

Like Mother

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With swaying hair, Mindy leans far forward, her hands gripping tightly to her bedsheets. The thirty-four-year-old, pale-skinned human woman grunts and grits her teeth, her feet gently bobbing up and down as her body rocks from the force, her knees doing an excellent job of holding her firm ass up in the air.

“Nng-yeah. Fuck me, baby. Nnf, give it, nnf, to me.” She grunts.

Drool streams down her chin from the slight tilt of her head, her lips peeled back over her gritted teeth. Grunting with each of her lover’s thrusts, she loses herself in the wonderful sensation of being filled. A loud smack snaps her out of her daze.

“Ahh!” She squeals.

“Nnf, shit! You’re, nnf, so, nnf, fucking tight!” Craig growls.

“You like, nng, my tight, nng, pussy?”

“Mmm-yeah. Sooo good, nng-fuck!” He nods, though she can’t see it.

At twenty-eight years old, Craig, a muscular, six-foot tall Voeldahn with the features of a tiger, is quite the catch for the somewhat older, single-mother. Though attractive, at only five-feet and five-inches tall, with ample D-cup breasts, and a modest hourglass figure, she is well proportioned; many men would kill for a

night in her bed, but Craig is a step above. Not only is he a younger male, but also an attractive breed of Voeldahn; so many seem to prefer canines and felines of certain breeds. As a tiger, he keeps his hair trimmed extremely short, showing off his animalesque features.

This is not uncommon with the other more desired Voeldahn breeds, such as wolves, foxes, tigers, lions and horses. With his strong features, vivid, jade green eyes, and black flesh on his nose and visible skin – a large, charcoal black, pointed and barbed penis is included – he is perhaps *the* most desirable male Mindy has ever encountered. Craig knows that Mindy is a single mother, but something about her is so alluring. Ramming his exception member into her equally tight loins, he is amazed by how good she feels; she fits his form as if her body were made for his penis.

He smacks her ass again, leaving a red hand print before grabbing her with his strong hands. Craig's sharp, black claws rake her supple, sweat drenched skin as he literally pulls her back to meet his thrusts. Thwap, thwap, thwap as his heavy, cum filled balls and furry scrotum slam into her nether lips and clitoris. It won't be long now before he releases his seed from his testis, each considerably larger than a chicken's egg. Mindy has already cum twice, and her third orgasm is well on the way. She can't help herself and bites into a pillow to keep herself from screaming at the top of her lungs.

"NNNGGGAAHHHH!!! FUCKING SHIT!!!" He roars.

Slamming into her, he squeezes her tightly as he expels his potent seed. Waves of semen flow throughout her body, rocking her to the core. A trembling Mindy giggles, imagining her body trying to fight off the fertile sperm of her younger, muscular lover. Even the aid of her birth control pills might not be enough to protect her still present eggs. Glancing over her shoulder, she looks back at the matted fur of her Voeldahn boyfriend. The look of pleasure on his face is flattering; she loves how feminine she feels as she makes him crumble.

Gasping for breath, his chest heaves. His short coat of damp orange, white and black fur, patterned as you would expect for a tiger, reveals his muscles. His musk fills the room and floods her nostrils, something she also loves. Finally done with his little human toy, Craig backs slowly out of her thoroughly used vagina. Inching out like a turtle, he withdraws the large, black penis that only seconds earlier was invading the pink hole of the quivering human woman. The barbed head of his feline penis massages her the whole way out. Making sure that not a drop of his thick white cum is spilled, Craig takes hold of the base of his slimy organ.

He plops the nearly ten-inch-long and two-inch-wide penis down onto her buttocks, over her tailbone and running along her spine with his furry scrotum caressing her nether lips.

“Oh, shit.” Marcy quietly gasps.

Peeking in from the hallway, Mindy’s eighteen-year-old daughter Marcy watches her mother and her Voeldahn boyfriend as they have sex. With all of her clothes besides her panties and a skimpy tank top left behind in her bedroom, she rests against the doorframe with her left arm, standing just beyond the barrier. Her right hand sits between her panties and her supple flesh, working her vagina vigorously with two fingers. With eyes wide, she sees the organ that’s been causing the cries of pleasure from her mother’s bedroom; Craig is far larger than she’d imagined, or ever before experienced.

Though Marcy is not a virgin, having had several boyfriends since she became sexually active at sixteen, she’s not as experienced as she’d like to be; finding a place to enjoy her men is often a challenge, and for the last four months she’s been single. At five feet and four inches tall, with an even slimmer figure, and equally large breasts as her mother, the black-haired beauty with amber eyes is nearly a spitting image of her own mother when she was her age. Often when

in public, the two women are mistaken for an older and younger pair of sisters. Like sisters, Marcy can't help but be jealous of Mindy's boyfriend; why can't she have a man like that, or better yet, *that one*?

Watching Craig as he grinds his massive, black tiger cock into her mother's ass, she feels her body quake. With her vagina clamping down hard onto her fingers, Marcy grunts, clenching her teeth and wincing as she tries not to cry out. Opening her eyes, she sees Mindy as she bobs her head on Craig's big penis, her mouth struggling to accept the exotic, feline organ, her pink lips stretched over his black flesh. Rising from her bed, Mindy stumbles, quickly caught by her attentive boyfriend. Heading for the only bathroom, which is both down and across the hall from the master bedroom, Marcy struggles to clandestinely return to her own room without being caught.

Slipping into her room, she quietly shuts the door as the nude lovers step out and into the hallway. Giggling and speaking sweetly to one another, Marcy feels the burn of jealousy. She can have Craig if she wants too, and she's determined to succeed. After struggling to sleep, she finally drifts off. Lying on her back in a king-sized bed, she looks down at Craig's masculine form. The tiger Voeldahn laps at her nether lips with closed eyes, tasting her flesh and teasing her in ways she has rarely felt before. He suddenly looms over her, resting his arms above her shoulders as he stares deeply into her eyes.

Suddenly, and without warning, Marcy gasps and squeals as Craig stuffs his big, black tiger cock into her taut pussy. Fucking her like she was his private whore, she surrenders to every desire he has. He rolls her over and mounts her, breeding her like she was his own wife. As she cums and feels him doing the same, Marcy awakens from her dream with a new resolve. Tomorrow her mother works a late shift at the hospital. If she can wait until then, Craig will be hers.

"I'm off to work, sweetheart. I'll be home late!" Mindy calls out to her daughter the next day.

“Kay!” Marcy calls back from her room.

After Mindy leaves, Marcy prepares, then waits and waits. No longer in high school, the recent graduate sits around and waits for her mom’s boyfriend to get out of work. Once he does, she’ll call him over, but what will she say? Will she lie about a family emergency? Will she simply ask him to visit her? What if he says no? Within ten minutes of his shift ending, she picks up her cell phone, struggling with what to send Craig, who she has as an emergency contact, something her mother suggested. She gasps and jumps at a knock on the door. Setting her phone aside, she opens the door to see Craig standing outside.

“Oh, hey! What’s up, Marcy? Can I come in?” He asks.

“Sure! What are you doing here?”

“Isn’t Mindy off?” He asks as he steps into the house.

“No.” Marcy closes and locks the door behind him. “She’s working late tonight.”

“Huh... Maybe she was confused or sent a typo. I thought she wanted me to come over and hang out with her.” He says, scratching his head.

“Yeah, I’ll bet...” She murmurs, staring at the bulge in his pants.

“What?” He turns to her.

“I-I mean, I know she’d have loved to see you. She must’ve just made a mistake!” Marcy quickly and nervously says.

“I see...” He sighs, taking a seat on the couch. “Well, aren’t you happy to see me?” He smirks.

“Very.” She coos, stepping closer.

It’s as if he’s opening the door for her. Craig, however, sees the lustful look in her eyes. He’d be lying if he said that he never noticed her; she is every bit as beautiful as her mother, and in some ways even

more attractive. As Marcy approaches her target, she feels her nervousness melting away as he looks over her figure. Realizing her intentions, Craig stands to his feet, looking down at the much shorter Marcy as she steps so close that her breasts gently caress his chest.

“Are you alright?” He asks.

“I am now.” She says softly, throwing her arms around his neck.

“Woah, I think this is very in-”

His sentence is interrupted by a rather firm, very intentional kiss. Having prepared for this moment and thoroughly rehearsing it for the last day and a half, both physically and in her own mind, Marcy’s ready. No sooner than Craig ends the kiss and backs away, she presses on. She won’t be denied. With her fingers slipping behind the waistband of her yoga pants, she leans forward. Her arms press her breasts together, which peek over the top of her blouse, aided by her rather snug bra.

“What are you doing?!” Craig asks.

“I was busy when you knocked; I wasn’t done. Do you want to know what I was doing?” She coos.

She doesn’t wait for him to answer, and Craig wasn’t sure if he even wanted too; he knows that nothing he can say will stop her, and as he feels a stirring in his loins, he wonders if he wants her to quit. Coiling her fingers, she pushes her yoga pants down from her hips with the knuckles of each hand. As they drop into a heap on the floor, Craig stares at a picturesque scene. Her perfectly waxed, eighteen-year-old loins, small and tight, with thin and short nether lips stares back at him; she’s not wearing panties. Standing upright, she steps out of her fallen pants.

“I-I uh... Ahem...” Craig clears his throat as his penis grows firm.

"I was enjoying my time alone... Maybe you'd like to see?" She coos.

Reaching out for him, she rests her hands on his chest, feeling his muscles beneath his shirt and his soft coat of short fur. Unmoving, she decides that he needs more motivation. Crossing her arms cutely, she grabs the opposite sides of her blouse beneath her broad hips. With a single, slow and methodical pull, she draws the shirt over her head. Seeing her breasts squeezed into her bra, Craig simply cannot help himself. He takes hold of them while her shirt still covers her head, causing her to gasp. Before she can pull her mid-back length black hair through the neck hole and drop the blouse to the floor, Craig has already unclasped her bra and flipped it up to expose her large mammaries.

He did it without causing her any discomfort or even once fumbling; Craig is clearly a skilled lover or he wouldn't be better than she is at removing her own clothing. As her arms fall to her sides, her bra drops down to the floor. She glances down to look at her bra, only to see Craig's tiger-like head already blocking her view. His black, feline nose smells her sweet scent before he pops one of her pink nipples into his mouth. Taking her slender form into his hands, he grips her with considerable strength. Marcy realizes that even if she said no and tried to fight him, she would never be able to stop him now; if Craig truly desires her, he can and will have her, at *his* pleasure.

That thought makes her pussy seep lubricating fluids. She can smell her arousal as she stands upright, watching the tiger's tongue swirling around her areolas. His hand reaches down and a finger grinds into her nether lips. Marcy jumps slightly.

"Are you not experienced?" Craig asks with genuine surprise.

"I-I... Uhm... I'm not a virgin, but..." She hesitates.

"That's alright. I'll teach you." He growls lustfully.

Picking her up by her armpits, he spins around and places her onto the couch, lying her down longways on her back. Leaning forward, he drops to his knees and sniffs her pussy, giving her tender flesh a lick before really working her. Marcy moans, groans and gasps in pleasure. He's even better at this than she dreamed, though admittedly she'd only felt a previous lover in her dream, and he had never eaten a pussy before hers. He stops only to pull his embroidered work polo from his body and over his head, tossing it aside; he shakes it from an arm as if were on fire.

She can hear his belt as he unbuckles it and rips it from the loops, quickly tossing that aside as well. His pants unzip and he stands to his feet. Pushing off his Voeldahn shoes, specially designed for the paw-like, digitigrade feet of his species, he then pushes down his pants and boxer briefs in one smooth motion.

"Oh. My... Gah-"

Marcy can't even finish her sentence as she stares at the half-flaccid member, watching the organ pulse and throb as it rises for the occasion. Even limp, he's larger and thicker than every boy that she's ever had; a human and two Voeldahn – one was a fox boy who also knotted her, and the other was a Siamese cat boy with a similarly shaped, pink cock; both were far smaller – have had her before Craig, and of those three the human was the largest.

"I get that a lot." He says with a smug grin.

Though a little arrogant to say, she can believe him. His confidence is only bolstered by her shocked expression. Craig motions for her to sit up, and Marcy obeys. With her feet planted firmly on the living room carpet, she opens her mouth wide, takes hold of the black, burning hot flesh, and pops in the head. Using what little skills

she has from her previous three lovers, she sucks and licks his phallus. She feels comforted by the massive, barbed, feline penis; her previous boyfriend, her longest relationship, was feline. Marcy bobs her head as she fellates her mother's boyfriend, who's also a full ten years older than her. His clawed hand rests atop her head as he sighs with pleasure.

"Mmm-yeah... That's pretty good, baby-girl." He says softly.

"Mm-mmm?" She asks with her mouthful.

He looks down at her with his jade green eyes, staring into her big amber orbs as she gazes almost lovingly up at him, his big cock in her mouth.

"Damn, are you fucking cute!" He exclaims, flashing a toothy grin.

He takes her head with both hands and gently fucks her mouth, moving his hips back and forth. All Marcy can do is rest her hands on the soft fur of his toned and muscular upper legs, though it's more for her support than to stem his thrusts; he's far too strong for her to control. Soon, she can taste his precum as his member reaches its maximum size, still throbbing but now as hard as a rock. Taking his member from her mouth, she gasps for air. Leaning over, he scoops her up and into his arms, making her flush. She's never felt so helpless, and it turns her on. Sitting down on the couch, he positions her over him.

"Suck my dick and I'll eat your pussy." He bluntly instructs her.

Marcy turns beet red; she's never tried to sixty-nine before. Nodding, she leans forward and rests herself over his abs. She licks and nuzzles his massive penis, marveling at the size of the charcoal

colored organ, which rivals her own forearm. Slipping him into her mouth, Craig compliments her skills before returning to his own work, very skillfully licking her nether lips and vaginal canal. Soon, Craig is lapping away as he fingers her hole, and Marcy feels something that she's only ever experienced on her own; she builds to an orgasm.

Within moments, she squeals into the tapering, barbed head of his penis, her body trembling. Shivering and spasming, Craig raises a brow and looks down at his young lover. He knew that young girls like Marcy were often not very talented, but he didn't realize just how quickly he could make her cum. In many ways, he enjoys being her mentor; she's only going to feel this good several more times before he's even close to being done with her.

"It's time for some real fun." He says, smacking her ass.

Marcy nods, unable to answer in words. She slides her groin over his chest and belly as she pulls herself up, rising and preparing to insert him into her eager vagina.

"Woah there, cowgirl! I'm not fucking you on a couch. Not yet anyway... Let's take this to your room." He growls sensually.

"O-okay." She weakly replies.

Rising to her feet, she wobbles for a moment. Craig jumps up from the couch without an issue and swiftly slips an arm around her slender body. He all but carries her down the hall and toward the teenage girl's bedroom, just across from the bathroom. Without bothering to close the door, he effectively tosses the nude girl onto her bed. She giggles and looks down at him, her eyes wide as she sees that he's already climbing onto her bed. Taking her knees in his hands, he spreads her legs. She tries to hold them closed, just as a test; he pulls them apart with ease.

The massive feline cock looms over her like an obelisk, her body left with no choice now but to accept it. She suddenly fears the size, worrying that he may, in fact, hurt her more than he pleasures her. Now even more nervous than on the day that she lost her virginity, her breath shakes. She tries to speak, but mumbles. As she attempts to ask him to slow down, he rubs the pointy tip of his barbed member between the tight space of her nether lips.

“Wah-waiiigh!” She squeals.

Her words are interrupted as Craig pushes the head of his hung organ into her taut flesh. Marcy’s little pink vagina stretches in ways she’s never felt before to fit the long, thick meat of her new lover, a man who’s also been balls deep inside of her mother. Craig drives deeper and deeper; he eases his member into her body with long, slow thrusts before backing off half as much and pushing in even further. With this method, she feels herself filling to the brim with the huge phallus. She grips and squeezes her own, D-cup breasts and screams in pleasure, her eyes shut tightly.

With a familiar tickling, she opens her eyes and tilts her head downward. Peering between the two mountains of her perfect breasts, she watches the black cock disappearing almost entirely into her pink, teenage pussy; the tickling is the fur of his scrotum brushing against her anus and ass cheeks. It soon plops against her as he completely sheaths himself inside of her.

“GGGRRRRRAAAHHH! Damn baby-girl! Mmm-look at that little pussy take it! You’re so good!” He says, almost cheering her on.

“Th-thank you, hhf. You’re, hhf, sooo fucking, hhf, big!” She gasps.

“Mmm, I know.” He winks. “You and Mindy both have a hard time, but I’ve *never* had a pussy as tight as yours. I’m gonna love filling you up.”

With her body slowly growing accustomed to his size, she struggles to see how she can even fit him into her the way that she does. Craig is eager to show her and begins to thrust into and out of her little hole, her vaginal canal pushing into and pulling out of her body with his motions. The pleasure is intense; she’s never felt so good in her life. Within minutes of lying there, allowing Craig to fuck her like he owns her, she feels an orgasm building. Leaning forward, he pushes her hands away from her breasts, licking and sucking on the hot pink flesh of her nipples which crown her ample breasts.

Each sway of his hips pumps the exotically shaped phallus into and out of her human pussy. The barbed head and thick shaft drives her wild with pleasure. Gaining speed, his thrusts also grow longer and her climax draws near. She’s never been pleased so thoroughly in such little time, or at all. The endorphins rush throughout her brain as she squeals, her heart racing. Her vaginal canal clamps down on Craig’s cock like a hot, wet, velvety vice. He grunts as he feels the tightest hole he’s ever invaded. He can’t even imagine penetrating loins this small; it’s as if her body is trying to crush his penis into powder, but his firm girth prevails over Marcy’s quivering snatch.

“NNNGGRRRRRAAAHHH!!!” He growls.

“AHH! AHH! AHH!”

He pummels her pussy as she claws at his arms, sides and chest as if trying to scramble away from him. Thwap, thwap, thwap as his big, heavy balls slap against her firm ass. Marcy trembles and squeals, gripping tightly to Craig’s arms as she cums hard. White cream smears all over the black shaft of the tiger Voeldahn’s cock. Looking down, they both see the wonderous sight.

“Ggrrr-yeah! Cum like a good girl! Nng! All over my cock! Nng, nng, nng!” He grunts as he keeps thrusting.

Marcy can't even answer. Now limp and almost unable to move on her own, she is startled when Craig drives deep into her body, slips an arm around her waist and uses his other hand to guide her legs. Making sure that they wrap around his waist, he then slips his free arm around and behind her shoulder blades, his tail swishing through the air as he pulls back and sits down. Now sitting upright, he turns and scoots back, placing his back against a stack of Marcy's pillows, which in turn are piled against her headboard. Marcy sits atop his lap, straddling Craig with his oversized nut sack sitting between his legs and jammed against her firm ass.

“Now you're going to ride me.” He growls, nuzzling her neck.

“B-but... I...” She gasps.

“That's okay. I'll show you how; you'll get used to having a real man soon enough.” He says in between his soft kisses.

Marcy merely nods. Taking her buttocks into his hands, he grinds her back and forth and makes her swivel her hips. He gives her ass a smack as soon as she is able to move on her own. Just like he said, she is growing used to fucking a real man; Craig is nothing like the much younger boys that she's had sex with in the past, and she'll never go back to them. Kissing each other deeply and with tongue, the pair make-out as if they were true lovers. The passion is so intense and thick that it can almost be cut with a knife.

For Marcy, the endorphins are beginning to make her believe it; as far as she's concerned, Craig is the last man she'll ever need. His ten-year seniority doesn't matter, nor does the fact that he's dating and sleeping with her mother. She needs him *and* his physical attention, preferably on a regular basis. Craig, meanwhile, feels far

less emotion as the gorgeous teenager rides his almost thirty-year-old penis. However, he can't deny that she's the best lay he's ever had, besides her own mother, and he will gladly have her again and again and again, so long as they can get away with it.

Marcy squeals and clings to him, her arms wrapped around the back of his neck as she cums for a fourth time. Feeling her orgasm, Craig stops her; he isn't ready to finish, and this position, combined with her tightness, will quickly cause that. Making her sit atop him and wait for over a minute, he lets his pleasure die down, while Marcy's simply stews. Taking her arms away from his neck, Craig pulls her up from his member. Spinning her around, he directs her to sit down atop him, but only after he's stretched out. With her hands taking hold of his shins, she rests on her knees.

Her tight little buttocks sways as she bounces up and down, riding him reverse cowgirl, just as she was instructed to by her much more skillful and experienced lover. She looks down, watching his balls sway and bounce with her motions. Marcy giggles at the sight of her cum smeared all over his equipment and matting the fur of his scrotum; it feels like she's marking her territory. The sight of his hung member invading her little, teenaged vagina is even more of a turn on, far more than she could've possibly imagined. Regardless of how well she rides, Marcy still feels as though he is difficult for her to handle.

"Nnf, nnf, you're, nnf, so fucking, nnf, hung! Ahh!" She exclaims.

"Nng, like a, nng, fucking tiger." He smirks.

"Mmm, you stud." She giggles. "I, nnf, love seeing that, nnf huge, nnf, black, nnf, tiger dick, nnf, shredding my little, nnf, pink cunt."

"Grr, I'm gonna do more than that. Nnf, so just keep riding, nnf, like a good girl." He commands.

"Yes, daddy." She coos.

With hard, fast swaying, she rides until she brings herself to yet another orgasm, her fifth to his zero. Looking at the clock, he's lasted for nearly twenty-five minutes. This is the time that Mindy would be getting home, if she wasn't working late. Now it's time for him to *really* get to work. Startling Marcy with another surprise move, Craig leans forward and pushes her over. Lying flat on her belly, her legs spread wide, her head points toward the footboard and her feet toward the headboard. With their left sides both facing the doorway, he rests his palms over her shoulders, locking her down beneath her.

"Take it, baby-girl! Grrr! Take that, nnf, fat cock!" He snarls.

"Ahh! Ahh! Nnf! Ahh! Nnf!" She gasps.

His balls grind against her bed as he makes deliberate shifts with his thrusts, driving his member straight up and into her body. Marcy grips the covers and shakes, drool running down the side of her mouth as she looks to her left. Reliving her mother's own pleasure, she loses herself in the moment.

"Nng! Nng! NNGGRRRAHH!" He roars.

Driving himself hard into her body, he sheaths himself into Marcy's tight, young pussy. His hung black cock pumps thick wads of fertile cum deep into the girl's body, shooting past her cervix and giving her an explosive sixth orgasm. She screams and shakes as though she were about to have a seizure as she feels his semen filling her uterus and racing for her eggs. A fourth jet, and then a fifth. Will his cum ever stop?!

"Oh... My... God..."

Their eyes shoot open as he blasts a sixth jet of cum. They both look to their lefts at his seventh jet. Two more jets and he has finally

finished filling up Marcy, right in front of her own mother. Mindy stands in the doorway, her mouth agape and her hand brought up to her lips.

“Oh shit!” Marcy weakly exclaims.

“This isn’t what it looks like!” Craig pleads, still balls deep in Marcy’s pussy, which is flooded with his cum.

“Please don’t be mad, mom!”

“Don’t be mad?! You let him cum in you!” Mindy snaps.

“I... What?” Marcy raises a brow.

“I’m not mad about this.” Mindy explains, waving a hand horizontally at her mattress.

“But, I’m... Huh?!” Craig blinks, still buried in Marcy’s pussy.

“I’m pissed because you didn’t use a condom, and you’re filling Marcy up like a tank of gas! I mean, really?! At her age she’s basically walking eggs!” Mindy growls.

Both lovers are now thoroughly confused. Craig pulls his big, black tiger cock from Marcy’s used hole, letting what cum that isn’t thoroughly glued inside of her body to ooze out. It runs from her gaping snatch, over a butt cheek as she turns to one side, and drips onto the teenager’s bedsheets and she holds herself up, pooling behind her ass. Mindy steps forward, her hands on her hips. She sighs with frustration and looks at her wristwatch.

“Well, I’d better run down to the drug store to get you some Plan B pills. If you’re a cum whore like I am, you’re going to need to be on birth control.” Mindy coolly states.

“Wait... Why aren’t you mad?” Marcy can’t help but ask.

“Because he didn’t really cheat on me.” Mindy answers.

“... I didn’t?” He raises a brow.

"No. I picked Craig knowing that he'd be good for both of us." Mindy begins.

"... Both of us?" Marcy is even more confused.

"I dated him for sex, because well... You know why." Mindy smirks.

"Yeah..." Marcy blushes.

"I knew that you'd probably want to fuck him too; I saw you watching us. I also knew that you were sleeping with boys, so I vetted him for you, just in case. I even pretended to work a late shift today, texting him to stop by after he got out of work. I was hoping that you two would hit it off and start fucking; I'd rather Marcy stay safe at home with some big, fun, clean, in-house dick instead of run around trying out a bunch of God-only-knows-who." Mindy says, looking directly at Craig.

"Wow. You're a nice mom." Craig says, nodding subtly with bulging green eyes.

"I was in your position before, literally and figuratively. When I was fifteen, my mom let me bring boys over so I could sleep with them in the safety of our house. I remember it so well... Lying on my back, my then B-cups bouncing as my boyfriend railed me like his life depended on it. That dog Voeldahn knotted me and came so hard, and it was sooo good... Then nine months later you were born, just after my sixteenth birthday..." Mindy continues.

"I thought you and dad split-up when I was three?!" Marcy gasps, now even more shocked.

"That was easier to explain than the truth, at least until now. I'm convinced that the theory of 'in-house dick' works, but only if we do this right. Obviously, that means you'll be moving in here, and if you have any side chicks, that shit is over right now. If you're fine with that... I don't see why we can't share you." Mindy says to Craig.

Looking back and forth between the smiling mother and daughter duo, each as attractive as the other, and one much younger than him, how can he say no?!

“Sure!” He happily exclaims.

“Good.” Mindy says.

“Yay!” Marcy lunges at him.

“Now that means you can’t have any other boys, Marcy. I’m serious! We keep this clean and safe.” Mindy sternly warns.

“I don’t need anyone else, mom.” Marcy insists, nuzzling Craig’s neck.

“Good. So, I’ll be right back with your morning after pills, some condoms, and we’ll get you on the pill right away. See you in a few!” Mindy chirps.

And like that, the arrangement was made. True to her word, Mindy returned with a package of Plan B pills, a twenty-four-count box of XXL sized, feline Voeldahn condoms, made to fit the tapering and barbed tip of his penis, and within two days, Marcy began using ‘the pill’. Breaking the lease on his apartment, which only had two months left on his agreement to begin with, Craig moved into their house. He sleeps beside Mindy but plays with them both. Once Marcy’s pills kicked in, the last three condoms simply resided in a desk drawer. For nearly six weeks, they’ve lived this lifestyle; both mother and daughter share Craig, who often fucks them simultaneously.

Sitting on their living room couch and facing the TV, Craig groans, watching the show. The TV is off, but both women are on; Mindy to his left and Marcy to his right, the naked mother and daughter sit on one leg, with the other over his belly and crossing the leg of the female across from her. This allows their spread, waxed vaginas to rub against either side of his big, black tiger cock. Leaning back, Mindy allows Marcy a brief turn with their boy toy, slipping in the hung tiger cock so that she can bounce atop him for a few moments. Taking him from her body, Marcy moves aside and Mindy takes over. This time, however, Mindy wants a full turn.

Ever the thoughtful mother, she often has her 'full workout' when Marcy isn't at home; when Marcy *is* home, Craig is primarily her daughter's lover, and though they share him, the daughter is the one who has first rights. Mindy rides Craig for roughly six minutes, which is enough to get him going and more than enough to finish herself off. Riding him reverse cowgirl with her hands on his knees, she grunts and groans as she bobs up and down his thick meat, slowing as she cums hard. Smearing her white cream all over Craig's cock, Mindy takes a moment to cool off before slowly rising to her feet.

"Th-there... Hhf, he's, hhf, all yours baby..." Mindy says with little pants for air in between.

Wobbling toward the kitchen counter only a few meters from the couch, Marcy is quick to take over. She leaps upon Craig, who is still built up from Mindy's riding.

"My turn." Marcy growls, grinding her ass against his cock.

She takes hold of the slimy member, covered in her mother's cum, and points the tip toward her nether lips. Sitting down, Marcy envelopes the large penis, feeling her loins stretching to fit him once again.

"NNNGGGRRRAAAHH!" He growls, squeezing her ass tightly as she slides down his cock.

"AAHH! OH, FUCK! NNG!" Marcy loudly whimpers.

Mindy can't help but smile, fixing herself a sandwich as she leans on the counter for support, taking her time to regain her strength. As she guzzles water, her sweat dries and she witnesses the carnal passion of her daughter and Craig. Riding him cowgirl, her legs wrapped around his waist and arms around his neck, he now sits at

the edge of the couch. Holding her rather lovingly, they kiss passionately, their tongues entwined. Marcy rocks and swivels her hips, working his organ within her supple body. Swirling around inside of her, the pleasure is overwhelming, and both find this position to be an end-game scenario.

Within a matter of moments, Marcy squeals as she cums hard. It isn't long before Craig takes over and keeps her moving. Thwap, thwap, thwap, as Marcy's pelvis strikes against his, the entirety of his organ disappearing inside of the taut, pink, teenage pussy. Grunting and growling, his fur mats with his sweat and his musk fill the room. His end in near, and both women know it. Mindy takes a bite of her sandwich as Craig rests his chin on Marcy's shoulder. She squeals and cums again, this time from the sensation of Craig as he shoots what feels like gallons of hot sperm into her uterus.

"AHHGAAHD!" She squeals.

"GGGRRRAHH! TAKE IT!" He snarls.

His balls visibly rise as he drains his aching nuts into the human girl's eager pussy. With her pale skin glistening from her sweat in the soft light of the lamps in their living room, Marcy glances over to her mother, Mindy. The naked woman in her mid-thirties watches the pair with a smile on her face, slowly eating her sandwich.

"Thank you for this mom... Really... You're the best." She says, with pauses to gasp for breast.

"Hey!" Craig growls, smacking Marcy's ass hard.

"Ooh!" Marcy moans with pleasure. **"I mean, second best."** She quickly French kisses Craig as an apology. **"Sorry mom."**

"It's fine, hon." Mindy giggles.