

The New Family Arrangement – Part 2 of 3

By Klrxo

“Can we have a conversation about our new arrangement?” Phil implored, his brow furrowed with worry. “I can't shake the feeling of unease I've been having about this whole thing.”

Brianna's lips curved into a sly smirk. “I don't expect you to feel good about it, but your feelings won't change a thing, honey,” she stated bluntly. “I'm in love with Finley. Do you really think anything you say is gonna change that?”

“Brianna, he's not someone you should be in love with, not in a romantic way anyway.”

“How can you even say that?” Brianna interrupted, rolling her eyes dismissively. “Finley is young, gorgeous and incredibly charming. He has a beautiful penis and his skills in bed surpass anything you've ever shown me. What's there not to fall in love with?”

“Brianna, please listen to reason. You're talking about—”

“Why do you always have to be like this?” Brianna snapped, her eyebrows furrowing in frustration. “Why can't you just be happy for Finley and I?”

“I would be happy if I had my wife back and my son found someone his own age.”

“But in me, you know exactly what Finley is getting in a woman,” Brianna retorted defiantly. “You should be excited for him and the incredible sexual pleasure he's experiencing.”

“Yes, and meanwhile I get nothing,” Phil pointed out with a sigh, his frustration palpable in the air. He sat slumped on the couch, his hands rubbing wearily at his face.

Brianna looked at him sympathetically, understanding his pain but also feeling a twinge of annoyance. "You can still give yourself pleasure," she replied gently, trying to offer some form of consolation. "There is such a thing as masturbation."

"I want pleasure from my wife. That's why I'm married," he countered, his voice holding a hint of desperation.

Brianna shook her head slightly, her expression apologetic but firm. "That's not happening, I'm sorry." She reached out and rubbed Phil's shoulder in a comforting manner, feeling just a tad bit sorry for him.

"We can get you a fake vagina or even a blow up doll if you want," she offered, trying to lighten the mood a little, "but you need to understand that Finley's in charge of the sex around here now."

"I can't even kiss you?" Phil asked incredulously, frustration laced with longing in his voice.

His wife couldn't help but giggle at how pathetically desperate he sounded. "Phil, no... I told you, no more affection between you and I."

"That's ridiculous," he complained bitterly.

"No it's not," Brianna countered firmly, her tone leaving no room for argument. "And I'll warn you right now, if you so much as try to steal a hug, I'll probably slap you," she added with a slight edge to her voice.

"For a damn hug?!" Phil exclaimed, disbelief evident in his tone.

"If you want a hug, you need to ask me and if I feel it's appropriate, I'll give you one," Brianna stated firmly, "but it'll be quick with as little touch as possible."

“What did I do to deserve this, Brianna?” Phil asked with a pained expression in his eyes. The hurt was palpable, seeping out of him in waves as he struggled to make sense of the situation.

“Honey, you didn't do anything. There's nothing you could have done to prevent this,” Brianna replied, her voice tinged with sympathy. “I was just swept off my feet by someone else. Someone who is better than you in every way. His charms and good looks were just too much for me to resist. It doesn't mean that you are any less of a person. Finley is simply superior to you in every aspect. He has it all – looks, charm, a huge cock – everything I could ever want.”

Phil's face fell even more at her words but he couldn't help but defend himself. “OK, but I don't think I'm bad looking.”

Brianna let out a small chuckle before shaking her head. “But you do have lost some hair,” she said, pointing at his receding hairline. “And gained some weight around your waistline. Women don't find those things attractive at all.”

“Yeah, well, every guy has some imperfections,” Phil retorted defensively.

Brianna shook her head once again. “That's simply not true,” she stated firmly. “Name one thing that's physically imperfect about our son.”

“That's because he's—”

“You can't find anything wrong, can you?” she continued, her tone growing louder as she cut him off mid-sentence. “He has a full head of perfect hair, a lean and muscular physique, and an impressively long and thick penis. How can you compete with that? You can't even come close.”

“But I—”

“When it comes to a male specimen, Finley is as close to perfection as one can get,” Brianna stated confidently, her voice echoing off the kitchen walls. “And don't I deserve the best?”

Phil let out a heavy sigh and looked down at the ground, feeling defeated.

“Don't I?!” Brianna repeated sternly, her strong voice filling the room.

“Yes, you do,” Phil reluctantly admitted.

“Thank you. Now stop feeling sorry for yourself and be happy for me. This is a very thrilling time in my life. You remember how it felt when we first fell in love.”

“Yes, and unlike you I'm still in love, despite all this nonsensical drama,” retorted Phil with a scowl.

“Phil, don't twist my words. I never said I didn't love you. We're still married, aren't we?” Brianna's voice held an edge as she spoke sternly.

“Yes, but our marriage feels like a mere facade now,” he muttered bitterly.

“The only thing that has changed is that we are no longer intimate,” Brianna stated matter-of-factly. “The sexual part of me is better fulfilled by someone else. But aside from that, everything remains the same as it always has.”

“Sex is a vital aspect of any marriage, Brianna,” Phil pointed out with frustration.

“I am well aware of that fact. That's why you still have an important role to play in my sex life, even if you will never touch me physically,” Brianna explained calmly.

Phil wore a look of dread mixed with curiosity as he listened to her continue speaking.

“Finley and I will need your support, especially now that we have decided it's time to try for a baby together.”

“But we've only just started this new arrangement. Isn't it too soon to be—”

“No, our bedroom switch was simply the first step. As I told you yesterday, Finley and I have been engaging in intimate fucking and sucking for quite some time now.” She giggled mischievously. “In fact, considering how often we've been doing the nasty, it's a wonder I'm not already pregnant. But that will change very soon.”

“Why now though? Why all of the sudden have you decided you want another baby?”

“Because, for various reasons, which do not concern you, Finley and I have decided it is the right time. It is our decision to make, not yours.”

“For various reasons? What does that mean?”

“Finley has a particular fantasy involving impregnating a woman,” Brianna explained matter-of-factly. “Something about a pregnant belly and swollen breasts full of milk really turns him on. He keeps saying he would love to see me that way, so why not make his fantasy a reality?”

“Brianna, getting pregnant is not just some casual activity so that someone can just get their kicks.”

“I agree, but since you and I have discussed wanting another baby anyways, there is no reason why our son and I can't create one, and in doing so, we also fulfill Finley's desire.”

“Well, those discussions were about YOU AND I having another child, not you and Finley.”

Brianna rolled her eyes dismissively. "There you go again, letting your selfish emotions get in the way."

"How is helping to conceive a child that I will be raising selfish?" Phil demanded.

"Phil, you need to face the truth that Finley is far more capable of producing a child than you are," his wife stated calmly. "And not just any child, but a beautiful one at that. Honestly, considering your age and declining libido, it would be best if you left the baby making process to someone younger and virile, like Finley."

Phil's brow furrowed in confusion as he listened to his wife's plan. "But you said I could be a part of it," he reminded her. "Didn't you just say that?"

Brianna nodded, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Yes, you can still be involved," she assured him. "You just won't have any physical role in the process."

Phil couldn't help but feel disappointed and left out. "So what exactly am I supposed to do?" he asked.

"Simple tasks," Brianna replied. "Like getting us towels, water, and whatever else we may need during our baby-making love sessions."

Phil felt a twinge of annoyance at being reduced to a mere cuckold servant, but didn't want to argue with his wife. She was determined to have their son impregnate her, and it seemed like there was no changing her mind.

"I didn't think being a part of this meant being used as a servant," Phil grumbled.

Brianna's expression turned stern as she gave him a pointed look. "Would you rather me exclude you completely from the process?" she countered. "Because that's also an option."

Phil knew better than to push her on the matter. It was clear that she had made up her mind, and he didn't want to risk losing her over something like this.

"I just thought we would handle this together, as husband and wife," he said softly.

A wicked grin spread across Brianna's face. "Oh no, that's definitely not happening," she declared with a mischievous giggle. "But I do have one special role for you - be a sort-of...confidante for Finley."

Phil raised an eyebrow in surprise. "What do you mean by confidante?"

"Just someone for him to talk to and provide emotional support during these intimate moments between him and I," Brianna explained.

Phil let out a heavy sigh, feeling defeated and rejected. He knew there was no changing Brianna's mind, but he couldn't help feeling hurt by her words.

"Well, if that's what you want," he said quietly, his voice barely audible.

Brianna's voice took on a serious tone as she addressed her husband. "I expect you to provide words of encouragement for him, honey," she stated firmly. "But let me make one thing clear: if I find out that you're trying to communicate any negative feelings or guilt trip him in any way, I will shut you out of this process before you can even blink. Do you understand?"

Phil nodded solemnly, fully comprehending the weight of his wife's warning.

"We all have our roles to play in this new arrangement," Brianna continued, her voice low and smooth like honey. "Just because we

are no longer intimate does not mean your role as the family cuckold is any less important."

"I hate being labeled that way, Brianna," Phil said with a heavy sigh.

"I understand it's a difficult concept to accept, but it is your reality now," Brianna explained, her tone sympathetic yet firm. "No one enjoys being labeled a cuck, but you must come to terms with it."

"It's pure bullshit," Phil muttered under his breath.

Brianna's eyes flashed with anger at his words. "Excuse me?!" she blurted, her voice rising in intensity. "Don't take that fucking tone with me! I am going out of my way to include you in this process. If you continue acting like a whiny little bitch, you'll do nothing but listen to us fuck from down the hallway, understood?"

Phil nodded silently, unable to argue with her logic.

"Finley should be home from school soon," Brianna continued, her voice tinged with anticipation. "And then he and I will engage in our first official session of baby conception lovemaking." She paused, looking at Phil with anxious eyes. "I need you to go in and get our bed ready while I shower and shave my legs."

"What do you mean by 'get the bed ready'?" Phil asked, feeling a sense of unease wash over him.

"Come on, Phil," Brianna said with a hint of impatience. "You've been through this process before. We'll need clean towels for afterwards, lubricants in case they're needed, a few scented candles for ambiance, and some soft music playing in the background."

Phil forced a small smile, but inside his heart sank at the thought of being excluded from such an intimate and important part of their

journey towards starting a family. Reluctantly, he followed his wife's instructions, preparing the room as she had requested.

As soon as Finley arrived home from school, he eagerly asked his father about Brianna's progress. "Is she getting ready?"

"Yes, she's in the bathroom," Phil replied with a hint of discomfort in his tone.

"Sweeeet," Finley grinned and quickly stripped out of his shirt and shorts. Phil watched, feeling a sick fascination, as his son pulled down his underwear, revealing a massive, vein-encrusted erection.

"She wouldn't let me fuck her this morning," Finley revealed with a mischievous glint in his eyes. "She said she wanted me to have a nice full load of cum this afternoon."

Phil shifted uncomfortably, trying not to think about his own wife engaging in such activities with their son. But it was hard to ignore the way Finley looked - lean and good-looking with an erect prick jutting out like a sword ready for battle.

"Honestly, I can't wait for her to be big and pregnant though," Finley admitted with excitement. "Feeling that baby-filled belly squashed between us...and seeing her titties get even bigger when they fill with milk. It's gonna be awesome!"

Phil felt disgusted by Finley's eagerness for something so intimate and personal, especially since it involved his own wife. He cleared his throat awkwardly before speaking up.

"Brianna asked me to give you words of encouragement throughout this process, so I'll uh...I'll be here for you," he said, forcing himself to sound supportive.

"Kind of like a wing-man," Finley added with a big grin.

"Yeah...sort of, I guess."

“So, um...how does a woman want it, when you’re making a baby with them?” Finley asked.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, sometimes mom and I fuck hard and fast, you know, like a couple of animals,” Finley stated. “Then other times it's slow and sensual, more like making love, you know? Which one is more appropriate when you’re making a baby together?”

Phil hesitated for a moment, trying to find the right words. “Well, Finley, it really depends on the woman and her preferences. Some women might prefer a more aggressive approach, while others like something softer and more tender. It's important to communicate with your partner and find out what they're comfortable with.”

“I guess that makes sense,” Finley nodded, then his lips curled into a devilish grin. “With mom it'll probably be hard and rough. She likes the really nasty shit.”

“I’m aware of what your mom likes,” Phil said. “I've been married to her for twenty years, remember?”

“But what about position, though? Like, should I start in missionary or fuck her from behind?”

Phil chuckled, feeling a bit out of his depth as he tried to navigate this conversation. “Again, it's really up to the woman. Some might like missionary, while others might prefer doggy style. The most important thing is to listen to your partner and make them feel comfortable.”

“Oh, and what about the bed? Should I put the pillows under her ass or something so I can hit her deeper, although I pretty much bottom out whatever position we're in so I guess it doesn't really matter.”

A pained expression flashed across Phil's face as he winced at the forthrightness of Finley's confession.

"Just...do what feels right and I'm sure she'll guide you," he said, trying to brush off the subject. "She knows a lot about this stuff."

"She sure does," Finley nodded. "Some of the things she's been having me do to her, I've never even heard of before."

Phil's curiosity got the best of him and he couldn't help but ask, even though his gut told him not to. "Such as?"

"Fingering her ass while we fuck, biting and pulling on her nipples," Finley answered with a smirk. "And tons of crazy sex positions."

Phil let out a sigh of frustration, knowing they were engaging in activities that society would deem depraved.

Just then, Brianna appeared in the doorway, clad in a beautiful white babydoll nighty and high heel slip ons. Her dark hair framed her face as she gazed anxiously at them.

Finley whistled in approval. "Damn, you're looking hot, mom."

Brianna's voice was laced with eagerness as she gazed directly at her boy, her eyes practically sparkling with desire. "Ready to put a baby in this girl?" she asked, her words dripping with innuendo.

"Hell yes," Finley practically drooled, his gaze fixated on Brianna's jutting breasts. With each click of her dainty heels on the floor, his boner twitched in anticipation. She strode towards him with an alluring sway to her hips, and he couldn't look away.

As they embraced tightly in the center of the room, Phil felt sick to his stomach. He could barely stand to watch as his wife's oversized tits pressed against Finley's chest, distending out at the sides like balloons about to burst. Their kiss was filled with passion, their

lips fused in open ovals while their tongues wrestled together inside Finley's mouth.

Phil cleared his throat, breaking their kiss and earning a glare from his wife. She seemed far from happy at his interruption.

"Leave or sit quietly in the corner and wait until we need something. Your choice," she directed coolly.

"I'll stay for now," said Phil, though he knew he would regret that decision. As soon as he sat down, he watched in dread as Brianna whispered things into Finley's ear while defiantly staring back at her husband. He couldn't hear what she was saying, but it was clear from lip-reading that every other word was "fuck" or "pussy," making it absolute filth.

Feeling a sense of unease wash over him, Phil watched as Finley helped his wife out of her nightgown while Brianna slipped her sexy feet from her heels.

Now both naked and anxious, Brianna took Finley's hand and led him to their bed, her eyes flashing with a wicked smirk that twisted the knife in her husband's heart. With graceful ease, she sprawled across the mattress and guided her teen on top of her, her thighs opening to cradle his body against hers.

Phil watched from his vantage point as his wife grasped Finley's large erection in her hand, teasingly running the thick head along her slick folds and over her sensitive clitoris before eagerly impaling herself upon it. A gasp escaped Brianna's lips as her slippery walls enveloped the girth of Finley's manhood, causing both of them to shudder in pleasure.

"Ah, yes!" Finley moaned as he thrust his hips forward, burying himself deep inside Brianna's tight wetness with powerful ferocity.

The bed suddenly came alive with frenzied movement, every joint and slat of the frame creaking in protest as Finley and Brianna fell

into a passionate rhythm that mirrored the intense beating of their hearts.

Phil clenched his fists as he watched his wife and son become one, their bodies melding together in an act that made his skin crawl. He could hear the slap of flesh against flesh, the wet sounds of their lovemaking filling the room.

"Oh, fuck me harder!" Brianna moaned, her voice filled with lust. She reached up and grabbed Finley's neck, pulling him down for a deep kiss, their tongues intertwining like serpents as they continued to fuck.

Finley obliged, thrusting harder and faster, his balls slapping against Brianna's upturned ass with each powerful thrust. He reached down to fondle her jostling tits, tweaking her hard nipples between his fingers, making her cry out in pleasure.

Phil couldn't tear his eyes away, despite the sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach. He was transfixed by the sight of Finley's massive balls slapping against the ring of his wife's tight asshole. The unyielding shaft of Finley's cock glistened with a mixture of precum and secretions as it emerged from the snug sleeve of Brianna's wet, pulsating vagina.

"Oh God, it feels so fucking good, mom," Finley groaned, sending a pang of jealousy through Phil's heart. He knew firsthand how tight his wife's pussy was and he could only imagine the intense pleasure it brought to someone with a huge dick like Finley's.

Brianna's legs were tightly wrapped around Finley's back, her ankles intertwined and her toes adorned with glossy red nail polish that glimmered in the flickering candlelight.

"Fuck my pussy," her sexy voice whimpered, bouncing her rounded ass from the bed mattress to meet his thrusts.

Their bodies were locked together in a primal dance, muscles rippling beneath their flawless skin as they moved in perfect synchrony. The rhythm of their thrusts was mesmerizing, each one drawing out moans and gasps of ecstasy from both partners. Phil couldn't help but feel a mix of desire and disgust as he watched this primal display unfold before him.

"Oh, baby, I'm gonna cum!" Brianna announced, her voice trembling with anticipation as she clutched the sheets beneath her. Phil could see the telltale signs of her arousal - the flush on her chest and cheeks, the ragged breaths that escaped her lips. He knew that his wife's orgasms weren't a necessary part of the baby making process, but they would inevitably happen along the way, whether he liked it or not.

As Brianna reached the peak of pleasure, her body convulsed in waves and her screams echoed off the walls. Phil couldn't believe what he was seeing - his usually reserved wife completely lost in ecstasy with their own son. It was both arousing and unsettling at the same time.

Her shaking was more intense and her screams were louder than any she had ever had with him during their marriage. The sound of her pleasure filled the room and Phil couldn't deny the spike of jealousy that shot through him. But he also couldn't deny how incredibly hot it was to watch his wife lose control like this.

"Fuck me harder, baby!" Brianna begged, her voice filled with lust. "I want you to cum inside me. Give me your baby!"

Finley gripped her hips tightly, thrusting deeper and harder with each slam of their bodies together. Sweat glistened on their skin as they moved in perfect synchronicity, their bodies slapping together with a wet, flesh-on-flesh sound. The bed creaked and groaned beneath them, struggling to hold their combined weight as Phil watched in horror.

His wife's moans of pleasure filled the room, punctuated by the sound of Finley's grunts of effort. The sight of his son's massive erection sliding in and out of Brianna's wet pussy made his stomach churn, but he couldn't look away.

Finley's breath came in ragged gasps as he struggled to form coherent words. "I-I'm going to... cum!" His hips bucked urgently, driving his cock deep into Brianna's hot, wet core. He could feel the build-up of his orgasm in his pulsating balls, as they clenched tightly against his body. With a guttural cry, Finley released a torrent of hot semen that shot forcefully through his throbbing shaft and into Brianna's welcoming womb.

His mother moaned in pleasure as each thick rope of cum splashed against her cervix, igniting intense spasms within her own body. She reveled in the sensation of being filled with Finley's potent seed, feeling it mix and mingle with her own juices.

Meanwhile, Phil's heart was torn apart at the sight before him. He watched helplessly as his own son claimed his wife's body and impregnated her with his virile essence. The conflicting emotions of desire, jealousy, and heartbreak overwhelmed him as he witnessed the ultimate betrayal of his marriage vows.

As the last shudders of Finley's orgasm ebbed away, he collapsed against Brianna's body, spent and sated. Phil, who had been in a daze since witnessing his wife and Finley together, was brought back to reality by the sharp snap of her fingers.

"Don't just sit there, Phil. Get me a towel," she directed, pointing to the pile of towels he had brought in earlier.

Phil hurried to fetch one and stood watching as his wife wiped the sweat from Finley's back with gentle strokes. The sight of his son resting against Brianna's voluptuous form made Phil feel a twinge of envy.

"Don't bother him," Brianna warned, sensing her husband's thoughts. "Let him bask in the afterglow. He has a very short refractory period, so he'll be ready to go again in just a few minutes."

"A few minutes?" Phil asked incredulously, not expecting round two so soon.

"Yes, he's a teenager, Phil. He's not like you," Brianna answered matter-of-factly. "Whenever you and I had sex, you were always one and done. That's why it was never memorable. But with Finley, it's different. Sex is like a series of rounds, each one longer than the last."

"How can you say that ours wasn't memorable?" Phil protested defensively. "I think we've had some wonderful moments over the years."

Brianna chuckled. "That's what I thought too... until I started sleeping with Finley. Then I realized how unfulfilled I had been with our marital sex and didn't even realize it."

"How could you say that, Brianna? I—"

"You what, Phil?" she asked, cutting him off. "Don't even say you're good in bed because we both know that's not true."

"There were times where I pleased you."

"No," Brianna nodded, with an snicker, "there were times where you thought you pleased me. The truth is, Phil...our sex was always quite boring to me. You're not good at it at all, honey, and ninety-percent of the orgasms I had with you were fake."

"Fake?" Phil asked, his heart sinking.

"Yes, fake," Brianna giggled coldly. "I felt sorry for you because your dick was just...average, and you performed like a fucking clown."

“Gee, thanks.”

“I'm sorry, honey, I'm just being honest. Have you ever started a new, incredible routine and then wondered how you ever lived without doing it before?” she asked. “That's what it's been like with Finley... and that's why I'm with him now.”

Her son let out a deep, satisfied sigh as he began to slowly move his hips, bringing himself back to life inside Brianna once again. She giggled and ran her fingers through his damp hair. “See what I mean?” she asked teasingly, “he's ready for round two already.”

Brianna directed a quick glare Phil's direction, throwing the towel at him. “Get this out of our way,” she commanded.

“Brianna, I can't stay and watch this,” Phil said, struggling to keep his eyes from wandering back to the writhing pair in front of him, “especially if it goes longer than it just did.”

He watched with a mix of fascination and discomfort as Brianna's legs slithered back up around Finley's waist, placing him in a tight fuck-harness.

“He's fucking your wife and planting a baby inside of her,” Brianna remarked nonchalantly. “I understand if you can't handle being in the room for this, Phil. We never asked you to watch, just to be available when we need you.”

“I don't think you understand how difficult this is for me,” Phil admitted, his expression pained.

“I do,” she replied with a smirk, enjoying the turmoil in his eyes. “But this isn't about you and your feelings. Finley and I are working tirelessly today to create a beautiful baby. You should be grateful that he's not only capable of pleasing your wife sexually and making her orgasm, but also filling her womb with life. Both of which we know you're unable to do.”

Phil felt completely defeated. "And that's supposed to make me feel better?"

"If you truly love me, then yes," Brianna answered confidently.

As Finley's thrusts increased in speed and intensity, the bed beneath them creaked and groaned. Brianna pointed to the door with a sharp glare at her husband. "If you're not sitting in the corner, then get out. I'll call you if and when we need you," she panted, her voice strained with pleasure.

Phil's eyes were fixated on the scene before him as he left the room. He couldn't help but watch as Brianna rolled Finley onto his back and mounted him from above. Her thick, rounded ass and wide, childbearing hips swayed seductively as she rode Finley's cock with skilled precision. The sight of her huge, sloping tits bouncing and jiggling on her ribcage, just above Finley's stunned gaze, was nothing short of mesmerizing.

With one final "fuck you" glance at her husband, Brianna began to truly let loose, riding Finley's erection like a sex-crazed goddess. Phil tried to leave the room to avoid watching, but he couldn't escape the sounds of his wife's moans and screams of pleasure that filled the next two hours.

"Ah, shit!" Finley gasped as Brianna fucked his tireless cock as hard as she could.

He clawed at the sheets, his fingers digging into the fabric as he attempted to find purchase against her hips. The bed creaked and groaned beneath them, struggling to hold their weight as Finley thrust up into Brianna's wet and welcoming pussy. The sight of his mom's massive tits bouncing and jiggling on her ribcage, just above his stunned gaze, was nothing short of mesmerizing.

As Finley pummeled her with his enormous erection, the room was filled with the sound of his balls slapping against her ass with each

powerful thrust. Brianna moaned and screamed in pleasure, her body convulsing with each feverish release.

When Finley finally reached his peak, his face was buried deep in the warm, fleshy mound of Brianna's breasts. His groans were primal and raw, muffled by the soft fat-filled skin pressed against his mouth. With each spurt of release, he clenched his teeth around her tender nipple, driving his hips upwards in a frenzy. The walls of Brianna's tight, slick channel gripped him tightly as he filled her womb with his hot, potent seed, leaving them both covered in a sticky reminder of their passionate union.

"Phil, we need you," his wife texted urgently, abruptly interrupting his TV show and pulling him away from the comfortable couch. With a sigh, he made his way down to their bedroom, gently tapping on the door before entering.

The air was thick with the pungent scent of sex, almost overpowering in its intensity. Brianna and Finley were entwined in a heap of sweat-drenched bodies, her still on top of him in a state of post-orgasmic bliss. Phil's eyes quickly took in the tangled mess of hair and limbs before settling on his wife's pleading look. "Water," she pointed weakly towards the nightstand, her voice hoarse from exertion.

Phil retrieved the glass and brought it over to them, careful not to disturb their intimate moment. His wife sat up, revealing the breathless boy beneath her and causing Brianna's hair to fall in a wet curtain around her face.

Finley looked up at his father with a dazed expression, like someone who had just been on a wild roller coaster ride for hours. "Are you alright?" Phil asked, concern evident in his voice as he took in their flushed faces and tangled sheets.

Finley nodded eagerly, his grin stretching from ear to ear as he looked up at the giant knockers looming above him. He couldn't help but admire the red marks he had left all over their flesh, proof of their intense lovemaking.

"Here, baby, drink some water," Brianna said, handing a glass to Finley. His cock was still fully embedded inside her, pulsing with desire, his meatus still oozing out remnants of ejaculate and the ring to her cervix.

"Are you two finished?" Phil asked nervously, unsure if he wanted to hear the answer.

Brianna laughed softly and shook her head. "We're just getting started, honey," she replied, winking down at Finley.

"Yeah, this feels too good to be over so soon," Finley chimed in, making his cock flex inside of her.

"So soon?! You two have been in here for three hours now."

"The next round will probably go for another three," Brianna giggled, gazing down at Finley with adoration. "We take this baby-making thing seriously, don't we, baby?"

"For sure," Finley answered as his cock throbbed back to life inside her hot, slippery grip.

"We should probably take a quick shower to clean off some of this sweat though," Brianna suggested with a giggle. "Do you think you can do that without slipping your cock out?"

"Of course," Finley replied confidently, standing up from the bed with Brianna's naked body still clinging to his own. Her large breasts jiggled against his chest as they made their way towards the shower, her legs fastened tightly around him.

Brianna gave her husband a shit-eating grin as they walked down the hallway. "Are you finally starting to see why I'm so in love with

him?" she taunted. "When could you ever handle me like this? And if you think I'm exaggerating about what he does to me, just take a look at the bed."

As Finley carried Brianna towards the shower, Phil couldn't help but glance over at the bed as his wife had suggested. The sheet was soaked with a large circular stain of female ejaculate, evidence of his wife mind-blowing orgasms.

"Oh and when you're done admiring what he did to me," Brianna shouted from down the hallway, "put a clean sheet on there for us, will you?"