

The New Family Arrangement – Part 1 of 3

By Klrxo

Phil reached over and clicked off the TV, but his wife and son remained seated on the couch, holding hands. "Honey, I know it's bedtime, but I just want you to know that tonight I'll be sleeping in Finley's bed," Brianna said softly, looking at her husband with a mixture of love and defiance.

Phil sat down beside them, his brow furrowed with confusion. "Why are you sleeping in his bed?" he asked.

Brianna beamed with pride as she looked at her son, her smile lighting up her face like a young girl who had just accepted a marriage proposal. "As you may have noticed, Finley and I have grown closer since he turned 18. You've probably seen us cuddling on the couch a lot lately, and I'm sure you remember when you walked in on us kissing in the bathroom last week," she blushed, her cheeks turning a soft shade of pink. "I know that must have been awkward for you, but what I'm about to say may help make sense of those situations."

Phil opened his mouth to speak, but she held up a hand to silence him. "I need you to keep quiet and listen," she said firmly. "My mind is made up, so there's no use in trying to convince me otherwise." Her voice was dripping with determination and confidence as she continued, "I know Finley is our son, but to be completely honest, I've fallen deeply in love with him." The words hung heavy in the air between them as she paused for a moment before calmly continuing. "You don't have to worry about losing me though, honey. I'm not leaving you or divorcing you. But there will be some changes in our marriage going forward."

"Changes?" Phil asked, his voice wavering with confusion and concern.

"Yes," she replied. "Most things will stay the same. You'll still work and I'll continue being a good housewife, keeping things orderly here at home." She took a deep breath before continuing, "But the biggest changes will be in the bedroom. I appreciate all your efforts to please me during our marriage, but I have decided that from now on, our son will be meeting my sexual needs."

"Wait, what? I..." Phil uttered, looking over at Finley as he sat there grinning from ear to ear.

A sly, almost imperceptible smirk tugged at the corners of Brianna's lips as she watched her husband's jaw drop in shock. "I can see from your expression that this is a surprise, so let me explain my reasoning," she calmly stated. She took a moment to compose herself, smoothing out the wrinkles on her dress before continuing. "I have three very compelling reasons why I believe Finley would make a more suitable lover for me than you," her words were laced with a selfish tone that hinted at her lack of concern for her husband's feelings. "I'm asking that you to take these reasons to heart, put aside your pride, and consider what is truly best for me - your wife," she finished with a calculated smile, confident in her argument.

Phil opened his mouth to speak, but his wife's sharp words sliced through the air, cutting him off. Her voice was filled with conviction and determination as she spoke, her eyes glinting with a daring challenge. She tightened her grip on Finley's hand, a small gesture of solidarity that spoke volumes.

"Reason number one: love," she stated firmly, her eyebrow raised in emphasis. "Which is what should be number one, right?" Her words hung in the air, heavy with unspoken implications. "Of course, Finley and I love each other as family," she said, her tone

softening slightly. "But here lately our love has extended beyond that."

Her eyes flicked to meet Phil's worried gaze before returning to her son's face. "And when a man and a woman share those feelings, no matter who they are, they need to express them in the form of lovemaking."

She paused for a moment, letting her words sink in before dropping the bombshell. "I know you'll be mad and probably hurt, but Finley and I have already been having sex behind your back quite regularly." She said it matter-of-factly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "In fact, earlier when I told you I was helping him with his homework, that was a lie." Her lips curved into a mischievous smile as she looked at her son. "Him and I were fucking on his bed."

A sly grin spread across Finley's face as the memory of her contorted, pleasure-stricken expression replayed in his mind. He had ravaged her like a wild stallion on his bed, thrusting into her with an unbridled ferocity as he emptied himself into her hot, pulsating core. And all the while, his unsuspecting father sat downstairs, unaware that Brianna was doing anything other than helping Finley with his homework.

Brianna's confession hung in the air like a heavy fog, enveloping the room in its uncomfortable truth. Phil's face turned white with shock and anger as he struggled to process his wife's words.

Brianna looked over at her son with prideful adoration. "We've been beating our bellies beating together every day since his 18th birthday a week ago," she said, a playful grin dancing on her lips.

She couldn't help but notice the way Finley's gaze kept wandering to her humongous tits, his favorite part of her. But then she turned her attention to Phil, her expression serious. "And that's why I wanted to talk to you tonight. Finley and I...we're hopelessly in love

with each other," she confessed, her voice trembling slightly with emotion.

Phil's face twisted in a mixture of shock and disbelief as he turned to look at his son. His voice quivered with emotion as he asked, "Is this true?"

His son nodded, avoiding eye contact. "Yeah, sorry Dad."

Brianna interjected, her gaze fierce and unwavering as she spoke to her son. "Baby, you don't have to apologize for love. It's never something to be ashamed of or regret." She turned to her husband, determination etched on her features. "And if you could only witness the unbridled passion and desire we share in our lovemaking, you would understand the depth of his feelings for me," she asserted confidently.

As she spoke, her voice dripped with malice and satisfaction. Every word was like a poison-tipped arrow, aimed directly at her husband's ego. "The second reason this new arrangement is such a good idea," she taunted, "is because our son is just better suited for sex than you are."

She relished in the way his face contorted with anger and hurt. "Whenever you and I make love, we have to wait for those stupid fucking pills to kick in. And half the time, they don't even work." She could see the hurt written all over his face, and she reveled in it. "But Finley...ah, sweet Finley," she purred. "His penis is rock hard whenever I need it to be. He doesn't go soft during sex like you do."

She paused for effect before continuing on with her cruel tirade. "The other day, he and I fucked in the back seat of my car for nearly three hours. And he maintained his erection the entire time."

Finley's cheeks flushed with a tinge of guilt as he recalled the intense pleasure Brianna had given him on her back seat. His body

trembled at the memory of her oversized breasts bouncing and rippling violently as she reached one climax after another, causing her sweet nectar to flow down his balls like warm syrup.

"Don't worry, we were careful," Brianna told her husband. "I took him up to Sweetheart Ridge, you know that spot we used to go to when we were younger?"

She smirked as her husband's face turned red with rage and humiliation. "Look, honey...you're just older now. Your body doesn't function sexually the way it used to." She let out a mocking laugh before concluding with one final stab: "Not that you were ever on Finley's level, but you were pretty decent at one time. But those days are gone now and you have to accept that. Your son is better equipped and much more attractive than you are."

As Phil listened to his wife's words, a sense of inadequacy washed over him. He couldn't help but feel inferior to his son, who was clearly more sexually gifted than he could ever hope to be. His wife continued, her voice filled with unabashed satisfaction.

"Even if you could keep your dick hard," she added, "his is probably three inches longer than yours, and much thicker. The orgasms he gives me are way more intense and happen with greater frequency than the ones I ever had with you." She sighed contentedly at the thought of her lover's prowess. "He's just...built for a woman like me and his stamina continues to wow me every time we fuck."

Brianna and Finley exchanged knowing smiles, silently acknowledging the mind-blowing sexual encounters they had been sharing together.

Phil attempted to make an excuse for his inadequacies. "Well, I do get tired sometimes, but—"

Brianna's voice soft but determined voice cut him off, "Which brings me to the third reason. You are constantly busy - with work

and taking care of our young children who crave your attention when you're home. It's understandable that you get tired and don't need the added pressure of having to perform sexually every night." She spoke as if she were relieving him of a burden.

"But I do get plenty of rest," Phil protested.

"Even so, you deserve even more rest," his wife replied. "That's why I'll be sleeping in Finley's room with him every night, so you don't have to worry about being disturbed." Her words were accompanied by a sly smile that made Phil uneasy.

"And we can even get you a noise machine," Brianna continued, "so you won't have to hear Finley's headboard thumping against the wall while he and I are fucking each other throughout the night." The thought made Phil's stomach churn uncomfortably, but he didn't want to seem ungrateful for his wife's consideration.

Brianna's voice was filled with excitement as she continued to sell the idea of their new arrangement. "The third reason why our son is a better fit for me than you are is because he can help us grow our family," she stated confidently. "You know how much I've always wanted another baby, maybe even two. With your low sperm count, it seemed like that dream would never come true. But now, with Finley, I don't have to worry about that anymore. He produces hundreds of millions of strong and virile sperm with every ejaculation; his essence is young, fresh, and potent, unlike yours which just kind of dribbles out and, if I'm being honest, has a rather unpleasant taste," she scowled in disgust.

"Gee, thanks," Phil muttered with a hint of sarcasm in his voice.

Brianna's face lit up as she spoke, her words dripping with pride and satisfaction. "As thick and sweet as Finley's semen is, I just know it'll create the cutest little baby ever," she beamed, her eyes sparkling with love for her boy.

She turned to Finley, giving him a playful wink, then back at her husband. "Yes, I know I said his sperm was sweet, and the reason I know that is because I do give Finley exquisite head," she paused to let out a mischievous giggle, "don't I, sweetie?" Her gaze lingered back on Finley, full of adoration and desire.

"Uh-huh," Finley grinned, a mischievous sparkle in his eyes as he recalled the sight of her lips encircling the sinewy stalk of his erection. The memory made his insides tingle with anticipation. He could almost feel the sensation of her long, tireless tongue lashing like a slippery eel against the sensitive crown of his cock.

"I mean, what kind of a girlfriend would I be if I didn't give the guy I was helplessly in love with blow jobs, right?" she continued, a sly smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. "And since I'm being honest with you, honey," she said, turning back to Phil with a bold look, "you should also know that Finley eats my pussy and licks my asshole."

A playful glint danced in her eyes as she leaned closer to Phil. "I know you've grown quite fond of eating me out ever since you started having erectile dysfunction issues," she teased, "and you're probably gonna miss that a lot." Her tone turned more serious as she added, "But my body belongs to our son now, I'm sorry."

Brianna snuggled up next to Fenley, their bodies melding together like puzzle pieces on the couch. She leaned in for a tender kiss, her lips soft and warm against his. Brianna then turned to her husband with a mischievous glint in her eye.

"You should be grateful that I'm in such capable hands," she purred, running her fingers through Fenley's hair. "He is absolutely incredible at giving oral pleasure." Her voice was filled with excitement as she playfully nibbled on her bottom lip.

A shiver ran down Finley's spine as he imagined being enveloped by the fragrant flesh of her naked pussy once again. The thought

alone made his mouth water, and he licked his lips involuntarily in anticipation. He could almost taste the pungent aroma of her arousal and the sweet flavor of her juices on his tongue. The soft, meaty lips and the protuberant bulb of her clit were like a feast for his senses, teasing and tempting him with their promises of pleasure.

Brianna stared at her son teasingly as she continued speaking. "And he has a newfound appreciation for how skilled I am at sucking dick, don't you, sweetie?"

"Yes," her son hissed.

"Maybe I should tell your father just how much of a boob-hound you are," she giggled, resting her head on Finley's shoulder. "How you love to be buried under these beautiful, soft titties for hours on end, suckling like a hungry infant," Brianna cooed, tracing circles on Fenley's chest with her fingertips. "It's so adorable," she added with a playful wink.

Brianna's gigantic tit-melons had always captured Finley's attention. Her breasts were like two oversized watermelons, overflowing with soft, supple fat and delicate glandular tissue. He couldn't resist burying his face in their plushness, savoring the sensation as he nuzzled closer to her chest. Her long, succulent nipples extended from wide areolas, inviting him to spend hours nursing at their tender flesh. It was a delicious indulgence that he couldn't get enough of.

Brianna tossed her hair over her shoulder and turned to face her husband, her words dripping with sarcasm. "Anyway, speaking of a 'starving infant,' let's get back to what I was saying about making babies," she stated, a playful glint in her eye. Her gaze shifted to Finley, who sat next to her on the couch. "He's clearly much more capable of producing a child than you are," she taunted her husband, giving him an almost pathetic glare.

A sly smile tugged at the corners of Brianna's lips as she continued, "In fact, I just missed my period..." She shared a look of wide-eyed excitement with Finley, their son. "With as much sex as he and I have been having, there's a good chance I might already be pregnant with his baby."

There was an air of triumph in her voice. "I'll pick up a pregnancy test later today to confirm it," she declared confidently. But then her tone softened as she turned to address Phil directly. "And if I am knocked up, you know what that does to my hormones," she said with a knowing look. "Which means Finley and I will be fucking like wild horses the next nine month."

"Oh," Phil uttered, his stomach sinking at the thought.

Brianna's lips curled into a devilish smile as she watched the disappointment and hurt seep into her husband's demeanor. "I can see it in your eyes, darling. You're upset, and rightfully so," she acknowledged with a hint of smugness. "Your own son just one-upped you." But then her expression softened as she continued, "But you should also be proud of him. He's experiencing the same pleasure that you know so well, and fucking a beautiful, voluptuous mother must be quite the thrill for someone his age," she said, her gaze fixed on Finley through flirty lashes.

She paused for a moment before adding with a coy smirk, "I would say you could offer him some tips on how to please me, but let's be honest...he doesn't need any. He is an absolute beast in bed. I never would have imagined at my age that I'd be having the most mind-blowing sex of my life. My God, the way he makes me cum!" Her confession was filled with girlish glee and a hint of longing, like a young girl hopelessly in love.

"Brianna, we really need to discuss this rationally," pleaded Finley's father, his voice tinged with frustration and concern. But

before he could continue, Brianna abruptly cut him off, her tone dismissive as she turned towards Finley.

"Baby," she cooed, her hand gently caressing his cheek, "tell your father how absolutely thrilling this new experience has been for you."

Finley nervously glanced at his father, unsure of how to respond. But then a wide grin spread across his face, displaying the excitement he felt deep down. "It's been...really exciting," he admitted.

Brianna giggled mischievously, her hands roaming all over Finley's body possessively. "Tell him what your favorite part has been," she purred, eagerly waiting for Finley's answer.

Finley shifted uncomfortably under his mother's touch, feeling a mix of shame and pleasure at their secret perversions. He looked at his father apprehensively, but Brianna reassured him with a gentle squeeze on his shoulder.

"It's okay, sweetie," she whispered soothingly. "Your father can handle hearing this. He's a big boy and there's no need to be ashamed of exploring our desires together. When we're in bed, we're just two primal beings giving in to our natural instincts."

A rosy blush crept up Finley's cheeks as he sheepishly confessed what he liked best. "It's really exciting when she's on top of me." His words were met with a delighted giggle from his mother, who turned to her husband with a mischievous grin. "Finley enjoys the cowgirl position," she announced gleefully. "I was just telling him that it happens to be your favorite too. Like father, like son."

Phil opened his mouth to protest, but his wife continued on without pause, gazing at their son. "You make my pussy cum so hard that way, don't you, baby?" Her body shuddered at the thought of the tremendous orgasms she had experienced with him.

"I sure do," Finley responded with a confident grin. "It's pretty cool actually."

"Damn...I really need to be fucked right now," Brianna sighed, her cunt already tingling in anticipation. "Finley, are you ready for bed, honey?"

"Sure," he replied eagerly, his eyes glinting with desire and excitement.

Brianna glanced at her husband Phil, savoring the disappointed look on his face. She relished in the power she held over him and how easily she could manipulate their new arrangement.

"Tell your father goodnight and let's go down to our bedroom," she instructed Finley, her tone filled with seduction and control.

Finley shifted awkwardly as he looked at his dad, feeling a twinge of shame for what he was about to do - fuck his wife. But Brianna reassured him with a gentle touch and whispered words. "Go on, baby," she urged, sensing Finley's discomfort. "Don't be shy about it. He understands this new arrangement."

"I do understand, but—" Finley began to say, but was quickly interrupted by his wife.

"He's what's called a 'cuckold' now," she declared, her tone dripping with disdain. "Which means we can fuck all we want and he's gonna keep his mouth shut."

Finley couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at this pronouncement. "Is a cuckold kind of like a sissy?" he inquired, trying to make sense of the unfamiliar term.

Brianna let out a mischievous giggle. "Yes, they are sort of one and the same," she explained, a devilish glint in her eye. "He doesn't think about fucking nearly as much as you and I do, which kind of makes him worthless when it comes to sexual pleasure."

"Damn, that's a shame," Finley lamented. "I think about pussy all the time."

Brianna burst into laughter at his response. "I know you do my little horn dog," she said affectionately. "Now let's get to bed so you can do more than just think about pussy, you can fuck it too."

"I'm still not happy about this," Phil muttered, his voice barely audible as he followed his wife down the hallway. The deep frown lines on his forehead were evidence of his displeasure.

"Goodnight, honey," Brianna replied with a smug grin, her steps light and carefree. She had no qualms about brushing off his feelings. Brianna linked her arm through Finley's, their steps in sync as they made their way to his bedroom at the end of the hall. Despite Phil's unease, Brianna seemed unaffected, as if nothing could dampen her perfect evening with her son.

As soon as they closed the door behind them, their clothing was discarded in a frenzy of desire. Brianna sprang up from the floor, her movements fluid and graceful like a ballerina. She wrapped her strong legs and arms around Finley's body, holding him tightly like a snake coiling around its prey. Her lips met his with an insatiable hunger, her full, bee-stung lips melding together with his. Her long, serpentine-like tongue flicked and danced inside his mouth like a wild flame.

As she devoured his face, Brianna's hand reached down to grasp his erection. It hardened in her grip like a sturdy iron crowbar, the veins pulsating along its length and bulging against the pink flesh of his membrane.

With skillful precision, she guided his swollen tip along her slick coral slit, teasing it between her moisture-laden folds and preparing it for the intense heat of her waiting core.

Finley gasped into Brianna's mouth, the sensation of his cock being enveloped by her tight, velvety cuntal walls overwhelming him. Her pelvic floor muscles were already working in a delicious rhythm, squeezing and massaging his erection with each movement. The heat and moisture of her arousal coated his shaft, making it slick and ready to plunge deeper inside of her.

Struggling to maintain his balance, Finley supported Brianna's weight as she began to ride him with fervent determination. Her hips swayed and jerked, using her powerful grip on his lean body to propel herself up and down his length. With every thrust, she could feel his glans pushing against the back of her vagina, almost reaching for her cervix with its insistent pressure. She dug her nails into Finley's skin, lost in the intensity of their passionate coupling.

Finley's body tensed and shuddered as Brianna rode him, her hips swaying in perfect rhythm with his. Their bodies moved together like a well-choreographed dance, each thrust bringing them closer to the edge of ecstasy. Finley couldn't help but snarl in delight as he felt her wetness enveloping his throbbing member, her tight walls pulsing in response to his every move. He gripped her buttocks tightly, urging her on as she rode him with wild abandon.

Brianna's eyes rolled back in pleasure as she felt Finley filling her completely, his thick shaft stretching and filling every inch of her. The sensation was electrifying and she could feel herself quickly approaching the brink of climax. Desperate for more, she leaned forward and whispered seductively in Finley's ear, "Fuck me harder, honey... I need you to take me to the edge!" Their bodies moved together in a passionate frenzy, lost in their own world of pleasure and desire.

Finley eagerly complied, gripping onto Brianna's hips tightly as he thrust his hard cock into her wet heat with unrelenting force. The muscles and tendons of his love organ bulged prominently, straining to keep up with the intensity of her wild fuck-thrusts. The sound of their bodies slapping together reverberated through the room, providing a fitting soundtrack to their heated lovemaking. The air was heavy with the heady scent of arousal, fueling their passion even more.

As Brianna's pleasure reached its peak, she gasped and arched her back, her eyes wide with ecstasy. "I'm cumming!" she cried out, her body writhing in uncontrollable pleasure as she clung to him tightly. Her pussy clenched and released rhythmically around his throbbing cock, intensifying his own desire and driving him closer to climax.

Finley clenched his teeth together, bracing himself against her intense orgasm. Her voluptuous body trembled with pleasure as she clawed at his back, her long fingernails leaving red marks in their wake. Every muscle in his body tensed as he felt her pussy clench around him, an almost unbearable tightness that threatened to squeeze his cock right off. But he flexed and pushed with all his might, making his dick harder than it had ever been before, driving Brianna into a frenzy of pleasure. As he thrust deeper and faster, Brianna's vagina tightened and contracted around its muscular outline, creating an intensely pleasurable sensation for both of them.

Brianna couldn't help but scream out loud, the sound echoing down the hallway. She wanted her husband to hear what it sounded like when a real man made her cum, to know that she was being pleased in a way he never could.

Finley's breathing quickened and his pulse raced as he felt the tightness of Brianna's pussy grasp around his cock like a vice. He thrust harder, driving her deeper with each pump until her

moaning reached a crescendo. With a final push, Finley erupted within her, shooting hot streams of fuck-fluid deep inside her womb. Brianna welcomed it, her pussy spasming around his cock and milking it dry. She could feel his pulsing release within her, like a river of life coursing through her vagina and into her welcoming womb.

Their bodies collapsed onto the bed, spent and sated, their sweaty skin glistening in the dim light. Brianna rolled off of Finley, her hips aching pleasantly from the vigorous pounding they had both received. As she lay there, her breathing slowed, and her mind wandered to the next time they would make love, as if moment such as these had completely consumed their thoughts.