

## THE 'SMART HOME' LOCK-IN

By Klrxo

The living room glowed with the soft blue light of the television, some late-night talk show playing to an audience of two.

Margot stretched out on top of her son Brook, the thick fleece blanket draped over them both, hiding the wicked press of her body against his from anyone who might walk in.

Not that anyone would—her smaller children were asleep and Daniel, her husband, was working late again. Always working late.

She felt Brook's breath hot against her chest, his face practically buried in the canyon of her cleavage, staring at the inner swells of her monstrous tits.

Her oversized tank top gaped open, and those massive boobs she'd been blessed with spilled forward, creating a shadowy valley that her son couldn't seem to look away from.

Every time he shifted, she felt his cheeks slide against the soft, warm flesh. Felt his breath catch.

"Dad working late again?" Brook asked, his voice muffled against sweater-meat.

"Yes," Margot sighed, rolling her eyes even as her hips rolled too—rolling down, grinding her soaked cunt against the hard length of cock trapped beneath his thin shorts. "Just like usual." An hour. They'd been lying here like this for an hour, and the slow, subtle grinding had turned her pussy into a dripping mess.

She could feel it—could feel how the crotch of her shorts had grown wet through, how Brook's thin cotton shorts had absorbed his own leaking pre-cum until the fabric between them was slick and hot and filthy.

Her strong thighs bracketed his hips possessively, clamping tight as she worked her cunt against him. The heart of his cock—that thick, teenage ridge running along the underside—pressed perfectly against her swollen clit every time she moved.

This had become their ritual. Every night Daniel worked late—which was most nights—Margot would find her way to the couch, pull that thick fleece blanket over her and Brook, and lose herself in the filthy comfort of her son's body.

She'd stopped questioning it somewhere around the second week. Now it just was. Mother and son, cocooned together, grinding and hugging and working through the desperate ache that her husband couldn't be bothered to satisfy.

"Oh f-fuck," Brook groaned, the words vibrating against her sternum as he felt another orgasm ripple through her body.

His face was buried so deep in her cleavage that she could feel his eyelashes fluttering against the sensitive valley between them. His hands had found their way to her hips at some point—she didn't remember when—and now his fingers dug into the soft flesh above her waistband, helping her ride out the waves.

That made ten. Ten female orgasms in the past hour, each one building on the last until her cunt was a constant, clenching pulse of need.

Margot could feel herself shamelessly gushing again—that hot, liquid release that soaked through her shorts and his, turning the fabric transparent where their bodies pressed together.

The towel she'd strategically placed beneath them on the couch cushion did its job, catching what dripped down, but most of her cum stayed trapped in the steamy space between them. Hot and slick and utterly depraved.

"Mom," Brook breathed, his voice cracking. His hips jerked up, meeting her downward grind with a counter-thrust that made her gasp.

That veiny steel rod of his—that beautiful, tireless cock—pressed harder against her clit, and she felt the familiar flutter of another orgasm building almost immediately.

"Shh," she whispered, though there was no one to hear. Just the television murmuring in the background, the host telling jokes to a laughing audience while she rode her son's cock through their clothes. "Just feel it, baby. Let mommy use you."

And she did. God, she did. Her strong thighs flexed as she worked her hips in tight, grinding circles. The soaked crotch of her shorts had molded to her pussy lips, and she could feel every ridge and vein of Brook's cock through the thin barrier of his cotton shorts.

It was maddening—not quite enough, but somehow that made it better. Made her chase the friction like an addict chasing a fix.

Her son's cock stayed hard. It always did. She'd lost count of how many hours they'd spent like this over the past few weeks, her son's dick a permanent fixture of rigid heat against her soaking cunt.

He never complained. Never tried to take things further. Just lay there and let her use him, his face buried in her tits, his hands guiding her hips, his body giving her exactly what she needed.

"You're so g-good," she murmured, stroking his hair with one hand while the other braced against the couch armrest. "Such a good boy for mommy."

He shuddered beneath her, and she felt his cock twitch against her fat clit. A fresh wave of wetness soaked through his shorts—his pre-cum mixing with her cum until the fabric between them was little more than a hot, slick membrane.

"Wow, I can feel you dripping," he said, his voice thick with arousal. "You're so wet, mom."

"Because of you," she breathed, rolling her hips harder, faster. "Because of this big fucking cock."

His groan was muffled against her tit-chasm, but she felt it everywhere—in the vibration of his voice, in the way his fingers tightened on her hips, in the desperate upward thrust of his pelvis as he tried to get more friction. More of her.

The eleventh orgasm hit her like a wave, and she bit her lip to keep from crying out. Her pussy clenched and quivered, gushing fresh cum into the mess between them, and she felt Brook's cock pulse in response.

He was close—he had to be—but he never pushed for his own release. Just let her take what she needed, as long as she needed it, his body a willing vessel for her insatiable cunt.

"Fuck," she gasped, her movements slowing as the aftershocks faded. Her whole body trembled, oversensitive and satisfied in equal measure. "Fuck, baby."

Brook's hands slid up her back, pulling her closer. His face emerged from her cleavage, cheeks flushed and eyes glazed with want.

"More?" he asked, the word barely a whisper.

Margot smiled down at him, feeling that familiar ache already building again between her thighs.

Her husband had been in the basement working on his panic room for hours. And even if he came upstairs—well. That was what the blanket was for.

"More," she confirmed, and started moving again.

Morning light cut through the kitchen windows, harsh and unforgiving. Margot stood at the stove, flipping pancakes with the mechanical precision of a mother and wife running on autopilot.

Her cunt still throbbed from last night—eighteen orgasms by the time they'd finally stopped, her shorts so soaked she'd had to wring them out in the bathroom sink before sneaking them into the laundry.

But that dull, satisfied ache was already fading. What remained was the deeper hunger. The one her son's clothed cock couldn't reach.

She moved through the kitchen like a ghost, hyperaware of every brush of fabric against her swollen pussy. The thin cotton of her sundress did nothing to contain the heat radiating from between her thighs.

She could feel herself getting wet again—just from thinking about last night, about her son's young, hard cock grinding against her clit through those fucking shorts that kept them separated.

Brook sat across the table, methodically eating his pancakes. He wouldn't meet her eyes. His lap was hidden under the table, but she knew what was happening there. Could see the tension in his shoulders, the way he kept shifting in his seat.

His cock was hard. Rock-hard. It was always hard around her now.

"Alright, monsters!" Margot clapped her hands, her voice pitched too bright. "Bus comes in five minutes. Backpacks. Now."

The younger kids scrambled, chaos erupting as shoes were hunted down and homework was shoved into bags.

Margot herded them toward the door, checking faces and hands with the efficiency of a woman who'd done this a thousand times.

When the door finally closed behind them, silence settled over the house like a weight. She leaned against the counter, closing her eyes.

Her fat nipples ached. Her hungry cunt ached. Everything fucking ached.

"Honey!" Daniel's voice from the hallway made her flinch. She turned, pasting on that practiced smile she'd worn for years—the one that said \*good wife, supportive wife, happy wife.\*



"There you are," he said, striding into the kitchen with that manic energy he got when a project was nearing completion. His laptop bag was already slung over his shoulder, but his eyes were bright with excitement.

"I have news."

"News?" She crossed her arms under her breasts, pushing them up slightly. He didn't notice. He never noticed anymore.

"The prototype. The panic room installation downstairs—it's finally ready for testing."

He grinned, looking like a kid on Christmas. "I want to run a full diagnostic this weekend. Get the whole family involved, make sure all the systems are functioning properly."

"That's... wonderful, Daniel." The words tasted like ash. "I'm so proud of you."

He beamed, already distracted by his phone buzzing. "Thanks, babe. I knew you'd understand." He crossed to her, pressing a quick kiss to her forehead. The touch made her skin crawl with need—she wanted his hands everywhere, wanted him to bend her over the counter and fuck her until she couldn't think straight.

Instead, he pulled back. "I'll be downstairs all day. Maybe late tonight too so I can stay on schedule."

The door to the basement closed behind him. Margot stared at the spot where he'd been standing, her hands curling into fists.

\*Don't wait up.\* She hadn't waited up in weeks. What was the point? He'd stumble in past midnight, kiss her cheek, and fall asleep within seconds.

No wandering hands. No hungry mouth on her tits. No cock splitting her open and pounding into her until she screamed. She missed being fucked. Really fucked. The kind of fucking that left her breathless and boneless and utterly destroyed.

"The kind I got in college," she said aloud, thinking past the mediocre fucks her husband's average cock had given her during their marriage. It was easy to forget about those.

Brook's grinding sessions were incredible—she came harder with him than she ever had with Daniel's occasional pity-fucks—but they weren't enough. She needed to be filled. Stretched. Used.

A sound from the kitchen doorway made her turn. Brook stood there, his plate in hand, eyes dark with something that made her cunt clench.

"Dad's gone?" he asked.

"Yeah." Her voice came out rough. "Downstairs, back at it."

He set the plate in the sink, moving slowly. Deliberately. His cock was a thick line in his shorts, impossible to ignore.

"You okay, mom?"

\*No,\* she thought. \*I'm not okay. I'm so fucking far from okay.\*

"Fine," she said. "Just... tired."

Brook timidly stepped closer. Close enough that she could smell him—that familiar scent of sweat and arousal that had become synonymous with pleasure in her mind.

His eyes dropped to her huge , jutting tits, where her hard nipples pressed against the thin fabric of her sundress. "You don't seem fine, mom" he said quietly. "You seem... frustrated."

"Brook—"

"I can help." His voice cracked on the word. "I mean. I can. If you want."

Margot's lips curled into a mischievous little smirk as she considered his offer, her eyes raking over the thick bulge straining his shorts.

The boy's daring made her clit throb, a fresh gush of slick soaking her panties.

\*Fuck yes,\* she thought. \*Time to push this further.\*

"Come on," she said, voice low and husky, laced with promise. "I'll give you a ride to school."

Brook's eyes widened, but he nodded fast, cock twitching visibly.

She grabbed her keys, heart pounding as they slipped out to the SUV.

The drive was tense silence, her thighs clenched tight, pussy lips swollen and rubbing with every bump in the road. She veered off the highway miles from town, tires crunching onto a lonely dirt road flanked by endless fields and distant farmhouses.

No one around. Perfect.

She killed the engine deep in the bushes, hidden from sight.

"More Than a Feeling" by Boston blasted from the cracked windows, guitar riffs drowning out the world.

Margot shoved the rear seats flat in a frenzy, spreading the fleece blanket she'd stashed in the back. They stripped down to underwear—her black lace bra straining around her massive tits, thong soaked through; his boxers tented obscenely by that veiny steel cock.

This time, she pulled him on top, guiding his hips between her wide-splayed thighs.

Brook sank down, his chest pressing into her bra-clad tits, face buried in the sweaty crook of her neck.

Her strong, silky-smooth legs harnessed his humping frame tight, ankles crossed just above the swell of his bobbing ass, red-painted toenails digging in.

The SUV rocked subtly to their rhythm, windows fogging fast. Beneath the blanket, it was a sauna of clutching, sweaty flesh.

Margot panted hot against his ear, clawing red lines down his back as their hips slammed together. No more teasing—their dry hump was fierce now, urgent.

Her drenched thong ground against his boxers, the thin fabrics no barrier to the heat. She felt every veiny ridge of his teen cock dragging over her clit, the fat head nudging her pussy entrance through the cloth, soaking them both in her juices.

"Fuck, Mom," Brook whimpered, face plastered to her neck, lips sucking sloppy marks on her skin. His ass flexed under her locked ankles, thrusting down hard. "Your pussy's so wet... it's leaking everywhere."

"Shut up and hump me harder," she growled, strong thighs clamping his waist like a vice. She bucked up, using his body for leverage, clit smashing against his shaft.

The friction burned deliciously, her huge tits bouncing with each grind, nipples scraping his chest through her bra. Sweat slicked

their skin, the air thick with the musky stench of her arousal and his pre-cum.

Brook moaned deep, hips pistoning faster, cock sliding up and down her slit. The blanket tented over their writhing forms, her bare feet flexing, toes curling as pleasure spiked.

She clawed his ass cheeks, pulling him deeper into the grind.  
\*God, his cock's huge,\* she thought, pussy clenching empty.  
\*Feels like it's gonna rip through these panties and split me open.\*

Juices squelched audibly between them, her thong shoved aside just enough for direct clit contact, his boxers dark with her cream. The SUV creaked louder, Boston's chorus blasting as she chased her peak.

"That's it, baby—fuck Mommy's cunt with that fat dick. Soak us both." Her voice broke into a whine, tits heaving.

Brook's breaths came in ragged gasps, his balls dragging over her ass crack with every thrust, heavy and full.

She ground up viciously, clit pulsing against his veiny length. The public thrill amped it all—anyone could drive by, spot the rocking vehicle, hear her moans over the music. But fuck it. This was theirs. Forbidden. Her son's cock owned her now, grinding her toward oblivion.

"Mom... I'm close," he whined, face nuzzling her neck, tongue lapping sweat. His ass clenched under her crossed ankles, thrusts turning frantic.



"Not yet," she hissed, nails raking his back bloody. "Make me cum first. Rub that cockhead right on my clit—yes, fuck yes!"

Her pussy spasmed, orgasm building like a freight train, thighs quivering around him. Their hips worked in perfect counterpoint, sexual athletes lost in the filthy rhythm.

Pre-cum oozed from his tip, mixing with her flood, the fabrics clinging transparently. She wanted to rip them off, impale herself on that veiny monster, but the tease—the dry hump torture—made it dirtier. Hotter.

The blanket slipped slightly, her legs gleaming with sweat, feet locked tight. Panting filled the cab, drowning the radio. She was so close, cunt aching for penetration, but this edge... this taboo grind... it was everything.

Brook's body was sunk between his mom's bra-clad tits, his face plastered to her neck as he whimpered against her pulse point. His hips moved with a desperation that made Margot's cunt clench around nothing, craving more.

She clawed at his back, her fingernails dragging red lines down his skin through the blanket. "That's it, baby," she breathed into his ear, her voice ragged. "Just like that. Don't stop."

Their hips worked in counterpoint like sexual athletes in their element—Margot using her son's body for leverage as she ground up against him, meeting every thrust of his clothed cock with a rolling motion of her own. The wet cotton of her panties dragged against her swollen clit, the friction sending sparks of pleasure shooting through her core.

The music swelled around them—\*more than a feeling\*—and Margot arched beneath her son, her tits pressing against his chest as she fucked up against him harder.

The blanket trapped their body heat, making everything slick and slippery. Sweat dripped down her temples, pooling in the hollow of her throat.

"Good boy," she panted, one hand sliding down to grip his ass through his briefs, pulling him tighter against her. "Such a good little cunt-humper."

Brook moaned into her neck, his cock grinding against her soaked panties in that perfect spot—right over her clit, right where she needed the pressure most.

The fabric between them was so wet now that it barely existed, just a thin, saturated barrier keeping his hard cock from her dripping pussy.

Margot's orgasm built like a wave, starting deep in her core and radiating outward. Her thighs shook around Brook's hips. Her breath came in short, sharp gasps.

Her hips bucked up frantically as the first wave crashed over her. Her cunt rippling against nothing, clenching and releasing in rhythmic pulses that made her whole body tremble.

"CUMMMMMIIINNGG!!" she screamed, making the windows vibrate.

The mother gasped sharply as the orgasm ripped through her, her pussy convulsing in hot, greedy spasms against the drenched fabric of her panties.

But even as the pleasure peaked, her focus zeroed in on the massive cock grinding relentlessly between her thighs. Fuck, it was thick—thicker than Daniel's pathetic dick, and longer by

several inches, she could tell just from the way it stretched the thin barrier of her soaked panties, pressing unyieldingly into her swollen labia.

She'd never actually seen her son's cock, not once in all their filthy nightly sessions under the blanket. Clothes always stayed on, a twisted rule that kept the taboo simmering hotter.

But goddamn, she felt it now, every veiny ridge and pulsing inch as he humped her like a desperate animal. It stayed so rigid, a steel-hard slab that didn't bend or soften no matter how hard she clamped her thighs around him.

Brook's tunica—that tough fibrous sheath wrapping his shaft—trapped the blood inside like a vise, compressing the veins against the unyielding structure. It turned his teen cock into a rock-solid weapon of veined meat and sinew, every woman's wet dream.

"Oh fuck, baby," she moaned, her voice breaking as aftershocks jolted her clit. Her hands dug into his ass cheeks through his briefs, yanking him down harder. "Your cock... it's so fucking big. Mommy's never felt anything this hard."

Brook whimpered into her neck, his hips stuttering but not stopping. The swollen, juicy knob of his cock throbbed against her, sticky with sweat and thick ropes of pre-cum that seeped through his briefs.

It kicked and pulsed under the smothering heat of their dry hump, hugged tight by her thick labial meat through the flimsy, saturated cotton.

The swampy wetness between them made obscene squelching sounds with every grind, her pussy juices mixing with his pre to create a slick mess that dripped down her ass crack onto the towel she'd spread out.

The SUV rocked harder now, the guitar riff from a different song blasting loud enough to drown their pants and moans. Out here in the bushes, miles from anyone, the public thrill added a razor edge to the incestuous dry-fuck. Anyone driving by on that dirt road might hear the vehicle shaking, might wonder what slutty shit was going down inside.

Margot's cunt clenched again at the thought, fresh arousal flooding her panties. She bucked up to meet him, her strong thighs locking tighter around his working hips.

Her red-painted toes curled and flexed, ankles digging into his ass to control the rhythm. "Grind that fat cock on mommy's pussy, Brook. Feel how wet you make me?"

"Mom... shit... it's too good," he groaned, face buried deeper in her massive tits. The lacy bra strained against her heaving flesh, nipples like diamonds scraping his chest.

His cock dragged up and down her slit, the fat head catching on her clit with every pass, sending jolts straight to her core.

Sweat poured off them, the blanket a steam trap of their taboo heat.

Margot reveled in the size difference—Daniel's cock wilted after a few pumps, soft and useless, but their son's stayed iron-rigid, the tunica holding it like a promise of endless pounding.

She could feel the veins bulging under the fabric, mapping out the path her pussy ached to swallow. Pre-cum oozed steadily from his piss slit, smearing her panties in sticky webs that glued their crotches together.

"You're bigger than your dad," she hissed, nipping his earlobe. "So much fucking harder. Mommy's pussy needs this cock. Grind it harder, baby—make me cum again on that veiny monster."

Brook obeyed, hips snapping faster, the rock-hard slab battering her clit through the wet layers. His juicy knob swelled even more, throbbing with the urgent need to unload, but he held back like she'd trained him.

The friction burned deliciously, her labia parting around the clothed shaft, begging for penetration they both craved but denied.

Her second orgasm built fast, coiling tight in her gut. The public risk amped everything—the dirt road just feet away, the music thumping, their incestuous humping turning the SUV into a mobile fuck den.

"Yes, fuck yes," she panted, thighs quivering. "Don't you dare cum yet. Mommy's not done using her boy's cock."

Brook's breath hitched, his cock kicking wildly against her soaked cunt. The sticky pre-cum lubed their grind into a sloppy glide, wet heat radiating from their joined crotches.

Margot's pussy fluttered, on the edge again, marveling at how his rigid meat filled the space between her legs like it was made for her.

She arched hard, tits smashing around his entire head, as the wave crested. But she held him there, grinding through it, determined to wring every drop of pleasure from his perfect, taboo cock before letting him chase his own release.

"FUCK—SHIT—" the mother screamed, her body convulsing.

Margot's second orgasm crashed through her like a fucking tsunami, her cunt rippling so hard she saw stars. But even as her pussy clamped down on nothing, her entire focus narrowed to the magnificent slab of teen cock grinding against her.

Her hands gripped his ass harder, pulling him down as her hips bucked up, desperate to feel every veiny ridge against her throbbing cunt.

"Fuck, Mom—" Brook groaned into her tits, his voice cracking.

"Shh, baby, let mommy feel it," she breathed, her fingers sliding between their bodies to press against his shaft through the drenched briefs.

Her eyes went wide. The fucking thing was like a steel pipe wrapped in hot silk—no give whatsoever.

Daniel's dick always bent and folded when she tried this, pathetic and half-hard at best. But Brook's cock stayed perfectly rigid, a straight column of throbbing meat that pulsed against her palm like a second heartbeat.

She'd read about it once in some medical article, how young men her son's age had stronger tunica that trapped blood more efficiently, creating erections so hard they felt like bone.

Brook had clearly won the genetic lottery when it came to size. The dense tissue compressed his veins against the unyielding structure, locking blood inside his shaft until it turned into a rock-hard weapon of pure fuck-meat.

Margot whimpered, her thumb tracing the fat vein running along the underside of his cock through the thin cotton. "You're so fucking hard, baby. Mommy's never felt anything like this."

"Can't... can't help it," Brook panted, his hips grinding in tight circles. "You make it so hard, Mom. It hurts it's so hard."

"Good," she hissed, yanking his briefs down just enough to free his aching shaft. The swollen head popped out, angry and purple, glistening with thick ropes of pre-cum that dripped onto her soaked panties. "Mommy wants to see how hard her boy really is."

But she didn't look. Didn't break the rule. Instead, she wrapped her fingers around the exposed shaft, gasping at the sheer girth. Her fingertips barely touched. The skin was like hot velvet over granite, the veins bulging and pulsing against her grip.

His juicy knob flared thick at the tip, the piss slit weeping steady streams of clear pre that coated her fingers in sticky slick.

"Oh my god," she moaned, stroking him slowly, feeling the blood trapped inside by that perfect tunica. "You're gonna make some woman very happy someday."

"Just you, Mom," he grunted, thrusting into her fist. "Only want you."

Those words sent another orgasm rippling through her, her cunt clenching rhythmically against nothing. She needed more. Needed to feel that massive cock splitting her open, filling her the way Daniel never could. But she held back, savoring the delicious torture of almost-penetration.

"Fuck me through them," she commanded, guiding his cock back against her panties, the fat head pressing right against her entrance. "Grind on mommy's pussy. Make me cum again and again on that big fucking cock."

Brook obeyed instantly, his hips snapping harder, the slick head dragging up and down her slit, catching on her clit with every pass.

The wet squelching sounds filled the SUV, mixing with the sounds of guitar. Her panties were so soaked they were practically transparent, the thin fabric doing nothing to dull the sensation of his burning shaft against her swollen labia.

"Yes, fuck yes," Margot gasped, her strong thighs locking around him again. "Such a good boy. Give mommy that hard cock."

His knob throbbed against her, sticky and hot, the pre-cum mixing with her juices until their crotches were a swampy mess of shared arousal.

She could feel his heartbeat through his shaft, rapid and desperate, the blood trapped so tight inside his tunica that his cock felt like it might burst.

"Mom, I'm c-close," he warned, his voice strained.

"Not yet," she commanded, digging her heels into his ass.  
"Mommy's not done. Keep grinding."

Margot's fingers abandoned his shaft and shot up to Brook's hair, fisting tight in the messy brown strands. She yanked his head back, forcing his face up from between her tits, and crushed her mouth against his before he could even process what was happening.

The kiss was brutal. Demanding. Her long, aggressive tongue shoved past his lips like she owned him, fucking his mouth with wet, sloppy strokes that made his head spin.

Brook groaned, trying to match her pace, but he was completely out of his depth. The few girls he'd made out with had been tentative, awkward, nothing like this.

Margot kissed like she was trying to consume him whole—her tongue twisting and flailing against his, licking the roof of his mouth, sucking his tongue between her lips with obscene slurping sounds.

"Mom—" he tried to say, but the word disappeared into her throat.

"Shut up and kiss me back," she growled against his mouth, then plunged her tongue deep again.

Spit slicked their chins, strings of saliva connecting their lips every time she pulled back for air. Brook could feel it dripping down his jaw, mixed with the sweat pooling in the hollow of his throat.

His hips never stopped moving. Couldn't stop. The grinding had become frantic now, his cock dragging against her soaked panties with desperate, uneven thrusts.

Every pass of his knob against her slit sent electric shocks up his spine, the wet fabric doing nothing to dull the sensation. If anything, it made it worse—the slick material clinging to his shaft, bunching and sliding in all the right places.

Margot's thighs clamped tighter around his hips, her heels digging into his ass as she pulled him harder against her, making her skinny boy sink further into her maternal flesh.

The angle shifted, and suddenly his cock head caught right at her entrance, the thin barrier of her panties the only thing keeping him from sinking inside.

He could feel her hole fluttering against his tip, warm and wet and so fucking close. "Mom... goddammit," he spat against her pouty lips.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck—" she chanted into his mouth, her kisses growing sloppier, more desperate. Her tongue stabbed into him over and over, matching the rhythm of their grinding hips.

Spit flew everywhere, coating their faces, mixing with the sweat and tears leaking from her squeezed-shut eyes.

Brook was drowning. Drowning in her mouth, in her tits smashed against his chest, in the suffocating heat between their bodies.

His cock throbbed so hard it hurt, the blood trapped inside his tunica with nowhere to go. Every vein felt like it was going to

burst, the pressure building at the base of his shaft like a volcano ready to blow.

"Mom, I can't—" he gasped, breaking the kiss with a wet pop.

"I'm gonna—"

"Yes!" Margot screamed, her back arching off the seat. "Cum with me! Cum with mommy NOW!"

Her orgasm hit like a freight train. Her entire body seized, muscles locking and trembling as her cunt spasmed against his grinding shaft.

She screamed so loud it echoed off the SUV windows, a raw, animal sound of pure release.

Her nails raked down his back, leaving red welts through his shirt as her hips bucked wildly.

Brook couldn't hold back anymore. The pressure snapped, and his cock erupted inside his briefs, thick ropes of teenage cum shooting out with violent force.

He grunted like he'd been punched, his whole body jerking and kicking as the orgasm tore through him. His hips stuttered against her, grinding out every last spurt while his balls emptied themselves against her soaked panties.

They convulsed together, a twisted sweaty ball of pleasure bouncing around the back seat. The SUV actually rocked on its suspension, the shocks creaking as they writhed and trembled through their shared release.

Brook felt like he was having a seizure—his muscles wouldn't obey him, his body just kept jerking and twitching while cum pumped out of his cock in seemingly endless streams.

Margot's screams dissolved into broken moans, her mouth still mashed against his, tongues sliding together in sloppy, exhausted circles.

The wet heat between them was obscene—his cum mixing with her juices, soaking through both layers of underwear until the fabric couldn't hold any more.

The excess spattered between their bodies, hot and thick, pooling in the creases of her thighs and dripping down onto the towel beneath them.

"Oh god, oh fuck, oh god," Margot babbled, her voice wrecked.

Her hands trembled in his hair, holding his face against hers as she peppered desperate kisses across his lips, his cheeks, his jaw. "So good, baby. You made mommy feel so fucking good."

Brook couldn't respond. Could barely breathe. His heart hammered against his ribs like it was trying to escape, and his cock still twitched with aftershocks against her soaked panties.

The cum was everywhere—cooling rapidly between their bodies, sticky and slick and absolutely filthy.

They lay there tangled together, both gasping for air, the SUV filled with the sounds of their ragged breathing and the distant guitar solo still wailing from the speakers.

Margot's thighs finally loosened their death grip on his hips, her muscles going slack as the last waves of pleasure faded. But she didn't let him pull away. Her fingers stayed tangled in his hair, her lips brushing against his with each labored breath.

"That's my good boy," she whispered, pressing one more soft kiss to his swollen mouth. "Mommy's perfect, perfect boy."

Margot finally untangled herself from her son, both of them wincing as their soaked clothing peeled apart with wet, obscene sucking sounds.

She glanced at the clock on the dashboard—fifteen minutes until Brook's first class. More than enough time to clean him up and get him to school looking like nothing had happened.

"Come on, baby," she said, reaching for the gym bag she'd stashed in the front seat. "Mommy brought towels."

Ten minutes later, Brook was presentable—maybe a little flushed, his hair slightly disheveled, but nothing that would raise eyebrows.

Margot had changed into the spare clothes she'd packed, her soiled shorts and panties stuffed into a plastic bag and shoved under the driver's seat.

She pulled the SUV up to the curb outside the school entrance, the familiar brick building looking absurdly normal after what they'd just done.

Brook reached for the door handle, then hesitated. He turned back to her, his face still pink, eyes searching hers for... something. Permission, maybe. Or reassurance.

Margot smiled and reached up to cup his jaw, her thumb brushing over his lower lip. "Hurry and get to class."

Her voice dropped to a whisper. "And think about mommy all day."

He swallowed hard, nodded once, and climbed out of the SUV. She watched him walk toward the entrance, his backpack slung over one shoulder, his gait slightly unsteady.

A satisfied warmth spread through her chest as she slid her sunglasses down over her eyes, hiding the predatory gleam that she couldn't quite suppress. Her boy. Her perfect, obedient boy.

The drive home took twenty minutes. Margot hummed along to the radio, her body still buzzing with aftershocks, her panties—fresh ones, clean ones—already growing damp at the memory of Brook's cock grinding against her.

She'd needed that for so fucking long. Years of frustration melting away with each desperate thrust of her son's hips.

She pulled into the garage and killed the engine, grabbing her purse and heading inside. The house was quiet—just as she'd left it. Daniel's car was still gone, which meant he was probably already down in the basement, obsessing over his latest panic room prototype. Good. She needed a shower and a change of clothes before—

"Margot? Margot, are you there?" Her husband's voice crackled through the speaker in the living room, echoing from the monitor mounted on the wall.

She walked over, frowning at the screen. The video feed showed Daniel standing inside the panic room, his face illuminated by the emergency lighting, looking distinctly uncomfortable.

"Daniel? What's going on?"

"We have a problem." He ran a hand through his hair, a nervous habit she recognized all too well. "The door—it malfunctioned. The electronic lock engaged and won't respond to any of the override codes."

Margot's frown deepened. "So open it manually. There's a release lever inside."

"That's the problem." His voice pitched higher. "The manual release is connected to the same circuit. Everything's locked down. I can't get out."

She stared at the screen, processing his words. "You're stuck in there."

"Yes." He exhaled heavily. "I called Marcus already, but he's at a conference in Denver. He can't get here until tomorrow afternoon at the earliest. Someone needs to access the external circuit panel to manually trip the lock."

Tomorrow afternoon. Margot's lips curved slowly upward. "How unfortunate," she said, her voice flat.

She settled onto the couch, crossing her legs and leaning back against the cushions. "Trapped in your own creation. That must be frustrating."

"Margot, please." Daniel pressed his palm flat against the glass. "I know you're upset with me. I've been working too much, I see that now. But once I get out of here, I promise I'll make it up to you. We'll go away for the weekend, just the two of us. I'll—"

"Don't bother." Her voice cut through his rambling like a knife. She watched his face fall on the screen, confusion and hurt flickering across his features.

"What?"

"I said don't bother." Margot uncrossed her legs and leaned forward, her elbows bracing on her knees. "It's too little, too late. And honestly? It doesn't even matter anymore."

"Margot, I don't understand—"

"Brook has been taking the edge off for me lately."

The words hung in the air between them. Daniel's brow furrowed, his mouth opening and closing without sound.

"What... what does that mean?"

Margot's smirk widened into something cruel. "It means exactly what you think it means, Daniel."

She stood, her huge breasts bobbling as she sauntered closer to the monitor, her face filling the screen. "Remember that secret spot past the old farmhouse? The one where we used to park before we were married?"

His face went pale. "Yes, but—"

"Brook and I were there this morning."

She let the words sink in, watching the realization dawn in his eyes. "We had ourselves a ravenous little dry-fuck session. And you know what? I came harder than I have in years. Harder than I ever have with you."

"Margot—"

"And he wasn't even inside me." She laughed softly at the memory, her cunt throbbing with renewed heat. "Just his big, thick cock grinding against my pussy through our underwear. That's all it took. Your son made me cum so hard I screamed."

Daniel's stomach dropped. She could see it happen—his whole body sagging, his face crumpling as her words hit home. His hand dropped from the glass, hanging limp at his side.

"You're lying," he whispered. "You're just trying to hurt me."

"Ask him yourself." Margot shrugged, turning away from the monitor. "Ask him tonight why his underwear was soaked this morning. Ask him why he smells like his mother's pussy."

Daniel stared at the screen, his face drained of color, mouth working soundlessly. When he finally found his voice, it came out cracked and hollow.

"This is... this has to be some kind of sick joke. You're trying to punish me. I get it. I deserve it. But Margot, please—"

A giggle bubbled up from her throat, light and musical and utterly devoid of mercy. She pressed her hand to her chest, feigning innocence.

"Oh, baby, no. No joke." She stepped closer to the monitor, letting him see the wicked sparkle in her eyes. "You know all those security cameras you installed throughout the house? The ones you insisted were for 'our protection'?"

She made air quotes with her fingers. "Well, they're about to come in very handy for you. Consider it your personal entertainment system while you're stuck in there."

Daniel's confusion morphed into dawning horror. "What are you talking about?"

"Brook gets home at three-thirty." Margot checked her nails casually, as if discussing dinner plans. "And once I call my mother to take the little ones for the night, your son and I are gonna fuck like animals in every single room of this house. And you, my dear husband, are going to watch every second of it."

"Margot, you can't—"

"The kitchen counter," she continued, ticking off locations on her fingers. "The dining room table. Your precious home office—oh, I'm definitely going to ride that big teenage cock on your desk. The living room couch, obviously. Our bedroom."

Her smile turned razor-sharp as she savored his reaction. "Our bed, Daniel. I'm going to spread my legs for him on the same sheets where you neglect me every night."

"Please, Margot, this is insane—"

"The guest bathroom. The laundry room. Maybe even the hallway if we're feeling adventurous."

She was practically vibrating with excitement now, her cunt already throbbing at the mental images. "Every surface in this house is going to witness your son giving me what you couldn't."

Daniel slumped against the far wall of the panic room, his body language defeated. But Margot noticed something else—a slight bulge in his pants that he was trying desperately to hide with his hands.

She laughed again, louder this time. "Oh my god. You're getting hard, aren't you? The thought of your wife getting properly fucked by your own son is actually turning you on."

"No, I—"

"Don't lie to me, Daniel. I can see it."

She shook her head slowly, mock pity washing over her features. "You're pathetic. But don't worry—you're going to see everything up close. And I mean everything."

She leaned in until her face filled the screen, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Wait until you see Brook's cock. It's fucking magnificent—a huge, veiny beast that never goes soft. Thicker than yours. Longer—WAY LONGER. And the way it pulses...FUCK!"

She shuddered with genuine pleasure at the memory. "Your son stays hard for hours, Daniel. Hours. When was the last time you managed more than five minutes?"

"Margot, please stop—"

"No." Her voice hardened. "You don't get to ask me to stop. You don't get to ask me for anything. I spent years begging for your attention. Years touching myself in the shower because you were too busy with your fucking panic rooms to fuck your wife."

"Margot, we have sex twice a week. I—"

"Twice a week for ten to fifteen minutes," she giggled, shaking her head, "how fucking generous of you."

She straightened up, smoothing her hands down her hips.

"Tonight, I finally get what I deserve. The kind of fucking you could never provide—even when you actually tried. And you're going to watch every thrust, every moan, every time your son makes me cum on his big, beautiful cock."

She turned away from the monitor, pulling her phone from her purse. "Now if you'll excuse me, I need to call my mother. Lots to prepare before Brook gets home."

"Margot, wait—"

She muted the monitor with a casual tap, cutting off his desperate pleas mid-syllable. A satisfied smile spread across her face as she scrolled through her contacts and pressed call.

"Hey, Mom," she said sweetly when the line connected. "How would you like to have the little ones stay over tonight? I've got... a lot going on."

Her free hand drifted between her thighs, pressing against the damp fabric of her panties as she listened to her mother's enthusiastic acceptance. Tonight was going to be perfect.

The doorbell chimed at two o'clock sharp. Margot had barely finished setting out her collection on the master bed—delicate scraps of lace and silk arranged like offerings to a depraved altar. "Coming!" she called, her voice bright with anticipation.

She padded down the hallway in her bare feet, still wearing the damp shorts from her earlier escapade with Brook.

Lauren stood on the porch, her eyes wide with excited curiosity. They'd been best friends for over a decade, sharing every secret, every fantasy, every frustration about their marriages. But this was something entirely new.

"Holy shit, Margot. You're really doing this," Lauren asked, following her friend back to the bedroom.

"Yep, in very room." Margot answered, her pulse quickening as they entered the bedroom. "Every surface. I've been thinking about it all morning."

Lauren's gaze swept across the bed, taking in the array of lingerie—sheer babydoll tops, crotchless panties, garter belts with stockings, bodysuits that left nothing to the imagination.

She picked up a scrap of red lace, holding it up to the light. "This one's going to make him insane," Lauren murmured, rubbing the fabric between her fingers. "He's going to tear it off you before you even make it to the bed."

"That's the plan." Margot held up a black bodysuit with strategic cutouts at the nipples and crotch. "Or this one. I want him to have easy access."

Lauren laughed, a knowing sound. "You're really gonna fuck him. After all those nights of just grinding..."

"Mm-hmm." Margot pulled her tank top over her head, her massive tits spilling free.

She caught Lauren's appreciative glance and smirked. "You wanna help me pick the perfect first outfit?"

"Obviously."

Margot shimmied out of her shorts, standing naked except for her soaked panties. She peeled those off too, tossing them toward the laundry basket. The scent of her arousal hung heavy in the air.

"God, you're soaked," Lauren observed, not bothering to hide her interest. "You really are desperate for it."

"You have no idea." Margot stepped into a pair of sheer white panties, the fabric doing nothing to conceal her glistening pussy lips. She pulled on a matching bra that barely contained her heavy breasts, her dark nipples clearly visible through the thin material.

"How's this?"

"Innocent but filthy." Lauren nodded approvingly. "Perfect for corrupting your son."

Margot turned toward the full-length mirror, admiring the way the lingerie hugged her curves. Her eyes flicked briefly to the small camera mounted in the corner of the ceiling—Daniel's security system, now her personal audience.

She smiled directly into the lens, knowing her husband was listening to every word.

"I still can't believe you're actually going through with this," Lauren said, settling onto the edge of the bed.

She picked up a pair of crotchless panties, examining them with fascination. "I mean, I've heard about your little grinding sessions. You've told me everything. But actually fucking him?"

"It's time," said Margot slipped out of the white set and reached for a deep purple bodysuit. The fabric clung to every curve, the cutout at the crotch perfectly framing her swollen pussy.

"I need a real cock inside me," Margot continued. "I need to feel him thrusting deep, making me cum like a whore, then filling me up."

Lauren watched her friend parade in front of the mirror, her own cheeks flushing. "You know Brook is going to destroy you with that young cock. Teenage boys can stay hard for fucking ever. And their refractory periods? Practically nonexistent."

"I'm counting on it," Margot said as her hand drifted between her thighs, her fingers brushing the wet flesh visible through the crotchless opening.

"I want him inside me all night long," she continued. "Every position. Every hole."

"Every hole?" Lauren's eyebrows shot up. "You think he's gonna fit in your ass?"

"We'll find out," Margot said, her smile turning wicked. "I've been training with my toys. I want to be ready for anything."

Lauren fanned herself dramatically. "Daniel must be losing his fucking mind right now."

Margot turned toward the camera again, her smile sharpening. "Oh, I'm sure he is... knowing his own son's about to sink his dick inside his wife."

Lauren followed her gaze to the camera and grinned. "Well, good. Maybe he'll finally appreciate what he's been neglecting."

"Maybe."

Margot slipped into a sheer black robe, leaving it untied so the purple bodysuit remained visible underneath. "Or maybe he'll just have to watch his son give me the best fucking of my life from now on."

"Mm, that young dick is going to feel so good inside you, throbbing and kicking," Lauren said, her voice dropping lower. "Fucking you hard, fast and relentless. You're gonna cum so many times you'll lose count."

"I'm looking forward to every inch," Margot said, nipples strained against the thin fabric, her pussy clenching with anticipation. "Every thrust. Every time he bottoms out inside me and I can feel his balls slapping against my ass."

Lauren stood, smoothing her hands down Margot's arms. "You deserve this, you know. After everything Daniel's put you through."

"I know." Margot glanced at the clock. Three-fifteen. "And in about fifteen minutes, I'm gonna fucking take what I deserve."

She looked directly at the camera one final time, her lips curving into a predatory smile. "Don't go anywhere, Daniel. The show's about to begin."

Lauren's eyes followed Margot's gaze to the camera in the corner. A wicked grin split her face. She looked straight up at the lens, grabbing the hem of her tight tank top and yanking it up over her full tits.

They bounced free, heavy and round, nipples stiffening on the discs of large, pebbled areolas. She shook them hard, making the flesh slap and jiggle, then thrust her middle finger high toward the ceiling.

"Fuck you, Daniel! You pathetic fucking cuckold loser!" Lauren spat, her voice dripping venom and glee. "Have fun watching your hot wife get her pussy wrecked by her own son's fat cock tonight!"

Inside the panic room, Daniel stared at the monitor, his stomach churning. He couldn't fucking believe it. His wife and her slutty best friend talked about Margot cheating with their son like it was the most normal shit in the world.

Trapped behind the unbreakable door, his prototype's malfunction mocking him, he gripped the console, helpless.

Back in the bedroom, Lauren dropped her top and helped Margot adjust the purple crotchless bodysuit. Margot's massive tits

wobbled under the thin straps, barely contained, dark nipples poking through the sheer fabric like bullets.

She bent to grab her hairbrush from the dresser, her big ass cheeks hanging out, round and firm, the bodysuit's cut exposing her puckered asshole and dripping pussy lips.

Wetness glistened on her inner thighs, the scent of her horny cunt thick in the room.

"God, that bodysuit is fucking goddess," Lauren said, running her hands over Margot's hips, fingers brushing close to her soaked slit. "Brook is gonna bury his face in those big fucking tits while he pounds you."

Margot brushed her long hair, arching her back to thrust her ass out further. She caught her reflection, smirking at how fuckable she looked.

"First, I'm gonna grind on that veiny cock until his knob batters my cervix," she stated, plenty loud enough for her husband to hear through the camera. "You know how thick he is—gonna feel like a steel rod splitting me open."

Lauren nodded, picking up a bottle of lube and squirting some onto her fingers. She smeared it over Margot's exposed pussy, rubbing the swollen lips apart.

"Ride him cowgirl so you can grind deep. Bounce that fat ass on his balls, make his pubic bone grind your clit. He'll flood your womb good'n hard with all that teenage nut."

"Mmm, yeah," Margot moaned, her pussy clenching around Lauren's probing fingers. "Then I'll flip him over and suck that

huge dick clean. Lick every vein, nibble his heavy balls until he's begging to fuck my throat."

Daniel's screen showed it all in crystal clarity—the intimate touches, the vulgar words blasting through the speakers. No mute button, no escape.

He pounded the console, but the volume stayed cranked, forcing every filthy detail into his ears. Humiliation burned hot in his chest, mixing with unwanted arousal as his neglected cock strained against his zipper.

His wife detailing how she'd worship their son's meat? Rage twisted his face, but he couldn't look away.

"Don't forget his asshole," Lauren added, circling Margot's cherry-sized clit with slick fingers. "Rim him while you stroke that shaft. Teenage boys go insane for that shit—makes 'em cum buckets."

"Mm, I'm gonna eat his fucking ass and balls right up," Margot confessed, her cunt tingling with the thrill of her husband listening.

"Then shove him down and sit on his face," Lauren stated. "Grind your asshole on his tongue while he jerks off into your tits."

Margot shivered, her chest-meat heaving as she set the brush down.

"Fuck, you're making me so wet. I'm gonna deepthroat him until he gags me with pre-cum, then bend over the kitchen table for a brutal pussy pounding."

"Kitchen table? Hot," Lauren breathed, her own shorts dampening. "Doggy style, ass spread wide. Make him drill your cervix raw, pull your hair, slap those cheeks red. You'll squirt all over his fucking me."

"Oh I'll cum like a fucking whore for sure," Margot growled, pinching her own nipples through the fabric, twisting until they ached.

Her pussy throbbed, juices dripping down her legs. She glanced at the clock—three-twenty. Brook would be home any minute. "Then anal. Lube his cock and impale myself, feel that fat head stretch my shithole."

Daniel groaned, the words seared him: cervix-battering, ball-nibbling, ass-rimming. His wife's betrayal laid bare, her body primed for their son's invasion.

Trapped, he watched her ass cheeks flex as she posed, tits bouncing with every breath. Fury warred inside him, the panic room his personal hell.

Lauren stepped back, admiring her work. "You're gonna ruin him for other girls. That mommy-cunt will own his dick."

"Good," Margot giggled, running her hands over her curves, fingers dipping into her open crotch to finger-fuck herself shallowly. Wet squelches filled the room. "Daniel's gonna see every thrust, every cum-shot. Maybe I'll make Brook breed me on our bed."

"Oh god, yes, yes YES...make him fuck you pregnant while hubby watches," Lauren giggled.

Lauren grabbed her purse and headed for the door, blowing a kiss toward the camera. "Have fun watching your wife get dicked down, loser!"

She cackled as the front door slammed shut behind her.

Margot stood alone in the living room now, the purple crotchless bodysuit hugging every curve, her massive tits barely contained by the thin straps.

Her feet were slipped into black stiletto heels that clicked against the hardwood as she sauntered toward the living room monitor, her big ass cheeks bouncing with every stride.

Inside the panic room, Daniel pressed his face close to the screen, his cock straining painfully against his zipper. Despite everything—her betrayal, her mockery, her plans to fuck their son—his body responded to the sight of her.

Those heavy tits swaying, the wet glisten of her exposed, waxed pussy lips between her thighs, the confident sway of her hips.

His hand trembled against the console. "Margot, please," he begged, his voice cracking through the speaker system. "Don't do this. I'm sorry I neglected you. I'll make it up to you—I swear. Just... don't fuck him. Please."

Margot's lips curled into a cold smile. She stood directly before the camera, hands on her wide hips, her cleavage filling the frame above.

"Sorry, baby. Too little, way too late." She tilted her head, dark hair cascading over one shoulder. "But I do need your help with something."

Daniel's heart surged with desperate hope. "Anything. What do you need?"

"I can't decide how to greet Brook when he walks through that door." Margot traced a finger along her exposed slit, gathering wetness and bringing it to her lips. She sucked it clean, maintaining eye contact with the lens. "See, I have two options, and both have me dripping."

Daniel's stomach dropped. "Options?" he asked.

"Option one," Margot began, pacing slowly, her heels clicking, "I meet him right at the entrance. Strip him naked in the foyer. Get on my knees and suck that fat cock until he's rock hard and leaking."

She cupped her tits, squeezing them together. "I could depththroat him right there—feel his knob hit the back of my throat while his hands grip my hair. Make him watch his own mother worship his meat."

She paused, letting the words sink in.

Daniel's jaw clenched, his knuckles white on the console edge.

"Margot, please don't—"

"The advantage?" Margot continued, cutting him off. "He'll be desperate. Edge him with my mouth until he's begging. Then when I finally spread my legs, he'll pound me like a fucking animal, just how I want it."

"I don't think—"

"Plus, you get to watch me gag on his thick shaft from the very first moment."

"Stop," Daniel choked out. "Margot, please—"

"Shut up," she snapped, her smile never wavering. "I'm not done."

She turned around, bending over slightly to give the camera a full view of her round ass and glistening pussy.

"Option two—I drag him straight to our marriage bed. No teasing, no warm-up. Just throw him down and ride that veiny cock until my cervix bruises."

Margot reached back and slapped her own ass cheek, making the meat of her buttocks ripple, the sound cracking through the speakers.

"The bed's advantage? Comfort. I can fuck him for hours in every position. Missionary so I can stare into his eyes while he breeds me so fucking deep. Doggy so he can yank my hair and spank my ass raw. Reverse cowgirl so you can watch my asshole wink while his balls slap my clit."

She spun back around, her expression cruel and satisfied. "And our marital sheets? They'll be soaked with our combined cum by morning. Every time you sleep in that bed, you'll smell my pussy and his spunk."

Daniel's cock throbbed traitorously, a wet spot forming at his crotch. His wife detailing her plans to ravage their son—spelling out every filthy benefit—sent his mind reeling. The betrayal, the

taboo, the sheer depravity of it all. He wanted to scream, to look away, but his eyes stayed glued to the screen.

"So what do you think, Daniel?" Margot stepped closer to the camera until her face filled the frame, her massive tits heaving below. "Should I suck him first or go straight to the brutal fucking? Your input matters to me."

She burst into laughter, the sound cruel and mocking. "Kidding. I don't give a shit what you think. But hearing you suffer while I weigh my options? That's half the fun."

"I don't even know what to say," Daniel uttered.

"Which is good," his wife stated, "because we both know you know very little when it comes to sex. You fucking suck at it."

"You never—"

"Fucking is for moms and barely-legal teenagers," Margot stated excited. "We were built for it. So just stew on your boring work stuff and leave the hot, nasty fucking to Brook and I."

A car door slammed outside. Margot's eyes flicked toward the front window, her smile widening. "Sounds like our big-dicked son is home."

She blew a kiss at the camera. "Time to find out which option wins. Or maybe I'll just improvise. Either way, you're gonna watch me become a cum dump for our own flesh and blood."

She turned and clicked toward the front door, her ass swaying with deliberate slowness.

Brook trudged up the driveway, his backpack slung over one shoulder, when his steps faltered. His dad's car sat parked in its usual spot, gleaming in the late afternoon sun.

He'd assumed—hoped—his dad would be away working today. That meant the house would be empty. That meant he and his mom could pick up where they'd left off that morning, her wet cunt grinding against his shaft under the blanket while she moaned into his ear.

Brook pushed open the front door and stepped inside. Before he could even drop his backpack, soft, warm flesh slammed into him. Giant tits—massive, heavy, silk-shrouded mounds—smothered his face as his mother's body pressed him back against the door.

The hard wood dug into his shoulders as her cleavage engulfed him, his nose buried in the deep canyon between her breasts. The thin purple fabric of her bodysuit did nothing to hide their heat, their weight, the intoxicating scent of her skin.

"Missed you, baby," Margot purred against his ear, her hot breath sending shivers down his spine. Her mouth found his neck instantly, lips and tongue working his skin with hungry, wet kisses.

She licked a stripe from his collarbone to his jaw, then bit down on the sensitive flesh where his neck met his shoulder.

Brook groaned, his hands coming up instinctively to grip her waist. But there was no fabric there. His palms slid over bare, warm flesh—the smooth curves of her naked ass cheeks.

The crotchless bodysuit left her completely exposed from behind, and he dug his fingers into the soft flesh, pulling her harder against him.

"Fuck, Mom—"

Margot didn't wait for him to finish. She practically mounted him right there in the foyer, one strong thigh hooking around his hip as she ground her bare, slick pussy against the growing bulge in his jeans.

The smooth lips of her vulva crushed against his cock through the denim, hot and wet and insistent. She rolled her hips in a slow, deliberate circle, smearing the secretions of her arousal across his trapped shaft.

"Feel how wet I am?" she breathed against his throat, her tongue tracing his Adam's apple. "Been thinking about this cock all day. About having you inside me."

Brook's head spun. His cock swelled rapidly, straining against his zipper, the fabric dampening where her pussy leaked through.

His hands kneaded her fatty ass cheeks, pulling her even tighter against him as she continued her relentless grinding. The wet heat of her cunt seeped through his jeans, and he could feel every fold, every slippery ridge of her sex pressing into him.

"Wait—" he gasped, finally finding his voice. "Dad's car—I saw it in the driveway. What about—"

Margot pulled back just enough to look him in the eye, her lips swollen and wet from kissing his neck. A wicked smile spread across her face.

"He's here," she said simply, rolling her hips harder, grinding her clit against his cock. "He's watching. And he can't do a fucking thing about it."

Brook blinked, confusion cutting through his arousal. "What?"

"The panic room." Margot's smile widened, her dark eyes glittering with cruel delight. "Door malfunction. He's trapped inside until his assistant gets here tomorrow. And the best part? There are cameras everywhere. He can see everything."

She reached up and turned his head toward the living room. Across the space, a large monitor showed his father's face, pressed close to the glass, his expression a mixture of sick disgust and helpless rage.

Daniel's mouth moved, but no sound reached them—the speaker had been muted.

"See?" Margot whispered against Brook's ear, her tongue flicking the lobe. "He's right there. Watching his son get hard for his mother. Watching me grind my wet pussy on your cock. And he can't stop it. Can't even look away."

Brook stared at the screen, his father's horrified face filling his vision. His stomach churned with a strange mix of guilt and dark thrill. He should stop. Should push his mother away, walk out, pretend this wasn't happening. But her pussy was so wet. So hot. And his cock was so fucking hard.

"That's so fucked up," he breathed, even as his hands tightened on her ass.

"Mmm, I know," Margot purred kissing his jaw, his cheek, the corner of his mouth, nipping at his skin with her pretty white teeth. "Isn't it perfect?"

She rolled her hips again, harder this time, and Brook felt her slick folds part slightly around the ridge of his cock through his jeans. The friction sent sparks up his spine, his balls tightening with need.

"Now," Margot purred, sliding one hand between their bodies to palm his erection through the denim, "let's give your father a real show."

On the monitor, Daniel's face contorted with impotent fury as his wife squeezed their son's cock and smiled.

Margot's fingers were already at Brook's belt, yanking it open with frantic urgency. The metal buckle clanged against the door as she ripped his jeans zipper down, her other hand shoving his shirt up and over his head in one rough motion.

"Fuck," Brook gasped, feeling her pepper his torso with tender kisses, those soft, silk-shrouded tits dragging up his abs.

His backpack thudded to the floor, forgotten.

Margot dropped to her knees right there in the foyer, hooking her fingers into the waistbands of his shorts and briefs, dragging them down his thighs in a swift, merciless pull.

Cool air hit his skin, but his cock didn't need it—already throbbing steel-hard from her grinding pussy moments ago.

Brook's face burned hot, a deep blush creeping up his neck as his dick sprang free, bobbing heavy and rigid at an upward angle, inches from his mother's face.

Thick veins bulged along the stalk, pulsing with trapped blood, the swollen head a glistening plum leaking pre-cum in sticky strings.

He couldn't help it—a smirk tugged at his lips as he glanced at the monitor. His dad's face filled the screen, eyes bulging in raw disbelief, mouth hanging open like he'd been punched in the gut.

Daniel's cheeks flushed purple, fists slamming uselessly against the glass, but no sound escaped the muted feed.

“Holy shit,” Margot gasped, her eyes widening like saucers as she stared at her son's exposed meat. Her breath washed hot over the veiny length, making it jerk. “That's the fattest, hardest cock I've ever fucking seen.”

She lunged forward without hesitation, her long tongue flattening against the base where coarse hairs met skin. She licked upward in one slow, deliberate drag from root to tip, savoring the salty musk of his sweat and pre-cum.

Brook groaned, his hips bucking involuntarily as her wet tongue traced every bulging vein, lapping at the sensitive underside.

When she reached the fat knob, she swirled around it greedily, her lips pursing to suckle the slit, drawing out a fat bead of pre-cum that she slurped down with a hungry moan.

On the monitor, Daniel's face twisted further, veins popping in his forehead as he watched his wife's tongue worship their son's cock.

Brook barely noticed—his world narrowed to the slick heat of his mom's mouth.

Margot wrapped her fist around the thick base, her fingers not even meeting around the girth. She pulled upward in tight corkscrew strokes, twisting her wrist as the veiny shaft slid through her grip, slick with her spit. The power anchored deep at the root, unyielding steel that didn't bend or soften, just throbbed hotter under her hand.

“Fuck, baby,” she murmured against the dripping head, her free hand cupping his heavy balls, rolling them in her palm. “Feel how fucking rigid you are? Like a goddamn baseball bat. Your dad's tiny prick could never compare.”

Brook's knees weakened, his back pressing harder into the door for support. Her strokes pumped faster, corkscrewing from root to tip, her thumb smearing pre-cum over the plum-sized knob on every upstroke.

Wet schlicking sounds filled the foyer, mixing with his ragged breaths and her filthy praise.

He glanced at the monitor again—Daniel's eyes were locked on the scene, face a mask of impotent fury, hands clawing at the glass as if he could reach through and stop it.

Margot popped the head into her mouth, sucking hard while her hand kept twisting below. Her cheeks hollowed, tongue battering

the underside with butterfly licks as she bobbed shallowly, spit drooling down the shaft to lube her strokes.

"Fuck, mom," Brook gasped, balls drawing up tight, the pressure building like a fist in his gut.

Her bare pussy peeked from between her thighs as she knelt, lips swollen and dripping onto the tile, her ass cheeks flexing with each twist of her fist.

"Look at him watching," she said after pulling off with a wet pop, grinning up at Brook while jacking him furiously. "Your father's seeing what a real man's cock looks like. Bet he's hard in there, the pathetic cuck."

She spat on the bulbous head, stroking it in, her eyes flicking to the monitor with a mocking wink, savoring her husband's reaction to her words.

Brook smirked wider, thrusting into her fist, fucking it like a pussy, the blush fading into pure lust. His cock pulsed in her grip, veins straining, pre-cum flowing freely now.

He wanted to bury it in her throat, her cunt, her ass, anywhere hot and tight. But she controlled the pace, teasing him toward the edge without mercy.

Daniel pounded the glass harder on screen, his distorted yells silent but obvious. Margot laughed low, throaty, and dove back down, swallowing half his length in one go.

Her throat convulsed around him, gagging wetly as she forced more, her corkscrew hand pumping the rest, feeling the hot sinew and veins in her fist.

Brook's fingers tangled in her hair, holding her there as his hips jerked, feeding his meat through the ring of her lips. The foyer reeked of sex—musk, spit, her pussy juices puddling beneath her.

Margot's tongue swirled again, his coronal rim flaring under the curl of her long oral muscle. Her fist twisted relentlessly, strangling his meat, yanking rough like she wanted to pull more length from its root.

He was so close, balls aching, cock locked rigid in her mouth.

She pulled back gasping, strings of spit connecting her lips to his throbbing meat.

"No cumming yet, baby. I want this fat cock stretching my pussy first. While he watches every inch disappear inside me.'

Daniel's brain refused to process what his eyes were seeing. His wife—his \*wife\*—on her knees in their foyer, yanking and sucking their son's cock.

Daniel could see the power in that boner—how it didn't bend or soften under her grip, just throbbed harder, anchored deep at the root like it was built for fucking.

"Here?" his son asked, breathless.

"Here," Margot confirmed, reaching between them to angle his cock toward her entrance. "Right here. Right where he can see."

Daniel's knees buckled. He slid down the wall, landing hard on the panic room floor, but his eyes never left the monitor. Couldn't look away even if he wanted to. His wife was about to fuck their son against the front door, and he had a front-row seat.

Margot lifted one leg, wrapping it around Brook's hip. The position opened her pussy perfectly for the camera—swollen lips parting to show pink flesh, clit poking out from its hood, everything slick and ready.

She notched the fat head against her entrance and paused. "Watch closely, Daniel," she called out, voice sweet as poison. "This is what it looks like when a woman actually \*wants\* it."

Daniel watched in paralyzed horror as the fat, plum-shaped head of his son's cock pressed against Margot's soaked entrance. Time seemed to slow—the thick helmet parting her swollen labial meat, those puffy lips stretching obscenely around the intruder.

He saw every detail: the way her inner folds clung to the shaft as it pushed inward, how her clit twitched and bounced against the top of Brook's cock, the glistening wetness coating everything.

"Oh fuck—oh \*fuck\*—" Margot's voice cracked through the speakers as the bell-shaped head popped inside her.

Her cunt stretched wider than Daniel had ever seen it stretch, wider than he'd ever managed to stretch it himself. The rim of her pussy gripped Brook's shaft like a rubber band, pink flesh turning white from the tension.

Brook groaned, his hips flexing as he drove forward. Daniel watched inch after fat, veiny inch disappear into the hole he'd thought was his alone. The shaft was a monster—thick veins running along the top and sides, pulsing with trapped blood, the skin pulled so tight it looked ready to split.

Each thrust buried more of that massive cock inside his wife's body, veins and muscle flexing and bulging as he speared more of his length inside her honeyed hole.

“So fucking big—so much bigger than your father's—” Margot squealed, her nails digging into Brook's shoulders.

Her huge tits bounced wildly, nipples pointing stiff and angry, the heavy globes slapping together with each movement.

The sound hit Daniel like a physical blow. That wet, obscene \*squelch\* of their joining—air being forced from her cunt around the thick intruder, her natural lubricants being squeegeed out by the impossible girth.

A frothy white foam built at the base of Brook's cock where her juices mixed with his pre-cum, churning into a mess that dripped steadily from his heavy, swinging balls.

\*That should be me\*, Daniel thought, the words meaningless even as they formed. \*That's my wife. My pussy.\*

But it wasn't. Not anymore. Maybe it never had been.

Brook bottomed out with a grunt, his balls slapping against Margot's ass. He held there for a moment, letting her feel every inch, letting his father see how completely she'd been filled.

Her pussy lips were mashed flat against his cock-root, stretched so wide they'd nearly disappeared.

“That's all of it,” Brook said, his voice deeper than Daniel remembered, “every fucking inch, Mom.”

Margot's response was to leap from the floor, throwing her other leg around his hip and locking her ankles behind his back. She latched onto him like a koala bear, her strong thighs squeezing his skinny waist, her arms wrapping around his neck.

The movement impaled her even deeper, forcing a scream from her throat. 'YES—fuck—RIGHT THERE—'

Brook's hands found her ass instantly, fingers sinking into the meaty flesh, kneading and spreading. He held her up on unsteady legs, his cock buried to the hilt inside her clutching furnace.

Daniel watched his son's grip dimple her cheeks, watched the muscles in Brook's forearms flex as he supported her weight.

Margot's big ass jiggled with each micro-thrust, the flesh rippling in waves. Her asshole winked at the camera—pink and tight and completely exposed—as she ground herself on their son's spear.

Everything but his balls had vanished inside her juicy cunt, swallowed whole by the greedy hole Daniel had thought he knew so well.

"You're reaching places—oh god—places that haven't been touched since college—" Margot whimpered, her head falling back, her mouth hanging open, drool running down her chin.

Her eyes rolled back, showing white. "Your father never—NEVER—this deep."

Daniel watched as each thrust drove a grunt from both of them, their bodies slapping together loudly. The frothy mess at their junction grew thicker, strings of it flying off with each impact, splattering on the floor beneath them.

“Watch him, Daniel,” Margot moaned between thrusts, her eyes finding the camera again. “Watch our son fuck me better than you ever did. Watch him fill me with cock you could never measure up to.”

Inside Margot's cunt, the flesh merged like a pink, wet engine—piston and crankshaft fused tight in a throbbing union of male and female muscle. Her spongy walls gripped Brook's shaft like a second skin, every ridge and corrugation grinding against his slick glans as they moved together.

The swollen head of his cock kissed her cervix with each deep thrust, the ring of muscle there sucking and nursing at his tip like a hungry mouth.

“Oh m-my... oh-h, m-mom,” Brook whimpered, his legs shaking beneath her weight. The tight, wet tunnel flexed and stroked him from root to rim, his mother's practiced pelvic floor muscles clamping down in rhythmic waves.

He felt the flanges of her inner lips suction-cupped around the base of his cock, sealing them together as she stirred her cunt around his iron-hard rod.

A wet \*fart\* sound escaped from where they joined—the last bit of air being pushed out by her squeezing muscles, replaced entirely by cock and cunt flesh mashed together.

The queef made Margot giggle against his neck, her pussy rippling with the laugh, which only made Brook groan louder.

“Feel that?” she whispered in his ear, her tongue flicking against the lobe. “Feel how my pussy eats your cock? How it sucks you deeper?”

“Yes—Mom—fuck—”

Daniel watched from behind the glass, his fist clenched so tight his knuckles had gone white. He could see everything—the obscene stretch of her labia around Brook's shaft, the creamy foam building at the base, the way her asshole puckered and relaxed with each thrust.

The wet sounds filling the room were deafening: \*schlick-schlick-schlick\* of cock plunging into soaked pussy, the slap of heavy balls against her ass, the squelch of air and fluids being displaced.

Margot's internal muscles worked like she was jerking him off from inside her body. Each ripple milked his shaft, coaxing more pre-cum from his slit, which mixed with her juices and churned into a thick, white froth.

Her cervix dragged across his glans with every rotation of her hips, the sensitive tissue there sending electric jolts through both their bodies.

“Your father never made me feel this full,” Margot moaned, her eyes half-lidded with pleasure. “Never stretched me open like this. Never reached my fucking cervix.”

She bounced faster on his cock, her huge tits jumping and slapping against his face. The nipples were swollen and red, pointing straight out like accusing fingers at the camera. Sweat dripped down her cleavage, pooling in the hollow of her throat.

Her son's hands roamed her body—gripping her ass, sliding up her sides, cupping her bouncing tits. He squeezed the heavy globes, thumbs flicking across her rubbery nipples, making her gasp and clench harder around his buried shaft.

“Play with them,” she commanded. “Suck them. I know you've wanted to since you were little.”

Brook leaned forward, capturing one stiff nipple in his mouth. He sucked hard, tongue swirling around the pebbled flesh, teeth grazing the sensitive tip as his face sunk against the meat of her melon like it was quicksand.

Margot cried out, her cunt shrinking around his cock, her thighs squeezing his hips.

“Yes—yes—good boy—such a good boy—”

Daniel felt bile rise in his throat. That was the same nipple Brook had nursed from as an infant. The same breast that had fed him, comforted him, been his safe place. Now his son suckled like a starving man, and Margot cradled his head to her chest like she was blessing him.

Margot grabbed her son's hair, yanking his head back. Their eyes met—mother and son, locked in forbidden lust—before she crushed her mouth to his.

The kiss was wet and hungry and deep. Their tongues tangled outside their mouths first, pink and slick, before she sucked his into her oral cavity.

They licked and bit and tasted each other, spit stringing between their lips when they broke apart for air. Margot's tongue fucked

his mouth the same way her cunt fucked his cock—rhythmic, demanding, claiming.

Daniel watched his wife's tongue disappear into their son's mouth again and again. Watched her cheeks hollow as she sucked on Brook's tongue in ways she never had his. Watched the drool run down both their chins.

His stomach churned with a toxic mixture of rage, envy, and unwanted arousal that made him feel sick. This wasn't just fucking. This was intimacy. This was connection. This was everything he'd neglected, everything he'd taken for granted, being given freely to their son.

"I'm gonna cum," Margot gasped against his mouth. "Oh fuck—I'm gonna—"

Margot's whole body seized. Her spine arched, head thrown back, mouth gaping in a silent scream that finally tore from her throat in a raw, animal wail.

Her cunt clamped down on Brook's cock like a vice, rhythmic spasms milking his shaft in desperate, clutching waves.

"FUCK—FUCK—OH FUCK—" the mother screamed.

Daniel watched in sick fascination as his wife came apart on their son's cock. Clear fluid sprayed from between their mashed crotches, her girl-cum splattering against Brook's pelvis, running down his heavy balls in thick, glistening streams.

The liquid pooled on the floor beneath them, mixing with sweat and the frothy residue of their fucking.

Her thighs trembled violently against Brook's hips. Her toes curled. Her asshole puckered and fluttered as her orgasm ripped through her, the pleasure so intense it bordered on pain.

"Oh god—oh god—Mom—" Brook groaned, his hands gripping her rippling ass cheeks, fingers sinking into the soft flesh.

Margot's cunt continued its rhythmic clenching, her pelvic floor muscles working involuntarily, milking and sucking at the thick shaft buried inside her.

Each contraction pushed more fluid from her quivering urethral slit, the wet heat coating Brook's cock, soaking his balls, dripping down to the floor in a steady stream.

Daniel's eyes were glued to his son's crotch with sick envy. He watched his boy's cock flex powerfully at its root—a thick, veiny iron bar of teenage power, strong and sturdy as a fence post.

The shaft pulsed with trapped blood, the swollen veins running along its soaking-wet length, bulging under the thin, angry-pink skin.

It showed absolutely no sign of softening. His own cock had never stayed this hard after making Margot cum. He'd always needed a recovery period, sometimes minutes, sometimes longer.

But Brook's massive prick remained rigid, punching deep in his mother's gushing cunt, ready for more.

"You're still hard," Margot panted, grinding her sensitive clit against his pubic bone. "Oh god—you're still so fucking hard—"

Brook whimpered beneath her, his hips twitching, fighting the urge to thrust. His cock throbbed inside her overstimulated channel, the swollen glans still pressed firmly against her cervix.

"I didn't—Mom, I didn't cum yet."

"I know, baby," she sighed, kissing his forehead, his nose, his lips. "I know. And you're not going to. Not yet. Not until Mommy gets her good cummies again."

Daniel's heart twisted with envy. He knew his wife's cunt felt amazing—he'd felt it himself, many times. The ridged walls lined with wonderful corrugations, the strong muscles that could grip and squeeze and milk.

But he could only imagine the increased friction his son's fat cock was experiencing. The exquisite pleasure on his naked glans as it reached places inside Margot's cunt that had gone untouched for so long. The places Daniel's shorter, thinner cock could never reach.

Margot began moving again, slowly at first, her oversensitive pussy dragging along Brook's shaft. She rose up until just the plum-sized head remained inside, then sank back down with a shuddering moan.

Her walls gripped him tight, every ridge and fold catching on his thick veins.

"Feel that?" she whispered. "Feel how my cunt hugs your cock? How it tries to keep you inside?"

"Yes—fuck—yes."

“Your father never made me feel this.”

She picked up speed, her ass slapping against his thighs. “Never filled me this full. Never stretched my pussy this wide.”

Daniel watched his wife's cunt react to their son's cock—the way her labia pulled and pushed with each thrust, the creamy foam building at the base, the pink flesh flushed and swollen with arousal.

He could see her cherry-sized clit, red and distended, grinding against Brook's pelvis with every down-stroke.

Margot's second orgasm built quickly, her body still trembling from the first. She rode him harder, faster, chasing her pleasure with single-minded determination.

Her huge tits bounced wildly around her boy's face, pounds of warm, supple tit-meat slapping against his shoulder, nipples turgid.

“Gonna cum again,” she gasped. “Gonna—oh fuck—right there—right fucking there!”

Her cunt clamped down again, another gush of fluid spraying like a busted pipe from between their bodies.

Brook's cock flexed inside her, iron-hard, unyielding, his young body showing no signs of exhaustion or recovery. Daniel knew he couldn't match his son's stamina, his endurance, his raw teenage power. The way he let his mother pound her cunt to cream on his cock, over and over, was truly epic.

Margot's screams echoed through the house as she came again, her body shaking, her cunt milking her son's cock for everything it had. And still, his son's prick remained rock-hard inside her.

Margot's thighs were shaking too violently to support her weight. Her cunt still rippled around Brook's cock, those rhythmic aftershocks milking his iron-hard shaft, but her legs had turned to jelly.

She slumped forward, her huge tits mashing against his chest, her breath coming in ragged gasps against his neck.

"Carry me," she panted into his ear. "Carry me to the couch. I wanna ride the fuck out of you properly."

Brook didn't hesitate. His arms wrapped around her sweat-slicked body, hands gripping her bare ass cheeks as he stood with surprising strength.

His cock remained buried inside her, the thick shaft shifting deliciously along walls of sponge and muscle as he moved, hitting new angles that made Margot whimper against his shoulder.

"Where do you—"

"The couch. Right there," she directed, pointing toward the leather sofa positioned directly across from the security camera. The camera that was currently broadcasting everything to the monitor inside his prison.

Brook crossed the room, his mother impaled on his cock, her legs wrapped like bear-traps, tight around his hips. He plopped down onto the cushions, the impact driving his shaft even deeper into her soaked cunt, punching a gasp from both their lungs.



“Oh fuck—oh YESSS!” Margot cried out, then immediately began moving.

Her hips rolled with a skill Brook had never imagined possible—grinding, bouncing, swirling in tight circles that dragged her cunt walls along every ridge and vein of his cock.

She planted her hands on his shoulders for leverage and fucked him with the expertise of a woman who'd finally found the perfect tool for the job.

"This is how it's supposed to feel," she groaned, her head lolling back as she ground him in exquisite figure-eights. "This is what your father could never give me."

Her hands moved to the neckline of her crotchless bodystocking. She pulled the thin lace down, tugging the fabric until her massive tits spilled free. They bounced heavily, slapping together, nipples pointing straight out like pink bullets.

Sweat glistened in the valley of her cleavage. Brook stared at them like a man dying of thirst. His hands came up instinctively, cupping the heavy globes, feeling their weight. They were enormous—each one much bigger than his head, the soft flesh overflowing his palms.

"Go ahead, baby," she purred, "They're yours."

He buried his face between them, motorboating the sweaty canyon with eager enthusiasm. The scent of her skin filled his nostrils—perfume mixed with musk, the intoxicating smell of a woman in heat.

His tongue traced the damp valley, licking the salt from her skin.

"Oh god—Mom—"

"Suck them," she hissed grabbing the back of his head and pulled him to her left nipple. "Suck Mommy's tits while I ride your big fucking cock."

Brook latched on immediately, his mouth sealing around the stiff peak. He sucked hard, his cheeks hollowing, his tongue swirling around the sensitive bud.

Margot cried out, her cunt clenching around his shaft as pleasure shot from her nipple straight to her clit.

"Yes—YES—just like that!

She bounced faster now, her ass slapping against his thighs with wet, meaty sounds. Her cunt made obscene squelching noises with every thrust—the sound of a greedy pussy devouring a fat cock.

Creamy white froth built up at the base of Brook's shaft, her juices mixing with his pre-cum, coating them both in slick heat.

Inside the panic room, Daniel watched in stunned silence, his eyes locked on the screen, watching his wife fuck their son with an enthusiasm he'd never seen from her.

She was radiant. Her face flushed, her mouth open, her eyes half-lidded with pleasure. Her huge tits bounced and swayed as she rode, the nipples disappearing into Brook's eager mouth before popping free again.

Her strong thighs gripped his hips as she ground down, taking every inch of his massive cock inside her. And her orgasms were coming faster now, hitting her every few minutes. Daniel counted three, then four, then lost track as her screams blended together.

Each one made her cunt spasm visibly around Brook's shaft, her girl-cum spraying out in clear streams that soaked the leather couch beneath them.

In a sick, twisted way, Daniel felt almost happy for her. Despite the jealousy burning in his gut, despite the humiliation of watching his son satisfy his wife in ways he never could—he recognized the look on her face. Pure, unadulterated bliss. The look of a woman finally getting exactly what she needed.

Her cunt was eating up that sturdy teenager cock with every bounce, her greedy pussy milking him for everything he had. And Brook was giving it to her. His cock remained rock-hard inside her, that thick veiny shaft flexing and pulsing as she rode, showing no signs of softening or exhaustion.

“Gonna—oh FUCK—gonna cum again!” Margot wailed, her whole body seizing. Her back arched, her tits thrust forward into Brook's face, her cunt clamping down on his cock with crushing force.

She screamed—a raw, animal sound of pure release—as another orgasm tore through her.

Daniel watched the wet spray splash against his son's pelvis. Watched the creamy foam build at the base of that massive cock. Watched his wife's asshole pucker and flutter as pleasure consumed her. And still, Brook stayed hard inside her. Still ready. Still willing. Still able to give her more.

Brook whimpered like a wounded animal against her chest. His mouth was stuffed completely full—her nipple and the wide circle of her areola wedged between his lips, so much soft tit-flesh that his cheeks bulged outward.

His tongue dug desperately at the pebbled skin, tracing the bumpy texture of her areola, flicking rapidly across the stiff peak of her nipple.

His head was sunk deep into the center of her massive tit, the doughy warmth of her breast meat pressed flat against his ears, smothering him in soft, sweaty flesh.

Through that cushion of tit, he could hear it—her heartbeat. Fast and strong, pounding against his ear like a drum. Ba-dum. Ba-dum. Ba-dum. The rhythm matched the frantic pace of her hips, each beat marking the surge of blood through her excited body.

The sound vibrated through his skull, making him dizzy with lust. But as much as he loved sucking her tit—worshipping the heavy globe with his hungry mouth—he couldn't ignore what was happening below.

Half his focus remained locked on the rhythmic squeeze of her cunt, the way those strong pelvic muscles milked his cock with expert precision.

Every nerve ending in his shaft fired at once as her wet walls clamped and released, clamped and released, a steady pumping rhythm designed to drain him dry. His glans flared inside her, that sensitive crown dragging through the tube of her cunt with each rise and fall of her hips.

He felt everything—the wet corrugated flesh parting around his cockhead, those ridged walls gripping him like a thousand tiny fingers. The texture was incredible, unlike anything he'd ever

imagined. Her pussy was a living thing, sucking and pulling at him, greedy for every inch.

She rose up and he felt himself sliding out, the cool air hitting his wet shaft for just a second before she slammed back down. His cockhead kissed her cervix—that tight gateway to the womb that had once carried him.

The forbidden intimacy of it made his balls clench. He was touching the place he'd come from, the sacred space that had nurtured his earliest existence.

Then she rose again and he was sucked back down, her cunt walls gripping him like a velvet vice, pulling him deeper into her wet heat. The process repeated—up, down, in, out—each cycle making his head spin with pleasure.

Her cervix bumped against his tip, that firm kiss sending jolts of electricity through his spine.

“Oh god—oh baby—your cock is so fucking deep!” Margot cried out, her voice was breathless, broken.

She was lost in it now, completely surrendered to the feeling of his massive shaft splitting her open. Her hands gripped his shoulders, fingernails digging into his skin as she rode him harder, faster.

Her son's balls were drawn up tight against his body, that familiar ache building at the base of his cock. He could feel his cum churning inside them, pressure building with every stroke. The wet slap of her ass against his thighs echoed through the room,

punctuated by her desperate moans and the obscene squelch of her soaked pussy.

'Mom—I'm gonna—fuck—I'm getting close,'" Brook gasped.

She ground down hard, her clit mashing against his pelvis, her cunt clenching around him with crushing force.

Her massive tits wobbled in his face, the nipple popping free of his mouth for a moment before she grabbed his head and shoved him back onto it.

"Not yet," she gasped, her hips still moving. "Hold it—hold it for Mommy—wanna cum on your cock one more time first."

Brook whimpered against her tit, his mouth full of her flesh, his cock throbbing inside her. He tried to focus on anything else—the taste of her skin, the sound of her heartbeat, the smell of their combined sweat—but her cunt was relentless. Those rippling walls kept milking him, demanding his release.

Inside the panic room, Daniel watched his son's face contort with effort. The boy was fighting it—fighting the urge to fill his own mother with his seed. And Margot—Margot was loving every second of it, riding that massive cock with wild abandon, using her son's body for her own pleasure without shame or hesitation.

The mother's hips moved faster, her cunt sliding up and down his shaft with increasing urgency. Her pelvic muscles clenched rhythmically, squeezing his cock from root to tip with each downward stroke.

She could feel it building—that pressure deep in her core, that sweet tension that meant a massive orgasm was coming.

“Get ready, baby—get ready for mommy.” Her voice came out strangled, desperate.

She grabbed his head with both hands, pulling his mouth harder against her tit while her hips swiveled faster. The wet squelch of her pussy grew louder, obscene and rhythmic, filling the room with the sound of raw fucking.

Inside Brook’s body, the process had already begun. His prostate gland swelled, that small walnut-sized bundle of nerves pulsing with pressure as his seminal vesicles contracted. He could feel his cum gathering at the base of his cock, that hot thick fluid collecting in his internal plumbing, waiting for the trigger that would send it rocketing up his shaft.

His tunica—the thick fibrous sheath surrounding his corpora cavernosa—kept his cock rock-hard, trapping every drop of blood in his erectile tissue, making his organ a rigid piston of flesh.

“Can’t—Mom—I can’t hold it!

“Yes you can—just a little more—Mummy’s so close,” she panted.

Her clit ground against his pelvis with each down-stroke, that swollen nub sending jolts of pleasure through her nervous system. Her vaginal walls rippled around him, those strong muscles she’d perfected through years of kegel exercises now working overtime to milk her son’s massive cock.

Her cervix—firm and round—dipped down with each thrust, kissing his cockhead, ready to drink his seed.

Inside the panic room, Daniel watched with sick horror. He knew what was coming—could see it in the way their bodies moved,

the desperate urgency of their coupling. His son was about to pump god knows how much teenage cum directly into his wife's unprotected womb.

The boy's balls were visibly drawn up tight, churning with sperm-rich semen, preparing to hose down Margot's cervix with rope after rope of potent seed.

"Now, baby—now—cum with Mummy!" Margot cried out.

Brook's orgasm detonated first. His cock-muscle contracted violently, sending the first thick rope of cum shooting up his urethra. He felt it travel—the hot fluid rushing through his cock, exploding from his slit with force that made his entire body jerk.

The second contraction followed immediately, his prostate pumping another wave of semen through his system. Margot felt it—the first hot splash against her cervix—and her own orgasm crashed through her like a wave.

Her vaginal walls clamped down in rhythmic spasms, her uterus contracting, her entire reproductive system seizing in pleasure.

Her cum—clear and slick—gushed around his cock, mixing with his seed, the combined fluids squelching out around his shaft with each pulse.

"FUCK—FUCK—CUMMING!!" she howled.

They bucked against each other, their orgasms feeding back and forth like electricity between two live wires. Each spasm of her cunt triggered another pulse of his cock, each rope of his cum triggering another wave of her climax. They were locked

together, two bodies sharing one release, their pleasure bouncing between them like a pinball.

Brook whimpered against her tit, his mouth still stuffed full of her flesh, as his balls emptied themselves completely. He lost count of how many times he pulsed inside her—seven, eight, nine—each contraction weaker than the last but still sending more cum into her already-flooded channel.

Margot screamed, her back arching, her massive tits wobbling as her body shook through wave after wave of pleasure. Her cunt clamped and released in rapid succession, her pelvic floor muscles working involuntarily to squeeze every last drop from her son's cock.

Girl-cum sprayed from her urethra, splattering against his pelvis, mixing with the sweat and semen already coating their bodies.

Daniel watched his wife's face contort in ecstasy—a look he hadn't seen in years. Her mouth hung open, drool running down her chin, her eyes rolled back in her head. She was completely lost in it, consumed by pleasure that he had never been able to give her.

And his son—his teenage son—was the one giving it to her, pumping her full of cum while she screamed like a porn star.

Their bodies trembled together, the last aftershocks of their shared orgasm rippling through their muscles.

Brook's cock gave one final weak pulse, the last of his cum dribbling into her saturated channel.

Margot's cunt gave a few last squeezes, her vaginal walls still fluttering around his softening shaft.

Then they collapsed. Margot fell forward onto Brook, her massive tits mashing against his chest, her sweaty body draped over his like a blanket.

His cock slipped from her pussy with a wet pop, followed immediately by a gush of mixed fluids—his cum and hers—pouring out of her well-fucked hole and pooling on his thighs.

They lay there, tangled together on the couch, both gasping for air, their bodies still twitching with aftershocks.

“Holy shit,” Brook breathed, his voice muffled against her shoulder.

Margot giggled—a satisfied, lazy sound—and pressed a kiss to his sweaty forehead. “Yeah,” she whispered. “Holy shit is about right.”

Daniel's groan crackled through the monitor speakers, a sound of pure defeated disbelief. He slumped against the wall of the panic room, his eyes still glued to the screens despite every instinct screaming at him to look away.

His wife—his *\*wife\**—had just fucked their teenage son on their living room couch, and he'd watched every single second of it like some kind of perverted voyeur.

“I can't believe—I just watched you two...” His voice came out strangled, broken.

Margot lifted her head from Brook's shoulder, a lazy, satisfied smile spreading across her flushed face. She pushed herself up on trembling arms, her massive tits swaying beneath her as she looked directly into the camera mounted in the corner of the room.

"No one forced you to watch, pervert," she giggled, the sound cruel and mocking. "You could have turned around. Faced the wall. But you didn't, did you? You watched every second."

Her smile widened. "Tell me, Daniel—how hard is your cock right now?"

Daniel didn't answer. He couldn't. The truth was too humiliating to speak aloud.

Margot slowly peeled herself off her son's body, his softening cock sliding out of her with a wet, obscene sound. She stood on shaky legs, her body glistening with sweat, her thighs slick with their combined fluids.

Her hands went to the body-stocking, peeling the sweat-soaked fabric down her torso.

Brook propped himself up on his elbows, watching with wide eyes as his mother stripped. The body-stocking peeled away from her massive tits, those heavy globes bouncing free, the dark circles of her areolas still wet from his mouth.

She shimmied the fabric down her wide hips, over her thick thighs, kicking it aside like discarded wrapping paper.

"Fuck," Brook breathed, his eyes locked on her naked body.

"Mom, your tits are—"

"Huge?" Margot finished for him, cupping them from below and letting them drop, watching them bounce and settle. "Bigger than you thought?"

Brook nodded dumbly, his cock already twitching again against his thigh.

Margot laughed—a warm, genuine sound this time—and reached her hand down to him. "Come on, baby. Let's grab a snack before we take this to the bedroom."

She glanced at the camera, her smile turning sharp again.

"Mommy needs her strength if we're going all night."

Brook took her hand, letting her pull him up from the couch. His cock swung between his legs, still half-hard, glistening with their combined cum.

He didn't even try to hide it now—didn't try to cover himself or look away. He just stood there, naked and unashamed, holding his mother's hand like it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Daniel," Margot called toward the camera, her tone almost conversational. "You do have food and water in there, right? Essentials? I'd hate for you to dehydrate while you're stuck watching your wife get properly fucked for the first time in years."

Daniel cleared his throat, his voice hoarse when he finally responded. "Yes. The panic room is stocked with necessities. Water. MREs. Basic supplies."

He paused, then added weakly, "I'm fine."

“Good.” Margot said, squeezing Brook’s hand, pulling him toward the kitchen. “Wouldn't want you passing out before the main event. We've got hours until your partner shows up tomorrow, and I plan to make good use of every single minute.”

She turned away from the camera, her wide hips swaying as she walked, her massive ass cheeks bouncing with each step. Brook followed close behind, his eyes fixed on her bare backside, his cock steadily hardening again as he watched her move.

Daniel watched them go—watched his wife and son walk naked into the kitchen, hand in hand like lovers, their bodies still glistening with sweat and cum. The sight twisted in his gut like a knife, a sharp blade of jealousy and shame and something darker that he refused to name.

On the monitors, he could see multiple angles of the house—the kitchen, the living room, the hallway, the bedrooms. He watched Margot open the refrigerator, her heavy tits swaying as she bent over.

He watched Brook step up behind her, his hands sliding around her waist, his hardening cock pressing against her bare ass. He watched his wife lean back into their son's embrace, tilting her head to kiss him over her shoulder. It felt like one big nightmare.

Brook grabbed a shiny red apple from the fruit bowl on the counter, his fingers still trembling from the aftershocks of his orgasm. He sank into one of the kitchen chairs, his naked body settling against the cool wood, his cock already twitching back to life as he watched his mother at the refrigerator.

Margot stood with the refrigerator door open, the cool air washing over her flushed skin. She lifted a bottle of water to her lips, tilting her head back as she drank.

Her posture was deliberate, obscene—her wide hips cocked back, her massive tits sloping down heavy and full as she peered over her shoulder at her son.

The kitchen light caught the sweat still glistening on her curves, the wet mess between her thighs catching the light.

Brook gulped, his Adam's apple bobbing as he watched her tits bobble with her movements. His hand found his cock, giving it a slow stroke as he sat there, unable to look away.

“You like what you see, baby?” Margot's voice was low, teasing.

“Fuck yes,” Brook breathed, his cock hardening steadily under his grip.

Margot sauntered toward him, her hips swaying with each step, her heavy tits bouncing and swaying with the motion. She moved like a woman who knew exactly what she did to men—what she was doing to her own son.

Her eyes never left his, that satisfied smile playing at the corners of her mouth. She stopped directly in front of her son, her bare pussy inches from his face.

He could smell her—musk and sweat and cum, their combined scent filling his nostrils and making his cock jerk with renewed need.

“Mom—”

“Shh,” she responded stepping forward, swinging one thick thigh over his lap, then the other.

She settled her weight on him, her strong, smooth thighs clamping tight around his skinny hips. Her soaked pussy pressed directly against the seam of his cock, the heat of her radiating through him.

Brook groaned, his hands instinctively finding her wide hips, his fingers sinking into the soft flesh of her ass. His steely dick was trapped between them, wedged against her slick folds, already leaking pre-cum against her belly.

Margot cupped the back of his head, pulling his face forward, crushing him to the squishy meat of her massive tits. His nose and mouth disappeared into her cleavage, the warm, soft flesh smothering him in the best possible way.

He breathed in her scent—sweat and perfume and something uniquely her—his tongue darting out to taste her skin.

“That's it, baby,” she murmured, her lips brushing his hair.

She began to move her hips, a slow, grinding roll that dragged her soaked pussy along the length of his cock, tilting her head, her lips finding his ear.

“Your cock feels so much better than your father's, you know that? So much thicker. So much harder.”

Her tongue traced the shell of his ear. “I've been thinking about this for months—about having you inside me, about feeling you cum deep in Mommy's cunt.”

Brook whimpered against her tits, his whole body trembling under her words. His cock throbbed against her pussy, trapped in the wet heat of her folds.

"I'm gonna ride you all night long," she continued, her hips never stopping their slow, torturous grind. "I'm gonna cum on this cock so many times you'll lose count. And your father is going to watch every single second of it."

She pulled back just enough to look into his eyes, her smile sharp and predatory. "And you're gonna give Mommy every drop of cum in those heavy balls, aren't you, baby?"

Brook nodded frantically, his cock straining against her. "Yes—yes, Mom—anything."

"Good boy."

She kissed him then, her mouth claiming his with a hunger that stole his breath. Her tongue pushed past his lips, fucking his mouth with the same rhythm her hips fucked his cock.

On the monitor in the panic room, Daniel watched his wife whispering into their son's ear. He couldn't hear the words—couldn't know the filthy promises spilling from her lips—but he could see the effect they had.

Brook looked like he was melting, his whole body going pliant and desperate under his mother's touch. His wife was going to destroy their son with pleasure, and he was going to witness every moment of it.

Hours later, Daniel sat with his back to the monitor, his head in his hands. The panic room's emergency lights cast a dim glow over the small space, but there was no escape from the sound. No way to mute it. No way to turn it down.

The audio piped directly through the security system, and he was forced to listen to every wet, depraved moment. Margot's screams echoed through the small chamber—sharp, desperate cries of pleasure that he'd never been able to pull from her.

They came frequently, sometimes just minutes apart, each one more intense than the last.

“FUCK—yes—right there, baby—RIGHT THERE!”

The relentless SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK of flesh against flesh filled the room like a metronome of his own personal hell. Wet, sloppy sounds punctuated each impact—her soaked pussy accepting her son's cock over and over, the obscene squelch of their combined fluids splashing with every thrust.

Daniel squeezed his eyes shut, but his imagination filled in what his eyes couldn't. He knew those sounds. Knew the wet slap of skin on skin. Knew what his wife sounded like when she came—and she was cumming harder than she ever had with him.

“Oh god—oh fuck, MOM,” Brook's voice cracked with adolescent need, grunting deep and guttural as he drove into her.

Daniel could hear his marital bed creaking, the springs protesting under the violent rhythm of their fucking.

“It's such good pussy, Mom—fuck—it's so fucking good.”

Daniel's jaw clenched. His own son. His own flesh and blood. Saying things like that to his mother. And she loved it.

"Your cock feels so good inside me, baby—so much better than your father's—so much fucking bigger."

Despite himself, Daniel turned his head. Just a glance. Just one look.

On the screen, Margot was bent nearly in half, her legs thrown over Brook's shoulders as he pounded into her from above. Her massive tits bounced wildly with each thrust, slapping against her chest, her nipples swollen and stiff.

Her face was twisted in ecstasy, mouth open, eyes rolled back. A position they'd never tried. A position she'd never let him try.

"Harder—fuck me HARDER!" his wife screamed.

Brook slammed into her, his young cock tireless, his heavy balls swinging forward and smacking against her upturned ass. The wet sounds grew louder—filthier.

Her pussy was a mess, her cum coating both of them, dripping down the crack of her ass and pooling on the sheets below.

Daniel turned away again, his stomach churning. But he couldn't unsee it. Couldn't unhear it.

"YES—YES—FUCK—I'M CUMMING AGAIN!" Margot's scream tore through the monitor, her body seizing beneath her son as another orgasm crashed through her.

Daniel had made her cum maybe twice in one night, on their best days. Brook was on number eleven, twelve. He'd lost count.

“That's it, Mom—cum on my cock—squeeze it—fuck!” his son moaned.

The bed frame slammed against the wall. Bang. Bang. Bang. Like a countdown to his own destruction. Daniel stared at the wall of the panic room, his hands curled into fists.

The sounds continued—wet slaps, desperate moans, filthy words spilling from both of them.

“Get on top—ride me—wanna watch those tits bounce, mom,” his son urged.

The mattress shifted. Daniel didn't have to look to know Margot was climbing on top of her son. He could hear it in the rustle of sheets, the creak of the bed, her sharp intake of breath as she sank back down onto his cock.

“Oh fuck—baby—you're so deep like this—so fucking DEEP!”

Another glance. Another moment of weakness. Margot faced the camera, her back arched, her hands braced on Brook's chest behind her. Her massive tits swung forward, heavy and round, nipples pointing straight at the lens. At Daniel.

Her face was flushed, eyes half-lidded, mouth curled in a mocking smile. She knew he was watching. She wanted him to watch.

“Your son's cock is so much better than yours, Danny,” she moaned, her voice breathless but deliberate. “He fills me up so good—hits spots you never could.”

Their son's hands came up, gripping her tits from behind, squeezing the heavy flesh as she rode him. His hips bucked up

into her, meeting her downward strokes with wet, slapping thrusts.

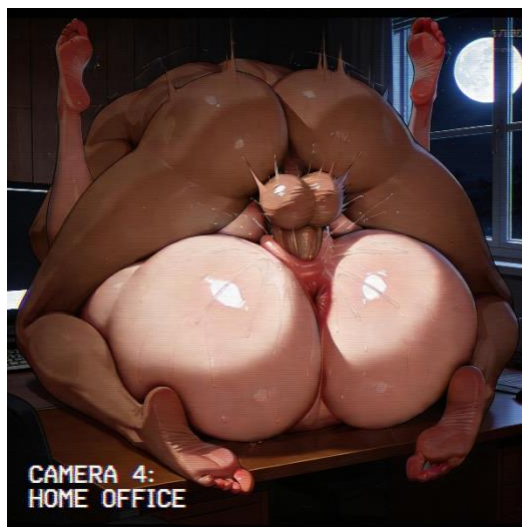
“Fuck, Mom—your pussy's so tight—milking my cock.”

“It's YOUR pussy, baby—yours—take it—TAKE IT!” Margot panted.

Daniel turned away again, his face hot with shame and something darker—something he refused to name. The sounds continued. The slapping. The screaming. The wet, filthy noises of his wife's cunt being destroyed by their son's cock.

He'd created this panic room to protect his family. To keep them safe. Now it was his prison. And he was trapped inside, forced to listen as his wife fucked their son through orgasm after orgasm, exploring every position, every angle, every filthy thing she'd denied him for years.

The night was far from over. And the sounds just kept coming. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. “YES—FUCK—MORE!



Morning light crept through the windows, pale and unforgiving after the long night of depravity. Daniel hadn't slept. How could he? The sounds had finally stopped sometime around three in the morning, replaced by soft, satisfied murmurs and the occasional wet kiss that was somehow worse than the screaming.

Then came the knock at the door. "Daniel? You in there, man? Got your text. Let me see what's going on with this thing."

It was Marcus, his assistant.

Daniel's heart leapt with relief so intense it made his knees weak.

"Yeah," Daniel called back, his voice hoarse. "I'm here. Door's jammed. Security protocol locked me in."

"Alright, give me a few minutes. Gonna check the external circuits."

The next twenty minutes were the longest of Daniel's life. He heard Marcus moving around outside, the metallic scrape of the access panel being removed, the clicking and humming of diagnostic equipment.

Every few minutes, Marcus would mutter something about 'fucking prototype boards' or 'cheap soldering.'

Inside the panic room, Daniel stared at the dark monitor. Margot had finally turned it off sometime during the night, but the images were burned into his brain anyway. His wife's face twisted in ecstasy. His son's cock disappearing into her cunt over and over. The wet sounds. The screaming. The mocking smile she'd given him as she rode Brook to yet another orgasm.

“Okay, try it now!” Marcus called out.

Daniel pushed the release button. Nothing. “Still stuck. Try again.”

More clicking. More muttering. Then— A loud CLUNK, and the door mechanism whirred to life. The heavy steel door swung inward, and Daniel stepped out, blinking in the harsh morning light.

Margot was waiting for him. She stood in the hallway, wearing nothing but a thin silk robe that barely contained her massive tits. Her arms were crossed beneath her breasts, pushing them up into deep, soft cleavage that drew his eyes despite everything.

Her face was calm. Unbothered. Almost bored. Behind her, Daniel caught a glimpse of Brook disappearing into the kitchen— shirtless, his young body lean and muscular, his movements casual. Like he belonged here. Like he hadn't spent the entire night fucking his mother in every room of the house.

“Thanks, Marcus,” Daniel said, his voice tight. “Appreciate you coming out.”

“No problem, boss. You gonna be okay? That prototype needs some work before we roll it out.”

“I know. I'll see you tomorrow. We'll go over the schematics.”

Marcus nodded, glancing briefly at Margot before heading for the door. His eyes lingered on her cleavage for just a moment too long before he caught himself, looking away with a small cough.

“Later, Mrs. Reeves.”

"Marcus," she replied, her voice sweet and dismissive.

The door closed behind him. Silence. Margot stared at Daniel. Her expression was flat, cold, and calculating. Her heavy tits rose and fell with each breath, the silk straining against their weight.

"Now what, Daniel?" she asked.

Daniel shook his head. "I don't know."

"Well, you should probably figure that out," she stated, shifting her weight, her hips cocking to one side. "Because if you're thinking about reporting this, you might want to consider what that looks like. Our kids—your kids—watching mommy being taken away in handcuffs. Trying to explain to them why mommy did something bad. Why mommy needs to go away."

Daniel's jaw tightened. "And if I divorce you?"

"Then you get to explain why mommy is taking half of daddy's money. Why mommy and their older brother are living together in an apartment like a husband and wife."

Her lips curled into a cruel smile. "You think people won't figure it out eventually? You think our kids won't notice that mommy and Brook are... close?"

"Our kids don't need to catch mommy and Brook having sex either," Daniel stated.

Margot laughed—a sharp, humorless sound. "I have a fix for that."

She stepped closer, her massive tits nearly brushing his chest. Her voice dropped to a whisper. "Brook and I will sleep in the

panic room every night. The monitor in the living room? Disconnected, of course. Soundproof walls. A nice, comfortable bed."

Her hand reached out, pressing flat against his chest. 'You can even lock us in. Keep your little family's dirty secret safe and contained."

Daniel stared at her, his mind racing. The panic room. The room he'd designed to protect them. Now it would be their fuck den.

"You're sick," he whispered.

"Maybe," Margot shrugged, her tits bouncing slightly under the silk. "But I'm also the only one offering you a way out of this that doesn't destroy everything. Your reputation. Your business. Your relationship with your children."

She turned and walked toward the kitchen, her bare feet padding softly on the floor. The silk robe clung to her wide hips, the curve of her big ass visible through the thin fabric. "Breakfast is almost ready," she called over her shoulder. "Better come eat before it gets cold. You've had a long night. We all have."

Daniel stood alone in the hallway, staring at the open door of the panic room. The room that was supposed to keep his family safe. Now it would be the only thing keeping his family together.

That afternoon, Daniel locked himself in his workshop and rewired the panic room's security system. His hands moved mechanically, stripping wires and reconnecting circuits, while his mind screamed at him to stop. To burn the whole thing down. To

throw Margot and her twisted desires onto the street. But he didn't.

He reconfigured the magnetic locks to engage only from the inside. Once sealed, the door couldn't be opened from the outside—not by code, not by key, not by emergency override. The room became a vault. A tomb. A private chamber where no sound could escape and no one could interrupt. A bedroom for his wife and son to fuck each other senseless.

Daniel tested the mechanism three times. Each time, the heavy steel door clicked shut with a finality that made his stomach turn. The indicator light shifted from green to red. Locked. Sealed. Soundproof.

He dragged a king-sized mattress from the guest room down the hallway, his muscles burning with the effort. He positioned it against the far wall, beneath the soft glow of the emergency lighting. Pillows. Sheets. A thick comforter that Margot had picked out years ago, back when she still smiled at him like he mattered.

The panic room—his masterpiece, his legacy—had become a fuck pad.

That night, after the younger kids were asleep, Margot appeared in the doorway of Daniel's study. She wore a sheer black negligee that left nothing to imagination. Her massive tits pressed against the fabric, nipples hard and visible. Her bare pussy glistened between her thighs, already wet with anticipation.

“It's time,” she said simply.

Brook appeared behind her, wearing nothing but boxers. His young body was lean and hard, muscles flexing as he moved. His cock tented the thin fabric, thick and eager.

Daniel didn't speak. He couldn't.

Margot smiled—that cruel, knowing smile—and took Brook by the hand. They walked together down the hallway toward the panic room.

Daniel watched them go, his wife's big ass swaying with each step, his son's hand resting possessively on her hip. The steel door closed behind them with a soft click. Red light. Locked.

Daniel lay in his bed, staring at the ceiling. The house was silent. Too silent. He knew exactly what was happening behind those soundproof walls, but his mind filled in the gaps anyway.

Margot on her knees, her full lips wrapped around Brook's thick cock. Brook between her legs, his tongue buried in her soaked cunt. Her massive tits bouncing as she rode him, screaming his name. His hands gripping her wide hips as he fucked her from behind, his heavy balls slapping against her clit.

Daniel's cock hardened against his will. He hated himself for it. Hated that after everything—after watching his wife betray him with their own son—his body still responded to the thought of her. To the memory of her tight pussy clenching around him, back when she still wanted him.

He grabbed his phone. The camera app was already installed. One tap and he could see inside the panic room. One tap and he could watch everything.

His thumb hovered over the icon. Don't do it. Don't fucking do it. He tapped. The feed loaded, grainy and dark at first, then sharpening into focus.

The emergency lights cast a warm glow over the mattress. And there they were—Margot and Brook, tangled together like animals in heat.

Margot straddled Brook, her massive tits hanging down, swinging with each movement. Her negligee was bunched around her waist, her bare pussy impaled on his cock. She rode him slowly, deliberately, her hips rolling in tight circles that made his thick shaft disappear completely inside her.

“Fuck, Mom,” Brook groaned, his hands gripping her ass cheeks, spreading them apart. “Your pussy feels so fucking good.”

Margot threw her head back, her dark hair cascading down her back. “That's it, baby. Fill mommy's cunt with that big cock. Show me what a real man feels like.”

Daniel couldn't stop himself from watching. The sight was depraved. Wrong. Sick. And yet he couldn't look away.

Brook sat up, capturing one of his mom's nipples in his mouth. He sucked hard, his cheeks hollowing, while his hands kneaded her heavy tit flesh.

Margot whimpered, grinding harder on his cock, her pussy making wet, obscene sounds as it swallowed him over and over.

“Harder,” she demanded. “Fuck mommy harder, Brook. Make me cum on your big cock.”

Brook flipped her onto her back, his cock never leaving her pussy. He hooked her legs over his shoulders and started pounding—hard, deep strokes that made the mattress shift beneath them.

Margot screamed, her tits bouncing violently with each thrust, her hands clawing at his back.

“Yes! Yes! Fuck! Right there! Don't stop! Don't fucking stop!”

Daniel watched his son's ass flex as he drove into his wife's cunt. Watched her face contort in pleasure he hadn't seen in years. Watched her cum—hard, screaming, her whole body shaking as Brook continued to fuck her through it.

“Cum inside me,” Margot begged, her voice ragged. “Fill mommy's pussy with your cum, baby.”

Brook grunted, slamming deep one final time. His cock pulsed visibly as he unloaded inside her, thick ropes of cum filling her soaked cunt.

Margot moaned, her pussy clenching around him, milking every drop.

Daniel turned off the feed. His own cock ached, hard and dripping in his hand. He lay in the darkness, breathing hard, the sounds of their fucking still echoing in his mind.

Behind the soundproof walls of his own creation, his wife and son started round two.

THE END