

Use Her or Lose Her

By Klrxo

Keith was sprawled out on his bed one evening, fantasizing about what it would be like to fuck a beautiful, big-busted babe.

He had only buried his cock in pussy twice, both with the same girl. While her cunt felt really good sleeved around his boner, her tits were only a handful - not nearly the size he yearned for.

Keith wanted to be suffocated...buried beneath by the biggest Goddamn tits on the planet while he felt a tight pussy pump up and down his rod, from knob to root. That was his naughtiest fantasy.

Karla stood in the doorway of her son Keith's bedroom, a mischievous smile playing on her lips as she looked at him laying there on his bed daydreaming. He was surrounded by posters of his favorite sports athletes and a few busty, bikini-clad babes – all things that revealed the boy's most passionate interests.

Karla knew that he was experiencing the typical surge of hormones and testosterone that comes with being a teenage boy. She was almost certain that her cute son was lying there fantasizing about plowing his cock through the tight, slippery sheath of a girl's pussy or sucking on a pair of giant, squishy tits.

The mother's long, dark hair cascaded down her bare shoulders, drawing attention to the revealing negligee she was wearing. The semi-sheer material of her white tube top clung to her gigantic tits, leaving little to the imagination.

“Thinking about girls in here?” Karla teased, snapping Keith from fantasyland.

The boy's heart raced as he gazed over and took in the crotch-hardening sight of his mom's top, his eyes fixated on the faintly visible outline of her fat nipples and the wide, dark rings of her areolas.

“Oh, um...hey mom,” he uttered, quickly covering the tent in his pajama pants as he sat up.

Karla just smiled, amused by his attempt to conceal his arousal.

“Your father will be away on business for a few days,” her sexy voice purred seductively. “Would you like to sleep with me in my bed, sweetheart?”

Keith's gaze traced a burning path down her tapered frame, settling on the tiny scrap of fabric that barely covered her pubis.

The white panties clung to her vulva, outlining it's every detail. He could clearly make out the delicate folds of her outer labia and the shallow indentation of her cuntal crevice through the sheer, silky material.

The boy swallowed hard, his mouth suddenly dry. “Y-your bed?” he repeated, wanting to make sure he heard her correctly.

Karla twirled a finger through her hair flirtingly, bending one sexy, naked leg out in front of her and arching her foot, further showcasing her voluptuous allure.

“Yes. With your dad gone, I thought it might give you and I a chance to snuggle up and get closer... A lot closer.”

Keith had always found his mother extremely attractive, and she had the type of tits that fueled his dreams. But seeing her like this, so open and exposed, made his pulse quicken and his body respond in ways he knew it shouldn't.

"Mom, I...are you sure that's a good idea?" he asked hesitantly, even as he felt himself being drawn to her like a moth to a flame.

Karla sauntered into the room, her hips swaying seductively with each step as her bare feet tapped against his floor. The boy rarely got to see her giant tits unfettered this way – free of the constraints of a snug bra.

The behemoth swell of her mounds bobbed beneath the skimpy top, her creamy cleavage trembling with each graceful step she took.

The hot mother sat down on the edge of Keith's bed and patted the spot next to her. "Of course it's a good idea, sweetheart. I've seen the way you look at me when you think I'm not paying attention. Besides, it's about time you learn a few things and tonight's the perfect night to teach you.”

Keith's resolve crumbled like a sandcastle in the tide. He slid over to sit beside her, the heat of her body seeping into his skin. The smell of her sweet perfume wafting deliciously

through his nasal passages, along with a hint of something else – something that made him dizzy with desire.

“Teach me what?” he asked stupidly.

“How to make it to forth base,” she said with a mischievous grin. “You know, how to take the skin boat to tuna town.”

Karla reached out and caressed his upper thigh, her touch sending shivers down his spine.

Her eyes lingered hungrily on the tubular-shaped bulge that had become even more erect beneath his shorts. She could clearly make out the shape of his bell-shaped tip pushing against the fabric, aching to plunge through the tight, pink tube of a woman's birth canal.

"We're home all alone together tonight so let me show you how to rumpy-pumpy," she whispered, leaning in close. Her breath was hot against his ear, tickling his skin. "It'll make your penis feel soooo good."

“We can do that?” Keith asked nervously. “You and me?”

Karla fed him a pretty smile. “Sure we can. I mean, we can't act that way around others, especially your father. But when we're alone together, like we are tonight, we can fuck each other like animals and be as nasty as we want.”

With that, Karla captured her teen's lips in a searing kiss, her long, thick licker delving into his mouth, curling and twisting around his own tongue like only a skilled mother's could.

Keith moaned, surrendering to the forbidden desire that consumed him. He shuddered as he felt her loving hand slide

onto his boner and squeeze the tender flesh of his cock-meat through his pajama pants.

“Touch me,” Karla purred between kisses.

His shaky hands roamed over her body, exploring the soft, feminine curves he had only fantasized about before.

Karla guided his hands to her enormous breasts, encouraging him to squeeze and knead the supple flesh. She gasped as he brushed over her plump, sensitive nipples, the thin fabric of her negligee doing little to dull the sensation.

Her son nearly choked on her tongue as it reached into his throat while they smooched. All the while, Karla gently stroked his pecker through his pants, her pussy-tunnel clenching and throbbing as she gauged the impressive length and thickness of his erection with her hand.

Breaking the kiss, the horny mother stood and pulled the flimsy garment up over her tits and off her body, making her magnificent boobs spill out onto her ribcage.

She wasted no time hooking her thumbs beneath the waistband of her dainty panties. The way she wiggled her wide hips as she shimmied the tiny piece of fabric down her silky legs caused her colossal melons to wobble back and forth, demonstrating their immense weight.

Keith drank in the sight of her naked pussy, how it was completed bare and smooth, the thick hood of her prepuce protruding from the outer shell of her labia.

His cock flexed almost painfully beneath his pajama pants as he contemplated his tender boner being sheath and pumped by such a mature, delicious-looking pussy.

"Take off your clothes and come to bed with me, sweetheart," Karla purred, holding out her hand. "Tonight, I'm gonna make you a man."

Keith obediently shed his clothes with trembling hands, his heart pounding as he revealed his youthful, toned body to his mother's hungry gaze.

Karla's pretty eyes roamed over his teenage form appreciatively, lingering on his impressive erection as it protruded from his groin at the perfect upward angle. She licked her bee-stung lips, a predatory gleam in her eyes.

"My, my, baby boy," she cooed, "you've certainly grown up."

She took his hand and led him down the hallway to the bedroom, her boobies bobbling and her meaty ass swaying eagerly the entire way.

Karla had no reservations about cheating on her husband. In fact, she felt more thrill at that moment than hesitation as she guided her boy to her big, marital bed. *"When the cat's away, the mice will play!"* she told herself with an eager smirk.

She wasted no time pulling her hard-dicked teenager down on top of her, squashing her pillowy tits between them. Their naked bodies pressed together, skin against skin, igniting a fire within them both.

Karla captured his lips again, kissing him deeply as her hands explored the planes of his back and shoulders. She splayed

her legs widely, drawing her knees way back, just as she had when she had given birth to him. This time though she would scream not in pain, but in pure ecstasy.

Now cradled between his mother's warm thighs, Keith let instinct take over, grinding his hips against hers, his hard, sinewy length sliding between her slick folds and across the protruding, pink bulb of her clit.

Karla moaned into his mouth, arching her back to increase the delicious friction against her nub and pedals.

"That's it, sweetheart," she encouraged breathlessly, her beautiful eyes widening with excitement. "Make mommy feel good."

Keith rubbed his boner through her slit a few more times, plowing their hot, genital flesh together, getting his rod nice and slick for penetration.

With an itch in her core that only one thing could scratch, the panting mother reached between their bodies, grasping his throbbing cock and guiding it to her warm, juicy entrance.

"Ahh, m-m-mom!" the boy's voice quivered as he felt his engorged knob lick inside the pit of her vestibule, across the rim of her pleasure-pit.

Then, his crimson, tight-skinned crown slipped through the fleshy remnants of her hymen, his pre-cum and his mother's slippery fuck-oil making for easy entry.

With a thrust of his hips, Keith buried himself inside her welcoming heat, groaning at the incredible sensation of being enveloped by her tight, slick tunnel.

"Oh, Keith!" Karla cried out, wrapping her powerful mommy-legs around his waist, her dainty feet with their red polished toenails hovering above their tangled bodies. "You feel so good inside me, baby. Fuck me, just like that."

Lost in a haze of lust, Keith began to move his hips, pumping into her with long, deep strokes. The forbidden nature of their coupling only heightened the pleasure, the taboo of mother and son coming together in the ultimate act of intimacy.

As the teen plunged his meat deep inside her, Karla's eyes widened in shock at the sheer size of his cock. Every inch was filled with bulging veins and ridges that stretched her delicate, nerve-rich lining to its limit.

She could feel the pressure of her boy's thick, spongy knob pushing against the tight, puffy ring that guarded her cervix, sending waves of pleasure through her curvy body.

"Oh sweetheart," she gasped, "you feel so fucking good!"

Using her tightly-clutched legs as leverage, Karla met her son's every thrust, bouncing her lovely ass-cheeks from the mattress. Her nails raked down his back as she urged him on. "Harder, baby...faster!" she demanded, her voice thick with need. "Make me cum on your big, hard bull-horn!"

Keith complied, pistoning his hips with abandon, his athletic ass bobbing up and down, his muscles tensing and relaxing with each powerful thrust.

The swell of his mom's tit-cushions felt divine smothered against him, the fatty and glandular tissue rippling against his young, chiseled chest. He could feel her rubbery teats jabbing his skin, begging to be sucked.

The hard-humping teen propped himself up on his elbows to get a better view, mesmerized by the way his mom's jugernauts sloshed up and down along the top of her ribcage.

The rhythmic fuck-humps their entwined bodies made were like a dance, with her jutting mounds as the star performers. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight of her mountainous tits swinging in perfect harmony with their lovemaking.

Eagerly, he lowered his head and latched on to one of her swollen nipples, his face sinking against the warm, dough-like softness of her melon.

"Yes!" Karla squealed, her pussy-tube sucking at the slab of his prick tightly, her labial flanges drawing up around his cock-root to engulf his steely hard-on entirely. "Suck my titties and pound my fuck-hole hard, sweetheart!"

Their wet bellies beat together. The bed creaked beneath them, the headboard beating against the wall with an intensity it never had before. Sweat glistened on their skin, their muscles straining as they climbed towards the peak of ecstasy together.

"I'm close, sweetheart!" Karla panted, her inner walls beginning to flutter around him. "Come with me... Fill me up with your seed!"

With each thrust, Keith's body tensed and his movements became more intense. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room as his balls rhythmically bounced against Karla's crinkled asshole.

His long, thick cock pulsed with power, its veins protruding beneath the taut, pink skin. The tip of his member swelled with

blood as it slid deeply into the hot, wet depths of his mother's pussy, igniting her sexual nerve-endings in a blazing inferno of pleasure.

Mother and son locked eyes, exchanging a wide-eyed gaze that they had never shared before. It was the intense stare of anticipation, just moments away from reaching climax. Their bodies were poised to release in unison, as their lovemaking reached its peak and their fluids spilled over each other.

“OH MY GOD!” Karla's voice quivered as the earthquake of all orgasms began to build in the core of her cunt.

Her boy's cock was like a fierce jackhammer of blood, flesh and sinew, carving away at her inner sanctum. Their hot, pink genitals pumped together tirelessly like a piston in a crankshaft, their sexual secretions provided the lubrication that made every powerful fuck-thrust a wonderland of exquisite friction.

“OH MOM!” Keith gasped, as her distended nipple popped from his mouth. His thrusts becoming more erratic as his balls clenched up. He knew this was about to be the hardest cum he'd experience in his life thus far.

With a final, powerful thrust, Keith buried himself to the hilt, his muscles straining and his breath coming in ragged gasps. He grunted like a beast into the flesh of her tit as he released inside her, feeling every inch of her slick walls clench around him.

Long, potent ropes of jizz jetted from his piss-hole, splattering along her inner lining in hot, spurting bursts. The warmth of his semen painted a sticky trail inside her, coating her with his essence. His body trembled as he emptied himself completely inside his mother's birthing chamber.

Karla's own orgasm crashed over her like a tsunami, her body shuddering around him as wave after wave of pleasure consumed her. She let out piercing orgasmic scream that nearly shattered the glass of her bedroom window.

Hot fem-cum squelched from Karla's bulging urethra, soaking her son's cock and balls and splattering out onto the sheets.

They continued to writhe fiercely, drawing out as much body-trembling pleasure as they could for several minutes.

Finally, mother and son collapsed into each other's arms, chests heaving as they caught their breath. Karla stroked Keith's hair lovingly, pressing a tender kiss to his sweaty forehead.

"That was incredible, sweetie," she murmured.

"Yes...it was," the boy breathlessly agreed.

"And it's only the beginning," his mother added. "Sex is like a big, magical world and we have so much more of that world left to explore together."

Keith smiled, basking in the afterglow of the best fuck he'd ever experienced. It was just the type he had dreamed about. Yes, his naughtiest fantasy had just come true and then some. The night was young and he knew there were many more forbidden delights to come.

Karla's husband, Larry, hated when he had to go away on job assignments. Because of this, he had installed a secret camera

in the hallway of his home, so he could see his family coming and going and feel some sense of connection to them.

Larry sat transfixed in front of his laptop screen, his eyes glued to the secret live feed from the hallway camera back home. Disbelief, anger and arousal warred within him as he watched his scantily clad wife guiding their nude son towards the master bedroom, her hand possessively gripping Keith's as she led him inside her lair for a round of hot, nasty sex.

His heart pounded furiously in his chest as the full reality of the situation sank in – his beloved Karla was about to commit the ultimate betrayal, seducing their own flesh and blood into an incestuous tryst. And from the visible excitement between Keith's legs, the young man was more than eager to sexually service his buxom, curvaceous mother.

Larry's hand shook as he zoomed the camera in, following their intertwined figures until they disappeared from view into the bedroom. His imagination ran wild, vividly picturing Karla sprawled wantonly on the very bed they shared as man and wife, with Keith kneeling between her spread thighs, his raging erection poised at the entrance to her dripping womanhood.

A choked gasp escaped Larry's throat at the forbidden mental image of his son's cock-flesh parting Karla's delicate folds and sinking deep into her tight, wet heat – an orifice that Larry foolishly thought belonged only to him as her husband. His stomach roiled with nausea even as his own cock hardened painfully in his pants.

With trembling fingers, Larry accessed the live feed from the mini-cam he had concealed in a vent above their marital bed, so he could watch his wife innocently sleep while he was away.

He couldn't believe what he was about to witness but compelled to see it with his own eyes. The screen flickered to life, confirming his worst fears.

There on the screen, in lurid color and crystal clarity, Larry watched the depraved spectacle of his wife and son locked in a carnal embrace, their nude bodies writhing and undulating in a perfect fuck-rhythm.

Karla's nails clawed frantically at Keith's back as he rutted into her like a boy possessed, the wet, obscene slaps of their coupling filling Larry's ears through his headphones.

"Yes, yes, YES!" Karla wailed in ecstasy, her huge breasts heaving and quaking with every powerful thrust of Keith's pistoning hips. "Fuck me, baby! Fuck Mommy's pussy hard with that big, beautiful cock!"

Larry stared in stupefied horror as Keith reared back onto his knees, gripping Karla's ankles and pushing her limber legs back towards her head, folding her nearly in half.

The lewd, gaping mouth of Karla's splayed cunt filled the screen, its slick pink petals clinging desperately to Keith's glistening shaft with every pump of his muscular ass.

Karla's eyes rolled back in her head from the intense pleasure, a rapturous smile on her lips as she gazed up at Keith with adoration and lust shining in her eyes. "That's it, sweetheart,"

she panted. "Give me that thick cock. Stretch Mommy's pussy so good. You're going to ruin me for your father!"

Larry felt dizzy, his head spinning at her wanton declaration. He wanted to look away from the depraved scene, to shut off the feed and pretend it was all a bad dream. But he was transfixed, unable to tear his eyes from the screen as his son defiled his marriage bed and conquered his wife in the most primal way possible.

Keith grunted like a rutting animal, sweat glistening on his skin as he pounded into Karla with abandon. "Fuck, Mom, your cunt feels incredible!" he growled. "So much better than my hand. I'm gonna fuck you every day from now on."

"Yes, baby, yes!" Karla cried, urging him on. "I'm yours now. My body belongs to you. Ruin me, make me your woman!"

With a roar of triumph, Keith buried himself to the hilt, his balls slapping lewdly against Karla's upturned ass. His cock jerked and pulsed as he flooded her womb with his potent seed, marking her as his own. Karla screamed in rapture, her cunt clenching around him as she came harder than she ever had with Larry.

As he watched his son's virile semen overflow from Karla's ravaged hole to puddle obscenely on the sheets, Larry knew there was no coming back from this. His wife and son were now lovers, their forbidden bond sealed by the ultimate act of betrayal.

Keith collapsed on top of Karla, both of them panting and glistening with sweat. She cradled him tenderly, stroking his hair as he nuzzled her enormous, squishy breasts.

“My sweet boy,” Karla cooed. “Mommy is so proud of you. You made me feel things I never knew were possible. Things your father could never make me experience.”

Keith lifted his head and grinned at her, his youthful face alight with love and satisfaction. “I’m gonna take such good care of you, Mom. In every way. You’ll never want for anything ever again, I promise.”

They kissed deeply, tongues twining, sealing their illicit pact. Larry watched numbly as they curled up together in post-coital bliss, their naked bodies entwined on the cum-stained sheets.

In that moment, Larry knew his family would never be the same. Karla and Keith had found completion in each other’s arms, a forbidden love that society condemned but their hearts embraced. He was an outsider now, a cuckold, his role as husband and father usurped by his own son.

“You have hidden cameras in this house?!” Karla exclaimed angrily as she spoke to her husband by phone later that night.

“Yes, and I could see the disgusting things that you and Keith were doing in our bed.”

“How dare you spy on us, Larry,” his wife scolded, turning it back on him. “What, are you some sort of pervert or something?”

Larry sputtered indignantly into the phone. “I’m the pervert? You’re the one screwing our son, Karla! In our marriage bed, no less! How could you do this to me, to our family?”

Karla scoffed dismissively. “Oh please, spare me the righteous outrage, Larry. You’re hardly an attentive husband these days,

always jetting off on business and leaving me alone without pleasure. A woman has needs, you know.”

“So you seduce Keith? Our child?” Larry demanded, his voice rising. “That’s sick, Karla. It’s wrong on so many levels.”

“Is it wrong that he makes me feel desired, wanted, like a real woman?” Karla challenged. “The way you used to, before you started taking me for granted. Keith worships me, body and soul. He’d do anything to please me.”

Larry felt bile rising in his throat. “I can’t believe what I’m hearing. You’re trying to justify this depravity? He’s your son, for God’s sake!”

“He’s more of a man than you’ll ever be,” Karla retorted coldly. “In every way that counts. And if you ever breathe a word of this to anyone, I’ll tell the whole world about your perverted voyeurism, spying on your own family. Imagine the scandal.”

Larry paled, realizing she had him over a barrel. “Karla, please, let’s talk about this. We can get counseling, work it out...”

“There’s nothing to work out,” Karla cut him off. “I’m done with you, Larry. Keith is my lover now. If you can’t accept that, then I suggest you stay gone. Permanently.”

With that, she hung up on him, leaving Larry stunned and shattered. He stared blankly at the hotel wall, his world crumbling around him.

In a daze, he accessed the camera feed again, praying it had all been a terrible dream. But the sight that greeted him only twisted the knife deeper.

Karla was riding Keith reverse cowgirl, her lush ass bouncing obscenely on his lap as she impaled herself on his rigid cock-shaft over and over. Her huge tits swayed and bounce hypnotically, the pink tips swollen and glistening – likely from Keith’s eager suckling.

“Fuck me, baby, fuck Mommy hard!” Karla wailed, her voice tinny through the speakers. “I love your huge cock stretching my pussy so good!”

Keith pistoned his hips up to meet her, grunting with effort as he slammed into her slick heat. “Take it, Mom... fucking take it! Your cunt was made for my dick!”

As Larry watched his wife and son rutting like animals, their bodies sheened in sweat and unholy lust, he knew there was no salvaging his marriage or family. Karla had made her choice and all he could do was sit back and watch.

Knowing her husband was likely watching her and their son fuck, Karla amped up the performance as well as the verbal insults directed towards Larry. “God I love your huge fucking cock and the way you pound it into me!” she whimpered, gazing back at her bucking teen.

Karla arched her back as Keith drilled into her from below, determined to give Larry a show he would never forget. She reached back and spread her ass cheeks wide, exposing the tight pucker of her asshole.

“You see this, Larry?” she taunted breathlessly, knowing he was glued to the screen. “This is what a real man does to a woman. He claims every part of her, makes her his personal fuck toy.”

Keith growled in approval, delivering a sharp smack to Karla's jiggling ass. "That's right, Mom. Dad never appreciated what he had. But I'm gonna worship this body, use every hole until you're ruined for anyone else."

Karla moaned wantonly, the sting of the spank only heightening her pleasure. "Mmm, yes baby. Fuck me like the slut I am. Show your pathetic father how a real stud satisfies a woman."

She leaned forward, changing the angle of penetration and gasping as Keith's cock hit her deepest spots. Her heavy tits swung beneath her, the plump, rosy nipples aching hard.

"Look at these udders, Larry," she sneered into the camera. "You used to love sucking on these big titties. But now they belong to our son. He's gonna milk me like the prize cow I am, drain me dry every single day."

Keith sat up, wrapping his arms around Karla from behind and palming her heaving breasts roughly. He pinched and tugged on her sensitive nubs, making her squeal.

"These are mine now, Dad," he declared arrogantly. "Every inch of Mom's sexy body belongs to me. She's my personal cum-dump and I'm gonna fill her up over and over again."

As if to punctuate his claim, Keith pistoled his hips frantically, slamming into Karla's clenching cunt with brutal force.

She threw her head back and screamed in ecstasy, her thick, naked buttocks beating against her son's upper thighs, her pussy spasming around his pistoning cock.

“Fuck yes, baby! Breed Mommy’s cunt!” she wailed. “Pump me full of your superior seed! I wanna give you a baby, a new son to replace your loser father!”

Nuzzling against her sweaty back and squeezing her fatty melons as hard as he could, Keith roared like a claiming beast and buried himself to the hilt.

Jets of scalding cum erupting from his cock-slit and flooded Karla’s contracting womb. She convulsed in his arms, her orgasm crashing over her in violent waves.

“Take it all, mom!” Keith grunted, grinding against her ass, feeling her ejaculatory juices spurt out around the base of his cock. “Every drop is for you. Gonna knock you up and make you my breeding bitch.”

Karla collapsed back against Keith’s chest, both of them panting harshly in the aftermath of their intense coupling.

Rivulets of cum leaked from her abused hole, coating her thighs and dripping onto sheets. It was the lewdest thing Larry had ever seen.

Larry returned home a few days later, his mind reeling from the depraved scenes he had witnessed on the hidden cameras. He was determined to confront Karla and Keith, to put an end to their vile affair and reclaim his position as head of the household.

He found them lounging by the pool, Karla sunbathing topless while Keith rubbed sunscreen onto her bare skin with

worshipful attention. They looked up at his approach, Karla smirking knowingly while Keith's eyes glinted with challenge.

"Well, well, look who's back," Karla drawled, not bothering to cover her exposed breasts. "Have a good trip, darling?"

Larry clenched his fists, struggling to control his temper. "Cut the crap, Karla. You know damn well what I saw. What you two have been doing behind my back."

Keith stood up and bravely faced Larry. At 18, he was already taller and more muscular than his father, his youthful virility apparent in the bulge of his swim trunks.

"Behind your back?" Keith scoffed. "Please. We put on that show for your benefit, Dad. So you could see what a real man does for the woman he loves."

Karla stood up as well, sauntering over to drape herself on Keith's arm, snuggling it between her warm, sun-kissed tits. Her voluptuous nudity was a slap in Larry's face, her wanton disregard for modesty a testament to her new allegiance.

"Keith's right, Larry," she said coolly. "You've neglected me for too long, always putting your job before my pleasure. Our son has shown me what it means to be truly desired, worshipped like the goddess I am."

She cupped Keith's face and kissed him deeply, her long, thick tongue visibly plundering his mouth.

Keith grabbed her ass and pulled her against him, grinding his obvious erection against her bare mound.

Larry saw red, lunging forward to pry them apart. "Goddammit, that's enough! I won't stand here and watch you molest our child, you sick bitch!"

But Keith shoved him back easily, sending him sprawling onto the pool deck.

Karla laughed cruelly, stepping over Larry's prone form.

"You don't have a say anymore, you fucking wimp," she sneered. "Keith is my my now, in every way. And I've never felt more satisfied."

To drive her point home, Karla shimmied out of her bikini bottoms and gently nudged Keith down on a poolside lounge. "Pull your trunks off, darling."

Larry watched in impotent rage as his beautiful wife sank down on their son's rigid cock, both of them moaning in bliss.

Karla rode Keith hard, her heavy breasts bouncing as she impaled herself on his thick shaft over and over. "Mmm yeah baby, stretch Mommy's cunt," she purred. "Ruin me forever for your short-dicked father."

Karla locked eyes with Larry as she bounced on their son's cock, a malicious grin on her face. "Look at him, Larry. Look at how much bigger and harder he is than you. Your pathetic little prick could never satisfy me like this."

Keith gripped her hips, slamming her down brutally on his pistoning shaft while staring at the colossal boobs that slapped against his face as they swung pendulously. "That's it, Mom, take it! Show Dad what a real man feels like. I'm gonna pound this pussy into submission."

Karla threw her head back and keened in ecstasy, her juices dripping down Keith's balls. "Yes, baby, yes! Conquer me, make me your fuck slave. I'll do anything to keep this big cock inside me."

Larry watched in stunned disbelief as his wife debased herself, offering her body up to their son like a cheap whore. His stomach churned at the wet, obscene sounds of their coupling, at the cries of rapture spilling from Karla's lips.

The mother was already feeling the tingling of a mind-blowing climax in the core of her cunt. Her boy's teenage erection was like a pillar of granite, carved by the Gods, thundering through ribbed sheath of her pussy, lighting her sexual nerve-endings ablaze.

She gazed at her husband tauntingly over her shoulder, her eyes glazed with lust. "I'm never letting this cock out of me, Larry. I'm gonna drain Keith's balls every single day, whenever and wherever he wants. Your bed, your couch, your precious recliner. Nowhere will be safe from me guzzling our son's cum."

Larry watched with a mixture of fascination and disgust as Keith's massive pillar of erectile flesh plunged deeply into the tight, warm heat of his wife's wetness. The sheer size and girth of it was impossible to ignore, easily dwarfing Larry's own meager member. Thick, bulging blue veins throbbed beneath the taut, flushed skin that was slick with Karla's arousal. Her moans and gasps filled the air around them, further fueling the already intense scene before them.

“Oh fuck!” Karla gasped, her eyes widening and her hips pivoting frantically. “I’m gonna cum so fucking hard on you baby!”

Keith grinned savagely, increasing the pace of his thrusts. “That’s it, Mom, cum all over my cock. Drench me in it. I want Dad to see what a real orgasm looks like.”

Karla’s body seized up, her back arching as a guttural scream tore from her throat. Her cunt clamped down on Keith’s pummeling shaft, rippling and gushing as a massive climax crashed through her.

Clear girl-fluid squirted from her contracting slit, splattering Keith’s groin and soaking the lounge beneath them

“FUCK YES, BABY! OH GOD, YESSSSS!” she wailed, shaking and thrashing in the throes of the most intense pleasure she’d ever known.

Keith rutted into her wildly, prolonging her peak. His lips explored her cavernous cleavage, her humongous hooters bouncing and rippling astride his face.

His balls drew up tight and with a roar of conquest, he erupted deep inside her rippling tunnel, flooding her womb with jet after jet of his salty, virile seed.

“Take it, Mom! Fuck, TAKE IT ALL!” he snarled, his face mashed against the side of one of her soft tits. He ground into her as spurt after spurt of teenage cum pulsed from his cock. “Gonna knock you up, make you swell with my kid!”

Karla sobbed in bliss, babbling incoherently as Keith's potent semen filled her to overflowing, trickling out around his embedded shaft.

The depravity of the act, of so willingly taking her own son's sperm into her fertile body as her husband watched, only intensified the dark rapture consuming her.

As their unholy coupling reached its shattering conclusion, Karla collapsed against Keith's sweat-slicked chest, both of them panting harshly. She rolled her head to look at Larry, a cruel smile curving her lips.

"You see, darling?" she purred malevolently. "You see how completely I belong to our son now? How he's ruined me for your pathetic little cock?"

She lifted herself off of Keith with a lewd squelch, his softening member slipping from her hungry cunt. A river of pearly cum poured from her gaping hole, puddling obscenely on the abused lounge.

Karla swiped a finger through the viscous fluid and brought it to her mouth, sucking it clean with a wanton moan.

"Mmm, delicious," she taunted. "The only protein shake I'll ever need from now on."

Keith sat up, pulling her into a filthy kiss, their tongues lewdly sharing his spent seed between them. When they broke apart, he smirked at Larry in smug triumph.

"Face it, Dad," he said derisively. "I'm the man of the house now. Mom is mine, body and soul. You're just a pathetic cuckold who gets to watch me claim her over and over again."

Weeks passed and Larry's nightmare only worsened. Karla and Keith flaunted their incestuous affair at every turn, making no effort to hide their depraved coupling.

Larry was forced to listen to his wife's wanton moans and cries of ecstasy echo through the house day and night as Keith fucked her with the stamina and vigor of a hormonal teenager.

He'd come home from work to find them entwined on the couch, Keith's head buried between Karla's thighs as he lustily devoured her dripping cunt. Or he'd walk into the kitchen in the morning to see Karla kneeling under the table, noisily slurping on Keith's impressive morning wood as he ate his breakfast.

Their taunts and degradation were constant. Karla took every opportunity to remind Larry of his inadequacies as a man and a lover. She'd make him watch as she worshipped Keith's impressive cock, comparing it vocally to Larry's "pathetic little stub".

"Look at this magnificent piece of meat, Larry," she'd purr, stroking Keith's thick shaft reverently. "So long, so thick, so virile. It's no wonder your tiny little dicklet could never satisfy me."

Keith was no better, strutting around the house naked with his huge endowment on lewd display. "Better get used to this sight, Dad," he'd sneer. "It's the only real cock Mom's ever gonna want from now on."

The worst was when they'd make Larry sit in the corner and watch them rut like animals on his marriage bed. They'd put on depraved shows of the most graphic and taboo sex acts imaginable, pushing the boundaries of even the most jaded porn.

Karla would ride Keith's face as he tongue-fucked her ass, her huge tits bouncing obscenely.

She'd squeal in delight as he mounted her from behind, rubbing her clit frantically as he brutally sodomized her.

"Yes, baby, yesss!" she'd wail. "Rape Mommy's tight asshole! Ruin it forever on your massive cock!"

"Ahhh fuuuuck," Keith's voice quivered as semen burst from his smothered knob, into his mother, tight, hot rectum.

They'd fuck in every position known to man, sometimes for hours on end, their sweaty bodies writhing and contorting in the filthiest ways possible. All the while they'd lock eyes with Larry, forcing him to witness every depraved second as they cuckolded him in the most vicious fashion imaginable.

Larry drank heavily to numb the pain, to drown out the sounds of his wife's ecstatic screams as their son pounded her into sexual oblivion over and over again. He was a broken man, emasculated and humiliated beyond measure.

Then came the day Karla gleefully showed him the positive pregnancy test, crowing that Keith had put his incestuous baby in her belly. She patted her flat stomach with a wicked grin triumphantly. "What's the matter, honey?" she asked with mock concern. "Aren't you thrilled to finally be a father again?"

Of course, we both know Keith is the only real daddy this baby will ever have or need. I bet you're jealous that your son's virile sperm succeeded where your impotent seed failed? That he's man enough to knock me up and give me the baby I've been wanting for so long?"

She cackled cruelly at Larry's stricken expression. Keith came up behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist possessively, his hands splaying over her still-flat belly.

"That's right, Dad," he gloated. "I've knocked Mom up with my superior seed. She's having my baby now."

Larry felt bile rising in his throat, his world crumbling around him at this final, shattering betrayal. The woman he loved, the mother of his two children was now pregnant with their son's illicit spawn – a product of the vilest incestuous coupling.

Karla leaned back against Keith, turning her head to capture his lips in a lewd, sloppy kiss. "Mmm, I can't wait to get big and round with your baby, my love," she purred sultrily. "I want the whole world to see what a virile stud has conquered me, fucked me into submission and claimed me forever."

Keith squeezed her tits roughly, tweaking the nipples into stiff peaks. "Just wait until these udders swell up with milk," he growled. "I'm going to suck them dry every day while I keep that greedy cunt plugged with my cock. You'll be nothing but my personal fuck-toy and breeding cow."

Karla shivered in delight, her eyes glazing over with insatiable lust. She grabbed Keith's wrist and dragged him toward the stairs, eager to celebrate their virility. "Come on, baby, let's go

practice making more babies. You may have already knocked me up, but I want you to flood my womb over and over.”

As they headed off to once again defile his marriage bed with their depraved rutting, Karla looked back over her shoulder at Larry’s devastated face.

“Oh, and I expect you to keep playing the doting husband in public, Larry dear,” she warned silkily. “Smiling for the neighbors, paying the bills, rubbing my feet when I get all swollen. After all, we wouldn’t want anyone knowing what a pathetic, dickless cuckold you really are, would we?”

Her mocking laughter echoed down the stairs, and were soon replaced with Keith’s deep grunts as he once again mounted her like the bitch in heat she was.

The wet slaps and obscene squelches of their vigorous fucking was the soundtrack to Larry’s personal hell – one he now knew he could never escape.

The only person Larry told about his new marital situation was his own mother, Dottie, but she had little sympathy. “She’s carrying his baby, mother, and she doesn’t even sleep in the same bed as me anymore. She’s sharing a room with him,” Larry complained.

“Oh Larry,” Dottie sighed, a hint of exasperation in her voice. “I hate to say it, but I’m not entirely surprised by this turn of events in your marriage.”

Larry was stunned. “What do you mean, Mom? How can you not be shocked that my wife is fucking our son and carrying his baby?”

“Use her or lose her,” Dottie answered. “Didn't any of your smart, married friends ever offer up that advice?”

“No.”

“Sweetheart, Karla is a vibrant, sensual woman with needs,” Dottie explained patiently. “Needs that, frankly, you haven't been meeting apparently. Is it any wonder she turned to a virile young stud like Keith to finally feel desired and satisfied again?”

“But he's our son!” Larry sputtered indignantly. “Her child! It's sick, it's wrong—”

“Oh, don't be so puritanical,” Dottie cut in, “I fucked your younger brother, Miles, for a year before he went off to college. Taboo relationships are more common than you realize.”

“Please tell me that's not true,” Larry sighed, his stomach sinking even further at the thought of his busty mother fucking his cocky younger brother.

“The heart wants what it wants. And from what you've told me, it sounds like Karla's heart, not to mention her hungry cunt, wants Keith's big, hard cock pounding her into sexual bliss on the regular.”

Larry was aghast at not only his mother's confession but crudeness. “Mom, I can't believe you're taking their side in this!”

“I'm not taking sides, dear,” Dottie said calmly. “I'm just pointing out the reality of the situation. Keith is more of a man than you'll ever be, in every way that counts to a hot-blooded

woman like Karla. You need to accept that and find a way to adapt.”

Larry was near tears, his voice cracking. “Adapt? To being a cuckold in my own home? To watching the love of my life swell with my son’s incestuous bastard? How the hell am I supposed to adapt to that?”

“By being grateful she hasn’t cut you off completely,” Dottie advised bluntly. “If you’re smart, you’ll embrace your new role and support their relationship. Karla could easily dump your sorry ass and take half of everything in the divorce. Then where would you be?”

Larry was speechless, his mother’s harsh words hitting him like physical blows. Dottie softened her tone, but only slightly.

“Man up, Larry,” she ordered. “Be the dutiful cuckold and doting grandpa-to-be that Karla needs you to be. Who knows, if you’re a very good boy, maybe she’ll even let you watch her and Keith go at it sometimes. Call it a reward for your obedience and acceptance.”

With that last humiliating piece of advice, Dottie ended the call, leaving Larry reeling and shattered.

Keith, on the other hand, was overjoyed as he watched Karla’s belly swell with his child, her skin stretching taut over the growing proof of his virility. And her tits, god, her tits were magnificent – ballooning into ripe, heavy melons that made his mouth water every time he saw them straining against the flimsy fabric of her tops.

“Look at you,” he marveled, running his hands reverently over her gravid curves. “So fucking fertile, so gorgeous. I can’t believe I put a baby in you, Mom. My baby.”

Karla purred, arching into his touch. “Mmm, believe it, stud. You knocked me up good and proper. Fucked this baby into me with that huge, amazing cock of yours.”

They were in the living room, Karla lounging on the couch wearing nothing but a sheer robe that did nothing to conceal her lewd, 8-month-pregnant nudity.

Keith knelt between her spread thighs, his face level with her giant, protruding belly. He pressed his lips to her stretched skin, trailing open-mouthed kisses along the swell. “Can’t wait to see you get even bigger,” he murmured hotly.

“I wanna fuck another baby into you as soon as this one’s out. Keep you barefoot and pregnant, your belly and tits always full with my seed.”

Karla moaned wantonly, tangling her fingers in his hair. “Yes, baby, yes. Breed me over and over. Make me your personal incubator. I wanna be constantly ripe with your babies.”

Keith growled, nuzzling into the damp patch of her robe where it clung to her dripping mound. He mouthed at her cloth-covered slit, the musky scent of her arousal inflaming his lust.

“Fuck, Mom, you’re always so wet for me now,” he groaned, lapping at her juices through the flimsy barrier. “Pregnancy’s made you into such a horny slut for my cock.”

“Only for you, baby,” Karla gasped, grinding against his face. “Fuck, I need you inside me. I need to feel that huge dick splitting me open, reminding me who I belong to.”

Keith surged up, ripping open her robe and feasting his eyes on her naked splendor. Her engorged breasts spilled free, nipples fat and dark, just begging to be sucked. Milk dribbled from the sensitive tips, and Keith eagerly latched on, groaning as the warm, sweet liquid flooded his mouth.

Karla cried out sharply, the sensation of her son nursing from her aching full tits sending bolts of pleasure-pain directly to her aching core. She cradled his head, encouraging him to suckle harder as his face sunk into the supple softness of her melon.

“That’s it, baby, drink up,” she cooed breathlessly. “Drain me dry.”

Larry walked in on this depraved scene, his heart sinking as he witnessed his hugely pregnant wife nursing their son from her milk-laden breasts. Keith was slurping greedily, his hands kneading the soft flesh as more milk leaked out around his lips and dribbled down his chin.

“What the hell is going on here?” Larry demanded, unable to keep the disgust from his voice.

Karla looked over at him lazily, not even bothering to cover herself. “What does it look like, dear? I’m feeding our son. He’s a growing boy, after all, and needs his nutrition.”

She gasped as Keith bit down on her sensitive nipple, clamping it between his teeth. “Mmm, that’s it baby. Get nice and strong for Mommy.”

Keith released her breast with a wet pop, turning to smirk at his father. Milk dripped obscenely down his chest. “Better get used to this sight, Dad. Once the baby comes, Mom’s gonna be nursing us both. Gotta keep her men happy and well-fed.”

Bile rose in Larry’s throat at the thought of his son suckling alongside his own grandchild at Karla’s titanic breasts. The depravity of it was staggering.

Karla reached down to stroke Keith’s impressive erection, slicking the shaft with the milk leaking from her breasts. “Speaking of keeping my men happy...I think it’s time for Mommy to drain these big, swollen balls of yours. Mount me, baby. Show Daddy how a real stud fucks his woman.”

Keith moved to cover her body with his own, his young, chiseled abs sinking against the unborn fetus growing in his mother's pouch.

He notched the engorged head of his cock at her entrance, teasing her slick folds. “Beg me for it, Mom. Beg me to fuck you in front of Dad. Let him see how desperate you are for your son’s dick.”

“Please, Keith! Please fuck Mommy!” Karla mewled shamelessly, rocking her hips, trying to impale herself on his thick shaft. “I need it so bad! Need you to fill me up, remind me who owns this pussy. Ruin me for your father's pathetic little prick!”

With a savage grunt, Keith rammed forward, sheathing himself to the hilt in his mother's hot, claspings depths. Karla screamed in ecstasy, her hands flying to grip his shoulders.

"Yes! Oh god baby, yesss! So fucking BIG!" she wailed as he began to piston in and out of her, the wet slaps of their bodies colliding filling the room.

Larry watched in abject horror as his son ruthlessly fucked his pregnant wife right in front of him, Karla's huge belly and milk-swollen tits bouncing obscenely between their bodies with every brutal thrust. He knew there was no coming back from this, that his life as he knew it was over.

Karla's strong, toned legs wrapped around Keith's back, holding him tightly in place as they moved together in a heated passion. Her feet, adorned with bright red polish, hovered just above his shoulder blades, her heels arched and toes pointed in pleasure.

She loved to cling to him this way, feeling his lean body melt against her pregnant softness as they moved as one. With the sides of her ginormous, rippling breasts pressed against his head, she could feel every thrust he made inside of her. Their bodies moved in perfect synchronization, lost in their own world of intense pleasure.

"Fuck mom!" the boy groaned into Karla's bountiful cleavage as he felt her pussy flutter and grip his cock like a velvet vise. The hormonal changes of pregnancy had made her wetter, hotter, and tighter than ever before. Her slick, corrugated walls clenched him rhythmically, rippling along his shaft in pulsing waves.

“Oh god baby, you feel amazing!” Karla panted, her nails digging into his shoulders. “Stretching me so good, filling me up. I’m so fucking full of my son’s big, hard cock.”

The prenatal goddess canted her hips to take him even deeper, the thick mushroom head of his dick kissing her cervix with every pump.

Her heavy belly pressed between them, the life growing inside her seemingly urging Keith on, pushing them to greater heights of taboo ecstasy.

“Jesus, Mom!” Keith grunted, fucking his raging boner faster and harder. The wet squelch of his cock plunging into her sopping cunt was obscene in the quiet room. “Gonna cum soon! Where do you want it?”

“Inside,” Karla demanded breathlessly, locking her ankles at the base of his spine. “Pump me full, baby. Feed our little one that hot seed straight from the tap.”

Keith snarled at her filthy words, slamming into her with renewed vigor. Karla keened high and sharp, her pussy bearing down on him like a silken fist.

“Fuck, gonna... Mom, I’m cumming!” Keith roared, his balls drawing up tight to his body. His cock jerked and throbbed as he erupted like a geyser, flooding Karla’s greedy cunt with what felt like gallons of molten cum.

“YES! YES, GIVE IT TO ME!” Karla screamed, throw her head back in rapture as she felt her son’s potent seed bathing her pulsating walls.

Her own orgasm crashed through her like a tidal wave, stealing her breath and making stars explode behind her eyes.

Hot fem-juice erupted from her cock-stuffed slit, splattering all over Keith's balls as they slapped against the ring of her throbbing asshole.

They clung to each other as they shook and trembled in the aftermath, Keith's softening cock still buried deep in Karla's fluttering sheath. Pearly rivulets of cum leaked out around his shaft to puddle on the couch, the sight obscenely erotic.

Larry stared at the thoroughly debauched pair, his wife and son still intimately joined in the lewdest way possible. His stomach churned with revulsion even as his own inadequate cock twitched feebly in his pants.

Karla turned her head languidly to lock eyes with her shell-shocked husband, a cruel smirk curling her lips. "Better get used to this sight, darling," she purred, echoing Keith's earlier words. "This is your life now – watching your son claim and breed me over and over again while you just stand there like the pathetic loser you are."

A week before her expected due date, Karla had more shocking news to share with Larry. "Keith and I are getting married!" she stated excitedly.

"Wait...what?!" Larry gasped. "How are you two getting married? You're still married to me."

Karla laughed mockingly at Larry's shocked expression. "Oh honey, did you really think a little thing like a marriage

certificate would stop me from making an honest man out of the father of my child? Keith and I are in love. We belong together, and we're going to be a real family."

She lovingly caressed her massive belly, exchanging an adoring glance with Keith who stood possessively at her side. He wrapped an arm around her, his hand splaying over the swell of their unborn baby.

"That's right, Dad," Keith said smugly. "I'm gonna be Mom's husband in every way that matters. I'm the one who knocked her up, who fucks her senseless every night. It's only right that I put a ring on it and give our kid a proper daddy."

Larry sputtered indignantly, his face turning red. "This is insane! You can't possibly think this is legal or morally acceptable. She's still my wife, dammit!"

Karla rolled her eyes. "Only on paper, Larry. In case you haven't noticed, our marriage has been over for a long time. Keith is my man now, in and out of the bedroom. I'm going to be Mrs. Keith Bradshaw and there's not a damn thing you can do about it."

She turned to Keith, rising up on her toes to press a lingering kiss to his lips. "What do you say, baby? Ready to make me an honest woman?"

Keith grinned wolfishly, giving her ass a possessive squeeze. "Damn straight. Gonna wife you up properly and fuck a few more babies into this sweet cunt. You're mine forever, Mom."

Karla giggled girlishly, her hands roaming over his muscular chest. "Mmm, my big strong hubby. I can't wait to be barefoot

and pregnant in the kitchen, waiting for you to come home from school and bend me over the counter for your daily breeding.”

Larry thought he might vomit, watching his wife and son discuss their depraved future so casually, as if he wasn't even in the room. This couldn't be happening. His life couldn't be crumbling around him in such a vile, horrific fashion.

But Karla's next words shattered any hopes he had left. “Oh, and don't think you're going anywhere, Larry dear. You're going to give me away at the wedding like a good little cuckold. Then you'll move into the guest room permanently while Keith and I take over the master suite. You can spend the rest of your days listening to your son plow me through the walls and knowing that I'm his in every way possible.”

She smiled cruelly, her eyes glinting with sadistic glee.

“Welcome to your new life, darling. As the pathetic, dickless third wheel in your own home. But don't worry, we'll keep you around for babysitting duty and comic relief. After all, every king needs a court jester,” she laughed.

“So, you're having a...wedding?” Larry asked. “You can't be serious?”

“I'm very serious, but besides you, only women in the family will be in attendance.”

“Only women in the family?” Larry asked incredulously. “What are you talking about?”

Karla grinned wickedly. “Well, your mother, of course, who thinks Keith and I make the sexiest couple alive. And, if you

must know, I've already told my mother and sisters all about my new...arrangement with Keith. And they couldn't be more thrilled for us!"

Larry's jaw dropped in shock. "You...you told your family? About you and Keith? And they...approve?!"

Karla laughed haughtily. "Oh, more than approve, darling. My mother always thought you were a spineless wimp. She's over the moon that her grandson had the balls to take what he wanted and make me his woman. And my sisters...well, let's just say they're a bit jealous. They can't wait to see what all the fuss is about at the wedding."

Keith smirked arrogantly, puffing out his chest. "Guess I'll have to save some energy for the bridesmaids, eh, Mom? Spread the love around a bit after I properly consummate our marriage."

Karla swatted his chest playfully, giggling like a schoolgirl. "Mmm, you are insatiable, aren't you, baby? Just remember, this pussy always comes first. You put a ring on it, after all."

Keith grabbed her lush ass, grinding his pelvis against her swollen belly. "Oh, I'll never forget who I belong to, Mom. I'm gonna fuck you in front of all those women, show them how a real man takes his bride. They'll be creaming their panties wishing they were in your place."

Larry thought he might pass out, his head spinning at the utter depravity unfolding before him. Not only had his wife and son destroyed their family with their sick incestuous lusts, but now they were going to flaunt it before their extended kin like some kind of freak show.

“This...this is madness,” he croaked weakly, all the fight drained out of him. “You’ve both lost your damn minds.”

Karla just shrugged, completely unconcerned. “Call it what you will, Larry. All I know is that I’ve never been happier or more sexually satisfied in my life. Keith is twice the man you ever were, in and out of bed. I’m gonna be his wife, the mother of his children, and if my family wants to share in our joy, then so be it.”

She turned back to Keith, looping her arms around his neck. “Now, what do you say we go practice our wedding night, lover? I think I need one last good fucking before I waddle down the aisle.”

Keith scooped her up effortlessly, her heavy, baby-swollen belly pressed between them. “Your wish is my command, my bride-to-be.”

Once in the bedroom, Keith laid Karla down on the bed, drinking in the erotic sight of her heavily pregnant body laid out before him like a sensual feast. Her huge breasts strained against the flimsy negligee she wore, milk stains dotting the sheer fabric over her engorged nipples.

“Fuck, Mom, you are so gorgeous like this,” Keith growled, quickly stripping off his clothes. His massive erection sprang free, curving up towards his navel, the bulbous head an angry purple and already weeping with pre-cum. “All ripe and fertile with my baby. I can’t wait to be inside you again.”

Karla spread her legs wantonly, her bare feet pointing towards opposite sides of their bedroom. The drenched folds of her pussy glistened in the low light, her engorged clit peeking

from beneath its fleshy hood. “Then take me, baby. Claim your bride properly before you put your ring on my finger.”

Keith crawled between her thighs, running his throbbing cock through her soaked slit. They both groaned at the delicious friction, Karla’s hips undulating to grind her clit against his muscular shaft.

“Do it!” she panted, desperation coloring her voice. “Put that big teenage dick in me. Ruin me for our wedding night.”

With a guttural moan, Keith notched the fat head of his cock at her entrance and surged forward, burying himself to the hilt in her welcoming heat. Karla cried out sharply, her slick walls clenching around him like a vice.

Her body shuttered as she felt his bell-shaped cock-glans press against her cervical entrance only inches from where their baby's head was.

“Oh god, oh fuck yessss,” she hissed, wrapping her legs around his hips. “Fuck me, Keith. Fuck your pregnant fiancé!”

Keith set a brutal pace, the bed frame slamming against the wall with every powerful thrust.

Using her strong, silky legs as leverage, Karla met him stroke for stroke, relishing the delicious stretch and drag of his thick cock deep inside her needy cunt.

Lost in their carnal coupling, neither of them paid any mind to Larry standing slack-jawed in the doorway, watching his wife and son rutting like animals.

Bile rose in his throat at the wet, obscene sounds of their flesh slapping together and the wanton moans spilling from Karla's lips.

"Harder...unh!...harder, baby!" Karla urged breathlessly, her nails scoring Keith's back. "Gonna...fucking cum!"

"Me too!" Keith grunted, pumping his boy-hips even faster. "Gonna...fill you...fuck...fill you up!"

Karla wailed as her climax crashed over her like a tsunami, her pussy gushing around Keith's plunging cock. Her body seized and shook, her belly and tits quivering with the force of her release.

Keith followed her over the edge with a groan, his balls drawing up tight as he exploded inside her fluttering sheath. Thick ropes of cum painted her cervix, his potent seed flooding her womb in pulsing jets.

"Take it... take it all!" he roared, grinding his pelvis against hers as he emptied himself completely. "Fucking bred you so good, Mom. Gonna keep you knocked up and dripping with my cum."

Karla sobbed in ecstasy, her cunt milking him for every last drop as it clenched and released around his erectile meat over and over.

She could feel his essence seeping into her, marking her irrevocably as his woman, his breeding bitch. The depravity of it only heightened her pleasure, prolonging her shattering climax.

As the final tremors subsided, Keith collapsed on top of her, crushing their baby between them. They lay panting and entangled, basking in the afterglow of their intense coupling.

Karla nuzzled into his neck, sighing contentedly. “Mmm, I can’t wait to be your wife, sweetheart. To give you lots of beautiful babies and make you cum like this every single day.”

Keith lifted his head to gaze down at her adoringly. “I’m gonna be the best husband and daddy, Mom. I promise. You and our kids will want for nothing. Especially not for my cock,” he added with a rakish grin.

Karla giggled and pulled him down for a deep, sensual kiss, their tongues twining lazily. When they finally broke apart, she glanced over his shoulder to see Larry still standing in the doorway, looking stricken and nauseated.

“Enjoy the show, darling?” she asked with mock sweetness. “Better get used to it. This is gonna be a daily occurrence in our house from now on. Might want to invest in some good earplugs,” she cackled cruelly.

Keith looked back at his father and smirked, not bothering to pull out of Karla’s cum-filled cunt. “Don’t worry, Dad. I’ll let you be the godfather. It’s the least I can do, since I’m fucking your wife and all.”

They both laughed heartily at Larry’s ashen face, his utter humiliation and defeat a delicious aphrodisiac. Karla pulled Keith back down for another kiss, eager to start round two.

Poor Larry could only watch, frozen in despair, as his wife and son lost themselves in each other once again, their moans and

grunts a twisted soundtrack heralding the end of life as he knew it. The future stretched before him – bleak, joyless, and forever cuckolded. All he could do now was try to survive it.

Two days later, the backyard was transformed into a perverse mockery of a wedding venue. White chairs were set up in rows on the lawn, facing a flower-bed and altar.

Instead of blushing bride and geeky groom figurines, the cake topper depicted a massively pregnant woman entwined with a virile young man – a lewd representation of Karla and Keith.

The guests began to arrive - all women, just as Karla had said. There was Larry's mother and sister, her mother, sisters, aunts and cousins, all tittering with scandalous excitement to witness the taboo union.

They filled the chairs, whispering behind their hands and casting appraising glances at Keith as he stood proudly at the altar in a tight tuxedo that did little to conceal his impressive endowment.

Larry stood stiffly to the side in his own ill-fitting monkey suit, numb to the core. He couldn't believe this was actually happening, that his family was openly celebrating his utter emasculation and the end of his marriage. But he was powerless to stop it, knowing Karla would gleefully destroy him if he tried to intervene.

The bridal march began to play, a bastardized version of the classic wedding tune. All heads turned to watch Karla waddle

down the aisle on Larry's reluctant arm. She was a vision in white, but there was nothing virginal about her.

Her gown was sheer and clingy, molding to her heavily pregnant curves like a second skin. The plunging neckline showcased her huge, milk-swollen breasts, the nipples and areola clearly visible through the gauzy fabric.

The gown's skirt barely hid her crotch from view, the dampness of her arousal evident on the flimsy cloth. She looked like a fertility goddess, fecund and ripe and ready to be bred.

Karla beamed as Larry robotically escorted her towards Keith, glowing with triumphant lust, her hair and make-up done up to the nines.

The other women gasped and murmured in awe, envy shining in their eyes. It was clear they all wished they could be in Karla's place, heavy with child and about to wed the strapping young buck who put it there.

As they reached the altar, Larry woodenly placed Karla's hand in Keith's, feeling like he was sealing his own fate.

Keith grinned victoriously, drawing Karla close and possessively cupping her giant, swollen belly.

The officiant, an elderly woman with knowing eyes, began the ceremony. But this was no ordinary wedding. Instead of vows of fidelity and holy matrimony, Keith and Karla declared their intentions to fuck and breed, to cuckold Larry for the rest of their days.

“I promise to worship your body every day, Mom,” Keith proclaimed, loud enough for all to hear. “To keep you barefoot and pregnant, your belly and tits always full with my seed. I’ll fuck you in every room of the house, bend you over every surface, and never let you forget who owns this pussy.”

Karla gazed up at him adoringly, her pretty eyes glassy with lust. “And I vow to be your devoted wife and breeding bitch, baby. To always be wet and ready for your deliciously-hard cock, to bear you as many children as my womb can hold. I’ll drain your balls every day and cuckold my pathetic ex-husband with the sounds of our marital bed.”

Raucous cheers went up from the assembled women as Keith and Karla exchanged rings, giggling wickedly as they slid the bands onto each other’s fingers. The metal glinted in the sun, a tangible symbol of their depraved union.

“By the power vested in me, I now pronounce you husband and wife!” the officiant declared with a gap-toothed grin. “You may now rut with your bride!”

Keith grasped her by the thighs and swept Karla into his arms, crushing his mouth to hers in a filthy, tongue-thrashing kiss.

Karla wrapped her stocking-encased legs around his waist as best she could with her swollen belly, grinding her soaked snatch against the rigid bulge in his trousers. Her dainty mules slipped off her feet as she interlocked her ankles behind his ass.

The crowd whooped and hollered, urging them on.

Never breaking the sloppy kiss, Keith carried Karla over to a petal-strewn bed that had been set up in the middle of the aisle. He laid her down almost tenderly, hiking up her skirt to expose her dripping, naked cunt to the avid gazes of the wedding guests.

Karla spread her thighs wantonly, one hand drifting down to spread her engorged lips apart. Her hole was flushed and throbbing, weeping with arousal. “Fuck me, husband,” she purred. “Claim your bride in front of everyone. Consummate our marriage vows by pumping a load of baby-making semen inside of me.”

Keith growled, fumbling with his zipper and fishing out his massive, veiny cock.

The women gasped and exhaled lustily at the sight of his teenage fuck-organ, practically salivating as their plump, mature nipples hardened beneath their bras.

Karla’s mother unconsciously licked her lips, her eyes glued to her grandson’s impressive manhood.

“I’m gonna ruin you for all other cocks, wife,” Keith rumbled, fisting his huge prick and rubbing the leaking, bulbous head up and down Karla’s soaked slit.

They both shivered and moaned as Keith lined up his throbbing cock with the mouth of Karla’s gushing pussy, the mushroom head nudging her juicy vestibule and making her legs tremble with need.

With one powerful thrust, the teen sheathed himself fully inside her, both of them crying out in ecstasy at the delicious union of their engorged sex-organs.

“Oh fuck... Oh FUCK yes!” Karla wailed, her back arching off the bed as she was filled and stretched by Keith’s massive girth. “So fucking BIG! Splitting me open!”

Keith grunted savagely, taking her hands and pinning them above her head as he began to rut into her like a wild animal, her stocking-encased legs locked around him.

The bed creaked and shook with the force of his fuck-thrusts, Karla’s huge belly and tits bouncing lewdly.

The wedding guests cheered and catcalled, spurring them on. Some of the women had their hands under their skirts, frigging their dripping cunts as they watched the depraved consummation with avid lust.

Both Larry and Karla's mothers were openly groping their own heavy tits, licking their lips as they watched their grandson ravage their daughter.

“That’s it, that’s it!” Karla screeched, her skilled hips bucking to meet Keith’s plundering cock. “Harder baby, HARDER! Ruin your bride’s cunt!”

Keith snarled, sweat dripping down his face as he pounded into his mom's squishing hole with brutal force. The divine friction of each thrust pulled his pink cock-skin back tightly, exposing his sexual nerve-endings to the hot, spongy grip of Karla wet pussy.

The wet, filthy sounds of their coupling filled the air, punctuated by skin slapping on skin and Karla's escalating moans.

After a few minutes of vigorous cunt-fucking, Keith could feel his balls tightening, his mammoth shaft pulsing inside Karla's rippling sheath. "Fuck... gonna cum!" he roared. "Gonna breed you, wife! Knock you up again in front of everyone!"

"YES!" Karla screamed, throwing her head back and tightening her lovely legs around her boy. "Fill me, FLOOD ME! Paint my insides with your seed!"

With an animalistic bellow, Keith buried himself to the hilt and exploded, his cock pulsating as he emptied a massive load directly into Karla's fertile womb.

The pregnant mother shrieked and convulsed underneath him, her eyes rolling back as a tit-trembling orgasm ripped through her.

Her cunt clamped down rhythmically, milking her son of every drop of rich, sticky boy-seed.

The crowd went wild, some of the women climaxing just from the sight, their beautiful cries ringing out like an orgasmic choir.

Larry's mother was mauling her heavy tits roughly, shuddering and gasping as her grandson seeded her former daughter-in-law right in front of her.

Poor Larry could only watch in numb despair, his wife's rapturous cries as she was bred by their son on their wedding

day forever seared into his brain. It was the final nail in the coffin of his manhood.

He and the other guests watched on as Keith collapsed on top of Karla's pillowy body, both of them panting and glistening with sweat in the aftermath of their obscene coupling.

Karla cradled Keith's head to her heaving bosom, cooing softly as she stroked his hair. Thick globs of pearly cum leaked from her ravaged pussy, staining the white rose-petals beneath her ass.

The wedding guests erupted into fresh applause and bawdy cheers, congratulating the newlyweds on their virile consummation.

Both Karla and Larry's mothers looked like they might faint, their faces flushed and their fat nipples practically ripping through their dress.

"Such a good boy," Karla purred to Keith, loud enough for all to hear. "Breeding your mommy so well in front of everyone. You're gonna be the best daddy and husband ever!"

Keith lifted his head and grinned, his teeth flashing white. "Only the best for my bride," he preened. "Gotta keep that belly swollen and those titties full of milk."

He shifted, his softening cock slipping from Karla's cum-sloppy hole with a wet plop.

More jizz dribbled out, and Karla swiped some up with her fingers, bringing them to her mouth to suck clean. The crowd whooped and cheered at the wanton display.

“Mmm, is there enough in there for everyone?” Karla's busty younger sister asked, dragging her long, pierced tongue across her lips.

“Yeah, fuck the cake...we want cum!” Larry's sister stated, staring hungrily at all the teenage goo seeping out of Karla's well-fucked slit.

Slowly, Keith clambered off the marital bed and stuffed himself back into his trousers. He reached down and effortlessly scooped his mom up, cradling her bridal-style.

His mother giggled and looped her arms around his neck, nuzzling into his throat.

Keith carried her back down the aisle, past their clapping and catcalling guests. As he passed his father, he paused, smirking down at the shell-shocked cuckold.

“Thanks for giving me away, dad,” he sneered. “I’ll take real good care of mom from now on. Though you’ll still have to pay the bills. A kept breeding cow doesn’t work, after all.”

Karla laughed meanly, reaching out to pat Larry’s cheek.

“Don’t worry, darling. We’ll let you watch sometimes. Maybe if you’re good, Keith will even let you eat his cum out of me. Won’t that be nice?”

Larry felt his stomach churning, his face burning with humiliation as Keith carried his new bride into the house to a chorus of ribald cheers.

The women began to disperse, many heading inside for the debauched reception that was sure to follow, tittering amongst themselves.

Soon, Larry was left alone in the yard, standing next to the rumpled, cum-stained wedding bed, the smell of sex still lingering in the air.

The pitying eyes of the officiant met his as she passed, and she shook her head. "Tough break, buddy," she commiserated. "But that's what you get for not keeping your wife satisfied."

THE END