



The Mountain Observatory

By Klrxo

The thin, crisp air of the high-altitude observatory bit at Arthur's skin, but the cold was nothing compared to the simmering heat of frustration pooling in his gut.

From the vantage point of the concrete loading dock, Arthur gripped the rims of his wheelchair, his knuckles white. He watched his family unload the van, the silence of the mountain amplifying every sound—

the thud of a suitcase, the heavy breathing of his son, and the rhythmic, hypnotic sway of his wife's childbearing hips.

Mara was a vision of forbidden abundance. Arthur's blonde-haired wife wore a tight, ribbed tank top that struggled to contain the meat of her oversized tits, the fabric stretched so thin that her fat nipples poked prominently against the cloth.

Below, her yoga pants clung to her wide, heavy hips and a maternal buttocks that was nothing short of obscene. As she bent over to pick up a stray bag, her huge ass flared out, the fabric straining across her cheeks, wedging in the cleft, offering a view that made Arthur's dead nerves scream with a phantom longing.

He saw it then—the way Abe looked at her. Their eighteen-year-old son was a mirror of Arthur's youth, tall, lean, but with a confidence that Arthur had lost the moment his spine snapped on a granite cliff.

Abe's eyes were locked on the jiggle of Mara's ass, his gaze hungry as he stared at those plush, rounded cheek.

Arthur could tell that Mara knew. She absolutely knew, cast a sidelong glance at her teen, a playful, sultry smile dancing on her lips.

She didn't pull away when Abe reached past her to grab a crate, his arm brushing firmly against the side of her breast, sinking against its pliant meat. Instead, she leaned into the touch, a soft, feline purr escaping her throat.

She shifted her weight, deliberately grinding her hip against Abe's thigh, her eyes shimmering with a hypersexual electricity that Arthur hadn't felt from her in years.

Arthur felt a surge of agonizing jealousy. He wanted to scream, to command them to stop, but he was trapped in a throne of chrome and rubber.

He watched, a helpless voyeur to his own domestic betrayal, as Abe's hand "accidentally" slid down to graze the rounded shelf of Mara's rear. The touch was brief, but the tension that snapped between them was thick enough to choke on.

Abe's nostrils flared, smelling the scent of his mother's sweet perfume and a hint of something muskier, while Mara let out a shaky breath, her giant tits bouncing with every ragged inhale.

The sight of it sent a bolt of raw, agonizing lust through Arthur. He craved his wife—the weight of those tits in his hands, the feel of that massive ass shaking under him, her tight cunt strangling his cock.

He wanted to fuck her until she screamed, to reclaim the territory he could no longer physically conquer. But as he watched Abe's gaze drop to the wet patch beginning to form between Mara's thighs, Arthur felt a sickening sense of inadequacy.

Mara suddenly turned, spotting her husband watching them. In an instant, the predatory hunger in her eyes vanished, replaced by a mask of sugary, maternal devotion.

She hurried over to him, her breasts swaying violently with every step, the motion almost hypnotic. "Are you doing okay, honey?" she whispered, leaning down to press a sweet, lingering kiss to his forehead.

As she bent over him, the neckline of her top gaped open, giving Arthur a direct, dizzying view of her cleavage—pale, soft skin and the deep valley between her enormous globes.

For a moment, Arthur believed her, shaming himself for doubting the woman he loved. But as she pulled away, her eyes flickered back to Abe, who was standing just a few feet behind her, his gaze fixed firmly on the swing of her hips.

Mara gave a tiny, almost imperceptible wink over her shoulder, her tongue darting out to lick her lips in a gesture of pure, unadulterated lust.

As Abe stepped closer, the air between them practically humming with the threat of incestuous heat, Arthur realized the seclusion of the observatory wasn't a sanctuary—it was a playground.

Mara's bloodline was a legacy of insatiable, raw female appetite. Her mother and grandmother had been legendary in their own right—

women who viewed sex not as a pastime, but as a biological necessity as vital as oxygen.

They were the kind of women who could spend the entire day locked in a bedroom, sucking dick raw and taking cock until their legs shook, only to wake up the next morning demanding more.

Mara had inherited every bit of that genetic hunger. Before the accident, her marriage to Arthur had been a whirlwind of constant, breathless physicality. She had been a nymphomaniac in the truest sense, her libido a raging fire that her husband had struggled to keep up with.

They had fucked once, twice, sometimes three times a day, and even then, Mara would often look at him with those wide, pleading eyes, her hand sliding down to her soaking wet pussy, whispering that she still felt empty.

She lived for the feeling of a hard cock stretching her open, for the taste of salt and musk on her tongue, for the sheer, blunt force of a man claiming her, making her come apart over and over.

Then it all ended in an instant. The accident hadn't just broken Arthur's spine; it had effectively castrated their intimacy. For the past year, Mara's world had become a desert of sexual frustration.

The transition from a life of constant, high-voltage pleasure to total abstinence had been a slow, agonizing torture.

Arthur had seen the signs—the way she would stare at him with a mixture of love and profound, starving longing, her tits aching and heavy, her clit throbbing with a need that no amount of emotional support could satisfy.

He knew about the vibrators. He'd heard the muffled, frantic buzzing from the bathroom and the bedroom when he thought she was sleeping. She had burned through half a dozen high-powered toys in a year, pushing them deep into her drenched heat, trying to simulate the friction and fullness of a real man.

He had seen her face after those solitary sessions—flushed, exhausted, and yet still fundamentally unsatisfied. A piece of silicone could make her peak, but it couldn't fill the void of a real cock sliding into her, or the feeling of a man's weight crushing her into the mattress.

Despite the torment of her suppressed libido, Mara had been a saint. She had never complained, never wavered in her devotion. She had spent every waking hour supporting his grueling rehabilitation, massaging his useless legs, and encouraging him to take this new job at the observatory.

She had played the role of the supportive, selfless wife to perfection, masking her internal scream for release with a sugary, loving smile. But as Arthur watched her now, he saw the cracks in the facade.

The seclusion of the mountain wasn't helping; it was acting as a pressure cooker. The sight of Abe—young, virile, and pulsing with the same masculine energy Arthur used to possess—was like throwing gasoline on a dying ember.

He watched as Mara leaned over to pick up another box, her yoga pants stretching so tight they looked like a second skin over her enormous cheeks. She lingered in the bend, her ass aimed directly at Abe, her breathing becoming shallow and heavy.

The hunger he had seen in her eyes wasn't just a flicker; it was a starving animal that had been caged for a year, and it was finally starting to claw its way out.

Arthur felt a sharp, stabbing jealousy. He loved her, and he knew she loved him, but he also knew the biological imperative of a woman like Mara. She was a creature of flesh and fluid, and the sight of his son's growing hardness beneath his jeans was a siren song she could no longer ignore.

The sweet, devoted wife was still there, but beneath her, the hypersexual predator of her lineage was waking up, and she was looking at Abe as the only cure for her year of torture.

The very next morning, Arthur retreated into the sterile sanctuary of the control room, the hum of electronics providing a thin veil of comfort against the roar of his own insecurity.

He settled into his modified workstation, his hands moving with a practiced, academic precision. His background in meteorology was the only thing that still felt intact, a realm where variables were predictable and data didn't lie.

Every hour, on the hour, Arthur meticulously recorded the atmospheric data. He noted the barometric pressure dipping slightly, the biting temperature of the high-altitude air, and the erratic wind vectors that whipped against the observatory's reinforced walls.

He logged the icing levels on the external sensors and the shifting visibility of the surrounding peaks. With a focused intensity, he transmitted these updates to the regional weather bureaus via a combination of old-school telegraphy, radio bursts, and modern telemetry.

For a few minutes at a time, he could pretend he was just a scientist, a man of logic and observation, rather than a broken husband terrified of his own wife's sexual desire. But as the ink dried on his logs, his mind drifted downward.

Directly below the control room lay their living quarters. It was a modest, cozy space—a small kitchen, a shared bathroom, and a primary bedroom where he and Mara slept.

There was a tiny loft space tucked away for Abe, a cramped but private nook that Arthur knew his son likely used as a sanctuary for his own burgeoning desires.

The architecture of the observatory included a tiny elevator, a mechanical lift designed to move a wheelchair between the levels. But the lift was a cruel joke; it required an external operator or a specific sequence of assisted controls that Arthur hated.

He loathed the dependency, the way he had to call through an intercom and wait for someone to press the button to bring him down. It stripped him of his autonomy, turning him into a passenger in his own home.

More importantly, it meant he couldn't just pop in. He couldn't glide silently into the living area to catch a glimpse of Mara and Abe, to see if the tension he'd witnessed outside had evolved into something more tangible.

He was trapped in his ivory tower, separated from them by a few feet of concrete and steel, while his imagination painted vivid, obscene pictures of what was happening below.

“I'm being insane,” he told himself, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

“She loves me. She's a saint. She wouldn't do that to her own son.”

But the memory of her lineage—the women who lived for the friction of skin on skin—screamed louder than his denial. He knew that for a woman like Mara, a year of abstinence wasn't just a sacrifice; it was a slow-motion explosion. The pressure was building, and Abe was the only valve left to release it.

As he turned back to his telemetry screen, the numbers blurred. All he could think about was the silence coming from the floor below, a silence that felt heavy, thick, and dangerously charged with the kind of lust that could burn a whole mountain down.

"Coming up, honey," Abe heard his mother announce, her voice a melodic, honeyed chime that vibrated through the floorboards.

Abe was lounging in his tiny bunk, the glow of his handheld console illuminating his focused expression. His bunk was tucked away at the top of a ladder, a private perch in the steel rafters separating the floors, just big enough for a twin mattress and a tiny window that framed the jagged, snow-capped peaks outside.

Mara arrived wearing loungewear that was less about comfort and more about a calculated, silent invitation. She wore a camisole of white lace with delicate floral trims and shoulder straps that looked far too thin to support the massive weight of her chest.

Her giant tits strained against the fabric, the nipples clearly visible as hard, eager peaks pressing through the lace.

Below, she wore snug mini-shorts in the style of boxer underwear, the fabric stretched to its absolute limit across her wide hips, her plump, pale ass-cheeks spilling out from the leg holes.

"Enjoying your cozy boy-perch, sweetheart?" Mara asked, her voice dropping an octave into a sultry purr.

Before he could answer, she crawled towards him with a slow, predatory grace, her palms pressing into the mattress as she slid directly over him.

Abe froze, his console forgotten, as his mother's massive frame eclipsed the light. She paused on her hands and knees, positioning herself perfectly so she could gaze out at the magnificent view from the tiny window, but the angle was purely for his benefit.

From his position on his back, Abe was staring directly into the abyss of her cleavage. Her jugs, freed from any real support, dangled like heavy, ripe fruit just inches from his face.

The scent of her—a mix of vanilla, warm skin, and a musk that smelled like suppressed hunger—filled his lungs, making his head swim.

He could see the pale, soft valley between those mountainous mounds, the canyon of her cleavage deep and expansive enough to swallow his entire skull, the skin glistening slightly.

Mara turned her head back toward him, a playful, knowing smile dancing on her lips. She slowly licked her lips, her tongue darting out to moisten them in a way that was anything but innocent.

As she shifted her weight, she gave a tiny, deliberate shimmy of her shoulders. The movement caused her heavy udders to swing, the soft, warm meat of her breasts bumping rhythmically against Abe's cheeks.

Abe's breath hitched, his chest heaving as the sheer mass of her pressed against him. His hands twitched violently at his sides, his fingers aching to reach up and seize those overflowing cheeks of her ass, to pull her down and bury his face in the heat of her.

The tension in the small space became a physical thing, thick and suffocating, vibrating between them like a live wire. Mara leaned in closer, her voice a breathless whisper that tickled his ear.

"You know, Abe... it's so quiet up here. So secluded. I was just thinking about how two lovers could just get lost to the world in a place like this... all day, every day."

Abe swallowed hard, his voice sounding thick and strained in the narrow confines of the bunk. "It is... it's nice," he managed to choke out, though his eyes were locked on the rhythmic rise and fall of her chest.

"But I'm probably gonna miss my friends. Being stuck up here in the middle of nowhere... it's a lot."

Mara let out a soft, melodic laugh that vibrated through the mattress. She shifted her weight, the friction of her silky thighs against his legs sending a jolt of heat straight to his groin.

"Oh, sweetheart, don't be so dramatic," she cooed, her voice dripping with a playful, maternal sweetness that felt dangerously deceptive.

"Your father's assignment is only for a year. Just twelve months of mountain air and silence, and then we'll go right back to our normal life in the big city."

She paused, her gaze softening as she looked at him, though the hunger in her eyes remained. "And think of what happens then. You'll be starting college. You'll be a man among men, finally out in the world."

"Yeah, I guess," her son uttered. "I've been looking at the course catalog... the engineering classes look pretty intense, and I want to make sure I—"

Mara didn't let him finish. With a sudden, playful giggle, she shifted her center of gravity and plopped herself down directly on top of him. The impact was a delicious shock; her massive, pillowy tits crashed down onto his upper chest and neck, burying his face in a wall of soft, fragrant flesh.

Abe let out a muffled groan, his breath hitching as her rubbery nipples prodded insistently against his skin through the thin lace of her camisole.

The sheer weight of her—the curve of her wide hips and the plushness of her ass settling firmly over his lap—pinned him to the bed, leaving him completely overwhelmed by her scent and warmth.

"Not for the education, silly goose," she whispered. "For the sex."

Before he could respond, Mara reached down and grabbed the edge of the heavy comforter. In one fluid motion, she yanked the fabric up and over both of them, pulling it over their heads.

Suddenly, the world vanished. They were cocooned in a private, dark sanctuary of warmth and softness, the air quickly becoming thick and humid with their shared breath.

In the dim, filtered light beneath the blanket, Mara shifted, propping herself up on her elbows so her face hovered only a few inches from his.

Her eyes were wide and sultry, shimmering with a forbidden intensity that made Abe's heart hammer against his ribs. The proximity was agonizing; he could feel the heat radiating from her skin, the heavy press of her giant tits still crushing his chest, molding to his every breath.

"Think about it, honey," she murmured, her lips barely moving, her voice a low, conspiratorial hum. "The kind of wonderful, nasty sex that's waiting for you in those dorms. You won't just be studying."

She shifted her hips, grinding her plump labia subtly against his growing hardness, a movement that made Abe gasp.

"I guess I hadn't really thought about that part," he lied.

"You'll have dozens of girls, Abe. Huge-breasted, horny girls who can't wait to get their hands on a handsome young man like you. They'll be begging for a nasty fuck, wanting you to stretch them out, to fill them up and make them scream."

She leaned in closer, the tip of her nose brushing his. "Tell me, sweetheart... are you ready for that? Are you ready to handle all that... hunger?"

Abe felt the air vanish from the small, humid space beneath the comforter. The scent of her perfume and the musk of her arousal were intoxicating, swirling around him in the dark.

He shifted beneath her, his cock throbbing violently against the fabric of his jeans, trapped between his belly and the crushing weight of her plush thighs.

"Well, I um... don't really have much skill or experience in that sort of thing yet," he timidly admitted, his voice trembling.

The confession felt like a surrender, leaving him exposed and vulnerable beneath her predatory, loving gaze.

Mara's expression shifted instantly. The sultry hunger didn't vanish, but it was suddenly masked by a look of maternal concern, her eyebrows knitting together as she looked down at him.

"Which is a real problem, isn't it?" she asked, her voice soft but pointed.

"I suppose it... could be," he answered, cheeks blushing.

"You have to understand, Abe, you're going to be in fierce competition. There will be boys your age who have been fucking since they were fifteen. College girls... they gravitate toward the males with the skill and the stamina. They want the ones who know exactly how to ravage them, the ones who can make them howl the longest and the loudest."

Abe swallowed hard, the image of other boys possessing the knowledge to drive a woman wild making him feel suddenly inadequate. He opened his mouth to respond, but the words were knocked out of him in a sharp, ragged gasp.

Mara slid backward slightly, aligning herself perfectly, and then pressed the hot, swollen folds of her cunt directly against the rigid length of his cock. Even through the layers of their clothing, the heat was staggering.

Abe could feel the dampness of her arousal soaking through her boy-shorts a slick, concentrated warmth that seemed to sear right through his denim.

"Mmm," she hummed, a low vibration that Abe felt in his own chest.

Mara ground her pelvis into him, a slow, circular roll that forced his hardness deep into the crease of her vulva.

"Now... it certainly feels like you have the right equipment, sweetheart. You're built like a stallion."

She paused, her eyes locking onto his with a shimmering intensity. "But without the know-how to use it, a tool like that is pretty useless. It's like having a Ferrari but not knowing how to drive. You'd just be idling in the driveway while other boys are taking the girls for a ride."

Abe's breath was coming in short, shallow pants. The sensation of her wetness pressing against him was almost too much to bear; he wanted to rip through their clothes and bury himself inside that heat.

"I guess I'm just out of luck then," he managed to whisper, his voice cracking. "Since sex won't be happening for at least another year... not until I leave this place."

A slow, sultry smile spread across Mara's lips, a look of pure, unadulterated mischief and lust. She didn't pull away; instead, she pressed her pussy harder against him, a firm, demanding squeeze that made Abe's toes curl.

"Who says you have to wait a year, Abe?" she whispered, her voice a velvet caress.

She gazed deep into his eyes, her pupils dilated, her breath warm on his skin. As she gave another slow, rhythmic grind of her hips, the implication was unmistakable.

The heat radiating from her crotch told him everything her words hadn't yet dared to say. She wasn't just talking about college anymore; she was offering herself as the teacher, her body a living classroom for his learning.

That night, Arthur sat propped up against a mountain of pillows in their cramped bedroom, the dim light of a desk lamp casting long, anxious shadows across the walls.

He was staring at a set of barometric pressure charts, the ink lines blurring before his eyes. He wasn't really reading; he was listening. From the adjacent bathroom, the muffled, rhythmic drone of a high-powered vibrator hummed through the walls.

It was a sound that had become the soundtrack to his marriage over the last year—the sound of his wife's desperation. He closed his eyes, imagining Mara pressed against the cool tiles of the shower, her wet, naked tits wobbling, legs shaking, her fingers gripping the vibrator as she drove that plastic toy deep into her soaking wet cunt.

He knew she was in there fucking herself stupid, chasing a release that never quite felt like enough. A bitter cocktail of guilt and relief churned

in his gut. He hated that he couldn't provide that release for her, that his useless cock had robbed her of the flesh-on-flesh friction she craved.

But as the hum intensified, reaching a crescendo that suggested a violent, shuddering climax, a darker thought surfaced: it was better that she spent her nights grinding against a toy than seeking out the hard, hot cock of another man.

The hum finally ceased, followed by the sound of rushing water and the soft patter of footsteps. When Mara emerged, she looked like a goddess of lust. She was wearing a sheer, silk nightie that did absolutely nothing to hide her proportions.

The thin fabric clung to the massive, bobbling swells of her breasts, her nipples hard and prominent, poking through the lace. Her skin was flushed a deep, post-orgasmic pink, and her eyes had that glazed, heavy-lidded glow of a woman who had just been driven through half a dozen peaks.

"Hi, honey," she cooed, her voice a sultry, breathy rasp.

She crawled onto the bed, her huge ass swaying with every movement, and snuggled deep into Arthur's side. She pressed her warm, damp body against him, her giant tits crushing against his arm.

"How was your first day at the new station?" she asked, tilting her head up to look at him with a sweet, devoted smile.

Arthur cleared his throat, trying to ignore the way her breast jiggled against him. "It was... great. The telemetry is a bit outdated, but the data is clean. I think I can get into a good rhythm with the hourly reports."

"Awesome," his wife purred sweetly. "You're gonna excel at this new job, I just know it."

"And what about you? What did you and Abe get up to today while I was up in the control room?"

Mara didn't flinch. She simply nuzzled closer, her hand resting innocently on Arthur's chest, though her fingers toyed with the fabric of his shirt in a way that felt almost rhythmic.

"Oh, we just spent a good portion of the afternoon in his bunk," she replied airily, her voice dripping with a sugary sweetness. "We were just snuggling, watching the clouds roll over the peaks through the window. We spent hours talking about our plans for the stay."

As she spoke, Arthur felt a chill that had nothing to do with the high-altitude air. The image of his hypersexual wife cocooned in a bed with their eighteen-year-old son, sent a surge of jealousy through him.

Was she pressing him deep into her massive tits all day, smothering his lean teenage chest in her soft abundance, her stiff nipples digging at his skin?

Did she line up her needy pussy with the hard, urgent pulse of his cock, the two of them grinding together, their excited heartbeats pounding right through their throbbing genitals?

Arthur pictured his wife and son's lips grazing, eyes gone glassy and wild, voices pitched in ragged whispers as they confessed a secret, animal craving only the two of them could sate.

Driven by a sudden, desperate surge of possessiveness, Arthur reached out, his hands gripping Mara's soft, ample hips. He pulled her with a frantic strength, dragging her body upward until she was straddling his lap. He wanted to feel the weight of her, to reclaim the territory that felt like it was slipping through his fingers.

"Arthur," she sighed softly, rolling her eyes, knowing his desperate attempt could barely arouse her, much less provide an orgasm.

He groaned as he tried to grind his pelvis against her, hoping against hope that the friction of her soaking wet pussy pressing through the silk of her panties would spark something in his dormant nerves. But as he shifted, the crushing reality hit him. His cock remained a limp, useless piece of flesh, unable to harden despite the visual feast of her giant tits swaying inches from his face.

"Let me try," Arthur gasped as he clutched her wide, lavishly curved hips, using every spare ounce of strength to rock her body over him, forcing her to drag that plush ass along his limp, useless cock.

Each tiny shift set her immense tits rolling beneath her nightie, the massive jugs wobbling with every subtle grind. He searched her face, hungry for a flicker of pleasure, a gasp or a moan—a trace of wanton bliss in his wife’s features.

But all he found was pity: soft, patient, drawn tight around her lips.

“No,” she murmured, shaking her head just enough to let him know nothing about this moved her, not one bit. His efforts, the rutting and grinding, the way those gigantic tits danced with every thrust—it all left her cold.

The sweetness in her expression remained, but there was a new, sharp edge to her gaze—a flicker of the ravenous predator that lived beneath her skin.

"Oh, Arthur," she whispered, her voice a velvet caress that felt like a mockery. "Honey, you're wasting your energy. You know you can't satisfy my hunger anymore, you know that."

"Please let me try," Arthur pleaded, his voice cracking. He reached for her breasts, squeezing the meaty mounds of flesh, trying to force a connection that his body was denying him. "I can still... I can find a way."

“No you can't,” she giggled, staring down at the fruitless attempts of a man who had zero chance of ever pleasuring her again.

Mara patiently pried his hands from her tits like he had no business groping them. "Sweetheart, look at me. Really look at me."

She shifted her hips, grinding her clit against soft, useless penis in a slow, agonizing circle. "I'm a woman who needs to be filled. I need to be stretched, pounded, and drained until I can't walk. I need a cock that doesn't just exist, but one that **works**."

She pulled back slightly, her eyes shimmering with a suppressed, violent lust. "You're so loving, Arthur, and I adore you for it. But my body... my body is a screaming void. You can't even get hard, let alone give me the kind of pleasure I require to keep from going insane."

Arthur felt a wave of profound helplessness wash over him. He looked up at his wife—this goddess of curves and insatiable appetite—and realized she was right. He was a ghost in his own bedroom, a spectator to his own marriage.

"I just want you to be satisfied," he whispered. "I can't stand the thought of you being so... frustrated."

Mara's expression shifted, the sugary sweetness morphing into something more calculating, more daring. She didn't look away; instead, she locked her eyes onto his, her pupils dilated.

A slow, sultry smile spread across her lips, and for the first time, Arthur saw a plan forming in her mind—a blueprint for a desire that defied every social taboo.

"If you truly mean that," she murmured, "if you really want me to be happy, sexually... then perhaps there is a way for that to happen."

Arthur's stomach sank. The way she said it, the way her gaze seemed to drift toward the door leading to the hallway where their son slept, told him everything. He realized with a jolt of terror and perverse excitement that Mara wasn't asking for permission; she was presenting a solution.

"I'm listening," Arthur said, his voice barely a whisper.

Mara sat up, the silk of her nightie sliding precariously low, exposing the pale, heavy slopes of her breasts. She knew this was a delicate conversation, one that required her to balance her insatiable lust with the sugary, nurturing persona Arthur relied on.

She reached out, stroking his cheek with a tenderness that felt almost predatory. "Honey, think about Abe," she began, her voice soft and reasoned. "He's eighteen. He's going off to college soon, and we both know how those environments are."

"How do you mean?"

"He'll be surrounded by girls—fierce, experienced, horny girls who expect a man to know exactly what he's doing," Mara continued. "If he goes into that world unprepared, if he fumbles or can't keep up with the vigors of college fucking... he'll embarrass himself."

"I don't think—"

“The rumors would spread,” his wife continued, cutting him off. “He'd be the boy who couldn't perform, the incompetent one. I can't let our son be a laughingstock.”

Arthur's stomach sank. The logic was twisted, a thin veil of maternal concern draped over a raw, pulsing need. He felt a surge of nausea mixed with a dark, forbidden curiosity.

"What... what exactly are you proposing, Mara?" he asked, though the dread in his chest already provided the answer.

Mara spoke delicately, as if discussing a tutoring schedule rather than the systematic corruption of their son. "I can take on the role of his sexual coach, Arthur," she whispered, her eyes shimmering. "While you're up in the control room, focused on your data and your reports, I can spend my days with him. I can teach him the ins and outs of a woman's body. I can show him the right positions, the proper speed, the exact angles to hit a woman's G-spot. I can train his stamina, pushing him until he knows how to please a woman the proper way, without tiring."

“Mara, that’s—”

"And in the process," she blurted over him, "my body would finally get the release it's been screaming for. I would be filled, Arthur. I would be stretched and drained by a young, potent cock that is genetically designed to be the best version of you."

“The best version of me?” he husband echoed.

“It’s a symbiotic solution. Abe becomes a master in the bedroom, and I stop feeling like I’m dying of thirst in a desert.”

Arthur recoiled mentally, the incest taboo slamming into him like a physical wall. The thought of his son's cock sliding into his wife's soaking wet pussy, the image of Mara moaning under Abe's youthful weight, their sweaty bodies rutting animals for hours every day, made his blood boil.

He was a father, a husband—but he was also a man who had been starved of his wife's sexuality for a year.

"It's... it's wrong, Mara. It's sick," he gasped, yet he didn't push her away.

"Is it more sick than letting me wither away in frustration?" she countered, her gaze locking onto his with an intensity that felt like a command. "Is it more wrong than letting Abe go into the world clueless? This is for the family, Arthur. For our well-being. It's a temporary arrangement, a secret training ground.”

“But what if someone...?”

“We’re isolated here,” his wife answered with him finishing. “No one will ever know. It stays within these walls.”

Arthur lay paralyzed, not just by his injury, but by the suffocating weight of the choice before him. As he looked into Mara's wide, hungry eyes, a terrifying realization dawned on him. If he said no—if he clung to the remnants of his morality and the sanctity of their marriage—he wouldn't actually be stopping her.

He knew his wife. He knew the dormant volcano of her libido, the ancestral fire of the women in her bloodline that demanded satisfaction. If he forbade it, he would spend every waking hour in the control room, staring at barometric charts and wind vectors, while his mind spiraled into a hell of suspicion.

He would be haunted by the silence of the living quarters below, imagining the rhythmic thud of a headboard against the wall, the wet, slapping sounds of skin on skin, and the guttural moans of his wife being claimed by their son.

He would be a prisoner to his own imagination, wondering if they were fucking like animals right under his feet, Abe's young, hard cock burying itself deep in Mara's soaking pussy while Arthur recorded the temperature of the mountain air. The uncertainty would be a slower, more agonizing death than the truth.

"Mara... this is... too much," Arthur choked out, his voice cracking. "I understand... I understand that Abe needs to be prepared. I don't want

him to be a failure. But the thought of him... of him pleasuring you... it's tearing me apart.”

“Then just focus on his pleasure,” his wife coaxed. “If you’re up there in your control room, picture it’s you spread out beneath me on your back, crushed beneath my massive breasts as they ripple and swing above you. Imagine your lips locked around my nipples, tugging and sucking while I slide down, riding your cock to the root.”

Arthur hesitated, a shiver sparking in his chest. “I’m not sure I can just—”

“Just pretend it’s you pumping load after load inside me, Arthur,” she teased, her voice velvet-sweet and merciless, “that it’s your cock swollen deep in me, your balls getting milked and suckled until you’re dry.”

“Dammit, I’m your husband,” he blurted in frustration. “I should be the one doing that. I want to be the one filling you, making you scream, feeling your walls tighten around me.”

Mara leaned forward, wrapping her arms around him in a tight hug, pressing those massive, soft breasts against his chest. “Oh, my sweet, brave Arthur,” she whispered into his ear, her breath hot and teasing. “I love you more than anything. But we have to be honest with ourselves.”

She pulled back just enough to look him in the eye, her voice turning clinical yet cruel. “Your sexual days are behind you. Your body broke,

and with it, the bridge between us. Our lovemaking... the way we used to fuck for hours until we were both shaking... that exists only as a memory now. A beautiful, dead memory."

Arthur flinched as if she had slapped him. The raw truth of his impotence was a jagged blade, carving through his ego.

"But you don't have to be left out," Mara continued, her voice dropping to a sultry, hypnotic purr. "Like I told you, if you wanna live vicariously through Abe, that's okay. In a way, he is you. He has your drive, your strength, but in a body that isn't broken. His young body was built for the vigors of ravenous sex, Arthur. He's built to carve endless, screaming orgasms from my body, to stretch me and drain me in ways you simply can't anymore."

She shifted her weight, the silk of her nightie riding up to reveal the creamy curve of her thigh and the dark shadow of her landing strip. She saw the way Arthur's eyes locked onto her, the desperate, pathetic hunger in his gaze.

"And think of the legacy," she whispered, her hand sliding down to graze his useless lap. "We always talked about having another child before the accident. Abe is the only one who can give us that now."

"What?" Arthur asked, his eyes going wide.

"He could impregnate me, Arthur. He could put a baby in my womb, a little brother or sister for him, created from the same blood. Wouldn't

that be the ultimate gift? To see me glowing and full, knowing it was your son's potency that did it?"

The image hit Arthur like a physical blow—Mara, heavy with child, her tits swollen and leaking, her belly rounded by the seed of their son. The taboo was absolute, the sin unforgivable, and yet, the thought sent a surge of forbidden electricity through his spine.

His jealousy was still there, a burning coal in his gut, but it was being overtaken by a dark, voyeuristic surrender. He imagined the scenes: Abe's youthful vigor meeting Mara's insatiable hunger, the raw, animalistic nature of their union, and himself, the silent observer, the architect of this filth.

He looked at his wife, seeing not just the mother of his child, but a woman who was starving for a cock, and a son who was a ticking time bomb of testosterone.

Slowly, his resistance crumbled. He didn't say the words, but the way he leaned into her, the way his breathing hitched, was a silent consent. He was giving her permission to be ruined by their son.

The next morning, the air in the control room was frigid, but Arthur was burning. He sat frozen in his wheelchair, staring at the telemetry screens, but the numbers—the barometric pressure, the wind vectors, the temperature drops—were nothing more than blurred streaks of light.

His mind had descended into a fever dream of filth, a thousand wicked questions buzzing through his skull like a swarm of hornets.

Had they started the second the elevator door closed?

He imagined Mara, her eyes wide and predatory, cornering Abe the moment the door shut, her hands already diving under his waistband to find that young, rigid heat.

Arthur's grip tightened on the armrests of his chair, his knuckles white. He pictured Mara straddling their son, her massive, heavy tits swinging and rippling wildly as she rode him in her favorite position—arched back, head thrown back, her huge ass cheeks slapping rhythmically against his thighs.

He could almost hear the wet, squelching sound of her soaking pussy gripping Abe's shaft, the friction of their flesh on flesh union creating a heat that could melt the mountain ice outside.

“Was Abe's cock bigger than mine?” he thought. “Was it harder, thicker, and more relentless than mine had been in my own youth?”

The thought made him feel small, pathetic, a ghost in his own home. He hoped it wasn't bigger, yet a dark, masochistic part of him craved the image of Mara being stretched to her limit, her walls straining to accommodate the massive teenage dick of their son.

His imagination shifted, drifting to the oral hunger he knew his wife possessed. He pictured Mara on her knees, her luxurious hair spilling over Abe's lap as she took him deep into her throat.

He could see her pretty eyes looking up at Abe with a mixture of maternal guidance and raw, slutty hunger, her magical tongue swirling around the head of his cock, lavishing his young, tender balls with hot, wet licks.

He imagined her teaching Abe how to truly worship a woman's body, guiding the boy's tongue to her clit, instructing him on how to feast on her fragrant cunt until she was shaking, screaming, and squirting all over his young, handsome face.

"Where were they doing it?" Arthur asked himself. Was it on Abe's narrow bunk, the frame creaking under the weight and rhythm of their ravenous rutting, or had she dragged him into the master bed, the very place where Arthur had once been the king?

The thought of his son claiming his territory, burying himself deep in Mara's womb on the sheets Arthur slept, sent a jolt of electric torment through his spine.

He closed his eyes, and the imagined sounds tearing through the floor below him at this very moment— guttural, animal grunts of Abe's exertion, the sound of a young man discovering the depths of maternal pleasure.

He imagined Mara's voice—not the sweet, sugary tone she used with him, but the raw, unrestrained screams of a woman being utterly ruined.

He imagined her shrieking his son's name, her voice tearing through the living quarters, announcing to the empty mountain that she was finally being filled, finally being satisfied.

Arthur let out a shaky breath, his limp lap feeling heavier than ever. He was a prisoner of his own consent, trapped in a cycle of jealousy and voyeuristic longing, waiting for the moment he would have to descend the elevator and face the aftermath of the carnage.



Only a minute after Arthur had rolled onto the elevator, Abe stepped out of the bathroom, the steam still clinging to his skin, wearing nothing but a pair of tight white briefs.

His stomach was a churning knot of anxious nerves. He knew what was coming; the "lessons" his mother had hinted at weren't about textbooks or social graces.

He could feel his heart hammering against his ribs, and below the waistband of his underwear, his cock was a rigid, pulsing rod, tenting the fabric so violently that it left no doubt about his absolute readiness.

Suddenly, the teen was hit by a massive, warm slab of naked maternal flesh. Mara launched herself at him with a predatory speed that caught him completely off guard, tackling him backward onto the expansive surface of the master bed.

The impact knocked the wind out of him, and he felt his trim body being pummeled and smothered by the sheer, warm weight of her. Most overwhelming of all were her giant, naked tits, two heavy, soft mountains of flesh that crushed against his chest, enveloping him in the scent of her sweet perfume and musk of her arousal.

Before he could even utter a sound, his gasp was swallowed whole. Mara crashed her lips against his in a ravenous, starving kiss. This wasn't the chaste peck on the cheek he was used to; this was an assault.

Her long, thick tongue slid into his mouth like a slippery eel, wet and wild, invading his space and dancing with his own inexperienced tongue.

She tasted of hunger and heat, her mouth working his with a desperate urgency that made Abe's head spin. He felt the world dissolve, leaving only the sensation of her soft lips and the aggressive curl of her tongue claiming him.

"Damn, mom... I didn't... I didn't expect that," Abe gasped, his voice cracking as their kiss finally broke for a fleeting second.

He was panting, his chest heaving beneath her, his eyes wide and glazed with lust. Mara's face hovering inches from his, her eyes dark and dilated. A sultry, knowing smile played on her lips.

"That's the first lesson, baby," she whispered, her voice a low, throaty purr that vibrated through his entire body. "College girls don't fuck around. Most of them don't want to start with sappy, romantic bullshit. They don't want to be courted; they want to be conquered. They want to be fucked hard and fast, by a boy who can tear into them like a ravenous pig. If you want to survive in that world, you need to learn how to take what you want."

Abe let out a sharp, aroused gasp of disbelief, his hips instinctively bucking upward, pressing his rock-hard cock against her heat. As if to reward him, Mara slowly lifted her upper body. The movement caused

her massive udders to wobble and sway above him like huge, fleshy zeppelins, the sheer volume of her tit-melons defying gravity for a moment before settling.

“Jesus,” Abe gasped as he stared up in awe, his breath hitching.

The areolas capping her jugs were wide and dark, the skin pebbled with arousal, and from their centers, thick, rubbery nipples protruded stiffly, pointing straight at him. They looked like hard little berries, desperate for attention, teasing him from just inches away.

Mara reached down, her fingers curled into claws, her nails sinking deep into the lean muscle of Abe’s chest. The sharp sting of her grip only served to fuel the fire roaring in his gut.

Her massive tits distended lewdly above him, squeezed between the press of her forearms as she pinned him to the mattress. The sheer volume of her breasts overflowed, creating a wall of hot, fragrant flesh that blocked out everything but her hungry, dilated pupils.

"Do you want it or not, fucker?" she demanded, her voice dropping an octave into a dominant, predatory growl that vibrated through Abe's entire frame.

"Yes!" Abe shouted, the word ripped from his throat in a raw, desperate burst of adrenaline.

"Then fucking take this girl!" she commanded, her voice a sharp, commanding whip-crack.

The permission snapped the last thread of Abe's restraint. With a sudden, explosive surge of strength, he gripped her hips and flipped her over.

Mara let out a loud, guttural moan as she hit the bed on her back, the impact causing her giant udders to roll and bounce wildly from side to side, the heavy mounds of flesh swaying with a hypnotic, fleshy rhythm.

Without a moment's hesitation, Mara arched her back, drawing her knees up toward her shoulders. Her sexy legs flew wide, her feet with their polished toenails hovering in the air as she presented herself like the bitch in heat she was.

The sight was overwhelming: the wide, inviting saddle of her thick thighs framing the puffy, swollen split of her meticulously shaved cunt. A thin, neat landing strip of hair remained on her mons, acting like a runway that pointed directly toward her dripping entrance.

She was drenched, her natural juices glistening under the bedroom lights, leaking from her folds in thick, clear strings of arousal.

Abe's eyes were locked on that glistening heat, his vision tunneling until the only thing in the universe was the wet, pink opening of his mother's pussy.

He reached down, his hands shaking with lust, and peeled off his white briefs in one violent motion. His cock sprang free, leaping from the fabric with a vivid, pulsing intensity.

It was a weapon of raw youth—several inches above average, thick, veiny, and so rock-hard that the foreskin was pulled back tight, revealing the full, glistening glory of his swollen, deep-red glans.

The head of his dick throbbed in time with his heartbeat, leaking a heavy bead of pre-cum that trailed down the stalk.

“Fuck,” Mara gasped, looking over at the rigid rod of meat pointing toward her. The sight of her son's hardness made her core spasm, a fresh wave of slickness flooding her channel.

She didn't want tenderness; she wanted to be ruined.

"Fuck this hot, hungry pussy!" his mother hissed, her voice a mixture of a command and a plea.

She leaned into the role of the fierce college slut, her hips bucking upward in an instinctive invitation, though the mommy-slut deep inside her was screaming for the real thing.

She wanted to feel the stretch, the fullness, and the merciless rhythm of her son's youth tearing into her long-starved walls. "Stop staring and put that thick cock inside me! Fuck me like a whore, Abe! Now!"

Abe obeyed instantly, lowering himself between the splay of her trembling legs and splitting her twat wide with the leaky, pulsing knob of his cock.

"YES—FUCK!" Mara snarled, her head snapping back into the pillow as she felt that raw teenage meat squeeze inside her baby-tunnel and stretch her starving walls to their absolute limit.

The ridge of Abe's corona strummed across the sensitive corrugations of her inner lining, the big, blunt bell of his glans squeezing through her tight walls as it surged relentlessly toward the back of her pussy.

When his tip struck her cervix, his mother let out a guttural groan of pure, unadulterated pleasure. He was bigger than her husband by far—longer, fatter, and harder, his thick, blood-engorged veins snaking along her nerve endings like electric wires, forcing her to coat his meat in a flood of hot, sticky secretions.

The needy mother didn't wait for him to find a rhythm; she began pumping her cunt on his cock before he could even get started, her powerful thighs harnessing tight around his waist to lock him in.

Their bodies acted on pure animal instinct, pounding together like two beasts in the wild, savoring the friction of their union and the squelch of lubrication.

Abe let out a ragged groan, his eyes glazing over as he felt the crushing heat of her interior. He began to thrust, driving his steel rod deep and hard, filling Mara's dripping cunt completely.

Every plunge was a violent collision, his pelvis slamming against her soft, wet mound with a loud, fleshy *slap* that echoed through the room. He wasn't just fucking her; he was claiming her, his youth and vigor driving into her with a desperate, hungry intensity.

Mara's response was feral. She moaned loudly, her voice cracking as she slammed her hips up to meet every one of his thrusts, riding his cock with a fierce, rhythmic desperation.

Her giant breasts bounced wildly between them with the impact, the heavy mounds of flesh slapping against his chest, her stiff nipples grazing his skin.

She was a whirlwind of lust, her body arching and twisting as she tried to swallow every single inch of him.

"Harder! Fuck me harder!" she screamed, her voice a mixture of maternal authority and slutty submission.

Abe's hands flew to her hips, his fingers digging deep into the plush, expansive curves of her bodacious ass. He gripped the heavy cheeks, pulling her toward him to ensure he bottomed out with every single stroke.

He was pounding her tight, wet pussy with a relentless cadence, the sound of their joining becoming a wet, rhythmic squelch that filled the air. He could feel her walls pulsing around him, milking his shaft, her internal muscles clamping down on his dick in desperate, rhythmic spasms.

Mara clawed at Abe's back, her nails leaving red furrows in his skin as she urged him on.

"Yes! Just like that! Destroy me! Fill me up!" she shrieked, her eyes rolling back in her head.

She was completely undone, her hyper-sexuality finally finding a vessel capable of containing it. The sheer friction was sending sparks through her nervous system, the feeling of her son's thick, veiny cock stretching her open with jackhammering thrusts making her feel more alive than she had in years.

Their bodies slammed together wildly, a frenzy of sweat and slick juices mixing as they collided. The smell of sex—musky, salty, and sweet—saturated the sheets.

Abe was lost in the sensation of her heat, the way her huge ass jiggled under his grip and the way her pussy gripped him and chewed at him like a velvet vice. The way his cum-heavy balls slapped against the ring of her upturned asshole.

He accelerated, his thrusts becoming shorter, faster, and more violent, driving himself into her with a raw, urgent power that left Mara sobbing with pleasure, her body shaking under the onslaught of his youth.

The friction reached a fever pitch, the wet, slapping sounds of their pelvises colliding accelerating into a blur of raw motion. Mara's internal muscles, starved for a year of this kind of brutal penetration, suddenly snapped.

Her cunt clenched with a violent, rhythmic intensity, the walls of her pussy spasming in powerful waves that gripped Abe's shaft like a tight fist. As the air and lubrication were trapped and then forced out by the sheer pressure of his pile-driving meat, her pussy let out loud, wet farts, the sounds of her release echoing the desperation of her hunger.

She screamed, a high, piercing sound that tore from her throat as an overwhelming orgasm crashed over her. It was a seismic event, wracking her entire frame with tremors that made her toes curl and her back arch off the mattress.

This wasn't the gentle, loving release Arthur had provided in the past; this was a savage, primal explosion. It was the kind of intensity she hadn't felt since her college days, back when she had been the prized slut for huge-dicked jocks who had pounded her into a mindless, shivering mush.

The sheer power of Abe's youth, combined with the long-dormant fire of her hypersexuality, turned her into a shaking mess of pleasure, her vision blurring as she was consumed by the white-hot heat of her own climax.

Abe felt the shift instantly. The way her pussy clamped down on him was unlike anything he had ever experienced—it was a predatory grip, milking him with a strength that threatened to pull the very soul out of his cock.

He let out a guttural snarl, his muscles locking as he hit his own breaking point. He couldn't hold back; the sensation of her pulsing walls was too much.

With a final, deep thrust that buried him to the hilt, Abe groaned loudly, his body shuddering as he began to cum. Heavy, hot ropes of seed spat uncontrollably from his glans, jetting deep into the depths of Mara's aching womb.

He felt himself emptying, the thick pulses of his release flooding her, filling her up to the brim.

After riding out their shared release for minutes, he collapsed against her, his chest heaving, his heart hammering against his ribs like a trapped bird.

As the fog of pleasure began to clear, a realization dawned on Abe. He was exhausted, his legs shaking, his breath coming in ragged gasps. He

had been completely overwhelmed. This wasn't just any pussy; he was fucking a woman with years of experience, a woman whose sexual appetite was a force of nature.

His raw, teenage vigor had been enough to trigger her, but he could feel that she was still humming, still hungry, her body already beginning to crave the next wave of pleasure.

Mara lay beneath him, her eyes glazed and her lips parted, a thin trail of saliva escaping the corner of her mouth. She looked utterly destroyed, yet there was a predatory glint in her eyes as she looked up at her son. She had been satisfied, but she hadn't been *conquered*.

“Ready to go again, baby?” she purred, tightening her inner muscles around his rejuvenating meat.

Abe felt a surge of competitive desire. He realized that if he wanted to truly own this woman, to satisfy the insatiable void within her, he couldn't just rely on his youth. He needed control. He needed stamina. He needed to learn how to ride the edge of his own release so he could keep her in this state of shattered bliss for hours.

Driven by a sudden, dominant urge to prove himself, Abe didn't pull out. "I'm ready. I'm not done with you yet, mom," he whispered, his voice deeper, more confident.

Mara let out a low, sultry giggle, her hips giving a small, inviting twitch. "Then prove it, lover," she breathed, her voice a husky invitation. "Show me how much of a man you can be."

Abe gritted his teeth, forcing his mind to refocus, pushing past the lethargy of his orgasm. He began to move again, slower this time, teasing her with long strokes of his swollen stalk, determined to make her stack her orgasms until she couldn't remember her own name.

The hum of the elevator was the only sound in the oppressive silence of the observatory as Arthur descended. His mind had been a storm for the last eight hours, the barometric readings and wind vectors he'd recorded feeling like meaningless scribbles compared to the vivid, forbidden images flashing through his head.

He had spent the entire shift imagining the sounds of flesh slapping flesh, the scent of sweat and sex, and the sight of his son's youth filling the void he could no longer bridge.

As the doors slid open, the scent hit him instantly. It wasn't just the smell of the living quarters; it was a thick, musk-heavy aroma of raw sex—the metallic tang of cum, the salty scent of female lubrication, and the heavy, pheromone musk of two bodies that had been locked in a feverish struggle. It clung to the air, inescapable and intoxicating.

Mara was there to greet him with her sweet smile, and a look of absolute radiance. She wore a thin, oversized shirt that draped over her massive breasts, the fabric clinging to the dampness of her freshly-showered skin.

Her cheeks were flushed a deep, post-coital pink, and her eyes held a glazed, shimmering quality that Arthur recognized all too well. It was the glow of a woman who had been thoroughly, brutally used.

"Welcome home, honey," she whispered, stepping forward to press a warm, lingering kiss to his lips.

As she leaned in, the scent of Abe's seed wafted off her skin, her womb pumped to overflowing with hot, sticky nut.

"Abe's napping," she said, pulling back with a shy, awkward blush that didn't quite hide the predatory satisfaction in her gaze. "He's... a little exhausted."

Arthur's stomach twisted into a tight knot. He looked past her toward the loft, imagining his son collapsed in a heap of spent muscles and sweat. He imagined his son's cock spent from a day of pummeling the greedy grip of his mother's cunt.

"Exhausted huh?" Arthur asked, his voice sounding strained even to his own ears. "Did you two... have you been at it all day?"

Mara let out a low, sultry giggle, her hand drifting down to brush against her own hip, perhaps recalling the feeling of Abe's grip.

"Well, honey, I haven't had a real pounding in over a year. So, yeah... I guess you could say we spent most of the day... tangled together."

Seeing the flicker of pain and longing in Arthur's eyes, she quickly shifted her tone, trying to frame the debauchery as a necessity. "But really, it was for Abe's good. His sex education. I just wanted to make sure he wouldn't be a disaster when he hits college. I couldn't let him go off without knowing how to handle a woman."

Arthur wheeled himself closer, his heart hammering. "And what exactly... what sorts of things did you 'teach' him?"

Mara shifted her weight, her huge breasts swaying beneath the shirt. She looked away for a moment, a flicker of genuine embarrassment crossing her face—not because of the act, but because of the sheer scale of her own greed.

"Today wasn't really... a structured lesson," she admitted softly. "It was mostly just... uncoached sessions. I wanted to test his natural skill level, see where he was lacking, and get an idea of the things he needs to work on. You know, stamina, rhythm, how to hit the right spots..."

Arthur felt a surge of heat. The thought of Mara analyzing Abe's cock, guiding his thrusts, and critiquing his performance made his limp

member throb with a phantom ache. He wanted to know the depth of it. He needed to know exactly how much of her Abe had claimed.

"How many times?" Arthur pressed, his voice trembling. "How many times did he make you... you know? Cum?"

Mara bit her lip, her eyes darting to the bedroom door and then back to her husband. She looked genuinely sheepish, the hypersexual predator momentarily replaced by a woman overwhelmed by her own appetite.

"Oh, honey, I wasn't really keeping count," she lied poorly, a small, guilty smile playing on her lips. "The number isn't what matters, it's the quality."

"Tell me, Mara," Arthur commanded. "I want to know."

Mara sighed, a long, shaky breath as she tried to dodge the question for her husband's sake. "Honey, he's younger than you are. Our sex went on for hours so of course the count will be higher than when you and I were lovemaking."

"Then you do know how many?"

"Sixteen," she breathed. "He made me scream sixteen times."

The number hit Arthur like a physical blow. His stomach knotted violently. In all their years together, even in the height of their early passion, he had never given her that many orgasms in a single day—perhaps not even in a whole week.

The realization that his son had achieved in a few hours what he couldn't do in a lifetime sent a wave of crushing inadequacy through him.

Mara saw the look on Arthur's face—the mixture of shattered pride and dark, obsessive hunger—and a sudden, sharp surge of guilt pierced through her post-coital haze.

She looked at her husband, trapped in that chair, and realized that if he had actually witnessed the debauchery of the afternoon, he might have been devastated beyond recovery.

He had heard the number, but he hadn't seen the raw, animalistic nature of it. He hadn't seen the way she had completely surrendered her dignity to her own son's youth.

She hadn't just had a few quickies; they had engaged in four distinct, ravenous sessions, each one escalating in intensity. The first had been a frantic, clumsy explosion of built-up tension, leaving them both with a single release.

But as the hours passed, the fucking had evolved into something far more violent and consuming. Because Abe had spent so much time buried deep inside her, his cock had become slightly desensitized with every ejaculation. This required harder, faster, and more aggressive cunt-thrusts to reach the edge.

This had worked in Mara's favor, turning the bedroom into a war zone of lust, allowing her to stack orgasm after mindless orgasm until she was nothing but a sweaty slab of maternal meat.

She recalled the second and third rounds—sweaty, mindless tangles of limbs where she had clawed at his back, her huge boobs swinging and slapping him wildly as he pounded her into the mattress.

It had been ball-beating, tit-sucking sex, where Abe had gripped her massive jugs with bruising force, sucking her nipples until they were swollen and raw, while he hammered away at her dripping pussy with a rhythmic, punishing violence.

By the fourth session, they were both delirious, their bodies slick with a cocktail of sweat and spent seed. They had fucked until their muscles trembled, until the only sounds in the room were the wet, slapping noise of their pelvises colliding and the guttural, animal grunts of a boy discovering the true power of his own masculinity.

They had ended in a state of total "fuck-out" bliss, collapsed in a heap of tangled sheets and smelling of raw, unfiltered sex.

Seeing Arthur's eyes glaze over as he processed the weight of her confession, Mara reached out, stroking his cheek with a tenderness that masked the lingering heat between her thighs.

"I know it sounds like a lot, honey," she whispered, her eyes shimmering with sweetness. "I know the number is a shock. But please, try to see it as a positive thing. Look at it as a victory for our family."

"A victory?" Arthur echoed.

"A victory in the sense that Abe is a natural, Arthur," she stated, giving him a small, encouraging smile, framing the betrayal as a selfless act of motherhood.

"He's got a drive that's just... incredible. By the time he gets to college, he won't just be some awkward freshman. He's going to be a master lover. He'll have the stamina and the skill to leave those college girls shaking, begging for more, completely obsessed with him."

She leaned in, pressing her chest against his shoulder, letting him feel the softness of her breasts and the lingering warmth of her skin. "I'm just making sure he's prepared. I'm giving him the tools he needs to be a man. Isn't that what we want for him?"

Arthur looked up at her, his breath hitching. The logic was twisted, insane, and utterly erotic. He could see the glow of the "lessons" still radiating from her, and as he looked toward the loft where his son lay exhausted, he felt a sickening, thrilling desire to know exactly how the next lesson would go.

"Fuck," Abe gasped the next day, laying on his bunk with a sheen of sweat on his face.

He looked over at a family photograph on the wall, a vacation picture taken when he was twelve. His father still had legs to use back then, and his mom was as beautiful and radiant as ever, her tits gigantic and heavy, a source of his constant fantasies back then.

Now, here was that same sexy mom, six years later, riding his cock skillfully, those giant sweaty udders now naked above his very eyes.

Mara looked at the photo, then at her son wickedly. He was still her little boy, like in the picture, but in a man's body now, with a huge meaty cock that stayed hard all day, a scratching post for her insatiable hunger.

She could feel the rigid length of him pulsing inside her, a thick, throbbing pillar of youth that seemed to feed off her own arousal.

"Does mommy's little boy want some titties?" she teased, her voice a sultry purr that vibrated through his chest.

She didn't wait for an answer. With a sudden, playful movement, she flopped her heavy mom-meat down around her son's face, smothering him completely with her warm, squishy overabundance.

Abe let out a muffled groan of pure ecstasy as the world turned into a landscape of soft, fragrant skin and towering mounds of flesh. He was

completely engulfed, his nose and mouth buried deep in the valley of her cleavage.

He began to explore the canyon of her breasts, sucking and motorboating with a desperate hunger, his tongue darting out to lick the salty sweat from her skin. He latched onto one stiff, pebbled nipple, sucking it deep into his mouth, tasting the creamy richness of her.

His face sank further under the sheer weight of all that flesh, the suffocating pressure only fueling his arousal. While his head was lost in her breasts, his lower half was locked in a rhythmic battle of pleasure.

Mara wasn't just sitting there; she was working him. She was grinding her dripping, swollen cunt against his hard cock, her hips rotating in slow, agonizing circles that milked every inch of his shaft.

Her big, heavy ass bobbed up and down, the cheeks slapping against his thighs with a wet, rhythmic sound that echoed in the small room.

"You like that, don't you, Abe?" she moaned, her head tossing back as she felt his cock twitch and swell even further inside her. "You love having your mommy's tits all over your face while I suck the life out of your dick."

Abe couldn't answer, his mouth full of tit-flesh, but his body gave him away. He arched his back, thrusting upward with a raw, animalistic urge, trying to bury himself deeper into her slick heat.



The sensation of her heavy breasts crushing his face combined with the tight, vacuum-like grip of her pussy was almost too much to bear. He could feel her internal muscles clenching and pulsing around him, her hypersexual appetite demanding more, faster, harder.

Mara let out a sharp, guttural cry, her nails digging into his shoulders as she increased the pace. She began to bounce violently, her massive tits wobbling and slapping against his cheeks in a blur of pale skin.

The friction was intense, the heat between them reaching a boiling point. She was a woman possessed, her body craving the friction and the fullness that only her son could provide.

"I'm cumming again, baby!" she screamed, her voice raw with lust.

As Mara screamed, her body suddenly stiffened, her back arching in a violent, electric spasm. A powerful, uncontrolled surge of pleasure

ripped through her, and from the tiny, glistening slit of her urethra, a hot, torrential spray of fem-cum erupted.

The clear, salty fluid shot out in rhythmic pulses, soaking the base of Abe's thick shaft and flooding his swollen balls in a warm, sticky deluge. The sheer volume of her release drenched them both, the scent of her arousal filling the air as she shuddered uncontrollably atop him.

Abe, driven wild by the sensation of her squirting all over him, lost all restraint. He gripped her massive, shaking ass cheeks, pulling her down with raw force. His thick, flexing cock pummeled through the greedy, vacuum-like grip of her cunt, each thrust a brutal, meaty collision.

He drove himself in to the hilt, his broad glans smashing repeatedly against her puffy cervical ring. The impact sent jolts of pleasure straight to Mara's core, her internal walls clamping down on him like a vice, trying to suck every drop of essence from his youth.

"Oh god, yes! Fuck me! Break me open!" she wailed, her giant breasts slapping rhythmically against his face and chest.

As Abe's pace reached a frantic, desperate crescendo, Mara felt the telltale quiver of his cock. She could feel the rhythmic pulsing of his shaft, the sign that he was seconds away from an explosive release.

Not wanting the pleasure to end, she shifted her hips, slowing his momentum just enough to regain control.

"Wait, baby... stop," she gasped, her voice a commanding, sultry rasp.

She leaned down, her heavy tits brushing his chin, her eyes locking onto his with an intense, predatory hunger.

"You've done amazing, but I'm gonna teach you to last even longer."

Abe groaned, his body trembling with the effort of holding back. Mara began to coach him, her voice a low, rhythmic guide. She told him to breathe—deep, focused breaths into his belly—to move the tension away from his groin and distribute it through his entire body.

She guided his hips, showing him how to adjust the angle of his thrusts, tilting her pelvis just so that his cock rubbed against the most sensitive clusters of her G-spot and the walls of her vagina.

"Don't just hammer," she whispered, her breath hot against his ear. "Feel me. Grind into me. Slow... then fast... then slow again. This is how you handle a girl in college, Abe. This is how you make a woman like me absolutely lose her mind."

Following her instructions, Abe began to edge, the agony of restraint only heightening the pleasure. He focused on the friction, the way her slick, hot meat clung to him. He shifted his angle, driving upward and forward, hitting her sweet spot with surgical precision.

Mara's eyes rolled back in her head; the calculated stimulation was far more intense than the raw pounding. She began to come apart again, her

pussy rippling in waves of exquisite torture, her body racking with a second, mind-bending climax that felt like a supernova exploding inside her.

She screamed, her nails carving deep furrows into his back, her internal muscles milking him with a desperate, crushing intensity. Only when she had completely collapsed, her body limp and drenched in sweat and juices, did she give him the signal.

"Now," she whimpered, her voice broken. "Now, give it all to me. Fill your mommy up!"

With a guttural roar, Abe surrendered. He thrust one last time, burying himself as deep as humanly possible, and let out a violent, explosive release. Ropes of thick, hot cum shot uncontrollably into her depths, filling her womb to overflowing as he shuddered in the arms of the woman who had turned him into a man.

One month later, the elevator doors slid open with a soft chime, and Arthur wheeled himself into the living quarters, the scent of musk and spent lust still clinging to the air like a heavy veil.

Time had passed in a blur of high-altitude isolation and domestic debauchery. While Arthur spent his days meticulously recording barometric pressures and wind vectors, he had become a silent curator

of his own torment, listening to Mara's detailed, graphic reports of how Abe was progressing.

She had framed it as a selfless act of motherhood—training her son to be a stallion for the college girls—while she spent every waking hour of the daylight, drenched in Abe's youth, chasing orgasm after screaming orgasm.

As he entered the room, Mara was waiting for him. She looked radiant, her skin glowing with a luminosity that went beyond the post-coital flush he had grown accustomed to. She was wearing a sheer, clinging robe that did nothing to hide the slight, soft curve beginning to push against her lower abdomen.

Her giant breasts seemed even fuller, the nipples dark and erect, straining against the fabric.

"Arthur, honey," she beamed, her voice dripping with a saccharine, triumphant sweetness. "We're gonna have another baby!"

Arthur's face remained a mask of neutrality, though inside, a storm of conflicting emotions raged. He wasn't surprised. Given the frequency and violence of their fucking—the way Mara described Abe pumping her full of hot, potent seed multiple times a day—it was an inevitability.

He imagined the sheer volume of cum that had flooded her womb over the last month, a constant tide of his son's essence claiming the space he could no longer fill.

Seeing the flicker of hesitation in his eyes, Mara leaned down, her heavy tits brushing against his chest, her scent—a mix of expensive perfume and the raw, salty tang of Abe—filling his nostrils.

"Don't look so sad, honey," she whispered, her voice a sultry caress.

"Think of it as a gift. You know as well as I do that this would have been impossible without Abe. His seed is so strong... it just took over."

She pulled back slightly, a smug, knowing smile playing on her lips as she began to detail the conception. "He's become such a master, Arthur. The stamina... god, the stamina. He doesn't just fuck me anymore; he owns me. He knows exactly how to hit my cervix, how to keep me on the edge for hours until I'm sobbing and begging for him to just fill me up. He's a natural. He's a beast in the bedroom, just like we want him to be for those girls in college."

Arthur listened in a heavy, suffocating silence, his jealousy simmering just beneath the surface, warring with a perverse, voyeuristic thrill. He was the architect of this arrangement, the one who had consented to the taboo, yet the reality of his son impregnating his wife was a jagged pill to swallow.

The power dynamic in the family had shifted irrevocably. For years, Abe had spent his adolescence in a state of agonizing longing, staring at the curve of his mother's hips and the heavy bounce of her tits, fantasizing about stepping into his father's shoes.

He had spent countless nights jerking off, imagining the feeling of his mom's dripping cunt clamping around his cock, the taste of her nipples, and the sensation of her hot mouth swallowing him whole. Now, the fantasy was his reality.

He wasn't just stepping into his father's shoes; he had completely replaced him in the one arena that mattered most.

The irony was a jagged blade twisting in Arthur's gut. He had once been the king of this domain, the one who satisfied Mara's legendary appetite. Now, he was a spectator in his own home, wishing with every fiber of his being that he could be his son Abe.

He craved to be the one feeling Mara's heavy tits crushing his chest, the one tasting her musk, the one plunging into her heat. He wanted to be the object of her ravenous affection, to be the one she begged to fuck her senseless.

The male roles in this household had certainly reversed.

Mara, meanwhile, was basking in a pleasure she had only ever dared to imagine in her darkest, most secret thoughts. Even during the peak of her marriage to Arthur, she had harbored a hidden, pulsing curiosity about the raw, unbridled energy of a young man—someone barely legal, brimming with testosterone and an endless drive.

Now, she was discovering that the reality was far more intoxicating than the dream. The feeling of Abe's hard, inexperienced-yet-rapidly-evolving cock stretching her open was a revelation.

8 MONTHS LATER...

"Oh yeah, you worship my balls so good, mom," Abe gasped, staring down his torso and watching her lick and suck his ball-sack, her long tongue lavishing nuts full of potent cum that would soon be painting her cervix white with cream-goo.

He arched his back, his fingers digging into the mattress as Mara's expert tongue swirled around the sensitive skin of his scrotum, tasting the salty musk of his recent release.

He always got at least one blowjob a day from his cock-hungry mother, and he got a kick out of how she told his father that the only reason she did it was because that's what girls in college will do to him, and she wanted him to be prepared.

Unlike those college sluts Abe would soon be getting head from, Mara was a master cock-sucker, and she had only gotten better since she had a huge teenage rod to practice on every day.

She knew exactly how to use her suction, how to swirl her tongue around the rim of his glans, and how to tease his balls until he was shaking with need.

"Fuck me stupid, baby," Mara purred, her voice a low, guttural vibration. She climbed up to mount him, her giant pregnant belly sticking out like a beach ball beneath taut, glowing skin, packed with twins.

The sight of her—pregnant, ravenous, and utterly shameless—sent a surge of adrenaline through Abe's veins.

"My cock—my sperm did that," he proudly thought, staring up at all that succulent preggo-mommy-meat.

He reached up, grabbing her massive, milk-swollen breasts, squeezing the heavy mounds as they wobbled with her movements, milk seeping from her engorged teats.

Abe loved spending the day buried under all that maternal meat. His mom's tits had become milk-heavy wrecking balls that he would greedily suck for hours while she came undone on the unyielding meat of his hard cock.

As Mara lowered herself, the slick, dripping heat of her cunt slid over his head, swallowing him whole in one wet, tight gulp.



She let out a loud, echoing moan, her head snapping back as she felt him bottom out against her puffy cervix. All Abe had to do was sit back and watch her dance on his cock, tits and belly bouncing around lewdly.

Sure, he could have felt bad for fucking his crippled father's wife, but the way he saw it, he was actually doing his dad a favor—taking care of

the sweaty, nasty, pleasurable business his old man could no longer attend to.

Mara was losing it, her body shaking as she rode him with a feral intensity, her outer flanges slapping wetly on his cock-base.

"Yes! Harder! Fuck your mother harder, Abe!" she shrieked, her voice carrying through the living quarters.

"I got this, mom," he said, a cocky note thrumming in his voice as he drove his hips up, driving his ass from the mattress to spear his cock through the desperately tight grip of her pregnant cunt.

His shaft surged, an engine of rigid heat, as it rammed deeper into her clutching channel—a tunnel scored in slick, squeezing folds that gripped every throb and vein of his cock.

The head, fat and plum-like, forged ahead with obscene promise, burrowing past every swollen ridge, stretching her needy sex around his invading girth.

With each ruthless thrust, his cock flexed, the veins bulging along its length as it pummeled through the shivering heat of her inner walls, gouging pleasure from every sensitive nerve buried in her corrugated lining.

The swollen tip battered into the deepest reaches of her pussy, plowing at her molten core, pushing through the slick resistance with relentless force.

All the while, their bodies writhed together—a tangle of skin, sweat, and leaking passion, the swollen bulge of her belly heaving with every shuddering grind.

He used her wanton heat as a sheath for his insistent flesh, glorying in the way her sodden pussy milked him, muscles fluttering helplessly as he pounded into her.

Every nerve along his cock blazed with sensation, the abrasion of her desperate squeeze coaxing out more pre-cum, making their joining slick and shameless, forcing gasp after gasp from her lips.

He reveled in the drag and squeeze, the cunt that wrapped him like a fist, hungry for every inch he could give.

Suddenly, Mara's body stiffened, her internal muscles clamping down on Abe's shaft like a vice. A loud, guttural cry ripped from her throat as she reached a shattering peak, one of dozens she'd experience that day.

A torrent of fem-cum erupted from her, soaking Abe's cock and balls in a hot, translucent flood. She squirted violently, the fluids splashing against the sheets and Abe's stomach, her orgasmic cries echoing through the observatory like a siren of pure, forbidden lust.

In the control room, Arthur began his day's work, the routine a hollow shell as he pictured his wife and son in the throes of raw, frantic fucking in the living quarters below.

He imagined the wet, rhythmic slap of their bodies meeting, his son's tireless cock pounding into her with a stamina Arthur could only envy—the confident teen claiming his wife in ways he no longer could.

THE END