

Sasha returned home from work, her skirt barely doing anything to hide her massive, sloshing sack. As she closed the door, she felt a skull move in her right ball. *Someone's done*, she thought. Her girlcock was still hungry, though not for prey. It twitched and throbbed under her skirt, aching for sex. "Calm down, girl, we're almost there." She said with a smile. She removed her blazer as she walked to her bedroom, her plump rear gyrating from side to side with each step. Every prey she'd eaten stayed on her fat body, save for those swallowed by her girlcock. The ones that got churned into thick, creamy cum by her hungry rod only had one fate - gushing out, gallon by gallon, the next time she climaxed. Opening the door to her bedroom, she could hear something familiar. The buzz of a vibrator.

On her bed was her favorite toy, sleeping with a vibrator between his legs. He hadn't turned it off before passing out. "Oh, you sweet thing." She felt her heart flutter as she gazed upon him. He looked so cute like this - wearing nothing but a bright red collar with a heart inset, heavily pregnant with her brood, and glistening with a fine layer of sweat. Sasha removed her shirt, revealing her black and purple lace bra. Though, that quickly fell to the floor as well, and eventually the rest of her outfit joined. Naked as the day she was born, she climbed into bed next to him.

"Ian, my darling, wake up~." She sang, turning off the vibrator as she did.

"Mph," Ian grunted, turning his head to face her, but not opening his eyes. He could feel her soft breasts on his face when he turned to her.

"Did you have fun while I was at work, honey bun?" Sasha asked her sleepy lover.

"Mm-hm." He moved a sleepy hand to her breast, kneading it gently. "How was work?" He asked, still groggy.

"It was work. I managed to churn up some pathetic prey sluts for you, my love." She said, brushing a lock of hair out of her lover's face. "Would you like to get started?" She asked.

Ian looked up at her, his sleepy eyes doing their best to stay open. With a yawn, he answered, "If you can wake me up..."

Sasha let a mischievous grin spread across her lips. "I accept your challenge, my pet."

"Mmm... mmph..."

Ian moaned, his voice muffled by Sasha's breast. He gently suckled her as she played with his cunt. Her finger was about knuckle deep, curling upwards of his cervix.

"Such a good boy. Drink all of mommy's milk, so you can get nice and fat." She removed her finger from his vagina to begin rubbing his clit. "Then once you're a hefty boy that's wider than he is tall, mommy's going to shove you deep in her ass and digest you into more fat for her plump rear. Won't you like that?"

Ian let go of her breast for a moment. "Yes, mommy Sasha." She could feel his clit throb under her fingers. Her girlcock throbbed in response, hungry to breed his pregnant cunt even more.

"Before mommy can do that, what do you need to do?" Ian said with a panting voice,

"Mommy's good boy needs to give birth to mommy's brood, and I need to let mommy fuck me every day until then." Sasha gave a pat to his round middle, writhing with young.

"That's right, you're such a good boy." Ian moved his hands to raise his knees to his shoulders, revealing himself.

“Please breed me, mommy.”

Sasha’s girlcock was dripping pre, oozing with desire to fuck her boy senseless. She got atop him, her large breasts resting on his chest. She gently pressed the head of her rod against his opening. “You’ll have to beg harder than that, my love.” She cooed.

Ian looked off to the side, his face red with blush. With a deep breath, he said, “Please, please, mommy Sasha, shove your thick cock deep into my cunt, and make sure the remains of those worthless sluts your hungry rod swallowed get sprayed deep in my cuuaaAAH—!”

Sasha cut him off when she shoved her entire length into him. The sudden movement made him cum, his vagina flexing around her cock, his voice shaking.

“You’re such a good boy. Look at you, cumming on mommy’s cock already.” She began to thrust into him, his wet vagina mixing with her sticky pre to make a wonderful lube. This continued for a quarter of an hour, with Ian cumming at least twice more. His mind was mush as she used him like a fleshlight. Sasha’s heavy sack churned and gurgled as it prepared to unload in his womb. Just before she came, she pulled out, to see her work.

His hole gaped open, wracked with orgasm. His legs shivered, and his pregnant tummy rose and fell with each breath. “Moh, mommy...” was all Ian could manage to say.

She kissed him gently on the neck. “Mommy loves you.” She said, and pushed her length into his anus. He moaned again, his ass only fucked on special occasions. Sasha resumed thrusting, and at last, she came. Gallons and gallons of seed gushed from her cock, the remains of nearly a dozen lives spilling into her lover’s intestines. Ian came one final time, his tummy filling with cum. Sasha moaned as she filled her boy, her sack shrinking to its size when she awoke that day. For a moment, things were quiet. The two panted and breathed, letting the afterglow wash over them. Ian wrapped his arms around her.

“I love you, mommy Sasha.” Sasha held him in return, as she gently lifted him from her cock. “I love you too, my sweet boy.” The two laid down, bathing in the post orgasm bliss.

Ian took a breath and said, “And, scene. You’re not really going to fatten me up just to eat me, I hope.”

Sasha smiled and said in reply, “Only if you want me to, Ian.”

He thought about it for a moment. “No, I’d rather stick around. Who else would you unload in?”

Sasha laughed at his comment. “Who else would be so cute carrying my kids?” She replied.

The two stayed like this for a while, making sure they were cared for. They’d have to start thinking about dinner soon, and Ian had heard about a club that had just opened recently...