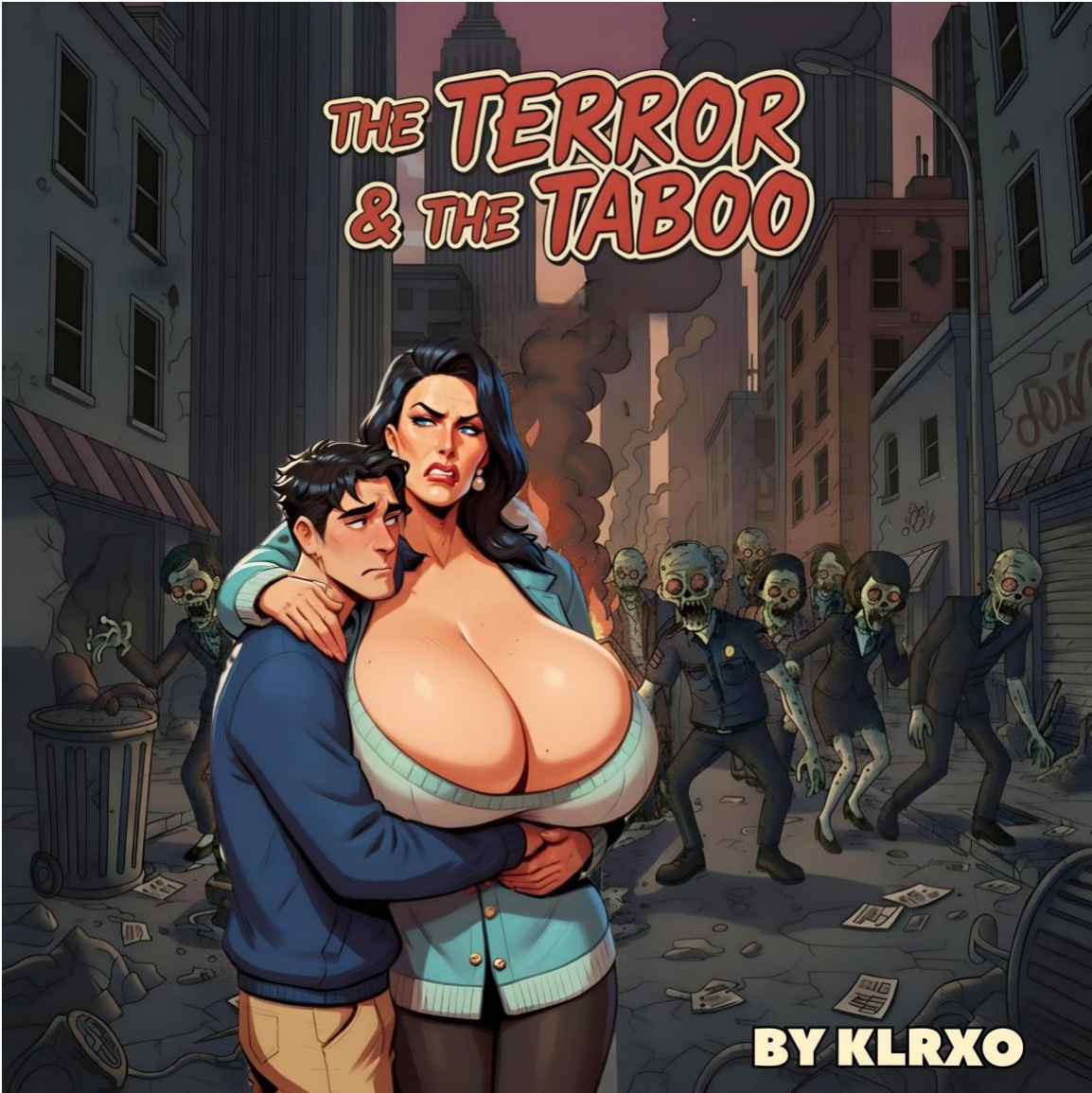


THE TERROR & THE TABOO



BY KLRXO

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"Over here, sir!" The deck hand's voice echoed against metal walls as he waved his supervisor toward the far corner of the ship's cargo hold.

The second worker gave him a skeptical look, but followed him down into the dimly lit cargo hold. Their footsteps echoed off the metal walls as they wove between towering stacks of crates and containers.

"I'm telling you, there's something alive in there!" the first worker insisted, his voice strained with urgency.

As they approached the massive steel container, the knocking sound grew louder, more distinct. Thump, thump, thump, in a steady rhythm, like a desperate heartbeat. The two men exchanged a horrified glance.

"Oh God, you're right," the second worker breathed. "There's people in there!"

The first worker ran his hands along the corroded surface of the container, searching for a latch, a lock, any way to get it open. As his fingers brushed over the faded warning label, he hesitated. DANGER: DO NOT OPEN. The toxic symbol seemed to glare at him in the shadows. A shiver ran down his spine. What the hell was in this thing?

But the knocking intensified, taking on a frantic, pleading cadence. There could be dozens of people suffocating in that metal coffin. He couldn't just leave them to die.

"Help me find a crowbar or something," he barked at his coworker. "We've gotta get them out of there!"

The other man nodded grimly and started rummaging through the scattered tools and equipment littering the hold.

The first worker turned back to the container, his heart pounding. "Hang on!" he shouted. "We're gonna get you out! Just hang on a little longer!"

The first worker found a heavy wrench and used it to smash the rusted padlock until it cracked open. His hands shaking, he pried off the broken lock and grabbed the handle of the shipping container door. He glanced at his coworker, who gave him a tense nod. Together, they heaved open the massive steel door.

It swung wide with a deafening creak.

An awful stench washed over them, the reek of filth and decay. They gagged and staggered back, covering their mouths and noses. The dark interior of the container yawned before them like an open crypt.

For a long moment, there was only eerie silence.

The first worker squinted into the shadows. "Hello?" he called out, his voice echoing hollowly. "Is anyone in th—"

A blood-curdling shriek ripped through the air as a nightmarish figure burst out of the container and lunged at them. The worker only had time to register a twisted face, jagged teeth, and flailing limbs before it slammed into him, knocking him to the floor. Claws raked his skin as the creature snapped at his throat.

He screamed and thrashed, barely holding it at bay. "Get it off! Get it off me!" he howled in panic and agony.

His coworker yelled in horror and grabbed a pipe, trying to beat the creature away. But then more shrieks erupted from the container as a half dozen more emaciated, feral shapes came pouring out in a vicious swarm. They fell upon the workers in a frenzied attack, all gnashing teeth and slashing nails.

Shrill screams of terror and pain echoed through the ship's hull, barely audible over the deep bellow of the foghorn as the cargo freighter glided past the Statue of Liberty, preparing to dock in New York Harbor.

The screams cut off abruptly, replaced by a horrible, wet ripping sound and frantic, animalistic snarls.

Blood began to seep out from the edges of the container and spread in dark, glistening pools across the floor of the hold. The foghorn sounded again, low and mournful, as the ship slipped by the skyscrapers of Manhattan, a dreadful cargo hidden in its bowels, now unleashed.

William stared through the crack in his mom's door, his heart racing and his jeans tightening as he took in the lush curves of his mother's bodacious ass. Amanda was lying on her stomach on the bed, facing away from the door in just a skimpy pair of semi-sheer panties that left little to the imagination. The way the flimsy fabric clung to her plump cheeks made William's mouth go dry. The lean, handsome 19-year-old knew he shouldn't be looking at his own mother this way, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from her ripe, womanly body.

The sheer black fabric of her panties stretched taut across her plump ass, the lacy material straining to contain the rounded globes of her cheeks. William's eyes zeroed in on the tempting cameltoe at the juncture of her thighs, his pulse racing at the sight of her puffy outer lips protruding obscenely against the delicate seam. The flimsy gusset barely concealed her most intimate area, leaving very little to his fevered imagination.

He could make out every sensual curve and crevice, from the enticing cleft between her buttocks to the tantalizing swell of her shaved mound. His cock throbbed almost painfully as he imagined running his hands over that lush, womanly flesh, squeezing and kneading her malleable cheeks until she moaned with wanton need.

He pictured himself tugging that skimpy scrap of lace down her legs and burying his face in the damp heat of her sex, licking and sucking until she quivered and bucked against his hungry mouth. His own mother, splayed out before him like a succulent feast, begging him to devour her.

William swallowed hard, his throat dry as the Sahara. He knew these perverse fantasies were so incredibly wrong, but his body didn't seem to care. Watching his mom's nearly nude figure undulate on the bed, her ripe assets practically spilling out of her scanty panties, sent jolts of illicit electricity straight to his groin. It took every ounce of his self-control not to barge into the room, tear off her underwear, and plunge his aching erection into her forbidden depths.

Amanda tapped away on her laptop, speaking softly into her wireless headset as she helped a customer troubleshoot their account issue. As the raven-haired 40-year-old worked, she absentmindedly pointed her toes towards the ceiling, her dainty feet with freshly painted candy-apple red nail polish kicking up behind her.

The movement made her enormous breasts, which were squashed against the mattress beneath her, shift and jiggle inside her demi cup bra. The flimsy fabric struggled to contain her heavy G-cup breasts, the pale flesh spilling over the scalloped edges like rising dough. The underwire cups compressed her giant jugs together, creating a deep shadowy valley of cleavage.

William felt his mouth go bone dry as he ogled his mother's barely concealed chest. He imagined burying his face between those giant soft tits, motorboating her cleavage until she moaned. His cock lurched in his jeans, pulsing with need. He palmed himself through the denim, barely choking back a groan.

Amanda's round ass swayed back and forth as she shifted on the bed, making the globes of her butt cheeks wobble. The tiny triangle of fabric between her thighs strained over her plump pussy mound, the flimsy material molding to every curve and crevice. He could see the puffy outline of her fat outer lips, the fabric disappearing between them. It caused the teen to palm himself harder through his jeans, barely biting back a tortured groan.

William froze as a throat cleared behind him. His heart nearly stopped as he slowly turned to see his grandmother Heather standing there with a knowing smirk on her lined face.

"Enjoying the view?" she asked, her voice as sweet as honey as she arched one silver eyebrow. Her own colossal tits strained against her floral blouse as she crossed her arms.

Heat flooded William's face and he knew he was turning beet red. He quickly moved his hands away from his crotch, praying she hadn't noticed the tent in his jeans. "What? No! I was just...uh...seeing if Mom was in her room," he stammered lamely. "I needed to ask her something."

Heather's blue eyes twinkled with mirth. "Is that so? Well, it looked to me like you were getting quite an eyeful of her backside."

William's blush deepened until he thought his cheeks would burst into flames. He opened his mouth but no words came out. His mind spun, trying to think of some excuse, but he was utterly mortified at being caught lusting after his own mother. By his grandma, no less!

"I...I wasn't..." he croaked desperately.

Heather chuckled, shaking her head. The motion made her jutting breasts wobble distractingly. "Oh, I'm just teasing you, dear. Though I do wonder..." She stepped closer, her voice lowering conspiratorially. "Do you ever sneak a peek at me that way too? When I'm not looking?"

William thought he might die on the spot. He gaped at her, his eyes involuntarily dipping to her enormous tits and their cavernous cleavage – a fissure of heavy, alabaster meat - before snapping back to her face.

Heather was a voluptuous older woman who, at 59, still turned heads with her curvaceous figure. Her long black hair was streaked with silver, giving her a sophisticated, sexy look. But it was her massive breasts and plump, rounded ass that really drew the eye.

Even in her late middle-age, Heather's body was a ripe, fleshy feast, her huge tits and prodigious rump putting even younger women to shame. She was the spitting image of her daughter Amanda, just a couple decades older. The same bright blue eyes, plush lips, and delicate features - but on a more mature, much more amply endowed frame.

Living in her own apartment, three floors up with Amanda and William in their New York apartment building, Heather was a constant source of forbidden temptation for her hormone-addled grandson.

William gulped as he tried to keep his eyes from roving over his grandmother's abundant curves. But it was almost impossible not to stare at her massive, heavy breasts or to imagine sinking his fingers into the pliant flesh of her huge ass. He felt his face burning and his cock throbbing.

Heather regarded him with a knowing smirk.

"Well? Cat got your tongue?" she teased, her melodic voice sending illicit shivers down his spine. "It's okay to admit it, you know. That you get turned on looking at me and your mother."

William thought he might pass out from sheer humiliation, his face so hot it could probably fry an egg. He opened his mouth but all that came out was a strangled croak.

Heather laughed, a rich, throaty sound that made her enormous bosom jiggle hypnotically.

"I'm only kidding, William! Relax!" She reached out and squeezed his shoulder. He almost jumped out of his skin at her touch, acutely aware of her nearness, the sweet, floral scent of her perfume. "You're a teenage boy. Of course you're gonna look. It's perfectly natural."

William wanted to die. This was the most mortifying experience of his young life. Getting caught ogling his mom's ass was bad enough...but now he had his buxom grandma teasing him about checking out both her AND his mother! He wanted to crawl into a hole and never come out.

"I...I wasn't...I mean..." he stammered helplessly, his tongue tying itself into knots.

Heather's smile only widened, her blue eyes dancing with mirth. "No need to be embarrassed, sweetheart," she said, her cool palm resting against his feverish cheek. William's breath caught as her thumb traced a small circle against his skin. "Your grandmother understands exactly what goes through a young man's mind."

Her gaze drifted down briefly to the straining bulge in William's jeans before flicking back to his face.

Amanda's bedroom door suddenly swung open. William jumped back guiltily, his heart thundering in his chest. His mother stood there in a silky robe that barely contained her abundant curves. The sheer fabric clung to her huge, heavy breasts, the plunging neckline revealing a vast expanse of creamy cleavage.

William's mouth went dry as he tried not to stare at the way her enormous tits strained against the flimsy material, the pronounced points of her fat nipples clearly visible.

"What's going on out here?" Amanda asked, her sapphire eyes flicking curiously between William and Heather. Her long raven hair tumbled around her shoulders in tousled waves, as if she'd just risen from bed.

William opened his mouth but no words came out, his tongue tied hopelessly in knots. A hot blush stained his cheeks as he prayed his mom wouldn't notice the obvious bulge tenting his jeans.

"Oh, nothing dear," Heather said breezily, waving a dismissive hand. "William and I were just chatting."

Amanda's sculpted brows drew together. "Chatting? About what?" Her gaze settled on William, making him squirm. He felt like she could see right through him, could tell exactly what sort of perverted thoughts he'd been having about her and his grandma.

"Just...stuff," he croaked, his face burning. "Nothing important."

Amanda looked unconvinced, but after a moment she shrugged, the motion making her immense bust bounce distractingly. "If you say so."

William shifted from foot to foot, acutely aware of both women's eyes on him. He needed to escape before this situation got any more awkward. "Well, uh, I better get going," he stammered, inching toward the stairs. "I'm already kinda late for work."

"Alright honey, have a good shift," Amanda said. As she turned to go back into her bedroom, her round ass swayed hypnotically beneath the gossamer robe. It was all William could do not to groan out loud.

He hurried down the stairs, his cock still throbbing insistently, the image of his mom's plush curves seared into his brain.

William grabbed his jacket and hurried out of the apartment, his face still burning with embarrassment. He jabbed the elevator button impatiently, desperate to escape before his mother or grandmother came out and made the situation even more awkward.

As the elevator descended, he tried to push the mortifying encounter from his mind. But he could still feel his cock throbbing insistently in his jeans, aching with pent-up need. The image of his mother's lush, ripe curves barely concealed by that flimsy robe kept intruding on his thoughts, making him groan under his breath.

And his grandma's knowing looks and teasing comments certainly hadn't helped matters. God, he was such a pervert, getting turned on by his own family members like that. What the hell was wrong with him?

The elevator dinged and the doors slid open. William rushed out into the lobby and quickly headed for the street, keeping his head down. Luckily the comic shop where he worked was only a couple blocks away. The brisk walk in the chilly air helped clear his head a bit, though his persistent hard-on made the journey rather uncomfortable.

By the time he pushed through the door of Excelsior Comics, he'd mostly managed to will away his inconvenient erection. The familiar smell of ink and paper and the buzz of fluorescent lights greeted him as he hurried past the colorful racks of new issues.

"Yo, Will!" a voice called out. "You're late, man!"

William cringed and turned to see his coworker Eddie leaning against the front counter, a shit-eating grin on his stubbled face. The tall, lanky guy was a few years older than William and never missed a chance to bust his balls.

"Yeah, sorry," William muttered, shrugging out of his jacket. "I got held up at home."

"Let me guess - you were too busy whacking it to some hentai and lost track of time?" Eddie snickered.

William felt his face flood with heat again. If only Eddie knew what had actually delayed him...the image of his mom's perfect ass in those tiny panties flashed through his mind, making his cock twitch traitorously. He shook his head to dispel the perverse fantasy.

"Fuck off," he grumbled, pushing past Eddie to stash his belongings in the back room.

"Hey, no shame in rubbing one out," Eddie called after him. "A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do!"

William just flipped him the bird over his shoulder, not trusting himself to reply. His face was probably beet red. As if this day couldn't get any more embarrassing.

He returned to the front a minute later, hoping Eddie would drop it. But his coworker was engrossed in something on the small TV they kept behind the counter, his brow furrowed. "Dude, check this out," Eddie said, gesturing to the TV.

William stared at the TV screen, his stomach sinking as he took in the chaotic scenes flashing across it. A pretty reporter stood in front of a smashed storefront, her hair whipping in the wind as smoke billowed behind her. "...the outbreak seems to be spreading at an alarming rate," she was saying into her mic, her voice tight with stress. "We're getting reports of more and more infected attacking people throughout the borough. First responders are overwhelmed and advising everyone to stay indoors..."

The broadcast cut to shaky footage of an ambulance with shattered windows, bloody handprints smeared across the sides. A cop fired into a small crowd of people who seemed to be...eating another person sprawled on the ground. William swallowed hard, bile rising in his throat.

"What the fuck?" Eddie breathed. "Is this for real?"

William just shook his head, unable to tear his eyes away from the screen. A cold sweat broke out across his forehead as he watched more and more horrific scenes of carnage and chaos. Was this really happening? An image of his mom and grandmother flashed through his mind, sending a spike of fear through his chest. He had to get home, had to make sure they were okay.

Just then, a woman burst through the door of the shop, making them both jump. At first William thought she was another customer. Then he saw the blood. It covered the front of her torn shirt, splattered across her face, matted in her blonde hair. She stood there swaying and twitching, a low moan coming from her throat.

"Holy shit," William croaked, taking a step back. The woman's head snapped toward him, her bloodshot eyes locking onto his face.

She lurched forward, broken glass from the door crunching under her feet. William froze, his mind shorting out with sheer terror. This couldn't be happening. It had to be a joke, a prank, a publicity stunt. But the rank stench of blood was thick in the air and he could see the chunks of torn flesh caught in her teeth as she opened her mouth and let out a ravenous snarl.

Eddie was shouting something but William couldn't make out the words over the thunder of his own pulse. The infected woman stumbled toward him, arms outstretched, fingers curled into claws. A thick strand of drool mixed with blood dripped from her gaping mouth.

William's paralysis finally broke and he turned to run. But his feet tangled together and he crashed into a rack of comics, sending them flying as he hit the floor hard.

Blinding pain shot through his elbow but he barely noticed, too busy scrambling backwards on his hands and feet as the woman advanced on him. He could see every blood vessel in her yellowed eyes, smell the reek of decay on her breath. She fell on him in a rabid flurry of snapping teeth and grasping hands.

The infected woman crashed into William, knocking him flat on his back. Her fetid breath assaulted his nostrils as she snapped her teeth inches from his face. He screamed and thrashed beneath her, barely holding back her gnashing jaws. Her blood-caked nails clawed at his skin. Sheer panic consumed him. This couldn't be how he died!

A deafening boom split the air. The woman's head exploded in a spray of bone and gore and William kicked what was left of her body away. He lay there stunned for a moment, ears ringing and heart pounding out of his chest.

"You okay, man?" Eddie shouted, lowering the smoking shotgun. William shoved the dead woman off him with shaking hands and staggered to his feet. "Y-yeah," he croaked. "Holy shit...I thought I was dead..."

"Good thing I keep this bad boy in the back," Eddie said, patting the gun. "Never know when you'll need it." He frowned at the shattered remains of the woman's skull. "Though I always figured it'd be for a robbery, not a fucking zombie attack."

William followed his gaze and immediately wished he hadn't. Bile surged up his throat. He turned away and fought not to puke. Screams and blaring car alarms drew their attention outside.

Through the smashed storefront, they could see people running in panic as more bloody, staggering infected chased them down the street. A delivery truck plowed through the crowd and crashed into a building in a shower of bricks and glass.

William's pulse kicked into overdrive again. This was really happening. The city was falling apart. And his family was out there somewhere. Fear squeezed his lungs. "We gotta get out of here," he said frantically. "My

mom and grandma are back at my place. I have to make sure they're okay."

Eddie nodded, face grim. "Yeah, I feel you. Let's roll." He grabbed an ammo box from behind the counter. "Here's hoping we don't need to use too many of these."

They crept to the ruined door, glass crunching under their shoes. William's stomach twisted at the sight of so much blood splattered across the sidewalk. The moans and shrieks of the infected echoed from all around, mingling with the wail of distant sirens. It sounded like something straight out of a horror movie.

The teen's heart pounded as he raced back to his apartment building, his sneakers slapping against the pavement. Panic clawed at his throat with each scream and screech of tires that echoed down the street. He tried not to look too closely at the blood spatters and broken glass littering the sidewalk.

He took the stairs two at a time, not trusting the elevator. His legs burned and his lungs heaved by the time he burst through the door of his family's unit. "Mom! Grandma!" he shouted, voice cracking.

Amanda hurried out of the kitchen, still in her silky robe, her eyes wide. "William! What on earth is going on out there? We heard gunshots and sirens and—"

"Turn on the news," he panted. "You have to see..."

Heather emerged from her bedroom, brow creased with worry. "What's all the commotion?"

William grabbed the remote and flicked on the TV with shaking hands. "Just watch."

The screen filled with a birds-eye view of the city, smoke rising from multiple fires, emergency lights flashing. The headline crawling across the bottom of the screen made his blood turn to ice water: **OUTBREAK IN NYC - INFECTED ATTACKING CITIZENS.**

The two women gasped, Amanda's hands flying to her mouth. William sank onto the couch as a reporter in a helicopter narrated the scene, her voice high and tense. "...Chaos in the streets as what appears to be some kind of virus or infection spreads through the population. The infected are extremely violent, attacking anyone in sight. All residents are advised to stay indoors and barricade their homes..."

"Oh my God," Amanda breathed, collapsing beside him. "This can't be real. Tell me this isn't real."

William just shook his head numbly, unable to tear his eyes from the nightmarish scenes. A group of bloody, staggering infected chasing down a terrified woman...a cop being dragged from his squad car and torn apart...an ambulance overturned and burning. It looked like something out of a zombie movie, but the stark fear in the reporter's eyes told him this was no film.

Heather gripped the back of the couch, her face ashen. "What are we gonna do?" she whispered.

William swallowed hard, trying to tamp down his own rising panic. He had to stay calm, had to keep his family safe. "We stay here," he said firmly. "We lock the doors, block the windows, and pray to God none of those things get in here."

His Grandmother stepped around the couch and sat down next to William, her warm thigh pressing against his. She draped an arm around his shoulders, pulling him close. "I'm staying here with you two tonight," she said, her voice brooking no argument. "I'll sleep on the couch. But there's no way I'm gonna be alone in my apartment with all this craziness happening."

William glanced at her, seeing the fear in her blue eyes despite her resolute tone. He could smell her floral perfume, feel the soft swell of her breast against his arm. Having his incredibly buxom grandmother so close sent a confusing mix of emotions swirling through him - comfort at her presence, but also a shameful thrill at the intimate contact. He tried to shove down the latter feeling. Now was definitely not the time for his perverted thoughts.

Amanda reached over and squeezed her mother's hand. "Of course, Mom. We'll all stay together. It's safer that way." She shook her head, her dark hair swaying. "I just can't believe this is happening. It's like something out of a horror story."

William nodded numbly, his insides twisting as more grisly images flashed across the TV screen. The panic he'd felt in the comic shop returned full force, making his hands shake. What if one of those things got into the building? Came busting through their door?

His eyes flicked to the front entrance, checking that it was securely locked.

"What about food?" he asked, mouth dry. "Water? How long can we hole up here?"

Heather rubbed his arm soothingly, but he could feel the tension in her body. "We've got a decent stock of canned goods and such. And plenty of water bottles. We can bring down the items from my apartment too. We should be okay for a while."

That night, William tossed and turned in bed, unable to sleep with the faint shrieks floating up from the streets below and the ominous glow of distant fires burning against his curtains. His mind raced, conjuring nightmarish images of the infected breaking down their door, tearing into his family with ravenous jaws. Terrible scenarios played out behind his eyelids every time he tried to rest.

A soft knock at his door made him flinch and sit bolt upright, heart pounding. His mother's silhouette appeared in the doorway, lit from behind by the dim hallway lights. The glow outlined her voluptuous curves through the thin fabric of her nightgown, from her giant breasts to her wide hips and thick thighs. William swallowed hard, his mouth going dry at the sight.

"William? Are you awake?" Amanda whispered, her voice small and frightened in the dark.

"Y-yeah, Mom. I'm awake," he stammered, trying to keep his eyes from roving over her barely-concealed figure.

She shifted from foot to foot, her unfettered tits swaying heavily with the motion. "I...I can't sleep. Every little noise makes me jump. I keep thinking those things are going to break in." Her arms wrapped around her stomach protectively. "I know it's silly but...could I maybe sleep in here with you tonight? I'd just feel so much safer."

William's heart kicked into overdrive, a confusing mix of protectiveness and illicit excitement churning in his gut. He knew it was wrong, but the idea of his gorgeous mother curled up in bed with him sent blood rushing south.

"Uh, s-sure Mom. Of course," he croaked, his face heating.

Amanda padded into his room on sexy bare feet with red painted toenails, her thick buttocks jiggling and undulating beneath her thigh-high nightie. A blush stained her cheeks as she felt William's eyes glued to her heavy breasts shifting and bobbling beneath the robe, unsupported by a bra.

She crawled onto the bed next to him, the mattress dipping under her weight. William's heart raced at his mother's proximity, the sweet scent of her skin, the lush curves of her body mere inches away.

He scooted over to make room for her, hyper-aware of every brush of her silky robe against his bare arm, the warmth radiating from her soft flesh. Amanda slipped beneath the covers and curled up facing him, her fleshy juggernauts almost spilling out the top of her nightie.

In the dim light filtering through the curtains, the boy could just make out the huge darker circles of her areolas through the thin fabric. William swallowed hard, desire warring with shame as his cock twitched to attention.

"Thank you for letting me stay with you," Amanda whispered, her breath puffing against his cheek. "I feel so much better being close to you."

Her words sent illicit shivers down William's spine even as his chest ached with tenderness. "Of course, Mom. I'll always keep you safe," he murmured.

On impulse, he reached out and stroked her hair, savoring the silky slide of it between his fingers. Amanda made a soft sound and leaned into his touch, her full lips parting. William's pulse kicked up another notch, his skin burning where her large, heavy breasts pressed against his arm through their clothes.

He knew he shouldn't be enjoying this forbidden moment so much, but his teenage body couldn't help responding to his mother's intoxicating nearness, her ripe curves and sweet scent. Amanda shifted slightly, draping a smooth, bare thigh over his leg beneath the sheets. Her breathing grew deeper and slower as she drifted toward sleep, her body relaxing against his. William lay very still, not daring to move, barely breathing.

His erection throbbed insistently, trapped against his stomach. He ached to touch himself but didn't dare. Having his mother so close, so vulnerable and trusting, filled him with a confusing tangle of protectiveness and taboo lust. He wanted to wrap her in his arms and shield her from the horrors outside. But he also wanted to bury his face in her monumental cleavage, to peel that nightie off her curves and map every inch of her flesh with his hands and mouth.

The teen squeezed his eyes shut, desperately trying to banish the perverse fantasies. Now was definitely not the time. He needed to focus on keeping his family safe, not on his own twisted desires.

William jerked awake sometime later, heart pounding, as a swarm of helicopters thundered by overhead, their spotlights cutting through the curtains. For a disoriented moment, he thought the city was under attack. Then the events of the day crashed back over him - the outbreak, the zombies, the chaos. A shudder ripped through him as his sleep-fogged brain conjured images of the infected breaking into their apartment.

He turned to check on his mother, needing to reassure himself that she was okay. Amanda still slept soundly beside him, her breathing deep and

even. The covers had slipped down as she shifted in slumber, the silky nightie riding up to bare the succulent globes of her ass, barely covered by a tiny lace thong.

William's mouth went dry at the sight of so much smooth, exposed skin. His cock lurched to immediate, aching stiffness, pushing urgently against his boxers. In the ghostly light filtering through the curtains, he could just make out the delectable curves of his mother's rear, the flimsy triangle of her panties disappearing between the plump cheeks. The sexy lingerie left little to the imagination, the back little more than a thin string.

William knew he shouldn't stare, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from the mouth-watering sight. His pulse raced, lust and shame warring in his veins. He drank in the teasing view of Amanda's nearly naked ass, the way the lacy thong hugged the succulent swells of her cheeks. Desire pounded through him, drowning out the distant screams and sirens. His whole world narrowed to the forbidden curves of his mother's body, so close and tempting.

William swallowed hard, throat clicking. He knew it was wrong, so very wrong, but he couldn't stop himself from leaning closer, bringing his face near the plump mounds of her buttocks. The heady scent of her filled his nose, the intoxicating aroma of sleep-warmed skin and something uniquely her.

William's heart raced as he cautiously lowered his head, bringing his face right up to the juncture of his mother's thighs. Her heady, feminine scent filled his nostrils, making his head spin with lust. He could feel the heat radiating from her barely-covered sex, the thin lace of her thong hiding almost nothing.

His eyes locked onto the tempting cameltoe formed by her puffy outer lips pressing against the delicate fabric. He inhaled deeply, the musky aroma of her arousal hitting him like a drug, filling his mind with a primal, all-consuming need.

William's cock throbbed almost painfully, straining against the confines of his boxers. The urge to press his open mouth against his mother's panty-clad mound nearly overwhelmed him.

With a strangled groan, he flopped onto his back, squeezing his eyes shut. What the hell was he doing? This was his own mother, for Christ's sake! She was lying next to him, vulnerable and trusting, seeking comfort from her son - and here he was practically panting over her like a dog, shoving his face into her crotch while she slept.

Shame and self-loathing twisted William's gut, warring with the relentless ache of arousal. He shouldn't be looking at his mom this way, having these depraved thoughts and urges. But he couldn't seem to help himself. Not with her voluptuous body mere inches away, clad only in that sinfully skimpy lingerie.

He tossed and turned, trying to will away his inconvenient erection. But his mind kept conjuring vivid, feverish images of him peeling off Amanda's thong, burying his face between her plush ass cheeks, licking and sucking at her most intimate places until she writhed and moaned. Or her waking up and catching him sniffing at her mound, then pulling his head in closer, smothering him in her sweet, musky heat.

William bit back another tortured groan and rolled to face the wall, putting his back to temptation. His balls throbbed and his cock wept with denied need. But he refused to touch himself, to give in to his taboo desires. Not with his mother right there. He had to be strong, had to resist the forbidden allure of her body.

Gritting his teeth, he forced himself to think of anything else - multiplication tables, the grossest zombies from earlier. Slowly, agonizingly, his straining hard-on began to subside and he finally succumbed to exhaustion and drifted off.

William woke slowly, his mind fuzzy and limbs heavy. Weak, gray light

filtered through the curtains. For a blissful moment, he didn't remember the horrors of yesterday. Then it all crashed back - the outbreak, the zombies, the city falling apart. His stomach clenched with dread as he sat up.

The other side of the bed was empty. His heart lurched into his throat before he remembered his mother coming to sleep beside him during the night. She must have gotten up already. William rubbed his face, trying to dispel the lingering images of Amanda's barely-clad body that had tormented his dreams.

Shame and confusion churned in his gut. How could he be thinking about his own mother that way, especially at a time like this? He shook his head, disgusted with himself.

Voices drifted from the living room - his mom and grandma. He strained to hear what they were saying, but couldn't make it out. Unease prickled across his skin. Something felt...off. He couldn't put his finger on it, but a sense of wrongness pervaded the apartment, beyond just the undead chaos outside. A chill raised goosebumps on his arms. Was it colder than usual?

He got up and padded barefoot into the living room. Amanda and Heather sat on the couch in their robes, staring at the blank TV screen. The silence struck William as strange and heavy, the normal background hum of the refrigerator and heater notably absent.

"What's going on?" he asked, voice still gravelly from sleep.

Amanda turned to him, her beautiful face pinched with worry. "The power's out," she said. "It cut off sometime during the night."

An icy fist squeezed William's heart. "Shit," he breathed. No power meant no heat. No lights. No way to see the news or charge their phones. They'd be even more cut off, vulnerable, stuck in the dark and cold while the world fell apart outside.

Heather twisted her hands in her lap, looking uncharacteristically small and frightened without her usual perfect makeup and coiffed hair. "I tried to turn on the sink and the water pressure was really low," she said. "I think it's only a matter of time before it goes out too."

William's mouth went dry. He mentally calculated how many water bottles they had stashed, how long it would last three people. A few days, maybe a week if they rationed strictly. Not nearly enough.

Amanda must have read the look on his face. She pushed to her feet, squaring her shoulders. "We need to fill up every container we can find with water while it's still running," she said.

Her robe gaped open as she moved, giving William a heart-stopping glimpse of deep cleavage. He jerked his gaze away, face heating. "William, check the cabinet under the bathroom sink," Amanda continued, either not noticing his reaction or choosing to ignore it. "There should be some empty containers under there."

Heather suggested they bring down the food and water from her apartment upstairs to consolidate their supplies. William and Amanda readily agreed.

Upstairs, in Heather's small kitchen, William helped his grandmother gather cans and bottles from the cupboards. As Heather reached for a high shelf, she lost her balance.

With a yelp, she fell backwards - right onto William's lap as he sat on a chair behind her.

"Oh!" Heather gasped, her plentiful rear landing heavily on William's thighs. His hands reflexively grasped her wide hips to steady her. "I'm so sorry, honey!"

William's face burned as he found himself with an armful of warm, soft grandmother. He tried to shift her off his lap, intensely aware of her

substantial weight and the press of her expansive buttocks against his crotch. But Heather made no move to stand up.

She wiggled slightly, resettling herself more firmly on William's lap. His breath caught as her plush ass nestled against his groin. To his horror, he felt his cock begin to swell and stiffen, prodded to attention by the pressure and friction.

Heather glanced over her shoulder at him, a peculiar smile playing about her lips. "My, William, is that a flashlight in your pocket?" she teased, voice low and conspiratorial. "Or are you just happy to have Grandma on your lap?"

William sputtered, face flaming and heart racing. He couldn't believe this was happening. His own grandmother was sitting on his lap, smirking as she felt his erection growing against her ass! "Grandma!" he choked out, squirming frantically. "I'm not - it's not what you think!"

Heather just chuckled throatily. "Oh, I know exactly what it is, dear. No need to be embarrassed!" She rocked her wide hips subtly back and forth, grinding her meaty rear against the thickening bulge trapped beneath her.

Pleasure sparkled through William's core at the delicious pressure and he bit his lip hard to stifle a moan.

"I know how stressed you must be, with everything going on," Heather purred, voice rich with insinuation. "A young man like you needs to let off some...tension. It's perfectly healthy!"

Her ass circled maddeningly against William's now rock-hard erection, sending jolts of sensation zinging up his spine. He knew this was so very wrong but he couldn't seem to make himself push her off, to end the delicious torment of her bottom rubbing all over his aching cock.

He couldn't believe his own grandmother was basically giving him a lap dance, her fleshy buttocks massaging his rigid cock through their clothes. This was so wrong...but why did it have to feel so maddeningly good

"Masturbation is very important for a young man's health, you know," Heather said, her voice low and sultry. "Especially in times like these, when there may not be any available girls for you to, ah, relieve tension with." She punctuated her words with a particularly forceful backwards grind against his bulge, making him bite back a groan.

William's face burned, his skin on fire everywhere his grandmother's abundant curves pressed against him. He squirmed helplessly, trapped between Heather's bodacious backside and the chair. His hands flexed on her wide hips, torn between pushing her off and pulling her more firmly against him.

"I...I do take care of myself," he managed to choke out, even as his hips involuntarily twitched up to meet her teasing motions.

Heather chuckled richly, the throaty sound vibrating through William's chest and straight to his groin. "Oh, I'm sure you do, dear. But you know..." She glanced coyly over her shoulder at him, a wicked gleam in her blue eyes. "I've been around the block a few times. I'm probably even better at handling a penis than you are." Her voice dropped to a breathy purr. "If you ever need help getting off, I'd be more than happy to lend a hand. Or a mouth."

A strangled noise escaped William's throat at the brazen offer. He squeezed his eyes shut as a barrage of obscene images assaulted his fevered brain - his grandmother's manicured fingers wrapped around his shaft, pumping him skillfully...her bright red lips stretched obscenely around his girth...her head bobbing in his lap...

"Just something to keep in mind," Heather trilled, patting his knee. With a final, maddeningly slow grind of her ass against his throbbing hard-on, she levered herself off his lap.

William barely bit back a bereft whimper at the loss of pressure and friction. His cock ached and pulsed against his fly, screaming for attention.

Heather turned and smiled at him, her eyes twinkling with mischief and barely suppressed heat. Her gaze flicked pointedly down to the prominent tent and slimy wet spot in his jeans before meeting his own again. "Now, let's finish packing up these supplies, shall we?" she chirped, as if she hadn't just been shamelessly dry humping her grandson.

William tried to calm his racing heart as he followed Heather out of her apartment, his arms laden with canned goods and water bottles. The ghost of his grandmother's plush ass grinding against his crotch lingered maddeningly, making it difficult to walk normally. He prayed his raging hard-on wasn't too obvious in his jeans. The last thing he needed was his mother noticing his perverted reaction.

After taking the stairs down three floors and entering the hallway, their neighbor's door across the hall opened. Blonde-haired Maxine stepped out, her pretty face pinched with worry. Despite everything, William couldn't help but notice how her gigantic tits strained against her low-cut blouse or how her pencil skirt hugged her bodacious rear.

At 45, Maxine, was the high school cheerleader coach at the school William had graduated from. She had sculpted legs, curves that rivaled those of his mom and grandma, and William had spent many a night guiltily fantasizing about her.

"Oh William, Heather - have you heard anything more about what's happening?" Maxine asked, wringing her hands. "I've been trying to reach my husband but he isn't answering his phone. I'm terribly worried."

Sympathy welled in William's chest, momentarily overriding his baser instincts. He couldn't imagine how frightened Maxine must be, not knowing if her husband was alive or...one of those things.

"I'm so sorry, Maxine," Heather said, reaching out to squeeze the other woman's arm. "I'm afraid we probably know about as much as you do right now. Hopefully this will all be resolved soon and David will be home safe."

Maxine gave a tremulous smile, blinking back tears. "I hope you're right. Thank you." Her gaze drifted over the supplies in their arms. "Looks like you're getting prepared, just in case. That's smart."

"You're welcome to join us in our apartment, if you'd feel safer," Heather offered, "We could consolidate our resources."

For a split second, William's heart leapt at the idea of Maxine sheltering with them, her lush body in close proximity day and night. Then he cursed himself for the thought. The poor woman's husband was missing and here he was getting excited about the prospect of ogling her. He was such a pervert.

Maxine glanced over at William's crotch - entertaining the idea, then shook her head. "Thank you, that's very kind. But my girls and I should stay here in case David makes it back."

"Well, let us know if you need anything," Heather said. "We're here for you."

Maxine nodded, swallowing hard. "Same to you. Stay safe, all of you."

After they put the supplies away, the apartment was eerily quiet, the only sound the low murmur of Amanda and Heather's voices as they discussed their dwindling options.

William couldn't stop himself from continuously peeking out the window, hoping for some sign of life, of help arriving. But the streets

remained desolate, still, and utterly silent. The power had been out for hours now, and a deep chill had settled into the apartment, seeping into his bones.

The three of them huddled in the living room, wrapped in blankets, trying to preserve what meager warmth they could. William's stomach growled and twisted with hunger, but their food needed to be carefully rationed. There was no telling how long they might be trapped here.

Amanda and Heather moved into the kitchen, their voices hushed. William strained to hear their conversation over the sound of cabinets opening and closing. When they returned, their faces were grim. "We need to conserve as much heat as possible," Amanda said, not quite meeting William's eyes. "Your grandmother and I think it would be best if we all slept in my bed tonight. Shared body warmth."

William's mouth went dry at the thought of being sandwiched between his mother and grandmother in that big bed, their soft, ample curves pressing against him from both sides. He swallowed hard, trying to banish the perverse images that immediately flooded his mind. Sharing a bed platonically to conserve heat was a perfectly sensible survival tactic. He shouldn't let his twisted libido turn it into something sordid.

"That...that makes sense," he managed to croak, avoiding his mother's gaze. "Conserving heat is important."

"I know it's a little awkward, honey," Amanda said, laying a gentle hand on his arm. The warmth of her palm seared him even through his sleeve. "But we need to be practical. I'm sure we'll all be much more comfortable huddling together than shivering apart."

William just nodded mutely, not trusting his voice. As if the threat of freezing and starving wasn't enough, now he was going to be tortured with the intimate proximity of his mother and grandmother's bodies, trying to keep his inappropriate physical responses under control. This was shaping up to be the longest, yet thrilling night of his life.

Heather, damn her, looked more amused than uncomfortable with the plan. Her blue eyes practically twinkled as her gaze swept over William, no doubt taking in the vibrant blush staining his cheeks.

He had a sinking feeling that his grandmother was going to use this forced closeness as an excuse to torment him with her merciless teasing and innuendoes. He thought back to the almost indecent way she had squirmed on his lap earlier, grinding her plush ass against his crotch until he was rock hard and aching. The ghost of that delicious friction made him throb in his jeans.

A sudden memory flashed through William's mind - the old battery-operated radio gathering dust under his bed. He hadn't used it in ages. Heart pounding, he dashed to his room and dug frantically through the mess until his fingers closed around the plastic casing.

He rushed back to the living room, radio in hand. "I found this! Maybe we can get some news about what's going on."

Amanda and Heather leaned in close as William fiddled with the dials, his hands shaking. He scanned through endless static, his hope beginning to wither. But then, faintly, a voice broke through the white noise. He fine-tuned the frequency until the announcer's words sharpened, echoing through the silent apartment.

"...martial law has been declared in the city... National Guard deployed to evacuate any uninfected... reports of mass hysteria and violence... death toll could be in the thousands..."

William exchanged a horrified look with his mother and grandmother. Hearing it laid out so starkly made it all terribly, viscerally real. Was this just happening in their city or had outbreaks like this spread far and wide, plunging the whole country - maybe the whole world - into chaos. His stomach turned over and a cold sweat slicked his palms.

The radio crackled and popped, the signal wavering. The announcer's voice rose in pitch, taking on a frantic edge. "I... I'm getting word that the infected have breached the perimeter. They're in our broadcast building! Oh God, I can hear them coming..."

A crash sounded over the airwaves, followed by a scream of terror. Wet, rabid snarling and the awful sound of tearing flesh burst from the speakers.

William flinched violently, his heart slamming against his ribcage. Amanda let out a choked sob, her hands flying to her mouth. Heather gripped the arm of the couch, her knuckles white and her lined face ashen.

The screaming reached a shrill, gurgling crescendo. And then, abruptly, it cut off. The transmission dissolved into static.

William sat frozen, the radio still clutched in his white-knuckled hands. Blood roared in his ears, nearly drowning out the hiss and pop of dead air. He felt like he might vomit. The screams of the doomed announcer seemed to echo in the heavy silence of the apartment.

It was over. The city was crumbling, and there was possibly no one coming to save them. For now, at least, they were on their own against the ravening hordes. Trapped in this small apartment with dwindling supplies, just waiting to die...or worse.

William's heart raced, a cold sweat breaking out across his skin as the announcer's dying screams echoed in his mind. This couldn't be happening. The world couldn't really be ending like this, crumbling into blood-soaked anarchy. It had to be a nightmare he would wake up from any moment.

But the screams of the infected still carried up from the streets below and the deathly chill in the apartment was all too real. Nausea churned in William's gut as the gravity of the situation truly sank in. They were

trapped here, just waiting to starve or freeze...or be torn apart by those rabid creatures.

Panic clawed at William's throat, his breath coming in short, sharp pants. But then he was enveloped in warmth and softness, the subtle floral scent of his mother's perfume filling his nose. Amanda had wrapped him in a tight hug, pulling his face against her chest.

He went stiff for a moment, his cheek cushioned by the yielding swell of her breasts. Even through his terror, he was intensely aware of that plush, pillowy softness, the way his mother's huge bosom cradled his face.

"Shh, it's okay," Amanda murmured, stroking his hair. "We're gonna get through this together. I won't let anything happen to you."

William squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out the world, the horror. For a moment, he let himself get lost in his mother's embrace, in the warm, soft haven of her giant tits. He breathed in her comforting scent and tried to pretend that he was a little boy again, that his mom could still shield him from all the evils of the world.

Despite the horror of their situation, a twisted part of the teenager couldn't help but feel a dark thrill at the prospect of sharing a bed with his mother and grandmother. As they huddled together on the couch, his teenage libido conjured up a slew of illicit scenarios that made his cock throb traitorously against his fly.

He imagined "accidentally" copping a feel of his mom's enormous tits as they shifted under the covers, his hand brushing over her nipples until they stiffened into points. Or his grandma "mistakenly" grinding her plush ass back against his crotch in the night, prodding his erection between her fleshy cheeks. A shudder rippled through him that had nothing to do with the apartment's dropping temperature.

Guilt immediately followed these sordid thoughts. What was wrong with him, fantasizing about his own family that way, at a time like this? People

were dying horribly right outside while he got a hard-on daydreaming about fondling his busty mom and grandma.

William squeezed his eyes shut and tried to banish the perverted images from his mind. But they lingered stubbornly behind his eyelids - his mom's giant rack heaving as she panted beneath him, his grandmother's thick thighs clamped around his head. His cock ached and pulsed with pent-up need.

Night fell swiftly, shadows gathering in the corners of the apartment. They ate a meager dinner of soup heated on the gas stove, barely tasting it. The mood was somber and tense, broken only by the intermittent crackle of the radio as they strained to catch any further news broadcasts. But there was only static.

Finally, Amanda stood and stretched, her bathrobe riding up to reveal a tantalizing expanse of creamy thigh. "We should try to get some rest," she said, not quite meeting William's eyes. "I think we'll all feel better after some sleep."

William's mouth went dry at the thought of crawling into bed with his scantily clad mother and grandmother. He nodded mutely, not trusting his voice.

Heather shot him a sly look, her blue eyes gleaming. "Nothing like snuggling up with family to keep the cold away," she purred, winking at him.

Heat flooded William's face as he followed the two women down the short hallway to his mother's bedroom. He paused in the doorway, his heart slamming against his ribs. Amanda's king-sized bed loomed before him, the covers already turned down invitingly. It seemed to dominate the room, an unavoidable force.

His mom and grandma wasted no time heading for the bathroom to get ready for bed. William hesitated, feeling like he was about to walk into a

lion's den...or maybe a succubus's lair. The idea of being pressed up against his relatives' barely clothed bodies for hours was intimidating, but also thrilling.

William shed everything but his white briefs and crawled into his mom's big bed, pulling the covers pulled up to his chest. He tried to keep his eyes averted as his mother and grandmother crossed the room, but it was almost impossible not to stare.

Heather wore a semi-sheer, lacy babydoll nightie that left very little to the imagination, her huge breasts bouncing and swaying with each step. Amanda had on a thin white wifebeater tank top that stretched obscenely over her own ballooning bust, her fat nipples clearly visible through the fabric. His gaze flicked helplessly between the two sets of gigantic, jiggling tits, his cock immediately thickening and rising in his underwear.

The bed dipped and creaked as the two women climbed in on either side of him. William swallowed hard, his skin prickling with heat everywhere their lush bodies pressed against his. Amanda's warm heavy tits flattened against his left arm while Heather's pillowy bosom squished into his right side. He was surrounded by warm, pliant female flesh barely contained in skimpy clothing.

The sweet, subtly musky scent of their skin filled his nose, making his head swim with illicit lust.

"Cozy, isn't it?" Heather purred, snuggling even closer. Her hand came to rest on his bare chest, making him nearly jump out of his skin. "It's so nice to share body heat like this."

William just made a strangled noise, not daring to speak. The heat of his grandmother's palm seared his pectoral. He prayed she couldn't feel the wild gallop of his heart or the way his nipple tightened under her touch.

Amanda shifted on his other side, rearranging the blankets over them. Her smooth, bare thigh slid against his, the contact electric even through

the thin cotton of his briefs.

"Much better than freezing alone," she agreed, her voice soft and close to his ear. Her silky hair tickled his shoulder as she laid her head down.

William stared rigidly up at the shadowed ceiling, hardly daring to breathe. He was aching, painfully aware of every tiny shift and movement of the women pressed against him, every brush of skin on skin, every warm exhale puffing against his neck.

His cock throbbed insistently, trapped between his body and the tight confines of his underwear. There was no way he'd be able to sleep like this, not with his body wound so tight, every nerve ending screaming. But he couldn't exactly get up and go jerk off in the bathroom with his mom and grandma right there.

He tried desperately to think of unsexy things - rotting zombies, algebra homework, the lunch lady's mystery meat casserole. But it was impossible to banish the all-consuming awareness of Amanda and Heather's ripe, scantily clad bodies snuggled up to him, surrounding him with their intoxicating feminine heat.

William's pulse raced as he lay perfectly still, not daring to move a muscle. His mother's soft snores drifted from his left side, signaling that she had fallen asleep. But on his right, Heather was very much awake. He felt her shift slightly, her lush body pressing even closer against him. Then her hand drifted over, gliding across his bare chest and down his stomach. He sucked in a sharp breath as her fingers found the waistband of his briefs and slipped inside.

His grandmother's warm palm closed around his erect cock, making him twitch and throb. She squeezed him gently, feeling him swell and lengthen even more in her hand. William bit his lip hard to keep from moaning out loud as she fondled him to full, aching stiffness. This was so wrong, but it felt sinfully, dizzyingly good.

His hips involuntarily pushed up into her touch, seeking more of that delicious friction. Heather's lips suddenly brushed his ear, making him shiver. "You need the kind of release that only an experienced woman can give," she breathed, her words hot against his skin. "Let Grandma take care of you."

Before William could respond, Heather had deftly freed his straining erection from his underwear. The cool air kissed his heated flesh, making him gasp. Then her fingers wrapped around him again, stroking him with mind-melting skill. Her thumb swirled over the weeping head, smearing his pre-cum, while her other hand gently kneaded his heavy balls.

William's eyes nearly rolled back in his head at the intense sensations sparking through his groin. His grandmother's touch was confident and knowing, her technique years beyond his own awkward fumbblings. She pumped him with a perfect grip, her fist gliding up and down his throbbing length in a slick, twisting motion that made his toes curl. Every nerve ending in his body sang with pleasure as she masterfully worked him closer to the edge.

"Such a big, strong dick," her soft voiced purred at his ear.

It took every ounce of William's control not to moan or cry out, to keep from writhing and bucking shamelessly into Heather's grasp. He was acutely aware of his mother sleeping inches away, her deep, even breathing a counterpoint to his own harsh panting. The perverse thrill of getting an illicit handjob from his grandma right next to his slumbering mom only heightened his desperate arousal.

Heather's lips grazed the shell of his ear again as her hand moved faster on his cock, pumping him with an urgency that made his balls tighten. "That's it, darling," she purred, her breath hot and damp against his skin. "Let it all go. Cum for Grandma." Her filthy words were William's undoing.

William's balls drew up tight to his body as a powerful orgasm crashed through him. His cock jerked and pulsed in Heather's stroking fist, the pleasure so intense it bordered on pain. He felt the cum surging up from deep inside him, rushing through his shaft and exploding out the tip in thick, creamy spurts.

The first long rope of jizz shot up and splattered across his chest, painting his skin with glistening white fluid. The next spurt jetted out just as forcefully, landing in a sticky line from his stomach to his throat. His cock bucked and jumped in his grandmother's pumping hand as spasm after spasm wracked him, his cum launching out in seemingly endless streams. It felt like Heather was milking him dry, wringing every last drop of spunk from his balls with her expert touch.

William's eyes squeezed shut and his jaw clenched as he struggled to stay silent through the mind-melting ecstasy ripping through him. His hips thrust helplessly into Heather's fist, fucking her tight grip as she worked him through his intense climax.

Cum pulsed out of him in thick, gooey ropes, splattering in a messy abstract pattern across his heaving chest and quivering stomach. His head spun dizzily from the sheer force of his release. It felt like every ounce of tension was draining out of him along with his seed, leaving him weak and trembling in the aftermath.

His softening cock slipped from his grandmother's grasp, twitching with aftershocks against his cum-splattered abs.

William panted harshly, barely remembering to keep quiet with his mother still asleep beside him. His heart thundered wildly against his ribs. He felt utterly spent, wrung out, his balls aching pleasantly from being so thoroughly drained. The perverse thrill of what had just happened, of getting secret handjob from his own grandmother right next to his slumbering mom, made him feel dirty and sated all at once.

Heather carefully tucked his sensitive, sticky cock back into his briefs, making him shudder. Then her fingers swiped gently through the cooling puddles of spunk on his chest and stomach, rubbing it into his skin like lotion. William's breath hitched and goosebumps raced across his flesh at the filthy intimacy of the act.

"There now, don't you feel much better?" Heather whispered, her voice rich with satisfaction. "Remember, Grandma is always here to help relieve your tension."

She pressed a soft kiss to his jaw, then settled back down beside him, snuggling into his side as if nothing had happened.

William lay there in a post-orgasmic daze, his skin tacky with drying cum, struggling to process the forbidden encounter. He knew it was so very wrong, what he had just done with his grandmother, but Goddamn did he love every second of it!

William woke the next morning feeling groggy and disoriented. For a blissful moment, he forgot the horrors happening outside. Then it all crashed back - the outbreak, the city falling apart, the terrifyingly intimate night sandwiched between his mother and grandmother.

His face flushed hot as memories of Heather's secret handjob flooded back, the echo of his intense orgasm still throbbing in his balls. Shame and illicit excitement twisted in his gut.

He glanced over to see the other side of the bed empty, covers thrown back. Muted rustling drifted from the kitchen. William got up and padded out of the bedroom, stomach growling.

He froze in the doorway, blinking rapidly. His mother stood at the stove, still wearing nothing but her skimpy white tank top and tiny thong panties. The thin fabric of the shirt clung to her round, heavy breasts, nipples clearly visible through the material. Her plump ass bounced and

jiggled enticingly with her every movement, the dental floss of her thong disappearing between her succulent cheeks.

William's mouth went dry as his gaze raked hungrily over her voluptuous figure, drinking in the abundant curves on display. His cock immediately began to swell, pushing against his briefs. Amanda glanced over her shoulder, catching him staring. A pink flush crept into her cheeks. "Oh! Good morning, sweetie," she said, tugging at the hem of her tank top self-consciously. "Sorry, I didn't have a chance to get dressed yet. The power is still out and I was trying to pull together some kind of breakfast."

William swallowed hard, trying to tear his eyes away from his mother's jutting nipples and wobbling ass cheeks. "It's, uh, it's okay," he croaked, voice still rough from sleep. He shifted uncomfortably, hoping she wouldn't notice the growing tent in his underwear.

Amanda smiled apologetically, seeming not to notice his predicament. "I know this isn't really appropriate attire. I can put on a robe or something."

But she made no move to do so, continuing to putter around the kitchen in her revealing outfit. William couldn't help but stare as her huge tits swayed and bounced with her movements, the flimsy tank top barely containing them. Her ass flexed and dimpled as she bent to retrieve something from a low cabinet, the tiny thong riding up to expose even more of her plump cheeks.

William's erection throbbed insistently, straining against the cotton of his briefs. He couldn't believe how shamelessly his mother was flaunting her body, prancing around practically naked. It was like she wanted him to ogle her. The thought sent an illicit shiver down his spine.

William's arousal surged to a fever pitch when Amanda suddenly turned and pulled him into a tight hug, smashing her enormous, braless breasts

against his chest. "I'm so proud of you, honey," she murmured. "You're being so brave through all this craziness."

William nearly choked on his own spit at the sudden full-body contact, his hands instinctively coming up to rest on his mother's bare hips. Her pillowy tits mashed against him, all soft, pliant flesh and hard nipples poking into his pecs. He'd fantasized about touching her breasts for so long, but feeling their heavy weight pushing against him for real was beyond his wildest dreams. They felt massive and warm even through their thin layers of clothing, like two down pillows stuffed with hot coals.

The silky skin of Amanda's birthing hips was hot under William's palms, the dip of her spine leading his touch down to the swell of her ass. He swallowed a groan, cock throbbing against her stomach, as he fought the urge to grab two heaping handfuls of her plump matronly buttocks.

She had to feel his erection prodding insistently against her, but she made no move to pull away. If anything, she seemed to press even closer, her cushy breasts flattening against his chest.

William's head swam in a hormone-fueled daze, drowning in the warm, subtly musky scent of his mother's skin, the shameless press of her nearly naked curves against him. His hips twitched reflexively, the rigid line of his cock seeking friction. A distant part of him screamed that he should stop this, that it was so very wrong to grope his own mother, but the aching need pounding through his veins drowned it out. All he could focus on was the plush weight of Amanda's tits against his body, the yield of her ass under his hands, the tickle of her hair on his cheek.

After what felt like an eternity, Amanda finally pulled back, her face flushed and eyes bright. William bit the inside of his cheek hard enough to taste blood, hands dropping reluctantly away from the tempting curves of her rear. He prayed she couldn't see how painfully aroused he was, tenting his briefs obscenely.

"Well!" Amanda said, voice a bit too high and bright. She smoothed her tank top unnecessarily, the motion making her unfettered breasts bounce distractingly. "I should get cleaned up and dressed." Her eyes flicked down to the bulge in William's underwear before quickly darting away again, color high in her cheeks.

"Uh, y-yeah, me too," William stammered, heat flooding his face. He couldn't believe his mother had not only let him paw at her scantily clad body, but was now blatantly checking out his boner. Mortification and illicit excitement warred in his gut.

Later in the day, a deep chill permeated the apartment, raising goosebumps on William's skin. He hugged himself, shivering. "Is it just me, or is it even colder in here now?" he asked, teeth almost chattering. The frigid air seemed to leach all the warmth from his body.

Heather's brow furrowed for a moment before her expression suddenly brightened. "Oh my God, I just remembered something! I have an emergency propane heater stashed away in my apartment upstairs! Along with some spare canisters of fuel."

She pushed up from the couch. "William, come help me carry them down."

William eagerly followed his grandmother out of the apartment, relieved at the prospect of blessed heat. His breath puffed out in white clouds as they hurried up the stairs, the cold concrete seeming to radiate up through the soles of his sneakers.

Heather unlocked the door to her unit and they slipped inside. The interior was dim, the windows blank and lifeless without the glow of electricity. An eerie silence hung heavy in the rooms, making the hair on the back of William's neck prickle.

Heather rifled through a closet, muttering to herself. William stood nearby, shifting from foot to foot and rubbing his arms for warmth. A

faint skittering sound from the kitchen made him freeze, heart jumping into his throat. He strained his ears, holding his breath. There it was again - a soft scrabbling, like claws on tile.

A whiff of decay drifted to his nostrils, making his stomach turn. "Grandma," he started to say, his voice shaking. But before he could get the words out, a dark shape burst from the kitchen, hurtling towards them with a guttural shriek.

William only had a split second impression of bloody, snapping teeth and crazed eyes before the infected man crashed into him, knocking him to the floor.

Fetid breath washed over William's face as he grappled with the snarling creature, barely holding gnashing jaws back from his throat. Adrenaline surged through his veins, his pulse thundering in his ears. He could feel the unnatural strength in the infected man's wasted limbs, the fever-heat of its skin. It clawed at him with jagged, bloody fingernails, keening with rabid hunger.

"William!" Heather screamed. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw her frantically searching for a weapon, any way to help him. But there was no time. The creature's teeth were inches from William's jugular, strings of bloody drool spattering his face.

With a burst of panicked strength, the teen managed to plant his feet against the zombie's chest and kick it off of him. The infected man flew backwards, crashing through the living room window in an explosion of glass. Its agonized wails dopplered away as it plummeted to the street below.

William lay there stunned for a moment, his heart slamming against his ribs, breath sawing in and out. Holy shit. He'd almost just died. If that thing had gotten its teeth in him...A violent shudder racked his body.

Heather slammed her apartment door closed and rushed over to check on her grandson. Her giant breasts swayed in the neckline of her sweater as she bent over him, her cleavage hovering right in front of his face.

William stared at the deep valley of smooth flesh, his mouth going dry. He could smell his grandmother's perfume, sweet and musky.

"Are you alright?" Heather asked urgently, her hands roaming over his body to check for injuries. Her touch sent electric jolts straight to his groin.

"Y-yeah, I'm okay," William managed to croak. His heart still pounded from the terrifying encounter.

Heather helped him to his feet, pulling him into a tight hug. Her enormous, pillow-soft breasts engulfed him, pressing against his chest. "Oh, thank goodness," she breathed. "You were so brave, fighting that thing off!"

William's face heated, both from the praise and the feel of his grandmother's ample curves molding against him. Memories of the forbidden handjob she'd given him last night flooded back, making his spent cock twitch with renewed interest.

Heather pulled back slightly, a sly smile playing about her lips as she felt his manhood firming against her thigh. "Speaking of brave...did you enjoy your special reward last night?" she purred, voice low and intimate.

William's blush deepened until he thought his cheeks would combust. He glanced away, shifting uncomfortably as his erection swelled to full hardness, tenting his jeans obscenely. "I, uh..." he stammered.

Heather chuckled, a deep, throaty sound. "No need to be shy, darling. In fact..." Her hand drifted down to palm the rigid bulge straining against his fly. "I think you deserve an even better treat after that heroic display. My mouth, perhaps?"

William thought he might pass out as all the blood in his body rushed to his throbbing cock. He'd fantasized about his grandmother's lush, red lips wrapped around him, but never dreamed it would actually happen. "Oh God," he groaned.

Heather took his hand and led him into the bathroom, flicking on the propane heater so it cast a warm amber glow. Then she turned to him with a wicked grin and slowly sank to her knees.

William's heart hammered wildly as he watched her unzip his jeans with deliberate slowness, her eyes locked on his.

Cool air kissed his overheated flesh as Heather tugged his pants and underwear down, letting his large, steely erection bob free. It jutted from his body, flushed a deep red and leaking pre-cum.

Her eyes widened appreciatively as she curled her fingers around his girth, squeezing him gently. "My, my, what an impressive young man you are," she purred.

William's cock was a thing of beauty - 9-inches long, thick and veiny, curving up from a thatch of dark hair. The shaft was heavy and meaty, pulsing with virile heat. Prominent veins snaked up the sides like vines clinging to a tree trunk. The purplish head flared out in a fat, bell-shaped helmet, shiny with pre-cum. It looked almost too big for his grandmother's dainty hand wrapped around it.

Heather licked her crimson lips as she admired his impressive anatomy. "I must say, I do love a nice big head on a cock," she purred, thumbing the plump ridge where the crown met the shaft. "More to suck on."

Her filthy words made William's erection jump in her grasp, another pearly bead of pre-cum welling from the slit. He groaned low in his throat as she leaned in and swiped her tongue over the tip, lapping up his salty essence. The wet heat of her mouth was dizzying.

Heather took her time exploring his cock with lips and tongue, tracing every ridge and vein. She seemed to relish the weight of him on her taste buds. Her hand squeezed and stroked his thick shaft as she mouthed wetly at the head, slobbering all over it.

William's breath came hard and fast through his nose as he watched his grandmother worship his dick. The obscene slurps and smacks of her lips and tongue filled the small bathroom. Goosebumps raced across his skin at the mind-melting sensation of her warm, wet mouth sliding over his most sensitive flesh.

"Fuck, Grandma," he panted, hands clenching into fists at his sides. It took every ounce of his control not to grab her silver hair and shove his cock down her throat.

Heather pulled off with a lewd pop, grinning up at him with smeared lipstick and glazed eyes. "Mmm, you taste divine, darling. I could suck on this fat knob all day." She punctuated her words by swirling her tongue around the swollen head, dipping into the weeping slit.

William shuddered and moaned, knees going weak. The visual of his prim and proper grandmother talking so dirty, combined with the wicked things she was doing with her mouth, brought him right to the brink of orgasm. His balls tightened, his shaft pulsing warningly in her fist.

But Heather seemed to sense how close he was. With a final, leisurely lick from root to tip, she released him and sat back on her heels. William made a bereft noise at the loss of her hot mouth.

"Now, now, we can't have you finishing too quickly," she tutted, getting to her feet. Her voice was husky, eyes hooded with desire.

William's breath caught in his throat as Heather took his hands and guided them up under her sweater. His fingers met the warm, silky skin of her stomach before trailing higher to brush the lacy cups of her bra.

She smiled encouragingly, arching her back to push her massive breasts more firmly into his eager palms.

Hardly daring to breathe, William reverently cupped the heavy globes, marveling at their sheer size and softness. They overflowed his hands, the pliant flesh-melons yielding under his touch. He could feel her nipples, large and stiff, poking into his palms through the delicate lace. His spent cock twitched valiantly, trying to rouse again.

"That's it, darling," Heather purred. "Play with Grandma's big titties."

Emboldened by her brazen encouragement, William squeezed and kneaded the pillowy mounds, relishing the weight of them in his hands. He'd fantasized about touching her watermelon-sized breasts for so long, but the reality was even better than his imagination. Especially breasts as spectacular as his grandmother's.

He plucked at her nipples through the fabric, rolling the pebbled nubs between his fingers. Heather let out a throaty moan, the sound going straight to his cock. Desperate to feel her bare skin, he tugged the cups of her bra up to let her giant tits spill out. The sight of them bare, nipples tight and rosy at the centers of giant areola made him groan out loud.

William wasted no time burying his face in his grandmother's deep cleavage, motorboating her enormous jugs. They engulfed him, surrounding him with pillowy softness and the scent of her perfume. He licked and sucked at the smooth, supple skin, leaving wet trails across the expansive slopes.

"Mmm, yes, get in there," Heather cooed, cradling his head to her heaving bosom. "Suck on Grandma's big titties like a good boy."

William latched onto one fat, crinkled nipple, drawing it into his mouth. He suckled greedily, flicking the stiff peak with his tongue as he squeezed her other heavy breast.

Heather gasped and writhed against him, her fingers tangling in his hair. He switched to her other tit, giving it the same worshipful treatment, nursing at it hungrily.

He couldn't get enough of his grandmother's amazing rack. He kneaded and mouthed at the enormous globes feverishly, burying his face in her deep, warm cleavage again and again.

His cock began to swell and stiffen once more, the feel of so much giving flesh against his skin igniting his arousal all over again.

"Goodness, you're insatiable," Heather laughed breathlessly as his renewed erection prodded her thigh.

Heather glanced toward the door, a hint of urgency creeping into her expression. "We'd better hurry before your mother comes looking for us," she murmured.

With that, she sank gracefully back to her knees, crimson-nailed fingers curling around the base of William's cock. He groaned low in his throat as she pumped him a few times, coaxing him back to full, throbbing hardness. The feel of her warm palm gliding over his sensitive flesh made him twitch and leak.

"Such a good boy, getting nice and hard again for Grandma," Heather purred, eyes gleaming up at him. Then she parted her plump, scarlet lips and took him into the wet heat of her mouth.

"Oh fuck," William gasped, head falling back against the wall as his grandmother's velvety tongue swirled around his swollen cockhead. She lapped at his slit, savoring the salty-sweet beads of pre-cum that welled up.

The obscene slurps and smacks of her lips and tongue echoed obscenely in the quiet bathroom.

Heather took him deeper, lips stretching around his thick girth as she engulfed him in tight, slick heat.

William watched in awe as inch after inch of his cock disappeared into his grandmother's eager mouth until her nose was buried in his curls and he could feel the fluttering muscles of her throat working around his tip.

She held him there, swallowing rhythmically, massaging his shaft with her gullet. William saw stars, hands scrabbling for purchase against the wall behind him. He'd never felt anything so incredible. The wicked sensation of Heather's tongue rippling along his length as she deep-throated him was almost too intense to bear.

Just as the pressure became unbearable, Heather pulled back, releasing him with a gasp. Strands of saliva stretched from her lips to his spit-shined cock, connecting them obscenely. She grinned up at him, eyes watering but full of wicked delight.

"Mmm, you taste delicious," she purred, voice husky. "I can't wait to swallow your hot load."

With that filthy promise, she dove back in, taking him to the hilt in one smooth motion. William cried out, fingers sinking into his grandmother's dark hair as she started to bob on him with lewd enthusiasm.

Her mouth was a marvel, slick and hot and so very tight around him. The wet suction, the wicked undulations of her tongue, the way she moaned around his girth like she was savoring a gourmet meal - it was all too much.

Heather worked him fast and hard, taking him deep into her clutching throat again and again. Obscene glurking noises filled the small space as she face-fucked herself on his rigid cock with sloppy abandon.

William's voice shook as he looked down at his grandmother, her plump lips stretched obscenely around his throbbing shaft. "H-how are you so good at this?" he asked breathlessly, hardly believing the incredible sensations she was giving him with her skilled mouth.

Heather released him with a lewd pop, grinning wickedly up at him. "Oh darling, Grandma is a very experienced cocksucker," she purred, voice husky with lust. "I've sucked off more men than you've had hot dinners."

Her filthy words made William's erection jerk against her lips, a fresh bead of pre-cum oozing from the slit. Heather lapped it up greedily, humming in delight at his salty-sweet flavor.

"Now be a good boy and fuck Grandma's mouth like it's a tight, wet pussy," she growled, digging her crimson nails into the taut globes of his ass.

White hot need pulsed through William's veins at his grandmother's dirty talk. Grabbing fistfuls of her silver hair, he started thrusting into her hot, welcoming mouth, grunting at the exquisite pleasure engulfing his sensitive flesh.

Heather moaned wantonly around him, taking him deep into her clutching throat with every buck of his hips.

The wet, obscene sounds of his grandmother slurping greedily on his cock filled William's ears, the filthy noises only stoking his lust higher. He could feel his orgasm building at the base of his spine, his balls drawing up tight.

Heather sensed his impending climax and doubled her efforts, cheeks hollowing as she sucked him even harder.

"F-fuck, Grandma, I'm gonna cum!" William gasped, every muscle in his body tensing as the pressure inside him reached a fever pitch. With a strangled cry, he buried himself to the hilt in his grandmother's mouth and erupted, flooding her throat with what felt like a gallon of hot, thick spunk.

Heather swallowed greedily around him, milking every last drop from his throbbing shaft. William shuddered and twitched helplessly through the most intense orgasm of his young life, mind going blissfully blank with ecstasy.

Finally spent, he slumped back against the wall, chest heaving. Heather released his softening cock and sat back on her heels, grinning up at him smugly. She made a show of licking her lips, savoring the lingering taste of his seed. "Mmm, you came so much for Grandma," she purred.

William blushed hotly, still in a post-orgasmic daze. He couldn't believe what he'd just done, the shocking depravity of it.

His grandmother's hand slid up to cup his face, her thumb stroking his cheekbone. "You're such a brave, strong young man," she murmured, blue eyes soft. "I'm so proud of you."

William swallowed hard, his spent cock twitching feebly at her praise and touch. He still couldn't quite believe what had just happened between them. The lingering taste of his grandmother's mouth, the phantom sensation of her lips and tongue on his most intimate flesh, made his head spin. It felt like a fevered dream, too deliciously obscene to be real.

When William and Heather returned to the apartment, they reported to Amanda that one of the flesh-eaters had gotten inside Heather's unit upstairs.

"There may be more of them in the building," William said grimly, his heart still pounding from the close call. "We need to make sure this door stays extra secure."

Together, they pushed a heavy hutch in front of the door as an added barricade. As they worked, Amanda's eyes narrowed on a spot on her mother's dress. It looked suspiciously like...

Color bloomed in Amanda's cheeks as she stared at the telltale stain. Her eyes flicked to William, then back to Heather, something like shocked realization dawning in their blue depths.

"Mom, can I talk to you privately for a second?" she asked, her voice strained.

Dread coiled in William's gut as he watched the two women disappear into the bedroom, closing the door behind them. He sat heavily on the couch, his head swimming. The murmur of hushed voices drifted through the thin walls, though he couldn't make out the words.

He didn't need to hear them to know what they were discussing. Amanda had clearly recognized the cum stain for what it was. Which meant she knew what he and Heather had been doing.

Shame and panic clawed at William's throat. What must his mother think of him now, knowing he'd defiled his own grandmother's mouth? That he'd spurted his seed all over her clothes like an animal in heat?

Long minutes ticked by, each one feeling like an eternity. William's leg bounced restlessly as horrible scenarios played out in his head - Amanda's disgust, her fury, the accusations of depravity and sin.

William's heart raced as the bedroom door finally opened and his mother and grandmother emerged. He searched their faces anxiously for any sign of anger or disgust, but Amanda's expression was carefully neutral.

Heather, on the other hand, shot him a sly wink when Amanda wasn't looking, making his face flood with heat.

To his shock, his mother said nothing about the suspicious stain on Heather's dress or the depraved acts it implied. She acted for all the world as if she hadn't just confronted her mother about giving her grandson an illicit blowjob.

The knot in William's stomach loosened slightly, but confusion swirled in his head. Why wasn't Amanda freaking out on him? Surely she had to be upset by what he'd done.

As the tense day wore on, the three of them tried to distract themselves from the horrifying reality outside and the simmering secrets within.

Heather suggested they play a game to pass the time.

"How about Truth or Dare?" she proposed, a mischievous twinkle in her eye that made William's heart skip a beat.

He swallowed hard, palms going damp. The idea of playing such a charged, revealing game with his mother and grandmother made his pulse kick up. Especially after what he and Heather had done. But to his surprise, Amanda readily agreed.

"Sure, that could be fun," she said with a tight smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "Anything to take our minds off...everything."

William shifted uncomfortably on the couch as Heather plopped down next to him, her thigh pressing against his. Amanda took the armchair across from them.

"I'll go first," Heather announced. She turned to William, a wicked grin curving her lips. "Truth or dare, darling?"

William's mouth went dry. He knew either option was fraught with peril. If he picked truth, Heather might make him confess what they'd done together. But if he went with dare... His overactive imagination conjured all sorts of scandalous possibilities that made his cock twitch. In the end, he chose the lesser of two evils.

"D-dare," he croaked.

Heather's smile widened. "I dare you to give your dear grandmother a kiss. On the lips."

William's eyes shot to Amanda. Her face was carefully blank, but he noticed her fingers tighten on the arm of the chair. He looked back at Heather, pulse hammering in his throat. She watched him expectantly, one silver brow arched.

Swallowing hard, the teen leaned in and brushed a quick, chaste kiss across his grandmother's lips. Even that brief contact made heat bloom

low in his belly, his dick stirring as he remembered the sinful things that mouth had done to him not long ago.

Heather made a disappointed noise. "Oh come now, you can do better than that! A real kiss."

William's pulse thundered in his ears as Heather seized the back of his neck, yanking him toward her with surprising strength. "Like this," she growled, crushing her mouth against his. Her tongue forced its way between his lips, hot and demanding, exploring every inch of him. When she finally broke away, she bit his lower lip hard enough to make him gasp, a thin thread of saliva still connecting them.

William's heart pounded as he turned to his mother, who looked as though she couldn't believe what she had just witnessed, his face still tingling from the kiss with Heather. "Mom, truth or dare?"

Amanda's blue eyes flicked between her son and her mother, something unreadable in their depths. William held his breath, wondering what she was thinking. After an agonizing pause, Amanda said quietly, "Truth."

William's mind raced, searching for a question. He was painfully aware of his grandmother's warm thigh pressed against his, the lingering scent of her perfume. The memory of her lips and tongue on his cock made his pants feel too tight. What could he possibly ask his mother after what he'd done with Heather?

He cleared his throat. "Have you ever...done anything sexual with another woman?"

Heather made an appreciative noise as Amanda's eyes widened. Color bloomed in his mother's cheeks and her hands clenched in her lap. William's pulse kicked up another notch at her obvious discomfort. He'd never imagined prim and proper Amanda engaging in any kind of sapphic play. The forbidden mental image made his spent cock twitch with renewed interest.

After a long, charged moment, Amanda dropped her gaze. "Yes," she admitted, voice barely above a whisper. "Back in college, my roommate and I...experimented a few times."

Arousal surged through William's veins, leaving him light-headed. He pictured his mother, young and curious, tangled up with another nubile coed, their lithe bodies writhing together. His cock swelled to full hardness, straining against his fly. He shifted, trying to ease the pressure.

Heather leaned forward, a wicked gleam in her eyes. "Oh my! And here I thought you were always such a good girl. How deliciously naughty!"

Amanda squirmed in her seat, face flaming. William desperately wanted to know more - what exactly had his mother and her roommate done together? Had they kissed, touched each other's big tits, tasted each other's most intimate places? He ached to ask for details, but he didn't dare. Not with the secret of Heather's mouth on his cock still hanging heavily between them.

Clearing her throat, Amanda turned to her mother, a challenging glint in her eyes. "Your turn, Mom. Truth or dare?"

"Dare," Heather replied without hesitation, red lips curving.

Amanda's gaze darted to William before locking back onto Heather. Something passed between the two women, an unspoken understanding that made the hair on the back of William's neck prickle. "I dare you...to take off your bra. Without removing your shirt."

William's heart nearly stopped. He stared at his mother in shock, hardly able to believe the bold dare that had just left her lips. Amanda met his gaze steadily, something defiant and almost...hungry in her blue eyes.

Heather stood up with a confident smirk, not a trace of embarrassment on her face. William watched, transfixed, as she reached behind her back beneath her cashmere sweater, the soft crimson fabric stretching taut across her huge boobs as she arched.

After a moment of maneuvering, her shoulders rotating with practiced ease, she pulled her big bra out through one sleeve with a triumphant flourish, dangling the lacy black garment from her manicured index finger.

William's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as his grandmother casually tossed the delicate undergarment aside, where it landed in a silky heap on the hardwood floor. His gaze zeroed in on Heather's chest as she sat back down beside him, the plush globes of her breasts shifting and jiggling enticingly with the motion, the friction of the sweater against her bare skin causing her nipples to visibly harden.

He swallowed hard, mouth going bone dry, a bead of sweat forming at his temple. Without a bra to contain them, his grandmother's enormous titties swayed heavily under her sweater, the fabric molding obscenely to their rounded contours like a second skin, revealing every subtle movement beneath.

William squirmed on the couch, all too aware of his rigid cock straining painfully against his zipper. He wanted nothing more than to bury his face between those giant, unfettered melons and motorboat them until he suffocated. He ached to wrap his lips around those fat, crinkled nipples and suckle them until Heather moaned. The wicked sense memory of her massive jugs engulfing his face, smothering him in their warm softness, made him throb and leak in his jeans.

Heather seemed to know exactly the effect she was having on him. Her crimson lips curved in a smug, sensual smile as she leaned back, subtly arching her spine to thrust her heavy tits out further. They wobbled and swayed with her movements, looking like they might spill out of her sweater at any moment.

William bit the inside of his cheek, fighting the urge to pant like a dog. He risked a glance at his mother, wondering how she was reacting to this blatant display.

Amanda's eyes were glued to Heather's straining chest, her cheeks flushed and her own nipples visibly stiffening beneath her thin tank top.

Heather turned to him, eyes dancing with mischief. "Your turn, darling. Truth or dare?"

William's pulse pounded in his ears. His brain felt like it was short circuiting, fogged with lust. He knew he should pick truth, play it safe. But his cock seemed to have a mind of its own. Before he could second guess himself, he blurted out, "Dare."

Heather's crimson lips curved in a wicked smile. "I dare you," she purred, "to lie on top of your mother on the floor for one full minute. And Amanda has to wrap her legs around you."

William's heart seized in his chest. He stared at his grandmother, sure he must have misheard her. Lie on top of his own mother? Let her legs enfold him? With his cock throbbing the way it was? It was so wrong, so depraved... and yet the most thrilling dare he could imagine.

He shot a panicked glance at his mom, wondering if she would object. But to his shock, color was high in her cheeks and her blue eyes glittered with something that looked like...anticipation? Excitement? She slowly rose from the armchair, not taking her gaze off him.

William's mouth went bone dry as his mother sank gracefully to the carpet and lay back, her inky hair fanning out around her head. The thin fabric of her tank top clung to her enormous breasts, nipples clearly outlined. She looked up at him from under her lashes, plump lips parted. "Well? You heard the dare," Amanda murmured, a challenge in her husky tone. She crooked a finger at him, beckoning. "Come here, William."

He swallowed hard, his cock jerking urgently in his jeans. This was actually happening. He was going to press his body against his mother's, feel her legs wrap around him. With his grandmother watching. It was like every depraved fantasy he'd ever had, coming to obscene life.

William stood on shaky legs, his heart slamming against his ribs. He couldn't believe he was actually going to do this. But the magnetic pull of Amanda's curvy body splayed out before him drew him in like a tractor beam. He took a step toward her, then another, until he was looming over her prone form.

Amanda gazed up at him, her expression an intoxicating mix of heat and encouragement. Her massive tits rose and fell rapidly with her breathing, the exaggerated mounds heaving against her top. William's eyes raked hungrily over her body, from the delicate curve of her throat to the succulent spread of her thighs.

His cock throbbed insistently, aching to sink into her forbidden softness. William lowered himself to his hands and knees, holding himself above her. Amanda's sweet, subtly musky scent filled his nostrils, making his head swim with desire. He could feel the heat radiating off her skin, see the pulse fluttering wildly at the base of her throat.

"Lower," Heather commanded from behind him, her voice thick with lust. "Lay on top of her."

Heart in his throat, William slowly lowered his weight onto his mother. A shaky groan escaped him as his body made contact with hers, their chests pressing together. Amanda's huge, pillowy breasts made contact with his pecs, their stiff peaks burning into his skin even through their clothes. He shuddered at the exquisite sensation, heat searing through his veins.

Amanda let out a soft gasp, her nails digging into his shoulders. William's hips settled into the cradle of his mother's thighs, his rigid erection nestling against the apex of her legs. Even through their layers, he could feel the moist heat of her most intimate place, scorching him. A strangled groan escaped his throat at the delicious pressure against his aching cock.

It took every ounce of his control not to grind himself against her, to seek more of that forbidden friction.

Amanda's legs slowly came up and wrapped around his waist, her ankles crossing at the small of his back with a delicate clink of her silver ankle bracelet against itself. The action pulled him even tighter against her, his throbbing hardness slotting perfectly between her thighs, the heat of her core radiating through the thin fabric of her leggings.

William squeezed his eyes shut, electric pleasure zinging up his spine at the intimate contact, his toes curling inside his socks. He could feel every soft curve and hollow of his mother's body beneath him—the plush give of her stomach, the sharp points of her hip bones, the way her giant breasts flattened against his chest like warm pillows. Her breath puffed warm and fast against his cheek, carrying the faint scent of cinnamon gum.

"That's it," Heather purred from somewhere above them, sounding slightly breathless. "Just like that. Nice and close."

William barely heard his grandmother over the rush of blood in his ears. His entire universe narrowed down to the lush, forbidden paradise of his mom's body cradling his. He'd fantasized about this countless times, but the reality of it was so much headier, overwhelming his senses. The sweet scent of her hair, the pliant give of her flesh, the maddening heat of her core...it was almost too much to process.

Amanda shifted slightly beneath him and William bit back a tortured moan as her hips canted up, pressing her mound more firmly against his aching erection. He could feel the folds of her sex through the thin barrier of her leggings, scorching him. His balls drew up tight, pre-cum leaking copiously from his slit. He was dangerously close to the edge already, his teenage body primed like a hair trigger.

"Thirty more seconds," Heather announced, a smile in her voice. "You're both doing so well."

William's arms trembled with the strain of holding himself up, biceps burning as he fought not to collapse onto his mother's soft form beneath him. Sweat beaded at his hairline, one drop sliding down his temple.

But Amanda seemed determined to break his control. Her delicate fingers traced a scorching path down the knobs of his spine before gripping the firm muscles of his ass, her manicured nails digging half-moons through the denim. She pulled him harder against her with surprising strength, the silver rings on her fingers cool against his heated skin. At the same time, she arched her back, lifting her hips in a sinuous wave that pressed the damp heat of her legging-covered mound firmly along every throbbing inch of his straining erection.

William's heart thundered as the dare ended and he peeled himself off of Amanda's lush body. His skin burned everywhere they had touched, his nerve endings still singing from the exquisite friction. His cock throbbed almost painfully as he awkwardly clambered to his feet, Amanda's lingering heat branded into his flesh.

Avoiding his mother's gaze, he shuffled back to the couch and collapsed beside Heather. She shot him a knowing smirk, eyes twinkling.

William swallowed hard, desire and shame at war in his gut. He couldn't believe what he'd just done. Lying on top of his own mother, letting her feel his erection, rutting against her like an animal in heat. With his grandmother watching! It was beyond depraved, yet he loved it!

Amanda slowly sat up, cheeks flushed and chest heaving. She smoothed her mussed hair with a shaky hand. William tried not to stare at the way her huge tits wobbled and swayed with the motion, nipples visibly hard beneath her thin tank top. She cleared her throat.

"Well. That was...intense," she said, voice slightly breathless.

Her blue eyes darted to William, something molten lurking in their depths before skittering away.

Shame and confusion swirled in William's stomach even as his persistent arousal pounded through his veins. He needed to regain some control over this situation, steer them back to safer ground. It was his turn again. He seized on the first question that came to mind. "Mom, truth or dare?" he asked, wincing internally at the roughness of his voice.

"Truth," Amanda replied after a weighted pause. She met his gaze steadily, a challenge in the jut of her chin.

William's pulse kicked up as the most obscene question imaginable spilled from his lips before he could stop it.

"What's your favorite sex position?" The words hung in the charged air between them.

William wanted to die. He couldn't believe he'd just asked his mother something so inappropriate, so filthy.

But a part of him also burned with illicit curiosity, desperate to know the answer. He held his breath, hardly daring to blink.

Color bloomed in Amanda's cheeks, but she didn't look away. Her pink tongue darted out to wet her lips. William tracked the movement, his mouth going dry. The silence stretched taut, heavy with forbidden tension.

"I like to be on top," Amanda finally said, her voice low and throaty. William's heart nearly stopped. "There's just something about straddling a man, taking him deep inside me, controlling the pace and angle."

Her eyelids fluttered, as if she was lost in the erotic memory. William bit back a tortured groan, his cock jerking urgently in his jeans.

Heat flooded William's face as Heather turned to him, her crimson-painted lips curving into a predatory smile. A wicked gleam danced in her ice-blue eyes, the same shade as his mother's. "Have you ever had the pleasure of that position, darling?" she purred, her voice like velvet over gravel. "Of a woman riding you hard and fast, her thighs clamping

around your hips, her breasts bouncing with each thrust as she takes her pleasure from your body?"

William squirmed on the leather couch, the material squeaking beneath him. His raging hard-on throbbed insistently against his zipper, a damp spot forming where the head leaked pre-cum. The heavy brass clock on the mantel ticked loudly in the charged silence. He couldn't believe they were discussing this so blatantly—his mother casually sharing her favorite way to fuck, his grandmother describing it in explicit detail. It was beyond surreal, like he'd fallen into some forbidden fantasy.

"I-I've never..." he stammered, cheeks blazing. "I mean... not that way." "Ah, of course," Heather said, sharing a knowing look with Amanda. "Our sweet, innocent boy."

Amanda leaned forward, gaze zeroing in on the obscene bulge tenting her son's jeans. Her pink tongue darted out to wet her lips. "Being on top does have so many advantages," she murmured, voice husky. "You can control the depth and speed of each thrust, grinding your clit against him in just the right spot."

William made a strangled noise in his throat, his cock jerking urgently at his mother's filthy words. He'd never heard her speak like this, so vulgar and wanton. It made his head spin, his blood burn.

"Mmm yes," Heather agreed, resting her hand high on William's thigh, her crimson nails digging in. "And you can lean back, arching your spine, pushing your tits out for him to play with as you ride."

Amanda nodded, heavy-lidded gaze still glued to the prominent ridge of William's erection. "Bounce on his lap, taking that thick cock so deep. Feeling it pulse and throb as you squeeze it with your inner muscles."

William thought he might pass out, his brain fogging with lust at the obscene images their words conjured. His hips shifted restlessly against the cool leather of the couch, desperate for friction against his confined

hard-on that strained painfully against his zipper, the sensitive head rubbing raw against his dampened boxers.

Heather squeezed his thigh, her crimson nails leaving crescent indentations in the denim as her hand drifted dangerously close to his crotch, her pinky finger barely grazing the outline of his throbbing shaft. "And when you finally make him explode inside you," she purred, her ice-blue eyes locked on the prominent bulge, "feel that hot seed pumping into your core, painting your walls with thick, pearly ropes..."

"God yes," Amanda breathed, her pupils dilated until only a thin ring of blue remained, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she unconsciously licked her plump bottom lip. "There's nothing like it—feeling every pulse, every twitch as he empties himself completely."

William bit his lip hard enough to draw blood, fighting the urge to palm himself through his jeans. The casual depravity of the two women's discussion, the way they stared hungrily at his straining bulge, made him throb and leak. He'd never been so excruciatingly turned on in his life.

As the obscene conversation continued, a molten ache pulsed deep in Amanda's core like liquid fire spreading through her lower belly. Her swollen vulva throbbed with each heartbeat, flushed pink and glistening with need, slick arousal seeping from her fluttering opening to create a dark, spreading stain across the thin fabric of her gray leggings.

Her clit felt swollen to twice its normal size, throbbing like a tiny heart beneath its hood, sending electric jolts up her spine with each subtle movement. She clenched her powerful thighs together, muscles trembling with the effort, trying desperately to ease the hollow, gnawing emptiness inside her weeping channel.

Beside William, Heather shifted restlessly on the leather couch that squeaked beneath her weight, her own pussy clenching rhythmically and dripping with honeyed desire. The delicate black lace of her expensive French panties clung wetly to her plump, puffy outer lips like a second

skin. Her untrimmed silver-streaked bush was damp with musky excitement that carried a rich, earthy scent.

She could feel her engorged clit—swollen like a ripe berry—pulsing against the soaked silk with every labored breath. The primal, animalistic need to be filled, to have her mature cunt stretched wide and stuffed full of thick, veined cock until she could feel it pressing against her cervix, made her light-headed with a lust so intense it bordered on pain.

"You know," Heather purred, giving William's thigh a meaningful squeeze. "Since water is so precious right now, maybe we should all conserve and take a shower together." Her blue eyes glinted wickedly. "Would you be comfortable with that, darling boy?"

William's heart slammed against his ribs at the scandalous suggestion. Shower with his mother and grandmother? See them completely naked and wet? Have their hands all over his bare skin, soaping up his most intimate places? His cock jerked hard in his jeans, a fresh surge of pre-cum leaking from his slit. The idea was so wrong, so forbidden...and so fucking hot.

He looked to his mom, desperately trying to gauge her reaction. Surely she wouldn't allow this to happen. But to his shock, color rode high in his mother's cheeks and her blue eyes glittered with unmistakable heat. Her gaze raked over him, lingering on the straining bulge in his jeans before flicking back up to his face.

"Well, William?" Amanda murmured, her voice a throaty purr he'd never heard before. It made his balls tighten and his shaft throb. "What do you think? It would be silly to waste water. And I think we could all use a good...cleaning up."

William swallowed hard past the lump of lust in his throat. This was actually happening. His mother and grandmother were propositioning him, wanting him to get naked and wet with them. It was like something out of his most depraved fantasies. He knew it was wrong on so many

levels...but his aching cock didn't seem to care. All his blood was rushing south, his brain fogged with need.

"I...y-yeah, okay," he managed to rasp, not quite believing the words coming out of his mouth. "I guess that makes sense. To save water, I mean."

William's pulse raced as he followed his mother and grandmother into the bathroom, anticipation and illicit excitement thrumming through his veins.

Heather set the propane heater just inside the doorway, its amber glow taking the chill out of the small space. She turned and caught William's eye, a knowing smirk playing about her crimson lips as she reached for the hem of her sweater.

He swallowed hard, Adam's apple bobbing painfully against his constricted throat as Heather slowly peeled the cashmere garment up and off with deliberate, teasing movements. Each revealed inch of alabaster skin gleamed like polished marble in the bathroom's dim light. His cock throbbed violently against his zipper as her unfettered breasts spilled free from confinement, the pendulous H-cup globes swaying hypnotically with her every subtle movement.

They were even more magnificent bare than he'd imagined—massive, snow-white melons veined with delicate blue tributaries, capped with areolas the size of his hand and wrinkled, pebbled nipples that protruded a full half-inch, begging to be devoured.

William's long fingers twitched with the primal urge to cup and knead that luscious flesh, to test its pillowy give against his palms and worship each square inch with his hot, desperate mouth.

Heather tossed her sweater carelessly aside, crimson fingernails glinting as she reached for the pearl button at her waistband, then the brass zipper of her skirt. His pulse thundered in his ears like war drums as the

black wool garment slithered down her toned thighs with a whisper of expensive fabric, pooling in a dark puddle around her manicured toes.

She stood brazenly before him in nothing but a minuscule black La Perla thong—a mere whisper of imported lace that barely concealed her prominent mons while leaving the plump, heart-shaped cheeks of her ass completely exposed to his ravenous gaze.

William stared hungrily at the shadowed cleft between her buttocks, remembering with crystal clarity how that plush flesh had felt grinding against his lap just yesterday. His rigid erection strained against his fly with such force he feared the metal teeth might give way, the purple, mushroom-shaped head weeping copiously into the cotton of his boxers, desperate for liberation.

William's breath caught in his throat as his mom crossed her arms and grasped the hem of her faded blue tank top, the cotton fabric stretched taut across her tits. In one smooth, practiced motion, she peeled it up and off, her black hair cascading back down in tousled waves, revealing a skimpy champagne-colored balconette bra with delicate scalloped edges straining to contain her abundant double-G cup tits.

His eyes nearly bugged out of his head at the sight of so much creamy alabaster flesh spilling over the demi-cups like whipped cream, the flimsy French lace and satin barely restraining her heavy, pendulous breasts that seemed to defy gravity despite their impressive volume.

Amanda turned her back to him, glancing coyly over one smooth shoulder, her long lashes fluttering against flushed cheeks. "Would you mind getting the clasp for me, honey?" Her husky voice, thick as warm maple syrup, sent electric shivers racing down his spine and pooling in his groin.

William unhooked her bra with nervous fingers, then watched his mom peel the cups away, causing two gigantic twin melons to tumble out against her rib cage.

"Your turn," Amanda purred, stepping closer. Her fingers trailed down his chest, dipping into the waistband of his pants. "Let's get you out of these clothes."

William's heart pounded as his mother slowly unbuttoned his jeans, her knuckles grazing his aching erection through the denim. He hissed in a sharp breath at the contact, hips twitching involuntarily.

Amanda smirked up at him through her lashes as she dragged his zipper down, the rasp obscenely loud in the small space. Cool air kissed William's overheated skin as she pushed his jeans and boxers down in one swift motion.

His cock sprang free, slapping against his stomach with an audible wet smack before bobbing thick and heavy between them—nine inches of veined, throbbing masculinity, the shaft as thick as her wrist. The swollen purple head, shaped like a flared mushroom cap, glistened with pre-cum, the slit weeping steadily, a translucent strand stretching down toward the tiled floor.

Amanda's eyes widened at the sight of his impressive manhood, her pink tongue darting out to wet her plump, cherry-red lips. Her pupils dilated until only a thin ring of azure remained. "Oh my," she breathed, her voice a husky whisper that sent shivers down his spine. "What a big boy you are, honey."

William blushed hotly under his mother's blatantly appreciative gaze, his shaft twitching and jumping as if seeking her attention, the prominent dorsal vein pulsing visibly with each thundering heartbeat.

Amanda held his gaze boldly as she shimmied out of her leggings, the skintight black spandex peeling down her long legs like a second skin, revealing toned thighs and calves sculpted from years of yoga.

She straightened up wearing only a tiny red thong with delicate lace trim that perfectly matched her glossy crimson-painted toes. The whisper-thin

fabric molded to her puffy mound like wet silk, the pronounced cameltoe clearly outlining her swollen labia and making William's head swim with dizzying lust. A small but unmistakable damp spot darkened the crotch, spreading outward in a telltale circle of moisture that he knew came from her arousal.

The intoxicating thought that his own mother was wet and aching for him made his shaft throb painfully against his stomach. William's pulse thundered in his ears like a tribal drum as he watched his mother and grandmother take turns shedding their remaining scraps of clothing.

Heather slowly peeled her black lace thong down her alabaster legs with excruciating deliberation, bending deeply at the waist to slide it off her sexy feet.

William's eyes were glued to her rounded ass she bent over, the plump, heart-shaped cheeks of her buttocks parting like ripe fruit to reveal the tight pink ring of her asshole nestled between them, puckered and winking invitingly.

His cock jerked and throbbed violently at the lewd sight, veins standing out in bold relief along the shaft as a fresh, pearlescent bead of pre-cum welled from his slit and slowly descended in a glistening strand.

As Heather straightened up and turned around, William's hungry gaze zeroed in on the juncture of her thighs. Her mound was smooth and hairless except for a small, neatly trimmed triangle of silver fuzz at the top that glistened like platinum in the bathroom's amber light. The plump, pouty lips of her bare vulva glistened with arousal—slick and swollen like ripe fruit—slightly parted to reveal a glimpse of glistening coral-pink within, dewy with nectar.

At the apex of her cleft, a thick prepuce protruded like a delicate hood, shrouding what had to be a fat, swollen clit the size of a juicy grape. William ached to fall to his knees and bury his face between his

grandmother's alabaster thighs, to lap at her weeping slit until she gushed her honeyed essence into his eager, waiting mouth.

Amanda's manicured fingers sliding to the thin straps of her thong snapped him out of his trance. William's breath caught in his throat—a strangled gasp of anticipation—as she slowly pushed the scrap of blood-red lace down her silky thighs, baring the bounty of her lush curves to his avid eyes.

His gaze raked hungrily over every exposed inch of supple skin, from the full, heavy swells of her tits with their pebbled raspberry tips to the taut, quivering plane of her stomach to the dramatic flare of her hourglass hips.

But it was the thatch of neatly trimmed hair at the apex of her thighs that drew his attention like a powerful neodymium magnet.

William stared in slack-jawed awe at his mother's bare sex, the plump, glistening lips pouting outward like overripe fruit split in the summer heat, slick with her viscous honey-like juices that caught the bathroom's amber light. Her prominent clit—the size of a pearl—poked out from beneath its delicate hood, swollen and flushed a deep, angry pink like a ripe raspberry.

He wondered dizzily, his vision swimming with lust, what she would taste like on his tongue—sweet like nectar or tangy like exotic fruit—how the plush, velvety folds of her intimate flesh would feel against his eager mouth as he devoured her essence.

William's heart slammed wildly against his ribcage like a trapped animal as the two women stepped closer, their spectacular nude bodies mere inches from his trembling form. He was surrounded by acres of creamy alabaster skin and mouthwatering curves that seemed sculpted by a Renaissance master, ripe pendulous breasts with stiff nipples that pointed directly at him, and juicy heart-shaped asses that begged to be grabbed and spread.

The intense feminine musk—a heady cocktail of expensive perfume, arousal, and primal female essence—rising from their visibly aroused flesh made his head spin like he'd consumed an entire bottle of whiskey, his purple-headed cock throbbing violently and leaking copious strands of pearlescent pre-cum against his quivering stomach.

William's heart raced as Heather turned on the shower, the weak spray of lukewarm water sputtering from the showerhead. She took him by the hand and led him under the drizzling stream.

Amanda followed close behind, her spectacular body glistening as the rivulets coursed over her abundant curves.

The two women began soaping up their naked flesh, working the suds over every succulent inch.

William watched transfixed as Heather's hands glided over the heavy swells of her breasts, fingers plucking at her large, crinkled nipples until they tightened into stiff peaks. Her palms skimmed down the slight curve of her belly to the smooth expanse of her mound. She lingered there, teasing herself as William looked on in awe.

Amanda's soapy hands roamed over her own lush body, tracing the same tantalizing path. She cupped the heavy globes of her breasts, kneading and squeezing the pliant flesh until William ached to replace her hands with his own. She pinched her rubbery nipples, gasping and arching her back as the hard nubs slipped between her fingers. Her touch drifted lower, over the taut plane of her stomach to the neat thatch of fuzz at the apex of her thighs.

William's breath caught as one delicate finger parted Amanda's plump lower lips, revealing the glistening pink folds of her sex. She circled her swollen clit, shivery sighs escaping her parted lips.

The sight of his mother touching herself so intimately made William's heart slam against his ribs, his cock throb and jump against his belly.

"Come here, darling," Heather purred, crooking a finger at him. "Let Grandma get you all nice and clean."

William's legs carried him forward as if pulled by a magnet. The spray enveloped him, plastering his hair to his head as the water sluiced over his shoulders and down his chest. Heather's slippery hands immediately went to his torso, soaping his pecs and teasing his flat brown nipples.

Amanda pressed against his back, her slick cushiony breasts gliding against his shoulder blades as her fingers trailed over his ribs.

A whimper caught in William's throat as two sets of questing hands explored his wet body, mapping every dip and plane. They lingered over his trembling abs, thumbs stroking the defined V of his hips that pointed to his straining erection. But maddeningly, they stayed away from the place he needed their touch most.

His cock jutted out obscenely, flushed a deep red and leaking a steady stream of pre-cum.

His mom's lips brushed the shell of his ear, her breath hot and damp against his skin. "You've grown into such a gorgeous young man, honey," she murmured, making him shiver.

William's face flushed at the compliment. "Well, that's because I have such a beautiful mom," he said shyly, his gaze flicking over Amanda's spectacular nude body.

Heather turned to him with a coy smile, rivulets of water still streaming over her voluptuous body. "Darling, would you like to help Grandma wash her breasts?" she purred, cupping the heavy globes and pushing them together. "A strapping young man like you should know just how to wash a pair of big titties."

He swallowed hard, his wide eyes darting to Amanda. Surely his mother would object to this scandalous suggestion. But to his shock, she just smiled encouragingly and nodded. "I think that's a great idea. We should

all help each other get nice and clean, don't you agree honey?" Her throaty voice held a teasing, almost challenging note.

William's mouth went bone dry. This was actually happening. His mother was giving him permission to put his hands all over his grandmother's wet, naked tits. It felt like a fever dream, too obscene to be real. But the eager, expectant looks both women were giving him left no doubt that this was really about to occur.

Hands shaking slightly, he reached out and tentatively cupped Heather's enormous, water-slicked breasts. They overflowed his palms, heavy and warm, the perfect squishy texture of uncooked bread dough. He squeezed gently, marveling at how his fingers sank into the pliant flesh.

Heather let out a breathy moan, arching her back to push more of her pillowy boobs into his grasp. Emboldened, William began to fondle and explore the weighty globes with greater enthusiasm. He loved how they felt in his hands - so gigantic and soft and malleable.

He kneaded the plump mounds like he was shaping clay, watching in fascination as they jiggled and bounced, the skin gliding like satin beneath his touch. His thumbs found her thick, wrinkled nipples and circled the rubbery nubs until they pebbled up tightly, eliciting another moan from his grandmother's luscious lips.

William's breath hitched as he felt his mom press up against his back, her slick jutting breasts melting into his shoulder blades like warm candle wax. The stiff points of her fat nipples traced fiery patterns across his soap-slicked skin.

She reached around with her delicate fingers to cup his trembling hands as they worked over Heather's enormous wet globes that hung heavy as ripe melons from her chest.

"That's it honey, get the soft undersides all sudsy," Amanda purred in his ear, her voice dripping like honey. "And don't forget to wash her big nipples extra good. They need special attention."

Her encouraging words made William's cock throb urgently, the purple head swelling visibly as a pearlescent bead of pre-cum formed at the tip. He zeroed in on Heather's massive areolas—each one the size of his hand and mottled with tiny goosebumps. He soaped the puckered flesh until the rubbery peaks stood at rigid attention, pointing directly at his flushed face.

His grandmother let out a throaty moan that echoed off the steamy bathroom tiles, thrusting her heavy jugs more firmly into his eager palms until they spilled between his splayed fingers.

Amanda's hot breath tickled her son's ear as she leaned in close, her breath sending shivers down his spine. Her body molded to his back like wet clay, the soft curve of her belly pressing against his tailbone. "Pinch and tug on her big teats," she whispered, her voice a sultry purr that vibrated through his bones. "Don't be shy, darling. Those magnificent tits were made for horny young men like you to enjoy."

Her filthy encouragement made William's cock throb and pulse like a living creature with its own desperate heartbeat, the swollen plum-colored head smearing pearlescent pre-cum across the ridged terrain of his quivering abs.

Heart pounding like a war drum in his chest, he trapped his grandmother's thick rubbery nipples—dark as overripe cherries and wrinkled like prunes—between his trembling thumbs and forefingers, giving them a firm tug that made the surrounding areolas pucker and dimple.

Heather let out a sharp gasp that echoed off the steamy bathroom tiles, her spine arching like a drawn bow to thrust more of her heavy pendulous flesh into his eager, soap-slicked hands.

Amazed by her wanton reaction, William rolled and pinched the engorged nubs between his fingers until they stiffened to the consistency of hard rubber, pulling them a full inch away from her body and watching the surrounding skin stretch taut as a drum.

Heather writhed and mewled like a cat in heat, her massive milk-white jugs jiggling obscenely with each ragged breath. "Yes, just like that," she panted, voice tight with arousal, her hot cinnamon breath washing over his face. "Oh William, that's wonderful!"

The teenager's head swam, his teenage brain short-circuiting from the obscene sight and sounds of his buxom grandmother getting off on his touch. His hips rocked of their own accord, his steel-hard cock—veined and purpling at the tip—seeking friction against empty air.

Heather's hips were doing the same—subtly grinding in an imaginary cock-grind. The hot pink walls of her dripping cunt clenching together, aching to be stretch by the thick veiny meat of a young cock.

Amanda's delicate hands, skimmed over her son's wet torso from behind, mapping the quivering planes of his abs, following the thin trail of dark hair that arched down from his navel like a pathway to sin.

He sucked in a sharp breath, stomach muscles jumping beneath her touch like live wires. William kneaded and fondled Heather's breasts with growing confidence, his fingers sinking deep into the doughy mounds until his knuckles disappeared into the pillowy flesh, watching in awe as they jiggled and swayed like overfilled water balloons.

He rolled the fat nipples—dark as ripe cherries and wrinkled like prunes—between his fingers, tugging gently until they elongated a full inch from her areolas, reveling in Heather's breathy sighs of pleasure that echoed off the steamy bathroom tiles.

Having his mother's spectacular nude body pressed to his back—her slippery G-cup tits gliding against his skin like warm, wet pillows, nipples tracing fiery circles between his shoulder blades—while she guided his trembling hands over his grandmother's pendulous breasts was almost too much stimulation for William's overloaded teenage brain to process.

The unmistakable tang of feminine excitement drifting up from their overheated MILF cunts made his head swim as if he'd chugged three beers on an empty stomach. His nine-inch cock ached and leaked a steady stream of pearlescent pre-cum that dripped onto the porcelain

tub below, throbbing visibly in time with his racing pulse that hammered in his ears like war drums.

"Mmm, what a good boy," Heather purred, her voice like warm honey dripping from a spoon. "You're a natural at tit washing, William.

The teen felt his face flush crimson at the praise, heat spreading from his cheeks down his neck like wildfire, even as a surge of pride swelled in his chest. He loved putting his trembling hands to good use, memorizing the pendulous weight and pillowy shape of his grandmother's titanic tits, how they yielded like memory foam beneath his eager fingers.

And having his mom instruct him so sultrily, her cinnamon-scented breath hot and moist against the sensitive shell of his ear, just amplified the forbidden thrill coursing through his veins like liquid lightning.

After thoroughly soaping every inch of Heather's huge boobs, from the pebbled areolas to the soft, creamy undersides where tiny blue veins were barely visible beneath the translucent skin, William reluctantly released them. They bobbed heavily in the steamy bathwater, glistening and flushed pink from his attentive ministrations.

His throbbing cock ached with desperate need to feel them wrapped around his shaft, to pump between the slippery globes until he exploded in thick, pearly ropes all over them.

Amanda's manicured hands slid down to grip his narrow hips, her crimson nails digging slightly into his soap-slicked flesh as she nuzzled his ear, teeth grazing the lobe. "You did so good, honey," she whispered, voice husky with desire. "Now it's our turn to wash you."

William gasped as his grandmother's soapy hand—wrinkled yet surprisingly strong—closed around his rigid shaft, slowly stroking him from root to tip with methodical precision.

Amanda's manicured fingers simultaneously reached around and cupped his heavy balls, rolling and kneading them in her slick palm until each individual testicle shifted beneath her touch. The dual sensations of their hands on his most intimate flesh made him shake and shudder

uncontrollably, electric pleasure zinging up his spine like lightning through a copper rod.

"Oh G-God," he choked out, his voice cracking on the second syllable, head falling back against his mother's shoulder where her collarbone created a perfect cradle.

His hips pumped helplessly into Heather's fist as she worked him with expert skill, twisting her wrist on the upstroke so her palm rotated over his sensitive glans, leaving him dizzy with sensation. The plush, watermelon-sized globes of Amanda's breasts pressed into his back, her hard nipples like wet gumdrops searing his skin through the slick layer of soap between them.

William trembled and gasped as his mom's slick fingers slid over his sensitive sack, her touch electrifying against his most intimate flesh. She squeezed and kneaded his heavy balls, rolling them in her palm like precious stones, tugging on them with expert precision just short of pain.

Her long nails scraped lightly over the delicate skin that felt paper-thin yet somehow resilient, sending jolts of pleasure-pain shooting up his shaft like lightning through a copper rod and making his purple-headed cock jump and weep in Heather's stroking fist.

"Mm, such sensitive boy-flesh," Heather purred, tightening her sudsy cock-grip just a little more.

Amanda dug her fingers into the plump, wrinkled scrotal-flesh, massaging deep into the meat of his testicles until he felt each individual gland shifting beneath her touch. She gripped his reddening scrotum between thumb and forefinger and pulled down firmly, stretching it taut as a drumhead, making him feel the aching tingle in his spermatic cords that seemed to reach all the way into his abdomen.

"Fuck," the teen gasped, making his mother giggle.

"Shhh, let me clean you," she gently whispered, her voice as sweet as sugar.

Her touch was skilled and knowing as she scrubbed her soapy fingers all over his sensitive sack with an almost clinical thoroughness, like she was determined to clean every microscopic crevice of his most private anatomy.

"That's it, just breathe through it," Amanda purred in his ear, her voice a hot, soothing murmur that tickled the fine hairs on his neck. "Let us get you nice n clean down there."

William whimpered, his thighs quivering like gelatin from the overwhelming intensity and a primal need to push deeper into it. His pulse throbbed visibly in his balls as his mother worked them over with expert precision, her manicured fingers palming and squeezing the delicate orbs until they felt swollen to bursting.

Flashes of electric heat prickled across his feverish skin like a thousand tiny needles, molten pressure building at the base of his spine like magma in a volcano about to erupt. She rolled his fat nuts between her slippery fingers, kneading them like soft, pliable dough, tugging rhythmically with just enough force to make his vision blur at the edges.

William shuddered and groaned, the wet pull and push against his taut, reddening sack driving him to the brink of madness. His engorged cock wept steadily, thick ropes of clear, viscous fluid dripping from the slit and mixing with soap in his grandmother's tightly stroking first.

Amanda's second hand joined the first to massaged her boy's balls with surgical precision, alternating between feather-light butterfly caresses that barely grazed the wrinkled skin and firm, deep presses that sent shockwaves of pleasure-pain radiating through his groin and made him see exploding stars behind his tightly closed eyelids.

"Doesn't that feel good, honey?" Amanda breathed against his neck, her lips brushing his feverish skin like butterfly wings, leaving a trail of goosebumps in their wake. "Having your heavy, swollen sack washed and massaged so thoroughly?"

A strangled moan tore from William's throat, his face blazing hotter than a blacksmith's forge at her filthy words. He'd never heard his prim and

proper mother—who once scolded him for saying "damn" at Thanksgiving dinner—say anything so obscene. It sent illicit shivers racing down his spine like icy lightning, his shaft throbbing urgently in Heather's pumping fist, veins standing out in stark relief against the taut, ruddy skin.

Heather was too busy enjoying her grandson's steely, leaky hardness to speak. She marveled at how long and proud that teenage slab stuck out from his loins – hardened to near bursting with trapped blood – the bell-tip fat and purple as it glided through her skillful hand.

William trembled and gasped as his mom's fingers probed hidden places inside his taut scrotum that he never knew could produce such intense sensations, exploring the intricate anatomy beneath the wrinkled skin with surgical precision. She seemed to know exactly where to press and stroke to make electric pleasure zing through his body like a live wire, awakening nerve endings he didn't realize existed until this moment.

Her slippery digits kneaded into the root of his sack where it connected to his body, massaging the delicate tubes that carried his seed with the expertise of someone who had studied male reproductive anatomy, making his balls tingle and throb with each expert manipulation.

Then she rolled the sensitive orbs in her soapy palm like precious marbles, squeezing them rhythmically, and scratching her nails up their sides in a way that sent shockwaves of pleasure-pain radiating through his groin and made his vision blur at the edges. She was clearly doing more than getting him clean down there, working him over with deliberate, knowing strokes that left him panting and dizzy. But William certainly wasn't about to complain.

His face blazed crimson and his breath came in ragged, desperate pants as his mother's slick fingers—cool and precise—rubbed firmly behind his balls, pressing into the tender, nerve-rich perineum with deliberate circular motions that made him jerk and shudder uncontrollably. She seemed to be stimulating his prostate from the outside, directing exquisite, pulsating pressure to that hidden walnut-sized gland buried deep within his core.

William saw exploding stars behind his fluttering eyelids, his rigid, purple-veined cock jumping urgently in his grandmother's pumping fist as Amanda massaged his taint with knowing, expert strokes that sent lightning bolts of pleasure ricocheting through his trembling frame.

Heather pressed herself against William's front, hugging him close with possessive urgency. Her enormous, watermelon-sized breasts—slick with soap and shower water—flattened against his heaving chest and quivering stomach, engulfing him in pillowy softness that yielded perfectly to his hard muscles.

Combined with Amanda's lush, hourglass curves molding to his back like warm clay, it felt like William was the helpless meat in an exquisite mom sandwich. Slippery feminine flesh surrounded him on all sides, smothering him in a cocoon of warm, pliant woman-scent and silky skin.

"Just relax, darling," Heather cooed soothingly, her hot breath tickling the fine hairs in his ear as her long, nimble fingers danced over his angry purple cockhead with surgical precision. "We're going to get you so nice and clean."

Her thumb—wrinkled from the water yet surprisingly strong—slipped back and forth across the sensitive band of skin just under the ridge of his glans, stroking that sweet spot in slick, circular motions that made his vision blur at the edges. Clear, viscous fluid bubbled from his weeping slit and coated her digit like warm honey, easing the glide of her expert touch.

"Your hands," the teen choked, powerful hips jerking reflexively into their touch, his abs clenching like steel cables, a desperate, animal whine catching in his throat.

"What about our hands, honey? Tell mommy," Amanda asked, as if she didn't realize what they were doing to him.

"Feels so good," he gaspingly responded, pushing his dick up through Heather's grip.

The focused stimulation on his swollen, throbbing tip, combined with his mom's deep, knowing massage on his heavy balls, was almost too exquisite to bear, like being electrocuted with pure pleasure.

William's head lolled back against his mother's shoulder, her collarbone a firm ridge against his scalp as overwrought sensations assaulted him from all angles. His nerve endings sizzled like bacon on a hot griddle, his pulse pounding visibly in the purple veins of his cock and balls.

He felt like he was spinning out of control, adrift in a stormy sea of forbidden pleasure, each wave threatening to drown him in ecstasy. But the women's touches remained clinical and methodical, their manicured fingers moving with surgical precision, as if this really was just an extra thorough washing and not an expertly choreographed handjob with many years of maternal knowledge behind it.

"Such a good boy, letting us clean your private parts," Amanda praised, her voice a hot murmur against his neck. The fingers of one hand rubbed firm circles into his taint, kneading the hidden root of his cock through the thin, wrinkled skin. The other clawed around the meat of one of his testicles, stimulating what she knew were powerful scrotal nerve-endings "We have to make sure you're spotless everywhere, even these sensitive places where all your fluids are stored."

William panted harshly, sweat and shower water dripping down his temples in rivulets that tasted of salt when they reached the corner of his mouth. The dual stimulation of his swollen purple tip and perineum sent lightning bolts of ecstasy shooting up his shaft and down his legs like electric current through copper wire, making his thighs quiver and his washboard abs clench into rigid squares.

His balls drew up tight to his body like ripe plums in a silk pouch, Amanda's slick palm cupping and rolling them in their snug sack with the expertise of a woman who knew exactly how much pressure would bring maximum pleasure without pain.

He felt the pressure building at the base of his spine, churning in his groin like molten lava seeking release, his impending eruption coiling tighter and tighter like a spring about to snap.

"I think he's fit to burst," Heather said with a knowing smirk, quickening the pace of her thumb swirling around his weeping glans, the slick pre-cum making her movements glide like silk over the sensitive ridge. "Our thorough cleaning is gonna make him erupt like a super-volcano if we're not careful."

Amanda's full lips curved into a slow, predatory smile as she met her mother's gaze over William's trembling shoulder. "It would probably be even more intense for him if he were on his back, don't you think?" she purred, her voice honeyed yet clinical.

Heather's eyes gleamed wickedly, pupils dilating until only a thin ring of blue remained visible in the steam-filled bathroom. "Mmm, you're right," she breathed, her nipples visibly tightening against William's bicep. "Excellent idea, darling."

William felt unsteady as they released his cock and balls. Heather turned the water off, then reached for a threadbare towel. She began patting herself dry, the terrycloth rasping over her abundant curves.

William's mouth went bone dry as he watched his grandmother's pendulous, milk-white udders sway and bounce with her movements, their heavy H-cup weight pulling against her chest with each motion, the dusky rose-brown peaks of her softball-sized areolas peeking out from behind the threadbare Egyptian cotton towel.

Amanda grabbed another frayed towel and started meticulously drying off her own lush, hourglass body, the terrycloth rasping audibly against her damp skin.

William's hungry gaze followed a rebellious rivulet of crystal-clear water that traced a meandering path over the creamy swell of her left breast and disappeared tantalizingly into the shadowy depths of her deep, inviting cleavage. His raging nine-inch cock twitched valiantly, the purple mushroom head swelling visibly as blood rushed to engorge it even more at the tantalizing sight before him.

Amanda's full, cherry-red lips curved into a knowing smirk as she noticed her son staring, utterly transfixed by her goddess-like nude form, his pupils dilated with raw desire. "Enjoying the view?" she teased, her voice honey-sweet yet husky with arousal.

Heat flooded William's face and he jerked his gaze guiltily to the floor. "Sorry, I didn't mean to...I mean, I wasn't trying to..." He fumbled for words, his tongue suddenly clumsy in his mouth.

A husky laugh from Heather drew his attention. She stood gloriously naked and unselfconscious, towel discarded. "Oh, don't apologize, darling. It's only natural to admire the female form." Her blue eyes sparkled with mischief and something more heated as she raked them over William's own nude body, lingering on his half-hard cock. "Especially when you're a virile young man in his prime."

William squirmed under the force of his grandmother's blatantly appraising gaze. His skin prickled with goosebumps, his shaft swelling and rising to full hardness again. He felt exposed and vulnerable standing there completely bare, his body's reaction to the two women on full display. But there was an undeniable thrill to it too, a dark rush of excitement at being so openly desired.

Amanda's fingers brushed his hip, making him startle. He'd been so caught up in Heather's bold perusal that he hadn't noticed his mother moving closer. Her heated skin pressed against his side, the stiff peaks of her nipples grazing his arm and sending sparks of sensation straight to his groin.

William shivered, his heart hammering against his ribs. "You didn't dry off, honey," Amanda murmured in amusement. She took his towel and began rubbing it over his damp skin in slow, sensual strokes. The rough terrycloth rasped deliciously over his pebbled flesh, raising goosebumps in its wake.

William's breath hitched as his mom dried his hair with the towel, her meticulously trimmed triangle of dark pubic hair tickling his sensitive, purple-hued glans with each movement. Her large, warm breasts bobbed against his chiseled chest, the pliant flesh glancing over his pebbled nipples and sending electric tingles straight to his throbbing groin. He bit back a guttural moan, his nine-inch cock jumping and pulsating urgently between their damp bodies, a thick rope of pre-cum oozing from the slit.

Once she finished drying him off, Amanda tossed the threadbare towel aside with a flick of her delicate wrist. She and Heather each took one of William's trembling hands in their own, soft fingers interlacing with his strong ones. Heart pounding like a war drum, he let the two voluptuous women lead him out of the steamy bathroom and down the carpeted hall to his mother's queen-sized bedroom, their curvaceous hips swaying enticingly with each step.

He couldn't tear his hungry gaze away from the mesmerizing jiggle and undulation of their ripe, womanly asses—each cheek a perfect peach—and the heavy, hypnotic sway of their unfettered breasts bouncing freely with each step.

William's mouth went bone dry as they entered the dimly lit bedroom, the only illumination coming from a few flickering candles. The dancing flames cast tantalizing shadows over his mother and grandmother's spectacular nude bodies, highlighting every succulent curve and hollow. The light sheen of moisture from the shower made their skin glisten invitingly.

Amanda and Heather turned to face him, their plump stiff nipples and flushed areolas drawing his avid gaze like a magnet. He felt feverish, his skin too tight, his blood molten in his veins as it rushed to fill his painfully erect cock. The musky scent of feminine arousal perfumed the air, making his head spin with raw, primal need.

Heather smiled sensually, her crimson lips curving. "Get on the bed, darling," she purred, her voice a throaty command that made his shaft twitch and leak. "On your back, like a good boy."

Pulse hammering in his ears, William complied eagerly. The mattress dipped under his weight as he stretched out, the cool sheets a shock against his heated skin. His raging hard-on jutted up obscenely from the thatch of dark curls at his groin, flushed a deep, angry red and throbbing in time with his galloping heart. A pearly bead of pre-cum welled from the slit, quivering in the candlelight.

The bed frame groaned in protest as Amanda and Heather climbed onto the king-sized mattress to join him, their movements both graceful and predatory like lionesses stalking wounded prey. They crawled toward him on all fours, their heavy MILF tits swaying pendulously beneath them, pink nipples grazing the Egyptian cotton sheets.

The fleshy globes of their asses—Amanda's tanned and heart-shaped, Heather's paler but still remarkably firm for her fifty-seven years—flexed enticingly with each calculated movement.

William's chiseled chest heaved with shallow, panting breaths as they positioned themselves on either side of him, surrounding his trembling body with acres of warm, perfumed skin—Amanda smelling of vanilla and jasmine, Heather of expensive musk—and mouthwatering curves that seemed to glow golden-pink in the flickering candlelight.

Amanda's blue eyes bore into William's, a smoldering intensity in their depths that made his stomach clench. "Your grandmother and I had an enlightening conversation earlier," she said, her husky voice sending shivers racing down his spine. "She helped me realize that in times like these, it's more important than ever for a young man like you to have...stress relief."

William swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. He didn't trust himself to speak, to put voice to the wild, illicit hope suddenly blazing through him.

"We may not be able to offer much in terms of fighting those...things out there," Heather chimed in, her ruby lips curving. "But we do have other strengths." Her elegant hand drifted down William's chest, leaving trails of tingling heat in its wake. "Strengths in giving pleasure to the male body."

William's heart threatened to slam right out of his ribcage. His cock jerked against his belly, another fat bead of pre-cum oozing from the tip, dripping onto his tummy. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Was this really happening? Were his mother and grandmother actually propositioning him?

Amanda must have read the shock and desperate arousal on his face. She smiled, a wickedly sensual quirk of her lush mouth. "We wanna take care of you, honey," she purred, splaying her hand over his pounding heart. "In every way possible. If you'll let us."

William's head spun dizzily, his skin feverishly hot everywhere they touched him. The spicy scent of his grandmother's perfume mingled headily with the subtle musk of arousal rising from between his mother's thighs. It made him ache, made him throb.

He opened his mouth, but all that came out was a strangled croak.

Heather chuckled richly, the sound rippling along his nerve endings like a physical caress. She leaned in, her dark hair tickling his cheek, her warm breath puffing against his ear. "What do you say, darling boy?" she murmured, her crimson nails lightly raking over his nipple and making him gasp. "Will you be a good boy for Mommy and Grandma? Let us pleasure this gorgeous body of yours until you're weak and tingling?"

William squeezed his eyes shut, shuddering as his cock jumped and wept. A gush of pre-cum spurted from his slit, streaking his abs. God, the filthy

promise in those words, the idea of surrendering himself to the lustful attentions of these two experienced, voluptuous women...it was almost too much to process.

His mind screamed that this was wrong, so very wrong. That he shouldn't even be contemplating letting his own mother and grandmother put their hands and mouths on him, to use his straining body for their own wicked gratification.

But his body was already answering for him, his mighty shaft flexing and leaking a steady stream of pre-cum that pooled on his stomach. Amanda smirked knowingly at the clear evidence of her son's arousal.

"Look at him, Mom," she purred. "He's practically begging for it without saying a word."

Heather chuckled, her breath hot against William's ear. "Mmm, you're right. Such an eager young buck." Her hand drifted lower, teasing over his trembling abs. "Don't worry, darling boy. Grandma and Mommy are gonna take very good care of you."

With that, the two women draped the thick, midnight-blue Egyptian cotton blankets completely over their nude bodies, shrouding them all in velvety darkness that smelled of lavender fabric softener and the coconut oil Amanda had used earlier.

William's heart galloped like a thoroughbred in his chest as his eyes strained to make out their voluptuous silhouettes in the shadowy cocoon. But he could feel them, the scorching warmth and pillow-soft abundance of their flesh pressing against him on either side, surrounding him in an intoxicating cloud of the honey-sweet feminine musk emanating from between their thighs.

Soft, cherry-red lips, still damp from the shower, skimmed along the column of his bronze throat, perfectly manicured teeth lightly scraping

his jumping pulse point where his carotid artery throbbed visibly beneath his skin.

William shivered violently and gasped as a wet, pink tongue traced the delicate ridges of his ear before dipping inside the sensitive canal with exquisite precision. Blood-red fingernails lightly scratched down his chiseled chest, leaving faint pink trails before circling his dusky nipples until they pebbled into aching, diamond-hard nubs.

He arched his Adonis-like torso into the teasing touches with a low, feral moan that rumbled from deep in his chest, his large hands fisting in the 1000-thread-count sheets until his knuckles turned white.

"P-please," he heard himself rasp, voice cracking with need.

A throaty chuckle against his fevered skin. "Please what, baby boy?"

William swallowed hard, mind spinning. He didn't even know what he was begging for, only that he needed more. More touch, more friction, more of this maddening pleasure sizzling along his nerve endings.

"Just relax, honey," his mother's husky voice purred from the darkness. "Let Mommy and Grandma worship this sexy body of yours."

And then two pairs of lips were on him, pressing scorching kisses across his heaving chest and rippled stomach. William groaned loudly, head thrashing on the goose-down pillow as they licked and suckled every throbbing inch of his bronzed torso with their long velvet-soft tongues.

He nearly bucked off the California king when a hot, wet mouth—his mother's, he was certain—closed around one of his quarter-sized nipples, suckling greedily like a newborn at the teat.

His nine-inch cock pulsed and wept against his washboard abs, an angry purple monolith screaming for attention. The damp heat of his pre-cum slicked his skin like warm honey, filling the stuffy air under the comforter with the thick, musky scent of his virile arousal. He felt feverish, his

Adonis-like body coiled tight as a bowstring and trembling on the precipice of something monumental and earth-shattering.

"Fuck," he bit out through clenched teeth as sharp teeth grazed his other nipple. "Oh God..."

William's pulse hammered in his ears as he strained to make out his mother and grandmother's whispered words in the hot darkness beneath the blankets. Their lips and tongues never ceased their maddening exploration of his fevered skin as they murmured back and forth to each other.

"Mmm, feel these tight little nipples," Heather purred, flicking one pebbled nub with her tongue. "So responsive."

"He's always been such a good boy," Amanda agreed, her voice a husky rasp. "And look how he's grown into such a gorgeous young man."

Her fingers trailed lower, teasing along the ridges of his trembling abs. William shivered and gasped as they continued their wicked commentary, talking about him as if he wasn't there. As if he was just a toy for them to play with, a feast for them to devour.

"I knew he'd have a beautiful cock," Heather said, her breath scorching the thin skin of his hip. "Nice and thick and juicy."

Amanda hummed in agreement, her voice vibrating against William's other hipbone. "Perfect for sucking."

He couldn't suppress the desperate whimper that escaped his throat at that, his neglected erection pulsing out another fat bead of pre-cum. God, the filthy image that conjured in his reeling mind - his mother and grandmother's lips wrapped around his aching cock, their cheeks hollowing as they suckled him...

"And these balls," Heather continued, cupping the heavy sack and giving it a gentle squeeze that made him buck. "So full and ripe. I bet he has gallons of hot cum saved up for us."

"We'll have to milk him dry then," Amanda purred. "Drain every last drop."

William thought he might pass out as all the blood in his body rushed to his throbbing groin. His heart slammed wildly against his ribs and his head spun with a dizzying mix of arousal and disbelief. Was this really happening? Were his mother and grandmother really about to...?

He cried out, back arching clear off the Egyptian cotton sheets as a scorching wet mouth suddenly engulfed the swollen purple head of his nine-inch cock. Ecstasy exploded through every nerve ending in his body, whiting out his vision and stealing the breath from his heaving lungs. Fuck, that felt incredible! So hot and wet and perfect around his aching flesh, the velvety tongue swirling expertly around his sensitive ridge.

"Mmmm, you're right, he tastes divine," Amanda moaned around his thick girth, her cherry-red lips stretched obscenely wide, the vibrations from her throaty hum shooting electric sparks of rapture up his throbbing shaft and making his heavy balls tighten against his body.

"Let me have a taste," Heather demanded, her voice husky with lust, and then William felt the maddening suction leave him for a moment, a cool rush of air hitting his saliva-slick member before a second pair of experienced lips wrapped around his glistening cockhead and suckled greedily, her tongue dipping into his weeping slit to collect the pearly drops of pre-cum.

"Oh fuck," he gasped, fists clenching in the sheets as he struggled not to blow his hot, creamy load right then and there down his grandmother's eager throat.

The boy continued to moan and writhe beneath the blankets as his mother and grandmother worshipped his straining cock with their talented mouths. The wet, obscene sounds of their lips and tongues sliding over his sensitive flesh filled his ears, stoking his arousal to a fever pitch. They seemed to know instinctively how to drive him wild, licking and suckling all the most pleasurable spots on his aching shaft and heavy balls.

A guttural groan tore from William's throat as they took turns engulfing his thick girth, their cheeks hollowing as they suckled him deeply. The mind-melting ecstasy of their hot, slick mouths working in tandem on his throbbing erection made his toes curl and his abs clench. He'd never felt anything so incredible in his young life. His hips bucked involuntarily, seeking more of that exquisite suction.

"Fuck, oh fuck," William panted, back arching as one of them took him especially deep, swallowing around the head of his cock.

Sparks of rapture skated up his spine and gathered in his groin, winding the coil of his impending orgasm tighter and tighter.

Heather and Amanda hummed and slurped around his straining flesh, their crimson-painted lips stretching obscenely wide as they devoured him from either side. The wet heat of their mouths scorched his sensitive skin like liquid fire, their expert tongues tracing every throbbing vein with exquisite precision.

William squeezed his eyes shut, his washboard abs clenching into rigid valleys as every muscle in his body coiled tight. The constant, rhythmic kissing and smacking sounds of their lips echoed in the stuffy darkness under the blankets, punctuated by their throaty moans of feminine appreciation.

His nine-inch shaft glistened with their mingled saliva, the skin stretched taut over his pulsing girth and flushed a deep, angry purple-red like an overripe plum ready to burst.

"He's so hard," Amanda murmured in a heated rasp, lapping at the throbbing vein on the underside of William's cock. "And leaking so much pre-cum. I think our boy is getting close."

"Mmm, then we better finish him off," Heather purred. "Make him give us that big creamy load."

Before William could even process those filthy words, the two women descended on him with renewed fervor. Two slick, skillful tongues—one slightly rougher, one silky-smooth—swirled and danced around his swollen purple cockhead, leaving glistening trails of saliva that caught the dim light filtering through the cotton.

They took turns dipping into his weeping slit, each with a different technique—Amanda with quick, darting flicks, Heather with slow, deliberate probes—to lap up his pearlescent essence.

Then their crimson-painted lips, waxy with lipstick, sealed around either side of his veiny, throbbing girth and slid down in perfect synchronization, engulfing him in tight, wet heat that felt like molten velvet against his hypersensitive skin.

William let out a strangled groan, his hands flying to grip their silky hair, his fingers tangling in the perfumed strands. The dual suction and pressure, the slippery slide of their plump lips and agile tongues on his pulsating shaft, the contrast of Amanda's gentle approach and Heather's more aggressive technique, was too much for his overstimulated nerves to withstand.

His sinewy cock jerked and pulsed violently between their sealed mouths, the first scalding jets of his thick, creamy release erupting from his aching balls like molten lava from a long-dormant volcano.

Heather's sultry voice rose from beneath the blankets. "I already swallowed one big load from him earlier, darling daughter. This creamy treat is all yours."

William's mind reeled at his grandmother's filthy words, hardly able to believe what he was hearing. She had told his mother about their illicit encounter? And Amanda was not only okay with it, but eager to taste his seed herself? It was too much to process.

But then all thoughts evaporated like morning dew as his mother's talented mouth—wet velvet heat rimmed by waxy crimson lipstick—sealed around his erupting cock, her tongue swirling maddeningly just under the sensitive corona where thousands of nerve endings screamed for release.

She suckled him with a skill and hunger William never could have imagined possible from the woman who had packed his school lunches, hollowing her cheeks until they formed concave hollows that created a vacuum of exquisite suction.

He felt more cum surging up from his balls through the throbbing vein that pulsed against her bottom lip, jetting in thick, pearlescent ropes down her elegant throat as she gulped greedily, each swallow visible in the delicate muscles of her neck.

"Oh God, Mom!" William cried out, fists clenching in the cotton sheets until his knuckles blanched white. His hips bucked frantically, fucking into his mother's hot, willing mouth as she drained him dry like a woman possessed.

Electric ecstasy crackled through his nervous system like lightning striking a transformer, his vision whiting out as the most intense orgasm of his life ripped through him with the force of a category five hurricane.

Amanda moaned—a primal, guttural sound no son should ever hear from his mother's throat—around his spurting shaft, the vibrations prolonging his brain-melting climax until he thought he might pass out from the pleasure. She nursed on him devotedly, her cheeks hollowing rhythmically, wringing every last drop from his throbbing balls as though his seed contained the elixir of youth itself.

Her throat worked visibly as she swallowed it all down without spilling a single drop, her eyes closed in rapture as she relished her son's flavor on her experienced tongue.

William collapsed back against the mattress, chest heaving and heart galloping. His entire body buzzed in the aftermath, nerve endings sparking with residual pleasure. He felt utterly spent, his cock twitching with the aftershocks.

Amanda released his softening shaft with a lewd pop, licking her lips. "Mmm, delicious," she purred. "You were right, Mom. Our sweet boy tastes divine."

Heather chuckled throatily. "I told you. Nothing better than fresh, virile seed straight from the source."

William trembled at their wicked words, hardly believing what had just transpired. His own mother and grandmother had just sucked him off together, draining his balls dry. It was beyond his wildest, filthiest fantasies. A dark thrill raced through him even as shame coiled in his gut.

The two women snuggled up against his sides, resting their heads on his chest. Their fingers idly petted his sweat-slick skin as their heavy breasts pressed into him.

William's spent cock made a valiant effort to stir again at the intimate contact. The lucky teen gazed up at his mother and grandmother, his heart still racing from the mind-blowing double blowjob they had just given him. Their nude bodies pressed against his sides, soft breasts pillowing his chest, silky thighs draped over his spent cock. The intoxicating scent of their arousal perfumed the air, making his head spin.

As amazing as it had felt to have his balls drained by their talented mouths, a twinge of guilt pricked his conscience. They had selflessly pleased him, but what about their needs?

"That was incredible," he said, voice still rough with afterglow.

"Seriously, the best thing I've ever felt. But...shouldn't you two get some stress relief too? I wanna return the favor, make you both feel good."

Heather and Amanda exchanged an inscrutable look over William's chest, some unspoken communication passing between them. Amanda bit her plump bottom lip, a slight frown creasing her brow. She looked back at William, blue eyes searching his face.

"Are you sure that's something you wanna do, honey?" she asked carefully. "Pleasuring a woman is a big responsibility. You don't have to feel obligated just because we—"

"I want to," William interrupted eagerly. His spent cock twitched against his thigh as he imagined burying his face between his mother's legs, tasting her most intimate places. Slipping his fingers into his grandmother's wet heat, feeling her clench around him. "Please, let me make you feel good. I promise I'll do my best."

Heather smirked, trailing a crimson nail over his nipple and making him shiver. "Well, aren't you just the sweetest boy, so eager to please? I think we'd be foolish to refuse such an enticing offer."

Amanda still looked uncertain, but she knew she was horny as fuck, and her eyes had darkened with unmistakable arousal.

William could see her pulse fluttering wildly at the base of her throat, her cheeks flushed and chest rising and falling rapidly. He wanted nothing more than to roll her under him and worship every inch of her spectacular body until she cried out in ecstasy.

His pulse raced as an idea struck him - a way he could pleasure both his mother and grandmother at the same time, just like something he had seen in a porn video once. "What if, um, you laid on top of Grandma, mom?" he suggested, cheeks heating at his own boldness. "And then I could, you know..." He made a vague gesture with his hand, too embarrassed to say "eat you both out" out loud.

Amanda quirked an eyebrow at him, an amused smile playing about her lips. "Where exactly have you seen that before, young man?"

William squirmed, face flaming even hotter. "I, uh... I might have watched it in a video. Online," he admitted, avoiding her knowing gaze.

Heather laughed, a deep throaty chuckle. "Our boy has been doing his research! Isn't that just precious?"

Amanda shook her head, smiling indulgently. "Well, I suppose there's no harm in trying." With that, she rolled over and carefully positioned herself on top of her mother.

William's mouth fell open as he watched acres of creamy skin and delectable curves shift and align before him. Amanda's heavy tits, pale as moonlight with delicate blue veins visible beneath the translucent skin, smashed against the upper swells of Heather's equally enormous bosom, creating a veritable mountain range of mouthwatering cleavage that glistened with a fine sheen of perspiration.

Their thick nipples, flushed deep rose and pebbled with arousal, rubbed together like ripe berries, the friction causing both women to shiver visibly.

William's softened cock immediately began to swell and lengthen again, blood rushing to fill the sensitive tissues until it stood proudly at attention, a drop of clear pre-cum beading at the tip.

The two women giggled—musical, throaty sounds—and squirmed against each other, their bodies undulating like waves as they settled into a comfortable position, wide hips and plush thighs slotting together like puzzle pieces designed by nature itself.

William could only imagine how amazing it must feel to have all that warm, soft flesh pressing together—titanic breasts flattening against each other, soft bellies meeting in the middle, and smooth thighs creating a delicious friction where they touched.

"How's this, darling boy?" Heather asked, voice muffled slightly by Amanda's cascade of black hair that spilled across her face. "A double helping of dessert, just for you."

William swallowed hard, trying to find his voice. The heady feminine musk rising from their flesh made his head spin. "Perfect," he managed to rasp. "You both look... God, so fucking sexy."

William eagerly disappeared beneath the blanket, his heart hammering against his ribcage with anticipation as he positioned himself between their splayed thighs. In the stuffy darkness, he couldn't see much beyond silhouettes, but his other senses were immediately assaulted by the intoxicating aroma rising from their naked flesh - a dizzying mélange of perfume and the heady feminine musk that made his head spin and his cock throb painfully against his stomach.

He could feel the scorching heat radiating from their stacked cunts like twin furnaces, the slick pink folds so close he could almost taste the honeyed nectar glistening on their swollen lips. William inhaled deeply through his nose, letting the potent scent of his mother and grandmother's arousal fill his lungs completely, stoking his own desire to a fever pitch that left him trembling between their soft thighs.

Saliva flooded his mouth, his tongue tingling with anticipation at the thought of finally sampling their intimate essences straight from the source.

Unable to resist any longer, the teenager leaned in and swiped his tongue along the swollen seam of his mother's sex in a broad, greedy lick that traveled from her puckered rosebud all the way to her glistening pearl.

Amanda gasped and twitched above him, her alabaster thighs clenching around his burning ears like a velvet vice. The taste of her exploded across his taste buds - tangy and slightly sweet like sun-ripened berries, with an underlying muskiness that was pure woman, earthy and primal. It

was intoxicating, addicting, and William immediately craved more like a man possessed.

He sealed his lips around Amanda's weeping slit and sucked with desperate hunger, letting his tongue wiggle between her slippery coral folds to lap up the honeyed evidence of her desire that flowed like warm syrup. She moaned low in her throat, a sound like distant thunder, her hips undulating against his face in hypnotic waves as he ate her out with sloppy, starving enthusiasm.

William groaned into her pussy, the vibrations making her shudder violently as he relished the slick slide of her inner muscles fluttering against his invading tongue like a heartbeat. As he feasted on his mother's cunt with single-minded devotion, William slid a trembling hand down to find his grandmother's dripping sex nestled below.

Heather's plump outer lips were swollen and slippery with her juices, glistening like dewy rose petals in the dim light, her delicate inner folds radiating scorching heat against his questing fingers like molten lava. He caressed her slick seam with reverent fingertips, savoring the liquid silk painting his digits in transparent ribbons before sinking two fingers knuckle-deep into her tight sheath with a squelching sound that made his cock throb painfully.

"Oh fuck!" Heather cried out, clenching greedily around the welcome intrusion stretching her open. "That's it, darling boy, fuck Grandma's pussy with those talented fingers!"

Her filthy words only spurred William on, making him pump his hand faster as he finger-fucked her in time with the thrusts of his tongue into Amanda's sopping channel. He was lost to pure sensation - the taste, the scent, the scorching heat of the two women he loved most in the world as they writhed against him, taking their pleasure from his ardent attentions.

Amanda's thighs began to tremble around his ears, her gasping moans taking on a desperate, keening edge that told him she was close. William doubled his efforts, licking and suckling her clit with single-minded focus as he crooked his fingers inside.

Amanda laid her head on her mother's shoulder, their massive breasts sloshing together slickly against their rib cages as their hips began to rock and undulate in a lewd fucking motion against William's eagerly lapping tongue and pumping fingers.

Breathless, wanton moans spilled from Amanda's parted lips right next to her mother's ear. "Oh God, Mom, his tongue..." Amanda panted, her voice breaking into a high-pitched whine as William found a particularly sensitive spot. "It's so good, so deep in my pussy. He's licking up all my juices, fucking me with his mouth like he's starving for it."

"Let him make you cum," Heather urged breathlessly, her own pussy gushing around William's plunging fingers, arousal spiking at her daughter's filthy narration. "Squirt all over our boy's tongue. Drench him in it. Show him what a good job he's doing."

William groaned into his mom's twitching slit, the vibrations making her cry out sharply. He could tell she was right on the edge by the desperate, erratic bucking of her hips against his mouth and the flood of tangy cream coating his tastebuds. Determined to push her over, he closed his lips around her throbbing clit and sucked hard, simultaneously curling his fingers inside Heather to rub that spongy sweet spot deep in her clutching sheath.

"Oh fuck, oh God, yes!" Amanda wailed, back arching as the coil of tension in her core snapped. Ecstasy crashed through her in violent waves and her cunt spasmed wildly, clenching and gushing around William's tongue.

At the same time, Heather let out a ragged moan, her pussy rippling viciously around William's digits as her own orgasm ripped through her. "That's it, yes, fucking yes!"

William continued to lap and thrust, working them through their intense climaxes, relishing the way their molten cunts squeezed and milked his tongue and fingers so greedily. He had never tasted anything as delicious as his mother's intimate nectar flooding his mouth, never felt anything as mind-blowing as his grandmother's velvety walls fluttering around his knuckles.

It seemed to go on forever, the two women shuddering and undulating against his face, whimpering and cursing their pleasure.

William was relentless, refusing to let up until he had wrung out their climaxes completely. He slid his face down, eagerly burying his nose and mouth in the musky heat of his grandmother's pussy. Her scent was spicier than Amanda's, earthier—like cinnamon and cloves mixed with the tang of aged wine. The taste of her bloomed across his tongue like a forbidden delicacy, the texture of her folds silkier and more delicate against his lips compared to his mother's juicy, puffy cunt that had felt like velvet-covered pillows.

As he lapped and slurped at Heather's sopping slit like a man dying of thirst in a salt-water desert, William reached up and sank his fingers back into the sloppy mess of Amanda's freshly eaten snatch. A feral groan rumbled in his chest at the obscene squelch of her copious cream around his digits—the sound like stirring thick honey—while the liquid heat of her inner walls sucked him in with pulsating greed.

God, the differences between their cunts was driving him wild. His mom was younger, tighter, her juices flowing thick and fast like warm maple syrup. But Heather's experienced pussy had its own allure—the pronounced ridges and folds like the interior of a rare seashell, the slight looseness that let his tongue plunge extra deep into her molten core.

He felt like the luckiest bastard alive, getting to sample both the tender young peach of his mother and the ripe, luscious plum of his grandmother, their contrasting flavors mingling on his tongue like the most decadent dessert ever created.

William snarled into Heather's cunt, acting on pure animal instinct as he devoured her, greedy for more of her tangy essence. He nibbled and sucked on her fat, protruding clit—a swollen pearl the size of a plump grape—making her wide hips buck wildly against his stubbled face.

Above him, he could hear the sexy, desperate moans of both women harmonizing like a forbidden duet. He attacked his Gran's weeping slit with renewed fervor, pressing his face in as deep as he could, tongue-fucking her in sloppy thrusts that made obscene wet noises—like stirring macaroni in a pot—fill the steamy air.

He could feel the tremors starting in his mom's strong thighs, the telltale flutter of her inner muscles gripping his fingers like a silken vice. Knowing she was close, he curled his digits in a come hither motion, finding that spongy, ridged spot inside that made stars explode behind her heavily mascaraed eyelids.

At the same time, he sealed his lips around his Gran's love-nubbin and sucked for all he was worth, groaning at the salty-sweet taste of her elderflower nectar dripping all over his chin and pooling in the hollow of his throat.

"Oh God, darling boy, yes!" Heather half-sobbed, grinding her mature cunt against his face. "Just like that, make Grandma come!"

William groaned into Heather's quivering folds—pink and glistening like wet coral—as Amanda's pussy clamped down on his fingers in fluttering spasms, her honeyed juices gushing out to coat his hand in sticky rivulets that pooled in his palm.

Heather let out a throaty wail that echoed off the bedroom walls, her wide, powerful hips undulating frantically against his stubbled mouth as her climax crashed through her like a tsunami.

The cunt-feasting teen sealed his lips around his grandmother's wildly throbbing clit—swollen to the size of a ripe cherry—suckling greedily as he felt her cunt clench and release around his thrusting tongue like a silken vise. A flood of tangy fluid spurted against his tastebuds with the force of a broken dam and he groaned in primal delight, his Adam's apple bobbing desperately as he tried to swallow down every precious drop of her gushing essence.

Above him, the women trembled and writhed like creatures possessed, their flushed skin slick with perspiration as the ecstasy wracked their voluptuous bodies. William could feel the rapid flutter of his mother's inner muscles milking his fingers like a hungry mouth, hear his grandmother's breathless moans vibrating through her flesh and into his very bones. He lapped and sucked and fingered them through every shuddering wave, relishing the way their sopping cunts pulsed and quaked against his face and hand like living creatures with minds of their own.

William couldn't get enough of their intimate flavors bursting across his tongue - the sweet musk of his mother, the spicy cream of his grandmother. Their heady scents filled his nostrils, made his head swim with pure male satisfaction. He had done this. He had reduced these gorgeous, powerful women to incoherent ecstasy with his mouth and fingers.

As their violent climaxes finally subsided into weak aftershocks, William continued to lap softly at their twitching folds, gently easing them down. He placed tender kisses on their oversensitive flesh, nuzzling into their steamy heat. When he finally emerged from under the blanket, his face was glazed with their mingled juices, his hair mussed and eyes glassy.

Heather and Amanda panted harshly as they untangled their trembling limbs. Their faces were flushed, hair damp with sweat at the temples, lips parted and swollen. They looked utterly debauched, well-pleasured. The knowledge that he had satisfied them so thoroughly made William's chest swell with masculine pride.

"My God," Amanda breathed, pushing damp tendrils of hair off her forehead. "That was...I have no words."

"Our sweet boy has a wicked, wicked tongue," Heather agreed with a sated chuckle. She reached out and cupped William's slick cheek. "You're a natural, darling. An absolute prodigy at eating cunt."

William smiled with pride and rose up on his knees - his cock bobbing like a heat-seeking missile - so erect that the bulbous head was swollen a deep, angry purple, the thick veins looking ready to burst through the taut, flushed skin of his shaft.

A feral groan rumbled in his chest as he gazed at the two women splayed out before him, their bodies still trembling from the aftermath of his oral attentions. Need pounded through his veins, his balls heavy and aching to empty themselves. He had never wanted anything as badly as he craved to sink his throbbing flesh into their wet, welcoming heat.

"Please," he rasped, hardly recognizing his own voice, gravelly with lust. "I need to...Can I..." He swallowed hard, trying to force out the words past the desert in his throat. "Can I have sex with you too? Both of you?"

Amanda pushed herself up on an elbow, still panting. She shook her head, dark hair clinging to her damp neck and shoulders. "Oh, honey, no. That's...that's a serious line to cross."

Her eyes flicked to his massive, weeping erection and she licked her lips reflexively before dragging her gaze back to his face. "Besides, I don't have any condoms. And I certainly can't risk getting pregnant, not with the state the world is in right now."

William's heart plummeted, disappointment and desperation warring in his gut. His cock twitched and throbbed almost painfully, a fresh bead of pre-cum welling from the slit. He opened his mouth to plead, to beg, not above making a complete fool of himself if it meant he got to experience the slick, clutching nirvana of his mother's pussy.

But Heather interrupted, a wicked glint in her blue eyes as she trailed a crimson nail down his chest. "Well, you know, darling boy..." she purred, "there are other holes that don't carry the same risk."

William's heart stuttered in his chest, his eyes widening. Surely she didn't mean...

"If you'd like... you can use Grandma's asshole," Heather continued, her voice dripping with dirty promise. "Pump me full of all that hot, virile cum. No chance of knocking me up that way."

William thought he might pass out as what little blood was left in his brain rushed south to his cock. He stared at his grandmother, hardly daring to believe what he was hearing. She was offering him her...her back door? Inviting him to sodomize her? It was beyond his filthiest fantasies. The taboo thrill of it made him throb and leak, his shaft flexing urgently.

He glanced over at his mother, seeking permission with pleading eyes. Amanda sighed, her brow creasing with conflict. "I suppose it's alright, given the circumstances," she conceded reluctantly. "But William, this is a temporary thing because of the extreme situation. When all this zombie craziness is over, things are going right back to normal, understand? We can't be doing anything like this. Boundaries will be back in place."

Hope and excitement surged through him at her words, his cock leaping with anticipation. He nodded vigorously. "Of course, Mom. I understand completely."

Heather smirked and rolled onto her stomach, presenting her plump rear to him. She reached back and pulled apart her fleshy cheeks, exposing the tight pink pucker nestled between them. It winked at William, beckoning him, making his mouth go dry.

"Come and get it, darling boy," Heather purred, wiggling her hips invitingly. "Shove that big cock right up Grandma's asshole."

William scrambled to kneel behind her, all eager young lust. His raging erection bobbed before him as he positioned himself at her offered back door, swollen head smearing pre-cum over her crinkled entrance. The heated musk rising from between her cheeks made his head spin, his balls tighten with the need to rut.

He couldn't believe this was actually happening, that he was about to fuck his own grandmother in the ass. It was so deliciously wrong, the taboo thrill of it only stoking his arousal higher.

"Go ahead," Heather urged breathlessly, glancing over her shoulder at him with heavy-lidded eyes dark with need. "Stuff me full of that fat cock."

William groaned helplessly and surged forward, watching in awe as the bulbous head of his dick—purple-red and glistening with pre-cum—pushed past the resistant ring of muscle that initially puckered against his invasion.

Scorching heat engulfed him inch by excruciating inch, silky walls clenching and spasming around his aching flesh as he sank into his grandmother's forbidden depths, feeling every microscopic ridge of her interior passage.

"Oh fuck!" he gasped, eyes rolling back until only the whites showed, his jaw slack with the exquisite sensation. She was so incredibly tight, her chute gripping him like a velvet fist dipped in liquid fire.

Pleasure sparkled up his spine like electrical current, making his toes curl and his fingers dig half-moon indentations into the pale flesh of her hips as he hilted himself fully in her grasping heat, his heavy, aching balls nestling against the dripping, swollen lips of her pussy.

Heather let out a throaty moan that seemed to vibrate through her entire body and into his groin, her hips pressing back with surprising strength to take him even deeper, her spine arching like a cat in heat. "That's it," she panted, voice ragged and breathless. "Fuck me, darling. Ruin my ass with that huge dick. Split me open."

William's heart galloped wildly in his chest like a trapped animal as he started to move, sawing his thick, veiny length in and out of his grandmother's clutching hole, watching with primal fascination as her stretched rim clung to his shaft on each withdrawal only to disappear again as he plunged back into her quivering depths.

He'd never felt anything like this—not in his wildest teenage fantasies—the toe-curling ecstasy of her forbidden channel squeezing him so perfectly, massaging every throbbing nerve ending of his cock.

"God, you're so tight," he gritted out, fingers digging into her fatty cheeks.

William looked over at his mom who laid on her side with her head propped on her hand, her dark hair cascading over her bare shoulder like spilled ink. His cock throbbed even harder at the erotic sight of her giant tits stacked on top of each other, the rosy nipples puckered into tight peaks that seemed to point directly at him, begging for his attention.

A thin sheen of sweat made her olive skin glisten in the dim light filtering through the tattered curtains. Amanda winked at him, her emerald eyes hooded with lust, a salacious smirk playing about her full, cherry-red lips as she watched his lean young body flex and surge with each deep plunge into the pillowy roundness of her mother's ass.

Her own asshole clenched and throbbed as she imagined being stuffed by such a large slab of cock-meat. Her free hand traced lazy circles on her own thigh, inching ever closer to the glistening folds between her legs. "That's it, honey," Amanda purred, her husky voice stroking over William's fevered skin like a physical caress. "Fuck her deep. Sink that big cock all the way in until your balls are smacking her cunt."

William groaned, his head swimming with the taboo thrill of having his mother coach him through sodomizing his grandmother. His shaft pulsed and jerked inside Heather's gripping heat, the bulbous head butting up against a spot that made her keen and quiver around him.

"Oh yes, just like that!" Heather mewled, her hips rocking back to meet his increasingly rough thrusts. The obscene slap of flesh against flesh echoed through the room. "Pound Grandma's ass, darling boy! Ruin my tight hole with that huge dick!"

The filthy encouragement only spurred William on. Sweat trickled down his chest and abs as he pummeled into Heather's clutching channel with abandon, his heavy sack smacking wetly against her drenched pussy with each slam of his hips.

The headboard thudded rhythmically against the wall, the mattress creaking under their depraved coupling.

Amanda's hand drifted between her splayed thighs, petting over the slick, swollen folds of her sex as she watched them rut. Her fingers delved into hot, clinging wetness and emerged glistening with her juices. "Fuck, that's so hot," she breathed, rubbing tight circles over her pulsing clit. "I can't believe my sweet boy is pounding my own mother's ass right in front of me. So dirty and wrong."

William shuddered, his balls drawing up tight at his mother's words. The coil of pressure in his groin wound tighter and tighter as he felt Heather's sphincter spasming around him. He was getting close, the telltale tingling starting at the base of his spine.

"I'm gonna come soon," he gritted out, fingers sinking into the meat of his grandmother's ass. "W-where do you want it?"

Heather craned her neck to look back at him over her shoulder, her eyes glassy with pleasure. "Inside me," she panted. "I wanna feel you explode in my guts. Fill up Grandma's shitter with all that hot, nasty cum."

The tight clasp of Heather's rectal walls rippled and shuddered around William's thrusting shaft as he plundered the satin heat of her forbidden channel. His cockhead battered relentlessly against her clenching anal muscles, the swollen ridge of his glans dragging deliciously along the ribbed lining with each forceful pump of his hips.

William felt like his grandmother's ass was trying to milk his seed right out of him, her spasming back passage squeezing and releasing his aching erection in fluttering waves. Her scorching anal sleeve felt like wet silk stretched taut around his plunging girth, the textured walls gripping him so exquisitely. The mind-melting sensation of her bowels clinging to his cock made electric ecstasy skitter up his spine and pool in his heavy balls.

A choked moan escaped William's throat as he reamed into the gripping heat of Heather's ass with increasingly erratic thrusts, his pelvis smacking lewdly against her jiggling cheeks with each brutal drive. The squelch and schlick of his pre-cum slickened cock sawing into her clutching shit-chute filled the room, punctuated by their breathless grunts and groans of pleasure.

The boy's vision blurred, eyes nearly crossing as his grandmother's muscular rectal sheath rippled and undulated around his throbbing shaft. He could feel every ridge, every flutter of her silken innards caressing his veiny length as he stirred up her guts. Her body seemed determined to wring him dry, her forbidden passage milking his cock for all it was worth.

The fiery ache in William's balls reached a crescendo, his shaft pulsing wildly in the vice grip of Heather's ass. He could feel his orgasm building at the base of his spine, tingling pressure coiling tighter and tighter as his cockhead pummeled her clenching anal walls. The wet, obscene sounds of his flesh slapping against hers, the filthy words spilling from her lips, the erotic sight of his mother frigging herself - it all combined to push William right to the brink.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna come!" he gasped, fingers sinking into the meat of Heather's ass. His hips jackhammered into her, the swollen head of his cock pounding against a spot deep inside that made her keen.

"Grandma, fuck, I'm gonna shoot!"

Heather glanced back at him over her shoulder, eyes glassy and cheeks flushed with depraved bliss. "Yes, do it!" she cried. "Fill me up, darling boy! Pump Grandma's bowels full of your hot jizz!"

Her filthy encouragement was William's undoing. With a strangled shout, he slammed into Heather to the hilt and exploded, his cock spurting thick ropes of hot spunk deep into her spasming bowels. William's vision whited out as the most intense pleasure he had ever experienced ripped through him like a lightning bolt through a storm-darkened sky.

His cock jerked and throbbed violently, painting his grandmother's clenching anal walls with thick, ropey spurts of scalding cum that seemed to be torn from the very core of his being. He was vaguely aware of Heather wailing her release beneath him, her ass milking his erupting shaft in fluttering waves that rippled from the base to the swollen, purple head.

Amanda's breathless moans reached his ears as well, high-pitched and musical, as she shuddered through her own orgasm, her fingers a blur between her glistening thighs. But William was too lost in the all-consuming ecstasy wracking his body to fully process it, his consciousness narrowed to a pinpoint of pure sensation.

It felt like his balls were trying to turn inside out as they emptied themselves into Heather's rippling chute, each contraction more intense than the last. Each pulse of his cock sent bolts of rapture sizzling up his spine like molten metal, short-circuiting his brain and causing his toes to curl so hard they cramped.

William's abs clenched almost painfully as he ground himself into his grandmother's ass, cock buried to the hilt in her forbidden heat, the soft globes of her buttocks flattened against his pelvis. He wanted—needed—to pump every last pearlescent drop of his seed into her convulsing depths, marking her from the inside in the most primal way possible.

The world grayed out around the edges as William's orgasm seemed to go on forever, his cock spasming weakly with aftershocks. Finally, he collapsed on top of Heather, chest heaving and sweat slicking his skin. He felt utterly drained, every muscle trembling. The last vestiges of his release oozed around his softening shaft, sealed inside his grandmother by their intimate connection.

William panted harshly against the nape of Heather's neck, the scent of her hair filling his nostrils. His head spun dizzily as he tried to process the enormity of what they had just done. He had fucked his own grandmother. In the ass. While his mother watched and pleased herself. It was beyond filthy, the ultimate taboo. Shame and dark satisfaction warred in his gut.

As his softening cock slipped out of Heather's ravaged hole with a wet pop, William shakily pushed himself up. He stared down at the erotic sight of his grandmother's freshly reamed asshole gaping obscenely, his pearly cum starting to dribble out. The musky scent of sex and sweat hung heavy in the air.

"That was...incredible," he managed to rasp, voice hoarse from his cries of pleasure. He snuck a glance at his mom, wondering how she would react now that the heat of the moment had passed.

Amanda looked thoroughly debauched, hair mussed and face flushed, her fingers still glistening with her own juices. But behind the glaze of satisfaction in her eyes, William saw a flicker of uncertainty, of guilt.

The mother guided William down onto the bed between her and Heather, the cotton sheets still warm from their bodies. He felt like the filling in a lush MILF burrito as they nuzzled against his lean, sweat-slicked torso on either side. One heavy, warm breast from each woman draped across his heaving chest, Amanda's coffee-colored nipple contrasting with Heather's pale pink areola as the pliant mounds smooshed together in the center like two flesh pillows.

Soft, glossy lips peppered his flushed face and stubbled neck with tender butterfly kisses, leaving faint traces of saliva. William's skin tingled everywhere they touched him, goosebumps rising along his arms, his spent cock twitching valiantly beneath the damp sheet at the sensation overload.

He basked in the afterglow, sandwiched between their abundant curves, inhaling the mingled scents of feminine musk, and the unmistakable tang of sex that hung in the air like an aphrodisiac fog.

Amanda's silky black hair tickled his cheek as she snuggled closer, her smooth, toned leg slipping between his muscular thighs. Heather's crimson acrylic nails, perfectly manicured into sharp ovals, traced idle figure-eight patterns on his taut stomach, making the defined muscles quiver beneath her touch.

"You did so good, honey," Amanda murmured against his jaw. "Made Mommy very proud."

"Mmm, such a virile young stud," Heather purred, nipping at his earlobe. "Grandma's ass will be feeling that for days."

William's face heated at their praise, a blend of bashfulness and masculine pride swelling in his chest. He couldn't believe what he'd just done, the filthy, forbidden acts he'd participated in. With his own mother and grandmother! It didn't seem real.

Amanda's fingers combed gently through his damp hair, soothing him. "It's okay, honey. I know this is a lot to process. But these are extreme circumstances. We have to take comfort and pleasure where we can find it."

William nodded slowly, trying to absorb her words, to justify what had transpired between them. The world was falling apart outside, the threat of death and worse looming over them constantly. Was it so wrong to seek solace in each other, even if it violated society's taboos? He wanted to believe it was okay, that they weren't sick or twisted for what they'd done.

Heather shifted beside him and he felt a warm, slick gush leak from her thoroughly used back passage onto his hip. The undeniable evidence of his release inside her. It should have disgusted him but instead it sent a dark thrill zinging through his exhausted body. Claiming his grandmother so intimately, using her forbidden hole like that - he'd never felt so powerful, so intensely male.

"You've had quite the introduction to the pleasures of the flesh, haven't you darling boy?" Heather chuckled throatily, her breath hot against his neck. "Such a fast learner. You'll be ruining us for other men in no time."

William swallowed hard at the implication in her words, his blood stirring in his veins. Did that mean there would be more illicit encounters like this? The possibility filled him with eager anticipation.

The next morning, weak sunlight filtered through the curtains, rousing

William from a restless sleep. His mind immediately flooded with lurid flashbacks from the night before - the taste of his mother's pussy on his tongue, the filthy things his grandmother had whispered, the exquisite vice grip of her asshole milking his cock. A blush heated his cheeks even as his morning wood pulsed insistently against his thigh.

Guilt and giddy excitement warred in his gut as he slipped out of bed, careful not to wake the two women still slumbering on either side. He tip-toed to the bathroom, splashed cold water on his face, trying to calm the hammering of his heart.

When he emerged, Heather was up with a sexy robe on, sipping a mug of instant coffee. She smiled at him slyly over the rim.

"Morning, stud," she purred, blue eyes twinkling with mischief. "Sleep well after your...exertions?"

William ducked his head, cheeks flaming anew at her suggestive tone. He busied himself pouring his own coffee to avoid her knowing gaze.

"Sure did," he replied with a mischievous grin.

"I was thinking we should make a run to that little market down the street," Heather continued breezily, as if she hadn't had her grandson's cock buried in her ass mere hours ago. "See if we can scrounge up any food or supplies before things get worse out there."

William's head snapped up at that, a jolt of adrenaline temporarily overriding his embarrassment and confusion. Venturing outside, with those...things roaming around? His pulse stuttered at the thought. But his grandmother was right, they needed provisions. And a small, selfish part of him immediately started calculating what else he might be able to acquire at the store. Certain...intimate items that could allow him to take his depravity with his mother to the next level, items to remove the one flimsy barrier she'd put up. His cock twitched traitorously at the idea.

"Y-yeah, that makes sense," he managed to croak, avoiding his grandmother's probing stare. "I'll get dressed and we can head out."

"Perfect." Heather's crimson lips curved in a smile that was a little too knowing.

They left a note for Amanda, still dead to the world and snoring softly, then slipped out of the apartment and down to the building's front entrance. The street was eerily deserted, newspapers and debris skittering along on the chill breeze that carried a rancid undertone.

William's nose wrinkled at the smell, his empty stomach clenching. He tried not to speculate on its source.

They scurried along the sidewalk, hugging the buildings, ears straining for any sound over the rasp of their breathing and the crunch of broken glass underfoot.

William's heart pounded as they darted across the street, keeping low and moving quickly. Up ahead, a group of flesh-eaters shambled into view, their inhuman groans carrying on the wind. He grabbed Heather's arm and pulled her into a narrow gap between two buildings, holding his breath as the monsters shuffled past mere feet away. The rancid stench of decay wafted from their rotting bodies, making his gorge rise.

After several tense moments, the flesh-eaters moved on and William exhaled shakily. He met his grandmother's eyes in the dimness, saw his own fear reflected back at him. They crept out of their hiding spot and hurried the last block to the market.

The door was ajar, hanging crookedly from one hinge. William's stomach sank as they slipped inside, dreading what they would find. His fears were realized as he took in the scene of chaos - shelves stripped bare, debris scattered across the floor, the refrigerator cases dark and powerless. A faint, unpleasant odor hung in the still air.

"Damn," Heather breathed, toeing some shredded cardboard. "Looks like we weren't the only ones with this idea."

William swallowed hard, trying to tamp down his rising panic. What were they going to do now? They needed food, water, medicine...his gaze landed on a sign for the pharmacy counter and a wild hope surged through him. Condoms. If he could find some condoms, then maybe...

A sudden clatter from the back of the store made them both jump. William's pulse kicked into overdrive, visions of flesh-eaters lurking in the shadows flooding his mind.

Heather grabbed his hand, her fingers icy.

"We need to get outta here," she hissed. "Now."

He nodded jerkily, adrenaline spiking through his system. They abandoned their scavenging and fled through a rear door into a narrow alley. The cold metal handle bit into William's palm as he pulled it shut behind them, his breath sawing in and out of his lungs.

The alley was blessedly empty, no movement except for a scrawny cat skittering behind a dumpster. The buildings stretched up on either side, blocking out the weak sunlight. William leaned against the rough brick wall, trying to calm the hammering of his heart.

Disappointment curdled in his gut as the reality of their situation sank in. No food. No supplies. And no condoms. The desperate, sordid scheme that had unfurled in his mind crumbled to dust. He squeezed his eyes shut, a wave of shame and self-loathing crashing over him. What the hell was wrong with him, plotting to violate his own mother like that? Especially now, with the world going to hell? Rubbers were far from a priority.

Heather could see the disappointment etched on William's face. She knew her grandson had been hoping to find condoms at the market, to remove the last barrier preventing him from sinking into his mother's forbidden heat. The way his gaze had darted hungrily to the pharmacy section had not escaped her notice.

An idea took shape in her cunning mind, a deliciously depraved solution. "Pull your pants down, darling boy," Heather commanded huskily, already reaching under her skirt to shimmy out of her lacy panties. "Quickly now, before anyone sees."

William gaped at her, eyes wide and pulse pounding. "W-what? Here?" he stammered, even as his cock swelled to painful stiffness at the brazen suggestion.

"Yes, here." Heather bunched her skirt up around her waist and bent over, bracing her hands against the rough brick wall. She arched her back, presenting the heart-shaped globes of her ass to him. The faint breeze kissed her bared pussy, making her folds tingle and clench.

"Grandma's cunt is nice and wet for you, darling. And at my age, I'm far less likely to get pregnant than your mother." She reached back and parted her plump cheeks, revealing the glistening pink seam of her sex. "Shove that big cock in and fuck me hard. Give me all the cum you wanted to pump into your mother."

William's heart slammed against his ribs, his face flushing with shock and desperate arousal. He couldn't believe what he was hearing - his grandmother offering up her unprotected pussy to him, right here in this dirty alley. The taboo wrongness of it made his balls ache, greedy for release.

With trembling hands, he frantically shoved his jeans and boxers down to his ankles. Heather glanced over her shoulder at him, a wicked smile playing about her crimson lips as she took in the flushed, straining length of his erection.

"Mmm, such a gorgeous cock. Come put it where it belongs, inside Grandma's juicy cunt."

A savage groan tore from William's throat, primal and desperate. The last gossamer threads of his control snapped like brittle twigs. He grabbed

Heather's fleshy hips, his fingers sinking into the soft, yielding flesh, and notched the broad, purple-veined head of his throbbing dick against her glistening, petal-like opening. Then with one brutal, animalistic thrust, he hilted himself fully in her scorching wet heat, burying himself to the root in that forbidden paradise.

"Fuck!" he gasped, eyes nearly rolling back in his skull, eyelids fluttering uncontrollably at the exquisite, mind-melting sensation of her silken, rippling walls gripping his pulsing shaft like a velvet vise. It was even better than her ass had been, hotter and wetter than his most depraved midnight fantasies.

Heather urged him on breathlessly, her husky voice edged with raw desperation, her words a filthy prayer in the grimy alley. "Yes, that's it! Fuck me hard, darling boy! We don't have much time before someone might come by."

The thrill of danger only spurred William on, made the illicit ecstasy sparking through his veins burn even hotter, like liquid lightning. He pounded into his grandmother's juicy, nectar-dripping cunt like a man possessed, relishing the obscene, slick glide of her clinging, hungry walls along his pile-driving shaft.

Each forceful, bone-jarring thrust made her plump ass cheeks bounce and jiggle hypnotically, the ripe, creamy globes rippling from the impact like pale waves on a forbidden shore.

He could feel every nuance of her slippery channel, the way it fluttered and squeezed around him as if trying to milk the cum from his balls. The broad head of his cock plunged through the tightly ribbed flesh, the fat helmet smashing against the pursed ring of her cervix at the apex of each deep stroke. He'd never felt anything so mind-meltingly exquisite in his life.

A guttural growl rumbled up from William's chest as he reamed into Heather with savage abandon, fingers sinking into the meat of her hips.

The wet squelch and slap of their fevered coupling echoed obscenely in the narrow alley, punctuated by their breathless grunts and moans. Heather's cunt made the most deliciously nasty suctioning noises as it greedily gobbled up his hammering cock again and again.

"Fuck, Grandma, you're so tight and wet," William gritted out through clenched teeth, sweat beading his brow despite the chill in the air. The scorching, liquid silk of her pussy was driving him out of his mind with ecstasy. He could feel his orgasm building already, his heavy balls drawing up tight.

Heather glanced back at him over her shoulder, crimson lips parted as she panted harshly. Her cheeks were flushed and her blue eyes glassy with pleasure. "Yes, that's it, give me that huge cock! Ruin my cunt, darling boy!"

Her filthy encouragement spurred William on to even greater heights of depravity. He sawed into her clutching sheath like a feral beast, the bulbous head of his cock pummeling her cervix with ruthless precision. Electric tingles raced up his spine, his abs and ass clenching with the force of his thrusts.

The dank alley air filled with the wet, obscene slapping sounds of flesh meeting flesh, the scent of their mingled arousal hanging heavy around them like a fog. William gasped as Heather's slick, clutching sheath suddenly started fluttering and rippling around his plunging cock, squeezing him rhythmically from base to tip. It felt like her pussy was turning itself inside out, the muscular walls undulating along his aching length in a maddening massage that threatened to drain every last drop from his swollen, throbbing balls.

"Oh fuck, Grandma, are you coming on my cock right now?" he gritted out, hardly able to believe the incredible sensation. "Is that what I'm feeling?"

"Yes, yes!" Heather wailed, her voice echoing off the alley walls. "Don't stop, I'm cumming so hard on your big dick!"

Her voluptuous body shook and shuddered violently as the powerful orgasm crashed through her, round ass cheeks quivering like jelly against William's pumping hips.

He stared in awe at the way her giant, hanging tits swung and bounced wildly beneath her with each brutal thrust, the heavy globes quaking like mounds of gelatin.

The knowledge that he was making his grandmother come apart so intensely with just his cock made William's head reel.

He felt powerful, virile, a true stud bringing this mature woman to the heights of ecstasy. The fluttering spasms of Heather's climaxing cunt pushed him right to the brink, his balls drawing up tight and tingling as his own peak rushed toward him.

"Fuck, I'm gonna come too!" he gasped, fingers digging into the meat of her hips as he slammed into her one last time. "I'm gonna shoot my load in your pussy, fill you up!"

"Yes, do it!" Heather urged breathlessly, still shuddering through the aftershocks. "Plant your seed inside me!"

With a choked cry, William buried himself to the hilt in her rippling heat and let go, his cock erupting like a geyser deep in her clutching sheath. Bolt after bolt of electric bliss sizzled up his spine as thick ropes of cum pulsed out of him, painting Heather's cervix. He could feel her pussy milking him, rippling hungrily around his spurting shaft, wringing out every last drop.

The world went gray around the edges as the most intense orgasm of William's young life seemed to go on forever, draining his balls dry.

Finally, he slumped over Heather's back, gasping for breath, his cock still twitching out the dregs of his release inside her. The scent of their sex mingled with the garbage and grime of the alley.

As the fog of lust slowly cleared, shame crept in to take its place. William gingerly pulled out of his grandmother's used hole, grimacing at the obscene sound it made and the warm gush of his seed that followed before her asshole clenched closed.

After pulling their bottoms up, William and Heather hurried back through the desolate streets, keeping to the shadows and alleys as much as possible to avoid any roaming flesh-eaters. The obscene ache between William's legs from their frenzied coupling slowly faded, replaced by a growing sense of despair at their failed scavenging mission. His stomach growled angrily, reminding him of their dwindling food stores back at the apartment.

As they slipped back inside the building, William couldn't meet his grandmother's eyes, shame still simmering low in his gut over how easily he had succumbed to her sinful temptation in that filthy alley. The lingering musk of sex that clung to them felt like an accusation.

"William, it's ok," she stated in a soothing tone, tracing her nails tenderly across his cheek. "We were only helping each other relieve some stress."

He smiled and nodded. "I know Gran."

Amanda greeted them anxiously when they returned, her blue eyes widening at their grim expressions and empty hands. "No luck?" she asked, hope deflating from her voice.

Heather shook her head, lips pursed. "The place was cleaned out. Barely even a can of beans left on the shelves."

William's heart clenched at the fear that clouded his mother's face at this news. He hated that he had failed her, failed to provide for and protect her like a man should. His gaze darted guiltily away from her, unable to

look at her directly with the memory of Heather's pussy still clinging to his softening cock.

"We'll have to try again tomorrow," Heather said with false brightness. "Hit up some of the other shops nearby. Bound to be something left if we look hard enough."

Later that evening, William moaned around his mother's dripping slit as she sucked his throbbing cock with wanton abandon. The lewd slurps and smacks of their oral sixty-nine feast filled Amanda's bedroom, punctuated by muffled groans of ecstasy.

He couldn't believe this was actually happening - his gorgeous mother straddling his face, grinding her sopping pussy against his eager mouth while she devoured his straining erection. The musky taste of her arousal flooded his senses, spurring him to lap and suckle her swollen folds with renewed vigor.

As if the taboo thrill of sixty-nining with his own mom wasn't overwhelming enough, William felt his grandmother's lips close around his aching balls, drawing the heavy sack into her hot mouth. He jerked and gasped at the intense sensation, his hips bucking involuntarily up into Amanda's suckling mouth.

Heather rolled his churning balls on her tongue, slathering them with spit before releasing them with a wet pop.

"Mmm, such a sweet young sack," she purred, the vibrations of her husky voice against his most sensitive flesh making him shudder. "So full and ripe." Her fingers crept behind his balls to stroke his taint, and William saw stars.

The dual stimulation of his mother's skillful mouth and his grandmother's wicked ministrations had William's head spinning, electric pleasure sizzling up his spine.

Amanda's pussy gushed against his lips as he tongued her frantically, the evidence of her arousal dripping down his chin. He could feel her inner walls fluttering, a telltale sign that she was close.

Determined to push her over the edge, he closed his lips around her pulsing clit and sucked hard, simultaneously thrusting two fingers into her clenching heat, massaging her G-spot.

Amanda's muffled whimpering around his cock sent sparks skittering across his nerve endings. She bucked and writhed on his face as her orgasm crashed through her, flooding his mouth with her tangy essence.

William groaned in delight and lapped it up greedily, relishing the knowledge that he'd made her come apart so intensely.

The rhythmic spasms of Amanda's climaxing cunt combined with Heather's persistent fondling of his balls pushed William right to the brink. His abs clenched and his thighs trembled as the pressure built to a fever pitch at the base of his spine.

Amanda must have sensed his impending eruption because she doubled her efforts, taking him so deep that he could feel himself nudging the back of her throat.

One swipe of Heather's finger over his tightly furled pucker sent William hurtling into oblivion. With a guttural cry, his cock jerked and pulsed as he exploded down his mother's eagerly swallowing throat. Spurt after spurt of hot seed pumped from his balls, which were still being gently squeezed in Heather's relentless grasp. The ecstasy seemed to go on forever, his nervous system overloading with rapture.

The teen lay there gasping, his body still trembling and twitching in the aftermath of his mind-blowing orgasm. Before he could fully catch his breath, he felt the weight on the bed shifting. Through pleasure-glazed eyes, he watched in awe as his mother and grandmother switched positions with the fluid grace of a well-practiced team of cocksuckers.

Amanda clambered off his face, her tangy musk still clinging to his glistening lips and stubble-roughened chin like invisible perfume. She moved down between his splayed thighs, her silky hair trailing across his sweat-slicked abdomen as she took Heather's place.

At the same time, his grandmother swung a sexy leg over his head, her ripe, womanly scent—muskier and more complex than Amanda's, with notes of vanilla and salt—filling his flaring nostrils as she settled her dripping pussy right over his mouth, her silver-streaked pubic hair tickling his forehead.

William inhaled deeply, the intoxicating aroma of his grandmother's arousal making his head spin like potent whiskey. He could see her folds glistening with feminine dew in the dim candlelight, the pronounced dusky-pink lips pouting open like a lush, succulent tropical fruit begging to be devoured. His mouth watered in anticipation, a thin strand of saliva connecting his upper and lower lip as he parted them.

At the same time, he felt his mother's hot breath puffing over his spent cock, which had barely begun to soften, the purple-red head still peeking out from his foreskin.

To his shock and delight, Amanda took him into her mouth again, her plump lips stretching wide as she engulfed him in wet, suckling heat that made his toes curl against the rumpled sheets. Her tongue—velvety and nimble—swirled around the sensitive head, lapping up the pearly mixture of his cum and her own saliva that pooled in the slit.

"Holy shit," Heather breathed, watching her daughter work. "Look at that, he's still rock hard! What a stud!" Pride and amazement colored her husky voice.

William's cheeks burned, both at the praise and the delicious suction of his mother's mouth. His hips twitched involuntarily as she started to bob up and down his length, coaxing him rapidly back to full, throbbing

stiffness. He couldn't believe how quickly he was getting hard again, his teenage refractory period on full display.

Heather chuckled throatily, the sound vibrating against his lips and making him shiver. "Don't let it go to waste, darling boy," she purred, grinding her soaked slit against his mouth. "Put that tongue to work."

Spurred on by her filthy command, William surged up and sealed his lips around his grandmother's weeping sex. He lapped at her folds, collecting her tangy essence, relishing the flavors bursting over his tastebuds.

Heather keened and rocked against him, her fingers sinking into his hair.

Lost in a daze of lust, William ate his grandmother out with sloppy eagerness, plunging his tongue deep into her clutching channel. At the same time, he reveled in the feeling of his mother's talented mouth gliding up and down his newly rigid shaft. The dual stimulation made his balls tighten and his toes curl, stoking the embers of his arousal into a raging inferno once more.

Heather leaned down to join her daughter, her silver-streaked black hair cascading over William's sweat-slicked thighs. Together they marveled at the steely strength of William's cock-root, the purple-red flesh pulsing visibly beneath paper-thin skin.

Their cherry-glossed lips and long pink tongues lavished attention on the sensitive flesh there, tracing the bulging tendons and sinew that stood out like relief maps, suckling at the base where it met his body with wet, obscene sounds that echoed in the dim bedroom.

"See this part here, Amanda?" Heather purred as she stroked his rigid shaft with long, manicured fingers. "This is called the fundiform ligament. It's what keeps a man's penis 'well hung'."

Her crimson nails, sharp as talons, skimmed over the taut skin reverently, leaving faint white trails that quickly flushed pink again.

"Mmm, and look at these big veins," Amanda added huskily, her hot breath condensing on his shaft as she traced a particularly prominent one—thick as a drinking straw—with the glistening tip of her tongue. "I love how they throb when he's really turned on, like they have their own heartbeat."

William groaned around his grandmother's dripping slit, the visual of them studying his cock like curious scientists combined with the exquisite sensations of their mouths on him almost too much to bear. His entire body felt electrified, his nerves sparking and sizzling with pleasure like live wires in water.

He ground his face deeper into his grandmother's soaked pussy, tongue delving between her swollen, dusky folds to lap up her fragrant cream that tasted of salt and musk.

The fingers in his hair tightened until his scalp burned as Heather rocked against him, smearing her viscous essence all over his lips and chin until it dripped down his neck in warm rivulets.

"Unghh, eat Grandma's cunt, darling boy," she gasped, her back arching. "Bury your face in there, get it nice and slick."

William was only too happy to oblige, his entire existence narrowing down to the hot, fragrant heaven of her cleft sealed around his mouth. He could barely breathe, his air coming out in humid puffs against Heather's flesh as he tongued her slit feverishly. But he didn't care, lost to the dark bliss of drinking down her molten honey, feeling it flood his senses.

As he slurped and suckled at Heather's throbbing pussy, William continued to marvel at the things Amanda and his grandmother were doing to his cock. They licked him from root to tip like an ice cream cone melting under the summer sun, their hot wet tongues painting every throbbing inch of him with glistening ribbons of pearlescent spit that caught the candlelight.

They took turns suckling the bulbous head—angry purple and swollen to the size of a small plum—their rouge-stained cheeks hollowing obscenely as they created vacuum-tight suction. Heather fisted the base with her bejeweled fingers, her emerald rings glinting as she squeezed rhythmically, while Amanda bobbed up and down his veiny length, her dark hair swinging in hypnotic arcs, creating the most exquisitely tight, slick channel that squelched wetly with each movement.

William's heavy balls churned like storm-tossed oceans, pleasure coiling tighter and tighter at the base of his spine like a copper spring heated to white-hot intensity as the dual stimulation transported him to a whole new plane of ecstasy. Their filthy words of praise and encouragement—whispered between wet, sloppy kisses to his straining shaft—as they feasted on his cock only stoked the fires higher, each syllable like gasoline on embers.

"God, I can't get over how big he is," Amanda panted, her cherry-glossed lips parted in awe as she pumped his spit-slick shaft with both manicured hands, her fingers sliding with exquisite friction over the taut skin. "Do they even make condoms big enough to fit this thing? It's like trying to cover a baseball bat."

Heather swapped her hand around William's rock-hard cock and heavy sack at the base, her crimson talons digging slightly into the delicate skin as she squeezed, making his balls bulge upward obscenely like ripe fruits ready for harvest.

Amanda licked her lips, leaving them glistening and plump, eyeing the hefty orbs hungrily as a thin strand of saliva connected her mouth to his shaft. "Look at these fat nuts," she purred, her voice thick with desire. "So full of boy-cum, swollen and ready to burst like overripe plums."

Together, the two women descended on his balls, licking and sucking the sensitive flesh with ravenous hunger. William groaned around Heather's

pussy, electric pleasure zinging through him like lightning strikes as their hot, velvet-soft mouths worked him over in perfect tandem.

He could feel their slick, nimble tongues tracing every wrinkle and fold of his sack, the delicate skin pebbling under their attention as they bathed him in warm, viscous spit that trickled down toward the mattress.

"Mmm, and this seam right here is my absolute favorite," Amanda murmured, her breath scorching hot against his most vulnerable flesh as she ran the pointed tip of her tongue along the raised ridge bisecting his scrotum, leaving a glistening trail of saliva in its wake. "So sexy."

She sealed her plump, cherry-red lips around it and sucked hard, creating an intense vacuum that made William jerk and gasp against Heather's soaked, swollen folds.

Not to be outdone, Heather joined her daughter in lavishing attention on that sensitive seam, her experienced tongue licking and nibbling the puckered flesh on either side with deliberate, torturous precision.

William thought he might pass out from the overwhelming intensity of sensation, his heavy balls drawing up tight against the base of his shaft as they tongued him there, their saliva mingling together in a slick, obscene cocktail. The rapturous pleasure bordered on pain, making his vision blur at the edges. He had no idea that part of his anatomy could feel so incredibly responsive when stimulated, each nerve ending singing with white-hot bliss.

Lost in a sexual daze, the cunt-munching teenager redoubled his efforts between Heather's splayed thighs, eating her out with sloppy abandon. He could feel her cunt fluttering around his plunging tongue, a sure sign that she was close. He suckled harder on her engorged clit, groaning as her tangy cream flooded his mouth.

"Fuck, yes, just like that!" Heather cried, grinding herself against his face. "Suck Grandma's clit, make me cum!"

Spurred on by her filthy encouragement, William worked her swollen bud mercilessly, flicking the tip of his tongue over it again and again. At the same time, he slipped two fingers into her dripping channel, pumping them in time with the bobs of his mother's head on his straining cock.

Heather's thighs clamped around his ears as her climax hit, her pussy gushing around his fingers. She wailed her pleasure, juices sluicing out to drench his chin. William lapped it all up greedily, relishing the way her cunt rippled and clenched as she rode out her peak against his mouth.

The knowledge that he'd made his grandmother come apart so intensely with just his tongue and fingers filled William with masculine pride. The teen moaned around Heather's dripping pussy—tangy and sweet like overripe peaches—as Amanda and his grandmother worshipped his cock and balls with their skilled mouths.

In one mind-melting move, Heather engulfed his entire throbbing length down her throat—all nine veiny inches disappearing past her crimson-painted lips—while Amanda sucked his heavy, plum-sized sack into her hot, wet mouth, her cheeks hollowing obscenely. Their luscious, stretched lips nearly met in the middle, connected only by a glistening thread of pearl-white saliva-slicked flesh that caught the candlelight.

The visual of them devouring him so wantonly, mascara running in black rivulets down their flushed cheeks as they choked and gagged on his most intimate parts, made William's head swim with lust. Electric tingles raced up his spine like lightning strikes at the feel of his mother's velvet-soft tongue massaging his delicate orbs, rolling them gently in their taut sac like precious marbles.

At the same time, his grandmother's throat muscles fluttered and squeezed around his aching cockhead—purple and swollen to the size of a ripe plum—the sensation of those silken walls rippling against his sensitive glans almost too intense to bear.

Acting on pure instinct, William reached down and sank his fingers into Heather's dark hair. He held her head in place as he started to slowly pump his hips, fucking her face with shallow thrusts.

She gagged and sputtered around his girth but took him eagerly, her crimson lips stretched obscenely. He groaned at the incredible suction, the way her mouth and throat clenched around him like a tight, wet cunt.

"Fuck, Grandma, your mouth feels so good," William gritted out, eyes rolling back as he savored the velvety glide of her tongue along his pulsing shaft. He'd never felt anything so mind-blowingly exquisite, the taboo thrill of using his own grandmother's throat for his pleasure only heightening the dark ecstasy sparking through his veins.

Amanda hummed her approval around his balls, the vibrations making him jerk and gasp. She alternated between suckling each heavy orb, pulling on his spermatic cords, and laving her tongue along the seam between them, worshipping his sack with single-minded focus.

The dual stimulation of his mother and grandmother's mouths was rapidly pushing William toward the edge, his abs clenching and thighs trembling as his climax built at the base of his spine.

Lost to the growing maelstrom of sensation, William let his eyes flutter shut and his head fall back against the pillow. He focused on the feeling of Heather's wet, claspng heat engulfing his cock, Amanda's wicked tongue dancing over his balls, and the intoxicating scent and taste of his grandmother's pussy still smeared all over his face. The combination was dizzying, overwhelming in its intensity.

"Oh God, I'm gonna cum!" he panted, voice strangled. "Don't stop, please don't stop..." His grip tightened in Heather's hair as his hips began to piston frantically, fucking into her hot, welcoming mouth with abandon.

She took him deep again and again, gagging and choking around his plunging length but never letting up.

Heather's hands flew up to grip his forearms, her nails digging into his flesh as she let him roughly fuck her face. Her muffled moans vibrated deliciously around his plunging shaft, the sound obscenely wet and hungry.

William's heart galloped against his ribs, his balls drawing up tight inside his mother's mouth as his grandmother's rippling throat muscles massaged the sensitive head of his cock.

"Fuck!" he growled through gritted teeth, the word torn from somewhere deep in his chest. Heat seared through his veins, gathering in his groin like a glowing ember. The wet squelch and slurp of his mom and grandmother choking on his most private flesh filled his ears, drowning out everything else. In this moment, she was no longer his family members, but a vessels for his basest, most animalistic needs. Amanda continued to lave his churning balls with her wicked tongue, painting the delicate skin with obscenely wet, smacking licks. She knew all his most sensitive spots. Every swipe along the tender sides of his nuts, and that sensitive seam that separated them, made William's cock jerk and pulse in Heather's claspng heat.

His mother's fingernails raked lightly over his inner thighs, raising goosebumps in their wake and sending sparks of sensation sizzling to his core. The dual onslaught of their mouths shattered the last threads of William's control.

With a strangled shout, he slammed his grandmother's head down, burying himself to the hilt in her convulsing throat. His cock pulsed violently, unleashing a torrent of hot, thick cum directly into her belly.

Heather sputtered and gagged but swallowed it all, her neck muscles working furiously to gulp down each creamy jet. William's mind whited out with the force of his orgasm, electric bliss searing through every

nerve ending. He bucked and twitched, emptying his tongue-battered balls in what felt like endless spurts.

Amanda moaned around his contracting sack, tongue whipping over his pulsating orbs, prolonging his brain-melting climax.

When the last shudders finally subsided, William collapsed back against the bed, chest heaving and skin slick with sweat. He released his death grip on Heather's hair and she pulled off him with a gasp, strings of saliva and cum connecting her crimson lips to his hypersensitive cock. Her eyes were glassy, mascara smudged, but a satisfied smile curved her well-used mouth.

"Mmm, delicious as always, darling boy," she purred, voice a husky rasp.

Amanda released his well-sucked balls with a wet pop and sat up, licking her glistening lips. "I swear, you pump out more jizz every time. Those balls are a fucking wonder."

Her son just groaned weakly, utterly spent. His head spun, thoughts sluggish and disjointed in the aftermath of such intense pleasure.

William stirred awake the next morning, blinking groggily in the dim light filtering through the curtains. As his surroundings came into focus, his gaze landed on his mother standing by the bed, in the process of slipping on a pair of black lace panties trimmed with delicate pink ribbon.

His pulse immediately kicked up at the sight of her gloriously naked body, all those dangerous curves and valleys on full display. Amanda had her back to him, her thick, bodacious ass—round and firm as a ripe peach—pointed in his direction as she bent over.

The plump cheeks parted slightly, giving him a tantalizing glimpse of the dusky pink buttock nestled between them, puckered and tight like a rosebud. And below that, peeking out from the shadowy cleft, was the

smooth, hairless slit of her pussy, glistening with a hint of moisture in the soft morning light.

William's mouth went bone dry, his morning wood surging to full mast in an instant. Memories of burying his face between those succulent thighs the night before, of feasting on his mother's sweet nectar until she gushed on his tongue, made his balls tighten and his shaft throb insistently against his belly. God, he wanted to grab those plush hips and mount her from behind, shove his aching cock into her hot, tight cunt and rut like an animal. Claim her, mark her, make her his.

As if sensing his heated gaze on her, Amanda looked back over her shoulder at him. A knowing smile curved her lush mouth as she took in his flushed cheeks and lust-glazed eyes, zeroing in on the impressive tent he was pitching under the sheets. Her own eyes sparked with mischief and barely restrained hunger.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," she purred, slowly straightening up. Her giant tits swayed heavily with the motion, the fat nipples puckered into tight peaks. They hung down like ripe, heavy watermelons, begging to be squeezed and suckled. "Sleep well?"

William swallowed hard, trying to find his voice. His heart pounded in his chest, his skin prickling with awareness as if he could feel his mother's sultry gaze raking over his barely covered form. The intoxicating scent of her arousal perfumed the air, making his head swim.

"Uh, y-yeah," he managed to croak, shifting subtly to ease the pressure on his throbbing erection. He prayed she wouldn't notice the damp spot of pre-cum soaking through the thin material. "You?"

"Uh huh," she smirked as she watched him squirm, clearly enjoying the effect she was having on him. She took a step closer to the bed, her succulent thighs brushing together with a soft rasp.

William's hungry gaze followed the movement, his fingers itching to reach out and caress all that warm, silky skin.

"I slept like a baby," she murmured, voice husky. "Though I'm feeling quite...energized this morning."

A mischievous glint flickered in Amanda's eyes as she finished shimmying the lacy panties up over the ripe swells of her ass. She turned to fully face William, a coy smile playing about her lips as she watched his gawk at her huge mommy-milkers.

"You know, I was thinking... if we went out foraging today, we might be able to find some useful supplies." Her gaze drifted meaningfully to the straining tent in the sheets over his groin. "Maybe even some extra-large condoms, if we got really lucky."

William's heart stuttered in his chest at her suggestive tone, a fresh surge of blood rushing to his already painfully hard cock. The pulse pounded in his ears as he stared at his mother, hardly daring to believe what he was hearing. Was she actually hinting at what he thought - what he desperately hoped - she was?

With a final wink, Amanda turned and sauntered out of the room, her succulent ass swaying hypnotically. William stared after her, chest heaving with shallow breaths as he tried to process what had just happened. The throbbing ache in his cock was almost unbearable now, the sheet tented obscenely and spotted with pre-cum.

An hour later, William's heart raced as he slipped out of the apartment with his mother, Heather's words from earlier still ringing in his ears. Could they really be so lucky as to find condoms out there, amidst all the chaos and scarcity? The possibility made his cock throb insistently in his jeans, aching to finally sink into Amanda's forbidden heat.

They crept along the deserted streets, hugging the shadows and keeping their ears strained for any sounds of danger. William's mouth went dry every time he glanced over at his mother, drinking in the way her breasts bounced and swayed with each step, how her thick thighs flexed as she

walked. The urge to grab her, to pin her against the nearest wall and ravage her, simmered just beneath his skin.

After several tense minutes, they reached the small pharmacy on the corner. The door hung slightly ajar, the glass storefront dark. William's stomach clenched with apprehension as they slipped inside, both from the fear of what they might encounter and the desperate hope of what they might find.

To his shock, Amanda immediately headed straight for the back of the store where the condoms would be. William's pulse pounded in his ears as he watched her round that aisle, hardly daring to breathe. A moment later, he heard her defeated sigh.

"All gone," Amanda said grimly as he joined her. "Cleaned out."

William's heart sank as he took in the empty shelves, not a single box or packet of prophylactics in sight. Of course others would have already looted the condoms in the early days of the outbreak. It had been foolish to get his hopes up.

Just then, a shuffling noise from the front of the store made them both freeze. Through the gaps in the shelving, William spotted a lone flesh-eater shambling into the pharmacy, its dead eyes roving hungrily. Adrenaline spiked through his system.

Grabbing his mother's hand, William yanked her down into a crouch, putting a finger to his lips. They huddled together behind the condom display, barely breathing as they listened to the creature stumbling around, knocking over items as it searched for prey.

William's senses heightened, his every nerve ending electrified with fear and the awareness of Amanda's warm body pressed against his side. He could smell the sweet scent of her hair, feel the heavy press of her breasts against his arm as she leaned into him. His treacherous cock swelled in his jeans, arousal warring with terror inside him.

After several agonizing minutes, the flesh-eater shuffled back out of the pharmacy, apparently losing interest. William exhaled shakily, his heart still racing. He glanced over at his mother, seeing his own relief and disappointment reflected in her blue eyes.

"Let's get outta here," Amanda whispered, clutching her son's hand tightly.

William's heart thundered in his ears as he and Amanda burst out the back door of the pharmacy, only to come face to face with a gang of rough-looking men, all armed to the teeth.

The leader, a burly brute with cold eyes, stepped forward and looked them over, his gaze lingering on Amanda's curves.

"Well, well, what do we have here?" he drawled, fingering the gun at his hip. "A pretty little thing and her boy toy out for a stroll?"

William's jaw clenched, anger and fear warring in his gut as he moved protectively in front of his mother. "We don't want any trouble," he said, trying to keep his voice steady. "We were just looking for supplies, but the place is cleaned out."

The leader smirked, exchanging an amused glance with his cronies. "Is that so? Well, I think you'd better empty your pockets, just to be sure you're not holding out on us."

William's blood ran cold at the predatory gleam in the man's eyes. He could feel Amanda trembling behind him, her fingers digging into his arm. Slowly, he reached into his jacket and pulled out the measly granola bar and pack of batteries he'd managed to scrounge, holding them out with a shaking hand.

The leader snatched the items away, sneering in disgust. "This is it? Fucking useless." He tossed them aside and advanced on William, towering over him menacingly. "Looks like you'll have to provide us with some other form of...entertainment then."

William's stomach turned at the lecherous way the man's gaze raked over Amanda, the implication clear in his tone. He swallowed hard, mind racing for a way out of this nightmare.

"Please," Amanda spoke up, her voice quavering. "He's my son. We're just trying to survive, like everyone else."

The leader's eyes widened, a grotesque grin splitting his face as he looked between William and Amanda with renewed interest. "Your son, huh? Well isn't that a pretty picture." He licked his lips, gaze zeroing in on Amanda's heaving chest. "Bet you two have been real close lately, haven't you? Keeping each other warm at night?"

Hot shame flooded William's cheeks at the man's crude insinuation, even as a traitorous pulse of arousal throbbed through him at the forbidden mental images it conjured. He gritted his teeth, fists clenching at his sides.

The leader stepped closer, his rancid breath washing over them. "I think me and my boys would sure enjoy watching a little mother-son bonding time, if you catch my drift."

His cronies snickered and hooted their approval, leering at Amanda like a pack of hyenas.

William's blood turned to ice in his veins as the gang leader spelled out exactly what he wanted to see. The man's eyes glinted with cruel amusement, his lips curled in a lecherous sneer as he described the depraved act in lurid detail.

"Strip off her panties like the horny animal you are," the brute commanded, jerking his chin toward Amanda. "Then lift her up against that wall and let her wrap those sexy legs around you. I wanna see you fuck her like a savage, boy. Pound that sweet mommy cunt until you blast your wad deep in her belly."

Bile rose in William's throat, revulsion twisting his guts at the man's filthy words. Beside him, Amanda shuddered, a choked sob escaping her lips.

"Please, he's my son! I can't...we don't even have protection!" she pleaded desperately, clutching William's arm.

The gang laughed, a harsh, ugly sound in the tense air. The leader fondled his gun, his meaning clear. "Well then, I guess you'd better pray he doesn't knock you up, sweetheart. Now put on a good show for us, or else."

William's heart jackhammered against his ribs, his mind reeling as he stared at his mother's ashen face. The reality of their nightmarish situation crashed over him - they had no choice. If they didn't comply with this twisted demand, the gang would surely do much worse.

With trembling hands, he reached for the waistband of Amanda's leggings, his stomach churning with dread and shame. But beneath the revulsion, a traitorous flicker of dark arousal pulsed through him at the idea of finally claiming her, audience be damned. He squeezed his eyes shut, hating himself for the desperate ache in his cock.

"I'm so sorry, Mom," he whispered brokenly as he reluctantly peeled the fabric down her lush thighs, exposing her black lace panties. The sight made his mouth go dry, even as nausea rolled in his gut.

Amanda gave William a tremulous smile and leaned in close, her warm breath tickling his ear. "Don't be sorry, honey," she whispered. "This is what we both want, deep down. It's just happening under some unusual circumstances."

Her hand slid down to cup the straining bulge in his jeans, making him gasp. "I need you to enjoy yourself, Will. Let go and take me. I'll do the same. We'll get through this together."

Her husky words sent a bolt of lust sizzling down William's spine, momentarily eclipsing the fear and disgust churning in his gut. He stared

at his mother with wide eyes, hardly daring to believe what he was hearing. She was giving him permission, even encouraging him to...to rape her? No, not rape. She wanted this. Wanted him, despite the awful circumstances. The idea made his cock pulse and throb, the ache becoming unbearable.

With shaking hands, William hooked his trembling fingers in the waistband of Amanda's black lace panties and slowly dragged them down her silky thighs, the fabric catching slightly on her moistened skin. The intoxicating scent of her arousal hit his nostrils like a physical force, making his head swim and his vision blur at the edges.

He felt dizzy, feverish with conflicting emotions as he bared her most intimate flesh to his hungry gaze and the leering eyes of the gang members, whose hot breath he could feel even from several feet away. Amanda's pussy glistened in the harsh afternoon light, flushed a deep rose and visibly swollen with need, a thin strand of clear fluid stretching between her folds as the panties pulled away completely.

The plump lips of her sex parted like a ripe summer peach, revealing the glistening pink folds within, slick and pulsing with each rapid beat of her heart. At the apex of her cleft, the hood of her clit peeked out from its hiding place, engorged and begging for attention.

William's mouth watered involuntarily, his tongue pressing against the roof of his mouth even as his face flamed with shame, desire warring with revulsion inside him like two savage beasts. He wanted to drop to his knees right there on the filthy concrete, bury his face between his mother's quivering thighs, lap up her sweet cream until she gushed all over his tongue and chin. But not like this. Not with a gun to their heads and a jeering audience of unwashed men whose yellowed teeth flashed in the shadows.

"Fuck, that's a pretty pussy," the gang leader growled, palming the obscene bulge in his dirty jeans. "Lift her up, boy. Let's see you split her open on that big cock."

With trembling hands, William grasped the backs of Amanda's strong thighs and hoisted her up, pinning her against the rough brick wall. She immediately wrapped her matronly legs around his waist, the scorching heat of her bare sex pressing against his aching erection through his jeans. They both gasped at the contact, sparks of illicit pleasure shooting through their bodies despite the nightmarish circumstances.

"That's it," the leader leered, his cronies snickering and hooting. "Now whip out that horse cock and stuff her full, kid. Rut her like the horny beast."

William squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out the crude jeers and catcalls. This was a sick, twisted perversion of intimacy, but damn was he gonna enjoy it. Besides, what choice did he have? They would both likely end up brutalized or dead if he didn't comply.

William fumbled with the fly of his jeans, yanking the zipper down with a trembling hand. His cock sprang out, flushed and throbbing obscenely. The musky scent of his arousal mingled with Amanda's in the cold air.

Jaw clenched, he notched the broad head of his erection against his mother's weeping slit. They both shuddered at the electric contact, her slick folds parting to kiss the tip of his cock.

"I'm sorry," William choked out again, a hot tear escaping down his cheek as he held himself poised at her entrance.

This was so wrong, a sin of the highest order. And yet his body screamed for it, every cell vibrating with the primal need to rut, to claim, to fill her with his seed.

Amanda cupped his face, her blue eyes boring into his. Behind the fear and revulsion, he saw the glimmer of reassurance there, of permission.

"It's okay, baby," she breathed, her voice hitching. "I want you. I need you. Please..."

With a tortured groan that tore from the depths of his chest, William surged forward, burying himself to the hilt in his mother's clutching heat. Rapture exploded behind his eyes like a supernova, white-hot and all-consuming as her silken walls gripped him like a velvet vise, scorching and slick and so incredibly tight it made his vision blur at the edges.

Amanda's cry pierced the fetid alley air, her jet-black head falling back against the rough-hewn bricks, exposing the vulnerable column of her throat as he stretched and filled her completely. It was heaven and hell intertwined, the largest damn cock that had ever split her open, but with a scumbag audience.

The gang's guttural hoots and hollers echoed off the grimy walls, their vulgar words of encouragement slithering into William's ears like poisonous serpents as he began to move with desperate intensity. He withdrew until just the swollen, purple tip of his cock remained inside Amanda's fluttering sheath, then slammed back in with enough force to drive the breath from her lungs, repeating the brutal motion over and over until the world narrowed to nothing but the slick friction between their joined bodies.

There was nothing gentle or loving about their coupling, just a raw, animalistic rutting as he pounded up into her maternal core, grunting like a beast with each punishing thrust. Her soft body jolted violently against the wall with every impact, heavy breasts bouncing and sloshing wildly beneath the thin fabric of her shirt. Her strong thighs gripped his driving hips with surprising strength, the muscles beneath her silky shaved skin flexing with motherly power.

"Fuck, so tight," William panted, sweat trickling down his back as he split her open on his aching shaft. She clenched around him rhythmically,

milking his cock like her cunt was made for it. The wet, obscene slap of flesh on flesh echoed in the alley.

Amanda keened and shuddered in his arms, her nails raking down his back. "Will!" she gasped out, eyes rolling back. "Oh God, yes! Harder baby, fuck me harder!"

William's heart seized at her wanton cries, a fresh wave of scorching lust searing through him. This is what she sounded like when she was being fucked senseless, taken rough and hard and without protection.

The gang leader marveled at the strength of Amanda's legs wrapped around William's waist, her toned thighs and calves flexing visibly beneath her flushed skin as she clung to him desperately while he rutted into her. Beads of sweat trickled down the curve of her knee, catching the harsh afternoon light.

"Damn, Mama's got some grip!" he laughed, licking his cracked lips. "Bet that cunt is like a vise on your cock, boy, all pink and squeezing."

William gritted his teeth until his jaw ached, trying to block out the crude commentary that seemed to echo off the graffiti-covered brick walls surrounding them. But he couldn't help noticing the way his mother moved her wide hips in counterpoint to his thrusts, meeting him stroke for stroke with a dancer's precision.

She ground her pelvis against him in tight circles, the slick friction of her swollen clit—engorged to the size of a marble—against his coarse pubic hair making them both gasp in unison. As he pistoned into her, William felt his heavy balls, drawn up tight with arousal, slapping wetly against the crack of her ass with each rough drive, the impact creating tiny ripples across her flesh.

The sensation made him shudder violently, electric tingles zipping up his spine like lightning strikes. He'd never felt anything so incredible, so forbidden, so utterly consuming. The plush globes of Amanda's ass

flexed and bounced as she worked herself on his teenage boner, her splayed cunt-lips beating wetly against cock-root. The pale flesh of her buttocks jiggled obscenely beneath his trembling fingertips, which were leaving crescent-shaped indentations where he gripped her.

"Faster," Amanda panted against his ear, her hot breath sending shivers racing over his sweat-slicked skin. "Fuck me faster, baby. I need it."

A chorus of lewd hoots and hollers rose from the gang as they watched William pound into his mother against the alley wall. Their cruel, hungry eyes devoured the carnal spectacle, the air thick with their arousal.

"Damn, look at her go!" one of them crowed. "Mama's riding that cock like she was made for it. Rutting on him like a bitch in heat."

"Fuck yeah, she wants it bad," another agreed, palming himself through his filthy jeans. "Probably been gagging for her son's dick for years."

William felt his face flame at their vulgar commentary, even as his hips continued to piston feverishly between Amanda's splayed thighs. He hated that they could see how much she seemed to be enjoying this, her body undulating sensually against his, her cries of pleasure ringing in the cold air. It made the shame and guilt churning in his gut burn that much hotter.

"Holy shit, you see them titties?" a gang member remarked, voice heavy with lust. "Way they're bouncing around, gotta be a great big pair."

The leader licked his lips, eyes glued to where Amanda's giant breasts quivered and swayed with each brutal impact of William's hips. "Mmmm, yeah, those are some big fucking udders alright. Take 'em out kid!"

William's cheeks burned at the lewd demand, revulsion and humiliation twisting his guts. But Amanda leaned in close, her warm breath tickling his ear. "Just do what they say, baby," she whispered, a tremor in her voice. "We have to."

He met her gaze and saw the same conflicted heat simmering there that he felt - beneath the fear and shame, a dark thrill at the idea of exposing her to these rough men.

With shaking hands, William reached for the zipper of Amanda's jacket, slowly tugging it down.

The gang members hooted and hollered as he peeled the garment off with trembling fingers, revealing the thin cotton tank top stretched to its limits across her abundant curves.

William swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing painfully, fingers hovering at the frayed hem where a loose thread dangled. At Amanda's almost imperceptible nod—just a slight dip of her chin, her blue eyes glassy with unshed tears—he gathered the flimsy, sweat-dampened fabric between his index finger and thumb and pulled it upward inch by excruciating inch, exposing first her quivering stomach, then the delicate underwire of her black lace bra, intricate floral patterns barely containing the heavy flesh beneath.

"Fuck, those are some big titties!" one of the men crowed, his voice cracking with excitement as William's trembling fingers fumbled with the three tiny hooks of the clasp. The metal fastenings finally gave way with a soft snap that seemed to echo in the fetid alley air.

The lace cups fell forward and Amanda's heavy breasts tumbled free, swaying pendulously before settling, their considerable weight pulling them slightly to the sides. Her dusky rose-colored nipples, surrounded by huge goose-bumped areolas, puckered into stiff peaks in the cool air.

William's mouth went bone dry at the sight of so much creamy flesh quivering before him, blue veins visible beneath the translucent skin. His cock jerked violently inside her tight heat, a fresh surge of pre-cum leaking from the swollen purple tip and mingling with her slickness.

Forcing himself to move through the fog of shame and arousal, he slid the thin black bra straps down her slender arms, the elastic leaving

temporary red marks on her skin as the expensive-looking undergarment dropped with a soft whisper to the grimy, cigarette-butt-strewn ground.

"Bounce on that dick, girl!" the leader commanded, his dirt-encrusted fingers openly groping the substantial bulge straining against his torn denim pants. "Let's see them big udders fly!"

Face flaming, Amanda started to undulate her hips, taking William's throbbing length even deeper. He groaned low in his throat at the exquisite sensation of her silken walls rippling around him. Bracing his hands on the brick wall, he pistoned into her harder, making her giant breasts leap up and down.

The wet slap of flesh on flesh echoed obscenely in the alley as William split his mother open on his aching cock again and again. Her engorged nipples grazed his chest with every roll of her hips, electric sparks skittering across his nerve endings at the delicious friction.

"So fucking hot," Amanda panted in his ear, jolting against him. "Your cock feels amazing, honey. Stretching me so good."

William squeezed his eyes shut as her filthy words washed over him, fighting the urge to spill himself inside her. The taboo wrongness of rutting into his own mother bareback in front of an audience made his balls tighten and his shaft swell impossibly harder.

The gang members lewdly commentated on the carnal spectacle, their vulgar encouragement ringing in William's ears.

"Goddamn that girl can fuck!"

"Look at the way her cunt's eatin' that big cock right up!"

He tried to block it out, to lose himself in the liquid heat of Amanda's core gripping him, the soft curves of her bouncing tits.

The gang's raucous hollering suddenly turned to screams of terror. William's head snapped toward the sounds and his eyes widened in

horror. A horde of flesh-eaters had been drawn by the noise, stumbling into the alley with grasping hands and gnashing teeth.

The leader let out a bloodcurdling shriek as several of the monsters descended on him, ripping into his flesh with savage hunger.

William's heart seized in his chest. Still buried deep in his mother's heat, he yanked himself free and grabbed for their discarded clothes.

Amanda scrambled to cover herself, hands shaking violently as she tried to pull on her panties and bra. All around them, the gang scattered in panic, some not fast enough to escape the ravenous clutches of the undead.

Bile rose in William's throat as he saw a young man fall beneath a swarm of rotting bodies, his agonized wails cut short by the wet, crunching sounds of feeding. Nausea rolled in his gut but the adrenaline screaming through his veins propelled him into action.

"We have to go, now!" he yelled, shoving his softening cock back into his jeans with a wince.

Amanda nodded jerkily, her face ashen as she zipped up her jacket over her bra. William grabbed her hand and together they raced back through the pharmacy, praying the flesh-eaters would be too distracted by their grisly feast to follow.

His lungs burned and his pulse roared in his ears as they burst out the front doors into the weak sunlight. The street was eerily empty, the groans and shrieks of the undead echoing from the alley.

William didn't slow down, dragging Amanda along as he sprinted in the direction of their apartment building. His heart pounded as they raced down the deserted street, the guttural moans of the flesh-eaters fading behind them.

Up ahead, he spotted a shambling group of undead blocking their path. Panic seized his chest. Without slowing, he yanked Amanda hard to the

left, pulling her into the yawning entrance of an underground parking garage.

The dank, musty smell of stale air and old motor oil assaulted William's nostrils as they plunged into the murky dimness. His eyes strained to make out shapes in the gloom - the hulking silhouettes of parked cars, support pillars stretching up to the low ceiling.

Their frantic footsteps echoed off the concrete, each slap of rubber on pavement making William flinch, sure it would draw the monsters' attention.

"In here," he hissed, veering toward a small sedan.

With shaking hands, he wrenched open the back door and all but dove inside, pulling Amanda in after him. They collapsed onto the threadbare cloth seats, chests heaving and pulses racing. William held himself absolutely still, ears straining for any sound of pursuit over the thundering of his own heart.

Long, tense minutes ticked by with no sign of the undead. William started to relax incrementally, his white-knuckled grip on the door handle loosening. He turned to check on his mom and found himself suddenly knocked back against the seat, the breath leaving him in a whoosh as she launched herself at him.

Her hot, soft body pressed him into the upholstery, heavy breasts smashing against his chest. Disoriented, he stared up at her, taking in her wild eyes and flushed cheeks, her dark hair falling in a tangled curtain around them. She looked crazed, frantic. He opened his mouth to ask if she was okay, but then her lips crashed down on his, swallowing his words.

Amanda kissed him with a desperate, bruising force, her tongue plunging past his teeth to plunder his mouth. William's eyes rolled back at the shocking intensity, his hands coming up to grip her hips reflexively. She tasted like fear and adrenaline, like forbidden lust.

His cock, which had wilted in the face of danger, surged back to life, swelling and thickening against the confines of his jeans.

Amanda's fingers scrabbled at his fly, yanking down the zipper with a harsh rasp. She shoved her hand inside, wrapping her fingers around his pulsing shaft and squeezing.

William bucked up into her touch with a strangled groan, sparks of pleasure sizzling up his spine. His head spun, reeling from the abrupt shift from mortal terror to blinding arousal. This was insane. They had nearly been killed, had witnessed horrors that would scar them for life. And now, his mother was all over him.

Amanda stripped off her clothes in a frenzied rush, fingers fumbling with buttons and zippers. Within seconds, she was gloriously naked, her huge breasts heaving and thighs glistening with arousal. William's mouth went bone dry as he took in the carnal sight, his cock throbbing urgently against his fly.

Not giving him a chance to react, Amanda yanked her son's jeans and boxers down his legs with such force that the denim caught briefly on his ankles before she wrenched them free. His straining erection sprang forth like a released spring, slapping up against his stomach with an audible wet smack, the engorged head flushed the deep crimson of a ripe plum, a glistening pearl of pre-cum oozing from the tiny slit.

She wasted no time straddling his hips, her succulent body hovering mere inches above his aching cock, the musky scent of her arousal filling the confined space of the car like an aphrodisiac.

William's heart hammered against his ribs so violently he could feel each thunderous beat in his temples as Amanda reached between them with trembling fingers and grasped his shaft, her cool palm making him hiss through clenched teeth. She notched the swollen head against her sopping slit, the delicate pink folds parting like flower petals around his crown.

He groaned low in his throat, the sound rumbling up from deep in his chest at the scorching heat of her, the slick slide of her honeyed arousal painting his sensitive glans in liquid silk. This was really happening. After all the buildup, the lingering glances, the accidental touches, the teasing and near misses, he was finally going to fuck his mother for real.

"We're finishing what we started," Amanda panted, her voice thready with need, hot puffs of breath fanning across his face. Her molten eyes, pupils blown so wide only a thin ring of amber remained, bored into his, dark with primal hunger.

A single bead of sweat trickled down between her heaving breasts as she whispered, "I can't wait anymore. I need you inside me, baby." With that, she sank down on him in one smooth glide, her weight driving him to the hilt inside her in a single devastating stroke, sheathing his throbbing cock in the velvet vice of her pussy.

William saw stars, rapture exploding behind his eyes like supernovas at the exquisite sensation of her silken walls gripping him, rippling and clenching around every throbbing inch. A choked moan tore from his throat, raw and animal, as she started to move, undulating her wide hips in figure-eight motions to take him even deeper, her inner muscles milking him with each downward plunge.

"Fuck, Mom!" he gasped, fingers sinking into the plush globes of her ass. He kneaded the taut flesh, urging her on as she rode him hard and fast. The wet, obscene slap of their bodies colliding filled the car, steaming up the windows.

Amanda fell forward, crushing her enormous, sweat-slicked breasts against William's heaving chest. The warm, heavy mounds engulfed him like pillowy quicksand, their velvet-soft skin scorching against his own. Her rosy nipples, hard as pencil erasers, raked across his pectorals with each frantic movement, leaving trails of electric fire that shot straight to his groin.

Lost in the churning whirlpool of forbidden desire, William's hips jackhammered upward, his granite-hard shaft plunging into the molten silk of his mother's core. Her inner walls, slick with arousal, gripped him like a velvet vise, each rippling contraction threatening to drain him completely.

Amanda's throaty cries echoed in the steamy confines of the car, her honeyed voice breaking on each desperate gasp. "So fucking good," she panted hotly against the sweat-dampened curve where his neck met his shoulder, her hot breath searing his skin.

Her hips worked in a skillful frenzied blur, thighs trembling with exertion as she bounced wildly on his lap. "Wanted this...wanted you...so much..."

William snarled, his senses overwhelmed by the hot press of his mother's lush body enveloping him like a Venus flytrap. In the close darkness of the car, he felt like a knotted ball of flesh, her heavy G-cup breasts slick with perspiration sliding and rippling against his heaving chest, her trembling thighs clamped around his waist like a vise, the frenzied pounding of their naked skin filling his ears with wet, rhythmic slaps.

His mother's tight, clinging sleeve—pink and swollen with arousal—milked his nine-inch cock mercilessly, the velvety ridges of her inner walls rippling along every throbbing vein, making his shaft pulse with feverish need.

Through the haze of blinding pleasure, he became acutely aware of the tender knob of his cockhead butting up against a slick ring of muscle deep inside her silken passage. Her cervix—that secret gateway to her womb—licked and suckled the exquisitely sensitive head of his dick on every forceful thrust, the delicate tissues kissing his purple crown with each impact, making him gasp and shudder. The sensation was mind-melting, like her body was trying to swallow him whole, consuming him from the tip down.

"Fuck, Mom, I can feel it," William gritted out through clenched teeth, fingertips sinking into the plush meat of her ass. "Your...your womb, it's kissing my tip..."

Amanda keened in response, clenching even tighter around his pistoning length. "Yes, baby! You're so deep, splitting me open!" Her hips rolled and undulated in a lewd grind, smearing her dripping essence all over his groin. Now his knob wasn't just kissing her cervical ring, it was plowing it exquisitely, smearing his gooey boy-nectar against the back wall of her vagina.

William's balls drew up tight, his abs tensing as he felt himself hurtling toward the edge. The knowledge that he was poised at the entrance to his mother's fertile depths, that there were no barriers between them, made a dark thrill sizzle up his spine.

His hindbrain screamed at him to let go, to flood her unprotected womb with his potent seed. To breed her. But a tiny spark of rationality surfaced through the fog of lust, reminding him of the potential consequences.

Panting harshly, he tried to still the instinctive pumping of his hips. "Mom, wait, I'm gonna... I can't come inside you!"

Amanda just moaned wantonly, grinding herself down on his throbbing erection. "I don't care," she gasped out, eyes wild and glassy with need. "I need it, Will. I need to feel you explode in my pussy, fill me up!"

Her filthy words shattered the last threads of William's control. With a guttural groan, he grabbed her hips and slammed up into her, burying himself to the hilt in her rippling heat. His cockhead speared past her cervix, lodging in the entrance to her womb as his balls drew up and his shaft pulsed violently.

"Uhhnnghh!!!" he savagely grunted as thick ropes of cum erupted from him, painting Amanda's clutching walls in molten blasts.

“Uhhngh, fuuuck mom!” William groaned as his cock jerked and pulsed inside Amanda's clutching sheath, erupting in thick spurts. His cock-root flexed over and over, as his iron-hard erection kicked and spat, hot semen surging up from his nuts in the form of long sperm-rich cords that splattered through his mother's birthing canal.

One of the millions of sperm cells surging from his balls began an arduous journey, transported through the vas deferens on a river of seminal fluid. It swam through the urethra and blasted from the tip of William's cock with incredible velocity, propelled by the powerful contractions of his prostate and pelvic floor muscles.

The sperm cell shot into Amanda's vaginal canal, which was slick and swollen with arousal. Her cunt squeezed and rippled around William's throbbing shaft, massaging the thick ropes of jizz from his balls.

The lone sperm navigated through the flood of semen bathing Amanda's passage, fighting its way deeper into her core with each flex and shudder of William's cock.

Past the ribbed flesh of Amanda's g-spot, the sperm swam onward, approaching the mouth of her cervix. Her womb contracted hungrily, siphoning the creamy spunk from her son's spurting cock.

With a final spasm, William buried himself to the root in his mother's molten heat, the head of his dick crushing against her cervix as the last jets of cum erupted from him.

The intrepid sperm cell was sucked through Amanda's cervical opening on the tide of jizz flooding her. It wriggled through the narrow passage, microscopic tail whipping furiously. When it finally emerged in the warm, wet haven of Amanda's uterus, it began searching for the fallopian tube that sheltered her waiting egg.

For days, the sperm would swim through the dark recesses of Amanda's womb, mingling with its brethren. Most would die off, unable to survive

the long journey. But this hardy swimmer would find its way to the fallopian tube.

Propelled by biological imperative, it would pierce the soft wall of Amanda's ovum, fucking itself into the center and releasing its precious genetic cargo.

In that moment of conception, William's seed would take root in his mother's fertile body. The spark of new life would flare into existence, an embryo created from the forbidden union of mother and son.

As William's orgasm finally subsided, his softening cock slipping from Amanda's well-used hole in a gush of seed, he had no way of knowing the consequences of their reckless passion. All he could focus on was the fading bliss still sparking along his nerve endings and the sated weight of his mother's lush body draped over him.

They clung to each other in the humid confines of the car, slick with sweat and the mingled fluids of their coupling before cautiously returning home.

The next afternoon, William was napping on his bed, his gangly limbs splayed akimbo. Heather and Amanda sat at the kitchen table, steaming mugs of instant coffee cradled in their hands. The weak sunlight filtering through the grimy window cast their faces in a sallow glow.

Amanda shifted in her chair, worrying her lower lip between her teeth. Her fingers tapped a restless staccato on the chipped formica. Finally, she blurted out in a rush, "Will and I had sex yesterday. In a car in some parking garage, after we almost got eaten by zombies."

Heather's eyebrows shot up, but a sly smile played about her crimson lips. "Well well, you little minx! I was wondering why you two looked so flushed and guilty when you got back."

She leaned in conspiratorially. "So, how was it? Everything you'd been fantasizing about?"

A hot blush stained Amanda's cheeks, but her blue eyes sparkled with giddy excitement, like a teenager sharing naughty secrets at a sleepover. "God, Mom, it was incredible. His cock, it's just so big and hard and it felt amazing splitting me open." She squirmed a little in her seat, remembering the delicious stretch and burn of her son's thick shaft plundering her needy cunt.

"Oh, trust me... I know exactly what you mean," Heather purred, a wicked gleam in her eye. "He fucked me from behind in an alley the other day, and I swear, I've never come so hard in my life. The way he grabbed my hips and just railed me, like a wild animal..."

Amanda gaped at her mother, scandalized and aroused in equal measure. "Mom! I can't believe you let him do you in public like that! What if someone saw?"

Heather waved a dismissive hand. "Oh please, it's the apocalypse. No one cares about a little al fresco fun anymore." Her expression turned dreamy, a flush rising on her lined cheeks. "Besides, the thrill of getting caught just made it hotter. Feeling that huge young cock pumping me full of cum where anyone could see."

Amanda shivered, her pussy clenching at the vivid mental image. She could almost feel the phantom soreness between her legs from her own forbidden coupling. "Yeah, I know what you mean," she admitted, voice husky. "When Will came inside me, I swear I almost blacked out. He filled me up so much, I thought it would gush back out."

Heather licked her lips, eyes heavy-lidded. "Mmm, I love that feeling. That virile seed flooding your womb, all hot and sticky. Makes you feel claimed. Owned."

Amanda nodded slowly, worrying her lower lip between her teeth. "I suppose there's nothing really wrong with it, given the circumstances," she mused, almost to herself. "I mean, the world has gone to hell. We could be dead tomorrow. Why not take comfort and pleasure where we can find it?"

She glanced over at William's sleeping form, a tender smile playing about her lips. "And it's not like he's a child anymore. He's a young man now, with a young man's needs and desires."

Heather hummed her agreement, sipping her coffee. "Exactly. We all need a distraction from the horrors outside. A way to feel alive and human again, even if it's only for a little while." Her blue eyes sparkled with mischief. "Besides, think of how much fun we could have, sharing him between us. Teaching him everything we know about pleasing a woman."

Amanda's breath caught at the scandalous suggestion, a dark thrill zinging through her. She pictured it in her mind - her and her mother working in tandem to drive William wild with ecstasy, their hands and mouths roaming over his lean young body. Showing him the secrets of the flesh, initiating him into a decadent world of sexual pleasure.

Her pussy clenched and grew slick at the forbidden images, arousal simmering low in her belly. God, the depravity of it - the three of them tangled up naked together, all social mores and propriety abandoned in favor of hedonistic indulgence. It was so wrong, but that only made it more tempting.

"Can you imagine the look on his face," Amanda breathed, "when he finds out he gets to fuck both his mom and grandma at the same time? That we want him to make us cum over and over again with that big cock of his?"

Heather laughed throatily, crimson nails tapping against her mug. "Oh, I'm sure he'll be absolutely shocked at first. But once he realizes this is

really happening, that we're offering him the ultimate male fantasy..." She shook her head, smirking. "He'll be like a kid in a candy store. Or should I say, a very lucky young man in a pussy paradise."

Amanda giggled, her face heating at the crude humor. This whole situation was so surreal, so far beyond the pale of normal mother-son dynamics. But the taboo wrongness of it only stoked the flames of her desire higher.

In a world turned upside down, where death and worse lurked around every corner, the old rules no longer seemed to apply. All that mattered was chasing whatever fleeting pleasure and comfort they could find in each other.

As the red glow of the heater faded away, a chill crept into the apartment.

"That was the last of the propane," Heather sighed, frowning at the dark heater. "We'll have to find another way to stay warm tonight."

A sly smile curved Amanda's lips as her gaze drifted to William's sleeping form through his open bedroom doorway. "I can think of a few ways," she purred suggestively. She raised an eyebrow at her mother. "Shall we?"

Heather's blue eyes sparkled with mischief. "After you, darling."

The two women crept into the bedroom, stripping off clothes as they went. Asses wagged and heavy tits trembled as they moved in like lionesses stalking their prey. By the time they reached the bed, they were both gloriously naked, all dangerous curves and creamy skin.

William stirred as the mattress dipped under their weight, his brow furrowing.

"Wha—" he mumbled groggily, blinking up at them in confusion. But then his sleep-fogged brain registered the carnal sight before him and his eyes widened.

The teen's cock sprang to full, throbbing attention as he watched his mother and grandmother crawl onto the bed, their massive, heavy breasts swaying and dangling like ripe fruit, the dusky rose-brown nipples grazing the Egyptian cotton sheets.

They moved with feline grace, surrounding him on either side with their abundant, naked flesh—Amanda's curves still firm despite childbearing, Heather's body softer with age but no less enticing. His mouth went desert dry, pulse hammering in his ears like tribal drums as he was engulfed in ripe, womanly curves that smelled of jasmine and musk.

Acres of creamy alabaster skin and jiggling MILF mommy-meat filled his vision, a few dimples and stretch marks only enhancing their mature beauty. The intoxicating scent of their arousal—tangy and sweet like nectar—filled his nostrils, making his head swim with primal hunger. His rigid shaft flexed against his belly, a clear pearl of pre-cum beading at the purplish crown.

William's eyes darted back and forth between Amanda's hourglass silhouette and Heather's voluptuous form, hardly daring to believe this was really happening. That these two gorgeous, experienced women with their knowing smiles and bedroom eyes were naked in his bed, their succulent bodies on wanton display just for him.

"We thought you might be cold," Amanda purred, her voice like warm honey in his ear. "So we decided to come warm you up."

Her fingers danced over his chest, leaving trails of tingling heat in their wake.

"In any way we can," his grandmother added, tugging off his shirt.

Amanda was yanking down his sweatpants, the chill air hitting his bare flesh and making him gasp. The electric brush of their fingers against his skin felt shockingly real.

"Oh my," Heather breathed, drinking in the sight of him laid bare. "Look how big and hard he is already, Amanda."

William followed his grandmother's hungry gaze and flushed hotly at his jutting erection, the thick veiny shaft flushed a deep red and pulsing with need. A pearly bead of pre-cum glistened at the slit, betraying his desperate arousal.

Before he could react, Amanda and Heather descended on him in a tangle of supple limbs and smothering curves. They pressed against him on either side, surrounding him in a cocoon of plush, perfumed flesh that radiated feverish heat.

Amanda's 38G breasts with their dusky rose nipples abraded his chest while Heather's softer, heavier 40H mounds pressed against his back, both sets of hardened peaks leaving tingling trails across his sensitive skin.

Satiny MILF thighs slotted between his legs. Their smooth, hairless mounds nestled against his aching cock, smearing his meat with their slippery, fragrant secretions. Amanda's cherry-red lips brushed the shell of William's ear, her jasmine-scented breath hot and moist against his skin. "Let's play a little game," she purred, voice dripping with honeyed promise. "Think of a naughty question for us, something sexual. Whichever one of us gets closest to the right answer gets to ride your big hard dick first."

William's pulse pounded at his mother's wicked suggestion. His mind reeled as he tried to think past the throbbing ache of his erection and the intoxicating press of their naked flesh against him. A naughty question? He swallowed hard, the first filthy thing that popped into his head spilling out.

"H-how many times a week did I jerk off?" he asked hoarsely. "You know, before all this happened."

Heather laughed, a deep throaty chuckle that vibrated against his back. "Oh, I like this game!" Her crimson nails skated over his trembling abs. "Such a horny young man. I'm gonna guess...once a day, so seven times a week."

William shook his head, face flaming. That had been true when he was younger, but lately, with his balls constantly aching.

Amanda cupped his chin, turning him to face her. Her blue eyes glinted wickedly. "A strapping boy your age, with all that pent up energy and nowhere to put it? I bet you're choking that chicken morning and night. Fourteen times a week, at least."

William's mouth fell open. She was exactly right, almost like she had been spying on him furtively fapping under the blankets. How had she known?

"I'll take that look as confirmation that Mommy guessed correctly," Amanda purred, satisfaction dripping from her voice. She threw a leg over his hips, straddling him. "Which means I get first ride on this nice thick dick."

William gasped as she reached between them and wrapped her fingers around his straining erection. He looked down, nearly hypnotized by the sight of his flushed cockhead poking out obscenely from her grip.

The air left his lungs in a rush as she notched him at her entrance, the slick heat of her arousal painting his glans.

Amanda locked eyes with him, her gaze molten. "Watch me take you inside me, baby," she breathed. "Watch your big fat dick disappear in Mommy's tight little cunt."

With that, she sank down on him in one smooth glide, sheathing him to the hilt in the scorching suck of her sex. A choked moan punched out of William's chest at the mind-melting ecstasy of her silky walls gripping him so snugly. It was heaven, paradise, nirvana. Nothing had ever felt so

good as his mother's perfect, dripping snatch wrapped around him like a velvet fist.

Heather watched, transfixed, as her daughter's thick, rounded ass came to rest on William's thighs, his balls wedged against the crack at the base of her buns.

"Mmm, swallowed to the root," she purred, then gave her girl a sharp SMACK on the ass. "Go get it, baby girl. Chase that release."

Heather watched Amanda work herself into a steady grinding rhythm astride William's hips. The middle-aged mother moved like a sexual athlete whose sole purpose was to fuck, swiveling her pelvis back and forth with powerful, undulating force. The muscles of her lush body flexed fluidly beneath the silky skin as she rode William hard and fast, impaling herself on his thick cock again and again.

Her hands came up to cup and squeeze her enormous breasts, fingers sinking into the pliant flesh. She kneaded the heavy mounds, pushing them together and then letting them bounce free.

The giant, jiggling tits swung hypnotically above William's awestruck face with each roll of Amanda's hips, the jutting nipples grazing his parted lips.

William stared up at the carnal sight, hardly able to believe this was really happening - that his gorgeous, busty mother was actually fucking herself on him with wild abandon.

The wet, obscene slap of her dripping pussy engulfing his aching cock filled the room, punctuated by her wanton moans. He could feel every nuance of her scorching, silk-soft sheath as it gripped him snugly from root to tip, massaging his rigid length.

"Fuck yeah, baby, your cock feels so good," Amanda panted, head thrown back in ecstasy as she rode him.

Her untamed sounds of pleasure spurred William on, made him pump his hips up to meet her downward thrusts. He grabbed her undulating ass, fingers sinking into the jiggling cheeks, urging her to take him even harder.

The way his mother's pussy clenched and fluttered around him as she used his cock for her pleasure was driving William out of his mind with sensation. Electric heat sizzled up his spine like lightning striking a metal rod, gathering in his churning balls until they felt swollen and tight as overripe plums.

He could feel the spongy head of his dick butting up against her cervix on every deep plunge, kissing the entrance to the womb that once held him with each wet, velvety slide. Her inner walls gripped him like a silken vise, rippling and squeezing with rhythmic pulses that threatened to milk him dry.

The knowledge that he was bare inside her, with no latex barrier to catch his impending release, made dark satisfaction pulse through him like hot tar flowing through his veins.

Heather licked her lips as she observed the incestuous spectacle, eyes heavy-lidded with lust. The shameless, animalistic way her daughter was fucking her own son, the lewd bouncing of her giant mommy-udders, was the hottest thing she had ever witnessed.

Arousal pounded through the older woman's veins, making her pussy clench and gush around nothing. She couldn't wait for her turn to ride William's magnificent cock, to feel it stretching her open and pumping her full of virile cum.

Heather nuzzled up against her grandson, her warm breath tickling his ear as she purred salacious instructions. "Slap her ass, darling. A woman Amanda's age loves it rough."

William's heart hammered at his grandmother's wicked suggestion. He gazed up at his mother's voluptuous body undulating above him, her giant tits bouncing hypnotically as she rode his cock. Almost of their own accord, his hands drifted to the jiggling cheeks of her ass, fingers sinking into the plush flesh.

SMACK! The sharp sound of his palm connecting with Amanda's ample rear cut through her wanton moans. Her pussy clenched hard around William's shaft in response, making him gasp. Emboldened, he did it again, his hand leaving a stinging red imprint on her dimpled buttock.

"Fuck yes!" Amanda cried, throwing her head back in ecstasy as she ground herself harder on William's steely erection. "Spank Mommy's naughty ass while she fucks this big dick!"

William was lost to the dizzying maelstrom of sensation - the lewd jiggle and bounce of his mother's abundant curves, the tight suck of her pussy swallowing his aching cock, the wicked sting in his palm as he smacked her rippling cheeks. He felt possessed, taken over by an animalistic hunger.

All rational thought fled his mind as he humped up into Amanda's slick heat, chasing the exquisite friction around his penile flesh. His balls slapped wetly against her ass with each brutal thrust, heavy and swollen with his impending release.

"Ungff, shit!" he gasped, feeling her muscular sheath gripping him rhythmically, milking his shaft as she impaled herself again and again. His flaring coronal rim slipped along the spongy pleats lining his mom's pink canal, stimulating his most sensitive nerve-endings.

"That's it, baby," Heather urged breathlessly, her crimson nails raking down William's chest. "Pound that sweet cunt. Make Mommy come all over your big fat cock."

Her filthy encouragement spurred William on. He worked his lean hips and slammed up into Amanda's dripping slit, the force of his thrusts making her huge tits bounce and ripple wildly. The headboard thudded against the wall, the mattress springs creaking as mother and son rutted with feral abandon.

William had fucked a handful of girls in high school – flirty make-out sessions that escalated to awkward, fumbling sex in backseats or on basement couches during parties. They had been sloppy, giggling affairs, the girls acting more impressed by his oversized cock than actually knowing how to handle it.

None of them had moved like his mother, with such confident sensuality and passion. The way Amanda fucked was on a completely different level, light years beyond William's limited experience. She worked her voluptuous body like she had been specifically designed to give a man the ultimate pleasure, squeezing and rippling her cunt along his throbbing shaft with expert finesse.

She instinctively seemed to know exactly how to angle her hips, how to grind her pelvis in lewd circles, taking him so deep inside her slick heat that he felt like he stirring up her womb. It was like his mother was a master cock-fucker, born to ride a man into oblivion. And William was just along for the mind-blowing ride, a willing vessel for her to use in search of her own climax.

He gazed up at her in awe as she undulated above him, her massive tits bouncing hypnotically, the muscles of her soft stomach clenching and flexing with each roll of her wide hips. Her head was thrown back in ecstasy, eyes closed and lush mouth slack as wanton moans spilled from her throat. He had never seen anything so erotic, so shamelessly carnal.

This was a side of his mother he had never witnessed before – a sensual goddess, a creature of pure lust. And all that sexual energy was focused solely on him, on wringing every drop of pleasure from his aching body.

William's own climax was building rapidly, his balls drawing up tight and his abs tensing as the first tingle started at the base of his spine. Amanda's cunt was gripping him so snugly, massaging every throbbing inch of his shaft as she rode him hard and fast. He could feel her body starting to tense and shudder above him, her inner muscles fluttering wildly around his plunging cock.

An orgasm hit the large-breasted like a lightning strike, her body seizing up with the force of it. Her spine arched into a perfect bow, thrusting her enormous, glistening tits outward where they swung and bounced with hypnotic momentum, their rosy nipples tracing frantic circles in the air.

She threw her head back, black hair cascading down her sweat-slicked back as an ear-piercing scream of ecstasy tore from her throat, the sound reverberating off the bedroom walls.

William felt her silken cunt clamp down around his throbbing shaft with vice-like pressure, the muscular walls rippling and spasming erratically, massaging every sensitive inch of him as she came apart above him.

A flood of hot, honey-sweet girl-cum gushed from between their joined flesh, soaking his crotch and running in pearlescent rivulets down the sides of his tightening balls, pooling on the twisted sheets beneath them.

Blinded and nearly suffocated by Amanda's enormous rack, William could only feel as he drove his oversized dong up into her clenching pussy. The wet squelch of her drenched folds swallowing him again and again echoed obscenely in his ears. Her juices gushed around his plunging cock and matted his pubic hair.

"Holy... shit, wow!" William gasped, feeling as though his steely meat was being put through the wringer. His hands roamed greedily over the undulating landscape of Amanda's body - the silky expanse of her back, the taut muscles flexing beneath as she worked herself on him, the jiggling globes of her ass.

He palmed the plush cheeks, fingers sinking into the abundant flesh. It still shocked him that he was actually allowed to grab and grope his mother this way, to mold and shape her seductive curves to his will.

Heather's shout rang in William's ears. "Spank her ass again, darling! She'll soak you even more!"

Heart thundering like a war drum, William brought his trembling palm down on Amanda's rippling buttock with a resounding SMACK that echoed off the bedroom walls. The flesh jiggled like gelatin under the impact, instantly blooming crimson in the perfect outline of his fingers.

Sure enough, he felt a fresh gush of honey flood around his pussy-plunging cock, viscous and scalding hot, making the obscene squelch of their coupling even louder, like someone stirring macaroni in a pot.

"Do it again!" Heather yelled from inches away, her voice thick as molasses with lust, her hot breath tickling his ear.

William obeyed without hesitation, the sharp sting in his palm sending an electric thrill straight to his balls that made them draw up tight against his body. Amanda cried out—a primal, guttural sound that barely resembled a human voice—her pussy clenching and fluttering wildly around him like a silken vise, rippling with spasms as another spurt of cream coated his thrusting shaft.

The pearlescent fluid oozed down his length, pooling at the base where their bodies joined. He could hardly believe the effect his smacks were having on her, driving her pleasure to new heights, transforming his proper mother into this wanton creature.

Lost to the dizzying storm of sensation, William alternated between squeezing and spanking the jiggling globes of his mother's ass—now mottled red and white like marble—as he hammered up into her from below, the mattress springs creaking in protest.

Each slap made her dripping cunt spasm around him, eliciting broken moans and sobs of ecstasy that tore from her throat. Sweat slicked their bodies, the musky scent of sex hanging heavy in the air. He'd never seen her so wild, so utterly debauched, her mascara running in black rivulets down her flushed cheeks.

"Fuck, Will!" Amanda keened, her huge tits mashed against his face. "Don't stop, I'm gonna...ungh...I'm gonna come again!"

Spurred on by her desperate cries, William gripped her hips hard enough to bruise and slammed her down onto him as he thrust up, burying himself to the hilt. He ground his pubic bone against her swollen clit, rubbing the sensitive nub just right.

With a strangled scream, Amanda convulsed above him, her cunt rippling almost violently along his pistoning length. A flood of molten cream gushed out around his cock, soaking his balls and dripping down the crack of her ass. William groaned at the scalding heat, the slippery slide of her release letting him plunge even deeper.

As Amanda shuddered through the aftershocks, William felt his own climax finally barreling down on him, his sack drawing up tight. The base of his spine tingled, the pressure in his cock reaching a fever pitch.

"Shit, I'm close!" he gritted out, fingers digging into the meat of Amanda's ass. "Where do you want it, Mom?"

"Inside me!" she sobbed, still impaled on his throbbing cock. "I need to feel you explode in my pussy, fill me up!"

Her filthy pleas shattered the last gossamer threads of William's restraint like a wrecking ball through stained glass. With a ragged, primal shout that tore from the depths of his heaving chest, he slammed up into her one final time—his pelvis a battering ram, his spine arching off the sweat-soaked sheets—and surrendered completely.

His engorged dick pulsed violently inside the pink sleeve of her cunt, the thick veins snaking along its length visibly throbbing as it geysered rope after pearlescent rope of scalding cum directly against her quivering cervix.

Amanda's kohl-rimmed eyes flew wide, her pupils blown to black saucers as she wailed—a banshee cry that clawed its way from her lipstick-smearred mouth. Her entire body convulsed as she felt the molten heat of her son's virile seed flooding her womb in torrential waves, painting her fluttering inner walls with spurt after copious spurt of thick, potent teenage cream that seemed endless in its volume.

The mother rolled her pelvis lazily, savoring the last vestiges of friction and fullness as William's spent shaft slipped from her well-used channel with an obscene wet sound. A rivulet of pearlescent fluid trickled from between her swollen, reddened folds, soaking into the already damp sheets beneath her trembling thighs.

She sighed in satisfaction, a sated smile curving her lush mouth, smeared lipstick creating a crimson halo around her kiss-bruised lips. Her silky inner muscles fluttered involuntarily, already missing the thick heat of him stretching her open.

After a few languid minutes, Amanda shifted and rolled off of her son with a soft moan that vibrated deep in her throat. She settled next to him on the bed, her heavy breasts lolling to the sides like ripe melons, nipples still pebbled and glistening with the residue of his eager mouth.

The heady musk of sex clung heavily to her gleaming skin, mingling with the faint floral notes of her expensive perfume. William felt the mattress dip as his grandmother moved to take Amanda's place, the springs creaking in protest beneath her substantial weight.

Before William could fully register what was happening, Heather was kneeling beside him, her crimson mouth descending toward his cum-streaked cock. The first swipe of her tongue along his sticky shaft made

him jerk and gasp, oversensitive flesh sparking with sensation. She lapped at him with long, luxurious strokes, cleaning the creamy evidence of his coupling with Amanda from his skin.

The flavor burst over her taste buds - an intoxicating mélange of her grandson's musky seed and her daughter's tangy essence. William's cock began to twitch and swell again under Heather's skillful ministrations despite his spent state. The sight of her red lips wrapped around him, cheeks hollowing as she suckled, made arousal lick through his veins once more.

He groaned low in his throat, transfixed by the erotic visual. His grandmother's wicked mouth felt so incredible, wet velvet caressing his rapidly hardening flesh.

"Mmm, you taste divine, darling," Heather purred as she released him with a lewd pop. She pumped her fist along his renewed erection, admiring the way it pulsed and throbbed in her grip, flushed a deep, angry red. "Nothing better than the cream filling of a virile young man, especially when it's mixed with a sweet dose of girl cum."

William shuddered at her filthy words, his cock jerking in her hand. He could hardly believe this was happening - that his grandmother was literally sucking the fluids from his and Amanda's forbidden coupling off his dick, and it was making him painfully hard all over again. The taboo depravity of it made his balls tighten, a fresh bead of pre-cum welling from his slit.

William watched, transfixed, as Heather swung a leg over his hips and straddled his prone form, the mattress dipping beneath her substantial weight. His eyes widened at the staggering sight of her gigantic, heavy breasts looming above him—each one larger than his head—swaying pendulously as she got into position, blue veins mapping rivers beneath her paper-thin skin.

They were like fleshy zeppelins, casting his chest in shadow, their dusky nipples puckered into wrinkled brown areolas that were as big as his hands. "Now let me show you what this old girl can do from the top," Heather purred, a wicked gleam in her eyes.

William's gaze traveled down the creased landscape of her body, taking in the deep wrinkles across her soft belly and the few silvery stretch marks etched into her wide hips like lightning bolts. His eyes fixed on the silver streaks adorning her auburn thatch, where coarse pubic hair framed her glistening sex. And there, peeking out from between the swollen, mottled-pink folds of her labia, was the fat bud of her clit, engorged and glistening with arousal.

It looked startlingly similar to the bulbous head of his own cock, only smaller—a juicy grape compared to his plum, the hood pulled back to reveal its slick, purplish crown. He swallowed hard, his shaft pulsing at the naughty comparison, a pearl of pre-cum beading at his tip. Heather reached between their bodies with three fingers and grasped his rigid length, her crimson acrylic nails a stark contrast against his purple-veined shaft.

She notched the broad, mushroom-shaped tip against her seeping slit, the angry red head disappearing momentarily between her pink labia. She rubbed him along her slick seam a few times, coating his flesh in her viscous arousal that clung to him in translucent strings.

William gasped at the scorching heat of her—like molten lava against his sensitive skin—the plush give of her inner lips kissing his glans with wet, hungry suction. Then with a husky moan that vibrated from deep within her jutting tits, Heather shifted her wide, dimpled hips and sank down with agonizing slowness.

William's eyes nearly rolled back in his skull as he watched his thick cock—veins bulging like earthworms beneath taut skin—disappear inch by excruciating inch into her gripping sheath, parting her folds and

stretching her wide until her labia were stretched paper-thin around his girth. The sight of his dark, veiny shaft impaling her pink, glistening flesh—now stretched taut and glistening with their combined fluids—made him throb and leak pearlescent pre-cum that oozed from his slit and mingled with her copious juices.

"Oh fuck," he gritted out, fists clenching in the sheets as Heather fully sheathed him in her tight heat – her puffy labia splaying out against his cock-base. Despite her age, her cunt was snug and muscular around his aching hardness, fluttering and clenching.

"You feel amazing, Gran," the boy gasped, making his big dick flex with full teenage hardness inside her.

Heather smirked down at him, a smug curl to her crimson lips. "You haven't felt anything yet, darling boy."

With that, she started to move, rolling and undulating her wide hips in hypnotic figure-eights that made the fat of her thighs quiver like gelatin.

William groaned as she rode him with sinuous grace, her slick walls rippling along his shaft like a thousand tiny mouths sucking him deeper. She worked herself on his cock like a woman possessed, her pendulous breasts quivering and bouncing with each thrust, slapping against her torso with meaty thuds.

Her enormous nipples, brown and wrinkled as prunes, pointed accusingly at him. He palmed the plush globes of her ass, fingers sinking two inches deep into the abundant flesh, leaving white divots that slowly filled with blood again as he urged her to take him deeper.

Heather's untamed cries of pleasure—high-pitched wails that cracked at their apex—filled the room, mingling with the wet slap of skin on skin that reminded William of someone stirring macaroni and cheese.

Sweat gleamed on her body like morning dew, trickling between the deep creases of her flesh and pooling in her navel. The musky scent of it

mixing headily with her arousal—a pungent cocktail of MILF secretions and teenage pre-cum. William's senses reeled, overwhelmed by the ripe, womanly feast she presented.

Heather gazed down at her grandson, her eyes dark as oil slicks and teeth clenched like a vise. "What did I tell you to do?" she demanded sternly, a droplet of saliva flying from her lips to land on his cheek.

William swallowed, his throat suddenly dry as sandpaper. "Slap your ass," he croaked out, pulse hammering in his ears like war drums.

"That's right," she growled, her voice rumbling from deep in her chest. "Now do it!"

William's hand cracked against the fleshy globe of her buttock, the sharp sting in his palm sending a jolt straight to his cock. Heather let out a guttural moan, falling into a frenzied tempo as she ground herself on his rigid shaft. Her slick folds slurped obscenely around his girth, her muscular walls gripping him like a velvet fist.

"Harder!" Heather barked, her voice thick with lust. "Smack Grandma's ass like you mean it!"

William obeyed, the loud slap of skin on skin punctuating her wanton cries. He couldn't believe how much the harsh treatment seemed to turn her on, her pussy gushing and fluttering around his driving cock. His balls drew up tight, pressure building at the base of his spine as he pistoned into her from below.

Heather rode him with wild abandon, her massive breasts—veined like fine marble and capped with aureolas the size of teacup saucers—swinging hypnotically above his face. The ripe, womanly scent of her arousal enveloped him like a cloud of musky perfume, making his head spin until stars danced at the edges of his vision.

Her engorged clit, swollen to the size of a ripe raspberry, rubbed against his pubic bone on every downstroke, the plump bud throbbing against his sensitive flesh like a tiny heartbeat.

"Pinch my nipples!" she demanded breathlessly, her voice cracking with desperation. "Twist them! Make them hurt like you mean it!"

William reached up and grasped the heavy mounds that drooped like overripe fruit, sinking his fingers knuckle-deep into the pliant flesh that yielded like warm dough. He trapped the jutting peaks—dark as plums and wrinkled as prunes—between his thumbs and forefingers, giving them a brutal tweak that made the surrounding flesh blanch white then flush crimson.

Heather threw her head back with a hoarse shout that echoed off the walls, her cunt clenching hard around him like a velvet vise. He rolled and tugged on the pebbled nubs until they elongated to nearly an inch, marveling at how they swelled and stiffened even more under his touch, becoming rigid as pencil erasers.

Lost to the maelstrom of sensation, William thrust up into his grandmother's rippling heat with increasing force, his hips a blur. He could feel her beginning to tighten around him, her untamed sounds taking on a desperate, keening edge. He knew she was close.

Amanda drew up to her son's side, one of her giant tits spilling like warm bread dough onto his chest, the nipple pebbled and rigid as a gumdrop against his feverish skin. "Grasp her hips, baby," she purred in his ear, her hot breath tickling the sensitive shell. "Make her swollen cunt grind against your throbbing cock-root and she'll come apart like wet tissue paper."

William did as his mother instructed, his fingers sinking knuckle-deep into Heather's quivering flesh, leaving five white divots in the dimpled expanse of her hip. He angled her pelvis with deliberate precision so her

glistening, cherry-red clit rubbed directly against the veined base of his shaft where his heartbeat pounded visibly beneath the taut skin.

He could feel the engorged nub pulsating against him like a tiny second heart, slick with her abundant juices that coated them both in a glistening sheen.

"That's it," Amanda encouraged breathlessly, her wine-dark nipple grazing his flushed cheek, leaving a trail of moisture like a snail's path. "Faster now, really make her work for it like the greedy slut she is."

William pumped his hips upward with frantic, animal-like thrusts, the corded muscles in his thighs and abdomen flexing rhythmically as he bounced his grandmother on his lap with enough force to make her pendulous breasts clap together with wet, meaty slaps.

Heather shrieked, her cries taking on a sharp, desperate edge that cracked at their highest peaks. Her pussy clenched around him in rippling waves, the muscular walls contracting and releasing along his aching cock like a velvet fist milking him for every drop.

"Fuck, I'm gonna come!" Heather wailed, grinding herself against him with wild abandon. "Don't stop, I'm gonna - OHHH!"

Her words cut off in a choked moan as her orgasm crashed through her like a tsunami breaking over a coastal village. William felt her cunt seize around him with vice-like pressure, fluttering and grasping his driving shaft with rhythmic pulses that milked him from base to tip.

Then to his shock, a warm clear fluid erupted from between their swiveling crotches with the force of a garden hose, splattering his stomach and chest in an obscene baptism. Heather bucked and writhed above him as she ejaculated fiercely, her huge tits bouncing and slapping together like water balloons in a hurricane.

Gush after gush of liquid pulsed from her spasming slit in powerful jets, bathing his groin in her essence until the sheets beneath them became a sodden, squelching mess.

William had never seen anything like it, a woman coming apart so intensely that she actually squirted like a broken fire hydrant, her inner dam bursting under the pressure of her pleasure. The obscene knowledge that he'd made his own grandmother ejaculate with such volcanic intensity, the sight and feel of her cream painting his skin like abstract art, catapulted William over the edge. His cock swelled impossibly harder, jerking inside her clutching sheath like a live wire.

"Fuck, I'm coming!" he gritted out through clenched teeth. "I'm gonna fill you up, Gran!"

Heather let out a wordless keening as she felt the first molten spurts of William's seed erupt against her cervix. She undulated her hips, milking him for all he was worth as he geysered into her rippling depths. William's vision whited out as the most intense orgasm of his life rocketed through him, his cock pulsing over and over again.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity suspended between heaven and earth, the last violent shudders subsided like aftershocks following an earthquake. Heather collapsed against William's heaving chest, her pendulous breasts—veined like fine Italian marble and slick with perspiration—engulfing his flushed face like warm, living pillows.

She panted harshly through parted cherry-red lips, her hot breath coming in ragged gasps that stirred the damp hair at his temple. Tiny aftershocks continued to ripple through her sweat-glazed body like electrical currents, making her internal muscles flutter and pulse around William's spent cock like a heartbeat.

William's head lolled back against the cum-stained pillow as the last tremors of his explosive orgasm racked through his quivering frame, his toes still curled tight enough to cramp.

Utterly spent and gloriously sated, he could barely twitch a finger, his limbs as heavy and unresponsive as if filled with molten lead. He felt like he was floating in warm honey, suspended in a silken cocoon of post-coital euphoria that wrapped around him like a lover's embrace. The heavy, voluptuous weight of Heather's body—all 180 pounds of lush, mature curves—pressed down on him like a living blanket, smothering him in abundant MILF flesh that seemed to envelop him from every angle.

Her giant, spongy breasts, each larger than a watermelon, mashed against his face like warm dough, blocking out the light until all he could see was the pink-tinged darkness of flesh pressed against his eyelids.

He inhaled deeply through his nose, filling his starving lungs with the heady bouquet of her essence—clean sweat mingled with musky arousal, the faint copper tang of exertion, and something unexpectedly floral underneath, like lavender soap or expensive perfume clinging stubbornly to her pulse points.

William's softening cock slipped out of his grandmother's well-used pussy with a wet squelch, followed by a warm gush of their mingled fluids. He felt the sticky cum and girl-cream seep out to coat his groin and thighs, the sated throb between his legs. His balls ached pleasantly, finally emptied after two back-to-back mind-blowing orgasms.

On his other side, Amanda snuggled up against him, one silky thigh draping over his hip like a warm, living blanket. Her hot breath puffed against his neck in rhythmic waves, each exhale leaving a damp patch on his feverish skin.

The mother's lush curves—soft yet firm—molded to his lean frame like memory foam, the heavy weight of her tits flattening against his ribcage. William's spent shaft twitched valiantly at the sensation of her succulent body pressing along his, the strawberry-vanilla scent of her dark hair tickling his nose like invisible feathers.

He was utterly drained, his once-proud manhood now a softening monument to pleasure, wrung dry by the dual onslaught of their ravenous, cream-slicked cunts. Drowsiness tugged at the edges of William's consciousness like gentle hands pulling a curtain closed, his eyelids growing heavier than cast iron. The comforting weight and warmth of the two women cocooning him—their combined body heat raising the ambient temperature beneath the sheets by several degrees—lulled him toward slumber like a siren's call.

Distantly, through the cotton-wool fog of exhaustion, he felt his mother's manicured fingers card through his damp hair, the sharp nails occasionally scraping his scalp in a pleasant tingle, and heard his grandmother's husky, sated chuckle rumbling through her chest and into his. But the words they murmured were muffled, indistinct, as if coming from underwater or through thick glass.

William let his eyes drift shut, surrendering to the irresistible pull of sleep. His last thought before slipping under was a deep, primal satisfaction. He had pleased these women - his beautiful mother and sultry grandmother - so thoroughly that they collapsed on him in blissed out heaps. He had pumped them full of his potent seed, marking them as his.

A sense of masculine pride suffused his chest.

Then William fell into a deep, dreamless sleep, his naked body buried beneath a mountain of sated, dozing MILF flesh. The last of the weak winter light faded from the room, shrouding the forbidden tableau in shadow.

In the peaceful afterglow, the worries of the dangerous world outside fell away, if only for a little while. There was only the languid tangle of naked limbs, the press of soft curves, and the lingering musk of incestuous sex hanging heavy in the air.

The next morning, a gnawing hunger woke William. He sat up groggily, disentangling himself from the warm press of female flesh on either side. Amanda and Heather still slumbered, their faces relaxed and hair mussed against the pillows.

William's stomach growled loudly as he padded into the kitchen and opened the fridge. His heart sank. The shelves were nearly bare - a few meager scraps and condiments. They were almost out of food and water.

Worry knotted his gut as he stared at the pitiful contents. How were they going to survive like this? The world outside grew more dangerous by the day. They needed to find provisions soon or they'd starve.

An idea sparked. Maxine next door - she always kept her apartment well-stocked with the basic necessities. Maybe she would be willing to share or trade for some of her food stores. William's palms grew clammy at the thought of interacting with the gorgeous, giant breasted mother, but desperation overrode his nerves. They had to at least try.

Later that morning, William and Amanda approached Maxine's door. When it swung open, he found himself face-to-face with his former school's cheerleader coach. Her massive breasts strained against a paper-thin white tank top, the fabric so taut he could trace the outline of her areolas and the hard points of her nipples.

Her muscular thighs, sculpted from years of athletic training, bulged from skimpy black booty shorts that rode up to expose the lower curves of her ass cheeks.

Two young daughters with matching blonde pigtails clung to those powerful legs like koalas to a tree trunk, their wide blue eyes peering up at him with a mixture of curiosity and apprehension.

Maxine's hungry gaze raked over William's lean frame, lingering deliberately on the prominent bulge straining against his worn jeans. Her

full crimson lips curved into a predatory smile, revealing perfect white teeth.

A flush of heat crept up her tanned neck as she leaned against the doorframe, one muscular arm stretched above her head, causing her tank top to ride up and expose a sliver of toned midriff. "Hey there, William," she purred, her voice dripping with honeyed sweetness that barely masked her carnal intentions. "Is everything okay with you two?"

Amanda's brow furrowed with concern. "Have you heard anything from Brad yet?" she asked gently.

Maxine's smile faltered, a flicker of pain shadowing her blue eyes before she quickly blinked it away. She shook her head, blonde ponytail swishing. "No, nothing. It's been days." Her voice wavered slightly before she cleared her throat. "I'm trying to stay hopeful, but...I'm starting to fear the worst."

William's heart clenched in sympathy. He couldn't imagine the anguish Maxine must be feeling, not knowing if her husband was alive or...one of those things roaming the streets. Her daughters gazed up at their mother with trusting eyes, too young to fully grasp the gravity of the situation.

"Coach, uh, we were hoping you might be willing to share some of your food and water," he managed to get out, shifting uncomfortably. "We're running really low and the world out there is getting worse every day..."

Maxine arched one perfectly sculpted brow. "Is that so? And what exactly are you offering in exchange for my...provisions?" Her tongue darted out to wet her crimson lips.

Amanda pulled out a wad of cash from her pocket. "I have money. Will this be enough?"

Maxine shook her head, trying to be as sweet as possible. "Oh honey. Money doesn't mean much these days, not with how things are out there."

Her gaze slid back over to William, raking him up and down with unconcealed hunger. "What I really need is... um, well, I think you can imagine what I need, having gone several days without it now."

William's pulse pounded in his ears as he caught the implication in his former coach's tone, saw the predatory gleam in her eyes as they zeroed in on his crotch. A mix of fear and forbidden excitement unfurled low in his gut.

Amanda stepped in front of William protectively. "No. Absolutely not. He's not some piece of meat to be bartered with."

Maxine's smile tightened, eyes glinting like polished steel. "Look, Amanda, it's simple. You need food. I have food. And in this new world, everything comes with a price."

William swallowed hard. He knew they needed Maxine's help to survive and the idea of getting his cock fucked by a MILF who was built like a brick shithouse certainly didn't sound horrible.

"It's okay, Mom," he said, his voice cracking slightly. "I'll do what I have to. For us."

Amanda opened her mouth to protest but he shook his head, jaw set with determination. She pressed her lips together, tears shining in her eyes as she looked at him. Finally, she gave a jerky nod, her shoulders slumping in defeat.

Maxine smiled in relief, her full crimson lips parting to reveal perfect white teeth. She squatted down on her powerful thighs in front of her daughters, the tight black fabric of her booty shorts straining against her muscular glutes. Her sexy bare feet arched against the worn hallway

carpet, toenails painted a glossy cherry red, while the defined muscles in her tanned legs flexed impressively.

"Girls," she cooed in a honeyed voice, tucking a strand of blonde hair behind her ear, "why don't you run along to Ms. Amanda's place for a bit? Mommy needs William's..." she paused, her hungry gaze flicking up to meet his, "...help with something."

William's heart pounded as he watched Maxine's young daughters scamper across the hall after his mother, their blonde pigtailed bouncing.

The teenager stepped inside her apartment and Maxine closed the door with a soft click, the deadbolt sliding into place with an ominous thunk. She turned to him, flashing an eager grin that made his pulse kick up another notch.

"Come on, Will," she purred, sauntering toward what he assumed was her bedroom. He found himself following her as if pulled by an invisible string, utterly mesmerized by the way her skimpy black shorts rode up to reveal the muscular curves of her ass. The taut globes flexed and jiggled hypnotically with her every graceful step, the defined muscles in her tanned thighs rippling.

William's mouth went bone dry as he watched the decadent spectacle of his former coach's body in motion. The thin white fabric of her tank top stretched across her broad back, revealing the play of her shoulder blades and emphasizing the dramatic flare of her torso into a tiny waist.

She moved like a sleek predator, all sinewy power and liquid sensuality. It was a far cry from the stern, disciplined demeanor she had always maintained during cheerleader practices.

Maxine glanced back at him over her shoulder, crimson lips curving into a knowing smirk as she caught him ogling her assets. William flushed hotly but couldn't tear his gaze away, transfixed by the erotic display.

His cock swelled against the confines of his jeans, growing more painfully hard with each sway of her hips. A bead of sweat trickled down his spine despite the chill in the air.

She led him into a small, tidy bedroom dominated by a queen-size bed draped in a plush red comforter.

William's heart hammered against his ribs as she turned to face him, hands on her curvy hips. Her ice blue eyes raked over him hungrily, lingering on the straining bulge at his crotch.

"Mmm, look at you," Maxine purred, taking a step closer. "All grown up and filled out in alllll the right places." Her husky voice stroked over his fevered skin, making him shiver. He could smell her intoxicating scent - something sweet and floral mingled with clean sweat. It made his head swim.

She reached out and trailed one crimson nail down the center of his chest, the touch searing him even through his t-shirt. "I've been wanting to get my hands on you for a long time, Will," she confessed, looking up at him through her lashes. "Watching you sprint across that field, all lean muscles and coiled power...fuck, it made me so wet."

William's pulse thundered in his ears at Maxine's bold declaration. She stepped closer, her breasts brushing his chest as she leaned in. "I expect a lot from the men who fuck me, Will. The same level of intensity and stamina I demand from my cheerleaders."

Her hot breath fanned over his neck, making him shiver. "I need you to absolutely wreck me. Pound me into the mattress until I'm screaming. Make me cum over and over again until I'm a boneless, satisfied mess. Think you can handle that?"

William swallowed hard, his throat clicking. Fear and excitement knotted in his gut, his cock throbbing insistently against his fly. This powerful, voracious woman wanted him to dominate her, to fuck her into submission. The idea was as terrifying as it was arousing. He'd never

been with someone so overtly sexual, so demanding. What if he couldn't live up to her expectations? Disappointing Maxine was a daunting prospect.

But beneath the trepidation, a spark of masculine pride flared to life in his chest. She had chosen him for this, had been secretly lusting after him for years apparently. She believed he had the strength and virility to satisfy her ravenous appetite. And god help him, he wanted to. He wanted to conquer this fierce, athletic beauty, to feel her come apart on his cock. To know he'd been the one to reduce her to a quivering, sated puddle. He had pleased his vivacious mother and grandmother so he knew he could satisfy Maxine as well.

William met her hungry gaze, his jaw tight with determination. "I'll give you everything I've got, Coach." His voice emerged deeper than usual, gravelly with burgeoning lust. "I won't stop until you're completely fucked out and begging for mercy."

Maxine's crimson lips curved into a feline smile, her blue eyes blazing with anticipation. "Well then, let's see what you're made of."

In one fluid motion, she crossed her arms and peeled off her tank top, revealing the magnificent bounty of her breasts. They were even more glorious bare - two massive globes capped with wide areolas the color of cinnamon and dark, jutting nipples that hardened visibly in the cool air.

A faint tracery of blue veins showed beneath the taut skin of her heavy double-H-cups. William's mouth watered at the sight, his fingers twitching with the urge to reach out and cup the heavy mounds that swayed slightly with her every breath.

Maxine smirked at his slack-jawed expression, her ice-blue eyes glittering with triumph as she clearly reveled in his awestruck reaction. She took his trembling hand and placed it firmly on her right breast, molding his palm to the warm, pliant flesh that yielded beneath his touch yet remained deliciously firm.

"Worship them," she commanded breathlessly, her voice dropping to a husky whisper that sent shivers down his spine. "Put that mouth on me. Show me how bad you want this."

William needed no further encouragement. He bent his head and sealed his lips around one straining peak, groaning at the taste of her skin - salt and musk and woman. Maxine gasped, her fingers sinking into his hair as he suckled her, drawing the sensitive tip deep into his hot mouth.

The horny cheerleader coach reached for the hem of William's faded blue cotton shirt and yanked it over his head in one fluid, practiced motion. She tossed it carelessly onto the beige carpet, her hungry gaze devouring every inch of his newly exposed flesh. "God damn," she breathed, her crimson acrylic nails—sharp as talons—skimming down the defined ridges of his chest and the washboard valleys of his abs, leaving faint pink trails on his golden skin. "You've filled out nicely."

Her slender fingers drifted lower, tugging at the tarnished metal of his belt buckle with unmistakable intent. William's heart jackhammered against his ribs like a trapped animal as Maxine unzipped his jeans with an agonizingly slow rasp and shoved the rough denim down his narrow hips along with his navy cotton boxers.

His aching cock sprang free with an audible snap, slapping against the taut skin of his stomach with a wet, obscene sound. Maxine's ice-blue eyes widened to perfect circles, a soft gasp escaping her glossy parted lips as she took in the prodigious size of him—nine thick inches of veined, pulsing flesh.

Her slender fingers, adorned with those blood-red nails, wrapped around his swollen shaft, barely encircling its impressive girth. "Well, well," she purred, giving him a slow, torturous pump from root to glistening tip. "Looks like you're packing quite the monster in these pants."

Her thumb swiped over the broad, purple head, smearing the pearly bead of pre-cum that had gathered at the weeping slit. "I can't wait to

feel this magnificent beast splitting me open, stretching me to my absolute limit."

William shuddered violently at her filthy words, his engorged cock flexing urgently in her vise-like grip, pre-cum beading at the purplish crown. He watched through heavy-lidded eyes as Maxine released him with a teasing squeeze and hooked her crimson-tipped thumbs in the waistband of her impossibly tight spandex shorts.

With a sinuous, hypnotic shimmy of her curvaceous hips, she peeled the clinging fabric down her powerful, tanned legs, revealing the matching jet-black thong underneath that barely contained her abundant flesh. The flimsy, gossamer-thin scrap of lace disappeared between the perfect, sun-kissed globes of her ass like a silken thread between ripe peaches, the elastic strand riding up high on her jutting hip bones.

Maxine turned away from him with deliberate slowness and bent deeply at the waist, giving William a mind-melting, pornographic view as she languidly rolled the thong down over the heart-shaped curves of her firm yet yielding buttocks. His mouth went desert dry, his throbbing cock pulsing so violently he feared he might explode as inch after tantalizing inch of athletic, golden-bronzed flesh was revealed to his hungry gaze.

The damp thong slid down her sculpted thighs and defined calves, finally pooling on the plush carpet at her feet. She stepped out of it with feline grace and kicked it aside with a flick of her ankle.

When Maxine pivoted back to face him, William's ravenous gaze zeroed in on the perfectly groomed triangle of platinum blonde curls at the apex of her muscular thighs. Her plump, glistening outer lips were smooth and immaculately maintained, concealing but not quite hiding the delicate, rose-pink folds within that gleamed with dewy arousal.

He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing convulsively, trying desperately to tamp down the primal urge to drop to his knees, bury his

face between those succulent, quivering thighs and feast like a starving man on her most intimate, nectar-drenched flesh.

Maxine smirked at his slack-jawed expression, clearly enjoying the effect her body was having on him. She sauntered toward the bed, exaggerating the sway of her hips. William couldn't tear his eyes away from the decadent spectacle - the hypnotic jiggle of her round ass, the heavy sway of her pendulous breasts.

Maxine plopped onto the bed with a luxurious bounce, her massive titties jostling enticingly from the impact, nipples hardened to stiff peaks that pointed directly at him like twin accusations. She threw open her powerful, honey-bronzed legs impossibly wide in a stunning display of flexibility that would make an Olympic gymnast envious, spreading herself completely open to him like a carnal offering.

Her dainty feet pointed towards opposite corners of the room as she presented her glistening, swollen pink folds, framed by a perfect triangle of platinum blonde fuzz.

"Come on, stud," she purred, her voice like warm honey laced with bourbon as she crooked a crimson-tipped finger at him. "Get over here and fuck me like you mean it. I want to feel that huge, veiny cock destroying my tight little cunt until I can't remember my own name."

William's heart pounded wildly against his ribcage like a caged animal as he crawled onto the bed between Maxine's splayed thighs, the intoxicating musky-sweet scent of her arousal filling his flaring nostrils and making his mouth water uncontrollably.

His raging hard-on bobbed heavily between his legs like a divining rod seeking water, the purple, mushroom-shaped head leaking pearly pre-cum that formed a glistening strand connecting to the rumpled sheets below. He couldn't believe this was actually happening - the cheerleading coach, the woman who had starred in countless adolescent wet dreams, laid out naked and begging to be fucked senseless by him. It was like

something straight out of a high-budget porno or his most depraved midnight fantasies come gloriously, impossibly to life.

As he settled between her muscular, honey-bronzed legs, the swollen, purple head of his throbbing cock brushed against Maxine's glistening, pink outer lips, making them both gasp with electric anticipation. She was scorching hot and visibly swollen with desire, the delicate folds of her labia like wet rose petals drenched in morning dew.

William grasped the veined, pulsating root of his massive erection with trembling fingers and rubbed the broad, mushroom-shaped tip deliberately up and down her dripping slit, gathering her copious, pearlescent arousal on his engorged glans.

Maxine mewled like a cat in heat and arched her supple spine beneath him, her pelvis tilting upward as she tried desperately to capture him with her hungry, quivering entrance.

"Stop teasing," she gritted out impatiently through clenched, perfect white teeth, reaching down to grab his firm, sculpted ass with both manicured hands. Her blood-red fingernails sank deeply into the flexing, granite-hard muscle as she tried forcefully to pull him forward into her molten core. "Stuff that magnificent dick in me right now. I need it so fucking bad I can't breathe."

William's washboard abs tensed like steel cables as he notched the fat, weeping head of his cock against her small, puckered opening, which fluttered and winked invitingly at him. He could feel her body simultaneously resisting and craving the inevitable stretch, her well-practiced muscles clenching instinctively against the impending intrusion while her abundant juices beckoned him inward.

Maxine's razor-sharp fingernails dug crescents into the taut globes of his buttocks as he started to push forward with inexorable pressure, her silken channel reluctantly yet eagerly parting for him like the Red Sea before Moses.

"Ungh, you're so fucking tight," William grunted, face twisting with pleasure-pain as her scorching, grasping heat engulfed the first few inches of his throbbing length. He couldn't believe how much resistance there was. She was clenching around him rhythmically, slick walls fluttering and rippling along his aching flesh.

"Oh god," Maxine gasped, throwing her head back against the sweat-dampened pillow, platinum blonde hair splaying out like a halo as she pushed her cunt the rest of the way, slowly hilding him inside her.

Her glistening, rose-pink pussy stretched obscenely around his mammoth girth, the delicate tissues hugging every throbbing vein like a silken, vice-like glove. "You're so deep. I feel you in my fucking throat."

"Fuck," William gritted out through clenched teeth, his lean muscles tensing as he fought the overwhelming urge to pound into her wildly. The scorching silk of her sheath gripped him like a fist, rippling along his aching length. It took every ounce of willpower to hold himself still, letting her slick walls mold to his shape.

Maxine dug her crimson-lacquered nails into the taut, marble-smooth globes of his ass, urging him to move with desperate, clawing intensity. "Come on, stud, give it to me," she panted, her hot breath cascading against his sweat-slicked neck as she rolled her hips in frantic figure-eights beneath him. "Fuck me hard, like you promised. Make me scream until my throat is raw."

Her filthy demands inflamed William's every nerve ending, made his blood boil and surge like molten lava with the primal need to conquer, to claim, to possess. With a feral growl that rumbled from the deepest part of his chest, he withdrew his throbbing shaft until just the purple, mushroom-shaped head stretched her glistening entrance, then slammed back in with bone-jarring force, burying himself to the hilt in her scalding, velvet-soft depths.

Maxine cried out sharply, her spine arching dramatically off the Egyptian cotton sheets as he split her open on his thick, veined meat.

William set his hips to work—a relentless, punishing pace. His lean, sweat-glazed hips pumped like pistons as he drove into her again and again with increasing ferocity. The wet, obscene slap of flesh against flesh echoed off the walls like pornographic applause, punctuated by Maxine's wanton, animal-like moans that rose and fell with each brutal thrust.

Her succulent, honey-gold body jolted violently from the force of his savage pounding, heavy MILF-melons bouncing and quivering like jello molds, muscular thighs gripping his hips with vice-like strength as she took everything he had to give and silently begged for more.

"Yes, fuck, just like that!" Maxine keened, tossing her head back in ecstasy. The hard points of her nipples grazed William's chest as he plowed into her, the rasping friction making him shudder. "Harder, Will! Faster!"

Sweat trickled down William's chiseled face and corded back in glistening rivulets as he rutted into Maxine's dripping honeypot with savage intensity, his granite-hard abs flexing with each punishing thrust.

He could feel every pronounced ridge along her scorching, velvety walls as they clenched and fluttered around his titanium-hard, veiny shaft like a silken vice. The bulbous, purple-tinged head of his throbbing manhood battered her quivering cervix on every brutal, bone-jarring thrust, making her whimper and writhe beneath him like a woman possessed.

William shifted his weight onto his knees and grabbed Maxine's delicate ankles as he pushed her impossibly toned legs up and out into a wide V. The new angle let him plunge even deeper into her molten depths, his heavy, cum-laden balls smacking rhythmically against the heart-shaped curves of her flexing, jiggling ass on every devastating downstroke.

Maxine's mascara-rimmed eyes rolled back in her skull, revealing pearly whites as a sharp, primal cry ripped from her ruby-red throat while he stirred up her molten, nectar-dripping core like a hurricane.

"Oh fuck, oh FUCK!" she wailed, her hands scrabbling desperately at his sweat-slickened shoulders, crimson nails leaving crescent indents in his sun-kissed skin. "You're so deep...splitting me in two...ahhhh!"

The rhythmic squeeze and flutter of Maxine's extra-tight pussy around his pile-driving cock had William's head swimming in a fog of primal lust, electric pleasure sparking up his spine like lightning strikes.

White-hot pressure built at the base of his heavy, aching balls, his granite-hard shaft starting to throb and swell like a volcano ready to erupt inside the tight, rippling clasp of her molten channel. He knew he wasn't going to last much longer, not with the way her greedy, nectar-dripping cunt was milking every inch of his throbbing manhood with expert precision.

With a feral growl that rumbled from the deepest part of his chest, William yanked his glistening cock out of Maxine's clenching heat, the sudden emptiness making her whimper with loss. "On your hands and knees," he commanded roughly, his voice gravelly with animalistic need, pupils blown wide with desire.

Maxine's eyes lit up with wanton excitement, her kiss-swollen lips curving into a predatory smile. "Mmm, I love getting fucked doggy style," she purred, quickly scrambling to comply on all fours, her platinum blonde hair cascading down her arched back.

She presented her honey-bronzed body to him eagerly, her thick, muscular ass high in the air like an offering, glistening pink folds peeking out obscenely between her splayed, quivering thighs. "Pound me hard from behind, stud," she demanded, looking back over her shoulder with half-lidded eyes clouded with lust.

The sight of Maxine's dripping pink slit, glistening like a ripe peach split open in the summer sun and framed so obscenely by her honey-bronzed thighs, made William's veiny cock throb with renewed urgency, a drop of pearlescent pre-cum beading at the purplish crown.

He grabbed her hourglass hips with fingers that dimpled her supple flesh and notched the broad, mushroom-shaped head of his throbbing dick against her soaked entrance, which seemed to pulse and wink invitingly. With one brutal, bone-jarring thrust that sent shockwaves through her quivering form, he sheathed himself fully in her scorching, silken channel, groaning like a wounded animal at the exquisite vise of her velvet walls gripping him like a custom-made glove.

"Fuuuuck!" Maxine cried out, her back bowing like a drawn bow as he stretched and filled her so deeply, she could taste him in the back of her throat. She clawed desperately at the sheets, crimson fingernails raking the fabric with a sound like tearing silk. "Oh god, Will, your magnificent cock feels amazing inside me!"

Spurred on by her wanton praise that echoed off the walls like a siren's call, William started pumping his hips with jackhammer precision, drilling into her rippling, molten heat again and again until the entire bed frame creaked in protest.

The seismic force of his punishing thrusts rocked Maxine forward like a rag doll in a hurricane, her heavy, pendulous tits swinging beneath her like ripe fruit ready for harvest.

He watched, transfixed by the hypnotic rhythm, as her perfect, heart-shaped ass jiggled and bounced with each thunderous slap of his sweat-slicked pelvis against her luscious curves.

As he ravaged her quivering form like a man possessed, William recalled his grandmother's wicked instructions whispered in his ear like forbidden incantations. He raised one hand high above the battlefield of pleasure and brought it down on Maxine's gyrating buttock with a resounding

smack that reverberated through the room like a gunshot. The fleshy globe quivered like gelatin from the impact, a bright crimson handprint blooming on her sun-kissed skin like a brand of ownership.

"Yes!" Maxine hissed through clenched teeth, undulating her hips back to meet his driving thrusts with the precision of a seasoned equestrian. "Spank me harder!"

Drunk on the power she had granted him, William rained stinging slaps on her rippling cheeks, alternating between each side until they glowed a uniform strawberry-pink like overripe fruit. Maxine keened and shuddered beneath the erotic onslaught, her cunt gushing and clenching wildly around his titanium-hard, purple-veined shaft like a silken vice desperate to extract every drop of his essence.

The wet, obscene squelch of his nine-inch battering ram churning her honey-sweet cream filled the room like a symphony of carnal delight, the vulgar noise stoking William's lust to a fever pitch that threatened to consume his very soul.

He felt wild, untamed, a ravenous beast unleashed from its cage as he rutted into her with animalistic fervor that shook the reinforced bed frame. His heavy, cum-laden balls slapped against her glistening, engorged clit on every savage plunge, making Maxine jerk and gasp like a woman possessed by pleasure demons.

As William's nine-inch jackhammer pounded Maxine's dripping honeypot from behind with earthquake force, the crystal-framed wedding photo on her cherrywood nightstand caught the corner of her eye. A sharp, knife-like pang of guilt pricked her heaving conscience at the sight of her and her husband's sun-kissed, pearly-white smiling faces, immortalized in happier times on the deck of their anniversary cruise.

What would her salt-and-pepper-haired husband think if he walked through that door right now and saw his faithful wife of fifteen years getting absolutely destroyed by a virile teenage stud—a boy barely older

than the cheerleaders she coached at Westlake High? Maxine squeezed her sapphire-blue eyes shut with diamond-cutting force, trying to banish the unwelcome thought as William's granite-hard cock stirred her molten depths like a whisk in cake batter.

She loved Brad, she really did. He was a good man, a devoted husband and father to their twin daughters. But being nearly a week without sex had become utterly unbearable. She was a red-blooded woman with primal needs, intense physical cravings that demanded immediate, earth-shattering satisfaction. And young, hung William was giving it to her so good, stretching and filling her throbbing velvet channel in ways Brad's modest five inches never could with his magnificent, vein-rippled, tireless young battering ram.

It was like mainlining pure heroin, the way the boy fucked her - hard as titanium, deeper than an oil well, and relentless as a jackhammer on concrete, slamming into her G-spot with laser precision until supernovas exploded behind her mascara-smudged eyelids. His stallion-like stamina and telephone-pole thickness were nothing short of miraculous, reducing her once-dignified cheerleading coach persona to a sweat-drenched, incoherent mess of spasming limbs and animal grunts.

How could she possibly surrender this spine-liquefying, toe-curling, mind-obliterating pleasure that made every cell in her neglected body vibrate with electric life? Her throbbing, honey-dripping sex craved his mammoth cock like a desperate junkie craved that next crystalline hit of meth.

Maxine bit her plump bottom lip. Gut-wrenching guilt and brain-melting ecstasy waged brutal war inside her heaving chest as William absolutely demolished her quaking body, his punishing, pile-driver pace never faltering for even a microsecond.

She was using him like a human vibrator, she knew that with crystal clarity. Shamelessly exploiting his virile, teenage lust and magnificent equipment to sate her own desperate, selfish, middle-aged needs. But

God Almighty help her soul, she couldn't stop this runaway pleasure train even if she wanted to with every fiber of her being. Which she absolutely didn't. Not when it felt this earth-shattering, universe-creating, mind-blowingly incredible.

"Don't stop, please don't stop!" Maxine gasped between ragged breaths, her voice breaking with desperation. She moved against William with frantic urgency, their bodies meeting in a rhythm that echoed through the room. "Fuck me harder!"

William's grip tightened on her trembling hips as he moved with increasing intensity, his breath coming in harsh pants. The bed frame creaked beneath them as their movements grew more urgent, more primal.

Maxine felt herself surrendering completely to sensation, her consciousness narrowing to nothing but the overwhelming pleasure building within her. With each movement, the tension inside her coiled tighter, her body responding with increasing urgency. She hovered at the precipice of release, every nerve ending alive with anticipation. Just a moment more...

"FUCK! FUCK, I'm gonna come!" Maxine keened, her entire body tensing like a coiled spring. "Don't stop, don't you dare fucking stop! Gonna...unnghh...gonna come all over your magnificent cock!"

William bared his perfect white teeth in a predatory snarl, rivers of sweat trickling down his chiseled face and corded neck as he redoubled his jackhammer efforts. He pounded into Maxine's spasming, velvet-soft pussy with pile-driver intensity, the steel-hard muscles in his sculpted ass and thighs burning from the exertion like they'd been set aflame.

He could feel her quivering body tensing beneath his masterful touch, her untamed banshee cries rising in pitch and volume as she hurtled towards the precipice of mind-shattering climax.

With a strangled scream that echoed off the walls like a banshee's wail, Maxine came apart beneath him, her tight cunt bearing down on his veiny cock in violent, soul-crushing pulses. Her powerful, honey-bronzed thighs trembled like earthquake aftershocks as a volcanic gush of molten feminine nectar sprayed his sweat-slicked groin, drenching his heavy, aching balls with the visceral proof of her earth-shattering pleasure.

William groaned like a wounded beast, squeezing his eyes shut as her silken, rippling walls milked his throbbing shaft with vice-like precision. The white-hot pressure in his cum-laden balls reached a mind-numbing crescendo, his mammoth cock pulsing wildly inside her fluttering velvet sheath like a detonating bomb.

With a hoarse, primal shout that tore from the depths of his heaving chest, he buried himself to the hilt and exploded like Vesuvius, painting her quivering cervix with thick, pearlescent ropes of scalding seed.

Maxine shuddered violently, her face contorting in ecstasy as a fresh tsunami of spasms wracked her voluptuous, sweat-glistening frame. Her lips parted in a silent scream as she felt William's molten essence flooding her deepest recesses.

Her trembling knees finally surrendered and she collapsed face-first onto the cotton sheets, William following her down like a conquering god, his rigid manhood still lodged deep in her pulsating, cream-filled channel.

He blanketed her arched back with his heaving, chest, his softening but still impressive cock twitching inside her like a divining rod as the last precious dregs of his life-giving release seeped out to coat her quivering walls with liquid fire.

The teenager's head spun dizzily in a kaleidoscope of pleasure, inky black spots dancing at the edges of his vision from the sheer brain-melting intensity of his volcanic climax.

Maxine's swollen, thoroughly-ravished pussy continued to flutter around him like butterfly wings, delicious aftershocks rolling through her lush, curvaceous body like tidal waves.

"Mmm, fuck," she slurred, her honey-sweet voice muffled by the cum-stained pillow beneath her flushed face. "That was absolutely fucking incredible. You've got some major God-given talent, Will."

Pride surged in William's chest at her sated praise, mixing headily with the lingering bliss sparking along his nerve endings. He had done it - he had conquered this insatiable, demanding MILF. Fucked her into boneless submission, just like she'd asked. Just like he'd promised. A wave of masculine satisfaction washed over him.

As his softening cock slipped out of Maxine's dripping hole, William rolled off her and flopped onto his back. His limbs felt leaden, his muscles quivering from the thorough workout. He stared up at the ceiling, chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath.

The mattress shifted as Maxine stretched languorously beside him. "Mmm, I'd say you more than earned your supplies with that performance," she purred, rolling onto her side to face him. Her crimson lips curved in a satisfied smile.

Later, William watched as his mom methodically stocked the pantry shelves with the cans and boxes of food he had brought back from Maxine's apartment. His stomach growled at the sight, eager for a decent meal after so many days of meager rations.

But another hunger gnawed at him, an ache that went beyond the physical.

As he studied his mother's lush curves and graceful movements, memories of their forbidden couplings ignited like wildfire in his mind—the exquisite feel of her silken walls gripping his throbbing cock like a

velvet vise, the intoxicating symphony of her breathless moans and guttural screams echoing off the bedroom walls, the soul-shattering ecstasy of emptying his scalding seed deep in her welcoming womb.

Being with Maxine had been incredible, her technique undeniable, but it only highlighted how much more skilled and responsive Amanda was—a maestro of carnal pleasure whose body responded to his lightest touch like a finely-tuned instrument.

William's spent cock twitched against his muscular thigh as he recalled the unhinged abandon with which his mother rode him like a prize stallion, her magnificent breasts bouncing hypnotically, sweat-slicked skin glistening in the dim light as her pussy squeezed and fluttered around his granite shaft.

The way she came apart in his arms—back arched impossibly, eyes rolled back, mouth frozen in a silent scream—drenching him in her honeyed cream that dripped down his heavy balls. He had never witnessed such raw, primal release in any woman before, such complete surrender to pleasure. It made him feel like a conquering god, knowing he alone could wring that ultimate ecstasy from her quivering body again and again.

A possessive heat unfurled in William's chest like a blooming crimson flower as he watched Amanda bend over to place a can on a lower shelf, her succulent peach-shaped ass straining against her skin-tight black lycra leggings, the fabric worn thin enough to reveal the faint outline of her lacy thong beneath.

He had conquered that ass, claimed it in the most primal way imaginable, leaving his handprints emblazoned on those quivering globes. His mammoth cock began to swell and lengthen, pressing insistently against the metal teeth of his fly like an imprisoned beast desperate for freedom as he imagined sinking into her hot, slick, honey-drenched depths once more.

Amanda straightened up and turned to him, her blue eyes sparkling. "What's that look for?" she asked teasingly, a knowing smile playing about her lips.

William swallowed hard, his heart starting to pound. "Just admiring the view," he said, voice roughening with desire. "And thinking about how much I missed you."

Something heated flashed in Amanda's gaze. She sauntered closer, her hips swaying hypnotically. "Is that so?" she purred, stopping just in front of him. The plush swell of her breasts brushed his chest through their shirts, the intimate contact making his blood surge. "I missed you too, baby. So very much."

William inhaled sharply as Amanda pressed herself fully against him, her voluptuous hourglass figure molding against his granite-hard physique like melted caramel. Her arms snaked around his neck, manicured fingertips teasing the short hairs at his nape.

He could feel every lush curve and valley of her body—her heavy, braless breasts with their diamond-hard nipples drilling into his chest through the thin cotton of her shirt, the flat plane of her toned stomach, the scorching heat of her Venus mound pressed against his straining erection. The intoxicating scent of her coconut-vanilla shampoo filled his flaring nostrils, sweet and familiar as childhood memories.

His hands flew to her waist, fingers digging possessively into the flare of her womanly hips. Amanda nuzzled his stubbled jaw, her plump, glossy lips grazing the sensitive spot beneath his ear and sending electric shivers cascading down his spine like summer lightning. "I missed your hands on me," she breathed, her warm, cinnamon-scented exhalations caressing his flushed flesh. "Your mouth. Your big, hard cock."

William crashed his mouth against Amanda's in a searing kiss, his tongue plunging past her lips to plunder the honeyed recesses within. She met

his passionate onslaught with equal fervor, her own skilled tongue twining and tangling with his.

He marveled at her sensual mastery, the way she used her lips and teeth and tongue to inflame him, to send molten hunger sizzling through his veins.

Amanda's fingers scrabbled at his shirt, yanking it up and off in a frenzy of need. "I want you naked," she panted against his mouth. "I need to feel your skin on mine."

William helpfully shrugged out of the garment and tossed it aside, then reached for the hem of Amanda's top. Together they stripped each other bare in record time, hands roaming greedily over every inch of newly bared flesh. He groaned as her nails raked over his chest and abs, his muscles clenching beneath her touch.

"Fuck me against the wall," Amanda demanded breathlessly, her eyes wild and dark with desire. "Like you did that first time in the alley. I want it hard and deep."

William's massive cock pulsed and throbbed at the erotic memory, veins standing out prominently along the impressive shaft as vivid images flooded his mind: his mother's voluptuous hourglass figure pinned beneath his muscular body, her crimson-tipped breasts bouncing hypnotically as he rutted into her silken depths with wild abandon. He needed no further urging.

Bending slightly, he hooked his hands under Amanda's plush, creamy thighs and hoisted her up in one fluid motion, her negligible weight nothing against his raw strength as he braced her spine against the cool kitchen wall. She immediately wrapped her long, toned legs around his narrow waist, manicured toes curling in anticipation as the molten, honeyed heat of her dripping sex kissed the purple, engorged head of his erection.

They both shuddered violently at the exquisite contact, a visible jolt of electric pleasure arcing between their sweat-slicked bodies like summer lightning. William notched the broad, mushroom-shaped crown of his throbbing manhood against Amanda's weeping, swollen netherlips, groaning gutturally at the scorching welcome of her glistening, pink flesh as it parted eagerly for him.

With one powerful, animalistic flex of his hips, he hilted himself fully inside her velvet-soft channel, stretching her impossibly wide as twin moans of unbridled rapture filled the steamy air.

"Yes, Will, fuck yes!" Amanda keened, her head thumping back against the wall as he stretched and filled her so exquisitely. Her inner muscles rippled along his throbbing shaft, urging him deeper. "Give it to me, baby. Pound me through the fucking wall."

Drunk on the tight, slick clasp of her sheath—like warm velvet gloved in honey—William drew back until just the bulbous purple tip remained inside her, then surged forward with the force of a battering ram, burying his throbbing, vein-ridged length in her molten core.

"Gimme that fucking pussy, mom!" his excited voice hollered as he set a punishing, animalistic pace, the thunderous force of his titanium-hard thrusts rattling the antique oak cabinets, making copper-bottomed pans clang together like primitive cymbals announcing their carnal union.

Amanda's blood-red fingernails scored ten perfect crimson crescents into his shoulders as she clung to him like a drowning woman, undulating her hourglass hips in perfect counterpoint to meet his driving cock. The plump, creamy globes of her heart-shaped ass jiggled and bounced hypnotically each time he slammed home to the hilt, the lewd, wet slap of flesh on flesh echoing obscenely through the moonlit kitchen.

Heather stirred awake in the bedroom, the distinctive wet percussion of naked bodies colliding pulling her from champagne-tinted dreams. A lazy,

knowing smile curved her plump lips as she recognized the telltale symphony of heated coupling drifting in from the kitchen.

The frantic, primal rhythm and Amanda's breathy soprano moans painted a vivid, pornographic tableau in her mind—her Adonis-like grandson and voluptuous daughter rutting against the wall like magnificent beasts in heat.

William lost himself in the exquisite clasp of Amanda's pussy, marveling at how tightly she gripped him like a velvet vise drenched in liquid silk. Her slick, coral-pink walls squeezed and rippled along his pistoning length, massaging every throbbing inch of his granite-hard, purple-veined shaft.

The pleasure was indescribable, a supernova of sensation exploding through his nervous system, so far beyond anything he'd experienced before. Even Maxine's snug, MILF cunt paled in comparison to his mother's pelvic mastery.

With each powerful thrust that drove him to her womb's entrance, William could feel his mom's inner muscles fluttering and clenching around him in rhythmic waves, as if trying to milk the scalding cum from his heavy, aching balls.

He'd never known a woman could control herself so internally, could wield her intimate flesh as a sensual weapon with such devastating precision. It was dizzying, mind-blowing, like being consumed by molten honey. She was ruining him for anyone else, spoiling him with the sheer ecstasy of her body's forbidden paradise.

William angled his hips, grinding against Amanda in slow, filthy circles that made the swollen head of his cock trace fiery patterns inside her.

She keened, back bowing like a drawn bow as he stimulated her hidden trigger spots with the broad, mushroom-shaped crown of his throbbing manhood.

“Fuck!” he spat, feeling every microscopic ripple and flutter of her molten sheath, the textured, ridged roof of her channel rubbing against that exquisitely sensitive spot beneath his crown until stars burst behind his eyelids.

Her mouth fell open, a stream of garbled praise and pleas spilling out as he stirred her up inside.

"You feel it, don't you?" Amanda panted, locking her lust-glazed eyes with his. "How perfectly I fit you? How deep you are in me right now?"

William groaned, his cock surging impossibly harder at her dirty talk.

"Yes," he bit out, fingers sinking into the meat of her thighs. "You're so fucking tight, Mom. Tighter than anything."

"That's right, baby," Amanda cooed, undulating her hips in a sensual figure eight. "Your cock was made for Mommy's cunt. I'm the only one who can milk you this good."

Her filthy words inflamed William, made the molten hunger in his veins blaze hotter than the core of the sun. He started to move again, sawing in and out of her rippling heat with long, powerful strokes of his teenage cock that made the kitchen cabinets rattle and the floorboards creak beneath them.

He could feel every corrugated nuance of her luscious passage, the plush, velvet-soft grip of her glistening pink folds as they clung desperately to his purple-veined shaft like a drowning woman to a life raft.

The way her muscular walls gripped and squeezed him rhythmically in undulating waves, urging him deeper into her scorching, honeyed depths with each pulsating contraction. William had never felt anything so mind-meltingly exquisite, so transcendently pleasurable it bordered on spiritual revelation.

Fucking his gran had been a real ball-buster. And laying pipe inside Maxine had been incredible, earth-shattering even, but being inside his mother was a pleasure beyond mortal compare, her mature body perfectly attuned to his every need and desire like an instrument crafted specifically for his cock.

"That's it, baby, fuck Mommy just like that," Amanda panted, her husky voice edged with feral desperation, hot breath washing over his sweat-slicked neck. She worked herself against him wantonly, her heart-shaped ass jiggling with each impact, taking him so deep he could feel the spongy, mushroom-shaped head of his mammoth cock crushing her cervix, trying to burrow its way into the very womb that once held him.

"You're splitting me open on that huge, throbbing dick," she whimpered. "Hitting all the right spots like you were born to fuck me!"

William shuddered at her filthy praise, electric bliss zinging up his spine like molten lightning through a copper rod. He fucked into her harder, chasing that delicious friction, relishing the way her juicy cunt suctioned and squelched around him like a velvet-lined vacuum.

The wet slap of his heavy, cum-laden balls against her peach-soft ass echoed lewdly with each forceful thrust, creating a primal percussion that reverberated through the kitchen. He couldn't get enough of his mother's lush, responsive body - the volcanic heat of her core gripping him so snugly it bordered on painful ecstasy, the plush weight of her rippled tits mashed against his chiseled chest, the intoxicating musk of her arousal filling his flaring nostrils like the finest French perfume.

She surrounded him completely, drowning him in sensation like a man baptized in liquid pleasure. Amanda's ecstatic cries grew sharper, more urgent, her blood-red nails scoring crimson trenches across his flexing back. "Don't stop, Will! I'm gonna cum all over your fat, throbbing cock!"

William felt the spongy patch of tissue just behind her pubic bone swell and pulse against the underside of his plunging cock like a ripe apricot bursting with nectar. As he pounded into her with jackhammer precision, her g-spot was stimulated mercilessly, the engorged bundle of nerves sending white-hot lightning bolts of ecstasy throughout her writhing body, from her flushed chest to her quivering thighs.

With each deep, bone-rattling thrust, his veiny, purple-headed battering ram rubbed that magical, velvet-textured spot inside her, making her crimson-painted toes curl and her breath catch in her throat like a trapped butterfly.

“That’s it, mom... come apart on me,” the boy urged, his breath huffing with each vigorous cunt-thrust.

Amanda could feel the molten pleasure building to a fever pitch, her swollen, pearl-like clitoris throbbing in perfect synchronicity with her racing heart, which hammered against her rib cage like a war drum.

Unseen beneath the glistening, pink surface, the extensive network of sensitive nerves that made up her clitoral roots was lit up like a Christmas tree drenched in liquid gold, every microscopic ending electrified as William’s thick, throbbing shaft massaged them through the gossamer-thin wall of her dripping, honey-slick vagina.

Amanda’s inner muscles clenched rhythmically around him like a silken fist, fluttering and rippling along his hammering penile length with the precision of a concert pianist’s fingers. The ridged, textured roof of her velvet channel rasped deliciously against his hypersensitive frenulum, sending electric jolts of pleasure from the base of his spine to the crown of his head, making him shudder and groan like a dying man granted one final ecstasy.

William could feel every microscopic contraction, every infinitesimal tremor that cascaded through her molten core as she hurtled towards the precipice of oblivion.

He shifted the angle of his hips slightly, driving upward with surgical precision, and felt the engorged, purple head of his throbbing cock grind directly against that spongy, swollen magic spot with each devastating thrust.

Amanda keened, her spine arching dramatically like a bow strung too tight, her turgid-tipped breasts thrust skyward in offering. The added pressure and friction against her g-spot, now swollen to the size of a ripe cherry, was the final catalyst she needed.

The cock-humping mother tore her mouth away from his, keening like a wounded animal as the added stimulation catapulted her into bliss. "Ah! Yes! Fuck!" she wailed, spine arching like a drawn bow as her climax overtook her.

Her cunt went vise tight around his pistoning length, rippling and grasping like a hungry mouth as a flood of liquid heat gushed out to drench his groin, soaking the kitchen floor beneath them with her honeyed essence.

"Shit, Mom, you're gonna make me blow," he gasped out, voice strangled by the tightening coil of pleasure at the base of his spine.

With a hoarse, primal shout that tore from the depths of his heaving chest, William buried himself to the absolute hilt and exploded like a supernova, his throbbing, purple-veined cock geysering thick, pearlescent ropes of scalding cum deep into his mother's spasming, velvet-soft cunt.

Liquid ecstasy seared through his veins like molten gold as he pumped Amanda full of his virile seed, painting her quivering, rose-pink walls alabaster white. Her silken pussy milked him with expert precision, rippling and clenching rhythmically around his sensitive shaft as if trying to wring him completely dry of every last precious drop.

“Unnngh, oh fuck!” William growled as his powerful hips jerked and twitched erratically as he spent himself inside her welcoming depths, each violent pulse of his massive cock triggering another toe-curling, soul-shattering spurt of his essence.

It seemed to go on forever, rapture crashing over him in unending tsunami waves of pure bliss. Brilliant stars burst like fireworks behind his tightly clenched eyelids, his thundering heartbeat roaring in his ears like a primal drum.

Amanda keened and shuddered around him, her sweat-slicked body convulsing in ecstasy as she felt his molten, life-giving release flooding her womb, prolonging her own earth-shattering climax until she was nothing but raw nerve endings and liquid pleasure.

Finally, the last tremors subsided, leaving William gasping and boneless. His slightly softened shaft slipped out of his mom's drenched heat with a wet squelch.

She clung to him like a vine as he slumped to the floor, her body still quaking with residual pleasure as she held his head between her sweaty, pillowy tits. Thick globs of their mingled essence seeped out of her well-used cunt to trickle down her thighs.

For long moments, they simply held each other, panting harshly as they came down from the high, their sweat-slicked bodies fused together like melting wax.

William's head spun in dizzying circles as he rested in his mom's squishy cleavage, his trembling limbs leaden with sated bliss, muscles twitching with aftershocks of pleasure. He couldn't remember ever coming so hard, so copiously—his release had been volcanic, primordial, leaving him hollow yet paradoxically complete.

It was as if his mother's lush, responsive body—all silk-soft curves and molten heat—had wrung every last pearlescent drop from his aching

balls, draining him utterly of his life-giving essence. And he had loved every exquisite, forbidden second of it.

Amanda's udders bobbed back and forth as she pulled them away from his face. She nuzzled his sweaty neck, her hot breath puffing against his flushed skin in ragged little gasps, her lipstick smeared across his collarbone like a crimson brand. "My god, baby, that was incredible," she murmured, her voice husky and well-fucked, vibrating against his thundering pulse. "I've never felt anything so intense, so earth-shattering. You fill me up so perfectly, stretching me just right, like you were made to be inside me."

William's chest swelled with primal masculine pride at her praise. Knowing he could bring his mother to such heights of ecstasy, make her scream and writhe on his cock, was deeply satisfying on a visceral level, especially since he was only just a teenager.

He had claimed her, marked her as his. In this dangerous new world, she was his to protect and pleasure. His woman. And little did they both know, a single determined sperm had already breached the waiting egg deep in Amanda's womb, their genetic codes merging to form new life—the forbidden fruit of their taboo union now dividing and multiplying in microscopic silence, nestled in the warm, dark sanctuary of her maternal body.

As they basked in the afterglow, savoring the slick slide of their naked flesh, William's stomach suddenly growled loudly. Amanda giggled, the vibrations of it shimmying through her curves. "Sounds like someone worked up an appetite," she teased, pushing herself up on shaky arms. "C'mon, stud, let's get you fed. You'll need to keep your strength up for round two later."

"Really?" William asked, smiling from ear to ear.

Amanda rested on her knees above him, her giant sweaty tits looming over him fluffy clouds capped with dusky pink, stiff-nippled caps. "Yes,

really," she grinned, "And maybe even round three and four too... if you're lucky."

William's was momentarily thrilled, but his brow furrowed as he considered the dwindling food stores, even with Maxine's contribution. "This will only last us a few days," he said grimly, meeting his mother's eyes. "We're going to have to leave the city soon, try to find a safer place with more resources."

Amanda nodded, her lips pressing into a thin line. "I know. We can't stay here much longer."

She took a deep breath, squaring her shoulders. "We'll need to pack whatever supplies we can carry and head out. Maybe we can find a small town, somewhere remote where there's food and not many of those...things."

William's gut clenched at the thought of venturing out into the dangerous, uncertain world beyond their apartment walls. But he knew they had no choice. They would starve if they stayed.

A heavy sense of responsibility settled on his broad shoulders - he would have to be the one to get his family to safety, to protect and provide for his mother and grandmother.

He reached out and took Amanda's hand, trying to pour reassurance into his touch. "We'll make it, Mom. I promise I'll take care of you and Gran, no matter what."

Amanda's eyes shimmered with unshed tears like morning dew on sapphires as she squeezed his fingers with surprising strength. "Oh, Will. My brave boy, becoming a man far too soon." Pride and sorrow mingled in her husky voice, still raw from her earlier screams of passion.

William's Adam's apple bobbed painfully as he swallowed. In that moment, he didn't feel very brave or very much like a man despite the lingering musk of their coupling that clung to his sweat-dampened skin.

He felt like a scared kid, wanting to hide in his mother's arms and let her soothe away the nightmares with her vanilla-scented warmth.

But that time was past, dissolved like morning fog under the harsh sun of their apocalyptic reality. He had to step up now and be the strength his family needed, a shield of flesh and bone against the horrors that lurked beyond their temporary sanctuary.