

"You don't want to fuck your mother-in-law whenever she wants it? You don't want to fuck your own wife's slutty,

busty, filthy, voluptuous mother-in-law?" Jocelyn asked, grinding on his thick dick.

"No!" Derek winced. Her ass was really fucking good. It was a struggle to resist the pleasure it was bringing. But it was a necessary struggle. It was a struggle for his soul. He had to be strong.

"You don't want to be enslaved to your wife's mom? You don't want to be... forced to pleasure her all day? Forced to suck her tits? Her toes? Her cunt? Her ass?" Jocelyn asked, bouncing hard.

"No!" Derek shivered. "I don't."

"I can read your body, Derek. I know you want it bad." Jocelyn said.

"No!" Derek screamed out.

"You really don't want to dump my daughter, and her itty-bitty titties?" she asked.

"No!" he replied, but Derek was losing control of himself. Every word, every utterance of hers, every bit of filth she was saying was driving him mad with lust. It was disgusting, but it was the truth.

"Or would you rather have these in your life, a big, perfect a pair of mature EEs?" she asked.

"No!" Derek said. She reached down, grabbed his hands, and slapped his palms on her great big titties again. And of course, he instantly began to squeeze.

"Hmm, I don't know. I think you like these." Jocelyn said.

"No!" he repeated, squeezing her huge boobs over and over.

"I think you love these." she said.

"No." Derek winced, twisting her nipples.

"I think you need these." she said.

"No." Derek grunted quietly, the fight draining from him.

"Just imagine how big they'll be when they're full of milk and you're nursing from them." Jocelyn gasped, her hips rolling smoothly.

"Whuh?" Derek asked.

"Derek, I know how badly you want to knock me up." she breathed out.

Derek was silent.

"I know how badly you want to fill an older woman with your sperm." she gasped. He was still silent. "You want to fill up a woman double your age with cum. Oh fuck!" she moaned, biting her lip.

"No." Derek cried quietly.

"Imagine my belly, Derek. My 40-year-old, fit belly, stretched to the brim with your children. Your wife's mother pregnant with your children." Jocelyn moaned out.

"MMmmmm." Derek said, biting his lip to resist the pleasure. It sounded unbelievably hot. A woman, an older woman, pregnant with his baby. It just so wrong, a woman his mother's age, and older woman, someone who should not be thinking about sex with men his age, not only doing it but taking it all the way and knocking her up. A woman, his wife's mother, her belly stretching lewdly with children. Her breasts swelling, getting even bigger, swelling with milk, till her nipples were dripping with milk, begging for a mouth to surround them.

"HNNNNNNNN!" Derek grunted, trying to stifle the pleasure. It felt so good. Jocelyn was so hot! Sure she was a bitch, but she had exposed some dark cravings within him. A craving for submission. The pleasure she brought him was overwhelming. Could he go by in his life without

having someone like Jocelyn, someone older and voluptuous, with huge tits?

"You want an older woman? A 40-year-old, bossy bitch? A bitch with a hot ass, long legs, huge, fleshy tits?" she asked, knowing she was close.

"Yeaughhh." Derek whispered.

"What?" Jocelyn said.

Derek tried to fight the pleasure. He tried to fight for Heather. But everything Jocelyn said felt so fucking right. Could he give in? Could he cross that line? Was she right? It just felt too good. Too... right. This was where he belonged. He didn't need a wife.

He needed a mother.

"YES!" Derek screamed, giving in to the pleasure her powerful ass was bringing him. " YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!" he said in response to each bounce.

"You want a mommy?" Jocelyn asked, bouncing her mighty ass.

"YES!"

"You want a mommy with huge tits?"

"YES!"

"You want your mother-in-law to be your new mommy?"

"YES!"

"You want to be my son?"

"YES!"

"You want to be my slave?"

"YES!"

"But what about your wife? What about Heather?"

"Fuck her! I need you!" Derek screamed out.

"What's my name?" she asked.

"MOMMY!" Derek screamed. "MOMMY I LOVE YOU! MOMMY I NEED YOU! I NEED YOUR BODY! I NEED YOUR TITS! I NEED YOU TO BOSS ME AROUND! I NEED YOU TO BE THE BITCH I ALWAYS NEEDED!"

Jocelyn began to bounce harder. Bounce furiously. She could feel Derek's cock throbbing. He couldn't hold off. His balls were boiling. He needed to cum.

"Isn't my body so much better than hers?" Jocelyn called out.

"YES! You're tits... are so much bigger! She is flat! She has no tits! Her ass is pathetic! You are so much sexier than your daughter! My wife!" Derek cried out.

"What about Jackie?" Jocelyn asked.

"You're hotter than her too! Your tits are even more massive. Your ass is even sexier than hers. You are hotter than both of your daughters!" Derek moaned out.

"YESSSS! THAT'S RIGHT! THAT'S SO FUCKING RIGHT!" Jocelyn cried out.

"Mommy, I need to cum!" Derek begged.

"No!" Jocelyn said confidently with a smug smile.

"Mommy, please I need to cum!" he begged again.

"No!" Jocelyn replied, bouncing harder. Derek was on edge. He was stopping himself, but just barely. The pressure in his balls was boiling over.

"Mommy, please! I want to cum! I want to cum in your ass! I want to cum in your cunt! I want to give you a baby!" Derek screamed out.

"NO!" Jocelyn repeated firmly, bouncing harder.

"Mommy, if you don't want me to cum, why are you bouncing so hard?" Derek asked.

"Because you need to get used to this! Because I'll never fucking let you cum!" Jocelyn screamed out, riding his cock furiously from knob to root up her asshole.

"Please!" Derek begged.

"No, son! You don't get to cum!" Jocelyn said.

"Please, Mommy! Show your son some mercy!" he pleaded.

"Never!" Jocelyn said arrogantly. "You don't get to cum! Not ever! Not once!" she added, tightening her asshole around his pulsing shaft, coaxing the cum out.

"PLEASE MOMMY! I NEED TO CUM!" Derek screamed out.

"NO!" Jocelyn roared, her voice echoing over the meaty slaps of her ass against her son-in-law's torso.

"PLEASE LET ME CUM!"

"NO, SON!"

"PLEASE, MOMMY! I'M SO CLOSE!"

"NO, YOU DON'T GET TO CUM!"

"MOMMY!"

"NO!

"UGH, MOMMY!"

"NO!"

"MA..." Derek began, his voice tightening, trying desperately to stop the inevitable, the pangs of an orgasm beginning as his cock glided easily in and out of his mother-in-law's asshole.

"DON'T YOU DO IT! DON'T YOU CUM, SON!" Jocelyn ordered, furiously riding his throbbing cock.

"MA... MA..." Derek croaked, ready to explode. It was too much to take. Too much for any man to take, let alone an untrained boy like Derek.

"DON'T FUCKING CUM!" Jocelyn screamed. But it was too late.

"MOMMMMMMMYYYYYYYYY!" Derek screamed. "UGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Derek roared. What sounded like the roar of a lion echoed through the hotel.

"AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Jocelyn screamed at the top of her lungs.

Cum fired from Derek's overworked balls like a rocket, firing into his mother-in-law's ass. Jocelyn timed it perfectly, an orgasm rippling through her, her ass clenching around his cock as the dam opened in his balls. Shot after shot of thick, creamy cum fired from his thick cock. His balls were so full that this orgasm was agony.

Both parties were still bouncing, drawing out their mutual orgasms, just like Jocelyn planned it. Jocelyn recovered first, coming down from her orgasm and collapsing onto Derek's sweaty chest, her slick breasts rubbing onto him.

Below her, Derek was gone. He was a spasming, writhing animal, acting on instinct, cumming like crazy, filling her ass with his thick cum.

Jocelyn leaned down to her spasming new son and whispered in his ear.

"It's okay baby, cum. Cum like crazy. It's okay. I wanted you to cum. You're making your mother so happy." she whispered. "It's so much better this way. It's so much better to draw it out. Till you boil over. You don't want to cum, but you just can't stop yourself. I knew you would cum. There is no better way to get a young man to do something than to tell you not to do it. A mother knows these things. If she orders her son not to cum, she knows he will be cumming like a fire hose minutes later. I can feel it, my son. I can feel your cum filling up my ass. It's okay, my son. Your mother loves you. She will never let you go. Get used to it, son. All your cums with me will be this good. I'm going to keep you. Kick my daughter to the curb and take you as my new son. More important to me than my daughter, your wife. So keep cumming son. Fill my ass. Empty those balls. Make your mother happy."

Derek was acting on instinct. He was barely aware. But his mind had never been clearer. And in this moment, in this fleeting moment, as he experienced pleasure he had never felt before, he had never felt so content. So free! As soon as his orgasm hit it's peak, his mind flashed in pure light.

A series of images flashed through his head.

FLASH!

Jocelyn, giving her son milk and freshly baked cookies like a good mother would.

FLASH!

Jocelyn riding Derek's cock in their bedroom.

FLASH!

His new mother and him in public, holding hands, all the young sluts looking on in disgust.

FLASH!

Derek on his knees, naked, with a leather collar around his neck. It was connected to a leash, a leash held by Jocelyn. Jocelyn, who lucked stunning in leather. Leather bustier. Leather stockings. Leather gloves. Leather thong. She looked ridiculously sexy.

FLASH!

Jocelyn furiously riding Derek's cock in her fleshy ass, still in her leathers, riding him like a good mother would.

FLASH!

Derek and Heather welcoming Jocelyn into their home. Jocelyn quickly arranging things like she wanted. Heather compliant but annoyed at this. Derek saw a vision of

Jocelyn, entering the master bedroom and locking it behind her.

He saw Heather, trying to sleep on the couch while her mother's moans of pleasure echoed throughout the house.

FLASH!

Derek and Jocelyn were on a beach. Jocelyn was wearing her filthiest thong bikini as she lied next to him. Derek saw himself talking to Heather on the phone, telling her he wished she could have come. Meanwhile, he was palming his mother-in-law's thong clad ass as he felt her huge, fleshy tits pressed against him.

FLASH!

Derek feeling Jocelyn's pregnant belly. Her heavily pregnant, bare belly. She was about to have twins.

FLASH!

Heather tied to a chair as Derek fucked her mother doggy style, fucking his new mother hard in front of his wife. Squeezing her huge tits roughly in his hands.

"What's my name son?" Jocelyn asked, staring right at Heather.

"Mommy!" Derek said, fucking her harder

"What was that?" Jocelyn asked smugly, staring at her daughter.

"MOMMMMYYYY!" Derek screamed, filling her with cum.

Then Derek blacked out, his balls now emptied into his mother-in-law, both in this flash and in reality.

These were the images flashing through his head. And they would leave a mark. These images would leave an imprint, so no matter what time and space Derek was in, when he

would see Jocelyn, he would react. He would get hard. He would remember images, images of them together, images that, in other timelines, hadn't happened, but in this one, they had. But these memories were buried deep. They were flashes of a memory. They weren't the type to consume his mind, to make it the focal point of his thoughts. That would require an even deeper connection.

Jocelyn lied next to the young man and clutched him to her, possessively, as if making sure the world knew she owned him. As if he knew, in his slumber, that his mother-in-law would be his true mother, forever and ever.

"You just rest, my son. You did so good for your first time with a real woman. You made your mother so proud to have you as a son. But, it will never be this easy for you. You got your one free pass from me. You need to get stronger and stronger for your mother, cause she needs a lot of pleasure. But don't worry, I'll have you trained in no time. Here suck my nipple, dear. It'll make you sleep better."

Jocelyn pulled the young man's mouth to her still hard nipple, and his mouth opened on instinct, sucking at the nipple slowly in his slumber.

Like a good son would.

Jocelyn had left her mark, no doubt about it. She had battled time, and she had done some damage, but she did not transcend. Despite her many talents, in the end, she is more worried about satisfying her own out-of control ego. She would rather pontificate about her own greatness, her over-the-top sexiness, her status as a 'goddess', than to actually do the work required to truly conquer time.

Jocelyn seizing Derek for her own uses had turned out well for her. She had tricked him into letting her help out him and his wife. She had seized the opportunity and had gotten fucked senseless in the process. Jocelyn had led him down a path where Derek would battle the barriers of time, but in the end, would come up just short of conquering it. Derek had gotten a new mommy, which was great, but not the true fulfillment he needed. For Derek and his goal to conquer

time, he made the mistake of following Jocelyn. She had led him to a dead end, as had the other women.

If only he had followed Heather's grandmother.

Chapter 5

Timeline F: Helena Cline Conquers Time

"Well, how about I help you two get up to your room, and I'll sing you another song... in private." Jocelyn offered.

"Oh, uh, it's okay." Derek replied.

"Well, I am her mother, and I insist on helping out." Jocelyn said firmly, aggressively moving toward them to take Heather's arm over her shoulder.

"No, uh, Jocelyn, I've got it really." Derek said, smiling nicely.

"Derek, I know you're a nice young man, but it is my responsibility as her mother to take over for her since she showed such little restraint and got herself trashed. So budge over, let me help, let me take over." Jocelyn said.

Derek felt strange defying Jocelyn. He didn't want their relationship to begin with her being pissed at him, and she looked like the type not to be defied. But Derek was Heather's husband. She was his responsibility, now. She wasn't Jocelyn's to mother anymore. Except... Derek didn't want to anger Jocelyn.

What would he do?

"No, it's okay Jocelyn. I've got it." Derek insisted. For a second, Derek saw a look of pure fury on her face. This look startled him for a second. But then her look softened and she smiled.

"Of course." Jocelyn said, allowing Derek to get by. She stared daggers into the young man. He would pay for that.

Derek moved onward, nearing the exit, only to run into one more Cline woman. Helena.

"I'm sorry for my girls. All of them. I'm sorry Heather got drunk. And I'm sorry about Jocelyn and Jackie. I can't believe Jocelyn found an excuse to sing again. She always does that. Both of them can be a bit... forceful." Helena said, rolling her eyes in annoyance at the other Cline women.

"Oh. It's okay." Derek said, laughing a bit, relieved to have someone that understood what he was going through.

"Now, I know you're being nice and a good husband, but if you do need some help with her, I would be happy to do so." Helena said.

Helena had been extremely helpful, so Derek would feel really bad if he turned her down. But he had to show her he could be a better husband and shoulder the responsibility for Heather. Then again, could he turn down someone who had been so helpful?

"Uh, okay. Sure." Derek stammered with a smile.

"Very good." Jocelyn replied with a smile. She approached the happy couple and took her granddaughter's other arm and put it around her shoulder. Together, they walked out of the reception hall.

"Thanksssshh, Grandma." Heather slurred out.

"Oh, you're welcome dear." Helena said, her slightly accented, posh voice shining through. "Heather and I were always particularly close." Helena began, explaining to Derek.

"Oh, yeah?" Derek replied.

"Yes, very much so." Helena began, "I don't know if you noticed but, her mother and her sister can be a bit... much. They can be a bit... bitchy."

"Oh, uh, they seemed okay to me." Derek replied civilly.

"Well, you don't know them." Helena said. "Jocelyn and Jackie are exceedingly similar. Both of them love the life of luxury that I provided for them. I have seen it happen a lot. Many are women born into luxury end up being very closed off. Very obsessed with the life of extravagance, with their money, and especially those two, with themselves. Those two don't do anything for anyone else unless it helps them. They only care about something if it benefits them. Those two are peas in a pod. Both love money, clothing, fashion... men. "

"Uh, okay." Derek said, confused as to where this was going.

"That is why Heather and I grew close. Her mother and her sister never understood her. She is different. She is above the trivialities of luxury that Jocelyn and Jackie revel in. She is a special girl. So... me and her bonded. We grew very close. She would spend her summers with me, away from those two and their very... forceful... personalities. I did my best to let her grow into the woman she wanted to be, not the girl her mother and her sister wanted her to be. And despite their best efforts, I think she turned into a lovely young woman. You're a lucky man, Derek." Jocelyn said, smiling at her granddaughter's husband.

Derek smiled back. Helena seemed a lot different than both his new mother-in-law and his new sister-in-law. She seemed a lot softer, a lot more warm and friendly. Derek felt a lot less guarded around Helena than he did around the other two.

That was his first mistake.

Derek had no idea what he was getting into with Helena. He had no idea what this old lady was capable of.

Helena did not look like a grandmother. Sure, she looked older, but she didn't look old. She looked barely old enough to be Heather's mother, let alone her grandmother. And her body... it didn't scream that she was a grandmother. It screamed for something else entirely.

Much like the other women in her family, she was shockingly beautiful. Derek never thought much about older ladies being attractive, but she definitely changed his

mind on that. This woman could compete with women half her age.

Helena Cline was Heather's grandmother. But she was a grandmother in name only, cause looking at her did not make you think about her being a grandmother. You think of grandmothers as rickety old women who stayed at home, watched soap operas, baked cookies, and knit. With Helena, nothing could be farther from the truth.

Helena rarely stayed at home, simply because she had many homes. She traveled the world, from place to place, having homes built in her favorite places. She owned a mansion in Great Britain on property once lived on by royalty. She owned a vineyard in central France, not only providing a place to live but also acted as one of her many money making ventures. She owned a place in Sydney right in the heart of the city. She had a large home built in her hometown in the U.S. along the Atlantic Ocean, allowing her to return home but not be forced to live in squalor. And then there was her favorite, where she spent most of her time, at her villa nestled in southern Italy.

Helena didn't sit still, let alone watching soap operas or any of that bullshit. She was too busy. She was very different from Jocelyn and Jackie in that her only motivation wasn't just to get laid (Not to say that that she wasn't getting her fair share). No, Helena was a true renaissance woman.

She had started from humble beginnings, being raised by poor immigrant parents. She lived a modest life, never having much, never asking for more, until she grew breasts. Once Helena went from a child to a young woman, her opinions began to change. Once she saw the effect her body had on men, men of great wealth, her opinion began to change. Her resentment of her life of poverty grew, until she couldn't resist the temptations she was being offered. She left home at 15, shacked up with some young rich guy, and never looked back.

Helena was not a woman with a great work ethic, but she was a woman of great cunning. Her goal early on was not of being a married, stay at home wife. No, she was acting on instinct. On self-preservation. She functioned with a great distrust of the rich and powerful, so she felt no guilt when she drained their bank accounts into hers, leaving them bankrupt. Sure, this was as cold-blooded move, but these

were cold-blooded businessmen, so in her view, this was simply a business transaction, with the superior business woman winning. That being... her.

Helena worked her way through the wealthy men of her time, draining them dry. The word was soon out on her, but she kept succeeding. Why, you might ask? Because she was a hot, sexy, filthy whore. In the period of time this happened, being a whore had a stigma to it, more so than now, and still she was successful. How could these men resist that hot young blonde with the killer body?

Within years, Helena had more money than she ever would need, leaving various bankrupt men in her wake, and Helena was left unpunished for her actions, the men she had bankrupt being so defeated that they didn't have the resources to find her.

And for many years, sex was business. Sex was her job. Sex was her weapon. Sex was her way to get into very rich men's bank accounts and run wild. Sex was a tool she used to destroy men's livelihood. But most of her damage was done in her earlier years. When she looked back, she felt a lot of

guilt. What she did to those men had been evil. She blamed it on the impetuousness of her youth. And she had been raised poor, so she justified what she did as a survival mechanism, a way to insure her safety and to live a life where she would never have to worry about money again. And she had succeeded.

But she had changed. She knew she had been playing a dangerous game. She knew she was lucky she didn't cross paths with the wrong kinds of people. So unlike most, once she got comfortable, she chose to evolve. To change and grow from her selfish youth into something... more. And she did. She had succeeded, as she always did. She was as worldly as anyone could be. She had become a woman of many talents, as opposed to a woman with just one. Wealthy beyond words, without working a day in her life, still Helena sought more. Now that she had monetary success, she sought success of the mind, body, and spirit.

Helena climbed the tallest mountains, and set foot on all seven continents. She dined with the most rich and powerful people in the world, including four presidents. She met with spiritual leaders all over the world, from the jungles of Africa to the densest forests in Asia. She practiced

martial arts in a temple untouched by modern society. She painted pictures of the most gorgeous landscapes any person could see. She traversed deserts and oceans, icy tundras and rolling plains. She interacted with more cultures than most people knew existed. If it was possible to own life, to dominate your own existence, Helena did it. In her mind she was not driven purely by sex and luxury, like Jackie and Jocelyn. She sought something more. She sought to consume and ingest every aspect of life, to experience it all. And experience it all she did.

As she reached her forties, she had felt nearly totally fulfilled. She had seen so many things in life that very little surprised or wowed her. She couldn't think of much else to do with her time. But she still felt that little bit of something, something she had ignored for far too long. She had been ignoring the desires of her needy, desperate-to-be-filled cunt for a long time. She had tried to be disciplined and to move on from that way of life. She didn't want to be the filthy, evil slut she used to be. But she still needed to get fucked stupid. She was dying for it.

She tried to fight it. She tried to fight her needs. She tried to maintain her discipline. But she could not stop thinking

about it. She couldn't stop thinking about thick cocks filling all of her holes to the brim. She tried to fight it off for the longest time until eventually, she asked herself why. Why was she fighting this? Why was she fighting what her body was starving for? She wasn't an impetuous brat anymore. She could control herself. She wouldn't lose herself.

In her younger years, she had sex for two reasons. To slake her raging hormones and to gain power over men. Helena had always loved sex, but it never drove her like it did with others. She would never call herself a slut, even though she probably was one. Hey, when you're a mother at 17, there was definitely a bit of slut in you. But to her, sex was a power play, and she was always the victor. It wasn't until her forties that she gained an appreciation for sex in and of itself. It wasn't till her forties that Helena became a complete filthy whore. Helena had more sex in her forties and beyond than she did in the years before. She had indulged in life for so long that she finally realized it was time to indulge herself. And boy, Helena did. Helena indulged herself in the sickest, nastiest, most fucked up kinds of sex she could. Sex for her pleasure alone, so she could cum, and the pleasure of the man was unimportant. Helena had experimented in all sorts of practices that enriched her mind. Now, she

experimented in all sorts of practices that pleasured her body. All sorts of filthy, nasty sex acts that a woman of her age should not be doing. She was doing things most thought only young whores could do. And those men soon learned that only a filthy old whore like her could do those sex acts justice. Only a mature slut like her could do them right. It took an old skank like her to give men real sex.

And besides, there were precedents with women like her. She knew lots of very rich powerful women who had worked very hard to reach the top levels of society. And she had watched as each and every one of them reached a certain age and began to pull away. Pull away from trying to better their social status, away from trying to pad their hefty bank accounts. Most of the women she knew that were like her had all done the same thing. They pulled away from their many pursuits and began to indulge themselves a bit. As those powerful women turned 40 or so, they reached the same crisis Helena, and most had come to the same solution:

They spent most of their 40's getting fucked.

They spent most of their 40's on their backs, receiving the pleasures they so richly deserved. Finally indulging the pleasures they had withheld for too long. Didn't Helena deserve the same? Didn't she earn the right to get fucked too? Sure, she had done some bad things, really bad things. But she had changed... evolved... becoming someone far more beneficial than the slut she used to be. She had punished herself for that past behavior by withholding herself that kind of pleasure? Hadn't she punished herself enough? Hadn't she earned this?

Yes, she realized. Yes she did.

But she couldn't go back to her old ways. Her tastes had to evolve as well. No more fucking old men and stealing their money. She needed something different. Something more fulfilling, something to satisfy her need for spiritual growth and her intellectual curiosity. Higher level type sex. She needed something more advanced, a better form of sex, one more fitting of an evolved renaissance woman like her.

So she started fucking young guys with big, fat cocks.

And boy, she had indulged herself. For many years this was her life. Filthy, nasty fucking. That was how she spent her 40's, indulging her never-ending itch. And she was disappointed to find the stimulation she found with those nameless meatheads was far more fulfilling than any she had encountered in the years prior. She was dismayed that after all she had done to become more knowledgeable and progressive, in the end, it was those young guys with their pulsing cocks that brought her far more fulfillment.

Helena craved fulfillment. She craved comfort, a comfort she was afraid she would never find. She was afraid she could never just settle. Never be satisfied. Never want anything more. The sex she had was good. Very, very good. But, it was just missing something. It wasn't enough. It was never enough. You don't have lots of sex when you are totally satisfied. You have lots of sex when you're chasing a pleasure you can't quite reach. It needed something... that extra edge. And she was ashamed to admit in her younger years, those unrestrained years of being a filthy evil slut, in those days, she was never left wanting more. The extra edge of those sexual couplings, that evil, nasty edge that she was ashamed of was in fact what she truly needed. She needed

sex at a different level. A higher level. A darker, twisted level.

So despite her great experience in life, Helena came to this wedding no better than Jocelyn or Jackie. After everything she had been through, she was just like those two: a nasty fucking whore. A slut who was driven, who was consumed by her thirst for sex. For so many years, she had thought of herself as better than that, but now, she had become the slut she was meant to be. Because when you take one look at her, you can tell that's what she's built for.

Even though Helena was a few years beyond fifty, how many she would never say, she was as hot as anyone. As hot as Jackie. As hot as Jocelyn. Possibly... probably... hotter. Her face was still strikingly gorgeous, the look of a classy, mature older woman. Helena's face had just a hint of the slut underneath, evidenced by her eyes, her striking blue eyes, windows to the soul, displaying just a clue that Helena was a bit wicked. Sure, she had a few wrinkles, but she looked younger and sexier than women ten years younger than her. She had full, soft plump lips, a trait that ran in the family. Even though she was a bit older, her skin did still look smooth and soft to the touch. Jocelyn had inherited

her creamy pale skin, but it didn't hold a candle to Helena's silky casing. Her blonde hair still looked full, shiny and sexy, cut stylishly to still look fashionable.

Helena couldn't help but compare her body to those of Jackie and Jocelyn. And in her opinion, Helena's body won out in every single way. Helena was fitter than them, maintaining a flat belly, fit body, and great stamina. Her legs were a little longer, a little firmer and a lot sexier. Her hips were wide and divine, a hint that her body was built to carry children. Sure, Jackie and Jocelyn had great butts. Spectacular asses. Firm... perky... round... ripe. But Helena's ass was a bit firmer. A bit more perky. A bit more round. A bit more ripe. Her ass sat along the rear of her body like a shelf, a perfect handhold for horny men. And then... there were her tits.

Jackie's were DDs. Ripe, young, DDs. Jocelyn's were EEs. Mature, firm EEs. But Helena was packing something bigger. Something better. Helena was marching around with a pair of ripe... juicy... firm... perky... soft... silky... mouth watering...

FFs!!

Helena Cline had a pair of FF breasts! Fucking incredible, all natural FF breasts. Still perky. Still round. Still sexy. A mature older woman packing a pair of giant FF breasts was a rare thing indeed. And Helena knew how to use them to great effect. Great big breasts, somehow still perky and riding high. They appeared even bigger thanks to her tightly cut black dress, which molded to her fit, mature frame. While both Jackie and Jocelyn believed in the policy of showing as much skin as they could get away with, Helena knew that the fun was in the tease. So even though her sexy dress went down to her ankles, the way it fit her body and only showed a hint of her juicy, mature cleavage helped her maintain a classy appearance while letting everyone know about the rocking body she possessed.

Even though she was well past forty when she realized her true slut potential, she had more than made up for lost time. In the years since she became consumed by sex, she had had more action than Jackie and Jocelyn. Combined. And Jocelyn and Jackie were complete sluts, so Helena was having a lot of fucking sex. And with a body like hers, she had her choice of lovers. And as her sexual renaissance

blossomed, her tastes evolved. In her younger years, her tastes veered towards the rich, distinguished older men that could give her money. Now, her tastes veered towards the buff, energetic young men who could make her cum.

There was no pleasure finer than to feel a young man driving his thick, beefy cock into her, desperate to cum deep inside this 'old lady'. Helena had fucked the best of the best. Rich and arrogant young men that thought they could keep up with any woman, let alone this grandmother. Helena had fucked men of power, politicians... royalty... celebrities. And it was all for her benefit. To prove a point. That no man, no matter how built, how confident, could overcome the will of this gorgeous, slutty grandmother. All they were here for was to make sexy old ladies like her cum. These young men, with such bright futures, were corrupted by the hot body of a fifty-something grandmother. These young men, so spoiled by the one night they spent with her, spent night after night fucking some other slutty old MILF, trying desperately to recreate that pleasure Helena brought them, but always coming up disappointed. These men should have been fucking girls their own age, not slutty old ladies. All that creamy, potent sperm, designed for the wombs of young women, designed to make the best

possible babies, was now being spilled into the tight cunts of old women, filling their sweet cunts, giving them babies instead. And those men would do whatever Helena said to possibly get another taste of her juicy body. Helena probably had more influence on world affairs than she had any right to. She was that well connected that she could do whatever she wanted to.

Helena loved changing men, loved making men addicted to her and women like her. So often she would bring a young man home. Those guys would act like they weren't there to fuck this old lady. They just wanted to get to know her. They would turn on the TV, only to find a shocking sight on screen, hours of the finest MILF porn imaginable.

Helena had developed a bit of a fascination with hardcore pornography. What began as a sick curiosity grew into an obsession. She soon realized that her absolute favorite type of porn, the absolute best shit she could find, was the hardcore mature-woman/young guy fucking, the hardest of the hardcore MILF porn. She just fucking loved that shit. And Helena was not the type of woman to dive in halfway. No, she is the type to dive in head first. When any one of her boy toys entered her home, they would check her

shelves to find a vast collection of MILF pornography, well known as the nastiest porn there was. Hours of intense fucking, days worth of young men getting fucked into submission by old ladies who knew how to fuck.

Helena would travel down the rabbit hole that is MILF porn as her obsession became an addiction. Her hunger for more could not be slaked. And her tastes evolved, eventually leaving behind the studio material in favor of the amateur stuff, the real thing, real hot older women fucking real, studly young guys. And the videos she watched became filthier and filthier. After awhile, it seemed like she had seen it all. But she hadn't scratched the surface.

Helena was enjoying another video, one with sex rougher than normal. It was some really good shit. But as the video went on, Helena was stunned to realize the, voluptuous, sexy bombshell of a woman she was watching was a grandmother, like her, this nasty sexy bitch named Janice. And Helena was stunned as it became clear, through the filthy words Janice and her young lover shared, that this guy wasn't just some random dude. No, this young guy was the woman's grandson. Helena was watching a woman fuck her studly grandson.

The material was sizzling as her eyes took it in. What she was watching was an act of incest. Helena knew she should be disgusted by what she was seeing, but she couldn't look away. After her initial viewing, she tried to convince herself to destroy this footage, to forget about it and resume watching more standard fare. That material was just too filthy for her tastes, right? She wasn't that nasty. She tried to forget it, she tried to move on, but she just could not get it out of her head. She found herself watching it, over and over, night after night. It was so nasty, but it was so fucking hot! Helena was not aware her depths of depravity were quite that deep, but as she watched more and more of this woman at work, Helena realized she truly was that nasty. As nasty as the hot bitch on the screen. And Helena began to wish she had a young stud in her family like Janice did, so she could fuck him into oblivion and match the depths of nastiness that Janice reveled in.

Helena fervently searched through her connections to seek out more of this woman at work. And it became clear she was quite prolific. There were multiple videos where Janice's grandson was getting tag teamed by multiple women. Sometimes three or four at a time. And Janie was

always there. She organized these MILF sex parties where he was the main course. He got destroyed by multiple MILFs all thanks to his sexy grandmother, who organized the whole thing. And of course, she fucked him the best. The sex between those two was among the finest sex Helena had ever seen.

It did the trick on the guys who entered Helena's home. One glimpse at these nasty videos and they were putty in her experienced hands. The sex she could give, coupled with the MILF porn playing in the background, permanently etching itself into these young men's minds, changed these young guys for good. They would never pursue young girls again. They only wanted old cunt from that point on.

So despite Helena's insistence otherwise, she was as filthy as they come. She was a far more ruthless, depraved slut than the other Cline women. And, even though she still got her fair share of young men in her bed, she craved something...more. Something far more nasty than she had ever had before. She was desperate for it. But Helena had control. She had patience. Like a seasoned seductress, she could wait.

As was said before, when you think of grandmothers, you think rickety old women who stayed at home, watched soap operas, baked cookies, and knit. But as you now know, Helena was far from that. Helena traveled the world. And you would never catch her watching a shitty soap opera. You were more likely to catch her watching MILF porn. She didn't bake cookies, she only gave pussy. And she didn't knit, but she did suck dick. Helena was a voluptuous older woman. A sexy MILF. A stunningly gorgeous, mature lady.

Helena was a Cline woman.

And that is what brought her here, to Heather's wedding.

Helena was a hypocrite of the highest order. All of the criticisms she made about both Jocelyn and Jackie could be made about her. While Jocelyn and Heather lived lives of luxury, Helena lived a life of opulence. She lived a life beyond mere luxury. She had more money than some small countries. She had massive mansions in many countries. And she was in no position to criticize Jocelyn and Jackie's slutty nature. Neither of those two had gone

through close to as many men as Helena had. Sure, Helena had many years on the other two, but even when she was Heather's age, Helena had run laps around the number of men both Jocelyn and Jackie had done up to now. Helena still got laid on a more regular basis than either Jocelyn or Jackie did, even though she was a grandmother. Her body was that fucking filthy.

Helena was a far better actress than the other two. Those two were upfront with their slutty, spoiled natures. Helena was not. She hid that fact. Sure, she looked like she had money but she was never about showing it off in front of others, showing she was better than other women. Helena was far more insidious. She was a snake. She would play with you, act tamed and playful, but when she got the opportunity, she would bite. She could play the part of the warm, caring grandmother. The woman who was seemingly unaffected by her wealth. The woman who provided an open home for Heather to escape from her overbearing mother and sister.

Helena was running a long game. She was playing a role, the caring grandmother to her fiercely independent granddaughter. Heather did not realize that Helena was far

more similar to her mom and sister than she would like to admit. Helena lived a life indulging her own desires. Indulging her own vices. She lived a self-indulgent life, a life where her actions all were quite simply to satisfy herself.

Helena didn't like to admit this to herself. She tried to act like she was better than that, but actions speak stronger than words. Now she was a great, supposedly loving grandmother. But she also owned an extensive collection of filthy pornography. She made it point to ensnare good young men in her clutches. She made it a point to fuck and addict young men to her hot body. She had destroyed men's lives, stolen their money, and left them destitute while she lived a life of opulence. She was an evil slut, she had always been an evil slut and would always be an evil slut.

Heather's grandmother could act like a sweet, kind-hearted grandmother. But that was her mask. That was the façade she put on. The façade of a judgmental grandma who decried her daughter and granddaughter's slutty natures. The truth was, she was no better than them. She was a bigger slut than those two put together. She tried to deny

this to herself, but it was her nature. It was who she was. A tiger doesn't change its stripes. She tried desperately to act like someone she was not.

Helena Cline, the loving grandmother, was a slut of the worst kind. Heather was too dim to see the truth. And Helena was not strong enough to resist her true calling. She tried to resist the dark urges of her body, but she had always been hyper-charged sexually. In the view of her family, she tried to act like the dignified, classy matriarch. But in private, when out of view of those who knew who she was, who had expectations of who she should be, she was the true Helena. She indulged her desires. She fucked young guy after young guy, day after day. She watched pornography of the filthiest kind, indulged her desires, wished she was on the receiving end of all those beautiful young cocks, and wished her sex life could only get filthier. She had grown addicted to the porn she watched, especially the incest porn, cause that was as filthy as it got. And she had grown addicted to the point where she needed to make it a reality to slake her own desires. Unfortunately for her the Cline family was very female heavy, and of the few Cline men, none were viable candidates. There were no men in the Cline family tree that could satisfy her desires...

until now. A new branch had been added to the tree. A new candidate emerged. A very intriguing candidate had arrived on the scene.

Helena wanted to fuck Derek.

She wanted to deny it. Outwardly, she maintained her façade. But inwardly, her body was screaming for her to take him and hold him down and fuck him until he couldn't walk for weeks. To drown him in her voluptuous, mature flesh. And it would be so easy. Derek was poised to be taken. Ripe to be plucked.

And Helena, well... she was ripe to be fucked.

She was able to maintain the pretenses despite her driving need to get fucked. But when that charade dropped and she was able to fully be the hyper-sexual hell-cat she truly was, when that happened, men got destroyed. When Helena was unleashed, she practically tipped the planet's axis.

The three approached the lobby of the hotel. Kaitlyn, the hotel hostess, saw the approaching Derek and quickly made her way from behind the desk and towards him. She saw him carrying a drunken Heather, and she saw someone carrying her on her other side. She expected it to be Jocelyn Cline, Heather's mom.

Kaitlyn had dealt with Jocelyn in setting up arrangements in the hotel. She liked and respected Jocelyn. Kaitlyn was a slut, but she understood that Jocelyn was a superior slut. A greater slut. So when she saw the person on Heather's side, and assumed it was Jocelyn, she was a bit let down. She had gotten the impression that Jocelyn wanted Derek. Kaitlyn had eyes for Derek, too. But she was willing to step aside and cede him to Jocelyn. Kaitlyn respected Jocelyn too much to get in her way. However, Kaitlyn knew that if she got the chance she would happily jump forward and take Heather's place at the receiving end of Derek's no-doubt huge cock. She was disappointed to see this new woman next to Heather, and she quickly realized her tight cunt would not be getting fucked that night. She waited patiently for them to approach, expecting to hand off the keys to Jocelyn. Kaitlyn's jaw dropped when she saw it was Helena, not Jocelyn.

What? Helena Cline. That old lady? How the hell had she gotten to Derek? Kaitlyn looked at her with a bit of disgust as they got closer. Yes, Jocelyn was older, but this woman was a grandmother! That's gross, right? How did she get to Derek? How did she do what Jocelyn couldn't? How did this old lady win?

Then, Kaitlyn studied her. She had written her off immediately upon meeting her. Kaitlyn's young mind couldn't comprehend the fact that this 'old lady' was a viable sexual conqueror. But now, Kaitlyn was forced to really take her in.

Helena wore a tight, black, slinky dress. It was an elegant dress, not too showy as it went down to her ankles, but just showy enough to highlight her body. And Kaitlyn quickly realized what a body it was. The silky black material clung to her long, smooth legs. The material also clung to her prominent child-bearing hips, and what appeared to be a very prominent, fleshy butt. Kaitlyn's eyes traveled across Helena's stomach, which appeared to be impressively fit, not only for a woman her age, but just in general. Kaitlyn

had worked like crazy to stay as fit and gorgeous as she did, but on Helena, it looked effortless. Kaitlyn's eyes moved upward, until she saw something that made her eyes bug out.

Helena's boobs were huge! It wasn't often that Kaitlyn felt inadequate in the chest area. Her DDs were usually the biggest in the room by far, and she always loved parading them around and really making sure all the other women in the room knew who was sporting the biggest cup size. But they felt tiny in comparison to Helena's. They were fucking enormous! Kaitlyn thought they might each literally be the size of her head! The dress clung to the large, round, jiggling masses of flesh. And even though the dress was as modest as it could be, it still could not fully contain the sight of her massive jugs. The dress allowed a tantalizing taste of her juicy cleavage. Just a small peek at the delights within. Kaitlyn admired her restraint. If she had a pair of monsters like that on her chest, she would show a fucking mile of juicy cleavage at every opportunity. Kaitlyn spotted the indention through the dress caused by her hard, rubbery nipples.

Kaitlyn's eyes moved onward. Helena's upper chest was exposed, showing off her creamy, pale flesh. Her shoulders were only slightly covered and her arms were bare, showing off her firm, fit arms. Kaitlyn moved to look at her face.

She was impeccable. Fucking impeccable. Helena looked older, but she still looked amazing. She was perfectly made-up, though she barely needed it. She had very few noticeable wrinkles. Her lips looked plump and sexy. Her eyebrows were thin and perfectly groomed. And her hair... god her hair was perfect. A lustrous, shiny blonde, perfectly styled as it pooled around her upper back.

Kaitlyn had to admit, this woman, this 'old lady', was in fact fucking gorgeous. Kaitlyn had greatly underestimated her. Underestimated the possibility that an old lady like her could be truly fucking sexy. She even walked sexily, walking with a cool confidence, showing off her copious assets while not beating you over the head with it. Kaitlyn watched her approach.

Kaitlyn was a determined slut, but she was still young and learning her craft. She had her successes, no doubt and she

was positively stunning. But she still sought to get better. She often watched other women running game on men, seducing them, and Kaitlyn would watch and learn from them. And when she met Jocelyn for the first time, she realized that she could be a woman that could be her mentor, an experienced slut that could teach her all the tricks. Even though Kaitlyn wanted Derek to herself, part of her was eager to see if Jocelyn could steal him. Fuck him, steal him, and make him hers. Kaitlyn wanted to watch a master at work. So Kaitlyn was a good student, watching how Jocelyn worked by putting things together, using her body at every opportunity. Kaitlyn began to idolize her even in their short time together.

But as she studied Helena, she realized she may have backed the wrong horse. Kaitlyn may have been too eager to pick a side. Because Helena was something else altogether. She had clearly proven herself and her skills, doing what Jocelyn had failed at, succeeding in manipulating her way close to Derek. And Kaitlyn knew that as soon as they got out of sight from prying eyes, those two would only get closer. Much, much closer.

Kaitlyn watched Helena's every move. She watched her walk. She watched her talk. And she knew by the end of the night, she would be watching her fuck. Helena walked, talked and acted like royalty. Helena was not merely a master seductress, Kaitlyn realized. No, Helena was a queen.

Kaitlyn had a new hero.

As Helena got closer, Kaitlyn's nipples stiffened. Stiffened in acceptance, in a show of worship that Helena was her superior. Kaitlyn's pussy got wet as she watched Helena and realized that every bit of her was just pure, unadulterated sex! Not only did Kaitlyn have a new hero, she realized she was quickly developing a bit of a girl-crush on this sexy grandmother.

Kaitlyn retrieved the key card from her pocket and held it in her palm. She put on her brightest smile and stepped into Helena, Derek, and Heather's path.

"Hello, Ms. Cline." Kaitlyn said perkily, getting Helena's attention. Helena glanced at her. They had never met

before, so Helena was taking this young hotel clerk in, appraising Kaitlyn for the first time. Kaitlyn watched as Helena's crystal blue eyes quickly and succinctly evaluated her. She shivered under this appraisal. It felt like Helena's eyes could see right through her, see every bit of her and what her true desires were. Helena's eyes met Kaitlyn's and communicated this fact, that Helena knew everything about her.

"Can I help you?" Helena asked firmly, talking to her like a pest that interrupted her plans. Kaitlyn gulped.

"Um, uh, yeah, I have the room keys for Mr. Daniels here. Ms., uh, Jocelyn wanted me to give them to her but..." Kaitlyn started. Helena snatched the key cards from the hotel hostess's hand.

"Thank you, dear." Helena said. She was about to resume walking and pass by when Kaitlyn intercepted her again.

"If, um, you need anything, anything at all, anytime, let me know." Kaitlyn insisted. Helena looked down at her, knowing exactly what Kaitlyn wanted.

"I think I can handle it." Helena said impatiently before leading Derek and Heather past the gorgeous hostess.

Kaitlyn watched her go. She watched how Helena's dress clung to her firm, jutting, mature ass. Those round, firm, impeccably sexy cheeks. The way she shook her hot ass as she walked. Kaitlyn chewed on her lip and muttered to herself...

"I bet you can."

Kaitlyn knew where she would be going next... her overnight room, in the executive suite. She would spend the night in this room when she worked a late shift followed by an early morning shift or more commonly, when she would be entertaining a male suitor. She had transformed this room into her own personal fuck-pad, where she entertained weary married business men, newly married grooms, happily married men on boring family trips. (She had a type, clearly). But on rare occasions a man would slip through her fingers, into the arms of another intrepid slut. But Kaitlyn was always seeking to learn, and she knew there

was no better way to learn than to watch them in action. Kaitlyn, with the help of some connected friends, had rigged up cameras in each room of the hotel. Cameras linked up to a laptop, located safely in the room in a place where only she knew about, only extricated when she intended to make use of it. It was all very illegal of course. So if any hard fucking went on in this hotel, Kaitlyn saw it, recorded it, tagged it, and saved it for later. Saved it to study later and to learn from it. She had seen some fucked up shit in her time. Filthy, naughty, terribly erotic things. She thought she had seen the depths of depravity. She had thought she had seen all there was to see.

But that was nothing compared to what she was about to see. She thought she had seen filth. She thought she had seen nastiness. She thought she had seen the nastiest sex possible.

She had not seen Helena Cline in action.

The voluptuous grandmother led her son-in-law and granddaughter towards the elevators. Helena glanced at Derek, and she noticed he was absorbed in dealing with

Heather's drunken machinations. The three stepped into the elevator. Helena looked out at the lobby as the elevator doors shut. The elevator jerked as it began to rise.

Helena looked forward and saw her reflection in the golden metal of the elevator's interior. She looked into her mirrored eyes, taking in her own image and the woman she had become.

Her hair still looked amazing. She had a stylist who kept it full and lustrous and impeccably in-style. Helena was so ahead of the curve style wise that she had set the curve herself many times, set what was in-style and what was not. Some gray had inevitable pierced through her shiny blond locks. Her stylist had offered to dye it but she had steadfastly refused. She was an older woman. She was not running from that fact. So what if she had some silver mixed in with her shiny blond hair? In her opinion, she pulled it off. She looked spectacular. And if she showed that a bit of gray could still be sexy on a woman, others would follow suit until it was in-style, to the point where young girls would get jealous that they couldn't pull of that look without the gray.

She knew for a fact silvery hair was not a turn off for men. She knew it for a fact. How did she know, you might ask?

Her tiny strip of cunt hair had gone silver years ago, and that never stopped young men from diving right in voraciously.

Her face still looked elegant and gorgeous. Perfectly molded. Each eyebrow and eyelash perfectly styled and plucked. Her face had surprisingly few wrinkles. She had a few, obviously. But not many, and they only added to her mature sex-appeal. Her lips were plump. Her make-up was perfect. It couldn't be denied. She looked fucking hot!

She looked at her own chest. She smiled inwardly. She had double Fs. Double fucking Fs! Before having Jocelyn, she had EEs. Giving birth and raising a child only made them swell larger and more succulent as opposed to diminishing their perfection in any way. Giving birth had only enhanced them and their power. While they were not the insanely perky tits they once were, they were now... merely... ridiculously perky. And they were still incredibly

round, full, soft and creamy. Her areolas were still round and smooth. Her nipples were still chewy and suckable. She knew her breasts could still stack up to any other woman's and come out superior. That was a point of pride.

She was still extremely fit. She worked very hard to maintain her figure and she had been very successful at it. Her belly was nice and flat, her legs and arms were nicely toned, and most importantly, her ass rode high and tight. Her firm, round, heart shaped ass was still perky and prominent. Each cheek was impeccable, riding proudly on her behind, a round, firm cheek of silky mature flesh. And when she walked, her ass jiggled in just the right way.

She looked spectacular, that could not be denied. She still got offers, even at her age, to pose nude in men's magazines. Still! No woman her age could hope to look this good, at least without help. Helena didn't need help. She was all natural. Natural blessings, hard work, and discipline gleaned from years of life experience allowed her to look this good. So she couldn't be blamed for indulging in the pleasures of the flesh. She was built for it. She was built to take it.

Sure, Helena had the appearance of a grandmother, an immeasurably sexy grandmother, but hidden beneath her classy veneer was the beating heart of a sexual warrior. A conqueror. A lioness. Her senses always on, her radar going at all times, spying out for hot young men.

But Helena was trying to fight her nature. She loved her granddaughter Heather very much. She was always her favorite. She was unique to the family, a smart girl, a real go-getter, someone above the life of decadence. In some ways, Helena envied the life Heather would have. A life more genuine and loving and healthy than what her and Jocelyn and Jackie would ever have. But all three of them were the same. They were slaves to their nature.

Helena was in turmoil. She wanted to be the evolved renaissance woman, but her body craved the pleasure she just could not find anymore. She didn't want to become that dark, nasty woman she used to be, but she knew that if she did, she would cum like crazy. Have an absolutely world-changing, time-bending, mind-warping cum. A cum nearly thirty years in the making. A cum that would blow away

every orgasm she had had in the interim. She had came loads of times, but she never did really, truly cum, a cum from down deep, a cum that shakes you in your bones and rocks your world. She had held herself off, punishing herself, bottling away that one juicy orgasm she needed so desperately. She needed to let go of what was holding her back. She needed to stop punishing herself for her past misdeeds. She had to either accept that she had changed, or accept that she had not. Either accept that she was not that person anymore, or accept that she was the same filthy slut she had always been. Accept that she needed sex with a rougher edge, a filthy nasty edge that had been so lacking for so long, an edge that was so deliciously evil. Then maybe she could have that one, good cum. She was being tortured. And the worst part of it was she knew exactly how to get that one, single, mind-bending orgasm. How did she know? It was simple.

He was standing three feet away.

Sex was all too easy for Helena. She got laid constantly. These young men were so easy to defeat, so easy to outsmart, out-fuck, and bend to her supreme will. She yearned for a real challenge. And this young man her

granddaughter married seemed like a real challenge, a true piece of prey. The type of young man that got her wet with anticipation. Helena had a sixth sense about her, as if she knew which guys she would be fucking. And even without meeting him, she felt that connection immediately. He was just so fuckable.

Heather was the only thing in-between Helena and Derek. She was the only thing in the way of Helena's bliss. Helena knew, because as soon as she saw Derek, she felt that shiver in her spine. That hardening of nipples. That soaking of her thong. All of Helena's experience of reading people, of reading men, of sensing that something more in people... Helena knew his big dick was the key needed to unlock the vault deep in her cunt where all those life-changing orgasms were held.

The problem was Heather. She was the lone obstacle. In a way, she wished she was a lesser woman, a woman more willing to throw that familial bond aside. In a way, she was jealous of how easily Jocelyn and Jackie could brush Heather aside to indulge themselves.

Times had changed. Now, girls like Jocelyn and Jackie were... embraced. Sluts were in style! Filthy nasty sluts like those fit right in nowadays. Helena knew that if she had born a few decades later, what she had done in her younger days would not be reviled, it would be celebrated. Helena would be a hero to aspiring young sluts, not rejected for her filthy desires. Helena would be worshipped for what she had done.

Nowadays, it was a sign of weakness to let anything get between a slut and the man she wanted. You were looked down at, not because you were a slut who wanted some supposedly unattainable dick. No, you were looked down at because you failed. Women nowadays accept it when a man cheats. They accept it when a man cheats on his loved one with someone much hotter. They accept it, because they understand why the man did it. They empathize with his plight, his sacrifice of being tied down to lesser pussy when there was so much good pussy out there. Women don't care about the woman who was the cheated party. Women nowadays were hypercompetitive. They would offer kind words when one of their friends were cheated on, but they would understand why she was cheated on and that she, in some way, had it coming.

Women had no barriers anymore. They would go after any man they wanted. It didn't matter if that man was single, dating or married. It didn't matter to a slut if the man they wanted was dating a total stranger or the slut's best friends. It didn't matter to sluts anymore if the man was family! It didn't matter if it was by marriage or by blood, sluts did not let those barriers stop them anymore. Helena had seen it herself.

Helena had glimpsed at this lifestyle. She had thoroughly explored her collection of pornography and glimpsed at depths of sex she had never dreamed of. She had grown addicted to watching it. It was a glimpse at the type of things the old her would have done. If she had continued down the path she was going down, she no doubt would have ended up like one of those evil sluts she watched in those videos. But she didn't become one of those women. She had walked away and chosen to evolve her mind, body and spirit.

So imagine her disappointment, that after all these years of trying to be a better person, a more complete, modern

woman, that when she finally returned to a normal lifestyle, she was in many ways out-of-date. A relic from the past. Sure, she still had lots of sex, but she knew that the pleasure she got paled in comparison to the pleasures that more modern sluts, the sluts with no barriers, did. She knew deep down that Jocelyn and Jackie were coming harder than she was. And it was infuriating because she knew she was a better fuck than either of those two. She had a better body and she knew she could fuck circles around those girls. But she was stuck in the past and unwilling to change.

Helena had to evolve once more. Either evolve or get left in the dust by lesser sluts. And unfortunately for those lesser sluts, Helena was very good at evolving.

Helena was shaken from her thoughts by the elevator doors opening. She stepped out and let the married couple follow. Helena again took Heather's head and guided her along. And for the first time, Helena looked at her granddaughter with resentment.

Helena loved Heather with all her heart. She hated the cold shoulder that Jocelyn and Jackie gave Heather, so Helena

vowed to be there whenever Heather needed her. If she needed advice, a shoulder to lean on, or just a loving family environment, Heather came to her. Heather idolized her grandmother. Helena was her granddaughter's favorite person in the whole world. And Helena adored her. She was such a sweet bright girl. In many ways, Helena was jealous of Heather. Heather was not a girl driven by her base urges. She used her brains, her wit and charm. But the other women in her family, Helena, Jocelyn, and Jackie were all driven by their urges, their unchecked egos and needy cunts. The world would be a better place with less Jackies and more Heathers. But Helena knew the truth, that women like Jackie succeeded over women like Heather. People, men and women, preferred a pretty face. Preferred and respected a woman with a hot body over a woman who did not have one. Sure, all women kinda hate each other. Women especially hate gorgeous women, but there will always be that begrudging acceptance of their sexiness and superiority. Most women do not respect women who are not as sexy as they are. Women love having another woman around that they can compare themselves to and come out against ahead.

Some women are turned on by that sense of superiority. They use that superiority to add an extra layer of kink in the bedroom. All these young women nowadays were fucking hard, bashing other women, and having screaming orgasms in the process. That superiority over another woman adds that extra edge, the edge that separates simply good orgasms from monumental ones.

That was the edge Helena needed.

Heather was the only thing in the way from Helena having that life-changing orgasm. Helena knew the only way to get that elusive cum is to cast aside her beloved, favorite granddaughter, humiliate her and steal her man. She knew that was her path to bliss, but did Helena have that in her? Could she so callously cast aside that love she had for Heather, those sweet, familial moments, in favor of the dark delights of the flesh? Could she use those moments of weakness Heather shared to her to her advantage? Use that weakness against her? Could she be so cold and ruthless to abuse that closeness so she could just cum a lot harder? Did Helena have to become that evil bitch she used to be just to have crazy orgasms like she used to? Could she render her many years of training and discipline redundant and

useless? Could she move on from punishing herself over all the evil things she used to do? Or would she embrace that old way of life, embrace the evil slut she had buried deep down and unleash that demoness upon the world again, that demoness that had done so much damage? Would that make her cum harder? Do evil women cum harder than regular women? Would Helena find out the answer to all the questions? The answer was entirely in her hands.

Helena was lost in her thoughts as she approached the door. Didn't she deserve this? Didn't she deserve to be getting royally screwed by her granddaughter's husband's great, big cock? All those young bitches were bashing other girl's and having crazy orgasms. That was her technique! She practically invented that technique! She had done that years ago, in her younger super-slutty years. She had started bashing wives and girlfriends while fucking their big-dicked men to a screaming orgasm years ago, in her teenage years. She had perfected that technique through years of practice. She had finally abandoned that technique after realizing how dangerous of a weapon it was, especially in the hands of someone as dangerously sexy as herself. So it was infuriating to see women stealing her moves and stealing the orgasms that should have been hers. Stealing

the orgasms that she had given up because she wanted to be a better person. She had done the right thing. And now here she was, dying for one good fuck, dying for that powerful orgasm that had eluded her for so, so long.

As she opened the door and let Heather and Derek inside, she stared at Derek like no grandmother should stare at her granddaughter's husband. She could see how this would play out. How it would play it out if Helena submitted to her darker urges. Helena could see herself on the bed, nude, riding Derek's dick, his hands overflowing with her copious breast flesh as he squeezed them, never getting enough. Heather would be passed out on the floor, essentially ceding her hubby to her sexy grandmother, practically begging Helena to steal her hunky husband. And steal him she would. She would destroy that young man. Destroy him. He was practically a virgin. He didn't know what he would be in for with her. He just assumed she was his wife's shockingly attractive grandmother. He didn't realize she was a voracious, unyielding hurricane of sex, a conqueror of men, a destroyer of lives. The bane of marriages all over the world. The final landing place of hundreds of men's hard earned fortunes. And Derek was simply a boy. If her and Derek collided, if his fat dick and her small, tight

mature twat were to meet in heated sexual union, in unbridled, uninhibited mating... if she unleashed the demoness upon him, he would never be the same again.

The world would never be the same again.

A man who spent a night with Helena Cline couldn't just walk away. Couldn't just forget about her and move on. Fucking Helena Cline was the high point of many men's lives. Men practically went to war over her, competing, trying to amass the most wealth just to attract the gold digger. Many jobs were lost, many men were ruined just so one rich guy could get fucked by a smoking hot blonde. But, none of that mattered to Helena. None of those ruined lives bothered her at all. It wasn't her problem. All that mattered was that, in the end, all that money those men fought over, money amassed through years of hard work by thousands of people, ended up in her bank account.

Men young and old were obsessed with her. Men rich and powerful lived their lives unfulfilled, simply due to the fact that they could not lock down Helena. It seemed like no man could. Even the men who she stole money from, the

men whose lives she ruined and taken their fortunes, even those men, deep down, still looked warmly upon the nights they spent together. They still got turned on by the evil slut who had destroyed their lives, ruined their marriage, and taken their money. They still fantasized of her and they all knew deep down, after spending so long trying to rebuild themselves and their lives, that if they met her again they would let her steal it all again, just for one more night with her. They would let her lead them to their doom, again.

Helena kept her hand on the doorknob as she surveyed the married couple in the room. She watched as Heather clung to her husband as she stumbled drunkenly. God, she was fucking begging to have her man stolen from her. She was a fucking prime target. It was a wonder it hadn't happened already. It was a wonder that some intrepid, ambitious slut hadn't wormed her way into the groom's pants. Helena must have spooked them off. She had tried to keep a close eye on Derek. She knew Jackie and Jocelyn were out to get him, so she tried to run interference to prevent either of those two from getting their hands on him. She had kept her eyes on a few others as well. Like Audrey Clarke. And that hotel hostess, Kaitlyn.

Helena was resisting, but it was so fucking hard. Just the thought of stealing her favorite granddaughter's hunky husband made her shiver with lust. The thought was intoxicatingly sweet. An exquisite pleasure. If either Derek or Heather looked back, they would notice her hardening nipples through her dress. But they didn't. Helena fought off the urge to take over proceedings. She just wanted to walk away and leave the happy couple intact.

Then Heather spoke up.

"Grandma, whyrrrreee you shtill here?" Heather slurred. "Ishttt's gettingggg late and I wanna fuck my hubby."

Derek blushed in embarrassment.

"I'm sorry. She's not herself." Derek said, mortified at how Heather was behaving. Heather started trying to kiss him, but he backed away, not wanting this to happen with Helena in the room.

But Helena... Helena got pissed. She had been ready to leave, but Heather was begging to be destroyed. Begging for it. Helena chewed on her bottom lip. She had to be strong, to resist her dark urges.

"C'mon, Grandma! Leave! I need shhtoo get fucked!" Heather called out.

Helena saw red. Her pulse roared in her ears. Helena snapped. For the first time in a very long time, the darkness inside her was reaching the surface.

The demoness was begging to be unleashed.

Helena shut the door firmly and locked it. She turned to the married couple and walked towards them, her heels clicking on the floor.

"I'm surprised, my dear, that you are so eager for it." Helena said, walking up to Heather. "Cause I seem to remember, not so long ago, you were just so, so worried that you would

never lose your virginity. That you would never be good at sex."

"Grandma!" Heather said, hurt that her Grandmother had spilled such an intimate secret.

"Oh, since you're being so open around me dear I thought I could do the same." Helena said, chastising her the way she would when she was younger. Not with harsh punishments and screaming matches, but with shaming and embarrassment.

Heather couldn't find the words to reply, she just stammered. Annoyed, Helena grabbed her granddaughter by the arm.

"Come with me, dear." Helena said, pulling Heather towards the bathroom. Helena led her in and shut the door behind them.

"Grandma, how dare you say that in front of Derek!" Heather said angrily, still drunk but speaking clearly out of her anger.

"How dare you behave like this in front of your grandmother!" Helena began."How dare you embarrass yourself like this in front of your hubby? You can't afford any mistakes with him! A guy like him, if you make one mistake, if you give him any reason for his eyes to look elsewhere, he will. If you give another woman a chance to slip in there and get her claws in him, she will."

"You shhhthink so?" Heather asked.

"Yes, dear, I'm afraid so. You're both a bit naïve, and there are some very cold people out there who will take advantage of that. You can't back down. You always have to be aware. Vigilant. If you let your guard down for a moment, they will strike. The enemy could be right in front of you, and you might not even see them coming." Helena said like an experienced war general would speak to a new recruit, testing her mettle.

"Really?" Heather asked.

"Yes, dear. I'm afraid so. You can't afford to lose control like this, especially on such an important day as this one." she added, smiling at her drunken granddaughter.

"I, uh, I..." Heather stammered. Helena watched her granddaughter begin to panic. She saw the tears welling in her eyes. She watched the pressure overwhelm Heather as tears burst forth from her. Helena pulled a chair from the side of the room and guided her granddaughter to it.

"Grandma, there's jusshht... so much going on. I screwed up! I blew it!" Heather said. She put her head in her hands and began bawling. Helena got behind her.

"It's okay, honey. It's okay." Helena said, rubbing Heather's shoulder. "If you want to act like an adult, you have to be willing to follow through. You have to be strong. You have to have the will to carry through on your promises. You're not a child anymore. You're in the world with adults now, adults who will do you damage if you show this kind of weakness in front of them. I had to learn this myself. You

have to grow up fast. I know its fun to act like an adult. To dress like an adult, to get married like an adult. But to be an adult, to truly be an adult is another thing altogether. You have to be strong."

"I... I, thish is jusht so overrrwhelming." Heather bawled.

"When you're this age, dear, you have your moments of weakness. But you can't let anyone see it! You have to appear to be strong. You can't let your husband see you like this. Sure, he will love you still, but he won't forget what he saw. He won't forget seeing you at your worst. Your weakest." Helena said, still rubbing her shoulders.

"What do I do?" Heather asked.

"You stay here. You recover. You close your eyes and rest. You take all the time you need. You get yourself together so that you can give your husband your best." Helena recommended.

"You shhurre?" Heather asked.

"Of course dear. So just close your eyes." Helena began. Heather wiped the tears away and closed her eyes. "Just close your eyes. Let your worries wash away. Just breathe slowly and forget all your thoughts. All your worries. Let them all fade away." Helena cooed, her coaxing voice invading her mind as she gently rubbed her shoulders.

Helena knew it wouldn't take long. Helena's firm, gentle voice. Heather's drunken state. Helena's firm rubbing hands at Heather's shoulders. Heather's frazzled emotions. Helena knew Heather's frazzled, overworked, overwhelmed, exhausted mind needed rest.

Helena loved her granddaughter, but she was woefully unprepared for the married life. She was acting like an overgrown child wearing adult's clothing. She was not prepared for the responsibilities of being a wife. She was not prepared for what a wife really had to do on her wedding night. She was not prepared to give her man what he needed. She was not ready to meet her man's expectations of what a wedding night should be. She was not prepared to fulfill her wifely duties. And as she felt her

granddaughter's body relax, as she felt her granddaughter begin to fade into sleep, Helena began to vocalize her thoughts.

"I'm sorry, my dear. I do love you, but this is what has to be done. I love you. And that's why I have to destroy you." Helena revealed, her tongue sizzling, speaking language she hadn't spoken in years, speaking in a manner she had left behind years ago. "And you won't even know it. You won't see it coming, and you won't see it even after it happens. I will destroy you in the eyes of your husband. In his eyes I will render you meaningless, redundant, a dead end. A useless set of holes that your husband will never want to touch. You will lose his love, slowly. He will drift away from you. You will sense it, but you will lie to yourself. Tell yourself it's not the truth when you know it is. And when he leaves you, when you feel your soul-mate drifting away, you will know what it is to be an adult. You will be all grown up. You will see the mistakes you have made. You will be more equipped to do what it takes to lock down a man. You will be broken. You will be beaten. You will be destroyed. And you will come to me for comfort. You will be too blind to see it. You will be too naïve to know the truth. You will seek help from the same woman that destroyed you."

Helena paused as she watched her pretty, now-dozing granddaughter. She licked her lips and continued.

"I am going to fuck your husband, Heather." Helena said, her lips sizzling. "I am going to fuck Derek in just a few moments. He is still a boy, but a boy with man-sized equipment. I will destroy his thick cock, and in doing so, I will destroy you in the process. You will figure it out eventually. You will find out that your grandmother, your sexy, hot-bodied grandmother, stole your man. You will find out your husband dumped your ass and moved in with me. And it will burn in a way that cannot be described. You will be humiliated as a woman and as a sexual being. How low you will feel when you realize your grandmother stole your man? That your husband found your grandmother so hot that he left you for her? That has got to make you feel so low. To be outfoxed by your own grandmother. It has got to make you feel so low that men would prefer being with a woman over double the age than you."

"And it would sting even worse that it was me. With your sister or your mother, you would kinda expect something

like this, but not from me. You trusted me. You confided in me. You loved me more than your own mother and sister. That's why it will hurt most that it is me that did the deed. The hurt will sting even more because I abused your trust, I used all your secrets against you. That you trusted me, and I just used you to steal your man. Does it make you feel good to know that the thought of my betrayal will get me off? That knowing how badly I screwed you over will make all my cumming on your husband's dick extra sweet? Does it hurt to know that your husband's dick, the dick of the man who pledged to give it to you and only you, will be in your grandmother's hot body by the end of the night? Does it burn to know his fat cock will be filling up all my holes? Your grandmother's tight cunt... her sexy mouth... her hot ass? Honey, you have no idea what I've done. You have no idea how I spend my free time. But you're about to." Helena finished, leaning over and kissing her now unconscious granddaughter on the top of her head. Helena removed her hands from Heather's shoulders and leaned her back so that she was now fully leaning against the tall back of the chair.

Heather was out of commission. It was time for Helena to get to work on Derek.

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Kaitlyn settled in her hotel room. She had retrieved her secret laptop and hooked it up on the small table in front of her. She was ready to watch the action in the wedding suite.

Kaitlyn had watched a lot of hot action in the wedding suite, action that was not always between the bride and groom. More often than she thought, one of the newlyweds would end up in the arms of another, usually a more vibrant lover than that person's new spouse. Sure, the sex between the two newlyweds was nice, but that was typical lovemaking, not the rough fucking Kaitlyn was a fan of. Kaitlyn was not particularly a fan of watching old ladies having sex. There was the occasional older couple using the wedding suite, but the action there was nothing Kaitlyn desired to watch.

But there was something about Helena. She may be an older lady, a grandmother, but there was something about her that made you want to watch her having sex. Helena would make anyone, guy or girl, want to watch her in heated sexual action. And Kaitlyn was no exception. She found herself endlessly fascinated by the older woman. And

Kaitlyn knew she was about to see some heated sexual action in the wedding suite. Young Derek didn't stand a chance.

Kaitlyn was eager to watch the older woman run some game on the young husband. She opened the laptop, found the camera feed she wanted, and watched as footage from the wedding suite filled the screen.

She was ready to watch the master at work.

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Derek sat in silence in the main area of the room. He had been waiting for a spell while Heather and Helena were in the bathroom. He wanted to make sure things were okay, but he didn't want to get in the way of their conversation so he just stayed put. Finally he heard the door open and he looked up, expectantly.

Helena emerged from the bathroom and shut the door behind her. Derek's eyebrows scrunched up in confusion.

"I'm afraid Heather is feeling a bit under the weather. She needs a bit of privacy for awhile." Helena said, trotting towards him, her enormous breasts jiggling with each step.

"I'm sorry about before." Derek said, standing up, his eyes not glimpsing at the visual treats being offered by his wife's sexy grandmother. "That's not her."

"I know that dear." Helena stated, stopping a few feet in front of Derek. "A wedding day can be very stressful for a girl like her. Makes a girl do stupid things."

"Well, uh, we all have our bad nights." Derek said amicably.

"Not all of us." Helena said quietly.

"So, uh, what now?" Derek said with a cute smile and a small laugh. Helena walked away from Derek and began speaking.

"Derek, we do what adults do in stressful situations." she began, leaving a long pause. She left the room and began rustling around in the next room over. Derek's eyebrows scrunched in confusion. Moments later, she re-emerged.

"We drink." Helena said, champagne bottle in hand. Helena walked across the room to collect two champagne glasses.

"I think Heather was saving that bottle." Derek said, speaking up. "It's a bit expensive."

"Oh, I think she's had her fill of alcohol tonight." Helena replied.

"Uh, okay." Derek replied, a bit unsure still.

"I must apologize for Heather." Helena began. "She is a bit... overwhelmed... by everything. A wedding can be a lot of work for a young girl like her."

"You ever been married?" Derek asked.

"No, no, of course not. I'm not that stupid." Helena said with a laugh, causing Derek to laugh alongside her. Derek was surprised at how comfortable he felt around this woman he honestly barely knew. She had a very approachable personality. Helena located two glasses and set them down.

"I don't know why these young girls do it to themselves." Helena began as she went to open the champagne. "They put all this stress on themselves. They destroy themselves, and in the end, most of the time, the marriage doesn't work out anyway."

"Do you not believe in marriage?" Derek asked.

"I am not the marrying type." Helena said. "But nowadays, these young girls are so desperate to just get married. They build up getting married as their ultimate goal in life and they will try to force it even when they are far too young and just not ready for the responsibilities of being a wife."

"Do you think Heather isn't ready for marriage?" Derek asked. Helena looked at him coyly. She removed the cork in the bottle, causing her massive breasts to jiggle. She thought over her answer before speaking.

"Honestly... Heather always had to work hard to catch up to the other girls." Helena began, pouring the two glasses full of champagne. "When other girls her age began dating, she was still playing with dolls. When other girls her age started having sex, she was trying to start dating. She has always been trying to catch up for years. So her getting married at a young age, younger than she probably should, is not a surprise. She's still trying to catch up."

"Well, I think she is ready." Derek replied. Helena handed him a glass of champagne.

"Of course you do, darling. You're her husband. Cheers, dear." Helena paused to clink glasses with her granddaughter's husband. The two sipped the drinks in silence.

Helena's plan was far more personal and insidious. While women like Jackie and Jocelyn were like hammers, their seductions essentially amounting to beating you over the head with their hot bodies, Helena was like a snake, coiling around you slowly, deliberately, unthreateningly, not tightening up, not going on the attack until the battle was already won. And Helena, she was coiling.

"Have a seat, dear." Helena said, guiding him to the couch next to them. He sat down and she sat next to him.

"So, you guys are pretty close?" Derek asked.

"Of course. I am her grandmother." Helena replied, sipping her drink.

"Well, I, uh... I mean, I know that, but you guys seem closer than typical grandmothers and granddaughters." Derek said, gulping his champagne.

"Yes, of course." Helena began, pouring herself another glass. "Her mother and her sister are not exactly the most

approachable, not the most... charitable people in the world. They are more concerned about themselves than about helping others with their problems. So she would come to me for advice. About boys. About dating. About sex."

"Huh." Derek replied, sipping his champagne, not sure how to reply to that.

"Most granddaughters aren't that open with their grandmas, but as you may have noticed, I am not your typical grandma." Helena said. Derek laughed in reply. "But I am probably the best person for her to ask. I mean, I probably know more about young guys than most women, old or young."

"What do you mean?" Derek asked.

"What do I mean about what?" Helena asked naively.

"About, uh, you knowing about young guys?" Derek asked. "Do you... do work with a lot of younger guys or something?

"You can say that." Helena said with a laugh. She looked at the naïve young man next to her. Time to tighten the noose around him. "Men close to her age, a lot closer to her age than mine, those are the men I tend to... ahem... date."

"Oh." Derek said, turning away blushing, focusing on his champagne glass.

"There's nothing to be embarrassed about, honey." Helena said, "It's a fact of life these days, dear. Women my age prefer the company of younger men. Probably men about your age, early to mid-twenties."

"Really?" Derek asked, shocked.

"Oh, of course, dear. I can't remember the last time I, uh... dated... a man over the age of thirty." Helena said.

"Hmm," Derek mumbled, not sure what to say.

"Heather knows all about it. She knows I like men about her age. And she also knows that I have been very successful. So that's why she comes to me for dating advice. She kept asking, 'Grandma, if you can be so good at it, why can't I?'" Helena said.

Derek just looked at Helena as she continued.

"And I assured her it was not her fault. I told her that she shouldn't feel ashamed. I told her that it was more fashionable these days for guys her age to end up... dating... older women like me. I told her that she shouldn't be bothered by the fact that most of the men she wanted to date were already with women my age. I told her she shouldn't be bothered that her grandmother gets more action with guys her age than she does." Helena said.

"What, I...I...I, uh, I... don't... I..." Derek stammered, with no clue how to respond to this.

"Oh, come on Derek, not you too? I don't know why it's so hard to believe when so many other people your age are doing it. I can't believe you don't have a single friend, or

know a single person, who is dating an older woman. But I'm guessing there is a lot you don't know, right?" Helena asked with a disappointed sigh.

"Ha, Derek, you truly are a naive one, aren't you? Is this fact of life a surprise to you to? I must say I am disappointed. I'm not angry that you're not aware that grandmothers like me enjoy vigorous sex with younger men. Whatever, who cares? What disappoints me is what this says about you. It is commonplace in society nowadays that young men and older women are having more and more sex. You'd have to be blind to miss it. You know, there are tons of famous older women marrying younger guys. There are all sorts of incredibly popular pornography out there with 'MILFS' and younger men. You'd have to be truly sheltered to just miss it. But it appears as if that's the case." Helena said.

Derek looked up at Helena, not knowing how to respond.

"Well, you and my granddaughter are just two peas in a pod, aren't you?" she began, shaking her head. "You just live in your little bubble, protected from the truths of the world. The evils of the world. It must be nice." Helena said. She was

starting to get tempted into voicing her innermost thoughts. Thoughts and observations about the world and how it worked. Thoughts that she had spent years meditating on, thinking about. Her inner madness. Thoughts that were at the forefront of her mind on this day, after reading through Derek's work, and meeting him face to face. Words that may sound crazy to most, but to a kindred spirit, words that may ring true.

"I don't know, it's just, I've never, uh, thought about it. Maybe I'm a bit naïve, I guess. I'm not, like, offended or anything. It's just a bit strange to be having this conversation with my wife's grandmother." Derek stammered.

"Well Derek, that bubble you live in has to be expanded to live a full, complete, knowledgeable life. You should understand that more than anyone. I read over your work once I found out you were marrying Heather. I was very impressed. And you, more than anyone, should understand what I'm talking about. If you were the type of guy who just wanted to live in a bubble all of your life, protected from the truths of the world, the sins of the world, why would you do the work you do? Why would you spend your life's

work trying to see things no one has ever seen, to expand your mind in ways no one has ever been able to before, to see aspects of time and space that no mere person ever has, why would you do that if you just wanted to live a sheltered, unassuming life!?" Helena said, getting more animated with each word. She stood up in front of him.

"Derek, I know it's easy to just live a lovely, happy, sheltered life. Living in your bubble. You look at the world, know that the truth is out there, you know the evils of the world are out there, but you don't confront it. You don't acknowledge it! You hide in your little world, with your cute wife, and let the world pass you by." Helena said.

"Derek, I read your work over carefully. You are so close to a revelation! What's holding you back are not the complexities of the universe. What's holding you back is yourself. You live your life afraid to confront the truth, and then you go to work and expect to just see beyond time and space, see beyond the limits of humanity. You can't do that because you don't know humanity. The intricacies of people. The good and the bad. The limits of your mind. Derek, you're trying to cross the ocean without understanding what water is." Helena said, exposing the

training she had put her mind through, exposing her innermost thoughts.

Derek looked up at her in shock. It wasn't that she was wrong. It was that she was right. It was that she wasn't talking to him like his wife's grandmother would. She was talking to him like a professor would. Like a brilliant mind would talk to a student in order to motivate him.

Helena watched as this understanding came over him. She knew when you lived in that bubble, that fragile glass house, you could look out and avoid the unwanted. The undesirable. The way to invade that bubble was not by brute force, but with a deft hand. You didn't break the door down and barge in. You convinced the occupant to open up and invite you inside.

The snake was wrapping around its prey.

"Derek, you and I are exactly alike. I spent years traveling the world, expanding my thoughts, testing the limits of my mind and my body, my soul. I tested the limits of what any person could do. I saw the boundaries we live within. And I

spent my life trying to break through those limits, but never quite getting through. You get close enough to touch, you could practically taste it. You know that feeling, don't you?" Helena asked.

"Yes." Derek whispered. He knew that feeling very well. He lived in that feeling. And he had never felt like anyone else understood that except for him... until now.

"Derek, you and I share a connection that you have never felt before. You feel it too, don't you? I certainly do. I have felt it since I read your work. I have felt it since I first saw you. I have felt it since I first met you. I knew you without having ever met you before today. I know how out of place you feel in the world. I know how you feel different. I know that you feel that everyone else lives by different rules. I know that you feel as if you can't be like everyone else." Helena said.

Derek looked up at her, paying fierce attention. She was so right. She was putting words to feelings he had never expressed to anyone. Derek felt a weight being lifted from him. Finally, someone understood him. For a second, he

felt like crying. He finally found someone who made him feel as if he belonged on this planet. He found someone who made the real him feel like he was supposed to be here. He loved Heather, sure, but she had made him into something he was not. A different man. An ordinary man. She had him dress and act like a normal, regular guy. She had him dressing the part, acting the part. But he wasn't that guy. He wasn't right for that part. His role was different.

Helena watched him confront the truth.

The snake was tightening its grip.

"I know it's hard to admit. I know how you feel. I have felt the exact same way. I don't belong either. I searched this world for the truth I have yearned for. I needed to find it. I was obsessed. I trained my mind, my body, and my soul. I enriched myself in culture in order to test my limits. I immersed myself in training, in meditation, in challenges. And I failed. I failed by succeeding. I was good at everything I did. I succeeded at everything I attempted. Derek, I've never failed at anything I've done. Even when things appeared to go wrong, they turned out more right than I

ever could have dreamed of. All the bounces always seemed to go my way. I just have this...feeling, like I know what choice to make. And it always seems to work out. But, because of that, because of my charmed life, I failed to see my limits. So I gave up. I went home. I went home and stopped trying to find my limits. I stopped trying to test myself. And that's when I succeeded. That's when I found out that what I was looking for was not out in the world somewhere. It was right in front of me this whole time. It was truly within. It was only there that I found my limits. It was there where I found what humanity is truly about." Helena said, her final words a harsh whisper.

"What was it?" Derek asked.

The snake attacked its prey.

Helena Cline reached behind her back and deftly unzipped the back of her dress. Before Derek could react, before he could do anything to stop her, her tight dress fell from her shoulders, down her magnificent body, and fell into a pool at her ankles.

Derek's eyes were as wide as could be. Both in complete shock and in base, lustful visual consumption when confronted with a feast for the eyes.

Helena Cline's body was exposed for her granddaughter's husband, finally. She wore nothing but a bra and panties, but don't be mistaken, her body was barely covered. Her bra and panties were practically non-existent. It became clear that hers was a body not meant to be contained by mere clothing.

Helena stood on bare feet, posed like a model. Her long, smooth legs looked silky and firm, dying to be touched with appreciative hands. Legs that any leg model would kill to have. Her skin looked creamy and smooth and soft to the touch. Her calves and thighs were fit and firm, exquisitely sexy. She clearly worked out and kept her body perfect.

Her smooth legs guided the eyes upward, up to the teeny, tiny lavender triangle of material barely stretched around her mature pussy. Her vagina was just barely covered, and a tuft of her tiny landing-strip of silky, silvery, cunt-hair appeared at its top edge. The straps of the thong clung to

her prominent, mature hips, digging in just slightly as it wrapped around her mature torso.

Helena could feel his eyes on her, and she could feel his eyes following those thong straps, eager to see her rear-end. So she spun around, deftly and smoothly, like a dancer, baring her ass to her granddaughter's husband.

And bared was the right description. Cause that tiny strip of thong, that tiny little, infinitesimally small piece of string running between the cheeks of her mature, ripe ass-cheeks, did not count as covering. Her ass was bared to Derek. Those ripe cheeks, that magnificently full, round, heart-shaped ass sat like a fucking work of art on her rear end. Her juicy, imposing, prominent ass looked incredible, the tiny thread adding the final touch on this canvas of pure sex. Derek studied this ass for what felt like forever, but might have only been mere moments.

She spun fully, her moving body the only thing possible that could pull his gaze from her mature butt. She faced him again, and his eyes were led to her stomach. Her belly was flat and fit, spitting in the face of time, defying the rule

that an older woman's body should be dumpy and unappealing. Her belly button was cute and small, the only interruption in her flat plane of stomach. Her firm belly led the eyes upward. Upwards to the main event of this grandmother's hot body.

They were just... enormous. They were fucking blimps on this mature woman's chest. They were all-natural, stupidly perky, hard-nippled, FF cup breasts. Enormous udders. Gigantic titties. Magnificent boobs. Giant knockers. Huge hooters. Whatever you wanted to call them, it all spelled out the same way. Helena Cline, grandmother of Derek's wife, had the biggest set of breasts most men could hope to see in person. The flesh looked so smooth and round and deliciously perky. And they were just fucking packed into her tight lavender bra, and that bra was stretched to the max in trying to hold back her enormous breasts. The material dug into her soft flesh, forcing the breasts outward, forcing them to practically spill over the small cups. Her breasts were so big the bra couldn't even fully grasp them. They covered her nipples and cupped what they could of her copious fleshy boobs. But there was still some flesh bared to Derek's sight from under the hem of her bra, the bottoms of her breasts spilling out from under them. The bra looked

a bit undersized, but it was probably very difficult to get a bra built to handle those volleyballs on her chest. And besides, it looked so much better this way.

Her rock hard nipples were apparent through the stretched material, protruding outward, begging for pleasure. Her breasts were packed in so tightly that the canyon of cleavage looked endless. Derek couldn't help but wonder what the gravitational pull was between those fleshy orbs. Those tits were just enormous. Just jutting out there, begging for appreciation.

The line of cleavage drew his eyes upward, to her gorgeous face. Despite her age, she had few wrinkles. Her face was very regal and classically gorgeous. She had piercing blue eyes and perfectly plump lips. Her blonde hair was lustrous and full, shiny and impeccably styled. Her face was perfect.

Quite simply, Helena Cline's body was fucking filthy. No grandmother should have a body like this. No woman should be forced to compare her body to her grandmother's body and to come up sorely lacking. No grandmother should have a body that perfect. That

unblemished. No grandmother should have legs as long and firm as hers. No grandmother should have an ass as round and perky as hers. No grandmother should be able to pull off a thong and have it be as ridiculously sexy as it does with her. No grandmother should still be as fit and voluptuous as she is. No grandmother should have such monstrous, magnificent, perky breasts like she does. No grandmother should still have a face as gorgeous and sexy as Helena does. Her body was carved from the stone of perfection. It had gone unweathered by the passage of time. Undamaged. Unblemished.

Helena's Cline's body had damn near conquered time.

Derek was overwhelmed by what he was seeing. This view of his wife's grandmother, her grandmother, was just... incredible. How could her body be that magnificent? How could her breasts be so big? How could her ass be that incredible? Derek shouldn't look. It was so wrong to be looking at a member of his wife's family this way.

"What are you doing?" Derek said, looking away. Helena leaned over and grabbed his chin, forcing him to look at

her. In this position, her breasts hung under her, like massive udders, begging for a mouth to attach to them. Her cleavage was copious. He felt drawn to it, pulled to it, attracted to her cavernous cleavage, as if it was a black hole and he a wandering meteor, drawing him to his doom. Derek couldn't look away.

"Derek, face the facts. You and I were built for each other. We are two pieces to the same puzzle. We are connected. You can take me past my limits, I know it. And you, baby, I can show you a whole new world." Helena purred.

"Are you, uh, are you talking about..." Derek started.

"Sex, Derek. The answer is sex. It's always been sex. After I traveled the world looking for answers but finding none, I came home. I came home and started having sex. Lots of it. With young men just like you. And it took me close. It took me the edge. So close I could taste it. But not quite what I needed. And you. You are bright. You are brilliant. You know what the limits are, but you've never been there. You've never felt them like I have. Not only will I take you

to the edge, I will take you over it. And you will bring me there too. The only way there is together." Helena said.

"Are you saying we should, uh..." Derek stammered.

"Yes, Derek. We should have sex. Me and you. You and your wife's grandmother." Helena said.

"Helena, this is so messed up. We can't do this." Derek said, appealing to reason. She was his wife's grandmother! She was an old lady. It was his wedding night, for goodness sakes!

"You are holding back, Derek. You are binding yourself to barriers that don't matter. You are enslaving yourself to the rules, when breaking them is the only way to be free! You are limiting yourself in your journey to break the limits! Derek, you have been obeying the rules your entire life, and that's gotten you nowhere! But with me, you will break every rule in the book. You will break society's rules, and you will evolve into something... more." Helena said.

"How, wha... what?" Derek asked.

"Sex changes you, Derek. Real down and dirty fucking changes who you are. Changes your state of mind. Trust me, you're talking to a master. When you're having sex, trust me when I say that the dirtier it is, the nastier it is, the more disgusting and filthy the sex is, the more it will change you. The more it will rock your world."

"No, Helena. This... can't happen. I'm married to Heather. You're granddaughter!" Derek pleaded.

"I have done a lot of research on the subject. I have seen all that that there is to see. And quite frankly, I cannot think of anything nastier, filthier, than a man having sex with his wife's hot-bodied... voluptuous... sex-bomb of a grandmother. Not only having sex with her, but getting up to all sorts of the nasty, disgusting fucking I have come to be quite good at. Doing such nasty, disgusting things to your wife's grandmother, on your wedding night! I cannot think of anything more gross and nasty. It will be incredible." Helena said.

Derek leaned forward and put his hands on his face, rubbing his eyes, trying to escape this dream he was in.

"Helena, I... I... I just can't believe any of this!" Derek said, shocked at what was happening.

"Believe it, baby. This is all real. This is really happening. This is more real than anything you have ever been a part of." Helena replied.

"No, Helena, this is so, so wrong!" Derek replied, moving to stand. This was madness! His wife's grandmother was hitting on him. She was exposing her admittedly hot body to him. This was so out there. He had never experienced anything close to this before. This was so messed up. So wrong. He stood to her side as he got to his feet.

"Helena, this can't happen!" Derek said, looking at the floor, away from her voluptuous form.

"Derek, it has to happen. For both of our sakes. For both of our sanities. We are kindred spirits. We are cut from the

same cloth. Equals but opposites. Yin and Yang. What I'm lacking, you have. What you're lacking, I can give you." Helena said, her boobs jiggling as she articulated her point.

"What about Heather? How could you possibly want to do this to her? I love her! I thought you did to." Derek said, walking around her.

"I love her too, but for the sake of progress, we need to cast her aside. Cut her out from future proceedings. Eliminate her from the equation. She's what's holding you back. She's what's holding us back! Our loyalty to her is preventing us from getting what we both want. Our only choice is to cast her aside, viciously and cruelly, seize what we truly want, and ride off to the future... together." Helena said.

"You're insane, Helena! How could you do that to her? How could you cast aside your own granddaughter?" Derek replied.

"It's what has to be done. I've been too nice for too long. I've been bottled up, bursting at the seams. I'm desperate for

this. As are you." Helena said, following him, staring at him like a lioness poised to strike.

"No, I'm not! I don't want to do this! I love my wife. I'm not a bad person!" Derek cried out.

"That is your weakness. Those are your morals and ethics holding you back. You think the great minds in history made their big discoveries by being ethical? No, they were self-indulgent, satisfying themselves, their own driving curiosity. That curiosity can drive a man mad. It'll drive a man insane if he just can't have his curiosity satisfied. You will reach a point in life where you will make any sacrifice just to satisfy that driving need. That you will do anything to ease your mind. You will do anything to remove the barriers in your mind preventing you from breaking through. From having that great epiphany." Helena said.

Unfortunately, Derek knew exactly what she meant. He had spent so many nights doing research, ready to punch through a wall. He was so close to making progress, he could taste it, it was on the tip of his tongue, but he just couldn't get there. So the promise of a method to break through that

barrier, a magical cure that would allow his mind to see the answers, the truth of the universe, it did sound appealing. So, despite his best intentions, part of him was open to her disgusting plan.

She began to circle him.

"I can get you there, Derek. I can show you what you want to see. I can satisfy that great, unscratchable itch in your brain. I can ease your troubles, break down those barriers, and free your mind. You are bound to your work. Trapped to it. Enslaved by your insatiable need for answers. I can show them to you. I can get you there. I have the road map. You have the tools. Together, we can find what we're both looking for." Helena offered.

"What are you looking for?" Derek asked inquisitively, wondering about her motivations.

"Enlightenment. Ascension. I want to be more than what I am. I want to see things no one has ever seen before. I want to break through the barriers in my own mind. And you

have the equipment required to take me there." Helena began.

"We're equal and opposite. I am a grandmother, a matriarch, owner of a large fortune of money, art, homes, cars. I am a ridiculously sexy older woman, your wife's grandmother. And you, you are a genius young man. One of the world's great minds. You have an incredible brain and a body to match. While I'm experienced, you're naïve. You're a young man. I'm an older woman. Opposites. But... I'm hot. You're hot. I'm bursting for real sex, as are you. You are dying to be free, as am I. Equals. Both you and I." Helena said.

"Equals and opposites. Two sides of the same coin. Destined for each other. Now that I've discovered you, and you've seen me... it's bound to happen. We're drawn to each other. It's gonna happen eventually. It can't be stopped. Nature is drawing us together. Fate conspired to keep us apart, but our connection was too strong. It's gonna happen, Derek. It's meant to. And when we collide, when you and I mate in an unholy, filthy, disgusting union... the world will shake beneath us. We will see the seams."

"We are at war! At war with fate. With destiny. With the rules of the world. This is what I've learned, through decades of travel, years of meditation. Fate... time... they work against us. They bind us into roles, into moments in time and space. Forces me to be a loving, sweet matriarch. Forces you to be a young, naïve boy, bound to a near unsolvable problem. But we can battle it. We can evolve. We can fight back. We can slap fate across it's smug face. Fate positioned the two people who could defeat it at opposite ends of the spectrum. A nice young man. A trusted, classy grandmother. You're right. We shouldn't do this. It is fantastically wrong. But that's why we should do it. That's why it is the answer. Nature, society is guiding us apart, but our connection is deeper. The rules keep us apart, our connection brings us together. Of course the world doesn't want us to do this. Of course fate is afraid of us. It tries to make us soft. It uses our love for Heather as a shield of protection. It boxes us in. We can fight back, spit in fate's face, and break all the rules. All of society's rules. All of the world's rules. Of course a man isn't supposed to fuck his wife's grandmother. Of course a woman isn't supposed to fuck her granddaughter's husband. But why is it 'of course'? Why is it supposedly obvious? Why can't we do this? What we clearly want? What is stopping us? Rules of behavior fate

and time placed upon us to keep us in line, to prevent us from taking fate down. We need to break the rules, Derek, to see beyond fate. To see beyond time." Helena said, the words flowing from her, her innermost thoughts about the nature of the world exposed for the first time.

Derek was frozen to the spot.

"We have to break the rules. All of them. Fate keeps us in line. I'm supposed to watch you marry my granddaughter, let her have you, and wish you well? When we are such a perfect match? Bullshit! I'll break the rules. I'll do what I fucking want. I'll throw you down, rip your clothes off, and ride that fat cock until we break the Earth. Your wife's grandmother will give you the vigorous, lusty sex you never knew existed. You will fuck an old lady, a woman that a hunk like you should not even be thinking about fucking. There are so many reasons your thick cock should not be buried in my sweet cunt. All the rules are telling us not to do it. That's why we need to do it. That's why we need to make it happen. That's why me and you should have sex. Disgusting, filthy, nasty sex. And when we do, the world will weep, cause it will know it has been beaten. And we will get off on the world's tears. We will fuck and suck each other,

laugh at the world's pathetic attempts to keep us apart, and cum hard as it begs us to stop. Fate has thrown Heather at us, an obstacle, a last resort. And fate will be defeated when we laugh off Heather, make fun of her pathetic body, cast her away, and cum hard as her heart breaks. " Helena said.

Derek looked at Helena, stunned at her ranting. He looked at her with scrunched eyebrows.

"Time and space have been conspiring against us. Preventing us from the true understanding we both need. I've felt it, as have you." Helena said.

"How could you say this? How could you know all this?" Derek asked.

"I have meditated on this for years. I have seen the truth. And looking at you, I know I'm right. You know that feeling, Derek, when you think of something and know, deep in your soul, that you're right. I know I'm right, Derek! I know it!" Helena said.

A silence fell between the two. A stunned Derek, and a confident, barely-clothed Helena. She had been circling him and staring him down throughout her insane speech. It seemed insane, didn't it? But Derek did see some truth in her insanity. Some of her words echoed with truth. A lot of them, actually.

Derek was trapped in her logic. His scientific mind was trying to find holes in her judgment, any mistakes in her twisted words. He was silent as his brain tunneled through her insane speech.

Helena smiled as she saw Derek's mind trapped in her logic. She had begun to conquer his mind.

Now, it was time to attack Derek's body.

"Derek." Helena began, stepping towards him. "You shouldn't feel any shame for enjoying my body. Everyone else does. I've gotten laid by men both younger and older than you. I still get offers weekly to pose nude in men's magazines. To strip naked and fuck on camera. I declined, of course. I mean, I know I'm built for it. With this body, it

seems as if time and space was telling me to let the world watch me fuck. And like I said, as the years have gone on, and older women are being sexualized and idealized by the world, it felt as if all the forces were pushing me in one direction. But I do not get pushed around. I cover this body, and reveal it to just a lucky few." Helena paused. Well, she had shown her body to more than just 'a few' men, but Derek didn't have to know the specifics. "I don't give the world what it wants. I protect this body, I guard it. If I just showed everyone the goods, if I just gave them to the world, they would lose their power. But if I show them to only a lucky few, then I'm giving time and space the finger. Telling it to fuck off. Protecting my body's power, nurturing it until it's time to unleash it. And when I do, the world won't know what hit it."

Derek looked up, boggled by Helena. Boggled by her words. Her insane words, insane words that resonated deeply within him. And then there was her body. That cleavage that drew his eyes to it whenever he tried to meet her gaze. Helena noticed his struggle.

"I know it's hard for a young guy like you to stop staring. Your wife's grandmother shouldn't look this good. Her

body shouldn't look this filthy in her underwear. You shouldn't even be seeing your wife's grandmother like this, so exposed for you. You shouldn't be seeing the way her breasts spill over from her bra." Helena teased. Derek stared at Helena's rack again. They were just so huge! They looked so ripe and supple as they overflowed from under her heavily taxed, overworked bra. The firm flesh looked like it would ripple with even the slightest disturbance. Her hard nipples poked through her bra, desperate to be freed from their confines, exposed to the world, exposed to Derek's sight.

"You shouldn't know how hot your wife's grandmother's ass looks in a thong." Helena said huskily before smoothly rolling her hips, turning her back to Derek, showcasing her ass for him again. Derek looked at the total package. Her long, taut legs. Her fit, firm back, it's expanse of perfect flesh only interrupted by her overworked bra straps. But Derek couldn't look away from the centerpiece of his wife's grandmother's back side. Namely, her masterpiece of an ass.

The cheeks were so fleshy and firm. It protruded outward proudly and prominently. The teeny, tiny thong straps

rested on the upper curve of her firm ass-cheeks. And the tiny string that dug between her cheeks was practically non-existent as it disappeared into the cleft between those two full, round cheeks. This ass would make any woman jealous.

Helena smoothly rotated around to face Derek again.

"So Derek, feel completely... and totally welcome... to stare at my body whenever you want to. Whenever you need to." Helena purred.

"No, Helena, no!" Derek said, rubbing his eyes, trying to rub away the vision of Helena's hot body from his eyes. But that image was burned into his memory for life.

"Admit it Derek. You want this body. You want your wife's grandmother's hot body." Helena said. "You want to feel my naked flesh against yours. You want to see what I am capable of in the bedroom. You want to see what these years of experience have taught me."

"No, Helena, this, this is so messed up." Derek said. "I just want you to leave. I want to be with Heather. Please!" he begged.

Helena's eyes narrowed as she stared down Derek. Without a word, she walked past Derek, towards the bathroom.

"You want your wife?" Helena asked. "You want to walk off into the sunset with my granddaughter? Well..." she began, shoving open the door, "Here she is. Come get her."

Derek walked up to the open doorway, eager to see his wife. Helena stepped aside to let him look. Derek reached the doorway and stopped, staring inside.

Derek got a good look at what his wife was up to. He looked in, eager to see her, but his expression dropped when he saw Heather. She was passed out on a big chair, still in her wedding dress, lying against the chair uncomfortably as she dozed. Her head was tipped back against the chair, and she let out a big snore as Derek looked at her.

Suddenly, Derek felt Helena press her body against his back and put her hands on his shoulders gently.

"Look at her, Derek. Get a good look at your wife." Helena whispered in his ears. "Look at her at her best! This night was supposed to be special. The greatest night of your life. The one day you can't screw up. But there she is. Passed-out drunk and dozing in a bathroom on your wedding night. If you can't count on her tonight, how can you count on her for anything? Is this the woman you want to spend the rest of your life with? Is this the woman you want to saddle yourself to? Is this the woman you want to have children with? Derek, don't you deserve so much better?" Helena whispered, her hands traveling down his arms.

"Didn't my words make so much sense? Didn't it feel so right? Derek, I can be your guide. Your path to ascension. The key to solving the great unsolvable problem in your mind. Your life's work. You know I'm right? You know you have to immerse yourself in the pleasures of humanity, the pleasures of the flesh. You have to test your limits in order to break them. And you know I'll take you to your limits." Helena whispered, her hands traveling to his hips.

"Do it, Derek." Helena purred. "Fuck over my granddaughter. Screw her over. Cast her aside. Tell her to fuck off. Leave her for something better. Someone better. Her hot grandmother. Dump her ass and claim mine. She's holding you back, dear. She's holding us both back from what we really want. What we both need. When something stands in the way of progress, we stamp it down. Rub it out. Throw it away. You don't need her. She's nothing compared to me. She is nothing compared to her grandmother. Her grandmother outclasses her, outfoxes her in every way. How can you be with a woman, how can you respect a woman, when her grandmother has her beat in every category? How can you promise yourself to a woman when her grandmother has bigger tits, a sexier ass, a more fit body, a more gorgeous face, and is a sexual force to be reckoned with?"

"How can you be with a woman when her grandmother has a mind that can match yours? That can teach you so much better. How can you say that you and I aren't a perfect match? You are a genius. I'm right up there with you. You want to break the rules of the world, as do I. And we are a perfect match physically. I have these." she purred, pressing

her big, soft breasts against his back, ballooning them against his back. "And you... you have this."

With that, Helena reached forward and smoothly took his pants covered cock into her hand.

"Aaaah!" Derek called out, stabilizing himself against the doorframe. He felt her fingers curl around his stiffening dick.

"Hmmm, you're so big." Helena whispered. "It feels like you're really enjoying yourself." she purred, kissing his cheek as her hand felt up and down the shaft of his thick dick. "You enjoyed seeing your wife's grandmother's practically nude body?" she purred, squeezing his pulsing cock firmly. "You love the fact that this 'old lady' has a hotter body than your young, cute wife. (Squeeze) You love the fact that you wife's grandmother is hotter than your wife. (Squeeze) You love that I'm bashing her. (Squeeze) Bashing her inferiority as a woman. (Squeeze) You love hearing you wife's grandmother criticizing your wife. (Squeeze) Cutting her down to size, like a harsh, bitchy grandmother should do. (Squeeze) Exposing her for what

she truly is. (Squeeze) A pathetic, poor, excuse for a woman. (Squeeze) A woman who should have all the advantages of youth but still comes up short. (Squeeze) A woman who comes from a line of stacked babes and somehow still comes up inferior. (Squeeze)"

"Face it Derek, she was born a failure. (Squeeze) She was already coming up short as soon as she entered the world. (Squeeze) Never as pretty as the other girls. (Squeeze) Never the most popular. (Squeeze) I always tried to be the good grandmother and comfort her. (Squeeze) But no more. (Squeeze) No more bullshit. (Squeeze) No more lies. (Squeeze) No more grandmotherly platitudes. (Squeeze) Time to cut through the bullshit and expose the truth. (Squeeze) Expose her for the inferior woman she is. (Squeeze) Expose the truth to her husband. (Squeeze) Expose the fact she is not built to hold onto you. (Squeeze) Expose the fact that you deserve better. (Squeeze) Expose the fact that you and I would be far better mates than you and my granddaughter. (Squeeze) Expose the fact that this..." Helena started, her hand traveling from lovingly stroking his cock to the hem of his pants. In one smooth motion, her hand slid into his pants and wrapped around

his thick, pulsing shaft, now at full hardness. "This belongs to me now."

She quickly pulled his cock from his pants, exposing it to the world. Exposing it to his passed out wife. Exposing the fact that Heather's hot bodied grandmother's hand was wrapped around her hubby's cock, on her wedding night. She pointed it at Heather and began to stroke it infuriatingly slowly, forcing a bead of cum from the tip, forcing the cum to drip from his dick onto the floor.

"This dick became my property the moment you fell for Heather. The moment you entered my family, the moment you entered into my sphere of influence, it was inevitable we would end up here. When you first met me today, and saw my hot body, you knew deep down you would be seeing it bared for you by the end of the night. When you agreed to have me come up to your room with you, you knew it would end up like this. You knew you and I would be spending your wedding night together, and Heather would be cast aside. You knew you would be fucking your wife's grandmother. You knew your cock would end up in each and every one of my holes." Helena purred, and her last statement caused him to shiver.

"You like that Derek? You like knowing that your cock will end up in your wife's grandmother's sexy mouth?" Helena asked. "You like knowing your cock will be smothered in the walls of your wife's grandmother's tight pussy?" Helena purred. Derek shivered. "You like knowing your huge dick will end up buried deep in your wife's grandmother's tight asshole?" Derek grunted loudly as his dick began to drip pre-cum at a more steady pace.

"But I know what will drive you even more wild. I know what you've been thinking about. I've felt your eyes feasting on my body. Staring into my cleavage. Don't worry. Your dick will end up between your wife's grandmother's massive... smooth... soft... perky... double F tits." Helena whispered. Derek groaned at this thought. Derek's dick was as hard as steel as Helena furiously stroked it.

"Do you want to cum, Derek? Do you want your wife's grandmother to get you off? Do you want me to make you cum? Do you want me to make your big cock explode? Do you want me to make your dick fire bursts of hot, sticky cum all over your passed out wife? Do you want to defile

your wife's dream wedding dress with all of that filthy cum you have stored in those big, nasty balls of yours?" Helena asked, furiously stroking his pulsing cock.

Derek was on edge. He couldn't think straight. He wanted to fight back, but her stroking hand, her hot body, and filthy words left him frozen in place, forcing him to take the pleasure. Forcing him to stand in place, staring at his drunken passed out wife, and making him receive the pleasure he wasn't sure he wanted. So he was forced to receive this furious hand job from his wife's hot grandma, forced to let her bring him to the edge. And he was getting close. Very close. Very close to letting his wife's grandmother make him cum. But Helena was an experienced whore, and she knew he was close. And just before he crossed that threshold, before Helena made him explode in bursts of hot, sticky cum all over his unconscious wife, she wrapped her hand firmly around the root of his thick cock and clenched it roughly, ending her stroking as she gripped his cock, forcing him to pull back from the edge.

"No, baby." she whispered with a lilting laugh. "It won't be that easy. It can never be that easy. I spent years traveling,

and I learned one thing about pleasure. True pleasure comes with discipline. You can't just give it away. You can't just spend your days cumming all over yourself like an undisciplined boy. The true pleasure is in restraint. In holding back. Saving yourself, letting yourself get filled to the brim, just bursting for release, waiting for that moment to just let yourself go, to let that pleasure overwhelm you. That's when real pleasure comes. That is when you feel truly free. That is when, for that one small moment, your mind leaves your body, and you feel at one with the universe. Some people just give it away without discipline. But they don't get what they are looking for. It's never the sweet relief they want, because they don't earn it. That's because it takes someone truly special to take ownership of their own pleasure. To master their wants and their needs. To know what they want and to claim it. To understand their own body and use it to it's max. To control their pleasure in order to maximize it. To recharge quicker than others. That quick recharge comes with years of training. But with that training comes the need for constant pleasure. But those nights, those flings with the nameless, those are temporary solutions. Temporary pressure relief. Sure, I've cum a lot, and I'm sure you have as well. But I've never had 'the big one'. That one, life changing, soul-altering, world shaking cum. I've been searching for it for years. Seeking it.

But it has eluded my grasp. I've trained more than any other, but it has eluded me. Slipped through my fingers. I think you can take me there. And I think I will take you there as well. We will go there, together. And when that happens, when we explode, the world will shake under our feet. Our souls will leave our bodies. We will see the universe. You will have all your questions answered. All it will take is one, world-changing cum. The greatest orgasm ever had. It will be tough. It will be difficult. We will have to cum a few times to get there. Warm-up cums, in preparation for 'the big one'. The big bang. And it when it hits, you will be a different man. And I will be a different woman. We will ascend. We will take our place, our throne as superior minds. And we can only make this happen together."

"And it can only happen here. Tonight. In front of my brainless granddaughter. In her face. We will go to the marriage bed, the bed that should be hers. We will go to that bed, and do what comes naturally for people with bodies like ours. Our bodies will collide in heated, disturbing, brutal sex. I will stake my claim as her superior, and you will see the truth, as will she. Our unholy, disgusting, fierce fucking will break the rules. Will change the rules. It will

bring time and space to its knees, begging for mercy. It will make that bitch weep as we defeat it. As we spit in its face. As we cast it aside and take control of our lives. Our destinies. Heather, she is fate's weapon. She is the norm. She is the straight and narrow. She is boring. She is the two story house and white picket fence. She is 2.5 children. She is settling. She is the regular life. She is the life you're 'supposed' to live. She is the good granddaughter I'm 'supposed' to give anything for. She is fate... time... space, whatever you want to call it. She is normal life trying to pull us in. No! Fuck that! Let's go be extraordinary. Let's take control. Let's break the rules. Let's go defy our roles. Let's forget who we are. Derek... let's fuck!" Helena whispered firmly.

Derek's eyes lidded over. His dick throbbed and pulsed. Pre-cum dripped from the tip of his dick. He was desperate to be pleasured. Desperate for sex. Desperate to be fucked.

He couldn't fight it any more. Her words, though probably insane to most, resonated in a way he couldn't explain. He had tried so long to discover the limits of time and space. He played within the rules, within math and logic. So maybe Helena was right. Maybe a new tact was required.

Maybe something completely outside the realm of science and reason. Maybe Helena was right that to break the rules of humanity, you must know it's limits first. Maybe to find those limits, you had to immerse yourself into the one act that makes people feel the most human. To immerse yourself in the pleasures of the flesh, to test your limits that way. To experience all there is to experience, to ride the choppy seas of pleasure, to run the gamut with another, to collide with someone in the deepest, most sinful sexual acts. A physical battle of wills, testing your limits of control, of pleasure, and in some cases, pain. The most immersive, physical act. The most raw, exposed, human act. The only act where you end up exposing who you really are. It is the most honest, the most real, the most human you will ever be. You will see your limits. And once you see them, you will know the limits you need to break.

Helena was right. Derek knew it. Helena was right. He had worked for so long for fruitless results. Helena's methods, while unorthodox, sounded crazy enough to work. Her words were like poison, infecting his moldable mind with her will, with her insane declarations. With her insane derision of her granddaughter. Her words filled his mind, changing him, changing what he believed about Helena,

and about Heather. He was far too innocent for an old pro like Helena. She knew how to mold any young man. Fleeting glimpses of her perfect flesh. Her soft, firm, invasive words. Her keen, brilliant mind. It was like a genius trying to outwit a child. It was not hard at all. He was untrained, unready to fight back against someone who could keep up with him mentally and arouse him physically. Her body was incredible. Her big, magnificent breasts. Her incredible, mouth-watering ass. Her gorgeous, mature face. She was a walking, mature sex goddess. A grandmother with the body of a top-tier porn slut. A body women of all ages envied. Her body was too perfect for any man to resist, let alone one as innocent and inexperienced as Derek. He just didn't have it in him to fight back. It would be so easy to just give in. So easy to just give in to her will. And he just knew, deep down, that it would feel so fucking good to just give up, give in to Helena's supreme will and hot body.

Keeping one hand on his dick, Helena pulled him so he turned his back to Heather, and she started to walk towards the bed, pulling Derek with her. She led him by the dick, pulling him away from Heather, into a whole new world. Derek glanced down, at his grandmother-in-law's body,

and the copious amount of voluptuous mature flesh she was exposing. He looked down at her firm, softly muscled back, with the lavender bra-straps digging into her smooth, shiny flesh. His eyes trailed down to her impressive, imposing ass. The round, perky cheeks standing proudly outward to Derek's lucky eyes. The teeny string of the lavender thong was being consumed by the meaty cheeks of Helena's ass.

"Look where following the rules have gotten you. A nervous, stammering boy. But, after tonight... I'll make a man out of you." Helena said as they reached the bed. Helena held his dick and forced them both to spin until his back was to the bed. Helena deftly shoved him back, forcing him to sit on the end of the bed.

"Helena, I don't know if I can do this." Derek pled, begging her to stop this indecent seduction. Now that her hand was off his dick, his head began to clear and he attempted to put up one last fight for his wife. Sure, Helena was hot, way too hot and voluptuous than any grandma should be. And sure, she seemed to be extremely brilliant. And sure, it seemed like her mind was struggling with the same types of things that he had been. And although it seemed like she had an insane solution to their shared problems, Derek was for

some reason not able to completely rule out her ridiculous plan.

There was no scientific reasoning to her plan. But she might be right in that he was too deep in the woods to see the trees. He was too immersed in scientific formulas, theorems and equations to see beyond them. To see a solution to his problem, to find a way to break the rules of time and space. To see alternate timelines, to experience every decision, every alternate reality. And maybe that solution was not a scientific one. Maybe what was holding him back wasn't math or science. Maybe what was holding him back was the limits of his mind. Maybe it was true that he had to experience things to evolve his mind, enrich it with the fruits of the world. Maybe he had to look inward, into his own mind. Maybe he had to meditate to find his limits. To examine his mind critically, and maybe find a solution there. Derek would have to look into this in the future.

But her plan, it was ridiculous, wasn't it? To test his limits through exhausting, vigorous, athletic sex with his wife's grandmother. To immerse himself in her voluptuous, mature body. To drown in her mature flesh. There was no reason her plan would work, right? Sure, she could no doubt

test his limits sexually. She could no doubt make him experience a whole new world of pleasure. No, she was his wife's grandmother. But she was really hot. She had the body of the porn star. Her breasts were just so huge! They were like watermelons on her chest! He could only imagine how they would look bare. He could only imagine what she could do with them during sex. And her ass was unreal. It was fit and round, firm and strong enough to handle anything. She could do some damage with that ass. She could no doubt destroy a man with that body. She could no doubt take a man to his limits. But that wasn't enough to make a man evolve, to make a man conquer fate, time and space. That was ridiculous, right? Sure, her offer was tempting, not for what her offered destination was, but for what it would take to get there. Derek had to admit that sex with Helena, despite her mature age, would no doubt be spectacular. And to experience her body first-hand would definitely be a world shaking experience. No doubt.

But she was his wife's grandmother! Not her best friend, or her sister, or her mother... her grandmother. It was so not right. A young man his age should not be with a grandmother in a sexual way, period. No one would be happy for him, or excited for him. There would be no guys

out there slapping him on the shoulder and congratulating him for nailing a grandmother. No, people would look down at him. They would be grossed out. They didn't understand how incredibly hot and sexy Helena was, and if they saw her, they would understand why he did it. Sure, she was incredibly hot, but there was no pride to be had in society in bagging a grandmother. There was no future to be had by pursuing that kind of relationship. It was doomed to be temporary. The world was not meant to have young men fucking grandmothers. The rules of fate, of time and space, dictated otherwise.

Helena had probably realized this long ago. And that was probably why she thought how she did. The rules of society, the rules that were just always there, as if dictated from a higher force, time, space, fate or whatever, those rules were the enemy. They kept you in place. Kept you from seeing the strings. Kept you from seeing the world at a higher level. And to see the world in a more advanced way, maybe you had to move beyond those rules, to escape the forest so you could see beyond the trees. Derek understood this now.

Yes, there was a twisted logic. And Derek could follow her line of thought. But still, it was insane. She was his wife's

grandmother. His wife... Derek was a married man now. Good married men don't cheat on their wives, let alone with his wife's hot grandma. Sure, his wife had gotten drunk and spoiled their wedding night, but that didn't give him the right to cheat. He loved her and vowed to be with her forever. She was his soul mate. She had made him a better person. He couldn't just throw that away. Not for some illicit fling with his wife's grandmother. No. And he couldn't let Helena do this to herself. To her family. If she did this, if she betrayed Heather, it would destroy everyone involved. It would destroy Heather, and her family. It would destroy Derek. And it would no doubt destroy Helena's place in her family. How could a woman be respected after fucking her granddaughter's husband? Derek had to talk her down from the ledge.

"Helena. We can't do this. We have to stop." Derek begged.

"No." Helena said simply. "There will be none of that. There is no stopping this."

"But..." Derek began.

But as he did, Helena smiled smugly, confidently. She reached around her back and simply unclipped her bra. Her springy, perky breasts were not built to contained, and now that the bra's support was now gone, her massive breasts burst forward, causing her stretchy bra to spring away from her chest like a slingshot, pulling the overworked straps from her shoulders. The bra hit the floor. Now, for the first time, Helena Cline's massive breasts were exposed to her granddaughter's hunky husband.

Helena stood with her hands on her hips, letting the young man take her body in. And taking it in he was.

Words left Derek. His mouth stayed open in shock. His eyes widened to take in the visual feast in front of him. The work of art standing before him. And it was truly a work of art. Perfection.

They were even bigger than he thought. They looked huge in her bra, but now that the overworked garment was on the floor, it was clear how much work it had been doing. It was clear now how much flesh those bra cups were forced to

contain, and it was a marvel that that her bra hadn't been torn to shreds with each jiggle of those gigantic jugs.

They were just massive. Just absolutely round and smooth and perfect. The flesh on her breasts was every bit as smooth and creamy and sexy as the rest of her. They were still somehow incredibly perky, her rack standing out proudly from her slim torso, defying the affects of age and time. They were just so round and springy and soft looking, like divine pillows. No sag, whatsoever. It was insane how youthful her chest appeared to be. Age had only filled them out into a perfect roundness, naturally forming a fucking canyon of massive cleavage. The most important thing, though, was their size. They were massive. Derek honestly thought each massive breast was the size of his head. It was incredible that such a slim, mature woman could be packing such massive boobs. It was incredible that those tits could be packed into a tight dress.

Derek's eyes were drawn to his wife's grandmother's nipples. They were just... perfect, just like the rest of her. Both nipples were rock hard, the only interruption on her flawlessly smooth flesh. They were hard, begging for a mouth to surround them and slake her lust. Her nipples

were perfectly sized, surrounded by pink, suckable flesh. Each nipple looked ready to be sucked, bit, and chewed on. Derek shivered.

He maintained eye contact with Helena's nipples. Helena bent over slightly as she let the young man take in this world changing sight. His eyes were locked onto her chest, and he didn't notice her hands slide under her thong straps and force them down, peeling the tiny thong off of her, letting it fall to the floor, baring her cunt to Derek's eyes for the first of what she knew would be many times. Her bared pussy was the only thing that could pull Derek's eyes from her tits.

She stood up straight as Derek's eyes locked onto Helena's naked cunt. Like her tits, her pussy appeared to be shockingly youthful looking. It was still a mature cunt, but no grandmother should have a cunt that sweet and sexy looking. The plump lips of her cunt looked ready for action. Her hard clit poked outward, indicating her lust, as did the juices covering her cunt. And she still maintained a small, thin landing strip of silvery cunt hair, the only sign that this was a mature pussy he was staring at. Derek was enraptured.

"You can't fight this anymore, Derek. You can't resist it. You can't stop what's about to happen." Helena said.

"But..." Derek croaked, putting up one last plea. "How can you know? How can you know that this plan would work? How do I know this isn't just about, uh... sex?"

Helena smiled

"Of course it's about sex! And that's how I know I'm right." Helena began, ready to expose her trump card. Her theory. The Cline theory of time. And the fact that she was nude would only help him pay complete attention. "I get it Derek. You're a scientist. You need proof." she said, gesturing with her arms, causing her exposed boobs to jiggle, enrapturing him further. "Luckily, I have it. This wedding, this day... it's all sex. You're surrounded by it. Smothered by its silky charm. Didn't you notice, Derek? Didn't you notice all the gorgeous women at this wedding? At the reception? All these women, so captivated by you. If you wanted, you could have had any one of them. My daughter, Jocelyn. My granddaughter, Jackie. That annoying little hotel clerk,

whatever her name was. My friend Audrey. All of them had eyes for you, and any one of them could have ended up here."

Derek's eyes scrunched at her as he studied her words.

"Like I said, I studied your work. I became obsessed with it, no doubt like you are. Different timelines. Different choices. Infinite timelines, each playing out a different decision. Derek, you're in one of those timelines now! A series of decisions were made tonight, and those decisions led you here. Heather got drunk, which is out of character for her. Jackie, and Jocelyn, and the clerk, and Audrey, all made a move on you. And each time, you turned them away. But, if your theory is correct, then in another timeline, you had sex with each and every one of them." Helena said.

Derek was hit with a severe case of déjà vu, as was Helena. He tried to shake his head clear, but the feeling was so strong.

"In one timeline, a boring one, you had the perfect wedding with Heather." Helena purred. Derek's mind flashed, flashed to what Heather looked like, what she would have looked like had the wedding gone off without a hitch. An image of her, smiling cutely next to the bed he was currently on, in a set of classy lingerie, waiting to make love to him.

"In another, that hotel clerk made a move." Helena said. An image jumped to Derek's mind. Him, and that hotel clerk, Kaitlyn, on a balcony, looking over the city, the cool air hitting them as they sipped drinks. Followed by an image, of a dark unfamiliar room. A writhing, unfamiliar body on top of him. A giant pair of sweaty, big breasts in his palms. The shocking realization that it was Kaitlyn on top of him, riding him for all she was worth.

"In another timeline, Jackie got her claws in you." Helena cooed. Another image jumped into Derek's head. Jackie, his wife's sister, wearing her sister's wedding dress, her huge breasts bursting out of it. She, riding his cock viciously as a passed out Heather dozed next to him.

"And then, no doubt, in another timeline, Jocelyn got to you." Helena said. More images hit his mind. Jocelyn, bent over, Derek's face jammed between her imposing ass-cheeks. In another image, he saw Jocelyn, her firm mature body exposed as she rode him furiously. And as she did, Derek called her 'Mommy'.

Derek shook his head and was finally able to escape that extended feeling of déjà vu. He had never felt anything like that. Sure, he had had déjà vu before, but nothing like this. Those images seemed so real. So vivid and true. It felt like they had actually happened. But they hadn't, obviously. He didn't do any of those things. But, maybe he did. Maybe he had done them... in other timelines. In another time. In another space. If Derek's theories were true, then at some point, in some timelines, he had had sex with all of Heather's relatives. All those other women Helena mentioned. In those other timelines, Derek had cheated. And those images were so vivid, so real, so... hot. So sexy. So alluring. So tempting.

The vivid déjà vu and the alluring images within made his dick throb. He looked up at Helena, and she looked to be going through what he did.

"You felt that too, didn't you? You felt time... rippling around us? Time fighting to stop us. I did too. The feeling was... indescribable. When I realized what I just told you, I felt how you just did. I saw what you saw. So you want proof? You want to know how I know? That's how I know." Helena said firmly.

Derek studied her. She had shown him something his years of work had never gotten him close to. She had gotten him closer to solving the great problem he had been studying than any book, any scientist, had. His wife's hot, sexy, nude grandmother was on the right track. She might have the right idea. The path forward, the path to answers was... sex. It was sex. Helena was right. Sex was the answer. His shoulders dropped and the fight was fading from him.

She was right. Derek couldn't fight this. He was not strong enough. She understood him so well. She spoke to him in ways no woman ever had. He had to follow this. He had no choice but to give in. He was dazed by Helena's brilliant mind and hot body. Those tits were insane. And for some reason, in his head, he just knew it would feel so good to just

give in to her. It felt wrong. It felt wrong to do this to Heather. It felt wrong to hurt her. But the path to solving his life's work was right in front of him. He had to chase it.

"Take off your clothes." Helena said firmly. Derek didn't take his eyes off her body, but that didn't stop him. Still sitting on the bed, he let his suit coat fall to the bed, unbuttoned his shirt, and loosened his tie. He let them fall to the bed and quickly removed his undershirt, exposing his bare, fit chest to Helena's widened, lustful, hungry eyes. Derek's hands went to his waist and he awkwardly lifted himself and was able to lower his pants to the floor. He extricated his pants and socks from his body, now nude in front of his wife's grandmother.

"Very good. Very, very good." Helena said quietly. She stepped closer to him and ran her finger up along his bare chest. She brought that finger to her lips and gathered his manly taste into her mouth. She reached down to grab his thighs. She dug in with her nails and pulled him forward roughly, closer to the edge of the bed. She then kneeled before the overwhelmed young man, the mature grandmother placing her arms on his firm thighs. She curled her fingers around the thick root of his dick and gave

it a slight squeeze. She poised her head above his meaty dick.

"Hon, I'm about to rock your world." Helena purred. Derek watched as Helena's sexy mouth opened and lowered down. Derek's eyes closed, afraid of seeing this sight. For a few moments, Derek felt nothing. This delay was maddening. And then, he felt her soft, plump lips form a tight seal around his thick mushroom tip. He felt her smooth tongue against the underside of his cock.

"UHHHHHHH!" Derek moaned out.

Unknowingly, his moan of pleasure stirred Heather awake. Her eyes were a haze and her center of gravity was askew. She played with her tongue as she realized her mouth was as dry as cotton. Her head lolled dizzily as she attempted to get to her feet. She stumbled towards the sink. She turned on the faucet, and cupped her hand under the water, filling her palm. She brought it up to her mouth, swallowing the cool liquid. She heard a noise from the room and turned to look for the source.

As she turned to look into the room, her vision swirled and blurred. If she were sober, she would have seen what was truly going on. But all she saw was a blur of something. Her swirling vision made her dizzy, forcing her to slide down along the front of the sink, falling to her butt on the floor. Her head leaned back and her eyes began to lid over again. The last thing to hit her ears before passing out again was another restrained moan.

If her vision was clear, she would have been horrified. She would have realized that her grandmother was on her knees in front of her husband, and they were both nude. She would have seen Helena's head bobbing above her husband's crotch. She would have seen her grandmother's round, bare ass pointed straight towards her. She would have noticed the way her grandmother's ass cheeks parted, exposing her neat, clean asshole, unashamedly pointed straight at her.

It's probably for the best that she didn't see that.

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Heather was missing everything, but Kaitlyn wasn't. She had seen it all. She had watched as the sexy grandmother succinctly seduced the young man, attacking his mind and body, tearing him down like an experienced seductress would.

Kaitlyn quickly realized Helena was brilliant. Like, a genius. She was so smart, and her words, although they mostly went over Kaitlyn's head, they were absolutely what the young man needed to hear. Kaitlyn quickly realized Helena was clearly operating on another level. A level Kaitlyn realized she could never reach without some serious training.

Watching the mature woman at work was getting Kaitlyn hot under the collar. Her nipples were throbbing and her cunt was sizzling and moist.

And when Helena exposed her body, Kaitlyn nearly came.

Kaitlyn couldn't explain it. She had never been attracted to women at all, and none had ever made her body react this way. But as soon as Helena exposed her stacked, mature

body to both the young married man and the peeping hotel clerk, Kaitlyn's cunt quivered with pleasure. Her juices began literally dripping from her pussy, soaking her thong and her thighs. Her nipples began to throb, bursting for escape from under her clothing. She couldn't explain why this old lady was making her body react like this.

It wasn't necessarily an attraction towards the older woman. There was just something about her. She induced this reaction out of everyone. Derek was under her spell as well. He had been entranced into taking off his clothes and exposing his fat cock to the hot grandmother. His cock was pulsing as the old lady went to work on him. Kaitlyn admired Derek's fit, muscular body, and his fat cock, and he definitely made her mouth water. But she had trouble paying attention to him. Her focus was continuously drawn to Helena. Every single thing she did was an act of seduction. She exuded sex from her pores. Every word, every motion, every jiggle drew both Kaitlyn and Derek further under her spell.

Kaitlyn was from a small town, and she had always been the town looker back home. Her striking looks and big tits made her the envy of all the other girls in town. But now,

she was in the big city. And she was beginning to realize there was a whole, wide, world out there, and there were women out there that somehow had body's hotter than hers. And as much as she hated to admit it, this old lady's body had hers beat by a mile.

Kaitlyn couldn't take her eyes off of Helena. Helena's tits were so big! Kaitlyn has some big DD's, but Helena had some fucking blimps on her chest. Kaitlyn had never seen such big breasts, and she couldn't approximate their size. And they were so perky and firm. How could this old lady be so stacked? Even this old lady's ass was somehow hotter, rounder and fuller than hers. Kaitlyn had always been proud of her top-shelf rear-end. But this fucking grandmother, the grandmother of the bride, had an ass that was far hotter, sexier, and more impressive than hers. Even her mature cunt looked tight, taut, and youthful. Even the tiny strip of silver cunt hair worked for her, somehow making her look even sexier. And Kaitlyn had put the hotel's gym to good use, staying fit and firm. But this mature slut over double her age had a body more taut and fit than hers. Kaitlyn had been the homecoming queen, but she knew that if Helena had somehow wandered in during

the ceremony, even at her older age they would have given her the crown instead.

Helena had Kaitlyn beat, in nearly every category. And that made Kaitlyn very, very wet.

Kaitlyn didn't understand it. She didn't understand why her body reacted this way. Why did Helena turn this young slut on? She didn't understand why it turned her on to see a woman with a body and a mind that was superior to her in every way. Helena had a body she could never dream of having. Her huge tits. Her firm, full, round ass. Her small, tight pussy. Even Helena's lewdly exposed asshole made Kaitlyn quiver with pleasure.

Kaitlyn didn't realize the truth. That her body was reacting this way out of deference to Helena's perfection. Helena's body was as perfect a body as she had ever seen, and Kaitlyn knew immediately that this old lady's body blew hers out of the water. If Kaitlyn's body was a ten, Helena's was a twenty. And the only way her body could react to this realization was to get turned on. To show Helena's body the respect it deserved by getting hot and wet. To defer to its perfection.

To not even try to stand up and compete with it. To acknowledge its perfection by showing that Helena could even turn on an intrepid young slut like her. Her body's only reaction was to basically communicate to the old lady that her mature body was so hot it could even turn on a completely straight, competitive slut like her.

When they had talked before, Kaitlyn had quivered under Helena's appraising stare. Being within inches of Helena's pheromones had reduced her to a wet, juicy, turned-on mess. And Helena barely acknowledged the young slut. She probably didn't think twice about Kaitlyn. Helena possessed the cold, disinterest that comes with perfection, being at the top of her game. All others were mere mortals to her.

Kaitlyn was a jumble of mixed up, jangled nerves. She couldn't explain her reaction. She was too consumed by her pulsing cunt to think too hard. She didn't like that Helena was affecting her this way. She didn't want this old lady's hot body to induce her into pleasuring herself. She didn't want to acknowledge that the sexy grandmother was her superior, because when a straight woman masturbates to another woman's hot body, that was in some way acknowledging that other woman as her better. But her

pussy was pulsing insistently. Kaitlyn quickly realized the need was too great. Kaitlyn's fingers had already slipped into her thong as she inserted two fingers into her dripping, needy cunt. She justified her actions to herself. The action on screen was hot. It would turn anyone on. It wasn't like she found that old lady hot and wanted to watch her fuck? That'd be ridiculous!

With a sigh, Kaitlyn fell back to the bed. She fingered herself at an urgent rate as she settled onto the bed, her eyes transfixed by the images on-screen. Transfixed on Helena.

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"Ahhh!" Derek moaned appreciatively as Helena's head went up and down on his shaft. He looked down in shock. His wife's grandmother was sucking his dick. His wife's grandmother! It was pure insanity. No man should end up in this position. No husband should end up with his cock getting lovingly sucked by his wife's hot grandmother. But as he looked down at her gorgeous face, hard at work sucking him off, Derek couldn't help but be turned on.

Helena was very experienced at the art of sex, so needless to say, she knew how to suck some dick. This was no dainty knob polishing done by an inexperienced young woman. There were no choking gags or flying spittle. There was no fear in her movement. Helena had no fear. Even though Derek's dick was sizable, impressively meaty and thick, Helena was not afraid of it. And this was clear to Derek.

He watched as she bobbed from the tip to the root in a smooth, practiced motion. He noticed the sheen of her saliva coating every inch of his hard cock. He watched as her lips never broke contact. When she dove deep, her lips stayed sealed tight, wrapped around his thick shaft, her plump lips stroking his dick as she dove up and down. When her lips reached the tip, her lips paused there, nearly pursed like a kiss, her lips staying just slightly open around the dripping tip of his cock, making sure none of his pre-cum escaped her wet mouth.

Derek felt her tight throat as Helena dove to the root of his dick, his cock-head engulfed in her hot-as-fire throat. Each time she dove deep on his prick caused him to experience her broiling gullet, making him tense up, his head falling

back in pleasure. He felt her saliva drip down his shaft onto his balls as she furiously sucked him off.

Derek looked down. Helena was looking up at him, her cool eyes holding his stare as she sucked his prick. She tilted her head, forcing the tip of his cock into the inside of her cheek, forcing it outward. He felt her warm breath surrounding his cock, felt her dripping saliva coating his cock. She removed his dick from her sucking mouth. She licked the underside of his dick lewdly with her firm, mature tongue as she gripped the base, staring up at him like the filthy slut she was.

"AHHHH! Helena, that feels so good!" Derek cried out. Helena ran her tongue down his shaft till her tongue reached his balls. She ran her tongue across his scrotum firmly as she stroked his shaft, wetting his balls. The tip of his cock was bubbling with pre-cum, and her stroking hand spread that cum across his shaft. Some cum dripped from his dick and into her shiny blonde hair. Maybe that's how her hair got it's luster.

As Helena labored on his cock, she took the time to admire it. It truly was a magnificent dick. A thick, meaty ten inches, standing proud, unblemished, undamaged by the evils of the world. Ready to be corrupted. Helena could feel his dick swelling and pulsing, aching to cum. Derek's dick was clearly untrained, unable at this point to withstand the pleasure that a real woman could bring him. He was used to a delicate, intimidated girl daintily nibbling at his cock, not an experienced woman inhaling his shaft to the root. Holding that dick on edge. Making it pulse and swell, making it fill with cum. Make it throb till it just has to burst.

Helena slowly stroked his massive penis as she pulled her mouth off of him.

"Ahh, uh, Helena... keep going." Derek stammered nervously, temporarily lost in the pleasure, temporarily forgetting it was his wife's grandmother making his cock throb.

"No, I'm afraid I can't do that." Helena said, backing her head away.

"What... why?" Derek asked. Helena stood up and put her hands on her hips, taking away his argument with another view of her hot naked body. Those magnificent, huge, round jiggling tits. Those hard, protruding nipples, begging to be sucked on. That flat, smooth, mature belly, with its firm muscles and her sexy belly button. Her hot, nearly bare cunt, with the mature, silvery landing strip. His eyes were glued on her FF cups as she began to speak.

"You need to learn how to hold back, to restrain yourself. You have to learn control, baby. And there is no better way to learn control than to be controlled." Helena said simply. She reached down and grabbed his dick firmly, pulling him to his feet. Helena moved around him quickly, replacing him on the bed. She leaned back on one hand and ran her other hand down between her legs. She circled two fingers around her hard clit.

"I think you know what has to be done." Helena said, staring the young man down. Derek gulped as he stared down at his wife's voluptuous naked grandmother as she rubbed her clit softly. She watched as Derek struggled with what he knew had to be done and whatever shred of loyalty he still felt for Heather. "To give without taking. To surrender your

fears for the sake of another. To toss away all your fears, your apprehension, your weakness. To shed your thin skin. To make you stronger. Harder. To turn you from a boy into a man."

Derek gulped and looked into her eyes. She matched his stare coldly. She slipped a finger into her soaked cunt and started pinching her nipples with her other hand.

"I've been to so many weddings." she began. "Forced to play the game, smile and nod, give so many congratulations that I've never truly believed in." she panted, biting her lip. She studied Derek's dick, and watched it throb as she pleasured herself. She gave him a slight, indicatory nod, and probably without realizing it, Derek began to slowly stroke himself.

She had attacked his mind, and she had done so effectively, opening it up and making it her own. She had attacked his body, rendering him nude, exposed, throbbing for her. And now, the final blow. It was time to attack his heart.

His soul.

His conscience, his loyalty, his ethics and his last shreds of goodness were holding him back. Helena needed to stamp that out now and free the young man from himself and his guilt.

"I don't believe in marriage. In weddings. Never been married. Never will be. Quite frankly, I look down on those who do. Love is an invention. Illogical. A figment. A description of a feeling of closeness, when in reality, it's just a sign of giving up. You pick someone out, marry them and hope that that person is truly the one you want to spend your life with. You marry someone and cross your fingers, hoping that no one better will come along. It's a pointless exercise. An obstacle for people, preventing them from true happiness. True relief. We are told in life to get married, settle down, have children. Fuck that! I won't back down. I'll never settle. The human race would be far better if people didn't settle. Didn't give up. Didn't give in." Helena purred out.

"The ring on your finger is your weakness. A lead weight, holding you down in life, preventing you from consuming

the feasts that are out there. Preventing you from indulging in the pleasures you might not know are there. I look at you, Derek, I saw you say 'I do' to my granddaughter, and I shook my head. I once again felt disappointment as someone who deserved better held themselves back. You're a yacht, anchored to the shore. There is a whole ocean out there ready to be explored. To ride it's waves. To plunge it's depths. You're an astronaut stuck on Earth, with the whole universe around you. You tied yourself to my granddaughter, a sweetheart, sure, but nonetheless an anchor stopping you from better things. With some men, they are held back from their dreams, their ambitions, their desires. In your case... it's pussy. Ahh!" Helena gasped, back arching with as a small orgasm rippled through her body. She breathed deep, her chest billowing as she gasped heavily. She regained her composure quickly and resumed talking. And fingering herself, of course.

"Derek, you're gagging for it. You're desperate for it. You wouldn't be naked in your wedding suite, stroking yourself in front of your wife's naked grandmother unless you were desperate for something... more. Something more than what my granddaughter can provide. Something she is simply... incapable... of providing. The kind of pussy you

crave. She doesn't give you pussy. She gives you love, which as I said, is a fraud. A fallacy. She gives you a hollow concept. She doesn't satisfy that base, animal craving. You're a tamed, domesticated animal. A house pet. Going through the motions, living within the rules that were given to you before you had a chance to decline them. I'm not a pet. I'm not domesticated. I'm untamed. I'm wild. I'm a lioness. Caged by no man. Caged by no... system. I don't obey the rules. I do what I want. It's survival of the fittest. And trust me Derek, it's so much better this way. It's so much better on this side. So dive in. The water's fine."

"Indulge your inner animal. Feed your hunger. Accept the beast within. I have. I have accepted the demoness in me. I have accepted the evil within. The darkness inside me. Break the chains that bind you. Cut ties from that which prevents you from taking what you want. Accept who you are. A deviant, cheating asshole who is desperate to break it off with his lovely wife. An evil prick who secretly wants to break his wife's heart. To cast aside a woman who was never enough for you in favor for something better, which, in your case, is your wife's hotter than hot... sexy... voluptuous... hot bodied... big titted... grandmother. You want to be the guy who dumps his wife and chooses the

pleasures of the flesh. You want to be the asshole who dumps his wife for an old lady. You want to be the prick who leaves his wife and chooses her grandmother instead. Let it happen, Derek. Let it wash over you. Close your eyes... and be reborn." Helena said, continuing her slight fingering.

Derek obeyed, closing his eyes to the world. And for a moment, he was truly closed off from everything. All he was left with was himself. No sights. No sound. No taste. No touch. Just himself. Just his mind. But he couldn't escape Helena. Helena's body was all he could think about. Helena's hot body. His wife's brick shithouse of a grandmother. Her words, her insane declarations were all that he could think about. And all he could feel was the swelling of his balls. That desperate, primal need to ejaculate. That beastly, base desire to cum. To procreate. To breed. To empty his balls into the nearest potent female. He tried to think of Heather, he tried to fight back, but Helena was all he could think about. Helena was all he had in mind.

Was he evil? Was he that much of an asshole? Did he actually want to fuck his wife's grandmother? What kind of man was he? Was he a man... or a beast? Was Helena right? Did he just want to fuck the hottest pussy he could find? Did

he really want to fuck his wife's grandmother? Did he want to fuck those huge, fleshy tits? Did he want to fuck her hot mouth? Did he want to fuck that mature, no-doubt crazy tight cunt? Did he want to fuck her round, mature ass? Did he want to fuck all of her holes and fill her with cum? Did he want to viciously dump his wife and leave her to be with her hot, sexy grandmother? With each cascading thought, all he felt was pleasure. When Derek eyes opened, what kind of man would he be?

Helena looked at the poor boy and smiled. She knew what she said was essentially bullshit, but he was so young and naïve that he just ate it up. As if you could just 'turn evil' like flipping a light switch. You either had the darkness or you didn't. Helena sure did. Any woman who was propositioning her granddaughter's husband for an illicit fuck surely had the darkness within. She had always had it in her. And she suspected Derek did as well. She suspected he wasn't the nice guy he pretended to be. She was positive that in his mind, deep inside, he had dark, twisted, messed-up, disgusting desires. Things that would make a slut like her blush. There was a beast within Derek, bursting to be free.

But the secret was, this fact didn't make Derek any different than anyone else. There was evil inside everyone. There was a selfish, self-serving, egotistical, greedy side to everyone. Everyone was capable of doing terrible things to each other in the name of self-preservation. Most only had to tap into this darkness when absolutely necessarily. But a few lived in that darkness, immersed themselves in it, made it their home. Helena had. And Derek was soon to join her.

But you don't just flip that switch and become evil. It's a slow, gradual progress. The depths of evil Helena could do now dwarfed what she was capable of in her younger years. And in time, Derek would be the same as her. He would live alongside her, freed from the rules. Free from society. Free from the boundaries of time and fate. Free.

At this point, all he was, was a desperate, horny young man needing to empty his balls. Stroking himself off in front of his wife's grandmother just to ease the pressure. He couldn't think straight. He just needed to cum, and he would take whatever pleasure he could get. He would push boundaries and test them, all in the name of cumming. He would let her words fill his mind and he would treat them as gospel. He would accept her way of life because he had no other

choice. He would forsake his wife for personal gain. He would get on his knees and suck on his wife's grandmother's pussy. He just needed to accept it. She needed him to accept it.

She was more desperate for this than she would ever admit. She had practically seen and done it all. She truly was a renaissance woman. To be that kind of woman, she had to do it all. And Derek was a big, meaty hunk of new experiences for her. She had never fucked any of her relatives husband's before. She had never crossed that line. And she was so desperate to shatter that barrier. She had dreamt of crossing that line for years. She needed to cross that line, and test her limits.

And besides, Derek was crazy hot and he had a huge dick. How could any slut resist?

Helena waited, waited for Derek's reaction. Waiting to see if she had turned him.

Then his eyes opened.

Helena studied him calmly, interested in his reaction. She watched as he feasted on her luscious, juicy body. She watched his mouth sigh heavily. She watched his dick leak his precious pre-cum. She watched his eyes, studying them. She watched as his eyes twinkle and then sparkle with mischief. She watched as he accepted his place. She watched him smile in a near arrogant sneer.

He couldn't fight for Heather anymore. Helena was too hot. Her words too tempting. Her mind too smart. And her boobs were just enormous! His hands were dying to be filled with that soft flesh. Her cunt looked so sweet and delectable. Her body was just so insane. It had taken the fight out of him. He couldn't fight her away anymore. He would just have to give up and let Helena do what she wanted with him. Become her bed-mate. Fuck partner. Sex-slave. Whatever it is she wanted, he would have to give her. He had to do it. He had to give his body to her. He had to have the pleasure he craved. He needed to cum. He needed to ride alongside Helena. He needed to ride the waves of the sea. To test the limits of the universe. He had to be free.

Derek stepped forward and got on his knees, kneeling before Helena. He grabbed her creamy thighs and pulled her ass to the edge of the bed. He glanced up at her, looking past her creamy peaks, into her cool, crystal-blue eyes. She gave him a slight nod, a nod that he interpreted as a message to him, communicating that he could trust her. He paused and looked down at her plump, mature pussy. Her silver landing strip. Her protruding clit. He looked into what would become his future. His wife's grandmother's cunt. He should just be seeing it for what it was, simply a sexy vagina. Just a small part of her voluptuous frame. But he knew, deep down, that if he got any closer, that if he complied with any of her sick wishes, this pussy would soon be ruling his life. This thought should disgust him, but the thought sent a ripple of pleasure to his core. Just the thought of his wife's grandmother's sexy cunt was driving him wild with lust. Derek's eyes lidded over, his mouth opened, and he dove forward, his open mouth colliding with his wife's grandmother's cunt. His mouth formed a seal around her pussy, and his tongue leapt out and took a tentative lick along her plump lips.

"Ahhhh, that's it!" Helena called out with a pleasured laugh.

Derek felt her juices coat his tongue. He pulled his tongue back and savored the taste. Once he savored it and tasted it's flavor, his mouth began to drool. She tasted so good! Her juices were like honey, sweet and flavorful, an ambrosia-like nectar. With no more hesitance, Derek's tongue dove in and dug deep into his wife's grandmother's sweet pussy.

"Very good, Derek. Very good." Helena sighed, resting her palm on the back of his head as she felt his tongue fervently lap at her sweet cunt. "That's some good stuff, isn't it?" Helena asked with a smug laugh as he swallowed her copious flowing juices. Derek didn't reply. He was too busy furiously lapping at her pussy to respond. She began to pat his head in appreciation. Using her other arm to hold herself up, she looked at Derek and began to speak her mind.

"What if I told you that everything I said before was bullshit? That this isn't about breaking free of the societal rules that bind us? That this isn't about seeing the limits of the universe? What if I told you that this was nothing more than you wanting to have sex with your wife's grandmother? That this has more to do with you not being able to take your eyes off of my hot body during your entire

wedding day? That this had nothing to do with freeing your mind, and more about freeing my jiggling tits from my tight dress? That you stopped thinking about your supposed soul-mate during your wedding, and started thinking about seeing my hot body in the nude? That you stopped thinking about your wife in her pretty wedding dress, and you started thinking about how tiny of a thong I was wearing? Cause with a body like mine, with the ass that I have, you had to know I was wearing a thong. Would it change anything if I told you that this, all of this, is a fraud, an excuse for you to get me naked, for you to feast on my body? All you are is a dirty, filthy boy who wants a mature cunt." Helena spoke, patting Derek's head as he lapped at her sweet cunt.

Derek didn't take in her words too much. Her sweet juices were driving him wild. He drove his strong tongue firmly into her, splitting her twat open so he could get at the tasty juices within. He realized as he ate her out that the juices deep within her pussy were the best tasting, so he drove his tongue in to gather that sweet nectar.

"Nibble my clit, dear." Helena commanded softly. Derek pulled his tongue from cunt and ran it up her soft pussy

lips. As his tongue collided with her clit, he surrounded it with his mouth and formed a tight seal around it. Derek flicked and nibbled at her clit, and he opened his eyes to look up at her, past her massive breasts, to her elegantly gorgeous face. She removed the hand from his head and began to twist at her rubbery nipples. She bit her bottom lip as Derek's tongue got more aggressive. Her thighs tightened around his head, holding him against her cunt. She brought her arm under her rack, holding it against the bottom of both breasts as she cupped her left breast in her palm, letting the flesh pour and overflow from her hand.

"Ugh, keep going." Helena moaned out. She chewed on her plump lip as he went at her clit ferociously. She twisted at her own nipple, increasing the electricity she was feeling in her body. Her thighs tightened around his head, nearly crushing him, but he did not stop lapping at her.

"Ahhh. That's it dear! Keep going! Keep going! KEEP GOING! AHHH! I'M GONNA CUM!" Helena squealed. Her hips arched off the bed, but Derek stayed glued to her cunt. Derek's mouth slid down and closed around her quivering cunt just in time as her hot girl-cum began squirting from her magnificent mature cunt. It coated Derek's tongue as he

held on to the ride from Helena's bouncing hips. Girl-cum filled his mouth, forcing him to swallow his wife's grandmother's pussy juice. After a minute of this, Helena's ass fell to the bed and her muscles relaxed as she was temporarily sated. She spread her legs, letting Derek escape from in between.

"Very good, dear... very good." Helena sighed out, catching her breath. "You are a natural, honey. You are truly talented at eating out your wife's grandmother's cunt. What a talent to have." she added with a laugh. She lied back and rested her head against the bed, catching her breath.

Derek pulled back, dazed. After swallowing so much of her precious nectar, Derek felt a little dizzy. It was like that feeling when you have your first drink of booze and you immediately feel the alcohol hit you. Derek felt a bit tipsy and dazed. He leaned against the bed and used it for leverage to get unsteadily to his feet. He got his bearings and looked up to face Helena, but all he saw was a blur as she pounced.

Before he could react, his face was smothered in softness as she wrapped her arms around his head. Derek struggled to breathe as found himself on his heels, unsure of what was happening as he was smothered with flesh. Helena maneuvered till he fell onto the bed on his back, Helena on top of him, straddling his stomach. He remained smothered until Helena finally pulled back and let Derek breath. He looked up, trying to regain his bearings again. His vision cleared, and he realized he was staring up at Helena's bare, big, ripe titties. He had been smothered by his wife's grandmother's massive breasts. Derek gulped.

Helena's breasts hovered over him, hanging like massive, swollen udders, her hard nipples as hard as diamonds.

"Open your mouth." Helena commanded simply.

Derek hesitated, his eyes locked onto Helena's enormous boobs. He didn't say a word.

"Derek!" Helena said firmly. "Open your mouth."

Derek was shaken from his reverie. Slowly, his mouth began to open. Helena smirked at this. Before he could react, Helena lowered her chest onto his face, her nipple entering his mouth as her huge breast molded around his face.

Derek froze in place as he felt the soft boob smother him. The flesh was so soft and firm as it pressed forcefully against his head. Helena forced her breast against his mouth, using her hand to push the copious flesh against him, thrusting as much of her nipple into Derek's mouth as she could.

Derek's mouth was forced open fully as Helena pushed her throbbing nipple inside. His lips were strained apart till they formed a tight seal around her large pink nipple. Tentatively, his tongue extended and flicked at the invading nipple.

"Oh, don't be afraid of it, darling." Helena lilted poshly. Derek's tongue flicked at her rubbery nipple again, flipping it back and forth. His tongue lapped at it again, this time giving the entire nipple a wet swipe with his tongue.

"Ahh, keep going, dear." Helena gasped. Derek's tongue became more active, intermittently swiping and flicking her nipple, until it was coated with his spit.

"Suck it, baby. Suck your wife's grandmother's tit!" Helena commanded. With that, she felt Derek's mouth tighten, his cheeks hollowing as he began the act of sucking at his wife's grandma's nipple.

"That's it, Derek. That's it!" Helena cried out, holding Derek's head to her breast. "Get used to this, because you will be doing a lot of this in the future. A woman likes me needs to have her nipples worshipped constantly. A woman like me, with breasts as massive as mine, needs to know how desperate men are to suck at my nipples. So, I trained myself to be able to cum hard just from having my nipples sucked on. My nipples are so sensitive now, that all it takes is one voracious mouth to get me off."

Derek went at her nipples, his mouth filled to the brim as he sucked at the massive teats. The only woman he had ever been with was Heather, so he was used to gently nibbling at

the small nipples on her cute breasts. He was not used to choking on a massive, pillowy, fleshy boob. He was not used to having his mouth filled by a big, round, soft nipple. He was not used to having to open his jaw to the max when he sucked on a nipple. He was not used to having so much soft, creamy, lively skin smothering his face.

To the inexperienced young man, sucking at such a massive breast was a new sensation. And as he dove in, as his lips pressed against her supple breasts, as her hard nipple pressed against his firm tongue, Derek felt as if he belonged here. That this is what he was meant to be doing. Being force fed a wet nipple. So Derek relaxed. He let himself be absorbed into the soft flesh. He truly let himself go and lose himself in her massive breasts.

Helena had turned Derek into a compliant, eager, worshiping breast slave.

"Bite it, Derek. Bite it!" Helena commanded. She felt his teeth scrape across her firm flesh before closing around her nipple.

"Ahhh!" Helena moaned as she felt his teeth nibble at her nipple. "I didn't say nibble it, Derek. I said bite it!" Derek bit her nipple harder. "Harder!" she moaned out. Derek bit her nipple hard.

"AHHHHHH!" Helena cried out, almost going over the edge as the young man chewed on her nipple. "Switch nipples, hon, do the other one."

Helena pulled her nipple from his mouth with a loud pop, saliva stretching from her soaked nipple to Derek's gasping mouth. She swiveled her chest till her other breast was pointed at his face. She forced it against his face quickly, forcing the dry ready nipple into his still gasping mouth before he could recover.

His eager tongue got back to work, circling and flicking at her other nipple, quickly soaking it with his spit. He sucked hard at her nipple, forming a tight seal around the rubbery tit. He alternated sucking and licking at her sensitive nub, warming her up. Once her nipple was properly worshipped, he began to bite and chew at it. His teeth dug in, causing his wife's grandmother to squeal.

"AHHHH! FUCKKKKKKKKKKK!" Helena moaned out, having a small orgasm thanks to the nipple play. During her orgasm, the pressure on Derek's face lessened, and Derek took advantage. He wrapped his arms around her waist, spinning her over, until he was on top and Helena was on her back. Helena was still cumming, so she couldn't stop him from indulging a bit. Her breasts jiggled as she moved around, and Derek's eyes were glued to them. He leapt forward, his hands open. He dove towards her boobs, his hands finally meeting the supple flesh of his wife's grandmother's massive breasts. As his manly fingers made contact, his mouth closed around her nipple again.

Derek let his hands squeeze her huge breasts. He let the firm flesh overfill his big hands. They were so soft! Derek had never felt anything like these. He just kept squeezing and squeezing. He had never experienced what a huge pair of tits would feel like, but they were just incredible.

He was always a regular guy who was totally fine with slim, small-chested girls. He had no physical demands for women he was interested in. He cared about their

personality. But now, his hands overfilled with FF tits, his mouth overfilled with nipple, he realized how wrong he was. A huge pair of breasts were just unbelievable, world-changing, mind-bending. Derek might have to start making demands of his women. A minimum cup size... to start, because now that Derek had his hands filled with huge, perky, mature tits, there was no going back. But it was too late for Derek to start making demands of his women. Not cause he was now married. No, it was cause he had now already been claimed. Claimed by Helena. She was already making him hers. All those big pairs of breasts out there that he could have had, all that supple flesh that would just have to go unsqueezed by him, because it was too late for him. His hands were bound to Helena's huge pair of mature tits. It would be her FF cups being squeezed. It would be her grandmotherly flesh on the receiving end of his manly hands on a daily basis. She would hog him to herself.

Derek's mouth dove at her nipples again, forcing his own face into the warm, comforting, smothering embrace of her huge melons. He bit and chewed at her breasts like a starving man as he used his hands to get as much soft breast into his mouth as possible.

As he lost himself in her chest, Helena came down from her orgasm. She petted his head lovingly as his lips and teeth nipped at her.

"I saw you checking the other girls. Checking out Jackie's perky rack. Checking out Jocelyn's mature tits. Both are fantastic, but mine are better, aren't they? Your wife's grandmother has her daughter and granddaughters beaten in the breast department. Mine are bigger... softer... firmer... better. Those young girls, your wife, your sister-in-law, and my daughter, your mother-in-law, all of them couldn't fill my smallest bra." Helena said smugly. She loved proving her superiority over the other Clines.

Derek moaned as he kept sucking her tits like the good lover he was.

"I'll take that as an affirmative. I could tell all day you were a fan of my rack! You're a good boy, Derek. A good, good boy." Helena cooed as her granddaughter's hubby lost himself in her body. She felt his throbbing, dripping cock rubbing against her hip as he sucked at her. "But... you do realize this is just foreplay? For some women, this would be

enough. You've already given me three orgasms. I'm sure Heather would be exhausted after that. My foreplay is what sex is for other, normal women. My appetizers are their main course. Derek, you haven't experienced sex with Helena Cline yet."

Derek was lost in her soft melons, so Helena was able to grab onto Derek and roll back over, forcing Derek to the bed as she popped her nipple from his sucking mouth. She grabbed his wrists and forced his hands away from her breasts and slammed them to the bed over his head. Helena looked down at him, her contented smile warping into a sneer.

"I have learned through experience, Derek, that real world-changing sex isn't good natured. It isn't fun. It isn't making love. It isn't smiles and laughter. Real fucking is mean-spirited. It is agonizing. It is exhausting. It is nasty. Dark. Filthy. Dirty. In real fucking, women spit venom. So, from this point forward, the sweet, good-natured intellectual grandmother will be gone." Helena began. Derek laughed inwardly. Helena had not exactly been sweet and good-natured, considering she was scheming to fuck her granddaughter's husband. But, if this was sweet and good-

natured to her, he feared what her dark side would be. "That's the façade I put on Derek. You're about to see the real me, at my core. You're about to see the mature, filthy, evil slut I am. You're about to see and hear things that would make whores blush. Things that would make old ladies keel over. Things that would make young girls cry. And most men, you strong, arrogant, sneering young men who act like nothing could faze you, all the young men I've been with were shaken by what I did. So I ask you, Derek, are you ready for this? Cause if this goes forward, you will never be the same."

Derek gulped and look up at his wife's grandmother hovering above him, looking down at him, telling him that he was about to go through a hellish and heavenly experience that would warp him forever. Derek was a nice, good-hearted young man. He traveled the world, donated to charities, and did good by everyone. He was a genius, and was raised as humble and sweet as could be. So, it should be obvious what he should do. It should be obvious how this nice young man should reply when a slutty old lady, his wife's posh, voluptuous grandmother offers to drag him to hell with her hot body. She was offering to expose this impressionable young man to the evils of the world, and let

those evils surround him and to warp him into something different. She was asking him to be complicit in his own downfall. How could anyone do that? How could any good-hearted young man, how could any genius possibly agree to this twisted offer? How could any young man agree with this, when she clearly advertised how many young men had already fallen to her? How could any...

"Yes." Derek croaked. "I'm ready."

Derek had truly been corrupted. Helena had successfully used her body to turn him to her side. His soul had been poisoned, and the poison was seeping through his system. And by the end of the night, he would never be the same.

Helena didn't smile in happiness or acceptance. She didn't convey any joy at all. No, she simply released his wrists, and sneered in superiority at the young man below her. Because she was superior. She was his better.

Helena had conquered Derek.

She just had to make it official. She got on her knees above the young man and scooted down till she straddled his jutting cock. She reached down and snaked her hand around the shaft of his meaty cock. She pointed it upwards, straight towards her soaking cunt. She slapped the tip of his dick against the outside of her pussy before holding his cock firmly at her entrance.

She let her gaze meet Derek's. She stared down at him, her firm, cold gaze freezing him in place.

The demoness was close to being unleashed.

With a determined sneer, Helena Cline began to lower herself onto her granddaughter's husband's dick. Derek watched as the thick tip of his dick was forced against the entrance to her cunt. Derek felt the pressure of her tight hole, resisting the meaty invader. Helena flexed her hips and ass, forcing herself down. Derek noticed the muscles in her fit stomach flexing as well, her entire body working to get his cock inside her.

"UGHHHHHHHHH!" Helena grunted out in sweet agony as she tried to work his cock inside her. Finally, her cunt opened up enough to let the thick tip of his cock pop inside her.

"AHHH!" Helena grunted as the tip pushed inside her.

"Shit!" Derek called out. It was just so tight! The tight, spongy walls of her pussy were molding around the head of his dick and smothering it in warm snugness.

Helena reached down and grabbed Derek's torso and dug in with her nails. She gave a fiery stare down at Derek, swiveled her hips slightly, then in one fluid motion, she flexed her ass and forced herself down, roughly burying Derek's thick shaft completely into her cunt.

"UGGHHHHHHH!" Helena grunted as her tight little cunt was stretched to the brim around the meaty invader.

"AHHH! FUCK! OH MY GOD!" Derek screamed out, his fists slamming to the bed, his body tensing up as he felt the

sudden sensation of his dick buried in his wife's grandmother's tight pussy.

Helena's ass settled on the hot young man's lap now that his dick was buried to the balls inside her. The walls of her cunt clung to his thick cock, coating it with her juices, smothering it, drowning it with pleasure.

Helena flexed her ass and her pussy, squeezing his dick with her strong cunt muscles. She repeated this motion, slowly and confidently, almost causing his swollen dick to burst. She leaned forward, still squeezing her cunt round him, dragging her nails up his chest till she brought her hand to his chin, guiding the writhing young man under her to stare up at her.

"You like that?" she hissed. "You like having your filthy dick buried in your wife's grandmother you mother fucker? You sick fuck? How could you do this to your wife? How could you marry a girl when all you want to do is fuck her hot grandma? How could you want to fuck any grandmother, you sick freak? You're supposed to be fucking girls your own age, not old ladies!" she spat at him as she shook his

chin violently, trying to get him to open his eyes, not only literally, but also to open his eyes to the sins he was now committing.

"How?" Derek cried out, eyes still clenched shut. "How can you... How can it..." Derek stammered, "How can it be so tight?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, what was that?" Helena asked sarcastically. "You stick your huge dick into your wife's hot grandmother, and you complain that her pussy is too tight? That's the problem your big, smart brain is struggling with? No guilt or remorse over cheating on your idiot wife, a girl too fucking stupid to seal the deal with a hunk like you?"

"No, Helena, it's... uh... I just... I just can't think straight." Derek pleaded. The gravity of the situation was now hitting him. The reality of what he was doing. Like having his face splashed with water, he suddenly saw where he was and what he was doing with clarity. He was balls deep in his wife's grandmother. His wife's grandmother! He was about to start fucking with his wife's grandmother. This was so wrong. So fucked up. He felt lower than dirt. Like a sick,

twisted freak. The scum of the Earth. He had to escape. He had to get out. He felt ill.

He had been playing with fire. He had been toying with the serpent. Letting it coil around him. Letting him think it was all good, that everything was just fun and games. But now the serpent had attacked, and he realized how foolish he had been. How foolish he had been to even toy with a predator, who's only instinct was to attack.

"There's no backing out now, Derek. There is no escaping this. You're in too deep. Life is full of choices. And you made all the choices here. You are where you are because of you. You are about to have sex with your wife's stacked grandmother because you let it happen. Because you are the type of guy who ends up on a bed, under a woman like me. You boys are so naïve to think that you are meant for some young, pretty, idiot girl. Some men just aren't meant to settle down with the cute, young and vibrant girl. Some men end up with the old lady. Some men end up having their worlds rocked by some girl's grandmother. For some men, the best pussy they'll ever get is with a slutty old lady. Some men come to realize that they are built for this kind of sex, the kind between a mature woman like me and a

young buck such as yourself. And quite frankly, in my experience, just about all of the young men I've come across with were built for this level of fucking. And when they realize this fact, they flee. They run scared. They run away from the truth. They fear the truth, because it is programmed within them to not want this. They spend the rest of their lives running from the pleasure they felt. You're not supposed to enjoy this. You're not supposed to want to see your wife's grandmother naked. You're not supposed to want to fuck her with your thick, meaty, young dick and fill her up with the cum stored in those great big balls of yours. But these things happen, whether it's right or wrong. Society, fate, time, they all tell us it's wrong. But as you must know, sex ain't good unless it's wrong. You need to accept this Derek. Accept what you're built to be. These things have to happen, to get what we both want."

"No!" Derek said, his arms rising from the bed in an attempt to push her off. No amount of scientific progress was worth this. It was not worth satisfying his intellectual curiosity to commit the terrible sins required.

But there would be no fighting off Helena. Her years of training in self-defense and martial arts protected her from

such a pitiful effort, especially against a boy who had never been in a physical altercation is his life. She smoothly grabbed his wrists and planted them back down to the bed. She stared at him fiercely.

"Face it Derek..." Helena began, smiling smugly. "You're fucked."

"NOOO!" Derek cried out. Helena then lifted her hips, causing them both to look down at their union, where his beefy cock met her tight, grandmotherly cunt. They both watched as the fat dick stuck in her small cunt was revealed to the world, coated in her juices, her plump lips only holding in the first inch or so of cock. It was absolutely pulsing and throbbing with a mind of its own. It disobeyed Derek's pleas. It wanted back fully in the warm confines of Helena's cunt. It needed it. Helena paused there, teasingly, achingly holding her hips steady, her wet cunt teasing the young man. She held his gaze before slowly, achingly lowering herself again.

"No no no no no no no no no no..." Derek called out as inch after inch of thick cock disappeared in her tight, welcoming

cunt. He felt the tip of his cock dig deep inside her, leaking her juices, coating him, easing passage into her holy confines. Her ass hit his thighs as she came to a stop, his dick buried in her cunt again. He looked down to see the plump lips of her cunt stretched again to the max around his dick, smothering it and squeezing it like never before.

"You are woefully outclassed here, Derek. That cunt, your wife's grandmother's cunt, is a highly trained sex organ. It would be impossible to go some 30 some-odd years without training it to be a finely tuned instrument built for pleasure. This cunt has traveled the world and sampled the finest meats out there. It knows exactly what it's doing. It knows exactly how to bring pleasure. It knows exactly how to drive men to the edge. It knows how to make men addicted to it. Not that it needed much help. Cline women have impeccable genetics. So there is no shame in becoming another victim to it. So many have fallen victim to its charms. There is no shame in admitting my pussy is the greatest thing you have ever felt. That my pussy is already bringing you more pleasure than your precious wife ever has. There is no shame in admitting that these titties, these round, perky, firm FF jugs are the greatest thing you have ever seen. There is no shame in admitting

your wife's grandmother has the hottest body you have ever seen. There is no shame in admitting that your wife's grandmother is the sexiest creature you have ever come across. There is no shame in admitting you want this body to yourself. You want to experience its full potential. I know the truth. I can feel how much you are truly enjoying this. I can feel that fat dick pulsing. Throbbing. Dripping with pleasure. But... cry out if you want. If you feel you must. Beg for your wife's love and forgiveness. Do whatever the fuck you need to justify this in your own mind. Cause this fuck's gonna happen. I will cum hard on your fucking cock and you will cum by the gallon in all of my holes. You will fuck me in front of your passed out wife and humiliate her in the process. You will help me conquer time and fate, whether you want to or not." Helena said, ending her insane speech.

With that, she popped her hips up again, exposing Derek's now soaked dick again. She held herself at the tip again before dropping again. She felt some of the fight leave his arms. Helena repeated the motion, achingly slow. Again. And again. And again. And with each bounce, the resistance in Derek's arms faded. The arms desperate to fight off Helena so he could rejoin his wife, the last chances Derek

had to rejoin his wife and live a relatively normally life, were weakening. Derek's will to fight the pleasure was weakening.

"Call out to her." Helena whispered. "Beg for her forgiveness. Tell her how much you love her. Tell her how much you care."

"Heather!" Derek called out to his passed out wife. He looked across the room, at his passed out wife through the open bathroom door. He saw she had fallen to her side in the doorway, her head resting on the cool floor uncomfortably. "Heather... honey! I'm... I'm sorry. Ughh! Heather, oh fuck, I love you so much. I... ugh... aahhh shit! Hon, I never meant for this to happen. I'm so sorry. Ahh! AH!"

"God, I wish you were awake." Helena called out, looking over her shoulder at her passed out granddaughter. "I so wish you could see this. I so wish you could see what your husband was doing while you are passed out. I wish you could see how one little fuck-up could ruin your life. There were so many times you came to me, begging for me to

explain how sex works. Begging me to explain the how to pleasure a man. So many times I wished I could just bring a young man home and just show you in person how a real woman fucks. Just to make you understand. Just to get it through your thick skull. But I knew that was over the line. I knew you would be disgusted and horrified by what you would have seen me do. I knew it would turn you off from the whole concept of sex. To see a master at work, there was no doubt you would feel as inadequate as you are. You'd become as chaste as a nun. I tried to be a good grandmother, and look where that got us. I wish you could just open your eyes and watch what I'm doing to your soul-mate. I wish you could see my perfect, firm ass fucking your husband into submission. I wish you could see my magnificent breasts bouncing as I ride him. I wish you could see your grandmother for the filthy slut she truly is. I wish you could see your husband for the perverted asshole he really is. I wish I had just showed you what it takes to fuck years ago, because it is so much harsher to do it now, on your wedding night."

Although Heather was passed out, the words were still hitting her ears. The words were still invading her drunk, dream-addled mind. Hearing her grandmother's voice

caused her to be the subject of her dreams. She was half-dreaming half-remembering all the times she stayed over with her grandmother. She could never tell anyone how much she idolized her, and to a point, how jealous she was of her own grandma. Girls her age should be idolizing movie stars, or pop-starlets, not their own grandmothers. But most didn't have a grandmother like her, who was so posh and rich and elegant, who was so checked in and clued in to culture and society. It was rare to have a grandmother who still dated, and it was even rarer to have a grandmother who tended to date men close to her age. It was rare to have a grandmother who got more men than her granddaughter. And so while part of her definitely idolized Helena and wished she could be like her, there definitely was some jealousy there. How could her grandmother be so successful at landing men and her not so much? She was cute. She was fun. Why couldn't she land a date, yet her grandmother could? Why would any guy prefer a grandmother over a young, vivacious woman? She couldn't exactly tell her friends that she was jealous of her grandma. They would just think less of her.

Heather's dream was an alternate version of real events. She had spent many summers with her grandmother at one of

her many villas, but she typically spent time at Helena's villa in Italy. Often, Helena would leave Heather at home for the evening with one of the housekeepers when she would go out. It was only a few years ago, but Heather was still too young for a night on the town. So Heather was forced to stay in and watch Helena prepare for an evening out. She was always dressed so elegantly and she always looked gorgeous. Heather remembered sneaking out of her room when she heard Helena get home. She would watch in awe when she saw the guy Helena brought home. They were typically not too much older than Heather was, maybe college guys. So, she would watch as her Grandmother returned home, a hot Italian college guy in tow. Heather watched as the guy would get handsy, trying to make a move on Helena. Helena would always push them away holding them off, but grabbing them and leading them to her bedroom across the house. And that would be the last Heather would see of them. The man was always gone by morning, and she would never see the same guy twice. Typically, Helena's first move was to lead them to the bedroom, but occasionally she mixed it up. She would sometimes lead the men out to her swimming pool. She would put on a shockingly revealing bikini and join the underwear clad men at the pool. But eventually, of course, the two would end up in the bedroom. It would bother

some girls to know her grandmother was getting laid by gaggles of gorgeous, young Italian guys, but Heather was ever curious. She never stopped watching her grandmother at work.

This led her to her dream. Heather watching from the shadows as her grandmother sauntered out to towards the pool to join her new boy toy. Typically, her bikini would be revealing but always decent. But in this dream, that was not the case. Heather watched with wide eyes as her grandmother sauntered towards the pool, sipping a martini, in a bikini that could not be described as anything else but indecent. Filthy. A bikini no grandmother should wear. Heather looked at the tiny triangular patches of orange material stretched to the max to contain her voluminous breasts. She could see a hint of her grandmother's hardening nipples through the material. She could see vast expanse of voluptuous, firm, pale flesh. She saw the tiny bottoms her grandmother wore, and how they barely covered her womanhood. As Helena turned towards the pool, Heather's eyes widened. Exposed to her vision was her grandmother's round, perky ass-cheeks, practically uncovered by the thong she was wearing. The material was barely visible, the tiny orange string disappearing between

her full ass-cheeks. She didn't know her grandmother wore thongs. Heather never wore thongs. They felt weird and made her feel dirty. And what made this stranger was that she remembered her grandmother telling her explicitly to not wear a thong. That a thong would give guys the wrong impression about her. If she were to wear a thong, it would make guys think she was a slut. But, if that's how she felt, why was Helena wearing one?

Helena sauntered out to the pool. Heather padded over a window so she could look down at the large, expensive, fancy looking pool in the backyard. She looked down just in time to see her grandmother dive smoothly into the water. She swam elegantly, as if she was born swimming. The boy toy watched her, the smooth athletic motion of Helena swimming an alluring tableau for the young man. She swam for a few minutes before stepping out of the pool, the water causing the stretchy material to mold to her body more. Helena walked gracefully towards the young man watching her. Heather couldn't see his face, but she could tell he was watching her grandmother's jiggling tits. She watched as Helena bent over in front of the young man to grab a towel. In doing so, she pointed her practically bare, thong-clad ass straight at him. This caused the guy to step

up behind her, pressing his crotch into her inviting ass. She elegantly stood up straight as the man put his hands on her hips. He leaned down and began to suck at her neck. The couple spun around till they started to face the house. The man's hands rose from her hips, up her flat belly, towards her massive breasts. And as his hands reached her breasts, as his hands slid under the cups of her tops to squeeze her grandmother's big titties, his identity became evident. It was Derek, her husband. As her husband tweaked her grandmother's nipples, Helena looked up, towards the house. Till her eyes met Heather's, knowing her granddaughter was watching. And how did Helena react to this sight?

She smiled.

"No, Grandma." Heather muttered in her drunken slumber. "Not Derek."

But this didn't stop Helena in the dream. She lifted her bikini top, exposing her giant breasts to her granddaughter with pride. And her muttered pleas were not going to stop Helena in real life as well.

Helena was continuing her slow bump and grind on Derek's cock. She was still slowly, achingly rising and falling on Derek's cock. Her tight, clasping cunt was gripping his dick like a vise, smothering it with pleasure with every bounce, each rise and fall like a loving stroke of his pulsing meat.

"Helena... please!" Derek begged.

"Please what?" Helena said angrily. "Please... stop? Is that what you want? Or is it please... keep going, Helena? Is it please go faster, Helena? Is it please fuck my cock, Helena? Is it please fuck my cock till my balls are so swollen with cum that I just have to explode? Or is it please fuck me so hard that my wife can hear our moans in her nightmares?"

"Helena... I can't handle this." Derek pleaded, seeking mercy. Helena laughed condescendingly.

"Hon, this is nothing." Helena said. "You haven't seen Helena Cline at work. But I think you can handle this. You're already sticking your huge dick so deep into your

wife's grandmother. I've been with so many guys who couldn't make it this far. I think you can handle more than this. A lot more. Looking at your body, I think you can fuck for a long time. A long, long time. You're ashamed to admit to dear Heather that you are capable of so much more. You don't want my sweet, innocent granddaughter to know that you crave base, disgusting, brutal, marathon sex. You let her keep thinking she was satisfying you when you knew you were capable of more."

"No." Derek called out softly, her teasing bounces almost numbing him to all sensation.

"I will show you what you're truly built for. I will show you what you can handle. I will show you your limits. Cause you're about to see what fucking Helena Cline is all about. So you'd better fucking hold on. This is gonna get rough."

Derek looked through his pained, lidded eyes to see Helena slap one hand onto the headboard, followed by the other. She gave Derek a wicked sneer as she rose to the top of his dick and paused.

Helena then unleashed the demoness.

In one fierce thrust, she drove herself down, forcing her granddaughter's husband's cock deep inside her. She began to rise and fall at a faster and faster pace, turning up the heat on the young man's dick. The slow bump and grind was over. The real fucking had begun.

The slow bump and grind had evolved into quick, energetic bounces. But this didn't last long. Those quick, energetic bounces got faster and faster, till they weren't merely quick anymore: they were furious. The collision of their bodies went from light slaps to meaty thwacks as her round, fleshy ass collided with his thighs.

"UGHHHHH!" Derek grunted as Helena's bounces got rougher.

The hot-bodied grandmother was now riding her granddaughter's husband's jutting cock like a bucking bronco, riding it from knob to root, coating it with her juices. The bed began to creak and shake under them as Helena's ass drove him into the bed.

"UGH... Helena..." Derek winced out, begging for mercy under her intense bouncing. But there would be none coming from the sexy grandmother.

"What... you can't handle this?" Helena asked condescendingly, barely breaking a sweat, her firm breasts bouncing as she rocked him.

Every few bounces, Helena would grind on his dick, flexing her cunt muscles and her ass, tightening her cunt around him. She would do this for a few moments before resuming her brutal bouncing.

"Helena... please... stop! I can't handle it!" Derek pleaded. Her ass was just slamming into his thighs, creating a deep, dull ache in his legs. He was a fit guy and was used to this feeling, the feeling of a dull pain after exertion, but this was at a whole new level.

"But you haven't cum." Helena spat out at him. "You're still fucking me. You're still rock hard. If you couldn't handle

this, then... ugh fuck yes! If you couldn't handle this, you would already be finished. If you were just a mere boy, you would have fired off your little load and I'd be done with you. But you're no mere boy."

She was right. His dick was still throbbing and pulsing, clearly enjoying his wife's grandmother's effort and exertions, despite what his mouth was saying. His mouth was begging for mercy, but his cock was begging for more. It was begging her tight, mature cunt to fuck him even harder, soak it with her juices, and use her brilliantly tight cunt muscles to push him over the edge so he could cum like a cannon and fill up her nasty cunt with sticky cum. His body wanted this. His body wanted hard sex. His mind just had to catch up.

"You should be thanking me, Derek." Helena gasped out, speaking easily despite her frantic bouncing. "Most men would kill to be where you're at. Under me. Ugh, fuck. I've had men pay me thousands of dollars just to put their nose in my cleavage! So, ugh, that cock's so fucking big! So, to be asking for me to stop is like a slap in the face. It's like telling Picasso to stop painting. The damage is already done.

You're already fucking your wife's grandmother. The damage is done. All you have to do is lie there and take it."

Derek was overwhelmed. Overwhelmed by the situation. Overwhelmed by Helena's body. Overwhelmed by the sensations she was bringing him. He was amazed that he hadn't burst yet. Her earlier ministrations to his cock had taken him to the edge. He thought he would explode as soon as he was balls deep. But, even though her pussy was absolutely incredible, he wasn't turning the corner. Sure, her cunt was stretched to the brim as it tried to contain his massive dick, and that tightness surrounding his dick was an incredible feeling. But, he was somehow holding himself on edge, letting the pleasure fill him to the brim. Derek realized he had more stamina than he thought.

"Heather doesn't give you this, does she? She doesn't ride your dick like this? She lies back, closes her eyes, and lets you do your thing. AHHH FUCK! She doesn't realize how badly you need to be dominated. How you need your woman to take control." Helena said.

"Look at her. Look at her pathetic body." she began. "Always so desperate to be like her relatives. Poor thing never realized she just does not belong. It must be tough on her. Knowing all her closest relatives are all the type of women who get to fuck, and knowing deep down she is not. She knows her place is on the sidelines. She came to me for advice! Me! Her grandmother! AHH, FUCK YES! How pathetic must a girl be to ask her grandmother for sex advice? How low must you be to know your grandmother gets more action than you do? How pathetic would she feel to know that her own husband finds her grandmother more attractive than she is?"

"Do you hear that honey? How does it make you feel?" Helena called.

Even though Heather's eyes were closed, her dreams weren't any better than reality.

She recalled a memory, from a few years prior. An occasion on one of her summer visits to her grandmother when she went to her grandmother for advice. The boy she had been crushing on started dating the school tramp, and Heather

didn't understand why. Then Helena sat her down and conveyed a message, a speech that would live on in Heather's mind from then on.

Heather was reliving this occasion in her dream when Helena conveyed wisdom to her. All the words were the same as she had told to her years prior, but in her dream, the memory was definitely warped. Hearing your grandmother spouting off filth while fucking your soul-mate can do serious damage to anyone's psyche. It could negatively affect anyone.

In this dream, Helena approached a forlorn Heather in her bedroom at her villa. Helena sat on the bed next to Heather. This was all true to memory. Helena put her hand on Heather's back and began to speak.

"Heather, I'm about to tell you something I wished my mother had told me. I know you are always told to chase your dreams, that if you work hard, and be good, all your dreams will come true. Honey, unfortunately, that is not the case." Helena began.

Then, the dream began to warp. The scene changed in relation to what she was saying. The words remained true to memory, but not the setting. The dream shifted from taking place in the bedroom to taking place in the throne room of a medieval castle. Heather was now asleep on a pedestal, arms crossed, with a rose clutched in her palm. Behind her sat Helena, sitting on a throne, in a tight, long black dress. The dress was very low-cut, exposing most of her creamy breasts and a mile of cleavage. She was now looking down upon her granddaughter coolly.

"Life is not a fairy tale, and if it is, it's a dark twisted one. Not everyone is driven by good intentions. There is darkness in everyone."

"School can be a difficult place."

The scene changed again, to a bustling school hallway, full of uniform wearing students. Helena was now the teacher, lecturing at a seated Heather, now the punished student in this scenario. Helena was wearing a professional looking business outfit, a suit coat, blouse, and a skirt. This outfit would be relatively demure on most, but the skirt was short

enough to highlight her long legs, and the blouse was unbuttoned enough to show off her deep cleavage.

"The girls there can be so... insidious. There are girls out there willing to do whatever it takes to land a guy. Some girls are willing to cross lines more civilized girls would never cross. Some girls will bend the rules and break them if they must."

Heather was suddenly at the blackboard, writing lines on the board. She looked away from Helena to write something, only looking back when Helena began to speak.

"They will dress filthy, and show off their abundant charms."

Heather's eyes bugged out. Her grandmother was now wearing a schoolgirl outfit, which looked positively obscene on her hot body. Her elegant blond hair was now in pigtails, and she was now smacking a piece of bubble gum brattily. Her face was done up with makeup, but otherwise it was the same mature face Heather was used to. A tight white blouse was tied up in front, barely containing her full, ripe breasts,

which were bursting to escape. Her hard nipples were apparent, and a small school tie disappeared into her cleavage. Her flat belly was left exposed, leading to her small, pleaded skirt, which went merely inches below her crotch, barely covering her. She was wearing white stockings, which clung to her firm mature legs. She wore shiny black heels, which completed the package.

Heather looked down at herself. She was wearing the same outfit, but it flattered Helena far more than it did for her.

"Some will take advantage of the system, use the rules against you."

Helena was now back in a business suit, which again hugged her body well. She wore thin glasses at the end of her nose. She was now the stern principal, lecturing the rule-breaking student, Heather. Helena the principal asked Heather to step out. They went to the entry-way, where a young guy was sitting. In the dream, this guy was Derek. Helena asked Heather to sit down and wait for her before crooking her finger at Derek, inviting him into the office. She guided

him in and smiled triumphantly at Heather and shut the door behind them, locking it.

"You've got to make a choice. You've got to know how far you're willing to go. You need to know what lines you're willing to cross. You need to know yourself. In doing so, you must understand your place in life."

"We all can't be the most popular girls in school."

The scene was back in the school hallway. Heather walked with her head down demurely as she passed the gaggle of popular girls. Heather looked up to see her grandmother among the popular girls, now apparently the queen bee of the group, again rocking the shit out of her schoolgirl outfit.

"We all can't end up with the prom king."

Helena was now standing on the dance floor, Derek right beside her. A king's crown was on his head, and Helena squealed as the tiara was placed on her head and everyone clapped for them. She was wearing a slinky black dress

which molded to her and left exposed the tops of her giant breasts. Heather watched from the crowd.

"You need to know what guys you can go after, and what guys you can't. You need to know when you're overstepping your bounds. You're a beautiful girl, dear, but not all guys will see it. Guys your age are looking for something different. Guys your age are looking for something at a more... cosmetic level. Guys your age are looking up the stars, and sometimes, they don't notice the flowers beneath them."

Helena was now bathed under rose-petals, lying nude among them as the petals strategically covered her nipples and her cunt but little else, showing off lots of her mature flesh, including most of the flesh of her massive breasts.

"We can't all be stars, dear, and you can't help those guys who are stargazing. Not all girls can be movie stars."

Heather and Helena were now sitting in an office, meeting with a casting director. Heather was the prospective actress, eager to please the casting the director. Helena was the

chaperone to Heather in this meeting. But Heather was finding herself un-included as the casting director found himself drawn to Helena, bypassing Heather to offer Helena the lead female role.

"Not all girls can be bikini models."

Heather was now on a beach. She was standing behind a photographer, photographing a model on the beach. The model was, of course, Helena, wearing a micro-bikini, practically a nano-bikini as it barely covered her. Golden colored straps traveled from her shoulders, stretching around her round breasts just enough to cover her nipples. The straps converged just below her belly button as they traveled across her flat belly. The material went downward, forming a strap that was just barely enough to cover her small mature cunt.

The photographer eagerly took pictures of her body. Helena lied down on the beach pressing her breasts into the sand, billowing them out. This exposed her practically bare ass, with the micro-bikini string threading between her ass-cheeks before traveling up her back. Heather looked down

at herself, wearing a bulky one-piece. No one was taking pictures of her.

"Not all girls can dance in music videos."

Now, Helena was dancing in front of a camera, as if in a music video and Heather was watching her on TV. Guys were on both sides of her as she shimmied her body in a blue bikini. She began to speak.

"Some girls use their bodies to get ahead. Some girls do filthy things to get famous."

The scene changed again. They were now on a porno set. The cameras eagerly filmed the scene on the bed, where a hot young guy, Derek, of course, was banging a nude Helena up the ass. Her massive breasts hung under her as she was on all fours. Heather was out of picture, irritated as she was forced off the set by the mature sex goddess. Helena looked up at her as she was being fucked and began to speak.

"You need to know whether you are one of those girls or one of those girls who uses her mind and intellect."

"You could be a doctor..."

The scene changed. Helena was in a doctor's office, wearing a white doctor's coat. Under it, she wore a blue blouse, spread apart to give Derek, who was seated next to her, a clear view of the tops of her massive tits. Derek's attention was not on his wife but on the doctor's nearly exposed tits.

"... or a lawyer."

Helena returned to her business outfit, and she was now in a courtroom. Heather was the accused, and Derek was on the stand. Helena leaned forward to show her cleavage again, causing him to eagerly lie, for Helena's approval, pointing to Heather as the guilty party. Helena began to speak again.

"In the end, it's those positions that get respect. And after a while, your mind and intellect is what will get you ahead.

Those things will be what some guys are looking for. But not all guys. Some would rather party and indulge themselves in... darker delights."

The scene became a strip club, full of rowdy men. Two poles were in the room. On one, Helena danced, a mature slut wearing a tiny black bikini. All the guys were crowded around her. Heather danced around the next pole, but no one was paying attention. Helena spoke as she swiveled around the pole.

"Sure, they may be the guys you pine for, but they might not be the guy for you. A relationship based on appearance and cosmetic features is a hollow one in the end."

The scene changed to the wedding. Derek and Heather were on the alter, and in front of them was the vicar, who was, of course, Helena. She was wearing a tight black robe which hugged her stacked body and showed off an indecent amount of juicy cleavage. As the ceremony finished, and Derek leaned forward to kiss Heather, an onlooker would have seen the happy couple kissing, and beneath their joined mouths, a perfect sight of Helena's copious cleavage.

"You need to look for someone smart, who sees both the beauty inside and out. Who knows the complete you. A guy who is willing to look beyond and see the what's on the inside."

Now Helena was on a bed, nude, lewdly spreading her legs, her fingers spreading her cunt lips apart to expose the juicy pink wetness within to an eager looking Derek, as Heather looked up from the floor, on her stomach in her wedding dress.

"Are you sure Grandma?" Heather asked. They were now back in the bedroom, fully clothed. But now, Derek was with them, sucking an exposed tit ravenously. Helena had her hand in his hair, scratching his scalp lovingly.

"Of course, dear." Helena said with a smile.

While Heather was lost in her nightmares, the fucking couple had not slowed down. They had stopped paying attention to the passed out young woman. The fucking had

progressed to the point where all they were focused on was each other.

"You like that, huh? You like that shit?" Helena called out as her ass pulverized his thighs with each bounce.

"Ugh! Ugh!" Derek groaned out hoarsely. His legs had risen off the bed in vain attempt to fight back and cushion against her driving ass. His wrists floated off the bed as he tried to ride out the pleasure. It was at this point that his mind put together the fact that Helena was no longer holding down his wrists. He could use his strong, manly arms to toss his wife's grandmother off of him and escape her clutches. He looked up at Helena, furiously riding him. Her skin glowed with a light sweat, evidence of their exertion. Her flat, firm belly flexed with each bounce, evidence of her peak physical fitness. Her firm arms gripped the headboard, her nails practically digging into the wooden board as she rode him. Her full, huge, perky breasts bounced up and down, rolling around her chest, her hard nipples pointing down at him.

Derek could use his big hands and strong arms to get this old lady off of him. Sure, she was a fierce hurricane of sex, but she was still a grandmother. And he was a big, strong young man. He should be able to toss her off with ease. But his eyes could not escape from her massive breasts. His eyes were drawn to them, hypnotized by the perky, bouncing flesh. Derek had only ever fucked flat-chested Heather, so seeing such huge tits bouncing was a brand new experience. So, he could toss his wife's grandmother off of him, or he could slap his hands onto her massive breasts and squeeze them a bit before tossing her off.

It should be a clear choice for the young man, right?

Derek's hands rose from the bed, hands open. Derek's hands landed on her sides, taking a light grip as she continued to bounce roughly. Derek paused as his fingers gripped around her firm sides, ready to act, ready to take care of Helena once and for all. And boy, did he ever.

In one smooth motion, Derek's hands slid up and immersed both of his big hands in her monumental breast flesh. He took a firm grip and stopped their bouncing with his strong

hands. He took a firm healthy squeeze of those massive jugs, digging his hands deep in their abundant flesh.

"Ahhh, that's it, dear. Squeeze your wife's grandmother's great big titties!" Helena taunted as the young man lost himself in her massive rack. "You shouldn't be doing this, and that's what makes it sweeter. You've been checking out my big fucking tits all day, haven't you, you little shit? You shouldn't be fucking old ladies. You shouldn't be staring at your wife's grandmother's rack unless you were ready to deal with the consequences. You shouldn't check out your wife's grandmother hot body unless you can handle seeing it in the buff. You shouldn't stare at your wife's grandmother juicy cleavage unless you wanted them pressed against your face. And most importantly, you shouldn't be squeezing your wife's grandmother's enormous breasts unless you want her to cum on your great big cock! You shouldn't immerse your hands in your wife' grandmother's perky, fleshy titties unless you want her to use her tight cunt to make you cum deep inside her."

"No! Please! Don't make me cum inside you!" Derek said, still digging his fingers into her plush flesh. But Helena was

undeterred. She kept bouncing in his cock, forcing his huge, slick cock inside of her.

"Oh... you're okay with fucking your wife's grandma with your fat, unprotected dick on your wedding night, but cumming inside her is taking it too far?" Helena taunted.

"Yes, please! It's my fault I'm doing this... ugh God! It's my fault, but don't take it out on her! I can't cum inside you! OH FUCK! It's too risky! Don't punish her! Take it out on me!" Derek pled, trying to fight off the pleasure.

"I am taking it out on you, dear." Helena taunted, maintaining her pace as the young man molested her tits. "You're afraid to cum inside me? You're afraid to get your wife's grandmother pregnant? Well, if you don't want that, you shouldn't be fucking her so well. You shouldn't be fucking her so deep with your huge cock. All good sex ends with a cum-filled pussy, don't you know that? I can't imagine how it feels for a man, to rip off that condom and go at it, unrestrained, without fear of the repercussions. Not wasting that precious cum by firing off on some girl's tits, using it where it counts. Not caring about the future, or the

responsibilities. Only caring about the moment. Only caring about the pleasure. Truly free."

Derek gulped and his cock pulsed in Helena's tight, clasping cunt.

"You like that thought, don't you? You like the thought of filling your wife's grandmother's cunt full of your sperm! Knocking up your wife's grandmother with your baby, a baby meant for my granddaughter. You'd be truly testing the limits of what sex can be... to do something so nasty. So filthy. So dirty." Helena purred.

"Fuck." Derek called out quietly. He was turning the corner.

"I can feel it Derek. I know you're about to explode. I can feel you throbbing inside me. It wants to cum. It wants to let your wife's grandmother make it explode with pleasure. My body made it hard during the ceremony. It made it throb during the reception. It wants to cum Derek. Why won't you let it cum? Why won't you let your filthy cock explode?" Helena taunted.

"I can't... ughhh... Heather!" Derek called out, desperate to stop his own body from letting the pleasure overwhelm him.

"I won't tell you to forget her." Helena said. "You will do that to yourself. AH FUCK! When you cum in your wife's grandmother's cunt, that big brain of yours will change. FUCK! Evolve. You will become a new man. Baptized in a wave of cunt juice into a new life. How could you not change? Fucking the grandmother of your wife changes a man."

"I don't want to change anymore!" Derek begged, pinching Helena's nipples between his fingers as she rode him. "I can't do this! I want to stay with Heather!"

"Change fucking happens, whether you want it or not." Helena spat out. "The world is chaotic, as is time and space. You can try to run and hide from the chaos, but it will find you. You can try to shelter yourself, but you can't hide forever. Sometimes, a good guy does end up squeezing his wife's grandmother's sweaty tits. Sometimes, a sheltered

guy ends up feeling his wife's grandmother's tight cunt fucking him into submission. Sometimes, a good, decent young man and his wife's sexy, hot-bodied grandmother end up in a sweaty mess on his wedding night while his unsexy, dim-witted wife makes a fool out of herself."

"UUHHH!" Derek grunted, trying to escape the pleasure Helena was bringing him. Helena's ass kept driving into him, reducing the strong young man into a wordless puddle of pleasure.

If Heather would just open her eyes, she would witness this unholy tableau of pleasure. If she would open her eyes she would see her grandmother's hot body, in the buff, riding her husband like a bucking bronco. She would see her grandmother's bare, round ass flexing and tightening as she bounced on her husband. She would see her husband's cock, the cock that she was so proud to call her property, slick with sex juices as it plowed into her favorite, most trusted relative's tight cunt. She would have seen Helena's massive tits bouncing, those great big breasts she was so jealous of, the big breasts she always wished she had a matching pair of. She would have seen her husband, despite his pleas, squeezing and immersing his large hands in her

massive breasts. She would have seen her big, strong hubby unable to fight off her grandmother, not able to resist her abundant charms. She would have seen Helena's taut body flexing smoothly. A finely tuned instrument of pleasure, never slowing down, solely focused on her husband. She would have seen Helena pick up the pace, eager to make this illicit fuck come to an explosive end.

"Don't fight it Derek! DON'T FUCKING FIGHT IT! FUCK YES!" Helena roared as her never-relenting ass drove Derek into the bed.

"No... ugh... nughhh!" Derek grunted, nearly incoherent.

"Give into my body, Derek. Give in to your wife's grandmother's HOT FUCKING BODY! Squeeze your wife's grandmother's HUGE FUCKING TITS! Fuck this old lady's TIGHT CUNT! When your pulsing cock fires bands of hot sticky, potent cum deep inside me, remember who gave you this pleasure. Remember it was your wife's grandmother who did this to you! Remember it was your wife's grandmother who gave you the greatest pleasure in your life! Remember it was your wife's grandmother who

gave you more fulfillment than Heather ever gave you! Remember this and never forget! Remember that your wife's grandmother MADE YOU CUM!" Helena screamed.

"NOOOOO!" Derek screamed out.

"Let the feeling overwhelm you! FUCKING SHIT! Let the feeling of your wife's grandma's tight pussy wrapped around your thick cock, smothering it with pleasure, take you over the edge! Let the sight of your wife's grandmother's plump pussy stretched to the fucking max around your thick, filthy cock get you off! Let the feeling of my huge, fleshy tits in your big strong hands make you explode! C'mon Derek! DO IT!" Helena moaned.

"NO! PLEASE!" Derek screamed out again.

"FUCK DEREK! You need to cum! You need to cum in another woman's cunt right in front of your wife! You need to do it! You need to fucking cum! I'm not stopping! This isn't stopping till you cum! SO FUCKING DO IT! FUCKING CUM INSIDE ME!" Helena screamed.

"UGHHH... HEATHER!" Derek called out, desperate for a rescue that wasn't coming.

"Forget her! Focus on me! Focus on my body!" Helena ordered, her ass hammering his thighs into numbness. Her tight cunt gripping his shaft like a vise, tighter than Heather's vagina could ever hope to be. Her gigantic tits filling his manly paws with softness. Her gorgeous, elegant mature face, looking at him fiercely.

"Heather..." Derek gasped out. "I'm sorry."

"Don't fucking make excuses! You're gonna cum cause you want to cum! You're gonna cum in front of your wife cause you get off on the thought of betraying her and fucking her grandmother instead! You want to cum cause my body's the hottest that you've ever seen. Hotter than any young girl, any celebrity, any porn star. Your wife's grandmother has the hottest body you've ever seen, and you want to honor her by filling her pussy up with cum!" Helena moaned.

"No... please." Derek said, his hands still squeezing her giant rack.

"Then stop playing with my tits! If you don't want to cum, stop squeezing my soft titties! Cause they're built to make men cum!" Helena taunted.

"Ughhh... ughhhh!" Derek grunted, his hands still molesting her magnificent titties.

"I can feel it Derek! I can feel that cum boiling! It won't be long!" Helena called out, her bounces becoming slower, more firm and deliberate, but harder. Their sweaty skin came together and soaked crotches came together in wet audible thwacks. Derek tried to close his eyes and hide from the pleasure, but he couldn't.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

"C'mon Derek! Do it! CUM!" Helena roared.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

"No!" Derek begged, getting closer to the edge.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

"CUM!" Helena moaned out, getting close herself.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

"Please!" Derek begged.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

"Cum in your wife's grandmother!" Helena moaned.

"AHHH!" Derek grunted.

THWACK! THWACK!

"CUM DEREK!" Helena screamed.

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

"UGGHHH!" Derek groaned.

"CUM!" Helena repeated.

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

"Heather..." Derek gasped.

THWACK!

THWACK!

"I'm sorry." he finished.

His eyes opened. His eyes took in Helena's gorgeous, mature face. He took in her gigantic rack, so soft and firm in his hands, the nipples rock hard. Her hard, flat belly, flexing with her machinations. Her tight cunt, splayed apart by his meat. Derek couldn't withstand the pleasure. He couldn't hide from the pleasure Helena's body had brought him. She was too hot. Too sexy. He had to do it.

Derek had to cum!

"AAAAHHHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FFFFFFUUUUUCCCCCCKKKKKKK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Derek roared, cum exploding from his balls.

"FUCKING HELL FUCK SHIT GOD DAMMIT!" Helena screamed, an orgasm hitting her full force as she felt Derek's cum filling her cunt with cum. Her tight cunt tightened even more, squeezing his cock, trying to wring out every bit of cum from the swollen meat.

"SHIIIIIIIIIITTTTTTTTTT!" Derek groaned, her grasping cunt providing the most pleasurable sensation he had ever experienced. His balls fired again... and again... and again... and again. Cum exploded from his cock, filling his wife's grandmother's filthy cunt full of his young potent sperm. It was so fucking wrong. So messed up. The thought made him shiver. He came even harder.

"UGHHH! UGHHHH!" Helena grunted, her cunt flexing again and again as she came like crazy, her juices squirting all over her granddaughter's hubby's massive meat. Her cunt had never cum this hard! It was flexing and opening up, trying to coax Derek's cum from inside his balls to the deepest, darkest, most fertile recesses of her mature cunt.

Helena's tight cunt squeezed and tightened in one painful motion as Derek's balls twisted damn near painfully as they hit one last peak together.

And for a second, they left this world.

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(Timeline E: Jocelyn Cline Battles Time)

"MOMMY!" Derek screamed at Jocelyn. "MOMMY I LOVE YOU! MOMMY I NEED YOU! I NEED YOUR BODY! I NEED YOUR TITS! I NEED YOU TO BOSS ME AROUND! I NEED YOU TO BE THE BITCH I ALWAYS NEEDED!"

Jocelyn began to bounce harder. Bounce furiously. She could feel Derek's cock throbbing. He couldn't hold off. His balls were boiling. He needed to cum.

"Mommy, I need to cum!" Derek begged.

"No!" Jocelyn said confidently with a smug smile.

"Mommy, please I need to cum!" he begged again.

"No!" Jocelyn replied, bouncing harder. Derek was on edge. He was stopping himself, but just barely. The pressure in his balls was boiling over.

For a second, as he looked up at Jocelyn, something felt wrong. No, not the crazy amounts of sinning going on. No, what bothered him was that something was off. Someone else should be above him. It shouldn't be Jocelyn. But... it wasn't Heather either.

Derek shook his head, and Jocelyn's voluptuous body soon erased any other thoughts from his mind.

*****

"Ughhh, Mommy is so gross." Jackie said, puffing on her cigarette lazily. "Believe me, I know." Helena said, pulling the cigarette from her plump lips. Helena and Jackie stood on the balcony of Helena's hotel room, listening in as Jocelyn and Derek got it on in the room next to them. Jocelyn was not a quiet woman, and her brow beating, her moans, and her egotistical demands of Derek easily traveled to the Cline women's ears.

"Mommy is, like, disgusting. She was so fucking desperate, throwing herself at Derek. I can't believe he chose her. Why would he choose an old lady like her when he could have had me?" Jackie asked. Helena looked at her and raised an eyebrow.

"Uh, sorry, Grandma. But still, I mean, is he in to that kind of thing?" Jackie asked.

"If he was, he would have chosen me." Helena said lazily, looking out at the city. Jackie rolled her eyes behind Helena's back, as if not thinking her grandmother actually stood a chance with Derek, even though she was hot.

To Helena, this just felt so... wrong. It felt like she should be in that room with Derek. It should be her that Derek makes cum. It made so much sense. She understood Derek more than any of these other girls. She understood his struggle. His yearning for more. He shouldn't have ended up with her self-centered daughter. He should have ended up with her. It just made so much sense.

Helena shook her head and looked back at Jackie. Despite both of them saying otherwise, both were eagerly listening to the action next door. And both were clearly affected, as their hard nipples were not from the cold air.

For a second, Jackie glanced down and noted the rock hard nipples on Helena's huge tits through her dress. Helena easily caught this glance.

"You want a peek?" Helena asked sarcastically.

"Ewww. Gross, Grandma." Jackie said. Helena smiled slightly at her disgust. Although, the thought of showing this young slut a little bit of humbleness and respect did sound tempting.

Helena turned away and exhaled some smoke, resuming listening to the action next door.

****

(Timeline D: Jackie Cline Flirts with Time)

"AHHHHH! YESSSS!" Jackie screamed, enjoying the feeling of that thick dick driving inside her. Jackie was getting close, very close. She just needed this fuck to get even harder.

Jackie leaned forward, her hands returning to his chest. Her nails dug into him again. Jackie looked down at Derek fiercely. Then her hips went into overdrive. Jackie rode the

full length of his dick as hard and as fast as she could, her ass colliding with Derek's hips roughly, hard enough to make the entire big bed shake.

"AH! AHH! I LOVE YOUR BIG MARRIED COCK, DEREK! UHHH, IT'S SO GOOD TO ME!" Jackie screamed out, the big wooden bed whining, being put through its paces by the two filthy lovers. Derek grunted with her, being put through a physical test he had never felt before.

For one split second, something seemed... off. Something seemed wrong. It wasn't that he was fucking his wife's hot sister on his wedding night. No, it was something else. For a second, it just felt fundamentally wrong that it was his sister-in-law in his bed. But it wasn't Heather that belonged here either. It was someone else. Jackie squealed and moaned on his married cock, and that shook him from his thoughts quickly.

Jackie's screams of pleasure were not enough to awaken her drunken sister, but they could easily be heard by everyone else on the floor. And that included both Jocelyn and Helena. Helena had, unbeknownst to the married couple,

set up her room directly next to the marriage suite. Once she saw Jackie manipulating her way into the marriage suite, she and Jocelyn had retreated to Helena's room to keep an eye on the proceedings next door.

****

"Bitch." Jocelyn muttered at her slut of a daughter.

"Whore." Helena said, judging her skanky granddaughter.

"Slut." Jocelyn added.

"Skank." Helena replied.

"Cunt." Jocelyn said, causing both of them to laugh in some weird sense of pride. Helena looked away from her daughter, exhaling smoke into the night air. Jocelyn rolled her eyes behind Helena's back, as if not thinking her mother actually stood a chance with Derek, even though

she was hot. If Derek wanted mature sex, if he wanted a mommy, he would come to her, his mother-in-law.

Helena looked out into the city as a warm silence fell, the only sound were the moans of the two illicit lovers next door. This just felt so... wrong. It felt like she should be in that room with Derek. It should be her that Derek makes cum. It made so much sense. She understood Derek more than any of these other girls. She understood his struggle. His yearning for more. But, he shouldn't have ended up with her self-centered, hard-partying granddaughter. He should have ended up with her. It just made so much sense.

Helena shook her head and looked back at Jocelyn. Despite both of them saying otherwise, both were eagerly listening to the action next door. And both were clearly affected, as their hard nipples were not from the cold air.

For a second, Jocelyn glanced down and noted the rock hard nipples on Helena's huge tits through her dress. Helena easily caught this glance.

"You want a peek?" Helena asked sarcastically.

"Ewww. Gross, Mom." Jackie said. Helena smiled slightly at her disgust. Although, the thought of showing this arrogant mature slut a little bit of humbleness and respect did sound tempting.

Helena turned away and exhaled some smoke, resuming listening to the action next door.

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(Timeline F: Helena Cline Conquers Time)

Helena and Derek were frozen, as their bodies flexed in orgasmic bliss. Their bodies throbbed in pulsed with pleasure, their minds lost in bliss. Their minds were so far gone, so close to their limits. So close to seeing the limits of time and space. So close to breaking the rules of time and space.

"So close." Helena exhaled, blowing out a heated gasp of air. She collapsed onto a barely conscious Derek as their

regained their bearings. They were so close to doing it. So close to success. But close was not good enough.

Time had not been conquered. Not yet.

They would just have to keep trying.

They would just have to keep fucking.

Chapter 6

Timeline F: Helena Cline Conquers Time

Helena exhaled, blowing out a heated gasp of air.

"So close." she whispered. She had felt something, a feeling she couldn't describe. The world had trembled but held strong. Her mind had left her for a few precious moments. She had felt something incredible she had never felt before, but that feeling slipped away, slipping through her fingers.

The world returned to her as she fell to the bed, gasping for air. It had been the best cum of her life, bar none. But it was not good enough. She needed more.

Derek exhaled as he relaxed, his balls now empty and his body drained of energy. She had lied. There was no great epiphany. There was no great ascension of the mind. He had just cum. Sure, it was the best cum of his life, but it was not worth the guilt. He had cheated on his wife, his love, his soul-mate, with her grandmother. It was just so fucked-up. Sure, his wife's grandmother could fuck like crazy, she was

an incredible lay. But it wasn't worth it, right? It wasn't worth this guilt he felt. The guilt weighed heavily on his heart. He just hoped he would be able to move beyond it. He needed to get away. He needed to get to Heather.

Derek's muscles felt like jello when he tried to move. His limbs were heavy as he rolled away from the recovering Helena. He couldn't look at Helena anymore. She was a reminder of what he had done. Derek sat up and let his feet hit the cool floor. Derek gathered what remaining strength Helena had left him with and tried to stand.

Derek's legs gave out and he fell hard to the floor. It was only now, as the sex endorphins began to filter out that he realized how sore and bruised his thighs were. They were practically numb and asleep, so walking was not an option just yet. Derek looked over, and saw Heather ahead of him, still passed out on the floor. So, he began to crawl.

Derek was a well-built young man, so his strong arms were able to effectively pull himself forward. Slowly but surely, he dragged his sweat and sex-juice soaked body forward. He knew if he could just get to his wife, if he could just touch

her soft skin, then everything would be okay. He got closer and closer, and as he reached out to touch her smooth skin.

"Oh, no no no!" A smug voice said from behind him. He felt a strong, feminine hand wrap around his ankle. Before Derek could react, he was being dragged backwards, back towards the bed. Derek tried to reach out to Heather, but she just eluded his grasp. His fingers dragged along the floor, trying to stop himself from being dragged away, but it was a losing battle. If he had long nails, they would have left gouge marks in the floor. He was desperate to get to heather, but he couldn't fight the unstoppable force behind him.

Derek flipped around to see a nude Helena dragging him towards the bed.

"What are you doing? You had your fun! It didn't work!" Derek called out.

"That's because we didn't go far enough." Helena said confidently. "Didn't you feel it? I know I did. We're flirting with it. Our limits... our barriers. For a second, I was

somewhere else. I can't remember where, but it's right there. We're so close! Didn't you feel it?"

Derek's mind flashed images in his heads, images of what felt like a dream, but he knew deep down were something else. He had seen himself, on this bed. But not with Helena. And not Heather. He had seen himself with other women. His mind filled with that déjà vu sensation. Could it be true? Could it be that he had seen something he wasn't supposed to see? Did he see another timeline?

Derek felt a lead weight in his stomach as he was filled with a sense of dread. He began to sit up.

"Helena!" Derek cried out. "This is wrong! We are messing with forces we can't comprehend. This could do damage."

Derek didn't know why, but he suddenly knew he had broken the rules. He had seen beyond the veil. And this scared the young man. There were clearly forces out there greater than him, and Derek had no doubt these forces would not be happy with the rules being broken. And one simple hiccup in time could ripple deeply. It could

propagate throughout, doing immeasurable damage to time and space. Derek had to stop fucking his wife's grandmother. Although he could be exaggerating, it was possible that the whole universe was at stake!

"So... you did feel it!" Helena said smugly. "You saw something you're not supposed to see! You felt that feeling of wrongness deep inside you. That déjà vu. I felt it just like you did. I live for that feeling."

"Helena... please! We could do serious damage!" Derek cried.

"Mmmmm, I love causing damage. I love making the world quiver in fear. What you felt tells me that our plan is working!" Helena said. "I want the world to cry, and we can make it happen. We can do it. We won't destroy the universe. We will conquer it. Time and space will do our bidding. We will see the strings. We will be the puppeteers. Don't you see? We just need to get even nastier for it to work. We've got to take this to a new level of depravity. We have got to make this nastier, filthier, even more brutal and disgusting."

"Please." Derek begged. Could she be right? Could her insane plan actually be working?

"And most importantly..." Helena began. In a smooth motion, Helen a reached down, pulled Derek to his feet, and threw him back onto the bed, the hefty mattress bouncing under him. "You have got to let yourself go. You've got to lose yourself in the pleasure. Take pleasure in my perfect form. Free yourself from Heather, and take the world as your bitch instead."

Derek pulled from his back and moved against the headboard, trying to stay as far from Helena as possible as she joined him on the bed.

"What are you doing?" he asked. She looked at him appraisingly from on her knees before turning away from him and bending forward, pressing her breasts against the bed, going head down, ass-up. Her ass was now pointed directly at Derek a few feet away. He was again able to marvel at its unparalleled perfection. The cheeks were so round, and perky and prominent, like a shelf on her rear. It

was quite simply perfect. An ass-man's dream on a grandmother's body. It was madness. She reached back with her free arms, grabbed a full, round ass-cheek in each hand, and peeled the ripe cheeks apart.

"I'm simply taking this to the next level, dear." Helena said. Derek looked between her ass-cheeks, at her mature ass crack, and the tight, clean pink asshole nestled in there. Derek gulped, his fears for the stability of the universe forgotten with the sight of his wife's grandmother's asshole. His concerns descended from a universal to an emotional one.

"No, Helena. God, no." Derek said, trying to move away, trying to move towards the side of the bed.

"Too bad." Helena said, facing away from him. Before Derek could react, Helena reached from between and took Derek's wrists in her hands. Before he realized what had happened, she pulled his arms, dragging him forward.

"Hey!" Derek called out in surprise as he was pulled forward roughly. Helena pulled his arms forward, dragging them

under her as she pulled him forward. Derek had suddenly found his face directly behind Helena's ass. After attempting to run from her imposing ass, Derek had now been dragged within a foot of it. And, as Helena increased the pressure on his wrists, pulling him forward, Derek realized what was about to happen.

"NO! No, Helena! Don't!" Derek called out, trying to pull away, but unable to do so thanks to Helena's iron grip. Derek's face got closer and closer to Helena's mature ass. What was previously a foot was now centimeters. Centimeters became millimeters.

"No Helena! No, no, no, no, no, nnnnmpphhggg." Derek groaned before his face was pulled in between Helena's ass-cheeks, his mouth making unwanted contact with her ass crack. Helena felt his mouth squirming, trying to avoid contact with her tight asshole.

"Derek, the sooner you realize you have to go along with this is the sooner it will be over." Helena called out. He kept squirming as she wrenched his arm forward. "Derek, notice how I was able to wrestle you down, not only onto the bed,

but in between my ass-cheeks. You're a big, strong man, yet when it was all said and done, I was the one walking and you were the one crawling. So if you think you're gonna be able to sneak away from me, you'd better reconsider." she added firmly.

Derek paused and looked up at Helena. He was a fairly strong young man, yet he had been fucked into defeat. He couldn't walk when she was done with him. She had used her judo or whatever to pull his face into her ass. She was a spider, and Derek was trapped in her web. Helena noticed his hesitation and went in for the kill.

"Heather is lying there unconscious, unaware of what her hubby is doing. It would be an awful shame to have to wake her." Helena said, looking back and raising her eyebrow pointedly. Derek was frozen, face deep in her ass-crack. "All you need to do is go along, become an active participant in the proceedings, then this will go so much smoother. We've already had sex, Derek. You've already had sex with your wife's grandmother. It won't hurt to do it a few more times, get it completely out of your system. And I promise, if I am wrong, my theory is wrong, then I won't force the issue again. If you give me your best, and it becomes clear we

can't quite get there together, that we can't quite conquer the forces of fate and time, then this will be done and you can go on living a happy, healthy life with your wife. If that's what you truly desire. But, if you keep fighting this, this will go on far longer than it should, and my dear granddaughter will no doubt find out the truth about her handsome husband. And when she does, it will destroy her. So, you have to decide who's biting the bullet here, you or your wife? And what kind of husband would you be to actively play a part in destroying your wife?"

Derek paused, not moving. Helena studied his face, and she saw the slow realization that he was powerless. He couldn't shake Helena off, and he couldn't destroy Heather. He would have to go along with this. He would have to give Helena what she wanted.

Helena smirked when she saw Derek come to that realization. She turned away from him arrogantly.

"Just open that handsome mouth of yours, and give my asshole a nice, long lick." Helena suggested. There was a

pause, a long pregnant pause, before she felt Derek's tongue tentative lick at her tight asshole.

Helena's eyes lidded at Derek's submission. His tongue against her ass certainly contributed to that pleasure. Not finding the taste unobjectionable, she felt his tongue slide against her asshole again. And again. And again. And each lick got less tentative and more assertive. Clearly, he was starting to enjoy the salacious act.

Helena looked forward, now noticing the large mirror on the opposite wall. She studied her reflection. She was on her knees and elbows, her massive, creamy breasts hanging like udders under her, her rock-hard nipples pointing down. Her face still looked elegant and gorgeous, no sign of the athletic sex she just had. Behind her, her ass was pointed up, presenting a delectable sight, each round cheek highlighted behind her. And in between those round cheeks was her granddaughter's husband, licking away at her sexy asshole.

"We make quite the pair." Helena said aloud. "While you're busy at my asshole, I want you to think about how people would react to us. How people would react to the sight of us

together. That little hotel clerk slut knew the score. She knows what we're doing. Jocelyn and Jackie know what's up as well. And Audrey, my friend I introduced you to, she knew what I was after. People know we are having sex Derek. People will know you've had sex with your wife's grandmother. People will know what you really are. I want you to think about that."

Derek froze for a few minutes. She was right, he realized. She was right. Helena looked through the mirror at his reflected gaze, willing him to get back to work. His tongue swiped her asshole again.

"That's it, Derek. Lick my asshole, and imagine what those others think."

****

Kaitlyn lied back, now clad only in her thong, which was peeled away from her dripping cunt. And she was dripping. There was a puddle under her on the soaked bed sheet.

How could this old lady be this hot!? Kaitlyn was baffled by Helena and her hot body. She had watched the grandmother systematically seduce, strip, suck and fuck the young man into oblivion. Attack his mind, body, and soul. She had watched their mutual world-shaking orgasms. She had watched Helena's impossibly firm, enormous tits bouncing. She had watched the old lady's unyielding, full ass flexing and bouncing with every fucking bounce. She watched the gorgeous grandmother spill pure filth from her mouth.

Helena was fucking awesome.

Was it possible for a twenty something woman to be jealous of a grandmother's hot body? Was it possible for an intrepid young slut to envy the skills of this sexy, mature woman? To be in awe of her? Was it possible that this old lady was a master seductress? Clearly, all of this was the case.

Kaitlyn's true feelings were coming to the surface. Her jealousy, her admiration of this older woman, this goddess... this queen. Kaitlyn couldn't explain it. She didn't know whether she simply had a girl-crush on this stacked

grandmother, or whether this was simply admiration at watching a master at work. It was probably both, because as she watched this old lady fuck, she couldn't take her eyes off of her. Helena was truly a master at sex. Her skills were unparalleled. Kaitlyn wanted to watch this old woman and learn from her. Take notes. Even if Helena were to never even acknowledge her, Kaitlyn would still dream of living in her shadow. She would try to learn everything she could from the older woman.

Kaitlyn was beginning to acknowledge the truth, to acknowledge the facts she had been running from since first meeting the hot older woman: Kaitlyn was attracted to Helena in a serious way. Not necessarily an attraction in a 'she wants to have sex with her' kind of way. Her crush was one of admiration. Hero worship. Kaitlyn was beginning to acknowledge that Helena was the sexiest creature she had ever seen, man or woman. And, as shocking as it may seem, the young slut was beginning to let Helena enter her twisted fantasies. Fantasies of Helena displaying her superiority by fucking the men she desired right in front of her, teaching her the tricks of the trade. Allowing her just a glimpse of her supreme skills. Nothing sounded hotter to the young slut at the moment.

Kaitlyn watched the images on-screen eagerly as her fingers played with her dripping slit. Her cunt had never been this wet. It dripped in sexual pleasure. It dripped in worship of the master seductress on the screen. Kaitlyn fell back, keeping one eye on the screen as she used her other hand to pinch her diamond hard nipples.

The greatest sex that had ever happened was going on at that moment, in this hotel. The greatest porno ever filmed. Someone had to bear witness. Someone had to witness this tableau of sex, this work of art. Someone had to watch this. Someone had to record this.

Someone had to cum to this.

****

Audrey Clarke sipped her drink angrily at the hotel bar. This night had not gone as planned. Not at all. She was furious at this. The only joy she had this whole night was running into her old 'friend' Abby Cline and promptly

scaring her off with knowledge of her various trysts with her ex-husband. But other than that, the night had been a miraculous failure. And to top it all off, Helena Cline, that old slut, had walked away with the prize.

How the fuck had she lost to that old lady? This could not happen again. First, there was Nina, who always seemed to win, to land the hottest of guys, even over a gorgeous young slut like her. And now Helena? Why did she keep losing to old ladies? She wasn't one of those loser girls, was she? No, not possible! Audrey was no loser. Audrey was no pathetic woman. She was not a woman who lost out on a man. She was not a woman who cried as her man fucked another woman. No, Audrey was the woman who got fucked. She was on that side of the equation.

The old guard refused to relent their grip on the hottest guys. Audrey had to change that. Audrey had to change the status quo. She had to trample those old ladies underfoot and take her place on the throne.

Audrey promptly gulped down the rest of her drink, slammed the glass to the bar, and sashayed out of there. She

knew where Helena was. She knew the marriage suite was being put to good use. But what would happen if Audrey showed up, and showed the young man her hot young body. He would choose that over Helena's old lady body, right?

Her heels clicked on the hard floor as she walked towards the elevator. This night was not over yet.

****

"I still can't believe this?" Jackie started, blowing smoke from her sexy mouth. "He chose Grandma?"

"I know dear." Jocelyn said angrily, lighting up her cigarette.

Both Cline women were in the room next to the wedding suite. They had heard everything. Everything. They had retreated to the balcony to avoid the noise of the headboard hitting the wall and Helena's moans of pleasure.

"I mean, yes, okay, Grandma's still hot, for an old lady. Why wouldn't he choose someone hot and young?" Jackie asserted.

"Well, he needs someone hot, but not someone as old as her. And not someone as young as you. He needs to seek out the sweet spot, right in the middle." Jocelyn argued.

"Ha... as if." Jackie said, rolling her eyes at her skanky mother.

"But, he's fucking my mom. My mom. It's just... gross." Jocelyn said angrily.

"I know. I mean, all of her moves are probably outdated at this point. She's an old lady! What could she possibly know that I don't?" Jackie asked.

"Like you know anything." Jocelyn sneered. "You haven't fucked a tenth of the guys I have. I know some shit they can't teach."

"Uh, face the facts, Mommy... you're an old lady too." Jackie said with a laugh.

"An old lady who's fucked most of your boy toys." Jocelyn replied.

"What?" Jackie asked.

"Hun, once they sampled some finely aged slut like myself, I think they stopped calling you up for booty calls." Jocelyn replied.

"Ha. You don't think I've fucked most of your boyfriends? They want young, prime slut. Not gross, expired, worn out tramp." Jackie sneered.

Jocelyn rolled her eyes and sipped her drink. Helena's moans of pleasure echoed out the window.

"So fucking gross." Jackie muttered.

"I know." Jocelyn replied.

Neither would admit their disgust was simply a façade, a front they were putting to maintain their pride. Both women had rock hard nipples on each of their big, fat tits. Each Cline women's thong was soaked with their juices. Hearing Helena having sex was hotter than either realized. And despite their 'disgust', both sluts were listening intently to the action next door.

"I mean, I do it all in bed. It all!" Jackie began.

"So do I, dear." Jocelyn replied.

"Men can do what they want to me. I mean, blowjobs, tit-fucking, cunt, anal, squirting, rimming. My body is a man's playground. You think Grandma does that? Will she suck Derek's dick? No! Will she let him fuck her tits? No! Will she let him fuck her cunt? Well... yeah, she'll probably do that, but she'll probably lay there like a worn out old lady? But will she squirt her juices everywhere? Will she let Derek fuck her ass? Will she let Derek rim her asshole?" Jackie

postulated, holding her hands out, asking for an answer from her mother.

"I don't think so." Jocelyn muttered.

****

Derek avidly rimmed Helena's asshole. He was at first disgusted by the idea, but in practice it wasn't that bad. He found himself soaking her asshole with spit, letting his firm, strong tongue run across it eagerly. He found himself nibbling, kissing, and sucking his wife's grandmother's asshole, and not altogether hating it. He kind of enjoyed it.

Helena was pleased at Derek's eagerness. He was really beginning to dive in. She could feel his tongue rimming her ass and taking a few tentative stabs at her asshole, seeking entrance.

"See, Derek, I knew you'd like it." Helena moaned out in pleasure. "I never had to work so hard to get a guy to suck my asshole. Most young guys are so eager to dig right in."

she stated. "Ohhhh yeah! I hate to sound like an old lady, but in my day, men wouldn't go near my asshole. They wanted my cunt! But nowadays, these young guys, all they care about are a girl's tits and asshole. Sure, they still want cunt, of course. But all a guy needs is some tits and ass, right? I won't stop them. A woman's cunt, her tits, her asshole, they all need to be worshipped. I'm glad you young guys are realizing this now."

Derek was too focused on Helena's asshole to respond. And besides, it was hard to speak when you were trying to stab your tongue into your wife's grandmother's ass.

"You'd better get that asshole ready, Derek." Helena called out. "You know what comes next." she added pointedly.

Derek did know what was next. He knew what would be expected of him. He knew why her asshole needed to be soaked with spit. He knew where his dick would soon be traveling. He knew he had to do a good job.

Helena had freed his wrists once she knew he wasn't going anywhere. This allowed Derek to palm both of his wife's

grandmother's full ass-cheeks. He dug his hands into the firm fleshy cheeks and kneaded them like dough while spreading them to aid him in his work. Pulling the cheeks apart allowed him to worship the entirety of her ass-crack in lavish, wet licks.

"Mmmmm, you're a good little ass-licker, aren't you." Helena purred. "Who would've known? Not Heather, I imagine." she answered with a cackling laugh. "Look at you, marrying a girl one minute then sucking her grandmother's ass the next." she said, as if trying to point out how weak willed he was. "Clearly, this was the vow you were making. Not to my granddaughter, but to me. You vowed yourself to me and my body, whether you knew it or not. You promised yourself to a Cline, and all men to do so have to go through me. Most I just brow-beat and scare off. But you, you're the first I decided to take as a lover. I think I held out for the right one. I've had a lot of guys suck my asshole, but I don't know if I've ever felt a tongue so eager. You like this a lot more than you thought you would, don't you? You love licking your wife's grandmother's ass, don't you?"

As Derek attempted unsuccessfully to spear his tongue into Helena's asshole, he did have to admit he didn't really hate

this. There was something about having this perfect, round mature ass splayed out in front of him, as if it were a piece of art on display. The full, round, fleshy cheeks. The way the cheeks perfectly spread apart to expose her neat, clean, sexy asshole. That tight, tiny, seemingly impenetrable asshole. Derek pulled back to give his exhausted tongue a rest and to admire Helena's ass again.

"I still get offers, Derek. Offers to pose nude, and show off my body, like I told you before." Helena started, as Derek dived in again between her lush ass-cheeks, tongue pointed outward, desperate to conquer that hole. "I can't tell you how many times I have had men practically willing to give me the world just to see what you're seeing right now. Men and women willing pay a small fortune just to see my ass in the flesh. To see my asshole exposed to the world. They say that even though I am a grandmother I could still be one of the top nude models and centerfolds in the world. They told me that if I went into porn, I would become one of the biggest porn-stars in the world. I had to admit I was tempted. They threw the world at me. I had porn stars, men and women calling me up, begging me to join them. All those women, practically begging me to join their ranks and render them irrelevant. Those gorgeous women practically

begging for the chance to worship me. Begging to smother their faces into my cunt, or between my ass-cheeks, just for the opportunity. Not even caring to have their faces on camera, willing to be obstructed just so they could see what I'm capable of. Guiding thick cocks into my cunt. Spreading my ass-cheeks, showing off my tight asshole. Licking my cunt, prepping it for cock. Sucking my tits, getting me warmed up. Offering their men to me instead. Willing to admit my superiority on camera just to get at me. Like I said, it was a tempting offer. It was tempting to have the porn world bent to my will, but I declined. Who knows, if you're right, maybe in one of those alternate universes, I am the greatest porn-star in the world."

An image flashed through his head. Helena on the front page of some website, wearing next to nothing, luring people deeper into the website, just to see the delights of her hot body. This image disappeared as quickly as it appeared.

There was a long, warm pause as Derek attempted to spear her asshole. Suddenly, Helena broke the silence.

"AWWW, FUCK YES!" she screamed out. Derek's tongue finally broke through the unclenching barrier of her ass. His firm muscle delved in slowly and curiously, forcing its way through her clenched asshole.

"Do it, Derek! I want you to dig deep and get that tongue inside my asshole! I want to feel the whole thing up my fucking ass!" Helena commanded. "If you plan to get your cock in there, you'd better be able to get that fucking tongue inside!"

Derek pushed at her ass forcefully, forcing his tongue deeper.

"I want to feel those lips against my asshole. I want to feel your lips against my asshole and that tongue inside it. I want you to French kiss my fucking asshole!" Helena squealed.

Helena's sphincter was stupidly tight. It gripped his tongue like a clenched fist, pinching it roughly, depriving the firm muscle of blood, nearly numbing it. But Derek didn't stop. He kept pushing for a few agonizing minutes, never giving up, till he got as much of his tongue as he could into her

tight asshole. Finally, he could go no farther. His lips were pressed against her asshole and his tongue was extended as far as it could from his mouth, to the point where it was nearly painful. But that was the sacrifice he made to pleasure Helena's asshole. He maneuvered his tongue inside her, trying to pleasure her.

"Ahhhh! That's it, boy. That's it!" Helena gasped, reaching back and grabbing Derek's scalp, holding the young man's face against her ass. She swiveled her hips, rolling her ass against his face. She pressed his face roughly against her as she forced her ass back against him, smothering the young man in her firm ass. She held him there as he began to struggle for air.

"AHHH, RIGHT THERE!" she said while clenching her eyes shut, shivering through a small orgasm. She released Derek's head from her rear and his mouth left her ass with a small pop. It was just in time, as his face was red from lack of breath.

Helena wiped her brow as the young man gasped for air. Helena did not let up for one moment. She put her hands on the bed and pointed her ass at him.

"Alright Derek, you can't get a girl wound up then back away. You can't feed someone an appetizer and deny them the main course. You licked my asshole till I came. I think you know what comes next." she said, turning away.

Derek looked down at Helena's ass, again. He knew what she expected. He looked down and noted his dick was sticking out in front of him, rock hard again. Somehow, even after the hardest cum of his life, sucking her asshole had energized his cock into throbbing hardness again. He looked from it to Helena's spit soaked asshole. Then he looked past Helena's bent over frame to see his wife.

His wife was breathing slowly in her drunken slumber. Even so, she still looked cute. Derek smiled a bit, but then he remembered where he was, and what he was doing. The only way forward was to prove Helena wrong, to bite the bullet and spend the rest of the night pleasuring her, just so

he would never have to do it again. So he could live the life he dreamed of with Heather.

So, he had to do it. He had to fuck his wife's grandmother's ass... for the sake of his marriage. He had to stick his dick inside of the tightest hole he had ever encountered, to protect his wife from confronting Helena's sick twisted ways. It's not like he secretly wanted to stick his throbbing cock into that same tight hole and use that tightness to help his fat cock cum. It's not like he secretly wanted to fuck his wife's grandmother's hot ass and take pleasure in her mature flesh. Right?

Derek pushed himself off from the headboard and got on his knees behind Helena. His cock bounced around in the air as he did, and as he got behind his wife's grandmother, his cock literally came to a stop when the fat tip of his cock wedged itself between her firm ass-cheeks, pointed directly at her asshole.

Despite Helena's earlier assertion that this was not supposed to happen, fate was giving him a sign. Maybe time and space and fate wanted him to fuck his wife's grandmother.

Maybe time wanted to be conquered.

Derek tentatively propped his hands on her hips and squeezed lightly. His dick was leaking his juices, desperate to move forward and enter Helena's asshole. Derek looked up at Heather, having a moment of hesitation. But Helena would not suffer any delays. Looking at him through the mirror, she caught his gaze.

"Do it!" she spat out. Sighing lightly, he readied himself behind her. Unsure if he would be able to force his thick meat inside her, he nonetheless flexed his strong arms and began to push forward, trying to force his meaty shaft into her.

Helena winced as the cock pressed against her asshole, which was unyielding despite the earlier warm-up. Her whole body was forced forward in response.

"Do it, Derek! I can take it! Just be a man, be a good husband, and force your cock up your wife's grandmother's tight

asshole!" Helena said, staring at him icily through the reflection in the mirror. Derek looked up at her. Looked at her icy expression, and her massive breasts hanging under her. Derek gripped her hips with a renewed effort and began to push forward again.

"Hnnnnnnn, if you get that fucking dick in my asshole, you can do whatever the fuck you want to my big tits!" Helena groaned out, noting his earlier glance. Derek didn't respond. He only pushed and flexed harder, trying to bury his cock in her sweet ass just to get the privilege to play with her massive tits again.

Helena studied the young man. His fitness had never been more clear to her. All his muscles were flexing, trying to get that fat cock of his inside of her. His firm muscles on his fit arms... the sweat dripping down his firm abs. Her eyes consumed his body lustfully, and for a few moments, she almost lost her composure and reverted back to her younger self, eager to have the hottest piece of meat she could find. Eager to jump his bones and ride his fat cock to endless orgasms. Helena recovered quickly, not showing Derek this momentary loss of control.

"C'mon Derek, I thought you were strong! A big strong guy like you should be able to force his cock into an old lady's asshole!" Helena taunted. Derek's body flexed as he tried to force his cock inside of her. She pushed back forcefully, attempting to help this process move forward. Derek's face scrunched up with effort.

"Do it, Derek! Do it!" Helena demanded as she felt the pressure from the tip of the young man's dick trying to invade her backside. "C'MON DEREK, DO IT! FUCK MY ASS! FUCK YOUR WIFE'S GRANDMOTHER'S ASS!" she screamed out.

Finally, the tight asshole allowed entrance. Once the dam broke, it eagerly spread open around the pulsing tip, quickly smothering it in her tight asshole. With the force at which he was pushing his dick inside, once her asshole opened up and allowed entrance about four inches of the thick shaft followed.

"AHHHHH! THAT'S IT! THAT'S FUCKING IT!" Helena moaned out in pleasure.

Derek's eyes widened once he realized he was now inside Helena's ass. Once he realized his thick meat was quickly being consumed by his wife's grandmother's hungry ass, he slowed his descent and allowed himself to savor the pleasure.

Obviously, he had never experienced anal sex before. And now, here he was, his thick shaft buried in his wife's grandmother's asshole, and he had to wonder how he got there. How had he reached the point in life where he was not only cheating on his wife, not only cheating with his wife's grandmother, but fucking her in the ass? Feeling the way her tighter than tight asshole stretched around his throbbing shaft. Feeling how her ass muscles were already working his dick over, smothering it with tightness and pleasure. Looking at the sight of her full ass-cheeks spread apart and his large cock somehow impossibly stuck inside her small butthole.

He looked forward to the mirror in front of him and took in his own image. The image he saw looking back at him was alluring. He was looking at a different person.

Even as Derek grew into an adult, he had always felt like a kid in adult's clothes. Even during his courtship of Heather and the wedding, he felt was just acting the part of an adult, doing what adults do. He looked at the people around him, the actual adults, and he just marveled at how self assured and confident they were. How adult and well put-together they were. Derek felt like he was just pretending to be an adult and hoping no one would notice. And even when he made love to Heather, it wasn't the love-making of a confident adult. It was the unsure, shy caresses of two people playing a role neither were ready to play.

So as Derek looked at the mirror, studying the dizzying tableau there, he admired it objectively, as if it wasn't him and Helena in the reflection. He didn't see a boy. He saw a man. He wasn't playing the part, dressing in the clothes. He was a man, and he was doing what men do. He was fucking a woman, a voluptuous, sexy, mature woman. And what he was doing was not unsure love-making, but forceful, almost confident fucking. He admired his own fit form in the mirror, and he had to admit he looked pretty impressive. He looked like a model. Or a porn star. The type of guy you

want to watch having sex. And the woman in the mirror, the woman he was fucking, she held up her end of the bargain.

Looking at her nude frame, her elegant but filthy face and massive hanging udders, any objective viewer would think she was a porn star. Not a typical porn star, but one of those filthy older lady porn stars, those MILFs. And she was not one of those jaded women who stayed in the business far beyond their prime. No, the woman in that reflection is one of those mature porn stars who stays in it because she loves to fuck and she is still at the top of her game. That mirror wasn't a mirror anymore. It was a television. A television playing the filthiest porn imaginable.

Helena was thinking the same thing. A voluptuous mature woman with a fit stud behind her, dick deep in her asshole, it was not an unfamiliar site to the porn-addicted grandmother. She had seen a lot of this very thing, and footage of this was lining her shelves. She had always admired how those sexy older women had used their bodies to turn young men into fuck-toys. And how brazen and confident they were to show this fact off. She had utilized her many connections to get a hold of some of the highest quality porn out there. It was not the mass marketed

stuff you find on shelves. No, this was stuff only shared among the elite. A secret society of older women eager to show off how many hot young guys they had sunk their claws into. In it was fucking so rough, beastial and brutal that it would scare the weak-hearted off. But once you saw it, you couldn't get enough. That shit was addicting. High-class older sluts getting railed by gorgeous young guys. Anyone watching would want to get some of that sex as soon as possible, and add to the porn collection circling the globe. Some of these videos would even 'accidently' end up in the hands of some prospective studs this society had their eyes on. They would no doubt watch this stuff, curious of its contents. And needless to say, after a short time, footage of these same guys in the arms of an older woman would soon be in the hands of this society.

Helena was not afraid to share footage of herself, but she never had. She was too much of a perfectionist. If she was going to share to the world her hot body in action, she would make sure the sex within would be so incredible, so pitch-perfect that no one could deny her superiority. It would be a mythical porn, sex so good that the viewer could not stop watching, eyeing up her hot body and desperate to find out her identity. The thought made Helena smile.

She had dreamed of this for a long time. Rough, brutal sex, with someone now within her own family tree. Sure, he was not related by blood, but the fact that he married her granddaughter and still fucked her made up for that. She vowed to make this sex the best she had ever had. She vowed to make her dream a reality. She promised to make the world shake.

Now, if only this sex was being recorded. She thought for a moment, before remembering that nosy hotel clerk, and how eager she was to get close to Derek, and how she had been the one to prepare the room for the married couple. She had a thought. Helena's eyes circled around the room, but the thought faded away for the moment as she felt the thick shaft shift in her asshole. Her focus returned to the here and now.

"Oh, I think you can do better than that." she taunted, looking back at Derek, and at how he had only some of his thick shaft inside her.

"Can you take any more? I mean, I have a lot in you already." Derek asked. Helena smirked.

"I'd say you have about four inches in me so far." Helena estimated. "Make it ten." she finished, turning around to face the mirror. Derek paused. "C'mon Derek, do it! Fuck my ass Derek! Give me everything you've got!"

Derek got a little angry. He focused his mind, grabbed her hips, and began to push. Slowly but surely, her asshole accepted more and more of his throbbing prick inside her. He looked down to see the smooth flesh of his unblemished dick enter her hotter than hot ass. The surrounding, creamy mature flesh added to this vision.

He was amazed as he felt the tip of his dick go deeper and deeper inside. He looked up into the mirror and saw the cold eyes of his wife's grandmother staring at him, unfazed, daring him to make her react. Daring him to make her moan.

Derek still had a few inches left. Sneering a bit, Derek reared back, and...

"AHHH FUCK YES!" Helena screamed out in pleasure. With one heroic thrust, Derek had buried the remainder of his large cock deep into Helena's asshole. "That's it Derek! That's fucking it! That's how you do it! That's how a man fucks!"

"Holy fuck!" Derek groaned out. Just feeling the entirety of his dick smothered in his wife's grandmother's tight asshole was nearly indescribable. It was just tightness surrounding his cock, smothering it in pleasure.

"Remember this Derek. REMEMBER THIS!" Helena moaned out. "Remember how my ass feels! Compare this to your wife. Does she do this to you? Has she ever made you feel this good! Admit it, Derek. C'mon, Derek, admit it. Admit how good my ass feels. Admit my asshole makes you feel better than Heather ever did. Admit you love your wife's grandmother's asshole more than your wife!"

"NOOO!" Derek screamed out. He looked down at Helena, furious. "I've had it with your insults! Your arrogance! How bad you speak about Heather. She's my wife! This isn't

about her! You will not say one more bad thing about Heather! "

"Or what?" she asked condescendingly. "You're the one fucking your idiot wife's hot grandmother, so..."

SPANK!

Derek's hand came down on it's own accord and slapped Helena's meaty mature ass.

"AHHHH, FUCK YES!" Helena moaned out, her asshole quivering around his cock. Derek leaned forward and grabbed her shiny hair roughly, jerking her head back. He leaned forward till his face was near hers.

"Is that all you got?" Helena sneered.

Helena had unleashed the demoness to get Derek in bed with her. And now, she had awoken the beast in Derek.

With a confident lunge, Derek reached under her and took one of her massive udders in his hand, squeezing the firm flesh roughly. He reared his hips back a bit before driving roughly forward, forcing his thick cock into her ass.

"You think you can do this to me? You think you can make me do what you want?" Derek said angrily.

"I do." Helena answered arrogantly.

"You want to see what I'm made of? You want to see what a man I am? Well, get ready... bitch. I'm gonna destroy your fucking asshole! I'm going to make you beg for me to stop! And I won't, not until you apologize to your granddaughter. Admit she's better than you." Derek said.

"We'll see about that." Helena said. Derek pulled back and drove his cock in again. He began to piston in and out, slowly. Helena did not object, so he began to pick up speed.

"That's it Derek! That's how I like it! Just go a bit faster! A bit harder!" Helena dared.

"You want it harder!" Derek said, speeding up, so his torso was colliding with her ass roughly, his full balls slapping against her cunt. "You sure you can take it? You sure your old lady body can handle this?"

"Oh, you're gonna pay for that you little shithead. Keep going! Harder Derek! HARDER!" Helena roared out.

Derek was now driving his thick cock in and out of her at a rapid speed, going all out in this rough anal fuck. His large meat was just going in and out of her tiny asshole impossibly like a well-oiled machine. The wumphing sound of their bodies colliding echoed through the room. His right hand molested her massive dangling breasts while his left hand pulled at her hair, pulling her ear to his mouth. But she was the first one to speak.

"I thought you said... oh fuck... fuck... I thought you said you would fuck me like a man?" Helena dared, her voice warbling as Derek drove into her, her ass driving back at him with every stroke. Derek sneered in anger and picked up speed, driving his cock into her harder.

"Is that what you need? Is that... ugh fuck... how you want it?" Derek growled, twisting her nipple as hard as he could.

"It'll do." Helena said haughtily. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

Derek's body was flexing as he fucked his wife's grandmother's asshole. He was using every muscle in his body to force his meaty cock in and out of her. Both of them were getting slick with sweat, but neither would give in to the other. These were two athletes, two marathon runners, going at it like animals.

"You gonna cum, bitch?! You gonna lose it?" Derek spat out.

"I will cum once you cum. And you will cum as soon as I let you cum. Ugh, that's it, keep fucking me!" Helena gasped out arrogantly.

"What?" Derek asked.

"I'm in control of this, Derek. Every fucking stroke." Helena sneered, her ass driving back at him.

"Oh yeah?" Derek replied, still bent over her, driving his cock into her asshole ferociously while wrenching her hair and squeezing her breasts.

"Yeah." Helena replied simply. Before he could realize it, Helena drove her ass back as hard as she could, forcing Derek back till his back hit the headboard roughly.

"Ugh!" Derek winced in pain as her ass crushed his hips into the headboard. He bent over her body as he recovered, but her ass kept driving him back, smothering his cock in pleasure while bringing his back pain. Derek's grip loosened on her hair as he fell forward to recover. He was still jabbing his dick into her, but the strokes were shorter and less impactful. But Helena picked up the slack. She was driving her ass back at him, again and again.

"AHHH, FUCK! I thought you were in control baby?" Helena asked. Derek's chin was on her shoulder and his

hands hit the bed as he tried to cope with her driving ass. But it was a losing battle for the young man.

"I... ugh... I still... ugh... oh fuck!" Derek cried out.

"Just squeeze my breasts, dear. Let your wife's grandmother take over from here." Derek couldn't speak. Her ass was knocking the wind out of him as it took the fight out of him. His stomach pressed against her firm back, their sweaty skin rubbing together. His hands jumped from the bed to cup her huge tits. Her frame supported Derek now, but that did not stop her from continuing to use her ass to fuck the young man into submission, driving his hips and back into the headboard.

"Don't feel ashamed, honey." Helena panted. "No man has ever been able to out fuck me. Mmmm, that's it!" she panted, their bodies still driving into each other.

"Ughhh!" Derek grunted.

"Look at us, Derek. Look into the mirror." Helena gasped. Derek looked up to see his body and Helena's mashing together in heated sexual action. His body on top of hers, their sweat mixing together. His hands squeezing and sliding across the slick flesh of Helena's hanging breasts, his fingertips sliding across her hard nipples.

"Look at your wife, dear." Helena said next. Derek looked down. Heather was still in the same spot, still dozing. "She can't handle a few drinks without passing out. But her grandmother can fuck your brains out from sun down to sun rise and still be ready for more. Oh fuck... I think you picked the wrong Cline woman."

Helena continually drove her ass back at him, slamming him into the headboard. Derek was full of such fight and vigor, but Helena was fucking that right out of him. Derek had stopped driving into her ass. Helena was doing all the work now, driving back at him as his back rested against the headboard.

"You young guys are supposed to be getting nastier and nastier as time goes on, but none of you can match up to an

old lady like me. You think you're such unstoppable studs, but when your balls deep in my asshole, you lose control and just fall apart. Look at you! Trying to teach me a lesson, but now I'm the one teaching you another lesson. Each bounce, each time your thick shaft goes in and out of my tight ass, it's another lesson I'm teaching you. Another lesson in pleasure." Helena moaned out.

Helena's butt was pile driving into Derek's already sore hips to the point where he could barely move. He tried to drive into her slightly, but Helena's ass was so forceful that it rendered his slight thrusts meaningless. So, he just kept feeling his cock going in and out of her tight asshole, nearly driving him to lose it.

Helena smirked as she fucked the young man. She heard his pained grunts of pleasure in her ear. Derek felt his arms wrapped around her body, and his hands full of her massive breasts.

"Squeeze my tits, Derek. Squeeze them hard." Helena begged. Derek's hands squeezed at her breasts harder, squeezing the firm, slick flesh hard, the pliant boobs

pouring through his fingers, the nipples pressing into his palms.

"I saw you, today, checking out all of our asses. Not just me, but Jackie and Jocelyn's as well. And sure, Jackie's ass is young, high and tight. Jocelyn's is firm and mature and powerful. But mine is all of those things. It is the best rear end you have ever seen! Your wife's grandmother has the hottest ass in the family! You don't even look at Heather's body. Her ass. Her tits. Cause you know there's not much to see! Haha!" Helena declared.

"Look at your husband dear!" Helena called out to Heather, driving her ass back at him. "Look at him fighting for your love!"

"Shut up." Derek grunted.

"If you care so much, oh fuck... then stop fucking me." Helena panted. "Pull your cock out of your wife's grandmother's asshole and go to her. Stop squeezing my tits and embrace your wife. What means more to you, my tits

or your wife? On your wedding night, which did you choose?"

Derek was silent. He just kept playing with her body, squeezing her mature udders, not able to get enough of the massive tits.

"Admit the truth, Derek. Admit you love my body. Admit to your wife that you're a fan of her grandmother's body." Helena said.

"No." Derek muttered, still molesting her breasts.

"Admit it, Derek. Admit my body is the hottest you've ever seen!" Helena commanded. "Imagine how good it will feel to admit the truth. Admit how you feel. Just try it. Heather will never know."

Derek was silent as he experienced Helena's asshole swallowing his dick to the root, her tight asshole stroking his dick. It was driving him mad. He had to cum desperately, but he was trying to hold back. For his wife.

Who was just lying there, letting this indecent coupling happen. Derek wasn't happy that his wife had gotten drunk! This day was supposed to be perfect. But she had fucked up. If she hadn't, if she had decided not to drink, then none of this would have happened. He wouldn't be having incredible sex with his wife's grandmother. Because of Heather, Derek's dick was now plowing Helena's ass. Her incredible asshole, which was driving him up the wall with pleasure. She was fucking him so well. He was amazed that an older woman like her could be so athletic and have such stamina. He couldn't imagine her being worn out in bed. She could probably take on a whole football team and still be up for more.

"You could go all day, couldn't you?" Derek asked in a harsh whisper.

"I could spend the rest of my life having sex but it wouldn't be enough." Helena replied truthfully. "I have spent most of my life training my mind and my body for pleasure. It's what I'm built for. Don't you won't want to join me? Test the limits of our bodies. I can teach you what I know. You're a good student. Imagine spending your whole life in bed... with me. Imagine the depths of pleasure I could teach you.

So take pleasure in my body. Fill all my holes with cum and worship me."

Derek sighed in pleasure. Her body was incredible, and it was driving his body insane. He couldn't help but react to her succulent, mature flesh.

"You love it, don't you? You love my body. Tell me." Helena commanded softly but firmly.

"Ughh... yeah." Derek grunted out painfully.

"C'mon Derek, let loose. Use my body to the fullest. Enjoy yourself. This night won't end till you do." Helena told him.

Derek was on the edge. He knew after a few more hours of this, he would be a very active participant. He was holding back, but Helena was wearing down his fight. If Heather just wanted to lie there and not fight back against her grandmother, then Derek wasn't going to fight back either.

"Helena... you're so fucking hot." Derek whispered.

"Ughhh!" Helena moaned out, her asshole quivering at this admission.

"Fuck!" Derek moaned out, as her ass nearly took him over the edge.

"You feel that! You feel what enjoying this will get you?" Helena moaned out. "You love my ass, don't you?"

"Yes! It feels so good!" Derek admitted. He could feel the weight of guilt leaving him. He was allowing himself to enjoy this, he didn't turn the pleasure away. And in doing so, he let the pleasure fill his body. Suddenly, Helena bent forward, letting her tits fall to the bed and stopped driving her ass back at him.

"If you love it so much, then fuck it hard! Fuck my ass like a man would! Fuck it and make it yours. Make it your property!" Helena commanded, looking over her shoulder.

Derek sat up straight, getting into position behind her. His hands slid up her sweaty body till they returned to her hips. Her ass was pointed up at him, primed to get fucked. Derek took a deep breath, pulled back, and drove his cock into her.

"AHHH!" Helena squealed. Derek began to piston his cock in and out of her.

"Fuck my ass!" Helena screamed out. "Tear that ass up!"

Derek sneered as he drove his thick cock in and out of his wife's grandmother's asshole. He reared back and slapped her ass-cheek with his hand.

SMACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!" Helena moaned out.

SMACK!

Derek repeated the act, smacking his wife's grandmother's ass like he owned it.

"You like that dick?" Derek asked. "You like taking it? You like me fucking you like you're my bitch?"

"I am no man's bitch." Helena said with a laugh. "Now Heather, she is our bitch!"

Derek looked up at his wife again.

"My body is better than hers, isn't it?" Helena asked.

"Your body is better. It fucking is." Derek relented, driving into her. "It's so much better than hers."

"You love it more than her pathetic body?" Helena asked. Derek was silent for a few moments as he fucked her. "Admit it, Derek!"

"Yes." Derek relented. "Okay! I love your body."

"More than hers?" Helena asked.

"Yes, okay. I love your body more than hers! Ugh!" Derek said, still furiously fucking her asshole. The couple stopped talking and focused on the pleasure.

Derek drove his cock in and out of his wife's grandmother's ass, again and again and again. He fucked her like an animal, like a beast acting on instinct. He was getting close.

"Fuck that ass! Fuck it!" Helena groaned out hoarsely.

"You like that? You like that dick?" Derek grunted.

"Mmmmm, yes! That dick is fantastic." Helena complimented. "You like that ass?"

"Yes! It's so fucking tight!" Derek grunted.

"It's better than anything Heather can do?" she asked.

"Yes!" Derek replied, answering without thinking, brutally slamming his cock into her asshole.

"Better than your wife's pussy?"

"Yes!"

"Better than your wife's kiss?"

"Yes!"

"You'd rather fuck your wife's grandmother's ass than make love to your wife?"

"Yes!"

"You love my body more than your wife?"

"Yes!"

"You love me more than you love Heather?"

"Yes!"

Derek didn't even know what he was saying. His entire worldview was centered on his wife's grandmother's asshole. He barely registered his declarations of love and superiority. Her ass felt too good to think about anything else.

Helena was very close to cumming. She had nearly transformed Derek into the man she needed him to be. She was so close.

She got on her hands and then lifted herself, reaching over her head to wrap her hands around the back of Derek's neck. She used his big strong neck to support her as she hung from him while he fucked her ass. She now looked like the figurehead on a ship, a voluptuous female form hanging from the young man. Her enormous breasts forced outward, pointed directly at the passed out Heather.

Derek's hands left her hips and slid to her silky, fleshy, sweaty breasts. He squeezed them over and over, twisting at her hard nipples whenever he had the opportunity.

"Ughh!" Derek grunted. Her body was too much. He was about to lose it.

Helena's eyes were lidding over. She was about to explode. As she got close, as she felt the meaty dick pistoning into her asshole, as she felt Derek's big hands pawing at her breasts, her focus was on Heather. Poor, dumb, passed-out Heather.

Helena could feel the orgasm coming. It would be the biggest one yet. And all she could think about was how much better it would be if Heather were to open her eyes. Open her eyes and see her grandmother for the slut she was. Open her eyes and see what a sex monster her husband was.

"Open your eyes." Helena muttered, over and over, her eyes lidding over. She felt the orgasm approaching. "Open your eyes. Open your eyes. Open your eyes. Open...your... eyes."

Then, it hit.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKK! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Helena screamed at the top of her lungs.

"UGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! HNNNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHHH!" Derek grunted, his body twisting uncontrollably in pleasure.

Derek forced his entire cock deep into Helena's asshole just as it finally exploded. Band after band of cum fired from his dick into his wife's grandmother's welcoming ass. He just kept cumming, again and again, filling her ass with his cum. Helena's asshole was clenched around his cock, inducing the cock to fire off shots of thick cum into her ass.

Helena was on fire. Every nerve ending, every bit of her, was exploding with sensation. The air scratching across her sweaty skin, scraping across her throbbing nipples, her overstuffed asshole, it all contributed to her orgasm. Her voice grew hoarse as she screamed out unintelligibly.

She pushed her ass against Derek, trying to force as much dick into her asshole as she could. And he drove into her, trying to get as much of his cum as deep as he could in her tight asshole. Derek and his wife's grandmother were clutched together, his cock buried in her ass, all in the name of making their shared orgasm as hard as possible. And no force in the world could pull them apart.

And as they came, as the young man and the old lady rode out another orgasm together, they left this world, again.

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(Timeline C: A Beaten Cline Defeated by Time)

Derek roughly fucked Audrey's ass. In and out, in and out, again and again. He slapped her ass, spanked it red, and fucked her brains out. Derek was pure beast, but Audrey still kept one eye on business.

She found the strength during this rough anal fuck to grab a slip of paper and a pen from the side table. She fused the paper to her sweaty back, it getting soaked with her sweat. She handed the pen to Derek, expectantly.

In his animal like state, Derek found it in him to take in the piece of paper, and what it was. Derek suddenly was unsure of his surroundings. He looked around, uncertain. This just felt wrong. He shouldn't be in this room. He shouldn't be with this woman. He needed to be with someone different. Someone... older. Someone even hotter than Audrey. It should be a different woman who's ass he was fucking. This just felt wrong, but he couldn't explain why.

Audrey looked back at him, curiously. Derek was shaken from his unexplainable thoughts. He looked back at Audrey

and remembered what he was doing. Who he was doing. What he was about to do.

So with an arrogant sneer, he clicked the pen, and signed his name on the dotted line.

Derek's modeling contract was now signed, his future now set.

****

"I talked to Kaitlyn, the hotel girl." Jocelyn began. "She saw Derek leave with that friend of yours, the redhead."

"Audrey Clarke." Helena replied. "Sneaky bitch."

"How the fuck did she get him? Sure, she's good looking, but I've got her beat!" Jackie whined.

Helena looked out at the city. Somewhere out there, Derek was getting some good pussy from that slutty fashionista. It

just felt wrong. She just knew deep down that her and Derek would end up together. It just didn't seem right for him to end up with Audrey. She could just see herself, getting railed by the hot young man, with Heather passed out in front of them. The image made her pussy wet and her nipples hard. The image felt so vivid. It should have happened. How had it not happened? What had she done wrong. She pondered this for a few moments before coming to a conclusion.

"Right place. Right time." she muttered.

"What was that?" Jocelyn asked, puffing at her cigarette.

"I said, right place, right time." Helena began, turning around to face the other two Cline women. "It's not that Audrey is hotter than any of us. It's just that she was in the right place at the right time." she explained. Both Jocelyn and Jackie were not paying attention. They were staring at her chest. Helena looked down to see her nipples protruding through the dress.

"Up here girls." Helena replied. Both women looked up.

"Cold night?" Jackie asked smugly.

"Not at all." Helena replied calmly. Both the women took another glance at her protruding nipples under her tight dress. They were not used to seeing Helena that exposed. She was usually so in control.

"Girls!" Helena called out. Both looked up at her again. "Do you girls want a peek?"

"Ew, Mom." Jocelyn said.

"Yeah, Grandma." Jackie added. "Just control your old lady nipples and we'll all be just fine."

Helena simply smiled. She turned to look back at the city, resting her hands on the metal rail. She looked to the sky, to the twinkling stars.

Why did the universe work this way? Why did time and space conspire to work against her, when she was so obviously right?

She pondered time and space as she let the cool night air embrace her voluptuous form.

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(Timeline B: Just One Drink)

Kaitlyn rolled off of the married man, settling on the sweat-soaked sheets. Derek tried to stay conscious, but with the adrenaline fading away, he was very close to passing out. He felt the slut curl up next to him.

"You were incredible. Maybe the best I've ever had." Kaitlyn whispered, kissing his ear softly. She put her hand on his chest and pressed her soft breasts against his side. She scratched his chest with her nail affectionately.

Derek tried to keep his thoughts together. Tried to stay awake and not spend his wedding night sleeping with another woman. But he just couldn't. He was so tired. So exhausted. And so guilty. He felt terrible. He had betrayed his wife. The woman he vowed to cherish forever. He had cheated on her within the first twelve hours of their marriage. What an asshole he was. What a fucking prick, to fuck another woman on his wedding night. Derek just wanted to crawl into a hole and die. He wanted to escape this situation, escape the guilt he was feeling.

This just felt so wrong. He took in his surroundings. He shouldn't be in this room. This was all wrong. This wasn't how things were supposed to be. This wasn't the bed he was supposed to be in. This wasn't the woman he should have just fucked. It wasn't Kaitlyn he should have fucked. But, it wasn't Heather either. Who was he supposed to have fucked?

As he faded into sleep, he kept asking himself, why did he have to leave his room tonight? Why did he decide to go into town, where he ran into Kaitlyn? Why couldn't he have just stayed in his room, or at the very least, why didn't he just go to the bar?

How could it have been any worse?

****

"Who the fuck is Kaitlyn?" Jackie yelled out.

"She's the hotel clerk. She's been helping to get things set up." Jocelyn replied, smoking her cigarette wistfully.

"Helping my ass! All she was doing was helping get Derek's dick into her cunt!" Jackie whined.

"It would seem so." Jocelyn said.

"How? That bitch wasn't hotter than me! Why would he pick her?"

Helena looked out at the city. How had Derek ended up with that pushy hotel clerk? He shouldn't have. It just felt like he should have ended up with her, fucking her mature

cunt. Helena understood the young man, probably better than he understood herself. It should have been her getting plowed. Not Kaitlyn. Not Audrey. Not Jackie. Not Jocelyn. Not Heather. Her. The grandmother of the bride. How had this gone wrong? How had she failed? Then, it came to her.

"Right place, right time." she muttered.

"What was that?" Jackie asked, puffing at her cigarette.

"I said, right place, right time." Helena began, turning around to face the other two Cline women. "It's not that Kaitlyn is hotter than any of us. It's just that she was in the right place at the right time." she explained. Both Jocelyn and Jackie were not paying attention. They were staring at her chest. Helena looked down to see her nipples protruding through the dress.

"Up here girls." Helena replied. Both women looked up.

"What are you so excited about?" Jocelyn asked.

"Nothing you would understand." Helena replied. "I admire the girl. She swooped in. Time and space worked in her favor. Can't fault her for that. Can't blame her for seizing the prize, and showing him a good time."

Both Jocelyn and Jackie's eyes were staring at her chest again.

"Girls!" Helena called out. Both of them looked up in surprise. "Do you girls want a peek?"

"Ew, Grandma." Jackie said.

"Yeah, Mom." Jackie added. "Just control your fucking nipples and we'll all be just fine."

Helena simply smiled. She turned to look back at the city, resting her hands on the metal rail. She looked to the sky, to the twinkling stars.

Why did the universe work this way? Why did time and space conspire to work against her, when she was so obviously right?

She pondered time and space as she let the cool night air embrace her voluptuous form.

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(Timeline F: Helena Cline Conquers Time)

"Uh." Helena panted softly, falling forward onto the bed, the energy nearly fucked out of her. She had felt the same ripple she had felt before. Her mind had left her, and she was... somewhere. She didn't know where, but it wasn't here. She didn't know how long she was gone, how long her and Derek had spent clutched together in orgasm.

She was soooo close! She knew she was flirting with the limits of time. Going to battle with time. But she still hadn't conquered time. Not yet. Somehow, the filthy sex was not filthy enough. They needed to break down all barriers. The world needed to shake as they fucked. But as she looked around, all she saw was stillness. All she heard was silence. It takes a smart mind to look at a situation and see what doesn't belong. It takes a truly brilliant mind to look at a tableau and see what's missing. What should be there. And Helena, she suddenly saw what was missing. She saw the barriers holding them back.

Derek had fallen back against the headboard, utterly exhausted. And drained. He could barely think. He just wanted to close his eyes and sleep for days. He didn't know how long he was out for, how long he was resting. He didn't sleep, but he wasn't awake. He was somewhere in the middle. He was only shaken completely awake as Helena maneuvered him onto his back.

"What are you doing?" Derek muttered, eyes barely open.

"We're not done yet!" Helena said harshly.

"Helena..." Derek gasped. "I've got nothing left."

"You're at the edge. You're limit. This is what you've got to break through." Helena called out, eyes wide in an almost insane fervor. Derek looked up to see Helena dragging him down the bed. He jerked when he felt her fingers snake around his thick shaft.

"See Derek, I think you've still got some left in the tank." she remarked at the feel of his semi-hard dick.

"It's, uh, it's just going down." Derek said. He saw Helena begin to straddle him.

"Derek, take it from me, the best orgasms are the ones you have to dig for. So, you need to find your balls, dig deep, and find that untapped reservoir of cum deep inside you. Because, we're gonna need it." Helena said, slapping the tip of his dick against her wet cunt.

"Helena, I know what you were saying before, about solving the secrets of time. It's all bullshit, I know. So, just please, let me be." Derek muttered.

"Never. I've figured it out. I know what to do now. You just need to play the part. You need to get that big dick hard, and I'll do the rest." Helena said. Without further ado, she squatted down, taking Derek's cock into her mature cunt again.

"Ahhh!" Derek grunted as he felt Helena's tight pussy around him again. He was still not at full hardness, but he was hard enough for Helena to take him inside her to the root. She settled down onto Derek's hips.

"I know what I'm doing, and I'll prove it to you." she said to the exhausted young man. She looked around the room, as if searching for something.

"I know you're watching." she began. Derek was confused as he lied there. "I know you've been watching us all night... Kaitlyn."

"What?" Derek asked. She sneered at the young man and continued.

"Kaitlyn, I know you're out there. You asked earlier if you could help. You can. I need your help now." Helena said. She looked down at Heather. "I need you to wake up my granddaughter."

"WHAT!?" Derek called out, eyes opened wide. Helena gave him a smug smile. "NO!" he called out sitting up, bringing his hands up to shove her off of him. She easily grabbed her wrists and wrestled him. Before he knew it, she had pinned his hands against her breasts.

"You might as well just squeeze my tits. That's all the good your hands are gonna do you." she said, holding his hands firmly to his chest. Using his wrists to balance herself, she began to bounce again. "Besides, I felt your dick throb. I think you want Heather to see this as badly as I do."

"Helena, please." Derek begged, his fingers unconsciously squeezing her breasts again.

"If you don't want to fuck me, then don't do it. I won't stop you. Toss me away and stop my evil plans. Or... you can trust me, see where this goes, and travel to a world of infinite pleasure. This is your last chance to walk away. But don't you want to see more? Don't you want to see what this body can really do? We've only scratched the surface. Hon, do you want to see the universe? Do you want all your questions answered? Then follow me. I'll be your guide."

Derek looked at her, unsure. Sure, her body was incredible. Her tits were massive, her ass was perfect, and she was shockingly gorgeous. Plus, she fucked like a mynx. She knew what she was doing and she would no doubt do it all. But, he loved his wife. Even though she was not as hot as her grandmother. Or not as good in bed as her grandmother. Or not as smart and worldly as her grandmother. Compared to her grandmother, Heather was quite frankly a dull, boring idiot. Helena was smoking hot, and she knew his mind better than anyone he had ever met. She shared something with Derek that Heather did not.

Helena and Derek, they were equals, in mind and body. They were a perfect match.

So why would he choose Heather? He loved her personality and sure she was young and cute. But when the time came to step up, she crumbled. She had become immature and selfish. Her grandmother stepped in and took her place, being the brilliant, mature woman he needed. Helena made him realize that in many ways Heather was still just a girl. He needed a woman. But he did love Heather. He did. And that was the only thing holding him back. That was the only barrier stopping him from fully diving into this incredible sex. Heather was holding him back. She was the barrier. She was the limit.

Suddenly, Derek knew Helena was right. He saw her plan, and he immediately realized she was right. There could be no barriers when progress had to be made. She had taken him to his limit, and it was his choice to break through. He could have his life's work solved, and get incredible sex in the process. Or he could stay with his plain, boring wife. What was the choice here?

Derek looked up at Helena and smiled, like an angel falling from grace.

"Kaitlyn... I'm waiting." Helena said in a sing-song voice.

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Kaitlyn had seen everything. Every moment of it. Every millisecond of sex that took place between Derek and Helena, his wife's grandmother.

And she could not stop cumming.

She had watched the footage avidly. It was the greatest sex she had ever seen, bar none. Helena was a fucking goddess, and Kaitlyn knew she would watch this footage over and over trying to pick up Helena's tricks.

Still wearing only her peeled-to-the-side thong, she had taken a big rubber dildo and shoved it in and out of herself as she watched. She had been worked up to start and had a

few more orgasms. But, as the sex moved onto brutal anal sex, every shove into the dildo inside her was making her cum. She was literally squirting with every stroke, her juices squirting onto her laptop, soaking it to the point where she wondered if it would ever work properly again.

"I can't compare! I can't compare! I can't compare!" she chanted fervently, in a rapturous fervor as she fucked herself. She had finally confronted the truth. She had finally admitted her steaming girl-crush on Helena Cline. She was finally ready to admit Helena was superior to her in every way.

Kaitlyn would do anything to get close to Helena Cline. To become her eager student. Her partner-in crime. She would do whatever it took. She would debase herself just to gain Helena's respect. She would do whatever the fuck that goddess wanted just to get her approval. To learn from her in some way, to be even half as good at fucking as she was. To even be in her wake would be enough. She would do literally anything to become like this goddess Helena Cline. She would do anything to get close to her, to gain her approval, to become her student, her apprentice. Kaitlyn

would fulfill whatever sick request Helena made of her, just so she could get close.

She expected that Helena would put her through her paces just to gain her respect. She expected that Helena would make Kaitlyn prove her willingness to bend to her will. And Kaitlyn would bend. Bend over and take it. She would do whatever Helena wanted.

Kaitlyn would watch from the sidelines as Helena fucked a man. And if Helena wanted Kaitlyn to just watch and not participate, to not take any pleasure, she would. Kaitlyn would assist in any way she could. If Helena needed a warm-up, if she needed some lube on her cunt or asshole, Kaitlyn would provide an eager tongue. If Helena needed her ass fucked by a hot guy, Kaitlyn would be there to spread her ass-cheeks. If Helena needed a bit of extra pleasure, Kaitlyn would be right there, squeezing or sucking her massive breasts, flicking her clit with her fingers as a man fucked her and gave her the many orgasms she clearly deserved.

And Kaitlyn would prove her willingness to do anything for Helena. She would suck a thick cock straight after fucking Helena's ass. She would rim her asshole, burying her tongue inside of her. Kaitlyn would suck her cunt eagerly and without hesitation. Kaitlyn would suck the cum straight out of any of Helena's holes. Kaitlyn would accept rubbing her bare cunt against Helena's body as the only pleasure she could have until she completed her training. Until she knew how to fuck a man as well as Helena could.

"I can't compete with you! I can't compete with you! I can't compete with you! I can't compete with you! I CAN'T COMPETE!" Kaitlyn moaned out, in worship of her new hero. She squealed loudly as she came, her cunt squirting in the process. After a minute or two of this, she could finally take no more, and as Helena and Derek collapsed in pleasure, she did the same.

She was catching her breath when she heard her name. At first, she thought she was dreaming, but as she looked up, she realized Helena was saying her name.

"Kaitlyn, I know you're out there. You asked earlier if you could help. You can. I need your help now." Helena said. She looked down at Heather. "I need you to wake up my granddaughter."

Kaitlyn's eyes widened. Helena, this queen slut, was calling for her. She needed her help. It was Kaitlyn's duty to help her guests, no matter the time or place. And by god, she would help Helena with whatever she needed.

"Kaitlyn... I'm waiting." Helena said in a sing-song voice.

Kaitlyn got to her feet and began to throw on her clothes. She quickly tossed on her skirt and simply put on her blazer over her bare chest. She slipped on her heels and hurried away. Her goddess had made a request. There was work to do.

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Jocelyn and Jackie were in the hallway, outside the door of their wedding suite.

"UGHHHH! UGHHHH!" they heard Helena grunt from inside. The sex had gotten quiet, so the Cline women had gone into the hall to the door of the suite, just in time to hear the sex resume. They listened at the door intently.

Both women were stunned to see someone turn the corner. A pale, redhead emerged in a slinky black dress walking towards them. She looked to be the woman Helena was chatting to earlier. Audrey Clarke caught sight of the two Cline women, standing outside the door to her destination. They eyed her intently.

Audrey slowed down as she approached. She eyed the two for a second before hearing a moan from inside.

"AHHHHH! FUCK!"

"Is Helena in there?" Audrey asked.

"What's it to you?" Jackie asked brattily.

"I came here to give her a piece of my mind." Audrey stated.

"We're too late, dear." Jocelyn stated. "I think young Derek is giving her a piece of something else."

"UGHHH! FUCK THAT'S GOOD!" Helena screamed out.

"So..." Audrey began. "We're the losers then."

"No, I think dear Heather might be the loser in this equation." Jocelyn replied. All three of the sluts laughed at that.

They were all surprised when they heard someone else approaching. They turned to see the cute, sexy hotel hostess Kaitlyn approaching.

"What are you doing here?" Jocelyn asked.

"Excuse me, ladies." Kaitlyn said. "The guests need room service."

Kaitlyn produced a key card from her cleavage and approached the door. She stared the other sluts down as they parted to let reach the door. Eying them suspiciously, she swiped the card and unlocked it. As she cracked open the door, she turned to face the others.

"I'm sorry, ladies, I can't let anyone else inside." Kaitlyn said.

But they were not to be stopped. The three other women burst inside, eager to see the action first hand. Kaitlyn was forced inside, ahead of them. The door shut behind them as they were all in the marital suite. The clicks of four sets of heels echoed through the entrance hall as they walked tentatively to the bedroom. Finally, all four women emerged into the bedroom. And what they saw froze them all to the spot.

The smell hit them first. The smell of sex. Of sweat. Of exertion. It permeated the room. And the heat off their bodies made the room humid and dewy with moisture.

"Oh my god!" Jackie called out.

"Holy shit!" Jocelyn muttered.

"Holy fuck!" Audrey stated.

All three women's words were said in a mixture of disgust and arousal. Kaitlyn simply gulped. She knew what to expect, but seeing it bared in front of you was a different story.

Helena and Derek were on the bed, naked, Helena furiously riding him. Both were drenched with sweat, as it literally poured from their bodies.

Jocelyn and Jackie were both disgusted and aroused. Sure, they knew Helena had sex, but seeing it actually happening, seeing her at work, seeing her so brutally fucking the young man was a different story. And sure, they had seen Helena's clothed body and they knew it was pretty fucking good, but

it didn't compare to actually seeing her in action, seeing that body used to its full potential.

All the women that had entered the room were catty, competitive, jealous women. So as soon as these busty women entered this room, their eyes locked on Helena's massive, jutting breasts, breasts bigger than any of them had ever seen.

"My god, they're huge!" Audrey muttered.

"Holy shit, Mom." Jocelyn said, admired the immense size of Helena's chest.

"Those are fucking amazing!" Jackie admitted.

All four women watched Helena at work. Seeing her massive breasts bouncing. Her magnificent ass flexing. It was an incredible view.

And Derek, he was just holding on for the ride. His hands were squeezing her sweaty breasts avidly, manipulating the firm flesh.

Helena's head turned to note her audience.

"Ah." she began. "Perfect. Everyone's here. It's a party." she said with a confident smile.

"Uh, Ms. Cline, I'm sorry for watching. I hope you understand." Kaitlyn said apologetically, eager to not make this queen slut angry.

"Ha! Hon, you're not the first woman who's wanted to watch me at work." Helena replied. Kaitlyn nodded appreciatively.

"What did you need, Ms. Cline." Kaitlyn asked, stepping forward.

"Go wake up my granddaughter." Helena said, shaking her head at her passed out body. "She needs to see this."

Kaitlyn nodded and walked towards Heather. The other women watched Helena's perfect body fucking the young man into submission brutally.

"Mom." Jocelyn gasped with shock.

"Grandma." Jackie said with the same shock.

"When I said I was better at sex than you two, I meant it." Helena said firmly.

Helena noticed Jackie, Jocelyn and Audrey staring at her giant rack.

"They're FFs, in case you were all wondering. You girls think you have big tits, but none of you stack up to me. None of you could fill my training bra." Helena taunted.

Kaitlyn filled a glass with water and splashed it into the drunken bride's face. Heather sputtered and coughed as she

was shocked into consciousness. Kaitlyn reached down to the bride.

"C'mon." she said, trying to help her to her feet.

"What's going on?" Heather asked.

"You need to see this." Kaitlyn replied with a wicked smile, getting the girl to her feet.

"Sheeee what?" Heather asked, still slightly drunk. Heather looked around. She saw her mother and her sister, looking at her, almost scared for her. There was also some redhead there too, and she had the same look on her face. Then, Heather looked at the bed. Her eyes widened.

At first, she thought they were just two strangers. She saw some voluptuous woman bouncing on a man's big dick. She saw the woman look back at her, and it was only then she realized this voluptuous woman was her grandmother. And it was only when she looked at the man on the bed, and she

found his face, that she realized that this man was no stranger. It was her husband.

That sobered her up quick.

"What the... WHAT THE HELL!?" Heather screamed. She tried to run forward, but Kaitlyn held her back. Helena quivered in pleasure as she saw Heather's heart breaking.

"Heather..." Helena called out, still bouncing. "My dear granddaughter. You dim bulb. You naïve little girl."

"Grandma? Wh... what are you doing?" Heather gasped out, beginning to cry. Helena bit her lip in pleasure.

"I'm fucking your husband, dear. I'm riding his cock like a slut." she said in her posh, accented voice. "This is what happens when a 2 goes after a 10. You can't be surprised when he decides he'd rather dump the 2 to be with the 10. And hon, you're the 2. I'm a 10, and so is he."

"How... how could you do this?" Heather gasped, sobbing.

"Hon, when you're a 10, you get to do this. You get to fuck whoever you want. And your dear husband figured that out as well." Helena replied.

"But... you're my grandma?" Helena sobbed.

"Yes, I am, and he still thinks I'm hotter than you. He desires your grandmother more than he did you. I want you to remember that." Helena gasped. Heather's tear filled eyes fell to Derek.

"How could you do this to me, baby?" Heather pleaded.

Derek looked at her, his eyes meeting his wife's.

"I'm sorry, Heather." Derek began, "But you're grandmother is too fucking hot!"

Derek didn't intend to be so flippant, but the words came to him naturally. He couldn't turn away Helena anymore. She knew exactly how to work his dick. And her body was too insane to deny. She just knew how to work his dick like the instrument of sex it was.

Heather didn't recognize Derek anymore. He wasn't like this. Helena had done something to him.

"What'd you do? What did you do to him?" Heather asked.

"It's simple, dear. I fucked him. Your grandmother fucked your husband better than you ever could. How does that feel? How low must you feel that your fucking grandmother is hotter than you?" Helena asked.

"Grandma..." Heather sobbed. "You were my favorite! I loved you! How could you do this to me?"

"Heather, I'm a slut. A demoness. A snake. It is in my nature to do this." Helena stated.

"Derek... please! Come back to me!" Heather said desperately.

"I'm sorry, honey. I can't go back to you after this. You're not that good at sex. You're grandmother showed me what real fucking is about." Derek stated, squeezing Helena's immense FFs.

"Derek, this isn't you! This isn't you!" Heather cried out. She didn't recognize him anymore.

"You're grandmother rocked my world, honey. I'm a changed man. I can't go back to you now." Derek told his wife.

"But, but... but..." Heather stammered.

"Face facts, dear. Your husband loves me now. See?" Helena said. She grabbed the cheating husband's palms and pulled him to a sitting position. In one smooth motion, Helena's lips met Derek's.

"NOOOO!" Heather screamed. She watched as Helena and Derek's open mouths collided. She watched as her grandmother forced her tongue into her husband's mouth.

Helena wanted to make this kiss as filthy as possible. She opened her mouth, allowing the audience around them to see her tongue and Derek's mashing together wetly. She made sure Heather saw Derek suck her tongue. She made sure Heather saw Derek's tongue dive into her mouth aggressively.

"Please stop." Heather begged as she watched her husband and her grandmother make out. Helena's huge breasts pressed against Heather's husband's fit chest. But the lovers kept going at, kept making out in front of this audience.

The other women looked on in awe and revulsion. They were watching a grandmother make out with a young guy. It should be wrong, but, it was the hottest fucking thing they had ever seen.

Finally, their lips parted and Helena shoved Derek back onto the bed.

"Did you all know!? Did you all help?" Heather called out to the other women in the room.

"Hon, each and every one of these women wanted your husband's dick. They failed where I succeeded." Helena explained.

Heather looked around at the other women. They looked a bit sheepish when they looked at the young bride, betraying their desire.

"How could you all do this to me? This was my night! Why does it always have to be about you all?" Heather screamed out.

"It's over, honey." Jocelyn said to her daughter. "Let it go."

"NOO!" Heather screamed.

"Shut up." Helena commanded firmly, silencing the hysterical girl. Helena looked at the rest of the room, at the women bearing witness to this rite of passage.

"It's time for you all to watch, to bear witness to our final ascension. I want you all to see! I want the world to see! When we take sex to a level it's never been. To ascend and become evolved beings." Helena called out. None of the other women knew what the fuck she was talking about, but Derek did.

"Please, let me go!" Heather begged, trying to wrestle free from Kaitlyn, but Kaitlyn was working for Helena now, so she held the young wife in place.

The women watched as Helena put her hands on the headboard. Derek's hands were once again squeezing at her massive, mature breasts, embracing the smooth flesh. Derek knew what was coming.

Helena unleashed the fury. She began to bounce on the fat cock in her cunt like a possessed woman. She bounced from knob to root, her ass slamming into the young man's hips.

The audience watched, enraptured. There were four sets of hard nipples, four soaking pussies, and one sobbing wife. None of them had seen sex so rough, so brutal, so hot! Helena was absolutely destroying Derek, yet he matched her, driving into her as she slammed onto him.

Sweat was pouring off their bodies but they did not slow down. Helena drove Derek into the bed, causing the room to shake as she fucked him.

"Please let me go!" Heather begged to Kaitlyn.

"I can't." Kaitlyn said, not taking her eyes off of Helena.

Neither Helena or Derek could talk. All that could be heard from them were grunts and moans. Helena just bounced and bounced and bounced, the echoes of skin slapping together filled the room. The smell of sex hit their noses. The women in the room were enraptured.

As Helena destroyed Derek's thick cock, Helena looked at the women with fire in her eyes.

"Bow to me! Admit my superiority! Tell the world I'm your better! Admit it you bitches! Jackie, Jocelyn, everything you have is thanks to me and this body. You are simply shadows of perfection. And Heather, you simply do not belong among the family! See the truth! Admit it!" Helena roared.

The audience of sluts watched the action avidly. All were baffled by what they were seeing, and they had to let Helena know how impressed they were.

"Helena..." Audrey began, "I didn't know you were capable of this."

Audrey had to admit this old lady could fuck like an animal. Audrey was good at sex, but she couldn't compare to this ravenous older woman.

"Mom..." Jocelyn began, "Your ass is fucking incredible."

Jocelyn was proud of her ass, but even she had to admit her mother's was better. It drove into Derek, fucking him into the bed. It flexed firmly and never stopped bouncing.

"Grandma..." Jackie began, "Your tits are ridiculous."

Jackie was proud of her tits. But her grandmother had tits bigger than she could dream of having. And even though she was so much older, those tits were just as perky and firm as a young woman's rack. Jackie was jealous.

"Helena..." Kaitlyn began, "You are the queen."

Kaitlyn admired the way Helena controlled the room. She admired the power she had over all these mighty sluts. Kaitlyn could only dream of being like her.

Helena looked back, still bouncing furiously on Derek. She looked at Heather.

"Admit it!" Helena screamed. "Admit I'm your better!"

Heather was hysterical crying and unintelligible. Kaitlyn shook her, like the hot evil goon she was now for Helena.

"Answer her!" Kaitlyn said.

"Please Grandma!" Heather begged. But there was no mercy to be had from the evil grandmother. "Fine, uh, fine...you're better than me! Okay! You happy?"

"Bring her closer!" Helena ordered hoarsely. Unsure of what Helena had planned, Kaitlyn forced the young wife forward. As they reached the bed, Helena called out. "Bend her over. Put her face near my ass!"

Kaitlyn complied, forcing the young woman to bend over, her face a foot away from Helena's ass.

"That, my dear granddaughter, is my ass. An ass that your husband loves more than you." Helena said, slowing her bounces to let her granddaughter appreciate her rear-end.

"Yeah, it's so fucking hot! I love your ass more than my wife!" Derek moaned out.

"See? Girls, you two pick a cheek and spread them." Helena ordered Jackie and Jocelyn. Tentatively, they each took one side of the bed, reached down, and made contact with Helena's ass cheeks, each palming one. "Spread them." Helena ordered.

"Holy fuck." Jackie muttered, in awe of Helena's depravity.

"Oh my god." Jocelyn muttered, equally in awe. Each girl pulled an ass-cheek, exposing Helena's asshole to Heather's view.

"And that, my dear, favorite granddaughter, is my asshole. And, when a girl like you admits another woman is your superior, you have to be prepared to prove it. You need to illustrate this fact. An act of submission. Kaitlyn, you know what to do." Helena ordered.

"What?" Heather asked. But Kaitlyn did know what to do. Before Heather could fight back, Kaitlyn forced Heather's face forward, forcing it between the cheeks of her grandmother's ass.

"Nooommmppghhh!" Heather cried out, muffled by Helena's imposing ass.

Helena swiveled her hips, simultaneously fucking Derek and scrubbing her ass-crack against her granddaughter's face.

"Oh my god!" Kaitlyn moaned out.

"Holy fuck!" Jackie called out.

"This is incredible." Jocelyn said, deeply impressed.

"I... wow." Audrey moaned out from the side. This was depraved, more depraved than she had ever seen, but this was not the first time she had seen something like this.

"AHHH! That's it, my favorite granddaughter! My ass-crack is so sweaty from fucking your husband. Plus, your hubby's cum is dripping out of my asshole. I want my sweat and his cum all over your pretty face!"

Kaitlyn reached forward and pushed Heather's face against the grandmother's asshole as Helena scrubbed her ass against her.

"MMMMMPPPHHGGGG!" Heather grunted out.

The smell of sex, of pussy and cock, of semen and girl cum, of sweaty ass-crack and sexual exertion. These smells invaded the young wife's nose. And smell is connected to memory in such a deep way, it was doubtful Heather could ever forget.

Jackie and Jocelyn had released Helena's ass-cheeks. That job was unnecessary now that Heather's face was wedged deeply in-between the cheeks. With free-hands, Jackie was

pinching her throbbing nipples and Jocelyn was rubbing her clit through her dress.

"OH MY GOD HELENA!" Derek began, "THIS IS SO HOT! Feel your grandmother's ass, honey! Dig your face in there! Take it! Feel her sweat and my cum all over your face!" Derek moaned out. His wife's grandmother marking her dominance in such a pronounced way was so fucking hot. Helena could not be any more sexy to him than she was at this moment.

"Let her go!" Helena ordered. Kaitlyn ripped the young wife back, her face now soaked with her husband's cum and her grandmother's sweat. Heather crumbled to the floor, a sobbing, emotional mess. And once she was out of sight on the ground, nobody cared about her anymore.

"Now, Jocelyn, I want you to slap my ass while I fuck young Derek." Helena ordered. Jocelyn nodded, reared back with her free hand, and gave her mother's firm rump a healthy slap.

SPANK!

"AHHH! That's it! Feel your mother's ass and know it will never be that good!" Helena moaned out.

"It is Mom. Your ass is better. It fucking is." Jocelyn admitted, feeling her mother's firm ass-cheek before rearing back.

SPANK!

"Jackie, I want you to feel my breasts." Helena commanded, "Squeeze them! Put your hands down Derek! Let my granddaughter cop a feel!"

SPANK!

Helena pulled her hands from the headboard, giving Jackie easy access. Jackie looked a bit unsure, but that did not last long. Almost eagerly, she reached down, and took each of her grandmother's massive breasts in each of her hands. She proceeded to give her rack a firm, healthy squeeze.

"Mmmmm! That's it, my dear! I know you love your tits, but I want you to feel these suckers and realize that your tits will never be as big! Never be as soft! Never be as sexy as your grandmother's tits!" Helena moaned out.

"These are amazing, Grandma! So much bigger than mine." Jackie admitted, squeezing her enormous sweaty breasts over and over again.

SPANK!

"Kaitlyn, I want you to rub my clit! Do that and know your place is at my side, helping me get the pleasure I deserve." Helena commanded.

Kaitlyn nodded. She bent over, reached a trembling hand between Helena's legs, ran her fingers through her silver cunt-hair, and proceeded to rub her soft fingers against Helena's clit.

"I hope you cum, hard! Harder than I ever have. You've earned it." Kaitlyn whispered hotly as the old lady bounced slowly on the young man's cock. Kaitlyn then leaned down and ran her tongue along Helena's spine, gathering Helena's sex-sweat into her eager mouth. Eager for an opportunity to go further, she ran her free hand up Helena's torso and joined Jackie in squeezing one of Helena's massive breasts. And those two hands were still not enough to contain one of her massive breasts.

SPANK!

"Audrey, I know you don't like me. You hate women like me and your boss! So I won't force you to touch me. But, I will allow you to touch yourself. Finger your cunt and cum as an admission. An admission that I am a better fuck than you, that I could pull a man that you could not." Helena commanded.

"You're a fucking bitch, you know that?" Audrey said angrily, sitting on a loveseat, lifting her skirt angrily, and forcing two fingers into her sopping wet cunt. Not that she

really needed her fingers. She was close to cumming just watching this shit.

"Look at you, all working at my pleasure. That makes me your better. Now tell me! Who am I?" Helena asked.

"You're my grandmother!" Jackie said, pinching Helena's hard nipples.

"You're my mother!" Jocelyn said.

SPANK!

"You're the matriarch of the Clines!" Audrey admitted, her fingers juicy with her girl-cum.

"You're the queen!" Kaitlyn whispered, flicking the old woman's clit.

"Now back away! It's just me and him now. We have to do this together. Watch this! Watch what sex can be!" Helena

ordered. Jackie's hands left her grandmother's perky FFs. Jocelyn's hands left her mother's ripe ass cheeks. Kaitlyn's furious fingers left the grandmother's clit.

Derek's hands traveled around to her ass, giving each full cheek an appreciative squeeze before running up her silky skin until they returned to her chest, slapping against Helena's tits once more. Helena smirked and looked down at the young man she was banging. Her focus was entirely on him. She resumed her rough, furious bouncing.

"Helena..." Derek grunted with a smile, "You're everything I'll ever need. You are the hottest, sexiest woman I've ever met. I will spend the rest of my life fucking you... uh I'm close."

Helena was nearing her own orgasm. It was shaping up to be the game-changer. The world shaking orgasm she craved. But she just needed a bit more to set her over the edge.

"The vows... fuck, fuck, FUCK! Tell me your wedding vows! FUCKING SHIT FUCK!" Helena moaned out. She still was

unrelenting in fucking him, her ass rendering his thighs into numbness. Both of them were covered in sweat, but his hands still held a firm grip on her rack as he squeezed at them. Derek's cock was set to explode, but he had one more thing to say.

"Life is full of choices, ugh fuck, Helena! Each choice can decide the rest of your life, FUCK! Helena your tits are incredible! Ugh, um, life can go in infinite directions. Different permutations, different outcomes. Oh god, YES! KEEP FUCKING ME! You can literally end up anywhere in life... with anyone. God, you're incredible. But I honestly feel, from the bottom of my heart, and my fucking cock, that in each and every one of these different outcomes, different destinies, I would have, oh fuck yes, I would have ended up with you." Derek finished.

"No!" Heather moaned out.

"YESSSS! THAT'S IT! I'M CLOSE!" Helena screamed out. Her hands fell from the headboard and hung behind her. Her head fell back as she looked up to the heavens. Her and Derek were driving into each other furiously. Derek's hands

were squeezing at her fleshy tits as she held them out to him.

"C'MON DEREK! DO IT! FUCK YOUR WIFE'S GRANDMOTHER'S CUNT! FILL HER WITH CUM! GET YOUR WIFE'S GRANDMOTHER PREGNANT!" Helena screamed.

"UGH FUCK!" Derek grunted loudly. He was turning the corner.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCCCCCKKK! FUCCCK! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Helena screamed, the orgasm about to hit.

"UGHHHHHHH!" Derek grunted, about to explode. The two lovers hit their orgasms simultaneously.

Time froze, and the world shook.

The aroused expressions of the eavesdropping sluts were frozen. Each woman was wide eyed and watching. The tears were frozen on Heather's cheeks. Derek's pained face as he came was frozen in time. Helena's open mouthed scream was silent and unmoving.

Her magnificent ass was frozen as it flexed when she came. Her asshole was frozen in place, quivering as she orgasmed. Her tits were frozen as they were being molded like dough in Derek's big hands. Her cunt was frozen as it squeezed Derek's cock, making it explode. And the semen exploding from Derek's dick was frozen in place, about to fill his wife's grandmother's fertile cunt, about to soak her eggs with his seed and no doubt knock her up.

This tableau of sex was frozen like a painting. Frozen in all of their minds. Then, the world went black.

Derek's mind, his consciousness left his body. His body was frozen in pleasure, but his mind was not. It felt like he was cascading downward, through different layers of time. Derek did not feel bound by the rules of time anymore. He could see everything, and he could come and go as he

pleased. Frozen to the spot, frozen while ejaculating into his wife's grandmother, he saw how this scene played out.

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"Are you okay?" Kaitlyn asked, shaking Helena's shoulder. Kaitlyn had watched the older woman cum. She had watched the young man fill her cunt with his cum till it overflowed. Her ears were ringing after Helena screamed to the heavens. She watched as Helena collapsed onto Derek, both unconscious as they gathered their breaths.

Kaitlyn stepped over the sobbing young wife on the floor as she approached the bed. All the other women were frozen, shaken by what they had seen Helena do.

If she didn't see her breathing, Kaitlyn would be worried Helena was dead. She tentatively touched her shoulder again, proud to be able to touch such a perfect creature.

"Satisfied." Helena mumbled. Kaitlyn shook her shoulder again.

Helena was shaken awake. She looked around and studied her surroundings curiously. Then she smiled, smugly.

"There is no doubt anymore who is in control here." Helena began, her voice hoarse. "Join me now, take part in the party. Or walk away, and never get close."

Heather was sobbing on the floor. Witnessing this, witnessing this almost ritualistic sex act between her husband and her grandmother, watching both total strangers and her closest family members be complicit in this, betraying her, humiliating her openly and viciously, this caused Heather's mind to break. She had fallen to the floor, near catatonic. And no one seemed to notice.

It would seem as if she was another beaten Cline, defeated by time.

Audrey was tempted, but she backed away. Helena was the best fuck she had ever witnessed. But Audrey would never admit defeat. She would never admit inferiority, and if she

got in that bed, it was all but admitting Helena would always be her better. No, Audrey would back away, take the lessons she had learned and use them to her advantage.

She would be the queen someday, but not today.

But Jocelyn, Jackie and Kaitlyn all wanted their piece of the barely conscious young man. Kaitlyn ripped off her blazer, exposing her DDs. Her skirt fell to the floor, as did her soaked thong. Jackie let her tight dress slip from her shoulders, exposing her DDs and hot young body to the world. And Jocelyn let her slinky dress fall from her, exposing her mature EEs and imposing ass.

Derek's eyes opened as he realized where he was. He was surrounded by four, naked, voluptuous women. Helena laughed.

"Derek, you're in for a long night."

Time sped up as Derek watched this scene play out, as his mind cascaded through the rest of the evening. He saw each

woman riding his cock, taking their turn. He saw all four on their knees, lined up for him, asses and cunts ready to be fucked. He saw Helena riding his cock as he sat up. Her tits were smothering his face, and Jocelyn and the others joined in, pressing their prodigious racks around his head, smothering him from all sides with their huge tits.

And Heather watched this all, catatonic. She didn't move but her eyes were watching. Watching her grandmother, mother, sister, and some bitch she didn't know fucking her husband into oblivion with all of their holes as he eagerly joined in. She saw his eager, arrogant smirk. His was active, involved, assured, vocal. He was a new man now. She had been left behind.

He saw the next morning, Derek flying to his honeymoon destination, Helena next to him. He saw her on the beach, decked out in her filthy thong bikini. He saw the sex they had in their honeymoon suite. He saw them flying to Italy, to Helena's villa. He saw other women joining them. He saw himself in threesomes with Kaitlyn, Jocelyn and Jackie. He saw different permutations of these threesomes and foursomes and fivesomes happen. He saw other women joining in, like Nina Baxter, Helena's rival. He saw all of

these women submit to Helena's will, submitting to her. He saw Kaitlyn, Jocelyn, Jackie and Nina all sucking his cum from Helena's cunt on more than one occasion. Helena was truly the queen.

He saw Helena's belly stretch as she was quickly with child. He saw the child be born, a young girl, a girl with bright intelligent eyes. He saw her as an adult, as beautiful as her parents. And he saw what her role was, and the impact she had on the future. Because, when two evolved people procreate, the child they have would no doubt be something special. Something entirely new to this world.

Derek's mind saw time play out. He watched this timeline play out, saw how each of his decisions played out. Derek felt what felt like an eternity watching this, before his mind cascaded downward, eager to explore the different permutations of time.

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(Timeline E: Jocelyn Cline Battles Time)

Derek felt the sun hit his flesh as Jocelyn rode him. She had uncovered her leather corset, her leather stockings and gloves. She looked like the leather sex-goddess she claimed to be.

His cock was buried in her tight cunt once more as she rode him furiously.

"I want you to cum, Son! I want you to fucking cum! Your mommy wants you to cum!" Jocelyn screamed.

"No!" Derek cried out. "I don't want to cum! I want to hold it for you, Mommy! I want to save it!"

"No, my son! You need to cum now! Do as your mommy tells you!" Jocelyn ordered.

"I don't want to cum! It's so much better this way. I don't want to cum! I don't want to cum!" Derek cried out.

Derek tried his damndest to hold back. She was so right. It was so much better to make her force him to cum against his will. It made his orgasms blindingly good. He didn't want to cum, but deep down, he did. So, with Jocelyn furiously riding his thick, young cock, it would not be long before he came.

Derek watched from the side, watching this timeline play out like he had the other. He watched as he pleaded with his new 'Mommy' to not let him cum, but she was merciful. And it was not long before her tight cunt drove him over the edge and he exploded once more deep inside her.

Derek watched this future play out. He saw the naïve Heather not think twice as she returned to her suite to find Derek and her mother, fully clothed but shockingly intimate. Derek watched how happy Heather was when Jocelyn told her she might stay with them for a bit till they got settled.

Derek watched as Heather got confused and upset when Jocelyn insisted that she stay in the master bedroom while staying with her daughter. Derek saw her confusion when Jocelyn insisted that it was okay that Derek join his mother-in-law in the master bedroom. Derek saw her sadness as she spent night after night listening from downstairs as Jocelyn and Derek were blatantly having sex in the bedroom. Derek saw Heather lie to herself and convince herself that sex wasn't happening between her mother and husband.

Derek watched Jocelyn take over Heather's life. He watched as Jocelyn systematically forced Heather out of the house. He watched as Jocelyn took her daughter's place in Derek's bed on a more permanent basis. He saw how she made him cum deep inside her tight cunt every fucking day. He saw the children he would plant in his mother in-law's belly. He saw the way she smothered him with her massive breasts and made him take her hard nipples into his mouth, forcing him to consume the sweet milk from her swollen breasts on a daily basis. He saw what submission to a 'Mommy' really was, living under her thumb on a daily basis. He saw what true dominance was as she bossed Derek around, ran his life, and provided him children. He saw that he had never been happier.

And things went on like that, on and on. Until one day, when the doorbell rang, when both Jocelyn and Derek were shocked to see Helena at the door. And Jocelyn was not happy when Helena butted her way inside, imposing on Derek and Jocelyn's twisted relationship. And Jocelyn was not happy as Helena dominated the conversation once inside, as Derek's mommy was forced to cook for her own mother. Derek could see how angry Jocelyn was getting at this intrusion. Derek knew how she got when she was angry. He knew he was in for it.

And he was, but not how he expected. Jocelyn was getting more and more angry as Helena imposed on her hospitality. Jocelyn's anger kept growing and growing, getting more and more furious as Helena kept testing her limits. Jocelyn's anger reached its peak when Helena firmly suggested to her daughter that she stay on the couch and let her mother take the master bedroom, where Derek would of course join her.

Jocelyn was shocked by this. She was blind with anger and she couldn't find words to express her shock at her mother's

ballsy maneuver, using her own move against her. And she was even more shocked when she realized her mother's maneuver was somehow working. Jocelyn had never felt so taken aback as she did at that moment. For the first time, she felt like one of the many women Jocelyn had stolen a man from. She was on the defensive. She was speechless. No slut had dared ever challenge her. No one had been stupid enough to dare try. And now she was in her own mother's crosshairs for the first time, and like so many women before, she was wilting under the pressure. Wilting beneath her mother's supreme will.

And while she was trying to sort through the rubble of her succinct defeat at the hands of her own mother, Helena was getting very busy. Jocelyn soon found herself curled up on the couch, hours later, trying to sleep while Helena and Derek's moans echoed throughout the house from the master bedroom. Helena and Derek's fucking was so lusty and vigorous that it felt like the whole house was shaking. It felt like the whole world was shaking.

And for Derek, it was.

Derek's mind cascaded onward.

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(Timeline D: Jackie Cline Flirts with Time)

Heather woke up to a continuous creaking noise. She looked down and realized she was clad in only her underwear. Confused and hung over, she stumbled to her feet.

"What the fuck!?" she called out.

On the bed was Jackie, wearing her wedding dress. And below her, being ridden by Jackie, was Derek, her husband.

"Oh. Hi baby sister!" Jackie called out, not stopping.

"What... wha... what are you doing?" Heather cried, falling to her knees.

"Sorry, Sis. I meant to be gone by now, but your hubby's dick is too fucking good. FUCK!" Jackie squealed out.

"How... how could you do this to me?" Heather cried out, looking at her husband's strained face. Jackie straightened up.

"Look at me, Sis. Look at how I fill out this dress." Jackie said. Her tits were testing the dress's tensile strength. She could see a few rips and splits beginning to form in the material. "Can you blame him?"

Finally, the overworked dress gave in to the pressure, splitting down the front, causing her massive breasts to spill outward, exposed to her little sister.

"You bitch! You fucking bitch!" Heather cried out, running out of the room.

"Do you want your ring back?" Jackie called out gleefully, the glittering diamond now back on her finger, where it rightly belonged. Heather, of course, didn't respond. Jackie looked down at Derek and smiled. Both of the illicit lovers cackled at the pathetic girl as they continued rutting. Derek's hands returned to her prodigious rack once more and gave them another healthy squeeze, causing her copious flesh to pour through his hands, smothering his wedding band in breast flesh.

Derek and his sister-in-law, each wearing wedding bands, pledging themselves to each other, forging a bond deeper than simply a marriage through the rough sex they had been having. And neither could be happier.

Derek watched the rest of this play out. He saw Jackie enter his life. She dragged him to her many houses, her beach houses, her many parties. He watched as he was her arm candy, a stud to show off. He watched her play at dominance, wearing leather outfits like her mother. He watched the sex they constantly had, whenever they got the chance. He watched as her bratty nature infected him, turning him into a more self-centered, evil asshole. He watched as Jackie made it a point to take over his life, and

to make sure he remembered at every opportunity that she was better than her sister. And Derek never forgot this fact.

Derek saw as Jackie showing him off to her friends and family. She watched as Jackie arrogantly dragged Derek to one of her grandmother's Italian beachside villas, to show off her man to her supposedly outdated grandmother. He watched Jackie arrogantly strut her stuff on the beach in a filthy bikini while hanging off of Derek. And Derek watched Jackie's arrogant smirk drop when Helena appeared, clad in a thong bikini, rocking it in a way Jackie never could.

Jackie clung to Derek. She was silent as she watched her own grandmother so arrogantly strut her stuff. Jackie immediately felt the pressure and found herself on the defensive. She looked at Derek, hoping he wasn't responding to the visual treats bared by her slutty grandmother. But she had changed him too much. He was the monster she created, an arrogant, self-centered asshole. His eyes followed her hungrily, and Helena knew it. Jackie felt her grasp on him suddenly slipping away like that. She had kept his balls drained, but that wasn't enough to stop him from seeking even greener pastures. It quickly became

apparent Helena had the young man wrapped around her finger, and Jackie found herself speechless.

Jackie was frozen to the spot as Helena made her final move. Helena approached Jackie, her perfect, mature, stacked body approaching the young woman's meager-in-comparison form. Helena pressed her bikini-clad body against her granddaughter's frame in a hug, forcing her massive FF cups against her granddaughter's DD's. Derek watched as Helena's massive rack smothered Jackie's large breasts as Helena forced herself against her.

"Tell me, dear." Helena started, whispering in Jackie's ear. "Where do you keep that delightful wedding dress?"

Helena smiled smugly as Jackie was taken aback by this question.

"How did you...?" Jackie began, wondering how Helena knew about the souvenir she took from her little sister's wedding. Is it possible Helena knew of its significance, and what Jackie had used it for?

"Ah, never mind dear. I'll find it myself." Helena interrupted. "I hope it fits." she added, leaving her granddaughter speechless as she sauntered away towards the house, shaking her ass as she walked. And soon, Jackie was left alone as Derek callously left Jackie's side and let Helena's thong clad ass lead him into the house.

Jackie was stunned as the sex monster she created turned against her. She had turned Derek from good, loving husband into a cursing, rutting animal. And now her grandmother was reaping the benefits of all her hard work. Jackie had never felt this feeling before. She had lost. She was outsmarted, outmaneuvered, and out-slutted by her own grandmother! Jackie had callously stolen Derek from her little sister, so she had no right to complain when another woman did it to her. So, when Jackie heard her grandmother's moans echo from inside the villa, she had no one to blame but herself.

She had no idea what her grandmother was doing to her man. She had no idea how much one night with Helena in her bed was changing him, altering him, warping his mind.

Derek's mind was shaken, and moved onward through time.

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(Timeline C: A Beaten Cline Defeated by Time)

Derek looked out of the window of the airplane. He was not on the plane on his way to his honeymoon with Heather. No, he was on a private plane, with Audrey Clarke next to him.

Was this the right call? Derek had abandoned his wife without a phone call or a message. No, he completely jumped into this new arrangement with Audrey. Sure, the sex had been great, but was it worth throwing his marriage away for?

"You're conflicted." Audrey said, putting her hand on his shoulder. "I can see that. "

"Just... if you let me have my phone. Let me call Heather." Derek pleaded.

"No, I'm afraid you can't do that. I've got too much money invested in you. Wouldn't want you to back out now." Audrey said.

"Listen, Audrey, I don't know if this is right..." Derek began.

"Derek, let me interrupt." Audrey began. "I know just the thing to make you feel better. Now, I have a few calls to make, but don't worry, I have some friends who can help you out. WHORES! GET IN HERE!"

Derek looked up to see two women walk in. A skanky looking blond, in a tiny, denim skirt, a thin, tight blouse, exposing her flat tanned belly and large breasts. She had that face, that kind of skanky face, one that let you know,

no matter where she was, no matter what she wearing, you could tell she was a slut.

Derek looked at the other woman. She was an Asian woman. She looked a bit ditzy. She wore Go-Go boots and a tight white leather skirt. Her white blouse showed off her voluminous chest. Her hair was lined with blue streaks and her face was heavily made up.

"Whores..." Audrey said to them. "Take care of Mr. Daniels here." Audrey left this section of the cabin as the whores approached him with hungry eyes.

By the time the plane landed, Derek stopped caring about what his wife thought.

Little did he know his wife already knew. Audrey had discreetly texted her some pictures, illicit texts of what her husband had done on their wedding night. Pictures of Derek squeezing her breasts. Fucking her cunt. Licking, sucking, and fucking her ass. Sucking champagne and sweat from her tits.

Needless to say, she knew Derek would not be coming back to her.

This future was far different than the others. Derek saw himself in a studio, having racy pictures taken. These pictures of him in clothes progressed to pictures of him without clothes. And soon, he wasn't alone as women joined these shoots. These pictures went from racy to indecent, nude pictures of sex acts. This progressed to full on porn. Derek saw himself on a set, fucking a pair of porno sluts on camera.

Derek watched this future play out. Derek was amazed at how differently his life could turn out if a few simple choices had been made differently. He watched as one of the great scientific minds of his generation had been slowly corrupted and slowly turned into a porn star/man-slut for women all over the world.

Derek's star power went up. He was soon a well known name, building a well-earned reputation among the female population. Women young and old were fans of his work.

He got recognized on the streets as women constantly hit on him. He was walking red carpets for adult movie events, sluts on each arm. He was mobbed in airports, the same ditzy Asian slut on his arm, wherever he went. The hottest adult actresses clamored to work with him, and Derek was constantly 'working'.

Audrey kept him busy in other ways. He would be sent to private homes and hotel rooms, sent to provide his services to the highest bidders. They would be hot female fans, young and old, or just rich women looking for a good time.

Derek was a very busy man.

Derek saw woman after woman, on bed after bed. He saw all sorts of women lewdly spreading their legs for him. Old women. Young women. White women. Black women. Asian women. Famous women Complete strangers. Women he knew. Old classmates. Old teachers. Old co-workers. Old girlfriends. Women even closer than that. Derek quickly realized sluts had been sizing him up for longer than he had ever realized.

Audrey kept a tight leash on him, vetting each and every woman he spent time with. He was a major investment, and she made sure he paid off. And he did. Derek's dick had provided her a small fortune, and Audrey's social status grew higher and higher. But as her social status grew, as her level of power increased, her tight leash on Derek loosened.

And as her grip on Derek lessened, Audrey made her first mistake. Derek found himself walking up the steps of a mansion, ready to get to work, only to realize the woman who had paid such a hefty sum for his services was his ex-wife's grandmother. He was shocked to find how little anger she felt towards him for cheating on Heather. In fact, she greeted him very... warmly, champagne bottle in hand. Audrey's favorite champagne, ironically.

Needless to say, after this night, it wasn't Audrey that held Derek's leash anymore.

And Derek soon learned that champagne tasted so much better when you drank it off a pair of huge, mature, FF-cup breasts.

Derek mind shuddered as he delved deeply into a different timeline.

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(Timeline B: Just One Drink)

Derek woke up in an unfamiliar room. He looked around, unsure of where he was. His wife was not next to him. He was alone under the white sheets.

He heard someone approaching. He turned to look for the source of the noise.

"Morning, sweetie." Kaitlyn said with a bright smile. She was clad only in a black thong and bra.

"Who, what... what's going on?" Derek said, not fully remembering the events of the previous night.

"Oh, I'm not memorable. I'm hurt!" Kaitlyn said.

"What happened?" Derek asked.

"Derek, all I will say is you were incredible last night." Kaitlyn replied.

"What? We...uh, we had sex?" Derek asked.

"Of course, baby. Your wife got drunk so me and you hopped in between the sheets instead." Kaitlyn said with a bright smile.

"Uh, how..." Derek began, some panic in his voice.

"Sorry to cut you off, but I am running very late this morning. You fucked me so hard I slept through my alarm. I have got to get to work." Kaitlyn said. She opened a drawer and turned her back to him, showing off her round, thong-clad ass. She pulled out a skirt and slipped it on. She quickly

put on a dark blouse, touched up her make-up and slipped her feet into high heels.

"I have got to run." Kaitlyn said, turning to face the confused Derek. "But, I did leave you a little present. A gift from me to you, some special moments from your wedding night."

She set a white photo album on the table. She approached Derek, and before he could react, she grabbed his chin and stuck her tongue down his throat. After a few moments, she pulled away.

"I'll catch you later, lover." Kaitlyn said, quickly rushing out of the room. Derek was frozen in shock. What the fuck had just happened. His eyes caught a glimpse of that album. He stood up and walked over to grab it.

He looked through the first few pictures and saw pictures of him and Heather at the reception. He smiled for a second before turning the page. He saw pictures of him and Kaitlyn in this room, having a few drinks. Derek looked barely aware in the photos. She saw the pictures get more and more intimate as the pushy Kaitlyn removed his clothes.

This was followed by pictures of Kaitlyn sucking him off, then Derek returning the favor, sucking her sweet cunt. He saw photos of Kaitlyn riding his cock vigorously. He saw a photo of her cunt leaking his cum. This was followed with a photo of Kaitlyn on all fours, holding Derek's face against her asshole as he sucked her ass. She was smiling at the camera wickedly. The next photos were of Derek fucking her doggy style, her moaning in pleasure. There was a photo of her asshole leaking his cum while she rode his dick again. He saw photos of him squeezing her round tits as they fucked.

Derek slammed the album shut. He moved to throw it away, but he didn't just want to throw it out and possibly leave these photos for any strangers to find. Looking around, he got dressed and hid the album in his suit coat and ran to his room before Heather asked any questions.

Derek watched the rest of this play out. Heather wouldn't notice a thing amiss. She would assume things were just perfect. But Derek knew he was a cheater. He would hold onto this album and look back at this night of passion. Derek would begin to crave what he wasn't getting from Heather, leaving him vulnerable to all the sluts out there.

Heather would not notice a thing amiss when Derek traveled the globe. She would not see anything wrong to Derek returning to the town they had the wedding in. She would not see anything wrong with him staying in the same hotel they had the reception in. And she would think nothing of the fact that he had been openly talking to that hotel clerk that works there, clearly becoming friends with her. He was there often enough, and she had been just so helpful.

She would never imagine what kind of nastiness Derek got up to. The endless, repeated nights Derek spent with Kaitlyn, fucking her mouth, cunt, and ass, giving him the illicit sex he wasn't getting from his wife, sex that became filthier and filthier. And she would never realize that Derek spent more nights in the arms of that slut than he did with his wife. She was too blinded by love, too blinded by trust, to truly understand the man Derek had become.

And Derek would be shocked when Kaitlyn wanted him to meet her mentor, a woman who had been training her. Kaitlyn offered to have this woman join them in the

bedroom. Derek was shocked, but he tentatively agreed to this arrangement, unsure of what to expect. Kaitlyn led him to the executive suite, the same room he spent so many nights with Kaitlyn in.

And Derek was more shocked when they entered the suite and found Helena, his wife's grandmother, inside. Derek was frozen to the spot as he heard Kaitlyn lock the door behind him. And, as Helena approached them, smirking arrogantly, knowingly, Derek knew he was in for something special.

He had no idea. None of the nights he had spent in that suite would compare to this one.

Derek's mind shuddered and cascaded rapidly through different timelines as he got closer to his body. He saw himself on his marital bed, fucking a woman doggy style. In the different timelines, the woman's identity changed.

He fucked different women in his hotel suite. He looked at the mirror, at the face of the woman he was fucking. The women were all gorgeous and voluptuous. In one timeline,

a hotel maid. In another, a black woman he didn't recognize. In another, one of his hot cousins. Then, a series of random sluts he didn't recognize. Then, one of the bridesmaids. Then... his own mother.

Derek's mind flinched. His mind couldn't handle this stimulation. The world went black, and his cascading through time reached an end.

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(Timeline A: All Goes as Planned)

Derek woke up. His hands went to his eyes and rubbed the sleep away.

"Hey baby." A voice said. Startled, Derek jumped a bit. But he calmed down as he realized it was Heather, his wife. She leaned over and gave him a kiss.

"Last night was perfect." she said. "I'd get you up and go for another round but we've got to meet the family for breakfast."

She bopped out of bed and went towards the bathroom to take a shower. She looked back at Derek and smiled before closing the door. He smiled back.

As soon as the door shut, Derek's smile dropped. He studied his surroundings as he stood from the bed. Nude, he walked towards the balcony, opening it up and stepping out. He looked down at the city. At the morning sun and sky.

He remembered everything.

He remembered his nights of passion with Kaitlyn, Audrey, Jocelyn, and Jackie. And of course, he remembered Helena. What she had done to him. How she had worn him down and fucked him into oblivion. Derek remembered multiple timelines, yet he returned to this one, the prime timeline, the one those others branched off from.

Derek's life work was proven. Multiple timelines was real, and he had proven it. All he had to do was fuck his wife's hot grandmother. Helena was right. About everything. She had done it.

Helena Cline had conquered time.

Derek wanted to fall to his knees to cry in joy. His life's work was proven! He had so much work to do. The sensation of seeing those other timelines, seeing how things played out, was just incredible. He saw how those timelines were, but he couldn't see how this one worked out. Not yet. He would have to do more... research.

Derek and Heather joined their families for a post-wedding breakfast. Everyone was happy and excited. Derek was amazed at how Jackie and Jocelyn could so easily hide their true natures under a façade of familial joy. But he barely focused on those gorgeous sluts. His mind was on Helena.

He was wondering about her. She had shown him the universe. She had helped him conquer time. But... did she remember? Did she see the universe, did she see time and space like he did? She wasn't bullshitting like the others. Sure, she was cordial, but she was not acting like the loving grandma. No, she was acting the part of the confident slut, looking fantastic but keeping things civil. She didn't say a word to Derek. But, she eyed him from across the room. Every time Derek looked over, she was watching. And the last time he caught her, she looked back and licked her lips. Derek's dick throbbed.

Helena sipped her water confidently. Derek's suspicions were correct. She remembered everything, just like he did. She remembered those other timelines. But unlike Derek, she conquered this timeline too. She knew exactly how things were gonna work out. She knew how this timeline moved forward. She knew the past. She knew the future.

Helena Cline had truly conquered time.

She wanted Derek's dick again, badly. But the great thing was, she didn't have to do a fucking thing to make it happen.

So, it was with confidence that Helena walked away from the happy couple once the festivities were over. She knew she wouldn't have to wait long to get what she wanted. And in the meantime, she had a world to conquer. She knew how time was going to go. She knew how her decisions would play out before they happened.

It was time to have some fun.

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(3 Months Later)

Derek and Heather were at home, living the happy life of newlyweds. Or so it would seem. Heather was thrilled, but Derek was conflicted. He couldn't get his wife's grandmother out of his head. He remembered what she had shown him, the different worlds she had shown him. He wanted to be a good husband, and this was his

opportunity to do so. Nothing was forcing him to seek Helena out.

He hadn't cheated. Not in this time anyway. Sure, he had in other timelines, but not in this one. He could easily live his life with no guilt. He was free to make his own choices. Maybe this was the timeline where he didn't cheat on his wife. He didn't have to cheat, even though he knew deep down the sex was better and it made him far more fulfilled as a man. He knew he found endless bliss in the arms of other women. He couldn't forget what he had seen.

Derek began to wonder, deep down, wondering about the possibility that maybe, just maybe, no matter the time or space, no matter the timeline he was in, Derek cheated on his wife. Cheated with some random hotel clerk, a fashionista, his sister-in-law, his mother-in-law, his grandmother-in-law. It seemed like he fucked any hot woman in his vicinity. Maybe in every single other timeline, he cheated. Maybe he was the lone holdout. And this holdout he was putting himself through was getting flimsier and flimsier. His cock needed relief, and Heather was not equipped to do that. And he knew who was.

And on top of that, cheating was his gateway to scientific progress. Cheating had allowed him to see the universe in a brand new way. His work had progressed by leaps and bounds. He was making incredible progress, and he was way ahead of where he was before. But he needed more research, more proof. He knew where to get it, he knew what he had to do, and it terrified him.

And all the other timelines had ended the same way, with one person in common. Helena. All signs pointed to her. It seemed that no matter the time or place, his big cock was destined for his wife's grandmother's warm, tight cunt. In every timeline, they ended up together. Was he free to make his own choices, or was his life seemingly destined to go that one direction? Or was there something more powerful at work, a glitch in time, allowing something or somebody to guide him, twist all of his futures in one direction.

Had something, or somebody, conquered time?

Derek tried to stay away. He tried to be a good husband. But it was a struggle, especially when he knew that there were greener pastures out there. And he knew exactly where to find those greener pastures. But he had to be a good husband. He had to resist the temptation. And there were a lot of temptations out there.

He didn't want to cheat. He wanted to be a good man. Even though he knew there were some hot bodies out there he could be availing himself in. Lots of hot women he could lose himself with. Lots of sluts he could betray his wife with. Some many big, soft, succulent pair of tits he could squeeze in his manly hands. So many tight pussies he could have squeezing his big dick. So many hot asses ready to get fucked. Derek shook his head, trying to clear away these dark thoughts.

"Hey babe." Heather said, arriving home.

"Hey." Derek replied, kissing her.

"Hey, I know I've been bugging you about it, but I have to put in for it at work. We need to decide where we want to

go on vacation." Heather began. "Now, we could go back to where we had the wedding. I know you mentioned you weren't happy that you didn't really get to explore the area."

Derek's mind flashed to Kaitlyn. She was still there, and Derek knew she would happily welcome him back to town. Derek knew that was a bad idea.

"Or, we could go to New York City. Explore the Big Apple." Heather offered.

Audrey's home base. If she knew Derek was in town, she would be after him, and she would be tough to deny. Derek knew he had to steer clear of her.

"Or, we could go to Jackie's beach house." Heather suggested.

Jackie's territory. That sexy brat would no doubt make a move on him there. Derek wouldn't be able to resist those massive, perky breasts.

"Or we could visit Mom at her place in London."

Jocelyn. If Derek visited her, he knew she would take over and dominate the situation. Derek knew how quickly her ass could destroy him. He couldn't get close to her.

"Or we could visit Grandma's villa. I don't believe it. I can't believe she doubled her wealth in the last 3 months. I guess she made some smart investments. But yeah, we can go there, check out the high life."

Helena Cline. Nothing more needed to be said. His mind went on lockdown, knowing the path was being paved for him, despite his better wishes. It was as if unseen forces were guiding him, forces he could not deny. Guiding him to Helena's massive, mature rack. Her succulent, juicy ass. Her tighter than tight cunt. The path was being provided for him, a path to his ultimate fate, between his wife's grandmother's spread legs. Derek couldn't fight back. He couldn't resist what seemed to be his destiny. What seemed to be his path forward, not only to untold knowledge, but to untold pleasure.

Derek's decision was made.

"I know what to do." Derek replied. Heather smiled in anticipation.

"Let's go to your grandmother's house."

Heather smiled.

"I'll call her villa now. I'm sure she'll be thrilled to see us. I love her!" Heather said excitedly.

'So do I.' Derek thought.

Derek listened as his wife approach the phone to call up Helena. But as she was about to pick it up, the phone rang. Startled, Heather quickly answered.

"Hello?" Heather asked.

"Hello Heather." Helena said.

"Oh, uh... hi Grandma! I was just about to call you. How'd you know?" Heather joked.

"I have my ways." Helena replied.

Derek smiled as he heard this.

"So, listen, we were thinking of coming to visit you this summer." Heather said.

"Mmmmm, that sounds wonderful dear." Helena said huskily. Heather didn't know this, but Helena was smiling like the devil as this conversation went exactly as she knew it would. The power she had, and knowing Derek would be with her again soon, it caused her nipples to tighten and her pussy to begin dripping. She wanted Derek now.

"Maybe I can talk to Mom and Jackie, maybe invite them too." Heather chirped excitedly.

"Mmm, I think those two will be happy to see you... and Derek." Helena added. She knew those girls would be up for a lot of fun when the happy couple came to visit. She knew it for a fact.

"Okay, we'll talk more, Grandma. Just wanted to give you a head's up." Heather said.

"Okay, sounds good. I can't wait to see the happy couple." Helena said. Yes, she would happily welcome them back. Welcome Heather into her home, and Derek into her bed. Heather would have to learn that her grandmother and Derek had a lot of work to do. Heather would happily step aside and leave Helena and Derek alone together. And that was for the best. They had more worlds to conquer.

As Helena hung up the phone, her hand traveled to her stomach. She rubbed her belly with want and her fertile cunt dripped with need, eager to again be impregnated with the child Derek and her would have had. The child Derek had planted in her belly in the other timeline. Helena was desperate to be pregnant again. Desperate to give birth to

the girl she saw in that future, the product of two enlightened, evolved people.

A girl who would grow into a woman. A woman capable of things the world had never seen. A woman with unstoppable ambition. A woman of indescribable beauty. A woman of unparalleled intelligence. A woman with a finger on the pulse of time as she experienced it. A woman who was not caught in the unyielding flow of time but someone who could swim freely through it. A woman more enlightened than any person had ever been before. A woman capable of artistic brilliance, philosophical genius, and scientific excellence. A woman whose genius would put her in textbooks, whose actions would put her in the history books. A woman's whose beauty could cause wars, and whose mind could lead a revolution. And she had tits as big as her head.

Truly, this was a woman who would conquer the world.

Helena closed her eyes, looking forward to the future. A future she would welcome with open arms. And for the first time in her whole life, she was content. She was happy. She

had lived her dream. She had broken the rules. Seen beyond the limits of her mind.

Helena Cline had conquered time.

And it was time for the conqueror to enjoy her prize.

And Heather was happy as well. Happy that she would be seeing her grandma again. She really needed to confide in her favorite relative. It was strange. Ever since the wedding. Her dreams had changed. She could never remember them, but she knew deep down they were sexual in nature. But they were not pleasant. They were nightmares. And when she would wake up, she would have a smell in her nose, a smell of sweat, of exertion, and of something else.

They seemed like more than dreams. They seemed like memories. Memories of something that never happened. Because ever since the wedding, ever since her wedding night, she was constantly experiencing the most intense déjà vu. And it was at the weirdest times. Like when she hugged her grandmother goodbye the day after the wedding. Heather caught a whiff of Helena's sweat on her

neck as they hugged, and it just made her shudder with déjà vu and... something else. Like a lead weight in her stomach, that smell filled her with a weird sense of dread. And it happened again, after she had sat down to recover from this strange sensation. Helena hugged Derek goodbye, and as she did, Helena accidently pushed her butt out towards Heather's face. Heather turned to look only to see her grandmother's ass in her face. This set off the déjà vu again. Heather was forced to put her head in her hands until her grandmother left.

Why was she getting these weird vibes from her grandmother? She had done nothing wrong. Heather couldn't figure out what was up. But Helena, she would know. Helena was the most knowledgeable, worldly person she knew. She was sure her grandmother understood dreams and what they meant. She was sure she would have better understanding of déjà vu and what caused it. She was sure Helena had an explanation. Maybe she could bring all this to the surface.

It would seem Derek and Helena's journey to conquer time had an unintended consequence. In their journey to conquer time, in the act of helping each other conquer

time, they had dragged someone else with them. Someone less intelligent, someone who couldn't understand what she was seeing. Or more specifically, Helena's mighty ass, used as a weapon to subdue her granddaughter and fuck her granddaughter's husband, that ass is what dragged Heather through the layers of time. Heather's face first experience with her grandmother's ass-crack had shattered her world and bound her to the enlightened couple trough their journey, bound submissively by the power of her grandmother's ass. Helena's ass made Heather a hanger-on, a toy in a bigger game. Going face first into her grandmother's rear end had transformed Helena and Derek into conquerors, and like it or not, Heater was along for the ride.

Helena was very much aware of this. And, like the cunning slut she was, she already had plans to use this side-effect to her advantage.

The universe was in flux. The strings of times were quivering. And Derek felt it. Derek felt the universe, felt time and space, quiver around him. Derek embraced the feeling and groaned in pleasure. He looked forward to

seeing Helena again. She had shown him so much. She no doubt had more lessons to teach.

Derek's future was set.

*****THE END*****