

Tiny Scientist, Big Problem

Part 1 of 2

By Klrxo

The aroma of sizzling garlic and onions filled the cozy kitchen as Cassidy bustled about, preparing dinner for her husband who was due home any moment. As she stirred the simmering pot on the stove, a sharp knock at the door interrupted her concentration.

“Daniel, can you get that, sweetheart?” she called out to her son, who was lounging in the living room.

Seconds later, her son's voice echoed through the house. “Mom, it's for you.”

Curious, Cassidy made her way to the front door and found two men in crisp suits standing on her doorstep. Their expressions were grave and somber. “Mrs. Henderson, we're from Maxim Industries and are colleagues of your husband, Walter,” one of the men announced with a deep voice. “I'm afraid there's been an accident at the lab.”

Cassidy's heart skipped a beat as her mouth fell open. “Is Walter okay?” she asked, her voice trembling with worry. “What happened?”

One of the men reached into his pocket and pulled out a tiny cube, handing it to Cassidy. “We'll let him explain,” he said before turning to leave with his colleague.

Confused and anxious, Cassidy closed the door behind her and made her way back to the kitchen where she nervously fiddled with the small cube in her hands, waiting for her husband's explanation.

As she opened the tiny, intricate cube, her husband Walter emerged from the depths of its interior. The realization of his minuscule size hit her like a wave, and she couldn't help but gasp in shock.

“Walter?!” she exclaimed, struggling to find words for this impossible situation. “What the fuck?!”

“Hi, hon,” he waved with a sheepish grin on his face, his rosy cheeks betraying his embarrassment. “As you can see, one of my experiments at the lab went drastically wrong.”

“Drastically wrong? That's an understatement. Walter, you're smaller than a fucking snail.”

Their teenaged children burst into the room, maternal twins Daniel and Paula. Paula's eyes widened and she immediately burst into laughter when she saw her father in his diminutive state. “Oh my God, look at how small you are,” she jeered.

“What happened dad?” Daniel asked with genuine concern etched on his face.

“I was exposed to the formula I've been working on for awhile, son,” he answered with a heavy sigh. “But don't worry, I'll do everything in my power to fix this.”

“Can I keep you in the cage with my hamster?” Paula asked mischievously, earning a laugh from her mother Cassidy.

“That would be quite amusing,” Cassidy added with a twinkle in her eye.

“Thanks a lot,” said Walter sarcastically, rolling his eyes. “So now I'm a hamster?”

“She was just kidding, Walter,” Cassidy reassured him.

“No, I wasn't,” Paula chimed in playfully, her voice carrying a hint of sarcasm. “He's shrunk down to the size of a pet, so why not keep him in a cage?” she joked with a sly grin.

“We are not putting your father in a cage,” Cassidy reprimanded, then glanced down at her miniature husband with a mix of concern and annoyance. “But I am curious to know how you plan on functioning as a normal human being...at that size.”

Walter shifted awkwardly and shrugged his shoulders in response. “Obviously, there will be limitations and I may need some assistance getting around, but I can still make decisions and contribute to our household like I always have.”

Paula shot a pointed look at her father. “I think what mom is really wondering is how the fuck you plan on having sex with her when you're that small?”

Cassidy nodded in agreement and turned to face her husband, waiting for his explanation.

“Well...obviously things won't be quite the same until I can return to my normal size,” Walter answered awkwardly, avoiding eye contact.

“So let me get this straight, dad,” Paula said, her voice dripping with both disbelief and disgust. “Because you decided to shrink yourself down to the size of a piece of bird shit, mom is supposed to go without any sexual pleasure? That's not fair.”

Cassidy nodded in agreement, her eyes flashing with anger. “It's your mistake, Walter. I shouldn't have to suffer because of it.”

“We'll make it work until I fix things,” Walter replied confidently.

Cassidy and her daughter both burst into laughter at his words.

“Oh, dad,” Paula chuckled. “How exactly are you going to 'make

things work' when you're that small? Do you really think you'll be able to penetrate mom with your flea-sized cock?"

Cassidy joined in on the joke, glaring playfully at her husband. "She has a point. What's your plan for satisfying me sexually while you're miniature?"

"I don't know yet, but we can discuss it in private," he answered, trying to sound serious despite the ridiculousness of the situation.

Daniel spoke up, offering his assistance as he glanced between his mother's gigantic tits and her curious expression. "I could help you guys out," he suggested.

"How would you do that, sweetheart?" Cassidy asked with a mixture of confusion and curiosity.

"Well, since dad can't have sex with you in his current state, I could take his place until he returns to normal size. That way, you can still experience pleasure."

"That is absolutely not happening!" Walter exclaimed loudly enough for his tiny voice to be heard.

"Quiet, Walter!" His wife snapped, her voice sharp as a whip. She turned back to their son with an adoring gaze, her eyes sparkling with hope. "You would really do that for us, Daniel?" Her tone was almost pleading.

"Of course," he replied nonchalantly, shrugging his broad shoulders. "If it helps you guys out, I'd be more than willing to step up to the task."

Cassidy's presence fueled every one of Daniel's most twisted fantasies. Not a day went by that he didn't imagine getting lost in her massive cleavage or plunging his hard cock into her dripping, mature pussy.

"That's so sweet of you," Cassidy cooed, running her hand across Daniel's cheek. He, along with his sister, had just 18 years old and he was already tall and athletic with a gentle demeanor.

"Wow, that's so hot," Paula chimed in, her gaze burning with desire. "A mother fucking her own son."

"Young lady," Walter interjected, his voice barely audible. "There is nothing 'hot' about this situation. It's incest and it's wrong."

Paula only grinned wider at her father's disapproval. "That just makes it even hotter! They're both in their prime, dad. I'm sure the sex would be incredible."

"I'll give your father a week, sweetheart," Cassidy announced boldly, turning to face Walter and making sure he heard her ultimatum. "If he hasn't resolved this and returned to his normal self, then I'll accept your offer."

Walter shook his head in disbelief and anger. "Cass, you can't just-"

"One week," she repeated firmly, her voice drowning out his protests easily. "You know how sexual I am, so be grateful that I'm giving you that long."

Walter couldn't help but notice the mischievous glint in his daughter's eyes as she looked down at him, her mind clearly spinning with devilish possibilities. "Hey, mom, can I be in charge of taking care of him?" she asked, her voice dripping with faux innocence.

"Don't treat me like a pet," Walter stated firmly. "I just need help getting from place to place."

"I wouldn't treat you like a pet," his daughter responded slyly. "More like...a toy."

With two fingers, she delicately lifted Walter up and dangled his tiny body over her mouth. He gazed fearfully into the depths below

- the pink expanse of his daughter's mouth, her long pierced tongue, and the dark abyss of her throat just beyond. Paula's large, white teeth loomed dangerously close, resembling a giant shark ready to snap him up in one swift bite. "I could swallow you whole and then regurgitate you later...that would be fun," she mused.

"Honey, you're not gonna eat your father," Cassidy interjected, trying to hide her amusement. "Now put him down and finish your homework."

"Can I at least keep him in my room if I promise not to swallow him?" Paula pleaded.

Cassidy turned to Daniel with a flirtatious look, giving his muscular arm a soft squeeze. "Let's give things a week. If your father hasn't returned to normal and I start sleeping with your brother, then he can stay in your room occasionally."

"I love how I have no say in any of this," Walter grumbled in frustration.

His wife shot him a stern look. "Walter, focus on undoing what you did today. If you want our help getting around, show some gratitude."

As they settled down at the dinner table, Cassidy cautiously shared a few morsels of her meal with her husband. Paula watched from the other side of the table and laughed. "It's like you're feeding a tiny mouse," she exclaimed mockingly.

"Even his clothing shrunk," Daniel noted. "He's like a tiny Lego man."

"He, mom, I be could crawl all the way to the back of you cunt," Paula stated, her face filled with wonder. "I bet that would feel amazing."

"Not happening," Walter stated, glaring over at her daughter.

“You eat her pussy. What's the difference?”

“Actually, your father doesn't eat my pussy very often,” Cassidy admitted.

“You don't eat pussy dad?” Daniel exclaimed. “Are you crazy?”

“Can we talk about something else, please,” Walter requested, shaking his head. “This is hardly an appropriate discussion for the dinner table.”

At bedtime, Walter laid on his side of the massive bed like usual, but tonight he felt small and insignificant in comparison to its grandeur. He couldn't help but feel like he was lying in the middle of an endless field, lost and alone.

“Cassidy,” he shouted across the expanse of the bed, where his wife lay reading a glossy magazine. She peered down at him lazily, barely acknowledging his presence. “What do you need?” she asked with a hint of annoyance in her voice.

“You weren't serious about sleeping with Daniel, were you?” Walter mustered up the courage to ask, feeling sickened and betrayed by the mere thought of his wife being intimate with their own son.

Cassidy let out an exasperated sigh and rolled her eyes. “Put yourself in my shoes, Walter,” she urged. “You just found out that your spouse is shrunk to the size of a cockroach and may never return to normal size again. Am I just supposed to go through life without sex because of a mistake that YOU made?”

Walter's heart sank at her words, guilt overwhelming him. “No, but with Daniel? He's our son.”

“So you'd rather me go out and fuck a complete stranger instead?” His wife retorted defensively.

“No, I wouldn't want that either,” he replied coolly. “It's just that—”

“These issues should stay within the family, behind closed doors,” his wife stated, cutting him off. “And if it comes down to it, Daniel is able and willing to provide me with sexual pleasure. It's the most logical solution.”

The next day, as Walter toiled endlessly in his home office, attempting to find a solution to reverse the effects of his formula, he caught sight of his wife out of the corner of his eye. She glided past his office doorway, her voluptuous figure clad in a sheer, barely-there robe that left little to the imagination. The click of her stiletto heels echoed through the hallway and Walter's attention was immediately piqued.

Daniel was sprawled out across his mattress, the soft glow of the VR goggles illuminating his handsome face. His young, lean body glistened with a light sheen of perspiration as he worked his hand up and down the length of his long, rigid cock. The faint sound of moans and gasps could be heard through the speakers of the goggles, adding to the sensations coursing through his body.

“Oh, yeah...that's it, baby...suck my dick,” he uttered.

Cassidy couldn't resist peeking inside his doorway, her lips curling mischievously at the sight before her. She loved watching Daniel beat off, admiring the way his muscles flexed and rippled with each stroke. She took pride in knowing that she had a hand in creating such a perfect specimen, particularly when it came to the length and thickness of his teenage cock. Her heart fluttered with desire at the thought of him using it on her, but also with a hint of guilt for her longing while her husband was still trapped in his condition.

Cassidy closed the door behind her with a soft click, her heels tapping a delicate rhythm on her son's bedroom floor. As she

sashayed towards him, the perfect half-moons of her bubble butt swayed hypnotically above her long, toned legs, barely concealed by the silky robe that clung to her curves. The fabric strained against the ridiculous proportions of her gigantic tits, barely containing the creamy flesh of her monstrous cleavage that jiggled with every step.

Startled, Daniel threw off his goggles as he felt his mother sit down on the bed next to him. "Sorry to startle you, sweetheart," she whispered, gently rubbing his shoulder. "I just wanted to come in and watch." Her voice was like warm honey, and Daniel couldn't help but feel a sense of comfort and safety in her presence, despite the unexpectedness of it all. Cassidy's perfume filled his senses, a heady mix of floral and musk that was uniquely hers. She sat close enough that he could feel the warmth radiating from her body and smell the sweet scent of her hair as she leaned in to watch whatever had captured his attention so completely.

"Are you enjoying your virtual encounter?" she purred with a sultry grin.

"Yes, but I'd enjoy the real thing more," he replied, his voice thick with desire.

"Well, if your father doesn't figure things out quick, you may just get your wish," Cassidy whispered with an eager glint in her eye.

Her breath was warm against his skin as she leaned down to kiss his forehead, the scent of her perfume creating an intoxicating aroma.

"So we'd become like...lovers?" Daniel asked, his heart racing at the thought.

"Pretty much, yes." Cassidy's lips curled into a mischievous smirk. "Do you know what a nymphomaniac is, sweetheart?"

Daniel nodded eagerly. "Yeah, someone who likes sex a lot."

“Correct,” she stated matter-of-factly before trailing kisses down his neck. “Someone who craves it all the time. That's what your mother is; some who has an insatiable hunger for cock.”

“I must be one of those nymphomaniacs too then,” Daniel grinned, unable to tear his gaze away from the canyon of her cleavage on display.

Cassidy let out a infectious laugh at her son's words, charmed by his innocence. “Well, I guess in that case, you'll be a perfect match for your mother,” she teased, running her fingers through his hair teasingly. “As soon as the seven days are up, we'll fuck our asses off.”

Daniel felt his heart skip a beat at her words, his body responding eagerly to her seductive touch. His erection twitched, the veins bulging out prominently, drawing Cassidy's attention.

“Oh, sweetheart, your dick is so hard,” she cooed in delight.

The first thing her husband heard as he crawled through the narrow gap between the floor and his son's door was the sound of muffled voices. Walter felt like he had just run a mile, even though he had only come from just down the hallway. His breathing was heavy and his heart raced with nervous anticipation.

“A lot of the girls say I have the biggest dick of any of the guys at school,” Daniel bragged, his voice filled with false bravado. Walter cringed at his son's crude language.

“Well, any guy who has a boner that sticks up higher than his belly button like yours does should consider himself VERY well endowed,” Cassidy stated, her eyes glued to Daniel's throbbing cock with desire.

Walter felt sick to his stomach as he watched his wife lust after their son.

"Why don't we change the subject now," Walter shouted, trying to quell the anger and disgust boiling inside him. Unfortunately, he was still too far away from them to be heard over their conversation. So he moved closer, wanting to intervene before things got out of hand.

"So if we do start...you know, doing it," Daniel said to Cassidy, "how often do you think it'll happen?"

Cassidy leaned in closer to her son, her gigantic, stiff-nippled breasts brushing against his muscular chest. "As often as you'd like, my sweet boy," she purred, placing a gentle kiss on his lips. "And with a cock like yours, I'm sure we'll be at it all the time."

"Cassidy, please!" Walter shouted from the floor, his small voice barely getting her attention from the floor.

"Walter, what in the world are you doing down there?!" Cassidy answered, a hint of annoyance in her tone. "Do you wanna get squashed like a bug? One of us could have easily stepped on you."

Daniel quickly adjusted the sheet to conceal his visible arousal.

"I can't believe it," Walter said, his voice slightly muffled. "Why are you two talking about sex like it's a guaranteed thing? I'll probably be back to my normal size within a day or two."

Cassidy stood up, towering over her husband like a skyscraper. Her long bare legs seemed never-ending as she loomed over him. "We'll see about that, Walter," she responded firmly. "But until then, don't be surprised if you catch Daniel and I flirting. That's usually how it starts before two people have sex with each other. And we have to assume that it will happen, unless you can somehow pull a rabbit out of your hat and fix this predicament."

With gentle movements, Cassidy picked up her tiny husband between her fingers and carried him towards Daniel's door. She carefully lowered him to the hallway floor and turned to face him.

“Now, if you'll excuse us, Daniel and I would appreciate some time alone to continue our conversation,” she stated calmly.

“Fine,” Walter sighed, seeming frustrated by his lack of success so far and his wife's eagerness to engage in sexual activities with Daniel.

Cassidy carefully shut Daniel's door and Walter began the long walk back to his office. But as he made his way down the corridor, he was abruptly halted by the earth-shaking stomp of Paula's giant foot in front of him. "Hi, daddy" she greeted with a mischievous smile, peering down at him with a playful glint in her green eyes.

Walter couldn't help but gaze up at her towering figure, feeling immensely small in comparison. Paula was dressed in a short skirt that rode high on her thighs, giving him a tantalizing view of her snug, white panties hugging her pubis and creating a deep cameltoe in the silky fabric. "Where are you off to?" she asked, her voice dripping with mischief.

"I'm just heading back to my office to get some work done," Walter replied, trying to maintain a professional tone as he attempted to sidestep around her massive foot.

But Paula quickly dropped down to the ground, blocking his path with her pretty face lowered towards him. Her piercing green eyes held an intense hunger as she stared at him like a cat eyeing its prey. "Do you need a ride?" she purred, extending her long tongue from her cavernous mouth and playfully flicking it towards him.

Walter's heart pounded as he tried to resist the offer. "No thanks," he managed to say, his voice strained. "I can make it there on my own."

"Oh come on," Paula pressed with a cute pouting look. "I promise I won't eat you. I just want to... suck on you for a few minutes, like a

gummy bear, and maybe nibble on you... gently," she added with a wicked grin spreading across

"Honey, please...just let me get back to work," said Walter, his voice muffled and small within the giant fingers that latched around him.

"I would, but there's only one problem," she stated, lifting her father up between two fingers as she stood back to her feet. The sunlight glinted off her piercing, drawing attention to the colorful stud nestled in her tongue. "You're not in charge anymore. You're much too tiny and cute for that."

Walter's heart raced as he was lifted closer to Paula's face. He could see every detail of her features, from the curve of her lips to the speckles on her nose. But he knew it wasn't just her size that made him feel so small - it was the power she held over him, the knowledge that she could do whatever she wanted with him.

"Paula, please put me down," said Walter, trying to keep his voice steady despite the trembling in his limbs.

"You'll have fun inside my mouth, I promise," she stated, a mischievous glint in her eye as she extended her tongue and placed him on its center next to the round colorful stud of her piercing. The sensation of being on such a foreign surface sent shivers down Walter's spine.

He was pulled inside the dark, dampness of Paula's mouth, feeling like he was being swallowed by a giant monster. Her tongue began to curl around him like a fleshy wave, threatening to engulf him completely when he suddenly heard his wife's voice.

"Paula, leave your father alone," Cassidy warned from inside her son's bedroom.

Paula opened her mouth and plucked Walter from her tongue with a sigh. She glared at him devilishly. "When she starts fucking Daniel...you're mine." Walter couldn't help but shudder at the

thought of what Paula might do to him once her mother was distracted.

Cassidy nestled herself against Daniel's broad, muscular frame on his bed, her gigantic mommy-tits seemingly encompassing nearly half of his chiseled chest. She gazed down at his toned torso, watching as he stroked his impressive cock. His fingers glided over its glistening surface, accentuating the bulging veins and defined musculature beneath the smooth, pink skin. A beautiful, plump head adorned the top of his shaft, a thin stream of precum oozing from its open slit. Cassidy couldn't help but imagine the feeling of it penetrating the sensitive, nerve-rich flesh of her pussy.

"If you can fuck even half as well as you jerk off, then I'm definitely in for a wild time," Cassidy purred with a mischievous smirk.

"I have no doubt that you'll be thoroughly satisfied, mom" Daniel replied confidently, his hand never faltering in its rhythmic movements along his throbbing member. He licked his lips hungrily as he took in the sight of her creamy cleavage pressed against his chest, her breasts quivering with each stroke of his cock

Cassidy's sultry voice dripped with desire as she spoke. "Mm, I can think of no other 'perfect' male specimen that I would want ravaging my hot, wet cunt but you, sweetie," she shared. Her fingers trailed lightly down his chest, igniting a fire in his body. "I just know that you'll fuck me to the moon and back."

Daniel's lips curled into a self-assured smile, his eyes gleaming with desire. He had been consumed by fantasies of the busty beauty ever since he was a wide-eyed grade schooler, and now, finally, he would have the chance to make them a reality. The thought alone made him feel like a grown man, ready to conquer and claim what he desired most - to sink his big-boy cock into her

skilled cunt and feel the grip of a real MILF pussy, knowing that she would be just as eager for his touch as he was for hers.

Even though her pussy ached to be crammed full of young cock, Cassidy showed restraint. She had made a deal with her husband and as hard as it was, she would keep her end of the bargain.

That didn't mean, however, that she shouldn't tease Daniel with her filthy words while he stroked on his tender boner and gazed into her beautiful eyes.

"You know, Daniel," she began, her voice dripping with desire, "I've been thinking... when I do finally fuck you, I could start with a little lick. Just a little taste of your sweet cock in my mouth before we take things any further."

Her eyes sparkled with mischief, and her lips curled into a seductive smile as she reached out with her fingers and wrapped them around the base of his thick member. Daniel's breath hitched as he felt her long, powerful fingers gently squeezing his throbbing erection and pump its length right along with him.

"I like that idea," he breathed.

"Me too," Cassidy whispered, her gaze never leaving his. "I can just imagine the taste of your precum in my mouth as I give you what you've always wanted and deserved."

Daniel groaned softly, struggling to keep his arousal under control as both his hand and Cassidy's stroked his throbbing-hard cock. She continued to whisper naughty things to him.

"Mmm, I can feel it throbbing in my hand, Daniel. And I know that when we finally fuck, you'll feel just as hard and strong inside my juicy cunt."

Daniel's breathing grew heavier, his eyes fluttering shut as he tried to hold back the ecstasy building within him. "Mom, you're driving me crazy."

"Good," she purred, her voice husky with desire. "Because that's exactly what I wanna do." With a mischievous grin, she leaned in closer and squeezed his cock even harder, making Daniel gasp.

As she continued to fist his shaft, she couldn't help but ask another naughty question. "So, just how fucking hard are you gonna make me cum, Daniel?"

A cocky grin spread across his face. "I'm going to make you scream. I'll be so deep inside you that you'll never want anyone else." His words dripped with confidence and desire.

Cassidy moaned at his promises, her arousal intensifying with each passing moment. "Well, now that your father has a shrimp dick, I never need anyone else but you and your huge, delicious cock." Her hand matched his in rhythm and pressure as they both stroked his jutting hardon together.

Feeling more turned on than ever before, Daniel increased the speed and intensity of his cock-strokes. Cassidy followed suit, their hands moving in perfect sync as they pleased his throbbing shaft. It was a sight to behold, a bond between them unlike any other. As his mother had predicted, they were perfect together. The anticipation of what was to come was almost too much for Daniel to handle.

Cassidy licked her bee-stung lips as she watched him squirm, imagining her body on top of his, writhing in a sweaty heap together, her huge, fat tits squashed between them, molding to Daniel's chest as they reach the peak of orgasm together.

"I'm cumming!" Daniel gasped, snapping Cassidy from her trance.

She looked down at his straining face and smiled, her hand still working his shaft. "That's what I've been waiting for, sweetheart."

As his orgasm hit him with full force, Daniel let out a primal roar, his hips bucking wildly from the force of his release. Cassidy watched, transfixed, as the thick, glistening ejaculate gushed from the tip of his penis, splattering across his ripped abs and some even landing on her face.

The sight of her son's climax was more than Cassidy could take, and she reached down, rubbed her clit frantically through her panties and let out a guttural moan as her own orgasm finally took her over. Her body trembled uncontrollably, her eyes rolling back in her head as she too fell into the abyss of pure, mind-blowing pleasure.

As they both rode out their climaxes, Cassidy couldn't help but whisper in his ear. "I can't wait to feel your cum inside me, Daniel... to feel you pounding my wet cunt and filling me up."

Daniel's eyes widened at her words, his lust rising even higher, making more hot semen spurt from his teenage meatus, high into the air before splattering down onto his chest.

As the days passed, Walter couldn't help but notice how Cassidy and Daniel always seemed to be in each other's arms. They were like magnets, constantly drawn together with flirty whispers and playful touches. It was almost as if they were a courting couple, their eyes locked in a hungry gaze that revealed their eagerness to rip off each other's clothes and indulge in passionate lovemaking.

Walter interrupting their flirtatious exchange. "I think I'm getting close to figuring this out."

His wife glanced over at him, her annoyance clear. "That's great, but you only have two days before Daniel and I act upon our agreement," she reminded him sternly.

"Don't worry, I'll return to my normal size well before then," Walter assured them both. "But in the meantime, I don't think I should be left alone with Paula. She keeps eyeing me up like a lion does a helpless gazelle."

Cassidy scoffed and rolled her eyes. "You're being ridiculous, Walter. She's your daughter, she's not gonna eat you."

"I'm not worried about being eaten," Walter stated firmly. "I just can't understand why she's so fixated on putting me in her mouth."

Cassidy chuckled and shook her head. "You worry too much. Just a few weeks ago, you were complaining that she wanted nothing to do with you at all."

"Yes, well, spending more time together is fine as long as she's not trying to devour me whole."

The next day, Walter woke up with a flicker of hope in his heart. He had spent the better part of the night feverishly scribbling equations and calculations, convinced that he had finally cracked the code to return himself back to his normal size. "I need to get to my lab today," he declared to his wife, determination shining in his eyes. "With any luck, I'll be driving myself home in my own vehicle."

Daniel dutifully helped his father into the car, carrying him carefully up the stairs to the lab since he was now too small to make the journey himself. "See you at home, dad," Daniel waved. He secretly hoped his father didn't succeed, at least until he fucked his mom a few times."

With the assistance of his colleagues, Walter gathered all of the necessary supplies for his experiment. This was his big chance, and he was determined to make it work. As he worked, however, a creeping sense of dread and unease began to steal over him - what if this didn't work? What if he was stuck like this forever? But he pushed those thoughts aside and focused on the task at hand.

Taking a deep breath, Walter downed the concoction in a single, trembling gulp. His colleagues watched with bated breath as they waited for the effects to take hold.

To their surprise, nothing happened. All hope drained from Walter's face as he realized that his plan had failed. In defeat, he had one of his colleagues call his wife so he could deliver the bad news. "Back to the drawing board, Walter," she stated calmly over speakerphone.

But deep down, Walter couldn't shake off the nagging feeling that he had missed something crucial. He vowed to continue searching for the elusive magic formula, determined not to let time constraints hinder him. He couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy knowing his wife and son would soon be engaging in passionate sex while he remained trapped in this tiny form.

"I can't believe he shrunk himself that small," gasped Sybil, her eyes widening in astonishment as she and Cassidy sat on the plush couch in Cassidy's immaculately decorated living room. The sunlight streamed through the large windows, casting a warm glow on the two friends.

Sybil shook her head in disbelief. "You can't even use his shrunken body like a dildo to satisfy yourself."

Smirking mischievously, Cassidy shrugged. "I don't need to worry about that anymore. Someone else is stepping up to take care of my

sexual needs, right, sweetheart?" She gestured with a pointed look at Daniel, who sat obediently on the floor at her feet.

"Right on, mom" Daniel replied confidently. "I got it covered."

Sybil raised an eyebrow. "What a good boy... fucking your mother with your young cock. That's what I call true family loyalty."

Cassidy chuckled and playfully nudged Daniel with her foot. "I wish I could get Walter to see it that way," she sighed. "But he's too selfish to admit defeat and let someone else take over in the bedroom. But that's fine because he's way too tiny to stop me." As she spoke, a wicked glint sparked in her eye, hinting at the dominating role she played in her relationship with Walter.

Both women burst out laughing, their faces lit up with genuine joy. As they continued to talk, Daniel's gaze shifted down to Cassidy's bare legs, his eyes drawn to the hem of her skirt that revealed a tantalizing glimpse of her panty-clad crotch. To his delight, she was wearing a pair of sheer black panties, teasingly showcasing her shaved pussy through the delicate fabric. Daniel couldn't tear his gaze away from the prominent flanges of her outer labia and the plump, rounded dome of her clitoral prepuce. He licked his lips in anticipation, imagining all the ways he could pleasure her with just his tongue.

With a bold and brazen move, he inched closer to her, his head positioning itself between her parted thighs. The edge of her skirt lay just inches from her cuntal mound, revealing the delicate details of her vulva. As he moved closer, the intoxicating scent of her pussy filled his nostrils, drawing him in like a moth to a flame.

"Daniel is such a good boy," Sybil stated matter-of-factly. "Giving up all that hot pussy at school just to focus on fucking his mother."

Cassidy's fingernails ran through Daniel's hair as he boldly rested his head at the opening of her skirt, his nose mere inches from her

warm and inviting cuntal slit. "He is my good boy," Cassidy agreed, anticipation evident in her voice. "I just know he's gonna fuck me as long and as hard as I need him to."

"Well, it certainly looks like he's equipped for the job," Sybil stated, her eyes flickering down to the tubular-shaped bulge protruding from Daniel's shorts.

Cassidy couldn't help but giggle at his obvious arousal, her own excitement building as she admired the size and shape of his manhood. She slipped her bare foot out of her stiletto heel and ran her toes, adorned with bright red polish, along the length of Daniel's rigid cock. "It is so big," Cassidy said with a playful grin. "And I've never seen one get so rock hard before."

"Do you mind if I feel it, Daniel?" Sybil asked, her gaze fixed on him with an eager spark in her pretty green eyes.

"No, not at all," he replied, watching as she too slipped a foot out of her heel and placed it on his throbbing member.

"Oh my God, there is so much meat on that cock," Sybil cooed, running her toes along the thick slab of Daniel's erect dick. Their actions were sending shivers down Daniel's spine, making his excitement grow even more as they explored the length of his boner.

Cassidy's voice was filled with awe as she turned to her friend. "Doesn't it feel wonderful?"

Sybil couldn't help but joke, a playful smirk on her face as she teased her friend. "If he has some staying power to go with that big dick, you're in for a wild ride, girl." The sound of their laughter echoed through the room, filling it with a sense of lightness and carefree joy.

The next morning at breakfast, Cassidy's voice cut through the air like a switchblade. "Time's up, Walter," she announced, her tone laced with impatience and desire. "I've been without sex for a week and I'm not going another day without it."

"Cassidy, please...just give me a couple more days," Walter pleaded, feeling the weight of her expectation pressing down on him.

"A couple more days?! Are you out of your mind?" Cassidy retorted, her frustration evident in the way she clenched her fists. "Walter, you know I can't go without being fucked. It was all I could do to last a week without it."

Their daughter Paula chimed in with a sly smile. "If you close your eyes and listen to Mom moan, you can imagine that it's you fucking her and not Daniel."

"I prefer not to imagine my wife having sex with another man at all," Walter replied, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Paula does have a point though," Cassidy pointed out. "You should do something to prevent yourself from hearing Daniel and I fuck."

"I know a place he could go," Paula interjected with a mischievous grin.

"Honey, I am not going in your mouth, end of story," Walter stated firmly.

"What about if I stick you in my asshole?" Paula suggested gleefully, causing her mother to burst into laughter.

"What?!" Walter exclaimed, looking at his daughter with a mix of disgust and shock.

"It would be the perfect place," said Paula, a mischievous glint in her eye. "It's warm and tight in there; you wouldn't hear a thing. If I felt you struggling for air, I could just shit you out so you wouldn't suffocate."

“Young lady, I am not going into your ass,” Walter stated firmly, his eyebrows raised in disbelief.

“Fuck, you're an even bigger bore now than you were when you were normal sized,” Paula huffed in frustration, then turned to Cassidy with a pleading look. “Mom, tell dad to let me stick him up my asshole while you and Daniel have sex. It's for his own good.”

“It is not for my own good,” Walter protested adamantly.

“Oh, I see now,” Paula sneered with disgust. “You wanna listen to the two of them fuck, don't you, you sick pervert?”

“I don't want—”

“What kind of sicko listens to his own wife and son having sex?” Paula demanded angrily, cutting him off mid-sentence.

“She has a point, Walter,” Cassidy noted. “If you're not gonna make an effort to avoid the sound of my screaming orgasms, then I'll just assume that listening to Daniel and I fuck is something you wanna hear.”

“I DO NOT wanna hear it, but I'll figure something out on my own,” Walter shot back, cringing at the idea of listening to Cassidy and Daniel go at it like animals.

“Suit yourself,” said his wife rolling her eyes, “but you better figure something out quick.”

Walter's voice dripped with disgust as he spoke, his eyes filled with judgment and disdain. “I still think the two of you are depraved,” he spat out, unable to hide his distaste. “You're mother and son for God's sake.”

Cassidy's face contorted with anger as she glared at her husband. She had tried to be understanding, but his comment was the last straw. Without a moment's hesitation, she grabbed him off the

table, her grip tight enough to convey her fury but careful enough not to cause any physical harm.

With determined steps, Cassidy made her way down to the kitchen. Her huge tits bounced beneath her tank top with each step, a display of both power and sensuality. She reached into the cupboard and retrieved a wine glass before making her way to Daniel's room.

"Are you ready for some fun, sweetheart?" she purred, her eyes flashing with desire.

Instantly, Daniel shut off his video game and eagerly stripped off his clothes. Cassidy placed Walter on the side table next to the bed and covered him with the overturned wine glass, trapping him inside like an insect in a jar. He could only watch helplessly as his wife and son began their taboo encounter.

"Dad's gonna watch?" Daniel asked in surprise, his eyebrows shooting up to reveal his disbelief.

"Yes, your smart ass father thinks it's OK to refer to us as 'depraved,' so he's going to be forced to witness the type of pleasure that a real man can bring to his wife," Cassidy replied with a sly smirk.

Daniel couldn't help but laugh and quickly stripped off his briefs, revealing his impressive physique. His big dick sprung outward like a sturdy tree branch, fully rigid and ready to satisfy. The sight of it made Walter, trapped inside the wine glass, pound on the glass frantically. "Cassidy, let me out of here!" he shouted, but his desperate pleas went unheard. He watched in awe as Daniel confidently plopped down on his bed, taken aback by the sheer size of his cock. No wonder his wife wanted this so bad; Daniel's dick looked like it was carved from stone - the type of erection that every woman dreams about having inside them.

Cassidy confidently removed her clothing, revealing her voluptuous figure to Daniel. Her full breasts, with large areolas the size of grapefruits and wonderfully textured, were mesmerizing as they heaved with each breath. Her nipples stood erect, a clear indication of her arousal.

"Looks like you're ready for me to ride that big, beautiful cock," she purred, crawling onto the bed and straddling him like a skilled jockey mounting a prized stallion.

"This is the position I've fantasized about with you for years," Daniel confessed, his eyes fixated on her breasts that resembled hot air balloons floating in the sky above.

Walter cringed as he looked on helplessly, watching his wife bring Daniel's stiff prick to the lips of her vulva. He heard them both gasp as Daniel's cock-head pierced her vagina and slipped inside. "This is ridiculous," Walter gripped aloud.

His wife looked over and him and smirked defiantly as her face filled with extraordinary pleasure.

Cassidy began to ride Daniel's steely cock. With every thrust, she moaned and groaned in delight, her giant tits bouncing and rippling wildly. Daniel grunted and groaned in response, their movements becoming increasingly frenzied.

Walter could feel the vibrations of their coupling through the wine glass, and he knew there was nothing he could do to escape the agony of hearing his wife's pleasure. He was a captive audience to their incestuous relationship, and all he could do was watch helplessly, his face contorted in disgust and jealousy.

"Oh, shit, that's good pussy," Daniel sighed, feeling her ribbed-lined vagina slip along the length of his tender cock, their secreting oils lubricating every exquisite plunge.

He reached up and caressed her magnificent tits, feeling the weight and softness in his hands. He tweaked her nipples a bit, listening to her moan and gasp, and then he pulled her down to kiss her neck.

Cassidy let out a soft whimper, embracing the feeling of Daniel's kiss tracing the curve of her neck. She tilted her head back, inviting him to pull her up for an even deeper kiss.

As their lips met, their tongues danced intimately, sharing the passion they'd kept hidden for so long.

Walter watched from his hidden glass prison, his heart heavy with both jealousy and disgust.

Cassidy reveled in the thrill of knowing she was putting on a seductive show for her husband. She could feel his eyes on her as he watched from beneath his wine glass, seething with jealousy and disapproval. Undeterred, she rode Daniel's cock with wild abandon, bouncing her round, full buttocks against his thighs. Her hips swayed back and forth rhythmically, causing the thick tip of Daniel's erection to stir and delve deeper into the depths of her wetness. It was like a long-lost sensation from her wild college days, filling her with a sense of forbidden pleasure.

As she arched her back and pressed her pelvis against his, Cassidy could feel the pulsing ring of nerves around her cervix ignite with pleasurable sensations. Every thrust of Daniel's plump, pink glans stroked against these sensitive spots, sending waves of intense ecstasy radiating through her body. The buildup of an intense climax began to swell within the pit of her cunt, threatening to overwhelm her with its raw power and intensity.

"Oh, fuck... oh, fuck, fuck, fuck... I'm gonna cum!" she announced, her voice squealing with pleasure.

Walter watched in horror as his wife reached her peak, her body trembling and exuding an aura of pure lust. Her face was twisted in ecstasy, her lips parted in a way that looked almost animalistic.

"Daniel, I'm cumming! I'm fucking cumming for you!" Cassidy exclaimed, her voice reverberating through the room.

Daniel watched his mother's eyes roll back into her head as she gave in to her orgasm. Her body bucked and convulsed, her pussy squeezing his cock in tight spasms. He felt his own climax building within him, the intense pleasure of feeling himself inside his mother's body overwhelming him.

His body trembled with anticipation as he longed to release the pent-up desire that coiled within him. He knew from experience that once he climaxed, his senses would dull for round two and he could give his mom, with her oversized tits and inviting curves, the wild fuck she deserved.

Daniel pulled her down onto his chest, her warmth enveloping him like a blanket. His lips hungrily sucked on her perky nipple, feeling it harden under his touch. The soft flesh of her breast pressed against his face, inviting him to lose himself in its decadent softness.

With each steady thrust of his hips, Daniel felt his cock pulsating through her slick grasp. The heat of her orgasmic juices surrounded him, coating him in their sticky embrace. He savored the sensation as it dripped off his hairless balls, heightening his arousal even further. If he kept fucking her like this, she might just be coughing up some of his hot cum by the end of it all.

Walter's eyes widened as he watched the two of them entwined in such intense passion, feeling trapped beneath the weight of his wine glass. He could only imagine the euphoria that Daniel must be experiencing, buried beneath his wife's huge tits and greedily devouring them.

"Ahh, yes!" Daniel suddenly gasped, his head thrown back in ecstasy, his face flushed with pleasure as he emerged from beneath Cassidy's quivering mound of breast flesh.

With a final, deep thrust, Daniel groaned out loud as he spilled his seed into his mother's waiting depths. Cassidy moaned in delight as she felt her son's warm, sticky load fill her up, her own climax cresting as she felt the powerful contractions of his orgasm.

Walter could only watch in horror as streams of thick, white cum dribbled from his wife's pussy, staining the sheets beneath her. He felt a wave of disgust and jealousy wash over him, as he realized he would never be able to replicate the intense pleasure that his son had just given her.

As Cassidy and Daniel lay there, panting and spent, Walter's mind raced with a myriad of emotions. Part of him was disgusted at what he had just witnessed, but another part of him couldn't help but feel a sense of pride at the way Daniel had made his mother cum.

Walter thought they were finished, but he soon realized how wrong he was. Without any hesitation, Daniel flipped Cassidy over onto her back and plunged into her with relentless force in the missionary position.

Walter's eyes were transfixed on the scene before him, a mixture of fascination and disgust twisting his features. He couldn't look away as Daniel gave his wife an intense, hour-long fuck that had her screaming in ecstasy. Her body writhed and trembled with each climax, her moans filling the air like a siren's song.

The sight of her legs wrapped tightly around Daniel's waist, their bodies moving in perfect sync as if driven by some primal instinct, made Walter's stomach churn with jealousy and revulsion. But he couldn't tear his gaze away from the spectacle unfolding before him.

Daniel's hands gripped Cassidy's rounded ass firmly as he ravaged her like a wild beast, their bodies slamming together with such force that it felt like an earthquake to Walter. Every thrust brought another cry of pleasure from Cassidy, the sound both enticing and sickening to Walter's ears.

As their bodies moved in a frenzied dance, Daniel thrust deeper and harder, his cock pulsating with every stroke. Cassidy's eyes were fixated on her husband, her lips slightly parted in a breathy gasp. Walter could see the sheer satisfaction in her face, and the knowledge that she was with her son only intensified the anger he was feeling.

"Fuck me harder, Daniel," Cassidy whispered hoarsely, the words barely making it past her lips. "Fuck me, I need your cock so bad."

Daniel grunted in response, his full weight resting against her. His grip on her rounded ass tightened, and he thrust harder, his pace becoming quicker and more erratic.

Cassidy's nails dug into Daniel's back, her wide mommy-hips bucking to meet his every thrust. She lifted her legs high, wrapping them around his waist tighter, bracing her body against his as he relentlessly pounded into her. The bed creaked with the intensity of their passion, the sound of their flesh slapping together echoing through the room like a thunderstorm.

Walter could feel his heart racing in his chest, his blood boiling with jealousy and anger. He clenched his fists, his knuckles turning white as he watched his wife and son lose themselves in each other's bodies. The sight of Daniel's massive, teenage cock sliding in and out of Cassidy's wet pussy, their flesh mingling in a symphony of lust and desire, made him feel like a specter, a forgotten presence in the midst of their passion.

But Walter couldn't turn away, couldn't resist the fascination that held him captive. His mind raced, trying to make sense of the

emotions swirling around him, the conflicting desires that tugged at his very soul.

Finally, Daniel groaned out, collapsing on top of Cassidy as he let loose a mighty roar. His cock pulsed, and his seed erupted deep within her, splattering against the walls of her womb. The sensation was overpowering, and he couldn't help but release a primal cry as he felt his climax wash over him.

Beneath him, Cassidy writhed and moaned, her body quivering with pleasure. "Oh, fuck, I needed that, baby," she panted, her eyes locked on Daniel's. "I've never felt anything like that before."

Walter was stunned by the display, his heart racing as he fought to comprehend what he had just witnessed. For a moment, he felt as though he was in a dream - a very vivid, very disturbing dream.

Later, Walter let out a nauseated groan as he stood on the kitchen counter, his wife busy chopping vegetables next to him. "Please don't make me watch that again," he pleaded, still reeling from what he had just witnessed.

"You could have turned your back, Walter. No one was forcing you to watch us fuck," she pointed out, nonchalantly dicing a carrot.

"I would have still had to hear it. Just, please don't put me in a situation like that again," he stated firmly.

"Then don't piss me off again," she shot back with a stern glare. "If you ever call Daniel and I 'depraved' again, not only will I force you to watch, but I'll also release our combined ejaculate into a glass for you to swim around in."

"You wouldn't do something like that," Walter scoffed.

Cassidy raised an eyebrow and gave him a challenging look. "Try me."

"What's for dinner?" Paula suddenly chimed in, joining her mother at the counter and looking down at her father with a smirk.

"Salmon and roasted potatoes," Cassidy answered casually, unperturbed by the tense conversation happening beside her.

"Did you enjoy watching mom and Daniel fuck?" Paula asked her father boldly.

"What do you think?" Walter replied sarcastically, feeling both embarrassed and disgusted by the question.

"I think you secretly did," Paula taunted. "Watching a cock that's so much bigger than yours ravage your own wife's pussy right there in front of you."

"Yeah, it was truly enjoyable," Walter said, dripping with sarcasm.

"Well, I guess that's what you get for turning yourself into a fucking worm," his daughter cackled, her voice filled with amusement and disdain. "You get to spend the rest of your life watching mom get her ass fucked off by Daniel."

"She's right, Walter," Cassidy chimed in, still focused on chopping vegetables for dinner. "You have only yourself to blame for this. Playing around with potions that could shrink you to this size forever, when you have a wife who has an insatiable appetite for sex - are you out of your damn mind?!"

"Yeah, now look at him," Paula added with a hint of disgust. "When it comes to sex he's completely useless. Although I did come across something interesting online."

"What's that, honey?" Cassidy asked curiously.

"It's about how some women use insects to give themselves sexual pleasure," Paula explained nonchalantly.

"Insects?" Walter gasped in disbelief, his face flushing red with embarrassment.

"Yes, some women use crickets and beetles to stimulate their clitoris. And since you're the size of a bug now, I was thinking maybe you could wrestle with my clit and get me off," Paula suggested matter-of-factly.

"That is absolutely NOT happening," Walter stated firmly in disgust.

"Why not?!" Paula persisted. "Don't you want a purpose in life or do you want to continue being a pathetic pint-sized cuckold who watches his wife drain his son's balls every night?"

Impatience etched lines into Walter's brow as he turned to his wife. "Will you please take care of this?"

Cassidy's voice was soft but firm, her eyes sparkling with an intriguing idea. "Her proposal is enticing, Walter. While I don't expect you to physically ride on HER clit, perhaps we could try it with mine."

Walter mulled over the suggestion, feeling a flicker of hope at the thought of being able to bring his wife sexual pleasure in some way. "You mean just you and me?"

A mischievous smile danced across Cassidy's lips. "Oh no, darling. With Daniel's cock inside me and your stimulation on my clit, I may just reach levels of orgasmic bliss unlike anything before."

"Cassidy, if you want to experiment with clitoral stimulation, that's fine. But I am not doing it while Daniel is inside of you," Walter stated firmly.

His wife's tone took on a serious edge. "Did you not hear what I said? Clitoral stimulation alone doesn't do it for me, Walter. And you should know that better than anyone else. It would require

both you AND Daniel working together to bring me to a mind-blowing climax."

Walter's voice dripped with sarcasm.. "Well, you can count me out then."

Paula's lip curled into a disgusted scowl. "I think she's already 'counted you out.'" Her words were laced with venom and disgust. "She's got a huge fucking dick to ravage her every night. You're just a worthless insect now."

Walter's wife interjected, her tone cool and calculating, "I thought perhaps you wanted to participate in bringing your wife pleasure in some way, Walter. I guess I was wrong."

Paula's eyes narrowed as she made a bold offer. "Let me keep him in my room tonight." She lowered her head to her father, an eerie smile spreading across her face. Her lips drew back like a feral cat, exposing her pierced tongue and sharp teeth. "I'll put this little worm to work."

Walter felt a shiver run down his spine as he watched Paula's long, pierced tongue glide across her lips seductively. She hovered over him, only inches away, exuding an intimidating aura.

But Walter refused to show any fear as he responded firmly, "I'm not your toy, young lady." Despite his bravado, he couldn't help but feel greatly intimidated by his daughter's unpredictable behavior.

"Cling to my clit or YOU WILL be her toy tonight, Walter," his wife threatened with a wicked glint in her eye. The command held both a promise of pleasure and a warning of punishment. "I'm your wife. You should be wanting to pleasure me, even if the situation makes you feel uncomfortable."

He reluctantly nodded, not wanting to risk being imprisoned in Paula's room and subjected to her twisted desires.

As night fell and the bedroom was enveloped in darkness, Walter found himself being lowered to his wife's delicate nubbin, protruding from its fleshy hood like a tiny bud waiting to bloom. He had never noticed before how much it resembled the head of a penis, but now the realization only added to the intense excitement building within him. The strong, pungent aroma of her arousal filled the air, overwhelming his senses and making him lightheaded.

"Make sure you keep squeezing it, Walter," Cassidy instructed, her voice low and husky. "And don't let go until I say."

Walter's eyes widened in shock and arousal as he watched Daniel position himself between his wife's thighs, a wide grin of lust and amusement on his face. The room was filled with the sounds of their heavy breathing and the soft rustling of sheets as they eagerly prepared for their coupling.

"Make sure you stay clear of my cock, dad" Daniel warned playfully, his voice laced with desire. "I'm gonna fuck mom hard and I don't want to squash you or anything."

Walter couldn't look away as he clung onto his wife's clit, feeling her pulsating rhythm beneath him. He could feel the heat emanating from Daniel's body as he hovered over Cassidy's pussy, the anticipation building between them. Her moist inner flanges peeled around his massive, throbbing member, its huge, pink head resting just inside her entrance. With a primal growl, Daniel plunged deep into her cuntal orifice, causing Cassidy to gasp and moan in pleasure.

Walter felt like he was on the deck of a reeling ship, made not of wood and steel, but of human flesh. He clung to a rounded life preserver, her clit, sweating as his wife writhed beneath him, her legs wrapped tightly around Daniel's back in a fierce embrace. The sight surrounding him was both hypnotic and terrifying - Daniel's

monstrous cock slamming into Cassidy's wet and ready cunt with each thrust. Walter marveled at how he wasn't being crushed by their giant, pounding genitals as he watched from such close proximity. The scent of sex and sweat filled his nostrils as he lay next to Daniel's raging erection, feeling the force of it as it pounded through his wife's slick tunnel. It was like laying next to a bus made of flesh, its powerful engine thundering through the tight confines of his wife's body.

"Squeeze my fucking clit, Walter," his wife shouted, her voice trembling from the power of Daniel's thrusts.

Walter's heart raced as he listened to his wife's demands, but he knew better than to disobey. He tightened his grip on her clit, feeling the pulsations beneath him, and it created an inexplicable excitement coursing through him.

Cassidy's moans grew more intense, and soon her voice was a strained plea for release. "Yes, yes, that's it, Walter! Squeeze harder!"

Daniel, not wanting to be outdone, increased the tempo of his pounding, each thrust hitting Cassidy with greater fury. His powerful muscles rippled and contracted as he slammed into her, his abdomen nearly slapping against her clit and crushing his father with each thrust.

Walter could hear the passionate sounds of their kisses, the wet slapping of their tongues as they intertwined like frenzied serpents. The intensity of their lovemaking was almost overwhelming, threatening to sweep him free of her throbbing clit.

Suddenly, Cassidy's body stiffened, and her cries reverberated through the room like a bell tolling the end of the world. Her climax hit her like a tidal wave, crashing down on her with the force of a thousand thunderbolts. Daniel groaned in tandem with his mom, his heart pounding in time with the rhythm of his primal,

carnal desire. Walter could feel the vibrations of Cassidy's orgasm coursing through her clitoris and into his body, causing his own muscles to quiver in response.

Walter's stomach churned in disgust as he watched a thick, frothy mixture of female ejaculate bubble up from her quivering core. It glistened on the shaft of Daniel's plunging cock, resembling the fiery spewing of a volcano. The intense pleasure that it must be providing on the tender, aroused flesh of Daniel's manhood was beyond Walter's comprehension. His own wife had never experienced such an explosive release with him, causing a twinge of jealousy to surface within him. But he couldn't look away from the mesmerizing sight before him, like a gruesome yet hypnotizing scene from a horror film playing out in real life.

"Ahh, fuck, I'm cumming!" Daniel grunted, feeling the tube of Cassidy's cunt chew on his cock-flesh from her powerful contractions.

Walter's eyes widened as he watched Daniel's abdomen tense and strained with the force of his ejaculation. It was like watching a volcano erupt, with Daniel's jets of sperm penetrating deep into his wife's core. He could feel the heat of their passion and the sticky warmth of some of their splattered juices on his skin. The sounds of their wild, desperate moans filled the room, punctuated by slapping skin and the wet squelch of Cassidy's orgasm.

Walter's breath came in ragged gasps as his wife lifted him from her clit. He gazed down at the sight before him - Daniel's taut, sweaty body pressed against Cassidy's soft curves, the two of them catching their breath and basking in the afterglow of their lovemaking.

"Did it work?" Walter asked.

Cassidy nodded eagerly, her hair falling in wild tufts around her flushed face. "Yes, it worked," she replied huskily. "Now stay out of the way, Walter."

Cassidy and Daniel quickly moved into position on their knees as Walter watched his wife pause on all-fours, the curve of her back and roundness of her naked booty enticingly displayed. Her large tits hung like ripe fruit, swaying with each movement as she pointed her tempting rear towards Daniel and gave him a sultry look. "Fuck me this way, baby," she purred seductively, wagging her plump derriere in invitation. "Pound me doggy style."

Daniel entered her from behind and she threw her ass back at him in lustful abandon. He grasped her hips and the two of them went at it like rabbits.

The bed creaked and groaned beneath them, protesting their wild, passionate coupling. Daniel's powerful thrusts sent Cassidy's body up and down with each stroke, causing her heavy, dangling jugs to swing violently.

Walter couldn't help but watch, mesmerized by their primitive, carnal dance. His heart pounded in his chest as he watched his wife's taut, puckered asshole rhythmically pulsing with each powerful thrust from Daniel's massive cock. The room was filled with the sound of their combined moans and the wet sounds of skin slapping against skin.

"Watch this, dad," Daniel grinned mischievously, then smacked Cassidy's round ass with his open hand, causing her plump cheeks to ripple beneath the smooth surface of her skin. The force of the strike created a sharp sound that echoed off the walls of the room.

Daniel turned to his father with a cocky grin. "Do you enjoy watching me spank your wife's ass while I fuck her?" He gave her rump another firm smack, relishing in the sight of her flesh jiggling under his touch.

Cassidy looked back at him with a wicked grin on her face. "I'm sure your father doesn't fully understand the thrill of kinky sex," she stated boldly. "He's not a sexual beast like you are, baby." A flush spread across her cheeks as she spoke, adding to the erotic intensity of the moment.

With a deep, guttural snarl that echoed through the room, Daniel's muscles tensed and strained as his erection throbbed and flexed against the tight walls of Cassidy's pulsing cunt. A primal lust took over as he relentlessly plunged in and out of her wet and heated core, their bodies intertwined in a frenzy of desire. "This pussy is driving me wild..." he gasped, feeling Cassidy's skilled movements control his every movement, creating an exhilarating sensation with each squeeze and release around his thrusting cock.

Cassidy was feeling equally aroused, her nerve-endings on fire from the rhythmic pummeling of her new lover's furious cock. She felt the wetness overflowing between her legs, drenching her skin and Daniel's engorged member as they moved in tandem.

She moaned with pleasure, pushing back against Daniel's powerful thrusts, her cheeks flushing a deeper shade of pink. "Baby, I'm so close," she panted, her voice trembling with anticipation. "I need more... harder... please, Daniel!"

Daniel responded instantly, increasing the pace of his wild, animalistic thrusts, feeling the slick walls of Cassidy's pussy clamp down around his shaft. His balls tightened, aching to release into the warmth of her core as his breathing became ragged, his mind lost in the haze of his own lust.

Daniel leaned over her sweaty back, reached under and grasped her huge, swinging titties, his finger sinking into their soft meat.

"Oh, fuck...I'm cumming!" Cassidy announced.

Her body buckled beneath him as her climax slammed into her like a freight train, sending shudders of ecstasy throughout her entire being. She bellowed Daniel's name as she felt her pussy clench and unclench around his throbbing shaft, milking every last drop of pleasure from him.

Daniel's own release was imminent, and he felt the tension build in his balls, ready to erupt into Cassidy's eager womb. He gripped her hips tightly, the veins in his neck standing out in stark relief as he thrust hard and deep into her.

Walter watched, a mix of fascination and jealousy flooding his thoughts. He couldn't believe what he was witnessing, but at the same time, he couldn't help but be in awe by the raw, primal lust between his wife and son.

"Ahh, shit," Daniel gasped.

He felt the hot, sticky load of his seed pulsating from his cock and jetting deep into his mom's depths. He could feel her muscles tightening around him, milking every last drop of his essence from him, as his body shook uncontrollably.

Walter was mesmerized by the scene before him. The sight of his own child and wife entwined in such raw, primal passion was both shocking and exhilarating. His heart raced as he watched them writhe together, their bodies coated in a sheen of sweat and cum.

Cassidy's orgasm was still cresting, and her body continued to spasm and quake as Daniel's hips thrust wildly against her. She cried out in utter ecstasy, the sounds of their passion filling the room like thunder.

"Fuck, Daniel," she panted, her voice hoarse with pleasure. "I'm in love with your cock."

Daniel shuddered with pleasure as he pulled out of Cassidy's quivering pussy, his oversized fuck-muscle glistening with their juices. He looked over at Walter, who was still watching them with a mixture of awe and jealousy.

"I hope you enjoyed the show, Dad," Daniel said with a smirk.

"Fortunately, the show is only beginning," Cassidy said, her voice filled with anxious anticipation. "But you won't be watching the rest of it, Walter."

Walter opened his mouth to speak, but Cassidy cut him off.

"And if I hear any protesting, you'll be hiking back to our bedroom," she warned, her eyes flashing with determination.

Walter closed his mouth, not wanting to endure the long walk across the house.

Cassidy carried him in her hand back to their bedroom, her grip firm but gentle. She placed him on the bed, and from his new vantage point he felt small and insignificant compared to his towering wife. The twin mounds of her tits rose up like majestic mountains, their peaks pointed and proud. Her nipples jutted out, large and erect, drawing his gaze like a magnet.

"If you're thinking about waiting up for me, don't," she stated firmly. "I'll be staying in Daniel's room tonight. In fact, you should probably start getting used to that."

"I figured as much," Walter muttered, hanging his head in defeat.

"Cheer up, buttercup," she urged. "You should be happy for me. I'm finally getting the kind of pleasure I deserve. Don't you want your wife to be happy?" She challenged him with a piercing glare.

"Yes, of course," Walter replied quickly.

“Good. See you in the morning, honey,” she said with a dismissive wave as she sashayed out of the room. The sight of her thick, round buttocks undulating atop her silky legs did little to ease Walter's feelings of disappointment and jealousy. As she turned in the doorway, he caught a glimpse of the giant slope of her heavy breast from the side profile.

“Oh, and if I were you, I wouldn't sleep out in plain sight,” Cassidy called over her shoulder. “Paula will probably come looking for you tonight, and unless being inside her body appeals to you, it would be best if she didn't find you.”

Walter shuddered at the thought of his daughter consuming him in one of her holes, and he quickly made plans to hide himself away until morning.