

VOW RUINING *with* MOM



BY KLRXO

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Bill settled into the aisle seat near the front of the plane, his 10-year-old daughter Lily eagerly claiming the window while 8-year-old Aiden plopped down in the middle. As the flight attendants began their safety demonstration, Bill glanced back to where his wife Tiffany and his oldest son Cody were sitting, several rows behind them.

Tiffany looked radiant as always in her short skirt and sweater that hugged her voluptuous curves. The fabric strained across her wildly-oversized breasts as she leaned over to whisper something to Cody, her wavy blonde hair cascading over her tanned shoulders. Cody nodded, smiling at whatever she said, before getting up to grab something from the overhead bin, his lean arms flexing under his tight t-shirt.

Bill sighed and turned back around, trying to focus on the emergency exit locations the attendant was pointing out. Even though they had seats rows apart, he knew he should feel lucky to be taking his family on a luxurious beach getaway.

It was a special trip to celebrate Cody graduating high school at the top of his class and getting accepted to college on a full athletic scholarship. Bill and Tiffany couldn't be more proud of their eldest son. But also, what Tiffany didn't know was that Bill had been planning a surprise vow renewal ceremony for their 20th anniversary.

His parents and sister Christy were flying in separately to meet them at the resort, where an intimate beachside service was planned for the next day. Bill patted his jacket pocket, making sure the diamond anniversary band he'd picked out for Tiffany was still safely tucked away.

As the plane accelerated down the runway, Cody couldn't help but stare, transfixed at his mother's heaving cleavage mere inches away from his

face. With each jolt and rumble, her massive K-cup breasts bounced and swayed hypnotically in the tight confines of her sweater, the deep valley between them yawning open and closed.

Tiffany glanced over, catching her son's wide-eyed gaze trained on her jiggling bosom. She smiled knowingly at him and gently patted his leg in reassurance, as if to say this would be their little secret.

Cody gulped and looked away in embarrassment, but his eyes kept drifting back to the mesmerizing sight of his mom's colossal chest straining against the fabric. He squirmed in his seat, trying to discretely adjust the growing bulge in his shorts.

Tiffany noticed her son's predicament and bit her plump bottom lip to suppress a grin. The sexual tension between them was palpable. She knew it was wrong but she couldn't help feel a thrill at the obvious effect her voluptuous body had on her shy, awkward boy who was becoming a man before her eyes.

As the plane leveled off at cruising altitude, Cody nervously cleared his throat. "Hey Mom, um, I'm feeling kinda cold. Do you think we could maybe snuggle under the blanket together? If that's okay?"

Tiffany looked at her son with an indulgent smile. "Of course, sweetie. Come here." She reached up and grabbed the complimentary blanket, unfolding it and draping it across both their laps.

Cody hesitantly scooted closer, until his shoulder and arm were pressed up against his mother's soft, warm body. Tiffany wrapped an arm around her boy and gently guided his head to rest against her cushy tit-pillows.

Cody's cheek sank into the plush, pliant flesh of his mom's cleavage, her intoxicating floral perfume filling his nostrils. He was engulfed in her comforting, womanly warmth and softness. He could feel his heart pounding as his face was swallowed up by the squishy, heavenly pillows of her breasts.

"There now, is that better?" Tiffany cooed, rubbing Cody's back. The movement made her massive mammaries jiggle and sway, the undulating ocean of tit-flesh making Cody's head bob slightly.

"Mmmhmm," Cody managed to murmur, his voice muffled by the wall of cleavage surrounding him. He daringly nuzzled his face deeper into the valley of his mother's breasts, furtively inhaling her sweet scent. His cock throbbed almost painfully in the cramped confines of his shorts.

Tiffany cradled her son's head to her heaving bosom, relishing the forbidden closeness. She knew she shouldn't encourage this but it just felt so nice to snuggle her handsome boy. And the naughty, illicit thrill of him wedged against her huge titties was just too deliciously sinful to resist.

Emboldened by his mother's indulgent cuddling, Cody timidly glanced up from the warm, fragrant valley of her cleavage. "Hey Mom?" he whispered hoarsely. "Do you think I could, um, put my head up inside your sweater? Just to keep it extra warm and cozy? I promise I'll stay outside your bra," he added quickly.

Tiffany giggled, knowing she should refuse, but the pleading, desperate look on her son's flushed face melted her resolve. "Alright honey, since you asked so sweetly. Just remember to stay under the blanket outside my bra."

Cody nodded eagerly, then ducked beneath the blanket, which his mom held at her neck. With trembling fingers, he carefully pulled open the bottom of his mother's clingy sweater, exposing her naked midriff, then slowly slid his head up under the stretchy fabric, his nose and lips grazing along her silky décolletage.

Cody's head popped up into the warm, dark space inside his mom's sweater, completely surrounded by her massive, heavy breasts. Her giant, bra-encased boobs pressed in on his cheeks from both sides,

creating a snug, pillowy cave around his skull. He could feel his mother's heart beating through the thin satin of her brassiere.

Tentatively, the teen began exploring the lace-embroidered cups of his mom's overflowing bra with his face and lips, mapping every stitch and seam. Her voluminous titty-flesh bulged out the top, swelling up under his chin. He burrowed his nose into the plush, perfumed skin, drowning in her heady feminine essence.

He couldn't resist planting several soft, worshipful kisses along the intricate lacy edge, his lips grazing the silky upper curves of her breasts. Cody lightly traced the delicate scrolling patterns of the sheer lace with the tip of his tongue, tasting her. His head spun with intoxicating, forbidden lust for his own mother.

"Mmmm, that feels nice, baby," Tiffany purred, her voice husky. The gentle suction of her son's lips and the wet swipes of his eager tongue along the perimeter of her bra made her immense, sensitive breasts tingle delightfully. Her fat nipples stiffened under the satin, aching to be sucked. A damp, achy heat bloomed between her thighs.

Tiffany knew she should stop this now before it went too far, but it just felt so good to have her tits lovingly adored and pleased by her sweet boy.

Spurred on by his mother's breathy encouragement, Cody grew bolder. He began mouthing at the satin-covered curves of her titties more urgently, tracing the edge of each lacy cup with his tongue before closing his lips around the stiff peaks straining against the sheer fabric.

Tiffany gasped and squirmed in her seat as her son roughly pawed at her bra-shrouded flesh with his fingers, groping and kneading the pliant mounds while he suckled greedily at her hardened nipples through the flimsy satin and lace. She knew she should put a stop to this forbidden exploration but the exquisite sensation of her boy's hot, hungry mouth

voraciously devouring her sensitive teats was just too sinfully pleasurable to resist.

Cody growled softly, almost feral with need, as he mauled his mom's massive jugs through her bra, the delicate fabric growing damp from his drool and her sweat. He trapped each engorged nipple between his teeth, rapidly flicking the captive buds with his tongue while tugging at the surrounding flesh with his lips.

Overcome with mammary lust, the boy gripped his mom's colossal tits in both hands, squishing them together and burying his face in her cavernous cleavage. He motorboated her bra-shrouded melons, thrashing his head side to side while growling like an animal.

He shoved his face deeper into the plush crevasse and inhaled deeply, filling his lungs with his mother's intoxicating essence. Tiffany's head lolled back against the headrest, her eyes fluttering shut in ecstasy as her son feasted on her giant breasts.

A flight attendant stopped next to their row with the beverage cart. "Would you like anything to drink?" she asked with a polite smile.

Tiffany froze, suddenly realizing how this must look. Even though a blanket was draped over them, the furtive movement underneath made it fairly obvious that her son had his face buried in her heaving bosom. She prayed the attendant wouldn't notice or comment.

"Um, j-just a ginger ale for me, please," Tiffany stammered, trying to keep her voice steady despite the waves of illicit pleasure radiating from her son's avid tit feast. "Cody, honey, do you want anything?" She jostled him gently.

Cody lifted his head slightly, his face flushed and glazed with euphoria. "Uh, a Coke is fine, thanks," he muttered before diving back under the blanket to resume his frenzied motorboating.

The attendant nodded and filled their cups, seemingly oblivious. It certainly wasn't the first mother and son she'd seen frolicking beneath a blanket on one of her assigned flights. "Just let me know if you need anything else." She pushed the cart further up the aisle.

Tiffany exhaled in relief, but her reprieve was short-lived. Cody was attacking her bra-shrouded breasts with renewed fervor, growling and drooling as he shoved his face deeper into her expansive cleavage.

She glanced around furtively, immensely grateful that the nearest passengers were several rows away. Anyone who saw the blanket undulating over her chest would clearly know her huge boobs were getting mauled underneath.

Tiffany bit her lip to stifle a moan as Cody roughly kneaded and tugged at her giant jugs through the straining satin and lace of her bra. She knew she needed to stop him before this went too far, but her body betrayed her, nipples stiffening and pussy damply aching from her son's forbidden groping.

"Cody, baby, you need to - ohhhh - slow down," she panted, even as she cradled his head closer, mashing his face into the plush, pillowy crevasse of her cleavage. "We can't let anyone catch us like this."

But Cody was too far gone, drunk on the taste and feel and scent of his mother's bountiful breasts. He urgently sucked and gnawed at her sensitive nipples through the flimsy fabric, making Tiffany squirm and whimper.

The mother's breath hitched as Cody's hand crept up her thigh under the blanket, timidly brushing against the damp crotch of her panties.

"M-Mom?" he whispered hoarsely, lifting his flushed face from her bountiful cleavage. "Would you, um... would you maybe rub my... cock? Just a little through my shorts?" His pleading eyes were glazed with desperate lust.

Tiffany knew she should refuse, but seeing her shy boy boldly asking to have his hard young prick touched sent a fresh gush of wetness flooding her panties. "Since you asked so sweetly," she purred, reaching under the blanket.

Cody inhaled sharply as he felt his mother's slender fingers grazing up his thigh, certain she would simply cup his bulge through his shorts. But to his shock, her warm hand slipped right beneath his waistband, pushing past his tights-whities to wrap around his throbbing erection.

"Oh God, Mom!" Cody gasped, his hips bucking reflexively as Tiffany began slowly stroking his engorged cock. Her fingers felt like hot velvet wrapped around his sensitive flesh.

"Shhh, easy baby, keep your voice down," Tiffany cooed, continuing to leisurely pump her fist along his rigid shaft. She swirled her thumb around the swollen head, smearing his pre-cum on his glans.

Tiffany marveled at the sheer size and heat of her son's manhood throbbing in her grasp. His shaft was incredibly long and girthy, engorged with blood and pulsing with virile potency. The skin was silky smooth yet stretched taut over the rigid internal structures. Thick veins wound around the impressive length, carrying the flow of hot blood that made him swell with need.

The bulbous crown at the tip flared out majestically, the tightly stretched skin a slightly deeper hue than his shaft. Tiffany could feel the pronounced ridge encircling the head, leading down to the thick bundle of exquisitely sensitive nerve endings on the underside. Clear fluid welled from the small slit, oozing over her slowly pumping fist.

She carefully cupped his heavy scrotum, gently rolling the large orbs within the crinkled sac. They were drawn up close to his body, swollen with the copious seed of youth waiting to explode forth. His balls felt full to the point of bursting, pulsing with the primal need for release deep within her vaginal depths.

"Oh Mom, that feels incredible," Cody groaned, trying to keep his voice down despite the mind-blowing pleasure radiating from his groin. The hot, tight grip of his mother's hand sliding along his aching cock was almost too exquisite to bear. Electric tingles raced up his rigid length with each sensual stroke.

"Does it now?" Tiffany purred, continuing her lazy handjob under the blanket. "I bet this big young cock is just aching to shoot a huge, thick load, isn't it baby?" She lovingly squeezed his pulsing shaft for emphasis.

"Hnnngg yesss," Cody hissed through clenched teeth, his narrow hips humping upwards shallowly, fucking into his mom's slick fist. "I'm so hard it hurts! I really need to cum soon!"

"Shhh, I know sweetie, but you need to keep quiet and hold still," Tiffany admonished gently, even as she sped up her pumping hand. She knew she shouldn't be doing this, but seeing her shy, awkward boy panting and squirming from the forbidden handjob was just too arousing to stop now.

Her own pussy clenched and dripped with sympathetic need, soaking through the thin material of her panties. She squeezed her thighs together, trying to ease the dull ache between them as she continued milking her son's throbbing erection.

"Ohhh fuck, if you keep doing that, I'm gonna... I'm gonna... Ahhhh!" Cody made a strangled sound in the back of his throat, his body going rigid. Tiffany felt his massive cock swell and pulse in her grip before erupting like a geyser, jets of hot, thick semen spurting forcefully into her pumping fist. She quickly cupped her other hand over the head of his wildly twitching penis, trying to contain the copious explosion of spunk.

Cody shuddered and convulsed in his seat, eyes rolling back in ecstasy as spurt after spurt of backed-up cum blasted from his balls. His cock jerked and pulsed violently in his mother's grip, the pleasure so intense it

bordered on painful. Gouts of semen overflowed Tiffany's hands, dripping down to soak into the blanket.

"That's it, baby, get it all out," Tiffany cooed encouragingly, continuing to stroke and squeeze her son's erupting shaft, milking out every drop. She could feel each gooey ribbon of jizz surging up his length and splattering into her palms. The sheer volume of spunk her boy was releasing was staggering.

Cody panted harshly, whimpering and shaking as the toe-curling ecstasy crashed over him in waves. His pulsing cock spasmed over and over in his mom's slick, tight grip, painting her fingers with his seed. The pleasure seemed to go on forever as she wrung out every last drop.

Finally, the spurts died down to a trickle and Cody slumped bonelessly in his seat, drained and spent. Tiffany carefully released his softening member and wiped her sticky hands discreetly on the underside of the blanket. She pulled Cody's head to her chest, cradling him tenderly as the post-orgasmic lassitude settled over him.

"There now, doesn't that feel better?" she asked sweetly, petting his hair. "My special boy deserved a little stress relief, didn't he?"

Cody could only nod weakly against the plush pillows of his mom's breasts, too overwhelmed to speak. He still couldn't believe what had just happened - that his own mother had just given him the best handjob of his young life, expertly milking a massive load from his cock. It felt like a naughty, wonderful dream.

In a daze, Cody realized his hand was still resting on his mom's warm, silky thigh beneath the blanket. Gently, hesitantly, he slid it further up, until the tips of his fingers brushed the damp, heated junction between her legs. Tiffany made a soft sound and parted her thighs slightly in invitation.

Growing bolder, Cody rubbed his fingers along the moistened strip of fabric between his mother's legs, marveling at the scorching heat emanating from her core. He could feel the plump, puffy outline of her labia through the sheer lace. A damp patch had soaked through the delicate material.

Just as Cody began rubbing his mother's damp, lace-covered mound more insistently, they heard someone softly clear their throat.

Tiffany's eyes flew open to see Bill, her husband, standing in the aisle, looking down at them with a quizzical expression. "Everything alright back here?" he asked mildly.

"Oh! Yes, honey, we're fine," Tiffany replied a little too brightly, hastily removing Cody's hand from between her thighs. "Just cuddling a bit. Cody got cold."

Bill's eyebrows rose slightly as he took in their flushed faces and guilty expressions. His gaze fell to the blanket covering their laps. Tiffany followed his eyes and blanched as she noticed a few distinct wet spots darkening the fabric.

"I see," Bill said slowly, suspicion clouding his features.

"Actually darling, would you mind getting rid of this blanket for us? It got a bit, um, sweaty."

Bill frowned but took the proffered blanket, holding it gingerly between his fingertips. He could feel the distinct sliminess of fluid on the fabric and his jaw tightened.

A tense silence stretched between them as Bill stared hard at his wife, his mind racing. There was clearly something inappropriate going on with his son. The flushed guilty faces, the damp blanket, the furtive scramble apart when he approached... He felt nauseous imagining the depraved possibilities.

Tiffany squirmed under her husband's accusing scrutiny, trying desperately to look nonchalant. She could practically see the gears turning in Bill's head as his eyes flicked between her and Cody. Tiffany silently willed him not to make a scene, not to voice the disgusting suspicions plainly written on his face.

Bill held up the blanket, inspecting the damp spots with a critical eye. "This is the strangest looking sweat I've ever seen," he remarked pointedly. "In fact, it looks an awful lot like fresh semen. Care to explain that?" His tone was calm but his eyes flashed with anger.

"Oh my God, Bill, don't be ridiculous!" Tiffany scoffed, rolling her eyes dramatically. "And keep your voice down, for heaven's sake. That's disgusting and you know it. Cody just got a little overheated snuggling, that's all. Teenage boys sweat a lot."

Bill narrowed his eyes, unconvinced. The guilty flush on his wife's cheeks and the way Cody couldn't meet his gaze told a different story. He wadded up the stained blanket, jaw clenched.

"Uh huh. Right. Well, I'd better go dispose of this then. Wouldn't want to offend anyone with this mysterious teenage boy sweat." Sarcasm dripped from his words.

"Yes, you do that," Tiffany replied curtly, a forced smile plastered on her face. "And then perhaps you should get back to your seat and let Cody rest. He's clearly not feeling well." She placed a protective hand on her son's leg.

Bill's eyes zeroed in on the possessive placement of his wife's perfectly manicured fingers on Cody's thigh. He inhaled sharply but bit his tongue, knowing this wasn't the time or place to hash this out.

"Sure. Feel better, champ," Bill muttered before turning on his heel and striding up the aisle, the soiled blanket balled in his fist.

Tiffany exhaled slowly, watching her husband's retreating back. That had been too close. She exchanged a knowing glance with Cody, seeing her own relief and trepidation mirrored in his eyes. They would have to be more careful.

Bill approached the rear lavatory, his stomach churning. He unfurled the blanket and inspected the damp patches again under the brighter light. There was no mistaking that pearly sheen and goopy texture. It was semen, alright, and a copious amount at that.

He closed his eyes in pained resignation as the pieces clicked into place - Cody's guilty demeanor, his wife's defensive overreaction, the furtive scramble apart. As much as he wanted to deny it, the facts all pointed to one sickening conclusion.

Something sexual was going on between his wife and son under that blanket. His own boy defiling his mother, corrupting their family with incestuous depravity. The thought made Bill want to retch.

The rest of the flight passed in a blur for Tiffany, her body still thrumming with illicit arousal from her son's forbidden touch. By the time the plane landed and taxied to the gate, the crotch of her panties was positively drenched, her engorged lips pulsing with need. She squirmed in her seat, desperate for relief from the incessant ache between her thighs.

As the passengers began filing out, Tiffany pulled Bill aside. "Honey, why don't you take the kids and head to baggage claim first? I need to, um, freshen up a bit in the restroom." She cut her eyes meaningfully to Cody. "I'll have Cody escort me and then we'll meet you down there."

Bill frowned, clearly unhappy with the idea of leaving his wife alone with their son given what he'd witnessed earlier. But they were in public now, surrounded by people. Surely she wouldn't try anything too depraved out in the open like this.

"Fine," he agreed tightly. "But don't dawdle. I don't wanna be stuck waiting at the carousel forever." He collected their carry-on bags and corralled the younger children towards the exit.

As soon as Bill was out of sight, Tiffany grabbed Cody's hand and dragged him off the plane, making a beeline for the nearest bathroom. She shouldered open the door to the large handicapped stall and yanked her son inside, engaging the lock.

"Mom, what are we—" Cody's question was cut off as Tiffany shoved him against the wall and crashed her lips to his in a hungry, open-mouthed kiss. Cody grunted in shock before returning the kiss with equal fervor, his hands coming up to grope at his mother's ass.

Tiffany moaned into her son's mouth as she ground her pelvis against the rapidly growing bulge in his shorts. "Mommy needs you so bad, baby," she panted, breaking the kiss. "My pussy is on fire after that naughty little grope session on the plane. I need you to make it feel better."

Cody gulped, his head swimming with lust. "H-How? What do you want me to do?" His cock throbbed almost painfully in the confines of his shorts, aching to bury itself in his mother's molten core. But even in his inexperience, he knew they didn't have time for full-on intercourse, not with his dad and siblings waiting.

"I want you to tongue fuck me until I cum all over your face," Tiffany declared, hiking up her short skirt. "Kneel down and eat Mommy's cunt like a good boy."

Cody immediately dropped to his knees on the hard tile, face level with the soaked, translucent panel of his mother's panties.

Tiffany reached down and hooked her thumbs under the elastic of her panties, sliding them to the side. Her puffy, glistening pink folds came into view, framed by neatly waxed bare skin. Her clit poked out from under its hood, flushed and swollen with arousal.

Cody stared transfixed at his mother's gorgeous pussy, inhaling the heady, musky scent of her desire. Tentatively, he leaned in and swiped the flat of his tongue along her dripping slit, tasting a woman for the very first time. The flavor exploded on his taste buds - tangy, sweet, and slightly salty.

"Ohhh yessss, that's it baby," Tiffany purred, clutching her son's head. "Lick Mommy's pussy just like that."

Emboldened, Cody began to lap at the slick, heated flesh more eagerly, running his tongue up and down the length of her glistening vulva. He swirled the tip around her engorged clit, making Tiffany gasp and buck against his face. Cody sealed his lips around the sensitive nub and sucked, flicking it rapidly with his tongue.

"Unnngh fuck!" Tiffany threw her head back, fingernails digging into Cody's scalp as he attacked her clit. "Yes, suck on my clit just like that! Don't stop!"

Electric pleasure radiated out from her core as her son's inexperienced but enthusiastic tongue worked over her swollen button. He alternated between flickering licks and gentle suckling that sent sparks shooting up her spine.

Cody released her clit with a lewd slurp and dipped lower, lapping up the fragrant juices leaking from Tiffany's weeping hole. He circled her entrance a few times, getting it nice and wet, before pointing his tongue and plunging it as deep as he could into his mother's tight channel.

"Oh my God! Yesssss!" Tiffany nearly screamed as her son's tongue penetrated her clenching pussy. She grabbed the back of his head, mashing his face into her dripping snatch. "Fuck me with that tongue, baby! Shove it in deep!"

Cody thrust his tongue in and out of his mom's boiling cunny, fucking her with his mouth. He noisily slurped up her cream as it flooded his chin. The

taste and scent of her arousal was intoxicating, making his head spin in euphoria.

Cody growled and snarled into his mother's pussy like a rabid dog as he furiously tongue-fucked her convulsing tunnel. His entire lower face was drenched in her gushing juices, rivers of fem-cum pouring over his lashing tongue and down his chin.

"Ahhh ahhh fuck yes, eat Mommy's cunt! I'm cummming!" Tiffany wailed as the intense pleasure crested and exploded through her body. Her hips jerked erratically against her son's mouth, grinding her spasming slit against his face as she drenched him in squirt after squirt of her essence.

Cody lapped greedily at the flood of sweet nectar, swallowing it down as fast as he could. The feel of his mother's fluttering walls clamping around his thrusting tongue combined with the sound of her climactic cries sent him over the edge. Untouched, his cock swelled and erupted in his shorts, soaking through the front with a massive load.

They stayed locked together for a long moment, Tiffany shuddering and gasping through the aftershocks while Cody gently licked and suckled her through it. Finally, she pushed his head away, too sensitive to take any more stimulation.

"Oh my God, baby, that was incredible," Tiffany panted, looking down at her son's juice-smearred face with glassy, satisfied eyes. "You ate Mommy's pussy so good. We definitely need to do that again soon."

Cody grinned up at her dopily, still in a daze of post-orgasmic bliss.

"Anytime you need it, Mom. I love the taste of your cum."

Tiffany smiled tenderly and helped him to his feet. She grabbed some paper towels and gently wiped his drenched face and soaked shorts, trying to make him look presentable again. Cody reciprocated, carefully cleaning up the mess between his mother's thighs.

After a few moments of hasty grooming, they exited the bathroom, hoping they didn't look too thoroughly fucked. Tiffany laced her fingers with Cody's as they walked briskly to the baggage claim, both of them fighting back giddy smiles.

Bill was waiting by the carousel, his jaw tight and eyes narrowed as he watched his wife and son approach hand-in-hand. They were both flushed and a bit ruffled despite obvious efforts to tidy up. And unless Bill was mistaken, Cody's shorts looked suspiciously damp in the crotch area, a faint milky stain bleeding through the khaki.

The sick certainty solidified in Bill's gut - his wife and son had been engaging in some sort of depraved sex act in the bathroom, betraying the family with their incestuous corruption.

The taxi ride to the resort was tense and awkward, with Bill silently stewing as he kept a wary eye on Tiffany and Cody. They avoided his gaze, Tiffany staring out the window while Cody fiddled with his phone. Lily and Aiden were oblivious, chattering excitedly about the beach and pool.

When they arrived at the sprawling oceanfront property, a smiling attendant whisked their luggage away to their suite while another handed them colorful welcome cocktails. "Enjoy your stay at Coconut Cove!" she chirped. "Please let us know if there's anything we can do to make your vacation more pleasurable."

Bill nearly choked on his drink at that wording, casting a dark glance at his wife. She pretended not to notice, taking a big gulp of her Mai Tai.

"Kids, why don't you head down to the pool and start having fun?" Bill suggested, his tone artificially light. "Your mother and I will get settled in the room and join you shortly."

"Okay Daddy!" Lily agreed readily, already tugging on Aiden's arm. Cody hesitated, looking uncertainly between his parents.

"You too, bud," Bill said pointedly. "I need to discuss some things with your mom. Adult things." His voice carried a clear warning.

Cody swallowed and nodded, trailing after his siblings towards the pool. Bill wrapped his hand around Tiffany's upper arm and steered her towards the elevators, his grip just shy of painful. She stumbled along in her wedge sandals, alarmed by the grim set of his jaw.

As soon as the door of their suite closed behind them, Bill rounded on his wife. "What the hell is going on with you and Cody?" he demanded without preamble, his eyes flashing. "And don't you dare try to deny it. I saw the way you two were acting on the plane. The damp blanket, the guilty looks, the 'bathroom trip' together. I'm not an idiot, Tiffany!"

Tiffany gaped at her husband, too stunned to formulate a response. How could he even think such a thing? Did he really have such little faith in her? In their marriage?

"I can't believe you would accuse me of something so disgusting!" she finally sputtered, her voice rising shrilly. "After 20 years together, you honestly think I would do something so, so vile? With my own son?!" Angry tears sprang to her eyes.

Bill's face twisted, torn between righteous anger and doubt. "What else am I supposed to think? The evidence was right there!"

"What evidence?!" Tiffany shot back. "Cody was feeling ill from the turbulence and got sweaty! He's a teenage boy - they have unpredictable, messy bodily functions! And yes, we were both desperate to use the bathroom after the flight."

Bill's anger deflated as he listened to his wife's impassioned defense. Shame washed over him as he realized how baseless and hurtful his accusations truly were. What had he been thinking, suspecting his own wife and son of something so heinous with no real proof?

"Tiffany, I... I'm so sorry," Bill said heavily, running a hand over his face. "You're right, I don't know what came over me. I let my imagination run wild and jumped to the worst possible conclusion. I should have had more faith in you, in our family. Can you forgive me?" His eyes were pained and pleading.

Tiffany softened, seeing the genuine remorse on her husband's face. She went to him and wrapped her arms around his waist, resting her head on his chest. "Of course I forgive you," she murmured. "I know how it must have looked. But I would never, ever betray our marriage like that. Especially not with one of our children." She shuddered at the thought.

Bill held his wife close, breathing in the familiar scent of her perfume. "I know you wouldn't," he said softly, stroking her hair. "I don't know what I was thinking. It's just... things have felt a bit off between us lately. Distant. I let my insecurities get the best of me."

Tiffany lifted her head to look at him, her eyes wet. "I've felt it too," she admitted. "We've both been so caught up in work and the kids, we've neglected our relationship. But Bill, I love you so much. You're the only man I want, the only man I've ever wanted."

"I love you too, Tiff. More than anything." Bill took a deep breath, deciding to lay all his cards on the table. "Which is why I planned a surprise vow renewal for us this weekend."

Tiffany's eyes widened in shock. "What? Really?"

Bill nodded, smiling tentatively. "My parents and sister are flying in. I've arranged a small sunset ceremony on the beach, just us and the kids and our closest family. I want us to recommit to each other, to remind ourselves of the love and promises we made 20 years ago."

Fresh tears spilled down Tiffany's cheeks, but this time they were tears of joy. "Oh honey, that sounds wonderful," she sniffed, cupping his face in her hands. "You know, this trip was exactly what we needed to

reconnect as a couple and as a family. Thank you for making it happen." She pulled him down into a sweet, lingering kiss full of love and forgiveness.

Bill and Tiffany walked hand-in-hand out to the resort's sprawling pool deck, both feeling lighter after their heartfelt reconciliation. The sun was bright, the air scented with coconut suntan oil and salt breeze.

Bill smiled as he spotted his heavily pregnant sister Christy lounging on a deck chair, her gravid belly straining against a tiny floral bikini top. At 8 months along, her already enormous breasts had swelled to epic proportions, the flimsy triangles of fabric barely covering her bloated nipples. Her distended, stretch-mark striped belly was fully bared, glistening with oil. Christy's ass, always her most bodacious asset, looked ready to explode out of the miniscule thong bottoms, globes of tanned flesh wobbling with her every movement.

Beside Christy sat Bill's mother Janet, equally scantily clad in a metallic gold string bikini that left little to the imagination. For a woman in her late 50s, Janet's body put women half her age to shame. Her massive tits sat high and proud on her chest, nipples visibly poking through the sheer fabric. The thong back disappeared between the jiggling halves of her bubble butt, exposing an indecent amount of skin.

Bill frowned slightly as he noticed both women's eyes were locked on Cody as he cavorted in the pool with his siblings. Their gazes were disturbingly hungry, raking over his lean, muscled form with blatant appreciation.

Christy absently rubbed her protruding belly as she watched her nephew glide through the water, as if imagining him impregnating her bulging womb with his virile teen seed.

Janet was even more brazen, openly fondling her huge latex tits as she eye-fucked her grandson, pinching and tugging her stiff nipples through the straining bikini cups. The wet gold fabric clung to her puffy areolae, leaving very little to the imagination.

Tiffany squealed in happy surprise and hurried over to embrace the two women, seemingly oblivious to their lewd leering at her son. She gushed over Christy's pregnant figure, caressing her sister's swollen stomach and boobs with liberal enthusiasm. Christy responded by sensually rubbing suntan oil on Tiffany's toned body, taking her time massaging it into the rounded globes of her ass.

The three women fell into easy conversation, heads bent close together and frequently punctuated by girlish giggles. However, their eyes kept straying back to Cody, openly ogling his dripping wet physique as he climbed out of the pool. His small blue swim trunks clung to his muscular thighs and did little to conceal the hefty package between his legs.

Christy smiled knowingly and leaned in closer to Tiffany. "So sis, now that the incest laws have been relaxed, have you and Cody started fucking yet? It seems like moms and sons everywhere are going at it these days."

Tiffany glanced around to make sure Bill was out of earshot before replying. "Not yet, but I plan to take his virginity very soon. A growing boy needs to learn about pleasing a woman and I intend to teach him everything." She said it so casually, as if discussing her son's sex life was the most natural thing in the world.

Janet nodded approvingly, still lewdly groping her own huge tits as she watched her grandson. "You really should, dear. That boy is a prime specimen bursting with virility. I can tell he's got a massive cock that will feel amazing stretching out your hungry cunt."

Christy rubbed her massively pregnant belly. "Mmm, I can't wait to get my hands on that thick young dick. As soon as he fucks you, Tiff, I want a

turn with my nephew. Being pregnant has me so horny and I need his potent seed flooding my womb too!"

Tiffany laughed and playfully swatted her sister's arm. "You bad girl! Let me break him in first before you go putting all sorts of naughty ideas in his head. But I promise you and Janet can play with him after I've thoroughly corrupted my baby boy the first time."

The three women giggled wickedly and clinked their cocktail glasses in a toast to their depraved plans. They continued openly ogling Cody, undressing him with their eyes.

Tiffany could feel her pussy dampen in anticipation of finally taking her son's virginity and turning him into her personal sex stud to be passed around the family women.

She rubbed her thighs together as she watched Cody roughhousing in the water with Aiden, his muscles flexing enticingly. She vividly pictured him climbing on top of her, kissing and groping her as he entered her for the first time. Tiffany couldn't wait to guide her innocent boy's throbbing cock into her wet heat and claim him completely as her forbidden lover.

Across the pool deck, Bill scowled as he watched the depraved display. The way his wife, sister, and mother were blatantly eye-fucking his son made his stomach turn. He knew society was growing more accepting of incestuous relations, especially between mothers and sons, but seeing his own family eagerly planning to seduce Cody still deeply disturbed him.

Bill clenched his jaw, trying to suppress his disgust as he watched Tiffany, Christy and his mother Janet gracefully dive into the pool and immediately swim over to Cody. The three women surrounded the boy, pressing their barely-concealed breasts against him as they laughed and splashed playfully.

Christy moved behind Cody and wrapped her arms around his chest, smashing her gigantic pregnant tits into his back. Her gravid belly bumped against his ass as she nuzzled his neck. Cody's face flushed and his eyes went wide as he felt his aunt's erect nipples boring into his shoulder blades through her skimpy bikini top.

Not to be outdone, Janet floated in front of her grandson and pulled him into a tight hug, engulfing his face in her massive cleavage. She cooed and stroked his hair as she pressed his head into the valley between her huge fatty breasts. Cody sputtered and came up for air, his cheeks blazing crimson.

Tiffany giggled and moved to sandwich her son between her sister and mother-in-law, grinding her own bountiful bosom against the side of his head. Poor Cody was smothered in heaving tit-flesh from all angles, his expression a mix of astonished arousal and shy embarrassment.

The women took turns rubbing their enormous jugs on the hapless boy, making sure every inch of his face and torso made contact with their slick, bulging curves. They giggled and teased him, asking if he was enjoying the attention from so many busty family members. Cody could only nod dumbly, too overwhelmed to speak.

Under the concealment of the rippling water, the three women's hands eagerly explored Cody's crotch, their fingers skating over the prominent bulge rapidly swelling in his trunks.

Tiffany reached the prize first, her hand closing around the thick shaft straining against the clinging fabric. She traced the impressive outline slowly, marveling at the size and hardness her touch elicited.

Cody gasped as his mother's fingers wrapped around his erection, squeezing gently. The feel of her warm hand gliding up and down his length under the water made him lightheaded with forbidden lust.

Not to be outdone, Aunt Christy reached between his legs from behind and cupped his heavy balls, rolling the swollen orbs in her palm. Her long nails lightly grazed his delicate sac, making Cody shudder. She gave a soft tug on his scrotum before trailing her fingers up to join Tiffany's in stroking his engorged cock.

Grandma Janet completed the lewd triple team, her hand snaking into Cody's trunks to wrap around the base of his thick shaft. She squeezed and pumped the root in counterpoint to Tiffany's fist gliding over his upper length. Her other hand roamed over Cody's ass, nails digging into the flexing muscle.

Surrounded on all sides by the groping hands and jiggling tits of his wanton female relatives, Cody struggled to maintain his composure. Three of the most busty women he knew worked over his young erectile flesh, each trying to coax out his hot teen seed. They took turns fondling, stroking, tugging and teasing every throbbing inch of his manhood.

Cody's head lolled back on Aunt Christy's shoulder, eyes fluttering closed as the overwhelming sensations flooded his body. The slippery glide of his mother's fingers along his shaft, his aunt's nails tickling his balls, his grandmother's tight grip milking his base - it was almost too exquisitely pleasurable to bear.

The trio of lusty women continued their surreptitious underwater handjob, trying to be discreet and not draw attention from their oblivious husbands nearby. But their movements grew more urgent, hands pumping and twisting faster along Cody's extremely swollen dick.

Watching this depraved display, but not fully aware of what they were doing UNDER the water, Bill gripped his beer bottle so tightly his knuckles turned white.

He glanced over at his father-in-law Frank and Christy's husband Mike, wondering how they could sit there so calmly while their daughter/wife blatantly molested a teenage relative. But the two men seemed

oblivious, chatting about golf and sharing pictures of their latest hunting trip.

Bill seethed internally, wishing he could put a stop to the inappropriate flirtation without causing a scene. He knew if he confronted Tiffany now, she would just gaslight him and accuse him of overreacting again. And with the way society's attitudes about incest had relaxed, he wasn't sure anyone would even take his side.

So he simply sat there silently raging, watching the three women fawn over and grope his increasingly flustered son. Every bounce and sway of their enormous breasts against Cody's wet skin made Bill's blood pressure rise. He couldn't believe how shamelessly they were throwing themselves at the 18 year old boy, his own mother and sister!

Bill's eyes narrowed suspiciously as he watched Tiffany lean in close and whisper something in Cody's ear, a mischievous smile playing on her lips. Cody's eyes widened and darted around nervously before he gave an anxious nod.

Tiffany grinned wickedly and motioned Christy and Janet closer. The three women put their heads together, giggling conspiratorially as they formulated some sort of naughty plan. They kept casting loaded glances in Bill's direction, as if he were somehow involved in their scheme.

A sense of unease prickled along Bill's spine. He didn't like the gleam of illicit excitement in his wife's eyes or the way his sister and mother seemed to look at him like he was some sort of obstacle than needed to be pushed aside.

The three women stepped out of the pool, water cascading down their voluptuous curves in sparkling rivulets. Their skimpy bikinis clung to their wet skin, leaving very little to the imagination. Enormous breasts bobbed and swayed hypnotically with each movement, barely restrained by the flimsy triangles of fabric. Pert, heart-shaped asses jiggled and

bounced, the drenched thong bottoms riding up between the rounded globes.

Tiffany sauntered over to Bill, her hips swinging seductively. She leaned down, intentionally giving him a generous view of her ample cleavage. "Honey, Cody and I are feeling a bit jet-lagged after the long flight. We're gonna head up to the room and take a short nap before dinner, okay?"

Bill frowned, not liking the idea of his wife being alone with their son given the inappropriately flirtatious behavior he'd just witnessed. He opened his mouth to protest but before he could get a word out, his mother Janet materialized at his side.

"Bill, sweetie, why don't you join Christy and I for a nice long walk on the beach?" Janet cooed, grabbing his hand. "We have so much catching up to do." She batted her eyelashes at him coquettishly.

Bill's suspicions deepened as he saw the meaningful look pass between his mother and wife. Janet's suggestion to go for a long beach walk was clearly a ploy to get him out of the way so Tiffany could be alone with Cody.

"Oh and Don, darling, would you mind keeping an eye on Lily and Aiden for a while?" Janet asked her husband, her voice dripping with false sweetness. "Just make sure they stay far away from Tiffany's room so her and Cody can rest undisturbed."

Cody shuffled his feet and avoided his father's eyes, his face flushed with guilty excitement. It was obvious he knew exactly what his mother had planned for their "nap" and was eagerly anticipating it.

Bill gritted his teeth, hardly believing how brazen his wife was being. She wasn't even trying to hide the fact that she intended to seduce their son the moment she got him alone! And yet everyone else seemed determined to help make it happen.

"Alright, hun. You two go relax," Bill replied tightly, forcing a smile. "Enjoy your... nap." Disapproval dripped from his words but Tiffany pretended not to notice.

"Thanks babe, you're the best!" she chirped, rising on her tip toes to plant a quick peck on his cheek. "Have a nice long walk with your mom and sis. Really take your time and enjoy catching up!" Her meaning couldn't be clearer - stay gone as long as possible.

With that, Tiffany spun on her heel and sauntered off, crooking a finger at Cody to follow. Bill watched incredulously as his son practically tripped over himself in his eagerness to chase after his mother's alluring form.

Tiffany's body was a vision of ripe sensuality as she strutted ahead of their son, her ample bubble butt jiggling and bouncing atop long, tanned legs. The tiny bikini bottoms had ridden up between her ass cheeks, exposing the rounded under-curves. Her slim waist flared out to womanly hips that swayed provocatively with each step.

Cody was hypnotized by the undulating globes of his mother's spectacular rear end, his eyes glued to her barely-covered ass crack and plump pussy lips peeking out the sides of her thong. Mesmerized, he followed that tantalizing ass all the way to the elevators, panting with anticipation of finally burying his face between those perfect cheeks.

"Ready to fuck me, baby?" Tiffany asked, the second the elevator door closed. "Ready to be a motherfucker?"

Exactly two minutes later, behind the locked door of their room, Tiffany's slick, velvety vaginal walls fluttered and clenched around Cody's throbbing shaft as he slowly sheathed himself to the hilt inside his mother's scorching depths. Her boiling cunt squeezed his cock like a fist, swallowing him into her tight wet heat.

The tender head of his penis kissed the spongy tissue at the end of her sheath, nudging against her cervix. Cody gasped at the incredible

sensation of his mother's muscular canal rippling along his sensitive length, massaging every ridge and vein.

Tiffany's inner muscles undulated around her son's girth, conforming to his shape as her slick walls stretched to accommodate his impressive size. She could feel every throbbing inch of his manhood pulsing deep inside her core, splitting her open and filling her utterly.

The plump, puffy lips of Tiffany's labia wrapped snugly around the base of Cody's shaft, clinging to him like a succulent mouth as he bottomed out against her womb. Her engorged clitoris peeked out from beneath its hood, kissing his pubic bone and sending sparks of pleasure sizzling through her loins.

Cody groaned in bliss as he savored the intoxicating grip of his mother's most intimate muscles sheathing him in liquid silk. The steamy, velvet-soft tissues of her vagina caressed his aching length, overwhelming his senses with sensation. Her hot, syrupy arousal coated his shaft, easing his passage as her greedy cunt sucked him deeper.

Tiffany's forbidden channel was delectably snug and slick, squeezing Cody's pulsing erection from all sides. He could feel her quivering excitement translated through every ripple and flutter of her vaginal muscles. The textures and temperatures inside her passage tantalized his nerve endings, setting them on fire with pleasure.

The sinfully sublime sensations of his mother's pussy engulfing him drove Cody wild with lust. He growled ferally into the side of her neck as he began to move, sawing his rigid cock through the clutching, suctioning sheath of her cunt. His pelvis slapped against her, his fat teenage balls beating against her upturned ass, driving himself into her silken depths over and over.

Tiffany keened euphorically as Cody pounded into her, the exquisite stretch and friction of his hard young cock plundering her aching passage almost too much to bear. Her vaginal muscles spasmed around him,

clenching and rippling along his pistoning length. Slick feminine cream poured from her depths, drenching his shaft and matting their pubic hair as it squelched obscenely with every thrust.

Cody felt like he was tied in an unbreakable silken knot of feminine flesh. His mother's arms were wound tightly around his shoulders, fingers digging into his back as she clung to him desperately. Her long, tanned legs were hitched high up around his waist, the ankles of her dainty feet with perfectly painted toenails interlocked behind him.

Tiffany had her son completely harnessed to her voluptuous body as they found a delightful synchronized fuck-rhythm. Each powerful forward surge of Cody's hips rocked his mother up the bed, only to have her shapely legs yank him back in, pulling his throbbing cock even deeper into her hungry cunt.

Their sweaty flesh slapped together lewdly as mother and son rutted in carnal bliss, grunting and moaning their pleasure into each other's mouths between sloppy kisses. Tiffany's massive breasts bounced and jiggled wildly, the rock-hard nipples stabbing into Cody's chest as he plowed into her.

"Oh fuck yes, baby! Unngh! Fuck Mommy's pussy just like that!" Tiffany wailed, her son's jackhammering cock hitting her in all the right spots. "Oooh, I love your huge teenage dick stretching me out! Harder, Cody! Ruin my fucking cunt!"

Cody snarled and doubled his efforts, fucking into his mother's dripping snatch with animalistic abandon. The hotel bed creaked and shook violently as he pounded her into the mattress. The muscles in his ass and thighs burned from the exertion but he was too consumed by raw lust to slow down.

Tiffany's fingernails raked down her boy's back, leaving angry red welts in their wake. Her pelvis tilted upward to meet his driving thrusts, her greedy cunt sucking him in to the hilt on every stroke. The aching,

pulsing place deep inside her core throbbed with the need for release, every nerve ending crying out for more of her son's magnificent cock.

"Unnngh, Mom! Hunngh! Your pussy feels so good!" Cody panted harshly, his rhythm growing erratic as he neared the edge. "I'm gonna cum soon! Hnnngh! I can't hold back much longer!"

"Give it to me, baby! I want your hot cum pumping up my cunt! Fill Mommy's pussy with your seed!" Tiffany urged breathlessly, her cries rising in pitch as her own climax approached. "Breed me, Cody! Knock me up with your baby!"

Cody buried his face in his mother's ample cleavage and bit down on the upper swell of her breast to muffle his climactic bellow as he exploded deep inside her convulsing cunt. His cock jerked and throbbed violently, spraying hot jets of cum against her cervix, flooding her womb with his potent teenage seed.

Tiffany shrieked in ecstasy as she felt her son's twitching cock swell and erupt within her, bathing her inner walls with his thick essence. Her pussy clenched rhythmically, milking Cody of every last drop as a tsunami of pleasure crashed over her.

"Yes, yes, YESSS! I'm cumming! Oh God, I'm cumming on my baby boy's big cock!" Tiffany wailed deliriously, her cunt gushing around Cody's spurting shaft, drenching his pulsing balls in her juices.

Their bodies undulated together in carnal rapture, Cody groaning and shuddering through the intense aftershocks while Tiffany whimpered and mewled her euphoric bliss. He collapsed on top of her, both of them gasping for breath as they slowly floated down from the pinnacle of taboo pleasure.

After a long moment, Tiffany gently pushed at Cody's shoulders. "Roll over, baby. I wanna clean you off," she purred, her voice husky with satisfaction.

Cody obliged, shifting onto his back with a soft groan. His softening cock slipped out of his mother's cum-slicked depths with a wet plop, a river of their combined fluids leaking out after it.

Tiffany crawled between her son's splayed legs and dipped her head, extending her long tongue to lap at the pearly semen and musky feminine cream coating his groin. She took her time licking him clean, savoring the forbidden cocktail of their essences mingling together.

When she reached Cody's spent penis, Tiffany lovingly kissed and suckled the sensitive head, coaxing out the last few drops of jizz beading at the tip. Cody whimpered and squirmed at the intensity of sensation on his post-orgasmic flesh.

"Mmm, you taste so good, baby. I can't get enough of your yummy cum," Tiffany purred, releasing his cock with a lewd slurp. She crawled up Cody's body, dragging her heavy, dangling tits across his torso, to share a deep, soulful kiss, snowballing his own salty-sweet semen into his mouth so he could taste their forbidden passion.

Cody moaned into the kiss, his heart swelling with emotion. Making love to his mother had been the single most profound experience of his young life. He felt claimed by her, utterly owned and possessed in body and soul.

Tiffany gazed down at her son with a wicked gleam in her eye, knowing their forbidden tryst was far from over. She had heard other mothers talk about teenage male sexual response and knew that thanks to his short refractory period, Cody would be ready to go again in no time. And the second round was always longer and more explosive.

Sure enough, she could already feel his spent cock beginning to swell and harden against her thigh. Grinning mischievously, Tiffany reached down to fondle his growing erection, coaxing it back to full mast with teasing strokes.

"Mmm, looks like someone is ready for round two already," she purred, giving his thick shaft an appreciative squeeze. "Such a virile boy, able to get it up again so fast. Mommy is going to love taking advantage of this."

Cody groaned as his mom pumped her tight fist up and down his engorged length, working him back to throbbing hardness in record time. His cock surged in her grip, veins bulging and head swelling a deep purple.

"Oh God, Mom," Cody panted, hips bucking into her touch. "I need to be inside you again."

"Shhh, I know baby. Mommy will take care of you," Tiffany cooed. She released his rigid cock and swung a leg over his hips to straddle him.

Cody watched in awe as his mother positioned herself above him, reaching down to rub the thick head of his cock through her slippery folds. Her puffy lips parted like a ripe peach, hot juices oozing out to coat his glans.

With a seductive smirk, Tiffany began to lower herself onto Cody's straining erection, impaling her still-dripping pussy on his thickness. They both moaned rapturously as he stretched and filled her impossibly tight channel, his throbbing shaft disappearing into her hot silken depths inch by delicious inch.

"Ungh! Mom, you're squeezing my cock so hard," Cody grunted when he was fully sheathed in her liquid heat. "It feels amazing!"

"Mmm, your big teenage dick is hitting all the right spots, baby," Tiffany purred, slowly grinding down on him. "Mommy's gonna ride you so hard and drain these full balls dry."

With that, she began to undulate her hips, sliding her slick cunt up and down Cody's rigid pole. The suctioning, squishy sounds of their coupling echoed obscenely through the room as she increased her pace, bouncing on his cock faster and harder.

Cody's eyes widened, enthralled by the erotic spectacle of his mother's enormous breasts bouncing wildly above him as she rode his cock with wanton abandon. The heavy globes rippled and quaked, slapping together lewdly with each undulation of her hips.

Tiffany's bust was a force of nature, a tsunamic tempest of titanic tit-flesh crashing and swelling like storm-tossed seas. Her massively engorged nipples jutted out stiffly, long and thick. They traced hypnotic circles in the air, leaving Cody dizzy and slack-jawed.

Each breast was much bigger than his head and seemed to defy gravity as they bobbed and swayed with her movements. The creamy slopes jiggled and shimmered, undulating in mesmerizing waves. Faint blue veins marbled the tan skin, tributaries of the vital essence flowing within.

Cody was enraptured by the lewd display, eyes glassy with lust as he watched his mother's magnificent mammaries dance for him. The sheer size and weight of them was staggering. He longed to reach up and palm the heavy globes, to feel their heat and softness spilling through his fingers.

"You like watching Mommy's huge titties bounce while I fuck you, baby?" Tiffany panted, noticing her son's transfixed gaze. She cupped her heaving jugs and squeezed them together, the cleavage between them deep enough to swallow his cock whole.

"God yes," Cody groaned, mouth watering at the thought of plunging into that lush valley. "They're so big and jiggly. I wanna bury my face in them!"

"Mmm, later sweetie," Tiffany promised with a wink. "Right now, just lay back and enjoy the show while I milk your teenage cock dry with my hungry cunt."

She arched her back, thrusting her monumental rack out further as she continued to impale herself on Cody's throbbing erection. The heavy

globes swung pendulously, slapping against her ribcage with meaty thwacks. Rivers of sweat trickled down her cleavage, glistening in the light.

Cody was hypnotized by the lewd undulations of his mother's colossal bust as she rode him hard and fast. The primal, animalistic part of his brain triggered by the mind-melting pleasure of her tight cunt squeezing his cock, while fixated on those giant breasts, seeing them as the ultimate symbol of fertile femininity.

On a deep, instinctual level, Cody understood that mammaries that size were meant to swell with milk - to nourish the baby he would soon put in his mother's womb.

As Bill strolled along the beach flanked by his mother Janet and sister Christy, he couldn't shake the sinking feeling in his gut. The image of Tiffany leading Cody back to their room, both of them flushed with ill-concealed excitement, played over and over in his mind.

"I just don't know what to think," Bill confessed, kicking at the sand moodily. "The way Tiffany and Cody have been acting, all the little looks and touches... It's like they're sharing some dirty secret. And now this conveniently timed 'nap'... It just doesn't sit right with me."

Janet and Christy exchanged a knowing glance, their lips twitching with poorly suppressed smiles. Bill frowned, not appreciating being left out of some unspoken joke between the two women.

"Oh honey, you're overthinking it," Janet soothed, patting her son's arm. "I know the relaxed incest laws have you spooked, what with so many mothers and sons getting it on these days. But that doesn't mean your Tiffany is doing anything sexual with Cody."

"That's right," Christy chimed in, nodding sagely. "Just because it seems like every other boy is fucking the shit out of his mom now, it doesn't

automatically mean it's happening in your family. I'm sure there's a perfectly innocent explanation for their behavior."

Bill looked back and forth between the two women, searching their faces. Their words were reassuring, but something about their tones and expressions felt insincere, almost mocking. Like they were just humoring his concerns.

"I wanna believe that, I really do," Bill said heavily. "But you didn't see the way they were looking at each other. Like they couldn't wait to be alone together. And the damp spot on Cody's swim trunks... I swear it was semen, not water."

Janet waved a dismissive hand. "You're seeing things that aren't there. I'm sure that was just an unfortunately placed splash pattern. Really Bill, accusing your own wife and son of incest? That's quite a leap."

Christy giggled lightly, as if Bill had just told a mildly amusing joke. "Listen to yourself, bro. Do you have any idea how crazy you sound? Tiffany is a devoted wife and mother. She would never cross that line, no matter how much society condones it now."

Bill felt his face flush with embarrassment and anger. Were they gaslighting him? Trying to make him doubt his own perceptions and intuition? He felt ganged up on, like they were united in some conspiracy to convince him he was imagining things.

"I know it sounds paranoid," Bill ground out, struggling to keep his voice even. "But I can't shake this feeling that something inappropriate is going on."

"YESSS, FUCK YOUR CHEATING MOTHER!" Tiffany squealed, slamming herself down on Cody's cock over and over, the wet slaps of their flesh filling the room. Her huge breasts bounced wildly, slapping her own face and chin with each vigorous undulation.

"Oh fuck yes, baby! Just like that!" Tiffany wailed, throwing her head back in ecstasy. "Harder Cody! HARDER! Fuck your mother's pussy raw!"

Cody grunted and pistoned his hips up to meet her downward thrusts, pounding into his mom's clenching cunt with all his youthful energy and enthusiasm. The hotel bed creaked dangerously beneath them, threatening to give out at any moment.

She'd been riding him for nearly an hour now, and Tiffany was practically screaming, uncaring if any neighboring guests could hear her incestuous exultations. "FUCK ME, SON! UNNNGH FUCK MOMMY'S CUNT! BREED ME WITH YOUR THICK TEENAGE CUM!"

Cody felt his mother's vaginal muscles ripple and spasm around him as an intense orgasm overtook her. Her boiling honey gushed out around his pile-driving shaft, the lewd squelches growing louder. Tiffany shrieked and convulsed above him, her cunt clamping down on his cock like a vise as she squirted forcefully.

The teen glanced down to see the wet spot on the sheet growing rapidly beneath his mother's bucking hips as she rode out her climax, ejaculate spraying from her rippling slit with every bounce. The pungent scent of her cum juices filled his nostrils, making his balls tighten and churn with the need for release.

After several long, shuddering moments, Tiffany collapsed onto Cody's chest, gasping and twitching in the aftermath of her intense orgasm. Cody wrapped his arms around his mother's sweat-slicked back, holding her close as his still-hard cock throbbed inside the vice-grip of her soaked, fluttering sheath.

"Mmmm, that was so good, baby," Tiffany purred once she regained her breath. She lifted her head to gaze at Cody with heavy-lidded eyes, hazy with sated lust. "But Mommy isn't done with you yet. I told you I was gonna drain these big teenage balls dry and I meant it."

With that, she pushed herself upright and began to rock her hips again, sliding her slick cunt up and down Cody's aching, blood-engorged pole. Tiffany braced her hands on her son's chest for leverage as she fucked herself on his thickness, her pussy making obscene suctioning sounds with each glide.

As Tiffany's scorching cunt slid up and down Cody's shaft in a delicious wet glide, electric tingles of pleasure sparked from the sensitive nerve endings in his swollen glans, racing down his rigid length. His cock pulsed and throbbed, the thick veins bulging beneath the taut skin as more blood surged into his aching erection.

Cody could feel the simmering pressure building in his core, a molten coil of ecstasy winding tighter and tighter at the base of his spine. His heavy balls drew up snug against his body, churning with the copious load of semen ready to explode.

Tiffany sensed her son's impending eruption and redoubled her efforts, slamming her greedy pussy down on his cock with renewed vigor. Her muscular vaginal walls rippled and undulated along Cody's engorged length, squeezing and milking him with slick, velvety heat.

"That's it baby, give Mommy your cum!" Tiffany urged breathlessly, grinding her clit against Cody's pubic bone. "I can feel how full and heavy your balls are! Shoot your hot teenage load deep in Mommy's cunt!"

Cody threw his head back against the pillow, his entire body seizing up as the mounting pleasure crested. His cock swelled to an impossible hardness, the straining shaft pulsing in time with his thundering heartbeat. The coil in his loins snapped and a tsunami of raw ecstasy crashed through him.

"UNNNGH FUCK! I'M CUMMING MOM!" Cody roared as his swollen cock jerked violently within the clutching, suctioning sheath of his mother's pussy. The first searing jet of cum erupted from his dilated meatus, blasting the tender tissues of Tiffany's cervix.

The pleasure was so intense it bordered on pain as Cody's climax tore through him with the force of a freight train. His cock bucked and spasmed wildly, geysering hot ropes of pearly semen into his mother's hot depths. Each burst felt like molten lava surging up from his balls and searing through his shaft before exploding from the tip.

Tiffany shrieked in ecstasy as she felt her son's steaming essence bathing her convulsing inner walls, setting off her own shattering orgasm. Her cunt clamped down on Cody's erupting cock like a silken fist, wringing him dry as her hot juices flooded out around his shaft.

"OHHH YESSS! BREED MOMMY'S CUNT! FILL ME WITH YOUR SEED!" Tiffany wailed deliriously, her nails digging into Cody's chest as she bucked and writhed above him.

She slapped her meaty milkers against his chest and Cody and Tiffany's mouths crashed together in a heated, sloppy kiss as they rode out the mind-blowing aftershocks of their mutual climax. Their tongues tangled and twined, thrusting against each other in a lewd parody of the act they had just completed.

Cody plundered his mother's mouth, licking at every crevice, practically tongue-fucking her throat. Tiffany moaned into the filthy kiss, sucking on his hot slick muscle, swirling her own around it sensually. Spit-strands connected their open, panting mouths when they broke for air.

Their lips mashed together again, tongues dancing and dueling in a feverish tango of incestuous passion. Cody nipped at his mom's plump bottom lip before soothing it with a languid lick. Tiffany lightly raked her nails down the back of his neck, spurring him on.

Cody angled his head to deepen the kiss even further, trying to devour his mother whole. Tiffany whimpered and opened wider, letting her son's tongue plunge into her mouth and claim her utterly. Their oral copulation was messy and graceless, more about raw animal lust than finesse.

After long moments lost in the carnal kiss, they finally broke apart, gasping and panting harshly. A bridge of saliva connected their swollen, well-used lips before breaking and dribbling down their chins. Tiffany gazed at her son with glassy, lust-drunk eyes, her cheeks flushed a deep pink.

"My God baby, the way you kiss," she purred breathlessly, running her fingers through Cody's damp hair. "If you keep fucking me even half as good as you make out, your cock will be sore from overuse this trip."

Cody grinned at her dopily, still in a daze from his explosive orgasm and the toe-curling tongue lashing. "I can't get enough of your mouth, Mom. I just wanna kiss you all day."

"Mmm, and I could spend hours worshipping this big teen dick with my mouth," Tiffany cooed, giving his softening shaft a little squeeze where it was still buried inside her cum-slicked depths. "Just wait until I show you what my tongue can REALLY do."

Cody shuddered at the sultry promise in his mother's voice, his spent cock giving a valiant twitch within her tight heat.

Bill's suspicions were at an all-time high when he returned to the hotel room. As soon as he opened the door, the unmistakable musky scent of hot, nasty sex assaulted his nostrils. The pungent aroma of sweat, cum and feminine arousal hung thick in the air, impossible to ignore.

Bill's eyes narrowed as he took in the rumpled, sheetless bed and his wife's flushed, slightly disheveled appearance. Tiffany sat perched on the edge of the mattress, wearing a different bikini than earlier - a clear sign she had changed clothes. Cody was nowhere to be seen.

"What's that smell?" Bill asked tersely, waving a hand in front of his face. "And where's the bedsheet?"

"Oh that? I think it must be from the previous occupants," Tiffany replied breezily, not quite meeting his eyes. "You know how some people are - probably had a wild romp right before checking out and housekeeping hasn't had a chance to properly air out the room yet."

Bill frowned, finding that explanation extremely suspect. The sex stench saturating the space smelled far too fresh to be a lingering remnant from past guests. And it didn't explain the missing bedsheet.

As if reading his mind, Tiffany added, "And I had to call housekeeping to take the bedding. It was all sandy and rumped - the prior occupants must have left it in quite a state! I didn't want our first night marred by dirty sheets."

Bill's jaw clenched as he studied his wife's face intently. Her story about the smell and sheets was flimsy at best, a hastily constructed cover. He could practically see the gears turning in her head as she scrambled for excuses.

Deep down, Bill knew with gut-wrenching certainty what had really transpired here. The heavy musk of illicit incestuous sex and the stripped bed pointed to one sordid conclusion - his wife had fucked their son on the very mattress she now sat upon, the sheet no doubt soiled with the damning evidence of their forbidden coupling.

Bile rose in the back of Bill's throat as his imagination ran wild with depraved visuals - Tiffany sprawled wantonly beneath Cody, her legs spread wide to welcome his thrusting cock into her eager cunt. His teenage son grunting and rutting atop his gorgeous mother like a beast in heat, pounding her mercilessly into the bed. The vulgar slap of sweaty flesh, the wet squelch of a pussy greedily devouring an incestuous dick, the screams of ecstasy as they climaxed together in an explosion of taboo bliss...

Tiffany stood and smiled sweetly at Bill, placing a gentle hand on his arm. "Honey, I hope you don't mind, but I sent Cody down to the front desk with your credit card to book a second room for us."

Bill's brow furrowed in confusion. "A second room? Why?"

"Well, I was thinking..." Tiffany began delicately, "this suite is a bit cramped for all five of us. And the kids are getting to that age where they could use some more privacy and space."

She looked up at Bill from beneath her lashes, her expression open and beseeching. "So I thought it might be nice for you to stay here with Lily and Aiden, let them have that quality daddy time. And Cody and I can take the second room. That way, we all have a little more breathing room to really relax and enjoy the vacation. What do you think, darling?"

Bill stared at his wife incredulously, hardly believing the audacity of her suggestion. She wanted to split up the family so she could shack up with their son in a private love nest, under the flimsy guise of giving the kids "more space." The nerve of it!

He opened his mouth to protest the flagrant impropriety of her plan but Tiffany cut him off with a finger to his lips, her eyes round and imploring.

"Please Bill, I know it's an unconventional arrangement, but I really think this is what's best for everyone," she cooed persuasively. "The little ones deserve your undivided attention, without their big brother taking up all the fun. And it would be a great chance for some special mommy-son bonding time with Cody before he goes off to college next year."

Tiffany strategically failed to mention the hours of depraved "bonding" she planned to engage in with their son behind the closed doors of their private room. The only family activity on her agenda was committing incest with her own flesh and blood, indulging in the ultimate taboo.

Bill's temples throbbed as he clenched his jaw, trying to formulate a response through the red haze of outrage. How could Tiffany stand

there so shamelessly and propose splitting up their family to accommodate her vile lust for Cody? Asking Bill to give his blessing to their incestuous liaison under his very nose?

Just as he opened his mouth to verbalize his disgust, Cody burst through the door, slightly out of breath and clutching a key card. "I got us a room, Mom!" he announced eagerly, his young face bright with anticipation. "They had an ocean view suite available that connects to this one!"

Bill forced a tight smile, struggling to keep his anger in check. "That sounds great, son. A connecting room will be perfect - we can leave the door open between the suites so it still feels like one big family space."

Tiffany quickly interjected, placing a staying hand on Bill's arm. "Actually honey, I think it might be best to keep the connecting door closed and locked," she said delicately. "For privacy, you know? The little ones might wander in at an inopportune time and see something they shouldn't." She gave a tinkling laugh, as if the idea of their children catching her in a compromising position with Cody was simply too absurd.

Bill's forced grin faltered, a muscle ticking in his clenched jaw. "I hardly think that will be an issue, Tiff," he ground out. "Unless you two are planning on doing something inappropriate behind that closed door." He raised a challenging eyebrow at his wife.

Tiffany widened her eyes in exaggerated shock, pressing a hand to her ample bosom. "Goodness Bill, what a thing to suggest!" she gasped. "Get your mind out of the gutter. I simply meant Cody and I might be changing or indisposed when the little ones come barging in. At their age, a child shouldn't see a parent naked."

She shook her head, blonde tresses swaying. "Honestly dear, you're being paranoid. Cody and I just need our own space to decompress. I'd hate for you to be kept awake in case Cody snores like he sometimes does!" Tiffany forced a jovial grin, deliberately keeping her tone light.

Bill frowned, not buying her hasty explanations for a second. "Well, why don't I room with Cody then?" he suggested, grasping for an alternative to his wife and son sharing a bed. "He's a growing boy, I'm sure he'd prefer bunking with his old man. You can take the little ones so you're not disturbed by snoring."

Tiffany's smile tightened imperceptibly. "That's sweet of you to offer, honey, but Cody already has his heart set on a mommy-son slumber party," she countered smoothly. "He's going off to college soon, I'd like to spend as much quality time with him as I can before then. Sharing a room is the perfect chance to really connect."

She wrapped an arm around Cody's waist and pulled him close, causing the teen to flush and grin. "Besides, we've already requested a room with only one king bed for maximum space. We don't mind sharing, do we baby?" Tiffany cooed, rubbing her son's muscular chest.

Cody eagerly shook his head, leaning into his mother's side. "Not at all! It'll be fun Mom, just like when I was little and would crawl into your bed after a nightmare."

Later that night, Bill tossed and turned restlessly in the unfamiliar hotel bed, his mind churning with suspicion and unease. He glanced over at the adjoining door connecting their suite to Tiffany and Cody's room for the umpteenth time, making sure it was still propped wide open as he had insisted.

After much arguing, Tiffany had begrudgingly agreed to leave the door ajar to appease Bill's paranoia. "We'll leave it open for tonight, but don't be surprised if it accidentally swings shut on its own," she had said.

Bill was just starting to relax, convinced he was overthinking things, when he heard the distinct click of the adjoining door quietly closing. He

sat upright, his heart pounding. Hardly daring to breathe, he stared at the door, now shut firmly with deliberate intent.

Bill threw back the covers and padded over to the adjoining door, carefully easing it back open. The room beyond was dark and still, no sign of movement. He stood there for a long moment, straining his ears for any suspicious sounds, but heard only the soft drone of the air conditioner.

Feeling slightly foolish, Bill retreated to his bed. He had just begun to doze off when the distinct click of the door closing once again jolted him awake. Heart hammering, he crept back over and pressed his ear against the wood, listening intently. Why was she so determined to keep it closed?

At first, there was only silence. Then the rustle of bedsheets and the creak of mattress springs reached his ears, followed by a breathy feminine sigh. Bill's stomach clenched as he registered the unmistakable sounds of two entwined bodies slowly shifting against each other.

Unable to stand it any longer, he turned the knob and inched the door open, peering into the darkened room. In the dim moonlight filtering through the curtains, he could just make out the shadowy shape of the king bed. The covers undulated and tented in a sensual rhythm, quiet gasps and moans floating out from beneath.

"Is everything okay in here?" Bill called out hoarsely, his mouth dry.

The rustling stopped abruptly. "We're fine, honey," Tiffany's voice rang out, sounding clear and alert despite the late hour. "Cody just had a bad dream and needed comforted."

Bill's heart hammered in his chest as he stood frozen in the doorway, nostrils flaring as he inhaled the unmistakable scent of arousal permeating the room - the tangy musk of wet pussy mingled with the

lighter, saltier aroma of teenage pre-cum. There was no mistaking that pheromone-laden perfume of illicit lust.

"Close the door, hon," Tiffany called out again, her voice honeyed and coaxing. "That way if Cody has any more bad dreams, we won't disturb Lily and Aiden. You know how restless he gets when he's upset."

A sour taste flooded Bill's mouth, the blatant lie souring on his tongue. Cody hadn't suffered from night terrors since he was 8 years old. This was no innocent comforting of a distraught child - the carnal funk saturating the air told him exactly what sort of soothing Tiffany was giving their teenage son behind that closed door.

Bill white-knuckled the door frame, fighting down the urge to march over and rip back the covers, to confront the incestuous depravity occurring mere feet away. But he knew it would only lead to a screaming match that would wake the younger kids and taint the start of their vacation.

"No, I'll just keep the door open. I'm sure Cody will settle down now," Bill bit out, choosing to keep the door wide open as he went back to his own bed.

Bill had barely laid his head down when he heard the adjoining door click firmly shut once more. Bile rising in his throat, Bill shot to his feet and stormed over to the adjoining door. This time when he tried the knob, it refused to turn - Tiffany had locked it from her side. Incandescent with rage, he raised his fist to pound on the wood, to demand his whore wife open up and explain herself.

But he froze mid-motion, suddenly cognizant of Lily and Aiden sleeping peacefully in the next bed. The last thing he wanted was to wake them with a screaming confrontation about mommy's lewd adultery with their brother. They were too young and innocent to have their family trip tainted by such sordid revelations.

Trembling with impotent fury, Bill pressed his ear to the locked door, unable to stop himself from listening. He definitely heard something, and what he convinced himself he was listening to was the muffled sounds of passion starting up again. The telltale rhythmic creak of bedsprings, breathy sighs and moans, and the unmistakable slick, suctioning squelch of a tight pussy fervently sheathing a hard cock.

The next morning, Bill was sitting in the suite's living area, sipping coffee and stewing in his suspicions, when the adjoining door opened and Cody emerged. The teen had a telling flush to his cheeks and a spring in his step, his eyes bright with satisfaction.

Bill's gaze immediately zeroed in on the multiple reddish-purple love bites marring the side of his son's neck.

"Morning, Dad!" Cody greeted cheerfully, seemingly oblivious to his father's thunderous expression. He grabbed a muffin from the tray on the coffee table and plopped down on the couch.

"What's that on your neck?" Bill asked tightly, setting his mug down with a sharp clink.

Cody's hand flew to his throat, his eyes widening. "Oh, uh, just some hickies," he stammered, his face reddening further. "From this girl back home, before we left. No big deal." He shrugged and took a huge bite of muffin, avoiding his father's piercing stare.

Bill's jaw clenched, not buying the flimsy lie for a second. Those love bites were fresh, the skin still reddened from aggressive suckling. And he knew with gut-wrenching certainty just who had put them there.

"Uh huh. Well, your brother and sister are starving. Why don't you take them down to the breakfast buffet while I discuss our itinerary with your mother?" It wasn't a request. Bill needed Cody out of the way so he could confront Tiffany without an audience.

"Sure, Dad. No problem." Cody hopped up, seemingly eager to escape his father's suspicious glare. "Hey Lily, Aiden! Race you to the elevator!"

He herded the younger children out of the suite, their excited chatter fading as the door closed behind them. Bill waited a beat to make sure they were truly gone before striding purposefully to the adjoining door. Finding it unlocked, he barged through, ready to catch his wife in the act of post-coital cleanup.

Bill rounded the corner just as his wife sashayed out of the steamy bathroom completely nude, her spectacular body glistening and flushed. Her massive tits bobbed and swayed with each step, the jutting nipples still berry red and swollen from recent attention. "Cory, baby, you should probably—"

Tiffany stopped short when she saw Bill standing there instead of Cody, her eyes flying wide. She hastily grabbed a towel and held it to her buxom chest, as if modesty mattered in front of her husband.

"Probably what?" he asked suspiciously. "Close his eyes before he sees his own mother naked?"

Tiffany's eyes darted nervously to the rumpled bed, the sheets twisted and stained in a way that could only be achieved by hours of vigorous lovemaking. She quickly moved to intercept Bill, placing a staying hand on his chest as she tried to guide him back toward the adjoining door.

"Honey, why don't we continue this conversation in the living room? I'll just throw some clothes on and—"

Bill shrugged off her touch, his eyes narrowing as he shouldered past her toward the king bed. "Not so fast. What exactly happened in here last night? And don't give me that bullshit about Cody having a nightmare."

Tiffany followed anxiously on his heels, clutching the towel to her bountiful curves. "Bill, please, you're being ridiculous. Cody and I just—"

Her protests died on her lips as Bill reached the bed and ripped back the tangled comforter with a flourish. The fitted sheet underneath was a Jackson Pollock painting of depravity - a massive wet patch spread from corner to corner, the white cotton tie-dyed with the unmistakable residue of sexual fluids. Glistening ribbons of pearly spunk crisscrossed the fem-cum- dampened fabric, leaving no doubt as to the nature of the liquid.

Bill stared at the obscene abstract art of the ruined bedding, his throat working as he swallowed back the bile rising in his gorge. The sour stench of pussy juice and teenage cum hung heavy in the air, impossible to ignore. His hands clenched into trembling fists at his side, knuckles white with strain.

Tiffany shifted from foot to foot, her eyes darting frantically around the room as if seeking escape. "I, um, I accidentally spilled my glass of water this morning," she blurted out. "Clumsy me, you know how I'm always knocking things over!"

She forced a high, tinkling laugh that sounded brittle to her own ears. Bill slowly turned to face her, his expression thunderous.

"Do you really think I'm that stupid?" he asked quietly, his tone dripping with barely leashed rage. "That I can't tell the difference between water and the disgusting remnants of sex?"

"How dare you accuse me of such vile things!" Tiffany gasped, pressing a hand to her heaving bosom in outrage even as a thick rivulet of pearly fluid ran down her inner thigh. "I would never betray our marriage vows like that, especially not with my own son! The very idea is repulsive!"

Bill's eyes tracked the viscous trail of semen oozing from between his wife's legs, his stomach clenching with nausea. "Then what's that dripping down your thighs?" he gritted out. "Looks an awful lot like jizz to me."

Tiffany followed his gaze and blanched when she saw the damning evidence of her infidelity painting her skin. She quickly swiped at the incriminating fluid with her towel, trying to erase it from view.

"Don't be disgusting, Bill! That's just some lotion I put on after my shower," she blustered, her cheeks flushing guiltily. "I didn't have time to fully rub it in before you so rudely barged in here."

Bill barked a harsh, incredulous laugh. "Do you really expect me to believe that? How stupid do you think I am, Tiffany?"

He advanced on her, his eyes flashing with fury. Tiffany backed away until her legs hit the edge of the cum-stained mattress. She clutched the towel tighter to her buxom curves as if it could shield her from her husband's wrath.

"I... I don't know what you're talking about," she stammered, her gaze skittering away from his. "You're being irrational, seeing things that aren't there. I think the stress of work and this vacation are getting to you, making you imagine the worst."

Bill clenched his jaw so hard a muscle ticked in his cheek. The audacity of his wife to gaslight him when the evidence of her depravity was literally dripping down her legs made his blood boil.

"Enough with the lies!" he snapped, gesturing angrily to the ruined bedding. "It's obvious what happened here last night. That bed is drenched with cum and pussy juice! You fucked our son!"

Tiffany recoiled as if slapped, her mouth falling open in shock. "No! I would never! How can you even think such a thing?" she cried, her eyes brimming with crocodile tears.

She pressed a trembling hand to her mouth, sniffing pitifully. "I can't believe you would accuse me of something so heinous," she whimpered, her lower lip quivering. "Is that really what you think of me? That I'm some kind of incestuous slut who would seduce my own child?"

Bill faltered, his righteous anger draining away as he watched fat tears roll down his wife's stricken face. She looked so genuinely distraught by his accusations, so hurt that he would think her capable of such a monstrous betrayal. Doubt began to creep in, insidiously undermining his conviction.

Maybe he was overreacting, letting his paranoid suspicions run away with him. The cum stains could be a water as she said. And that glistening trail on Tiffany's thigh... perhaps it really was just lotion as she claimed.

Bill scrubbed a hand over his face, suddenly feeling foolish for jumping to such wild conclusions about his faithful wife. What husband in his right mind would actually believe the mother of his children was fucking their teenage son? The very idea was ludicrous!

Tiffany seized on his crumbling resolve, batting her lashes coyly as she sidled up to him, making sure the towel slipped to reveal the tantalizing curves of her naked body. She ran a soothing hand down his chest, her touch lingering and sultry.

"Oh honey, let's not fight, not today of all days," she cooed, her eyes round and beseeching. "This is supposed to be such a special, romantic trip. We're renewing our sacred vows! Recommitting to the unbreakable bond of our love!"

Tiffany wound her arms around Bill's neck, pulling his face to her bountiful cleavage. "I would never do anything to jeopardize our beautiful marriage," she breathed, nuzzling his hair. "You're the only man for me, the father of my babies. My partner in life."

Bill exhaled shakily, wrapping his arms around his wife's soft, pliant body. He breathed in her familiar scent, letting it soothe his frayed nerves and insecurities. Tiffany was right, he was being ridiculous, seeing perverted things that weren't there.

"I'm sorry, Tiff," Bill murmured into the fragrant valley of her breasts. "I don't know what came over me. It's just... with all these mothers brazenly screwing their sons now that incest is more socially acceptable, I got paranoid. Forgive me?"

"Of course, darling," Tiffany purred, stroking his hair. "I understand. But you have nothing to worry about. I'm your loyal wife, now and forever."

Bill felt a sense of relief wash over him, secure once more in the love and fidelity of his beautiful wife. The ceremony was only hours away now and he needed to focus on reaffirming their unbreakable marital bond, not indulging paranoid flights of fancy.

As the afternoon wore on and the time for their vow renewal drew near, Tiffany flitted about in a state of giddy excitement, giggling with her sister and mother-in-law like schoolgirls.

"Bill darling, the girls and I are gonna finish getting ready in Janet's suite," Tiffany trilled, threading her arm through her mother-in-law's. "You don't mind if we steal Cody away too, do you? We need a male perspective on our hair and makeup."

Janet nodded eagerly, reaching out to pull Cody into their intimate cluster. "That's right, a woman should always have a handsome man's opinion before a big event. It's tradition!" She smooshed the boy's face into her ample bosom in an overly affectionate hug.

Before Bill could respond, Christy latched onto Cody from the other side, pressing every inch of her barely-covered pregnant body against his. "Don't worry, bro. We'll have your son back in plenty of time for the ceremony," she giggled, rubbing her gravid belly on his arm. "And I promise we'll have him looking his best. Bring out all of his masculine appeal, if you know what I mean." She winked salaciously.

Bill frowned as he watched the three women close rank around Cody, spiriting him out of the room in a tangle of bountiful curves and feminine giggles. His stomach sank like a stone, a sense of unease prickling along his spine at the proprietary way they put their hands all over his son.

It was one thing for his wife to steal private moments with Cody, but now it seemed like his sister and mother wanted in on the action too. Bill's mind raced with disturbing possibilities of what the four of them would be getting up to behind closed doors without supervision.

The moment the hotel room door closed behind them, the three women pounced on Cody like starving lionesses on a juicy gazelle. Perfectly manicured fingers scrabbled at his clothes, nearly ripping them in their haste to get him naked.

"My my, what a scrumptious treat you've grown into!" Janet purred, eyeing her grandson's muscular physique like he was a prime cut of meat. She peeled his shirt off and raked her nails down his chiseled chest, leaving faint red lines on his tanned skin.

"Mmm, I can't wait to unwrap the rest of this gift," Christy giggled, her hands going to the waistband of Cody's shorts. With a deft yank, she pulled them down, freeing his massive erection which sprang up and slapped against his abs.

The women gasped in unison, their eyes going wide as they took in the sheer size and girth of Cody's manhood. It was a magnificent specimen - over ten inches long and thick as a juicy cucumber, the bulbous head a deep purple and already drooling pre-cum.

"Holy shit, sis! No wonder you can't keep your hands off him," Christy breathed, unconsciously licking her bee-stung lips. "That's the biggest cock I've ever seen!"

Tiffany just smirked, a wicked gleam in her eye. "And it's all mine. Well, ours now." She reached out and wrapped her fingers around her son's

throbbing stalk, giving it a possessive stroke. Cody groaned, his hips bucking into her touch.

Not to be outdone, Janet and Christy quickly shed their own clothes, revealing the mouthwatering bounty of their voluptuous bodies. Janet's massive tits spilled free of her bra, jutting out meaty and proud despite her age. Her nipples were stiff as pencil erasers, protruding out from wide areolar caps and begging to be sucked.

Christy's belly was a ripe, gravid moon, full and taut with the heavy burden of her unborn child. Her tit-melons were swollen to epic proportions, engorged with milk and capped with dark, protruding nipples. Her plump pussy glistened wetly between her thighs, waxed smooth as a cue ball.

"On the bed, stud," Tiffany commanded, giving Cody's raging hard-on a light slap, which made it wag back and forth. He hastily complied, sprawling on his back with his huge cock thrusting urgently towards the ceiling.

The three women climbed onto the mattress, surrounding him in a sea of fragrant, eager flesh. Six gigantic, wobbling tits and three glistening, puffy pussies hovered tantalizingly over his body, making his mouth water with lust.

Janet, Christy and Tiffany descended on the boy's prone body like a swarm of amorous bees, covering every inch of his firm young flesh with wet, open-mouthed kisses. Their hot tongues laved his neck, chest and abs, leaving glistening trails of saliva in their wake.

They nibbled and suckled at his earlobes, collarbones and nipples, wringing gasps and moans from the overwhelmed teen. Tiffany latched onto one flat brown nub, sucking it to a stiff peak between her lips as Janet did the same to the other. Not to be left out, Christy tongued Cody's belly button, fucking the tiny divot with lewd swirls.

The women dragged their massive, pillowy breasts all over Cody's quivering body, smothering him in an avalanche of soft, perfumed tit-flesh. They rubbed the heavy globes along his arms and legs, up his sides and across his chest, marking him with their scent. Rigid nipples poked and prodded his twitching muscles, leaving goosebumps in their wake.

Tiffany leaned over Cody's head and dangled her huge jugs over his face, slapping him lightly with the meaty orbs. He opened his mouth eagerly and she lowered a turgid nipple between his lips, groaning as he began to suckle. Janet claimed his other side, guiding her own pebbled nub into his mouth so he could service both women at once.

Christy busied herself with Cody's straining erection, slicking up the thick shaft with long, luxurious licks, lapping at it like a giant lollipop. She wrapped her lips around the swollen glans, moaning at the salty-sweet taste of his leaking pre-cum. Slowly, she sank down, taking inch after throbbing inch into her hot, wet mouth.

Cody writhed and whimpered, his hips bucking off the bed as his mom and grandmother smothered him with their enormous tits while his aunt deep-throated his cock. The triple assault of pleasure was almost too intense to bear. His balls drew up tight, churning with seed that ached for release.

Sensing her son was on a hair trigger, Tiffany popped her nipple from his mouth and lifted off his face. "Not yet, baby," she cooed, giving his cock a warning squeeze. "You need to save that big load for Mommy's hungry cunt."

With a wet plop, Christy released Cody's iron-hard shaft from her mouth and scrambled up his body. "Me first, sis," she panted, swinging a leg over his hips. "I've been dying to ride this monster cock ever since I laid eyes on it."

Cody gasped as his heavily pregnant aunt straddled his hips, her engorged belly brushing against his throbbing erection. Christy reached

between their bodies and grasped his thick shaft, notching the bulbous head at her slick entrance.

With a guttural moan, she sank down, impaling herself on Cody's huge cock in one swift motion. Her sopping wet cunt swallowed him to the hilt, slick muscles fluttering and clenching around his girth.

"Oh fuck, you're so tight!" Cody groaned, overwhelmed by the scorching heat engulfing his sensitive flesh. He could feel every ripple and flutter of his aunt's pregnant pussy as it stretched to accommodate his size.

Christy's channel was snugger than his mom's, the swollen tissues of her birth canal squeezing him like a silken fist. Her cervix, thick and dilated in preparation for labor, kissed the tip of his cock, a sensation he absolutely loved!

As Christy began to rock and grind on his shaft, Cody noticed other subtle differences from fucking his mother. The weight of her gigantic belly pressed down on him, making her movements more sluggish and deliberate. Her massive milk-laden tits swayed hypnotically above him, much fuller and heavier than Tiffany's.

Christy's slick inner muscles worked his cock more intensely, as if her pussy was hungrier, greedier. The angle was different too, more pressure on his swollen glans as it dragged against her g-spot with every roll of her hips.

"Mmm, your big dick feels amazing," Christy panted, picking up the pace. She braced her hands on Cody's chest for leverage as she bounced on his cock, reveling in the delicious stretch and friction. "So much better than your uncle's little dick."

Tiffany watched with blazing eyes as her son pumped in and out of her sister's clenching cunt, his shaft glistening with her arousal. Part of her burned with jealousy, wanting that magnificent cock all to herself. But

she was also wildly turned on by the obscene sight of him fucking his massively pregnant aunt.

"That's it, baby. Give Auntie Christy what she needs," Tiffany encouraged breathlessly, frigging her clit as she watched. "Pound that preggo pussy hard! Show her what a virile stud you are!"

Cody gripped Christy's hips and thrust up to meet her downward bounces, grunting with the effort. Her slick channel was unbelievably tight, her muscles clamping and rippling along his aching shaft.

When Christy leaned down, Cody was utterly engulfed in his aunt's bountiful curves, smothered beneath mountains of warm, plush tit-flesh. Each mammoth breast surged forward with her movements to eclipse his vision in a sea of smooth, perfumed skin.

Christy's belly was a ponderous moon resting on his, immobilizing his lower body as she rode him. He felt deliriously drunk on her fertile feminine scent, drowning in her motherly pheromones.

Overcome with mammary lust, Cody buried his face in Christy's cavernous cleavage, motorboating her humongous jugs. He thrashed his head from side to side, nuzzling as deep as he could go into that plush, pillowy crevasse until his cheeks and nose were completely submerged in warm, soft titty-flesh.

The primal teen hindbrain in him fixated on those milk-engorged udders, desperate to latch on and nurse. Cody captured his aunt's fat rubbery nipple between his lips and suckled greedily, trying to draw the sweet cream from her swollen teats.

Christy gasped and shuddered as her nephew feasted on her sensitive breasts, her pussy clenching tightly around his thick shaft in response. Fireworks of sensation shot from her nipples straight to her clit, igniting a conflagration of ecstasy in her loins.

"That's it, baby! Suck on Auntie's big milky titties!" she cried, holding Cody's head to her chest. She smashed his face deeper into her cleavage, until he was fully buried in that plush tit-valley, pinned beneath pounds of wobbling meat.

Cody groaned around his mouthful of nipple, the vibrations making Christy's engorged peaks tingle deliciously. He suckled harder, his cheeks hollowing with the force of his pull, trying to coax the milk from her heavy jugs.

"Oh my God, I'm gonna cum!" Christy wailed, her pussy spasming wildly around Cody's cock as her orgasm crashed through her. She threw her head back, keening in bliss as powerful waves of pleasure radiated out from her core.

Her inner muscles clamped down rhythmically, milking Cody's shaft as gushes of liquid heat bathed him. Christy's belly rippled and tightened as the climax shook her, the muscles contracting powerfully around her gravid womb.

Cody felt her second, more powerful climax approaching, her vaginal walls starting to quiver and spasm around his driving cock. But the way her orgasm crashed over her was different from his mother's. Where Tiffany came in rolling waves of ecstasy, her pussy rippling and milking his shaft, Christy's climax was sharp and explosive.

"OHHH FUUUCCKK!!!" Christy wailed as the intense pleasure burst through her like a supernova. Her back arched and her toes curled, fingernails digging into Cody's chest as every muscle in her body seized up.

Her cunt went vise-tight, strangling Cody's pummeling cock as a flood of cum juices squirted around his girth. It sprayed out of her in gushing torrents, gurgling and frothing where they were joined, running down his balls and thighs to pool on the bed.

Christy jerked and thrashed above him, her huge pregnant belly and milk-swollen tits bouncing obscenely as she rode out the tsunami of sensation. Her juices poured out of her in an endless stream, as if a dam had burst inside her.

"Holy shit," Cody panted in awe, his hips still pumping as she clenched and fluttered wildly around him. He'd never seen someone squirt like that before, not even his mom. It was like a geyser had gone off in his aunt's cunt.

"FUCK! YES! DON'T STOP!" Christy shrieked, grinding her spurting pussy frantically against Cody's pelvis. She was coming so hard she couldn't catch her breath, gasping and wheezing as aftershocks tore through her.

Cody felt his own climax fast approaching, his balls drawing up tight and tingling. But before he could blow, Christy suddenly lifted off him with a wet squelch, his cock slipping free of her convulsing sheath.

"Your turn, mom," she panted, collapsing to the side on wobbly legs. "I got mine, now you get yours."

Janet wasted no time in taking her daughter's place, scrambling to straddle Cody's slick, pulsing erection. Her massively pendulous breasts swayed and bobbed with the movement, areola as wide as saucers capping each heavy globe. The sheer weight and size of her giant udders took Cody's breath away - they were larger than even his mom and aunt's substantial racks.

Each dusky brown areola was thick and pebbled with texture, covering nearly a third of the surface of her gigantic jugs. They seemed to puff up and swell further as her fat nipples grew stiffer by the second. Those nipples protruded a good half-an-inch from the surface, throbbing urgently and begging to be sucked.

Cody's gaze trailed down his grandmother's lush, mature curves to the juncture of her thighs. Janet's mound was completely bare, waxed silky

smooth to reveal every fold and detail of her lust-swollen sex. Her puffy outer labia were thick and fleshy, parting slightly to expose her glistening pink inner lips. It was the plumpest, most succulent looking pussy Cody had ever seen.

He licked his lips hungrily as Janet grasped his throbbing shaft, notching the bulbous head at her dripping entrance. With a guttural moan of satisfaction, she sank down, sheathing him to the hilt in the slick, scorching depths of her ravenous cunt.

"Ohhh fuck, Grandma!" Cody gasped, overwhelmed by the searing wet heat engulfing his sensitive cock. "You're so tight and hot!"

Janet's channel was unbelievably snug, her age and experience giving her control of her inner muscles that his mom and aunt lacked. She squeezed and rippled along his aching length, the textures and contours of her slick walls massaging him in the most mind-blowing way.

Bracing her hands on Cody's chest, Janet began to rock and grind, swiveling her wide hips in sensual figure eights. Her giant breasts swung and bounced hypnotically above him, so enormous they nearly smacked him in the face with each undulation. Rivers of sweat poured down her cleavage and skated across her shuddering belly.

Cody gazed up at Janet's wildly jiggling jugs in awe and longing as she rode his cock. The sheer size and weight of them was mesmerizing, like twin flesh planets orbiting above him. He ached to touch and taste, to lose himself in his grandmother's bountiful tit-flesh.

"Gr-Grandma?" Cody panted shyly, his face flushed with exertion and bashfulness. "Can I, um... can I suck on your big titties? Please?"

His voice was small and pleading, almost childlike in its earnestness. Janet looked down at her grandson with a wicked gleam in her eye, never slowing the sensual roll of her hips.

"Mmm, of course you can, darling," she purred indulgently. "Grandma's big milky tits are all yours. Suck on my fat nipples while I ride this magnificent cock."

Janet leaned forward, letting her massive breasts swing down towards Cody's upturned face. He surged up eagerly to meet them, burying his face in the warm, fragrant valley of her cleavage. Janet's giant udders enveloped him completely, smothering him in an avalanche of pillowy softness.

Cody motorboated his grandmother's heaving breasts, nuzzling and rubbing his face in the plush tit-flesh. He inhaled deeply of her scent - an intoxicating mix of perfume, sweat and arousal. Turning his head slightly, he captured one spongy areola in his mouth, groaning at the taste of her.

Janet gasped and undulated harder on Cody's steely cock as he suckled greedily at her engorged nipple. He swirled his tongue around the fat nub, flicking it rapidly before drawing it deep into his hot mouth. His lips sealed half-way around the center of her puckered areola, cheeks hollowing as he nursed hungrily at her teat.

"That's it, baby, suck Grandma's titty," Janet encouraged breathlessly, cradling his head to her chest. "Milk my nipples while I milk your big teenage cock with my cunt."

Cody grunted and doubled his efforts, switching back and forth between Janet's massive jugs, lavishing each nipple and areola with devoted attention. He suckled ravenously, as if trying to draw forth milk from her ripe, heaving tits.

Janet keened ecstatically, the dual pleasure of Cody's suckling mouth and thrusting cock driving her wild. Her hips moved faster, slamming down to meet each powerful surge of his pelvis. The wet, obscene slap of their fucking filled the room, punctuated by Janet's wanton moans.

Janet could feel the telltale tingle deep inside signaling her impending orgasm. Cody's thick shaft dragged deliciously against her G-spot with every stroke, the spongy bundle of nerves sparking with sensation. Her clitoris throbbed in time with her racing heart, swelling out from under its hood, aching for contact.

The pleasure built to a frenzy as Cody pounded into her clenching sheath, his pelvis grinding against her engorged clit. The pressure inside mounted to unbearable levels, the ecstasy coiling tighter and tighter. Janet threw her head back and wailed as the coil suddenly snapped, her climax exploding through her with the force of a detonated bomb.

Her vaginal walls clamped down rhythmically around Cody's sinewy cock, rippling and undulating along his length. Geysers of ejaculate erupted from her spasming slit, splattering his groin with her essence.

Janet's paraurethral glands, located to either side of her urethra, contracted violently. Pent-up reservoirs of liquid female ejaculate spurted forcefully from her dilated urethral opening, shooting out in powerful bursts.

Cody watched in awe as her urine slit gaped open, gushing like a broken faucet, spraying torrents of pungent fluid.

Her viscous lady cum squirted out in convulsive streams, splattering messily against Cody's shaft and balls. The force behind the jets was incredible, a testament to the intensity of Janet's pleasure. Cody could feel each gush splashing his cock base, making him jerk and shudder with sympathetic ecstasy.

Janet shrieked and quivered uncontrollably, her body wracked with mind-numbing sensation. Electric sparks of rapture radiated out from her core as she ejaculated over and over, powerless to staunch the tidal wave pouring out of her. Her pussy became a flooding geyser, the obscene wet spurts punctuating each wail and keen.

Clear viscous liquid sprayed from Janet's contracting urethra, jetting out in high arcs to splatter against Cody's chest and face. He closed his eyes as the warm, slippery fluid rained down on him, coating his skin. The musky, pungent scent of her pleasure juices filled his nostrils.

Cody whimpered helplessly, his face completely engulfed in the hot, plush valley of his grandmother's heaving cleavage. Janet's gigantic, sweat-slicked breasts pressed in on him from both sides, cocooning his head in their smothering softness. The intoxicating perfume of her arousal mixed with the creamy fragrance of her skin, filling his nostrils and making him dizzy with lust.

As Janet's climaxes stacked over her in wave after wave of ecstasy, her pussy clenched like a silken vise around Cody's cock, wringing him with rhythmic contractions. The sensation was too much for the overwhelmed teen. With a muffled howl into his grandmother's cleavage, Cody's hips jerked erratically as his orgasm slammed into him like a freight train.

His swollen cock pulsed and kicked violently within the rippling sheath of Janet's cunt. The first scalding jet of cum erupted from his dilated slit like a bullet, splattering against the pulsing tissues of her cervix.

Gush after gush of hot teenage seed geysered into her womb as Cody emptied his aching balls deep inside her, painting her rippling walls with his essence.

Each thick, pearly rope felt like it was being yanked from the depths of his being, the pleasure so intense it bordered on pain. Cody's abs clenched and his toes curled as he power-washed the entrance to Janet's uterus with what seemed like a gallon of jizz. His virile young balls churned and pumped, determined to flood his grandmother's unprotected cunt with his potent sperm.

Janet wailed rapturously, grinding her climaxing pussy down to root Cody's wildly twitching cock as deep as it could go. Her hungry cervix

fluttered and suckled the head of his dick, eager to draw every last drop of his seed into her greedy womb. She could feel each heavy spurt splashing her innermost depths, the liquid heat of his cum searing her tender tissues.

"Yes, that's it! Give Grandma all your hot cum!" Janet babbled deliriously, her cunt gushing and squirting uncontrollably around Cody's pulsing shaft. Her vaginal muscles worked in overdrive, rippling along his length to milk him dry. "Fill me up, baby! Breed your naughty granny's hungry cunt!"

Cody could only whimper and shudder in response, his face still smashed between Janet's enormous, undulating tits. His hips pumped frantically, instinctively driving his spurting cock into the welcome heat of her vagina as he unleashed spurt after spurt of semen into her depths.

Awhile later, Bill anxiously checked his watch as he waited at the beautifully decorated beachside altar. The ceremony was supposed to have started 20 minutes ago but there was still no sign of his bride. He shifted from foot to foot, trying to ignore the confused murmurs of the assembled guests.

Just then, Janet and Christy hurried up, both looking slightly flushed and disheveled. Bill's heart sank as he noticed his wife was not with them.

"Where's Tiffany?" he asked urgently, dreading the answer.

Janet and Christy exchanged a meaningful look, their lips twitching like they were suppressing smiles. "I'm afraid she just wasn't feeling up to it today, Bill," Janet said with exaggerated sympathy. "Poor dear, she was feeling rather...drained."

"Yes, absolutely exhausted," Christy chimed in, barely concealing a smirk. "You know how these tropical destinations can take it out of you. I'm sure she'll be fine after a long, hard nap."

The two women tittered behind their hands, as if sharing some naughty inside joke. Bill frowned, not appreciating their inappropriate levity at a time like this.

He thought back to how flushed and excited Tiffany had looked when she left with Cody earlier. The sinking feeling in his gut intensified as his imagination ran wild with sordid possibilities of what really had his wife too "exhausted" to attend her own vow renewal.

Bill suddenly noticed his son was absent as well. "Where's Cody? Wasn't he supposed to be escorting his mother?" he asked tersely.

Janet waved a dismissive hand. "Oh, he elected to stay behind and look after Tiff. You know what a caring, attentive boy he is. Always eager to give his mom whatever she needs." Her voice dripped with innuendo.

Christy nodded vigorously, rubbing her massive baby bump. "Mmm, indeed. I have no doubt he's giving her some very deep, intimate comfort right now. Servicing her needs most thoroughly." She licked her lips lasciviously.

The other guests shifted and muttered, clearly picking up on the suggestive subtext. Bill's face flamed with humiliation and rage as he realized they all suspected the same vile thing - his wife had ditched their vow renewal to continue fucking her son.

"Oh, and there's one other thing," Janet stated, her lips curled in a smirk. "They, um... kind of made another room switch."

"Room switch?" Bill asked.

In the honeymoon suite, Tiffany knelt on all fours on the heart-shaped bed, still wearing the white lace garter, sheer thigh-high stockings, and sparkly "Bride" tiara that Bill had given her. Her sweat-sheened bubble butt was high in the air, thong panties dangling off one ankle.

Cody knelt behind his mother, admiring how the garter framed her plump, glistening pussy. The delicate lace contrasted beautifully against her smooth, tanned skin. Tiffany looked back over her shoulder at him, her eyes smoldering with lust.

"You like Mommy's sexy bridal lingerie, baby?" she purred, reaching back to spread her ass cheeks, exposing her pink puckered hole. "Daddy bought it for me to wear under my dress at the ceremony today. But I'd much rather wear it while you fuck me."

Cody groaned, his cock throbbing painfully at the erotic sight and his mother's dirty talk. He stroked himself, smearing the pearly drop of pre-cum oozing from his slit around his swollen glans.

"God Mom, you look so hot," he rasped, drinking in the lewd display of her gaping holes presented like a gift. "I can't believe Dad got you all this sexy stuff for your vow renewal, and you're wearing it for me instead."

Tiffany giggled wickedly, giving her rump a wiggle. "Mmm, that's because you're the man who deserves to enjoy it, not him. My tight little holes belong to you now, son. You've ruined me for your father."

She reached between her legs and dipped two fingers into her soaked folds, gathering her slick arousal. Tiffany brought the glistening digits to her mouth and sucked them clean, moaning wantonly at her own musky taste.

"Now stop teasing and get that big dick in me," she demanded breathlessly. "Fuck Mommy hard and deep, baby. Own my pussy while your father is out there waiting for a bride that will never show."

Cody scrambled forward on his knees, gripping his mother's hips as he notched the dripping head of his cock against her entrance. With a animalistic grunt, he thrust forward, burying himself to the hilt in her scorching sheath in one powerful stroke.

"Unnngh, fuck yeah," Cody groaned, savoring the exquisite sensation of his mother's silky wet walls gripping him like a fist. No matter how many times he experienced it, pushing into her succulent heat felt like coming home.

He pulled back until just the tip remained inside her, then slammed forward again, jolting Tiffany's pliant body with the force. She tossed her head back with a rapturous cry, the tiara sliding askew.

Cody set a punishing pace, rutting into his mother's juicy snatch like a wild animal. His eyes glazed over with lust, all rational thought fleeing his mind as he lost himself to the primal need to breed. He panted harshly, tongue lolling from the corner of his mouth as he worked his hips, slamming his engorged shaft into Tiffany's hot, slick depths over and over.

The obscene slap of sweat-slicked flesh filled the room as Cody's groin smacked repeatedly against the jiggling globes of his mother's ass. He watched in carnal fascination as her plump cheeks rippled and shook with every violent impact, the fleshy mounds bouncing lewdly. Tiffany's meaty rump was a blurred mass of undulating curves as Cody reamed her cunt with brutal intensity.

"Fuck, baby! You're so deep!" Tiffany wailed, fisting the sheets as she rocked back to meet each powerful thrust. "Mommy's pussy belongs to you now! Ruin me with that huge cock!"

Cody snarled ferally, Tiffany's wanton cries spurring on his animalistic rutting. He dug his fingers into the meat of her hips, yanking her back onto his unyielding pole with savage strength. His balls, heavy with cum, slapped wetly against her engorged clit with every ferocious pump of his hips.

The diamond of Tiffany's wedding ring flashed on her finger as she braced herself against her son's wild bucking. That symbol of marital commitment, given to her by Bill all those years ago, winked mockingly in

the light while she got pounded by her own teenage son on what should have been her vow renewal day.

Tiffany's giant, pendulous breasts swung below her like fleshy wrecking balls, the jutting nipples grazing the bedspread. Her tiara, once perched like a crown, now dangled precariously from her disheveled hair, threatening to tumble off at any moment under Cody's relentless hammering.

The sheer depravity of the situation - the way he was defiling his mother while she was adorned in bridal regalia meant for his father - made Cody's blood boil with taboo lust. This was the ultimate conquest, the complete claiming of his mom as his woman now.

"Take it, Mom!" Cody growled, doubling his efforts. The muscles in his ass and thighs burned from the exertion but he didn't let up, determined to make this a fuck Tiffany would never forget. "This pussy is mine! You're mine! Forget about your fucking marriage vows!"

Feeling emboldened, Cody brought his thumb to his mother's puckered rosebud, teasing the pink rim. Tiffany gasped and arched her back, pushing her ass higher in clear offering.

"Oooh, do you wanna play with Mommy's naughty ass too, baby?" she purred wantonly. "Go ahead, slip that finger in. Get my tight little hole ready for your big cock."

Cody groaned, dizzy with the idea of claiming his mother's ass as well as her pussy. He circled her wrinkled entrance, massaging gently as he continued gliding in and out of her soaked cunt. Slowly, he breached the resistant ring of muscle, sinking his finger into Tiffany's searing backdoor channel.

"Oh fuck yes!" Tiffany cried out, her sphincter clenching around the welcome intrusion. Jolts of forbidden pleasure shot up her spine as Cody pumped his finger in and out, working her open. "That's it, loosen up

Mommy's asshole! Unngh I can't wait to feel you pound it with this huge dick!"

Cody fingered his mother's clenching anus, plunging knuckle-deep as his hips continued to slam forward, drilling his throbbing cock into her creaming pussy. The dual stimulation made Tiffany shriek and convulse, her eyes rolling back in her head from the intensity.

As much as Cody wanted to ream out his mother's tight asshole right then, he knew he was too close. The way her vaginal walls rippled and squeezed his pistoning shaft had him right on the edge. He needed to slow down or this would be over far too soon.

"Fuck yourself on my cock," Cody commanded hoarsely, holding himself deep but motionless inside her pussy. "Show me how bad you need it. Prove you're mine now."

Tiffany eagerly complied, throwing herself back against her son's jutting erection with desperate abandon. The tiara tumbled from her hair as she tossed her head wildly, too consumed by lust to care. Her voluptuous body undulated and writhed, gyrating on Cody's rigid thickness impaling her so deliciously.

She ground her hips in tight circles, stirring his cock inside her clenching sheath, then began to pump herself along his length with fast, frantic strokes. The fleshy globes of her ass jiggled and bounced lewdly as she slammed herself back over and over, fucking herself stupid on her teenage son's massive pole.

"Oh God, baby, your cock feels so good!" Tiffany babbled mindlessly, drunk on forbidden pleasure. Beads of sweat rolled down her undulating back as she worked herself into a frenzy on Cody's throbbing shaft. "Unngh yeah, stretch Mommy's pussy! Ruin it forever! Fucking destroy my cunt!"

Cody groaned through gritted teeth, his fingers digging into the sheets as he fought the urge to slam forward and meet her thrusts. The sight of her frantically impaling herself on his dick, her ass cheeks clapping against his cock base and rippling from the force, was almost too erotic to bear. Watching his gorgeous, cock-hungry mother debase herself so wantonly for his pleasure made his balls draw up painfully tight.

Tiffany's greedy cunt made obscene suctioning noises as she plunged herself back onto Cody's engorged pole, her swollen pussy lips clinging to his girth. Clear mommy-cum gushed out around his shaft with each stroke, absolutely drenching his groin and the bedspread beneath.

"Fuck, you're soaking wet," Cody panted in awe, transfixed by the river of liquid arousal pouring from Tiffany's stuffed twat. He'd never seen her this crazy with lust, this desperate to be filled by his cock. She was like a wild animal in heat, possessed by the need to rut.

"Only for you, baby," Tiffany whimpered, her voice hitching with each plunge of Cody's steely hardness into her molten core. "No one gets my pussy this wet, especially not your father. Ungh fuck, you've ruined me! Corrupted me! I'm your bride now!"

The filthy words spilling from his proper, pristine mother's lips inflamed Cody's lust to new heights. With a feral snarl, he grabbed his mom's meaty hips and slammed her back onto his cock, penetrating her so deep her cervix kissed the tip. She let out a ragged scream, her eyes rolling back in her head as a mind-bending orgasm tore through her.

Deep within Cody's pulsing testicles, millions upon millions of wriggling sperm diligently manufactured by his seminiferous tubules swam impatiently in the epididymis, awaiting their moment of explosive release.

As Cody's orgasm crested, the cremaster muscles contracted, drawing his heavy balls up snug against his body. The sperm were swept out of

storage, through the vas deferens, mixing with seminal fluids and propelled by powerful muscular contractions.

The army of sperm raced through Cody's urethra, their whip-like flagella lashing frantically as they surged towards the promising heat ahead. With each violent twitch of Cody's erupting cock buried deep in his mother's pussy, the sperm were launched out of his meatus in thick, gooey ropes of semen, geysering forcefully against Tiffany's dilated cervix.

Countless wriggling sperm splattered against the small opening, their bulbous heads doggedly burrowing into the viscous plug of cervical mucus. The fittest among them wriggled through the tight passageway, entering Tiffany's uterus.

The battlefield was littered with the fallen - sluggish or misshapen sperm that failed to make the perilous swim. But the victorious pressed onward, whipping their tails as they swarmed through Tiffany's womb, zeroing in on the prize.

At the same moment Cody's virile seed gushed into Tiffany's depths, a single mature egg was released from her ovary with perfect timing, making the journey down her fallopian tube. The egg's outer surface was coated with an enzyme that attracted the sperm, emitting chemical signals to lure them closer.

The sperm raced each other to be the first to reach the egg, their spinning heads allowing them to drill through the jelly-like coating. But one mighty sperm, the most vigorous swimmer of the bunch, surged ahead of the pack with singular determination. Propelled by its whipping tail, it burrowed through the egg's protective layer and pierced the surface, plunging inside to claim its prize.

As soon as the winning sperm penetrated the egg wall, an instantaneous chemical reaction hardened the outer membrane, locking out the other competitors. The genetic material carried in the sperm's head fused with

that of the egg, combining Cody and Tiffany's DNA to form a unique new genome - the blueprint for their incestuously conceived child.

The egg, now fertilized, began to divide exponentially as it made the journey down the fallopian tube towards Tiffany's uterus. It would soon implant in the nutrient-rich lining of her womb, beginning its nine month development into the illicit product of mother-son passion.

The next morning, Tiffany sauntered into the resort's sunny breakfast nook, a telling just-fucked glow emanating from her dewy skin. She practically floated over to where Bill sat nursing a coffee, unable to keep the satisfied smirk off her face.

Bill looked up as his wife slid into the seat across from him, his eyes widening as he took in her appearance. Tiffany's hair was slightly mussed, golden tendrils escaping her usually sleek ponytail. Her cheeks were flushed a becoming pink, her eyes sparkling with sated mischief.

"Morning, darling," Tiffany trilled brightly, reaching for the coffee carafe. "Mmm, something smells delicious!" She poured herself a cup, seemingly oblivious to her husband's bewildered stare.

Bill cleared his throat awkwardly. "You, uh, you look...refreshed," he commented, trying to keep his tone neutral. "Sleep well?"

Tiffany hid a secret smile behind her mug. If only Bill knew just how little sleep she'd actually gotten last night. Her thighs were still sticky with the residue of the countless loads Cody had pumped into her, her pussy sore and puffy from the all-night fucking marathon.

She could still feel the delicious ache deep inside where her son's huge cock had pounded her relentlessly, ruining her for her husband. Tiffany shifted gingerly in her seat, the copious cum Cody had left in her cunt sloshing with the movement.

"Oh yes, like a baby," she lied smoothly, taking a sip of coffee to conceal her smirk. More like a horny nymphomaniac finally getting the thorough dicking-down she desperately needed, courtesy of her virile teenage son.

Bill nodded slowly, unconvinced. He couldn't shake the mental image of his wife bouncing wantonly on Cody's lap, her massive tits jiggling as she rode their son to orgasm after screaming orgasm. The thought made his stomach curdle.

"So, about the vow renewal," Bill began hesitantly, steering the conversation to safer territory. "I know yesterday didn't go as planned, but I was thinking we could reschedule for later this month? Maybe a sunset ceremony back home?"

Tiffany waved a dismissive hand, barely suppressing an eye roll. Recommitting herself to her marriage was the last thing on her mind after discovering the mind-blowing carnal pleasures Cody could provide.

"Oh, that? Don't worry about it, honey," she said breezily, snagging a pastry from the basket. "It was a sweet idea, but totally unnecessary."

Bill frowned, hurt by Tiffany's casual dismissal of what he considered a deeply meaningful gesture. "But Tiff, renewing our vows is important to me," he pressed gently. "It's a way for us to reaffirm our love and commitment after 20 years. Don't you want that?"

Tiffany sighed, reaching across the table to pat Bill's hand in a patronizing manner. "I do still love you, darling. You know that. I just don't see the point in some grand ceremony to state the obvious."

She popped a bite of danish in her mouth, chewing thoughtfully. "Besides, with everything else going on, I simply don't have the time or energy to plan a whole ceremony right now. I hope you understand."

Bill's brow furrowed in confusion. "Everything else? What do you mean? I thought the whole point of this trip was to relax and reconnect as a couple before Cody goes off to college."

Tiffany's eyes sparkled with barely suppressed excitement. "Well, about that... There's been a slight change of plans. Cody won't be going away to school after all."

"What? But I thought he was all set to attend State in the fall!" Bill sputtered, caught off guard. "What happened?"

"Oh, he just decided he wasn't quite ready to leave the nest yet. You know how hard these transitions can be," Tiffany explained breezily, waving a hand. "So he's going to defer for a year and get an apartment locally instead. That way he can have some independence while still being close to home."

Bill nodded slowly, trying to process this unexpected development. "I see. Well, I suppose that makes sense. It will be nice to have him nearby a bit longer."

"Exactly!" Tiffany beamed, clearly thrilled by the idea. "And you know, since he's never really been on his own before, I thought it would be good if I stayed with him some of the time. Just until he gets settled and learns how to manage a household."

She patted Bill's arm with a firm reassurance. "Don't worry, honey, it's not like I'm leaving you! I'll still be spending time at home with you and the kids. While you're at work and they're at school, I can be with Cody at our—uh, his apartment. I can split my nights between the two places, making sure everyone gets the attention they need."

Bill stiffened, a sinking feeling taking root in his gut. The notion of his wife playing house with their son, even part time, didn't sit right with him. Not after everything he'd seen and suspected about the inappropriate nature of their relationship.

Tiffany leaned in close, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Actually darling, I had an idea about the sleeping arrangements. Since I'll be staying at Cody's place most nights anyway, I thought it might be

nice if we let him take our king bed to his new apartment. You know, as a housewarming gift."

Bill's eyebrows shot up, a muscle ticking in his clenched jaw. "You wanna give our marital bed to our teenage son? The bed we've shared for the last 20 years?" He couldn't keep the incredulity from his tone.

Tiffany nodded eagerly, either not noticing or choosing to ignore the growing anger on her husband's face. "It just makes sense, don't you think? That way Cody and I will have plenty of room to spread out when I sleep over. Much more comfortable than trying to cram into a twin."

She giggled, a naughty gleam in her eye. "Plus, it holds such special memories for us as a couple. Imagine our son continuing the legacy, breaking in that bed properly as a man."

Bill felt his stomach turn at the thinly veiled innuendo. He knew exactly what kind of special memories Tiffany was referring to - the countless nights they had spent twined together in passion, conceiving and raising their children. The idea of his wife now recreating those intimate moments with Cody in the same bed made him physically ill.

"Absolutely not," Bill bit out through gritted teeth, struggling to keep his voice down to avoid making a scene. "That bed is a symbol of our marriage. A sacred space for you and me alone."

Tiffany pouted, clearly disappointed by her husband's refusal to play along with her twisted game. "Oh, don't be such a fuddy-duddy," she coaxed, running a soothing hand down his arm. "It's just a piece of furniture. Wherever you and I are together is sacred, right?"

She snuggled up to Bill's side, pressing her ample bosom against him as she looked up at him through her lashes. "Besides, if you're really that attached to our old bed, I suppose Cody and I could make do with his twin mattress when I sleep over," she purred silkily. "It would be a tight

squeeze, but I'm sure we'd find a way to fit. Snuggled up real close, all night long..."

Tiffany smirked to herself as she felt Bill stiffen beside her, knowing her salacious implication had hit its mark. She had no intention of actually cramming into Cody's small childhood bed - the very notion was absurd. But she knew the seductive image of their entwined bodies writhing on the tiny mattress would be enough to sway Bill's decision.

Bill clenched his jaw, his temples throbbing as he struggled to tamp down his rising anger and disgust. The mental image of his wife and son pressed intimately together on a too-small mattress, their limbs tangled and bodies undulating in a mockery of the marital embrace, made his skin crawl. He knew exactly what kind of depraved activities would be taking place under the guise of an innocent mother-son "snuggle."

"Fine," Bill ground out through gritted teeth, the words tasting like ash in his mouth. "You can take our bed for Cody's place. But only because I don't want you two crammed together like sardines every night."

Tiffany's face lit up in triumphant glee, her eyes sparkling with wicked delight. "Oh, thank you darling!" she gushed, pressing a smacking kiss to Bill's cheek. "You're so thoughtful, always putting your family's comfort first."

She snuggled into his side, rubbing her squishy tits against his arm in sham gratitude. "I know it's a sacrifice, giving up our marital bed. But I promise, the whole time I'm in bed with Cody, I'll be thinking of you," Tiffany purred, batting her lashes coquettishly. "Of our beautiful marriage and unbreakable bond."

Bill suppressed a shudder of revulsion, seeing straight through his wife's saccharine lies. He knew damn well the only thing on Tiffany's mind while she was wrapped around Cody would be riding his cock into oblivion, betraying their marriage vows in the most heinous way possible.

THE END