

Built for One Thing by G. H. Lawrence

Built for One Thing, Ch. 1

I had wanted to fuck my gorgeous mother since the moment I learned what fucking was. Then, one summer day just before my junior year in high school, I finally did.

At a very young age, I had become aware of Mom's ravishing looks - aware, at least, that she didn't resemble most other women. She was taller, her hips were wider, her legs were longer and her breasts were much larger. Plus, her skin was smoother and softer and her arms didn't have that flab that I saw on her friends' arms. Her face was so much prettier, too. During my pre-school years, I loved to remind her of this last difference as I tagged along with her on errands. "Oh, thank you, sweetie-bear," she'd say, grinning and giving me a kiss on the cheek.

Before long, I noticed that other people - men, mainly - noticed Mom, too. Wherever she and I went without Dad, wolf whistles and shouts like "Hey, honey pie!" followed us like the barks of stray dogs. I became so accustomed to them, the same way an urban dweller grows deaf to the sound of sirens, that they became a natural part of my environment. Even today I never notice when some jerk whistles at a woman I'm with. On some unconscious level, I probably assume they're whistling at Mom.

I naively assumed all women provoked the same reactions from men until the day I mustered the nerve to ask Mom about it. She was walking me home from kindergarten through our neighborhood of big houses and lush, sloping lawns, and the route took us past a home being built two blocks down from ours. As we walked by, a guy with a thick

moustache yelled from the roof, "Hey, baby, bring those things up here!" Mom didn't seem to hear him.

As we crossed to the next block, I said, "Mom, what things was that man talking about?"

"I'm not sure," she said casually. "Since he was too lazy to throw in an adjective, like 'big' or 'long,' he could have meant either my breasts or my legs."

"Why do workmen always say stuff to you?"

"They do it for fun. And I guess they think I'm really hot."

"Like a stove?"

"Mmm, not quite. You'll find out later."

"You're pretty, Mom."

"Thank you, sweetie-bear."

"And those are really big," I said.

She followed my gaze to her tits, which were bouncing around and stretching a green tank top out far in front of her body. They were as big as cantaloupes. "Oh, not you, too already, Bobby," she said, rolling her eyes.

"No, I mean they're big and pretty," I said.

"Thank you, honey. Coming from you, I like to hear that. They are nice and big, aren't they?" She cupped her hands under them, hoisted and then let them boomerang up and down a few times, grinning and wiggling her eyebrows at me. I giggled, but I was simply too young to realize what a mind-boggling sight it was. It would have made that guy on the roof squirt his brain into his pants. "Do you like them? I look a lot younger than I am, don't I?"

"Probably. How old are you?"

"Never mind."

"Does Dad like them?" I asked, pointing at her tits.

"He never pays much attention to them," she said.

I wondered what was wrong with him. "I would if I was Dad." Mom was quiet for a minute. My parents got along okay, but Dad traveled a lot for a his job. He was the vice-president of an oil company. And even when he was home, I didn't see much of him except at breakfast and dinner. But he a sense of humor. Before my bedtime, whenever Mom would read "The Little Engine That Could" to me, Dad would stick his head in the room and say, "Jill, that is an oil-burning locomotive, right?" She would snicker and say, "Oh, Charles."

On the sidewalk, Mom and I were nearing our house. "Bobby, starting tomorrow, let's walk to school a different way."

"Okay."

"And remind me not to wear this top anymore."

So men lusted after Mom. And one afternoon when I was nine, I began to lust after her, too. I way lying on my bed and noticed her out the window as she sunbathed by the pool. She got up to turn her lounge chair and I gaped at her tall, voluptuous, hourglass figure: smooth, toned legs that seemed to rise forever until finally flaring into full hips, which in turn scooped dramatically into a slim waist and flat stomach with a sexy innie navel. Above all this, her breasts cantilevered out like an enormous balcony, each of them as

big as the six-inch desk globe she had given me on my birthday. Yet they were supple and perky, swelling like balloons out of a French-cut bikini top with nearly a half-foot of cleavage between them. Her face was lovely, too, with sculpted cheekbones, a long, sleek nose and a high forehead, all of which gave her a distinct air of royalty. Her light-brown hair was down to her shoulders, straight and thick and glinting like silk in the summer sun.

When she started for the house and I saw her hips swaying and her massive tits jiggling and causing her bikini top to heave up and down, I felt something new and scary and looked down to see stuff dripping out of my cock. I had just had my first orgasm.

After that, jacking off and thinking about my mother became a daily event. She usually wore form-fitting clothes, like turtlenecks and bodysuits that stretched taut over her tits and faded jeans that hugged the curves of her full, shapely ass. Just watching her load the dishwasher or fold towels made me horny. She had a sensuous, gentle way about all her movements that made my ears tingle.

I was even turned on by her hands, which were erotic in a sleek, agile, big-knuckled way. I'd sit at the kitchen table, pretending to do my homework, and when she wrapped one hand around an iced tea glass to wipe it dry, I imagined her wrapping it around my hard cock instead. Then I'd run upstairs, yank down my pants and frantically do the job myself. Sometimes I'd even risk leaving my door open, secretly daring her to stumble upon me and childishly hoping she'd be flattered - or better yet, turned on - by my lust for her.

Once during an especially horny weekend when I was in junior high school, Mom was sunbathing with her younger sisters Linda and Chrissy, who are twins and gorgeous but not quite as curvaceous as Mom. I was in my bedroom watching them and eagerly jacking off. They were trading

body compliments when they starting admiring each others' tits, and suddenly a longstanding prayer of mine was answered.

After glancing toward the house to make sure they were alone, Mom reached up to the front clasp of her red bikini top and unhooked it. Her enormous breasts sprang out of the cups and bounced against each other, settling into perfect, jutting teardrops with just a natural touch of sag as she removed her top completely, her aureoles small and dark red and her nipples angled upward like a teenage girl's.

Chrissy and Linda looked at Mom's bare tits and cooed with envy. My reaction was even stronger. No sooner had I set eyes on them - utterly mammoth yet more perfectly shaped than I ever dreamed - than my balls contracted and my cock started spewing cum. Long, white ropes of it squirted and squirted, burning as it coursed up through my rigid dick and madly splattering all over the bed and the window. A little Papa Smurf figurine on my nightstand took a blast right on its cute little face.

So there was Mom, innocently gabbing with her sisters about butt exercises and the Pritkin diet while I mentally pounded my cock in and out of her pussy, moaning obscenely and pumping a six-pack of cum out of my balls and all over the room. I flopped onto my back panting, my shorts around my ankles, and watched Mom struggle to fit her melons back into her bikini top. It took me ten minutes to clean up all the cum.

Other boys my age jacked off fantasizing about Samantha Fox or Heather Thomas (or Victoria Principal, if they didn't have cable). I jacked off thinking about my mother. I began to wonder if I was weird.

But I stopped worrying after the evening of the seventh-grade pageant, when Mom came backstage to do everyone's makeup, her hips swishing, her big tits

challenging the straps of a low-cut blue slipdress and her pheromones glowing like a vapor trail in her wake. The boys were so mesmerized by the San Andreas fault line of cleavage between her jostling, shifting tectonic masses that not even the toughest of them complained about the extremely faggy stuff she was putting on their faces. When she leaned over them with a mascara brush, her warm, perfumed air enveloping them and her knockers nearly bursting out of her dress, their trousers tented and their neck hair stood on end.

Then I knew there wasn't a goddamned thing wrong with me for wanting to fuck my mother. Every other human male who had set eyes on her wanted to fuck her, too. Never in my life had I felt so much pride.

I first got laid during my freshman year in high school. The girl's name was Lisa and we did it in the back seat of her father's Mercury Marquis. She was a sophomore and had done it with another guy already. "Oh, Bobby, oh, Bobby," she yelled as I screwed her and the car lurched up and down. But I didn't call out her name. I was pretending she was Mom.

I was Mom's only child and she doted on me. She was protective, panicking whenever I didn't get home on time or forgot to call. She was suspicious of my buddies. "Are his parents okay?" she'd ask me, groping for reassurance about someone throwing a party. "Yeah, yeah, they're fine," I'd answer.

My active social life pleased her but she was jealous of my girlfriends, even the ones I just palled around with. "Is she cute?" she'd ask me in a tickling tone of voice whenever I mentioned a new name. Then came the staged pouting. "Cuter than me?" she'd whimper.

"No, Mom, she's not as cute as you." From my dutiful tone of voice, silly Mom thought I was just patronizing her. Hardly.

"Good!" she'd say, her brown eyes sparkling with triumph. "You're not allowed to go out with anyone better looking than me." She'd give me a peck on the cheek that nearly made my dick burst through my fly every time. Then she'd trot off to run errands or take a shower, her jugs swaying under a cotton button-down or one of her old college sweatshirts and her ass giving a pair of khaki shorts a very delicious shape.

The truth is that my girlfriends - even the ones I just palled around with - were jealous of Mom. No facetious pouting on their parts, only genuine, jaw-clenching, blood-greening envy. After meeting her, they never wanted to come to the house, and when they did, Mom's statuesque looks made them stamp their feet and grumble some escape plan like, "Let's go to the mall. Right now."

We lived in a small, close-knit suburb, and Mom's face and body were probably a common household subject. One evening, a girl I'd dated occasionally called me, but not to chat. "My mom wants to know where she can get boobs like your mom's," she said.

My one and only goal for my sophomore year was to play cornerback on the varsity football team, so I spent the summer working out twice a day and binging like Oprah Winfrey after a week of bad ratings. When I wasn't at Smitty's Gym doing squats, I was in the kitchen or the den with a plate of steak and rice.

Mom loved serving as my personal chef and studied a whole bookshelf of bodybuilding cookbooks. She'd come into my bedroom every morning at five with a protein shake and wake me with a feathery stroke on my arm. I'd drink the shake while she sat on the bed and yawned happily. Once

when she took a long stretch, her arms overhead and her braless cantaloupes practically exploding out of her satin nightgown, I had to shift under the covers to hide the bulge of my throbbing cock.

The shakes and steaks, along with all the hours of weightlifting, paid off. By the end of the summer, my five-foot-ten-inch frame had filled out to a well-defined 165 pounds. I played second-string on the varsity team that year and continued my regimen. By the following June, I was six feet flat and a husky, sinewy 180. And Mom was really taking notice.

She had been complimentary since the start of my training program, but as my shoulders broadened and she noticed she was looking up into my eyes for the first time (she's five-ten), her affectionate took on new character, a longing that seemed faintly carnal. "Lookin' good, very good, honey," she'd say whenever she saw me sunbathing by the pool. After bringing me my shake one morning and kissing me on the cheek, her lips moved to my ear and whispered, "Wake up, you big tiger."

It got more blatant. When I was helping her clean out a store room one hot day in early July, I was carrying a heavy box and holding the door for her when she paused behind me and groped my straining biceps. "Mmm, nice," she cooed, her breath on my neck, wiggling her tits against my back. My knees almost curled. I was getting the distinct impression that my mother wanted me.

It was understandable. Dad hadn't been a very strong presence in the family lately and had never showed much interest in her. I had no idea when they had last fucked, and I didn't want to know. I wanted her all to myself. Dad was decent and smart but socially inept, and I refused to believe he could satisfy any woman - least of all, Mom. Plus, he was five-six with a bad comover and a gut full of Ding-Dongs. Mom wasn't attracted to him. That made me smile.

Mom's lusty comments kept coming at me, and I was pretty sure she had noticed that along with my biceps, my cock was getting very, very big. I was pretty sure I had spotted her stealing a couple of glances at my crotch through my jeans, and one afternoon by the pool, I caught her gazing right at my bulge as I vaulted off the diving board.

No one would blame her. One day as I lay on my bed stroking my huge dick with both hands and fantasizing about fucking her doggy-style, her ass quivering and her tits swinging back and forth, I noticed a can of Lemon Pledge the maid had left in my room. I held it against my cock. They were the exact same length and width. I folded my hands under my head with pride and just looked at my dick, pointing straight up like a fleshy, engorged obelisk, the aerosol can of penises, its head dark and purple and as big as a racket ball. I had a ten-inch johnson with my mother's name on it. It seemed she and I were both built for one thing.

That one thing, the thing I'd been praying for since I was nine, happened later that very month. It began about an hour after dinner on a Thursday evening. Mom and I were at home and Dad's flight was due in late. I was in my bedroom sitting on my bed and trying to get my mind off Mom, who had kept my cock at full mast all day with a knit top and a pair of tight Levis. She'd been going to the gym with me a couple of times a week, and it was beginning to show: her triceps were nicely defined and her round ass was riding even higher than usual in her jeans. All I could think about was lifting that tank top and sucking her tits, then pulling down those jeans and sticking my big cock in her pussy. But those notions were beginning to depress me. It was madness. She was my mother and sex would simply never happen.

I was just about to call a buddy to go to the movies when Mom's fingers rapped lightly on my open door. "Hey, honey, look at these," she said, walking into the room. In her hands she held a black velvet demi-bra and a matching pair of panties. She dangled them from her pinched thumb and index finger, one item in each hand. The massive scale of the bra cups sent a shudder of lust down my legs. "Like them?" she asked.

"Wow," I whispered.

"I got them today. They're for your father."

"I think they'd look better on you," I said.

Mom tittered. "You silly."

I had always been so filial with my compliments to Mom, even when the rawest things were on tip of my tongue. But this time I didn't care. I decided to pretend she was a girlfriend and say what came naturally.

"God, you must look so hot in those," I said.

Mom's eyes widened at me and she seemed draw a long, pensive breath. "Why, thank you, honey. Do you think he'll like them?"

"Uh-huh. Just imagining you in them is turning me on. But you look so hot in anything, Mom."

"Oh, Bobby," she laughed, "stop before my head gets too big."

"I'm not flattering you. Your body is beyond belief."

"Wow. Oh, god. Thank you, sweetheart. You're pretty gorgeous yourself."

She was grinning in ecstasy and gazing off at nothing. She was so used to the crass come-ons from men on the street and blithe indifference from her husband, with nothing between the two. My brash, earnest praise had sunk in deep. A warm silence fell.

"Well?" I said.

"Mmm?"

"You going to model those for me or what?"

She glanced at the lingerie in her hand. "Oh, I don't know, Bobby, I'd feel kind of awkward."

"Gimme a break. I've been sitting here swelling your head for nothing?"

"God, to think I could actually turn on a sixteen-year-old." She truly didn't realize what a goddess she was. Modest beauty is such a wondrous thing. "Okay," she said gaily, "Just so you can give me the final yea or nay." She went off to her bedroom and I lay back on my bed rubbing my stiffening cock through my jeans. She wasn't even into the bra and panties yet, but in my mind she was already out of them.

A minute later, she called out from her room, "Okay, honey, come see."

I got up and walked to her doorway licking my lips and activating the video camera in my brain. I was quite possibly going to see the hottest thing in underwear since Marilyn Monroe had posed with her skirt in the air over that subway grate.

Reaching Mom's doorway, I nonchalantly looked inside. The room was moody and long-shadowed with the light from a single bedside lamp. And there, in the middle of the floor,

stood Mom, giggling. "See anything you like?" she said.

Oh, yes. Suddenly that bra no longer seemed so huge, stretched over the lower half of her massive chest like the Grand Coulee Dam desperately holding back a thousand acres of water. Mom's big, firm tits swelled over it together like two bronzy water balloons, her smooth skin pushing out just a touch beyond the top edges of the velvet. When she straightened one bra strap, causing her left breast to lift and undulate teasingly, I could practically hear its contents sloshing like a milk jug.

My eyes wandered lower. Below her board-flat tummy, the panties hugged her round hips in narrow bands that dove to her crotch in a v-shape. The material lay perfectly over her tanned, supple curves, and I imagined how her light-brown beaver triangle - which I hadn't seen since we stopped bathing together - must have looked under the velvet.

"Well?" Mom asked, smiling and raising her arms in presentation. "I hope that dazed look on your face is a good sign."

"Jesus Christ," I said. Mom tittered again. "I've never seen anything like it."

"Hey, that could mean you've never seen something so awful," she whined.

"Okay, how about this? You're the hottest fucking woman on the face of the Earth."

"Bobby," she gasped.

"Show me the back," I said.

She turned around and I took a step toward her. The panties arced over the globes of her full, heart-shaped ass, which was far too youthful and resilient to allow the material to cut

into her at the edges. I reached down and rubbed my cock, which was throbbing at full mast and bulged like a cucumber across the front of my jeans, the head up near my left hip. I left it there. The time for hiding my erection from my mother was over. I glanced up at her slim, sexy back and noted that her bra must be front-clasping.

"Well?" Mom prompted.

"Those panties show off your gorgeous ass."

"Oh, Bobby, you are being bold, aren't you?" With her back still to me, she turned slightly to see herself in the full-length mirror on the closet door and fingered one of the bra cups. "And the material is so nice. I love velvet."

"I do, too," I said, stepping up behind her. Her White Linen fragrance rose into my sinuses. I brought my hands up to her shoulders and caressed the material on the straps. It felt soft and alive over her skin and made me wonder how closely she kept the hair above her pussy trimmed.

Thinking about her pussy autopiloted my hands back down. I placed both of them on her ass and fondled it professionally. She drew a quick breath.

"Mmm, feels like those glute exercises have been working," I said. "Your ass feels as good as it looks."

"Bobby, honey, thank you, but I don't know if you should..." her voice trailed off dreamily.

My hands migrated back up to her slim waist and gripped it for a moment. Mom's head swayed. My hands moved higher, trembling with anticipation. After years of staring at Mom's huge tits and ejaculating who knows how many barrels of cum all over myself in her absence, it was time to go for the real thing.

I let my fingers drift up to the sides of her bra, admiring the velvet again. Then, in one, smooth, synchronized movement, I slid them down over the cups and gave her breasts - at least the portions that fit in my hands - a firm squeeze. I felt them swell up out of her bra.

Mom drew a long, rasping breath. "Oh, Bobby, no," she whispered, her head falling back. I thrust my hips forward and rubbed my big, hard cock against her ass. She arched her back in response.

I pulled my right hand from her breast, slid it up her neck to sweep her hair out of the way and then planted a deep, succulent kiss on her nape. With my other hand, I pulled her left bra strap from her shoulder.

Mom craned her arms back and locked her hands around my ass, pulling me into her. I ran my lips up and down her neck a couple of times and then moved to her right ear. "You are so beautiful," I whispered before thrusting the tip of my tongue into it.

She shuddered. "Oh, my god," she said as her head turned toward mine. I worked her ear, nibbling on the lobe and grooving my tongue into the little winding canals above it.

With a sudden pirouette, Mom faced me, grabbed my head and stuck her tongue down my throat. Now it was my turn to gasp, drawing in a lungful of her heated mist, which tingled with electric madness like the moisture in roiling storm clouds. It was sin, it was chaos, it was the stuff that had made Greek poets fear the sun would turn backwards in its course. A mother was passionately kissing her son. And they were about to fuck.

Mom heard my thoughts and flinched. She pulled her head back with a look of dismay and planted stern palms on my shoulders.

"Oh, honey, we can't do this. It's crazy. We'll regret it the rest of our lives." With one hand she replaced her fallen bra strap.

"But it would be so good," I said.

"Oh, I know, baby, I know. You're so young and strong, and I can already tell you know what you're doing." She looked at my bulging crotch. "And I can also tell you're hung like a fucking horse, Bobby."

"I wanna do you with it," I said, leaning down to kiss her neck.

She didn't stop me. "No, honey, you're my son." I kissed her on the lips again and she instinctively darted her tongue into my mouth before pulling away. But then her eyes beamed mine with pure lechery, and her lashes blinked some beguiling Morse code message of outlaw sex. "Christ, it would be fantastic, wouldn't it? But no, we simply can't."

By then I was harder than I had ever been in my life. I looked down at her huge, round tits, which were straining at the seams of her bra. If I gave up now, I'd never get this close again.

Before she could raise a hand or speak a word, I reached up and unclasped her bra. Her tits surged out of it with such force that the cups flew back around her arms. I fit my hands under both tits and squeezed them greedily for a second: they were firm and ponderous yet the skin retreated under my fingers like the barely-ripe 32B's on a teenage girl. Then I leaned down and took her right nipple in my mouth.

My tongue orbited her aureole, and her nipple immediately stiffened and rose like a pencil eraser. I flicked my tongue over the tip of it. Mom panted. "Oh, my god," she moaned. I felt her hands on my head and feared she would push me away again.

Not this time. Her fingers sifted lovingly through my hair at the temples, her motions slow and massaging. Her nails scratched the back of my neck. Her grip tightened after a moment and she guided me to her other breast.

Meanwhile, I fondled her ass with both hands and one of hers descended to my crotch. It groped the impression of my cock through my jeans, stopping and squeezing like a shoe salesman palpating for toes in a new boot. Finally, her fingers reached the head and massaged it. The sensation of her hand on my cock, even through jeans and shorts, made it surge and strain and turn to solid granite. I could already feel it dripping juice in a steady trickle.

"Oh, my god," she said. "Oh, god, it's huge."

She pulled my face from her breast and we looked at each other. Her breath was coming in loud rushes, her bra was flopping uselessly at her sides and her big, bare tits, wet with my saliva, were heaving up and down with each gasp.

Her nose crinkled and her lips curved down into a sneer so lustful I felt my sphincter contract. "Ooh, Bobby," she said, "I want you to fuck me with your big cock."

Hearing those nasty words from my mother for the first time sent such an unnerving ripple of lust up my spine that for a second I worried I would lose my erection. My knees were Jell-O. But that second passed quickly.

I unzipped my jeans and yanked them and my shorts down in one frantic movement. My big cock sprang out like an upended diving board, its ten thick inches towering obscenely between Mom and me and pointing right at her naked tits. I just stood there and let her see it for the first time.

Her eyes widened and her mouth fell open. "Jesus Christ,

Bobby! Oh, god almighty, it's gigantic! You've got the biggest cock I've ever seen in my life!" Her eyes journeyed down its length. "Mmm, your balls are nice and big, too."

I stroked it with one fist. "Is this what you want, baby?" I asked. "You want me to pound your pussy with this big boy?"

I planted my hands on my hips and let my cock pulse and twitch. Mom finally got up the nerve to wrap her hand around it, as if she were approaching a wild animal. Her fingers didn't meet. She brought up her other hand and started jacking with both fists. "Oh, yeah, Bobby, I want you to slide your big cock into my pussy and take me to paradise."

"Get on the bed," I said.

She quickly climbed up on the comforter, her engorged cantaloupes swaying lewdly, and got in position on her back. As I whipped off my T-shirt, I let my jeans and shorts fall to the floor so I could step out of them; she lifted her ass and slid her velvet panties over her full thighs, then bent her knees and tossed the underwear off her feet. She spread her legs wide and massaged her clit. "Mmm, honey, come up here," she said between deep breaths as I joined her on the bed, my big dong sticking out in front of me like the jib spar on a sailing ship.

I got between her legs and braced myself over her at arms length. The weight of me over her on the springy mattress made her big tits wobble from side to side. I craned down and kissed one of them, sucking on her hard nipple for a second, then I moved up and thrust my tongue as far as it would go into her mouth, also just for a second.

Then I looked down between us and got ready to fuck her. My hips were high in the air and my stiff cock was hovering over her beaver, which was just the neat brown triangle I

remembered. I reached down and took my cock in one hand and guided it toward her pussy.

Mom raised her head to look down there, too, and what she saw made her grab my tensed upper arms to brace herself. "Ooh, yeah, baby, my pussy's wet and I'm ready for you," she said. She raised her face up to mine and gave me a quick kiss that told me she was ready more clearly than the words she had just spoken. Then, just to be sure I had gotten the message, she commanded loudly, "Fuck me, Bobby."

I held my cock to her pussy and slid the huge head in. She was even tighter than I had expected. Her hands gripped my arms harder.

"Point of no return, baby," I said. "You're about to get that trip to paradise."

She lifted her head again to look down. "Oh, yeah, sweetheart, slide it all the way in. Fuck me with every inch of your big cock."

I couldn't believe the language that was coming out of her mouth, but hearing it was almost making me blow my nuts. She flexed her hips a little for angling and I finally slid my throbbing cock into her pussy. It gripped me like a hot, wet vise but I pushed in fast anyway. It just kept going in. Moaning, Mom rose up on her elbows to watch the action. "Ooh, baby, give me all of it." Then, after another couple of inches, "Ungh! God, this is going to be so fucking good!"

"Honey, I'm going to give you the best fuck you've ever had," I said arrogantly.

"Oh, Bobby, I know you will."

"Jesus, Mom, your pussy is so tight!"

I figured the head of my cock would meet her cervix when I still had two or three more inches to give her, as had happened with all the teenage girls I had banged. But this time my big, long dick was in a real woman. As we both watched and she began to cry out "Oh, Bobby honey...OH!" her pussy swallowed my entire cock. My big balls slapped against her butt just as the head of my long dick found the limit of her canal.

I looked up at her. She was seething through clenched teeth. "Ooh, baby," I said, "You've got all ten inches of me in your pussy."

"Jesus Christ, it's like a baseball bat. Start fucking me, Bobby. I can't wait any longer!"

She bounced her hips to get me going and I began sliding my big dick in and out of her with steady, moderate strokes using about half of its length.

Mom grunted and bucked her hips to meet my thrusts. Her hands squeezed my chest muscles.

"Is that good?" I asked.

"Ooh, darling, it feels great, but pump faster. I'm so fucking horny," she said.

I did as the lady asked. My cock pistoned in and out of her, making a sound like beaded water being swished off a car hood. I flexed my hips high on each upstroke and pulled it out right to the tip.

After all, my beautiful mother had specifically asked me to fuck her pussy with every inch of my big cock. I was gladly doing it.

Her huge tits had already been wobbling sensually, but when I speeded up they went ballistic. They lifted off her chest

and began swinging in opposite directions, inscribing two circles that met at the center with a loud slap of skin. Her nipples, still as hard as pencil erasers, were erasing an imaginary figure-eight in the air. I wanted to suck them but the sight of them careening as I hammered Mom's pussy was too spectacular to interfere with.

"Oh, Bobby, my tits are going crazy. Look at them!"

"I am. Just seeing them is almost making me come."

Her melons weren't the only things in the room suffering an earthquake. My fast tempo and powerful strokes had set up a brassy squeak in the box springs that marked our cadence. Much louder, however, was the sound made by the big cherry headboard, which was slamming against the wall so hard that flakes of white paint were falling off the ceiling molding above it.

"Ooh, Bobby, you're fucking me so good," Mom said, her words rippling as if she were drumming on her voicebox. She smiled up at me, and I smiled back at her. "Kiss me, sweetheart," she said softly. I leaned down and our tongues mashed against each other in a quick embrace.

"Mmm, good, sweetie-bear," she said when I was back up on straight arms. "You didn't break stride. But I want some more of that." She lifted herself onto her elbows so that our faces met. Her tongue shot between my lips again. It was a long kiss this time - slow and probing with methodical lust.

Then we both looked down. The lips of her pussy were stretched taut, clinging to my wide, deeply-veined dick as I banged her.

"Ooh, baby," she said, "Look at your ten inches pleasing my pussy. You're making me feel so fucking good, Bobby. I just can't believe we're doing this."

"I can't either."

"But don't you dare stop. You're fantastic."

"I've been wanting to fuck you for years, Mom," I said, slowing my strokes a tad so I'd last a little longer. Even so, I was going to shoot my load way too soon.

"And I've been wanting you to fuck me ever since you got so buff and gorgeous and sprouted that big cock between your legs. I noticed it in your swim trunks," she said, looking down again at my monster pumping her canal. My dick was slick and glossy with her juice by now, glistening in the lamp light as I pulled it out for a long, hard down-stroke. "But I had no idea how fucking huge you were," she finished. "I'm glad we're fucking with the light on so I can see your big pole filling my pussy."

Then her tone got really nasty again. "Ooh, yeah, Bobby, give it to me. Come on, big boy, you're not supposed to do this to your mother, so you'd better make it worth all the guilt."

I speeded up my strokes. My balls were slapping loudly against her ass and her tits were taking off again.

"Ooh, yeah," she snarled. "Pound me. Slam my pussy with your big, long, hard cock!"

I thumped her even harder.

"Oh, yes, Bobby! Fuck me! Oh, god, yes. Yes! Oh, Jesus Christ, honey. Oh, Christ, Bobby, I'm coming!"

It was music to my ears, since my own orgasm was imminent. I had already turned the corner and was feeling the charge building on the underside of my dick. I normally had Herculean endurance, but this was too much for me. Frankly, it was a miracle I hadn't come when she first

wrapped her hand around my tool.

Screaming my name, Mom reached up with both hands and pulled me down to her as her hips began to spasm. They drove up against me wildly, lifting us both off the bed for three or four of my strokes at a time.

"Oh, Bobby sweetheart, don't stop. Oh, fuck me, baby, keep pumping your cock...oh, now, I'M COMING!"

She shrieked a wordless sound into my ear as her nails dug into my shoulders. Her grip lightened; I eased my strokes and caught my breath. Then my own orgasm was on its way. My balls tightened and the whole head of my cock was tingling.

"Honey, it's my turn now," I grunted, arching my back upward and clamping my eyes shut in concentration.

"Oh, baby, that feel so good, but you'd better pull your cock out of me. Honey, are you listening? There's a chance I could get pregnant." Then that nasty tone again. "Besides, I want to see all the juice that squirts out those big balls of yours! I bet you come in quarts! Do it all over my tits, baby! Pull your big cock out of my pussy and squirt hot cum all over me!"

My balls heard all that marvelous depravity before I did. "Okay, baby," I said, gulping and giving her pussy one last thrust. "OH FUCK, HERE IT COMES!"

I flexed my ass up high to pull my cock all the way out of her and reached down to stroke and aim it with my right hand. Under me, Mom got up on her elbows. Then I gave her what she had asked for. And then some.

No sooner was my cock out of her than I grunted savagely and the first long white stream of cum squirted, arcing up and landing on Mom's face. It splattering over her left eye

and ear, running down her cheek to her mouth. As she was moaning and licking it off her upper lip, I groaned again and another three huge cords of semen spewed out of my big dick and onto her countenance. One coated her forehead and her hairline. Another splashed on her chin and a third sprayed right into her open mouth.

I couldn't believe how much cum I was squirting, and neither could she. "Jesus Christ, Bobby," she said in awe, gazing down at my geysering cock. "You really do come in quarts!"

Her face and neck were coated, but my balls weren't done yet. Mom knew what I was thinking and her timing was perfect. "Mmm, yeah, squirt the rest all over my big tits," she said. She cupped her hands under them. I aimed my cock at her right tit and shot three long ropes across it, then I swung my cannon to the left tit and stroked the last two big salvos onto it right over the nipple. The final spurts of my load, which just kept coming and coming, showered onto her tummy and her hands. Then my cock was just dripping semen into her navel as I leaned over her.

I gasped and collapsed onto one elbow. She held one hand to her mouth and licked my jism off it, smiling slyly at me and making a funny purring noise. She looked down at herself. All the semen I had squirted on her tits was running down onto her concave tummy in white rivulets. "Jesus, Bobby, I've never seen so much cum in my whole life. I'm covered." I got up and trotted to the master bathroom and grabbed a bath towel off the rack. I returned to the bed where Mom lay dazed, her long legs splayed apart and her big tits rising from her chest like two huge cherry sundaes of semen. I climbed up next to her and began cleaning her up.

"Oh, god, Bobby, that was mind-blowing. I don't know how on earth you learned to fuck a woman like that by the tender age of 16, but we're definitely going to talk about where you've been spending your evenings. Lord, to think of the

teenage pussy you've been stretching with that big dick."

I finally got all my cum off her and put the towel aside. Post-climax euphoria was sluicing through my veins like an endorphin. What had happened was precisely the momentary bout of insanity I'd been fantasizing about since I had that first orgasm years before. And now I had just fucked my mother's brains out and fountained a gallon of semen all over her gorgeous face and her big, beautiful tits. It would take a little while for me to believe it all.

I scooped her into my arms and we cuddled close together, her head on my chest. My mind wandered lazily, but Mom was already trying to get back to reality. "Oh, Bobby, honey, I still can't believe this. I just fucked my own son," she groaned. "I've probably permanently screwed up your development."

"Oh, please. I'm the king of the world right now. I've never felt so content in my life."

"Then why isn't that big cock of yours taking a rest?"

I looked down at my dong, which was lying large and heavy on my abs. It was still almost as long as it was fully erect.

"Takes it a little while to wind down," I said.

"Mmm, I'll say," Mom said. "Honey, when we get up and leave this bed, we have to put this behind us. It was wonderful but it can't happen again."

I nonchalantly agreed to the pact because I knew she didn't really mean it. Or if she did now, she'd change her mind later. She'd be back for more.

Just how soon she would want more was the surprise. I rose up onto my knees and said, "I'm going to take a shower." I leaned over and gave her a slow, tranquil kiss on the lips.

"Wait, sweetie-bear," she said as I started to step onto the floor. I said once we leave the bed, we have to put this behind us."

"I know, I heard you."

"No, you don't understand. We haven't left the bed yet."

Now I got it. I leered at her.

"And," she continued, staring at my half-mast pole, "I'm simply not going to let you leave this bed before I suck your big cock." Without another word, she crawled over to me, wrapped her left hand around my dick and guided it into her wide-open mouth.

Her soft, full lips caressed the top of my shaft while she flicked her tongue over my hole. "Oh," I moaned. "Oh, god, that feels good." My cock was already growing rigid again. As it expanded, she struggled to keep her lips around it. Then she began to swallow more of it, bobbing her head down farther on it with every pass. Her lips made a loud, erotic slurping sound as I watched her inhale half of my big dong. She massaged my nuts with one hand. "Mmm," she moaned, her nurturing mouth full of my manhood.

She pulled it from her lips and began licking the bottom side near the head, right where I was most sensitive. "Ooh, yeah, baby," I said.

"You know how long I've wanted to take your big cock in my mouth?" she asked between licks. "Remember that day last summer when I wore that yellow bikini?"

"Oh, god, yeah. Your knockers kept spilling out of it."

"That's the one. You kept staring at my tits and I saw how huge and hard your dick was getting. All I could think about

after that day was sucking it until it poured cum down my throat."

She had her tongue down near my balls and was jacking my dick with one hand. Then she sat up and put both fists around it, firmly stroking them all the way up and down it.

The vigorous motion of her arms was making her huge tits dance up and down. I couldn't stand it anymore. I got up and motioned for her to stay right where she was. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm gonna fuck your tits."

"Ooh, baby, bring that big dick up here."

She was on her butt, so on my knees I came up to face her. The height was perfect. She held her big globes together and I slid my cock up between them. Heaven.

"Ooh, yeah, sweetie-bear, rub your big cock all over my melons."

"That feels so fucking good," I said. I pulled my dick out of her cleavage and rubbed the head on one of her nipples, then the other. They sprang to attention.

Mom looked up at me with pleading eyes. "Oh, Bobby, I'm so horny again, think you can take me to paradise one more time?"

"Baby, I thought you'd never ask."

"I want you to slide every inch of that big cock back into my pussy where it belongs," she said just before giving me one last prep suck, gulping and smacking her lips around the head. Then she swung her luscious ass around toward me and got on her hands and knees, her tits swaying in big circles.

"Hurry, Bobby, fuck me."

I scrambled up behind her and brought my crotch to her comely ass.

"Put your cock in me as far as it will go, baby. Then fuck my pussy until I scream!"

Once again, the lady's wish was my command. I fit the head of my dick into her and spread my legs slightly for a lower angle. Mom was impatient with lust. "Fuck me, Bobby! Slide that big boy into me and start pumping!"

I went into her to the hilt in a single stroke. She grunted with pleasure. "Ungh! Oh, god, it's going to be even better than the first time."

I didn't waste a second to give her what she wanted. I held her tightly by the waist and started pounding all the way in and out of her, my long dick making a squishing sound in her pussy and my pelvis slapping loudly against her ass.

"Is that good, honey?" I asked with a horny scowl. "Is this how you want my big boy to fill up your pussy?"

"Oooh, yeah!" she called out. "Just like that, baby. And believe me, it takes a big cock to satisfy me doggy-style." She starting thrusting her ass back to meet my strokes, and the bed shimmied under our knees. Her pussy was gripping my pole like warm, wet silk, and I knew I wouldn't last very long this time, either.

Just as well, I'd soon find out. The phone rang. Mom looked back over her shoulder at me with a grin. "Answer that and I'll kill you."

I laughed and pounded her ass even harder. She cried out in pleasure just as the machine on the nightstand picked up the call. Under her screams I suddenly heard a familiar voice.

"Hi, everybody. Say, I took an earlier flight and I'm at the airport. But, uh, I guess you guys are out or busy or something - "

"Bobby's busy, dear," Mom shouted over Dad's voice and the thumping sound the headboard was making against the wall. "He's busy fucking my brains out!"

Dad couldn't hear her, of course, and kept talking. " - a taxi and be there in a half-hour. Bye."

"Oh, honey, we don't have long," she said as I looked down at my big tool sliding in and out of her. A white ring of foam had formed around her pussy. My dick pulsed with lust.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to last much longer."

"Me neither. Jesus Christ, Bobby, your cock is so fucking big and you bang me so fucking good!"

"Oh, baby, I love all the nasty things you say while we fuck," I said. "Do you talk like this to Dad?"

"Uh-uh. He doesn't like it."

It was official. My father was a moron.

I leaned forward and reached under her to feel her pendulous tits as they bounded back and forth. Her hard nipples danced in my palms.

"Here, baby, let me give you a better grip on them," Mom said. She rose up on her knees so that we were spooned together. Her pussy angled upward and my cock easily stayed with it. I gave her quick, short strokes. Her chest was upright now, and I reached around and cupped my hands over her heaving melons.

"Ooh, squeeze my big tits, honey. Squeeze them hard. I've been waiting so long for you to do that to them." I kneaded their firm flesh roughly and rubbed my palms all over them. My cock was pounding Mom's pussy and my hands were feeling her big, bare tits. It simply didn't get much better.

Something to the right of us caught Mom's interest. "Look, honey," she said. "There we are."

The full-length mirror on the closet door was framing us perfectly in profile. The whole scene was suddenly so objective and thrilling, as if over in the bedroom next door, a well-built, well-hung 16-year-old was fucking his beautiful, voluptuous mother from behind. Mom smiled at me in the reflection, her herbal-scented brown hair swishing and her ass still lunging back to meet my strokes. I studied her broad hips and tapered waist, her tender shoulders and long, graceful neck. Every inch of her was perfect. Every inch of her was so utterly woman. She turned her head toward mine and I kissed her. Then we both looked in the mirror again. It was addictive.

"Oh, Bobby, that is so hot. I love watching you fuck me. I can see all your muscles flexing and ooh, your huge pole going into my pussy. Yeah, slide that big, long thing all the way in and out so I can see it. Mmm, give it to me, honey. Give it to me good!"

She stretched her arms back over her head to run her fingers through my hair, and I looked in the mirror again. Her massive tits were standing up on her chest like torpedoes, flailing from side to side and bouncing against each other in a pose of gravity-defying human architecture. They were real, they were the size of cantaloupes, and they were sticking straight out. My dick throbbed so hard it hurt. Her tits in the mirror were the most incredible sight I've ever seen in my life.

Even Mom couldn't hold back her pride. "Oh, honey, look at

my tits!"

"I'm looking. God help me, I'm looking."

"Put your hands on them again, honey."

I did as the lady asked. It was like grabbing onto two bucking broncos. They were firmer than ever. Their movement was checked by my hands, which I slowly moved down from the upper slopes to her turgid nipples and then to the southern hemispheres. I cupped as much of them as I could in my grip. "They're unbelievable," I said.

Mom smiled at me in the mirror and nudged her ass backward so my cock could slide even farther into her. "I loved it when you squirted cum all over them and my face. No one had ever done that."

After another moment, she went back down on all fours. "Ooh, Bobby, your big dick is about to make me come."

"I'm about to come, too."

"Great, baby. Get me off good and hard and then shoot another big load all over me."

Hearing that brought me a step closer. I tightened my grip on her slim waist and began ramming my cock into her harder than ever.

She let out a long scream, then barely catching her breath, yelled "I'm about to come all over your big cock, baby. Ooh, yeah. Ungh! Ooh. Oh. OH. JESUS CHRIST, I'M COMING!"

I felt her pussy contract as I slammed her climax home. The timing was perfect. "Oh, baby, now I'm about to come," I said. "Oh, god, it's gonna be so good!"

"Yeah, honey, give me every inch and then pull it out," she

said.

"I want to come in your mouth."

"Mmm, okay, honey. I hope you squirt another huge load like the first time."

I angled down into her pussy to stimulate the bottom side of my cock. Then came that shivering seizure as I timed my final strokes.

"Ooh, Bobby, your balls just tightened up."

"I'm coming!" I yelled. I gave her one more deep thrust and pulled it all the way out. She spun around and grabbed my cock to take it in her mouth. The head bumped her chin first and my first thick cable of cum blasted onto her neck and shoulder. Then her lips engulfed my dick and I felt surge after surge gush into her mouth. She moaned and swallowed, but still a dribble of semen leaked between her lips and ran back down my convulsing flagpole. My orgasm finally subsided and Mom sucked me dry. She pulled my dick from her mouth and looked up at me. The stream of cum that had landed on her neck was dripping down over both tits. And a tiny white trickle ran from one corner of her mouth.

"Oh, baby, how are we ever going to give this up?" she asked.

"I don't know."

She bent down and began examining the floor beside the bed.

"Cum stains?" I asked.

"No, you fucked me so hard, I lost a contact."

Dad was due home any minute, so we quickly showered (apart, unfortunately) and got dressed. He opened the front door just as we jogged down the stairs looking fresh and rested and probably way too innocent. I had always mentally chastised Dad for being so clueless, but now I prayed he wouldn't notice the unmistakable sheen of sexual bliss on us.

"Hi, everybody," he said. "I didn't think anyone was home. I left a message."

"We were just out for a walk when you called," Mom said, hugging him lightly and giving him a perfunctory peck on the cheek.

Dad shook my hand. "Gosh, I go away for two weeks and it looks like you've grown another inch," he said, peering up at me. "You are getting so big!"

"He certainly is," Mom chimed in with a daring lilt in her voice. Standing behind Dad to take his coat, I smirked at her. She slitted her eyes at me and slowly licked her lips. Then she came over to squeeze my dick through my pants and stick her tongue in my ear as Dad hung up his hat. She stepped away just as he turned around.

"He's better than big," Mom said. "He's huge. I think he gets it from me."

Built for One Thing, Part Two

So Dad was home, for a couple of weeks at least, and life dropped back into its dull summer routine. Dad worked, I worked out and Mom kept her gorgeous legs and ass toned by doing laps in the pool. I felt as though a fleeting, sexual game of musical chairs had been played, with Mom and me getting naked and fucking, my big cock pounding her pussy in perfect time to one of those screechy Bon Jovi tunes on the Billboard chart that month. But the music had ended when Dad opened the front door, and suddenly three people were scrambling for two chairs. Mom kept sleeping with Dad, of course, and I slept alone. Worse, fucking Mom hadn't so much as put a chisel to my rock-hard desire for her; I wanted her more than ever.

Dad didn't notice anything amiss. (Then again, it's not like he'd ever suspect his wife and son of screwing each other. What she and I had done was so unthinkable, it carried a built-in alibi.) He and I had manly discussions about the upcoming NFL season - our one topic of mutual interest - and he even accompanied me to the gym a couple of times. Four, five minutes on the treadmill and he was done for. Call the paramedics. Call Domino's and ask for extra cheese. Call Richard Simmons and tell him to get his candy ass over here and whip my father into shape.

As for Mom, her ultra-busty shape didn't need any help. One morning when I got a nice long look at her in profile, her big tits stretching a thin T-shirt like two springy water balloons and her curvaceous ass rounding out a pair of cotton slacks, my cock got hard so fast I felt my underwear tear under the pressure. I had to have her again. I was losing my mind.

She, on the other hand, acted like nothing had happened.

She was as flirtatious as ever, but in a knowing, teasing way. She'd walk up and throw her arms around me, arching her back to rub her breasts against me and sliding her hands down to my ass. She'd coo with lust, then she'd let go and walk away without a word.

When I made overtures, her roadblocks went up. Once when I came home for lunch after a long morning at the gym, I found her lounging by the pool in a white bikini I'd never seen on her.

"It's new," she said with a naughty grin, and her eyes led mine down her body. The triangle cups strained against her huge tits like patches on inner tubes; lower down, beneath her flat, oil-slicked tummy and between the womanly flare of her hips, a tiny triangle of fabric revealed a maddening wisp of her beaver at its top edge. "Looks like you like it," she said, gazing at my crotch.

I looked down. My cock was tenting monstrously in my sweatpants like a ten-inch lead pipe. I kneeled down and ran my tongue along her cleavage. It was a long trip. Her skin tasted like coconut.

Her nipples sprouted under the bikini, but she gripped my shoulders and gently nudged me away. "Bobby, we can't," she said.

So the sexual drought dragged on, and I started getting used to it. I'd spent half of my life wanting to bang Mom, so the frustration was nothing new. I hung out at Frieda's Diner with my buddies. I started football training camp. I watched Mom's big tits jiggle around the house and I thought back on that unbelievable night.

Then I unknowingly did the magic trick. I asked a girl out.

Her name was Rachel and she was a varsity cheerleader. She was nicely built - nothing like Mom, of course, but she had

smooth legs and a set of D-cups. A guy who'd gone with her the previous year told me she was a good fuck. Two or three dates and jackpot.

At least it would take my mind off Mom a little.

I didn't realize it was the perfect way to get Mom's mind back on me. Her eyebrows shot up in alarm when I told her my plans for the evening. "Oh, really?" she said as we stood in the kitchen drinking tomato juice. Then her lips pursed in the usual pouting routine, but the humor was absent. She almost sounded bitter when she asked, "Rachel, eh? Is she prettier than me, Bobby?"

I tried to match her earnest tone. "No, Mom. No woman is as gorgeous as you."

"Okay," she whispered, her eyes glimmering with tears. She hurried out of the room.

"Mom?"

"Have a good time, sweetie-bear," she said, her voice breaking and fading away. I could tell she was heading up the stairs to her bedroom. A second later the door slammed.

She needn't have worried. My date with Rachel turned out boring and I couldn't wait to get home. She droned on about the chemistry class she flunked and how Donny Blake was a dick. I liked Donny and couldn't pay her much lip service on that one. Instead I pulled onto a side street and paid her some of the other kind of lip service. She was a decent kisser but she stopped my hand when I slipped it under her sweater.

"I like you, Bobby, but that's as far as I want to go on the first date."

"Sure, okay," I said. I drove her home and she gave me a

long, juicy kiss good night. She probably was a good fuck, just like Donny the dick said. I told her I'd call her.

Mom didn't ask about my evening the next day and seemed just as cheerful as ever. In fact, she was more flirtatious than ever.

As I was storing some boxes on a high shelf in the pantry, she came up behind me and squeezed my shoulders. "Mmm, nice and big," she purred. "You're big in all the right places." She scrubbed her breasts against my back and ran one hand lightly over my crotch.

This banter kept my cock hard all day. And it got better. Around five that evening, she turned her back to me and said, apropos of nothing, "How does my butt look, honey? Is it firm and curvy enough?"

I looked down. She was wearing her tightest, sexiest jeans, a pair of faded Levis with small back pockets and a narrow cut that clung to her wide hips and sumptuous ass like wet tissue paper.

"It looks great," I said.

She spun around and my eyes ventured back up. "How about my big rack?" she asked. Her huge tits were thrusting up out of a pink, square-necked tank top, one of the hottest pieces of clothing she owned. It was stretched so taut over them that I could plainly make out the lace pattern of a sheer white demi-bra. I almost blew my nuts in my shorts.

"Think I need to go in for a lift yet?" she asked. She cupped her hands under her globes and lifted, letting them heave up and down a couple of times just like she had done that day on the sidewalk years before. I recognized the same wicked grin on her face, too.

"Your tits are fantastic," I said. "They're huge and they're

perfect." I took a step toward her. "Watching them bounce up and down like that makes me want to squeeze and suck them and then put my big dick in your pussy."

She drew a breath and unzipped her jeans. "Ooh, yeah, Bobby, let me see your big, thick cock. Then I want you to fuck me with it." She grasped her jeans at the waist and started pulling them down over her hips. Then she pulled down her black, high-cut panties and showed me her beaver.

I reached down and grasped my zipper. My cock was throbbing. It would break in half if I didn't get it out of my pants and into her cunt.

Then I heard something I didn't want to hear. A car was pulling into the garage. A 1987 BMW 750i. Dad was home.

Taking deep, calming breaths, Mom and I trotted into the living room and enacted a normal-looking scene. Her jeans were back up, of course, and she was on the sofa with an issue of McCall's. I sat in a Broyer chair with my feet planted disobediently on the coffee table - that alone should have signaled everything was hunky-dory.

Dad came in and said hello. He sat on the arm of the sofa next to Mom and seemed more lively than usual. Talking fast, he told us about a big deal at the oil company. It was going to buy out some little outfit called Allied Conduits, and company stock would split two-for-one.

"Oh, Charles, that's wonderful," Mom said.

"Yeah, it is," I mimicked blankly. I was a 16-year-old football player and I had no idea what the hell he was talking about.

"Let's go to a movie!" he said.

Mom and I looked at each other. "Sure," we said in unison.

We chose a show early that evening at a multiplex just down the beltway. After dinner we got ready. Dad snatched his keys from the kitchen counter and Mom threw a cardigan over her tank top.

But just as we were stepping into the BMW, the phone rang. Dad jogged back inside. Mom glanced at me and licked her lips. My groin twitched.

Muffled through the door, we could hear Dad's distressed voice in conversation. Then he came back out with a hangdog look.

"Oh, shit, they've called an emergency board meeting about this takeover bid. I have to be there. Sorry, kids."

"It's okay, Charles," she said. Luckily, he was too distracted to notice her lack of disappointment.

"Well, you two have a good time at the movie. I gotta go. Take the sedan. I'll take your car, Jill." She rolled down the passenger window and tossed him the keys to her Jag. He fired it up, wheeled around the front driveway and was gone. I only heard the gears grind once.

I was almost shaking with lust. I steadied myself and slipped into the driver's seat of the BMW. Mom put her hand on my leg and my stomach somersaulted. I looked at her. "Do you want to go to the movie or stay here?" I asked.

"Neither. I want you to take me somewhere and give it to me, Bobby. You have to put your big ten-inch cock in me again. I can't wait another day!"

"Jesus."

"I want you to suck my tits and pump my pussy until I scream!" She practically moaned the words out. Then she leaned over and slid her tongue into my mouth. I was ready

to do her right there in the garage.

She sensed this and broke the kiss. "Come on, honey, drive us somewhere so we can get down to business. Take me where you take your dates. What's that place called? The Tunnel? Is that where all the guys fuck their girlfriends?"

"Yeah." The Tunnel wasn't really a tunnel, just a woodsy back road north of town with lots of dark little turnouts and very little traffic.

"Well, I'm your girlfriend now, Bobby. I want you to take me to The Tunnel and fuck me. I want you to give me a good, long, hot fuck and then squirt come all over me."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, starting the car and backing out of the garage. "I'm gonna squirt come in my pants if you keep talking like that."

"Then I'll keep quiet until we get there. I'll just rub your big dick through your jeans."

The drive to The Tunnel took about 20 minutes but it seemed like four hours. I tuned the radio to a rock station and Mom kept massaging my crotch. Occasionally she'd lean over to stick her tongue in my ear and whimper.

I swung the car into my favorite turnout, just past a sharp bend in the road and virtually invisible to passersby. I turned off the engine and lights and cracked the two rear windows a couple of inches. She stared at me in the pale moonlight.

"So, this is where you bring your girls?"

"Uh-huh."

"Is this where you fucked that little hussy Rachel last night?"

"I didn't fuck Rachel last night."

"I bet you wanted to. I bet you've put your big dick inside lots of girls here."

I shrugged.

"Are they cute? Do they all have hot little bodies?"

I looked at her and smirked.

"As hot as mine?" she asked defiantly. "I doubt it. First of all," she said, pulling her sweater from her shoulders and yanking her top up, struggling to get it over her tits, "do any of them have a set of tanks like these?"

I looked. She cupped her hands proudly under her huge globes, which were practically exploding out of the demi-bra. Her small, dark aureoles were clearly visible and her tits were shimmying faintly.

"Jesus Christ," I whispered.

"Do you want to suck my tits, Bobby?"

I couldn't take it anymore. I lunged over and put my hands where hers had just been, then I hastily ran my tongue along her deep cleavage just like I had done by the pool a few days earlier.

"Ooh, yeah, baby," she moaned. "I want you to do me just like you do those slut cheerleaders. I'm a much better fuck, as you know."

I kneaded her big, firm tits through her bra cups as I licked her broad décolletage. She ran her fingers through my hair and moaned. Her breathing got slow and heavy and her breasts rose and fell with it. While I kissed and fondled her tits, she shrugged off her sweater and whipped her tank top over her head. Then she reached behind her and unhooked

her bra. She pulled the straps from her shoulders and her big melons bounded out of the cups. Her nipples were sticking out at least a half-inch. I hungrily took the right one in my mouth and started sucking it. Mom gasped. "Oh, honey, suck my big melons. You make them feel so good. Ooh, Bobby, you're making me so fucking horny."

Ditto. My cock was throbbing and telescoping in my pants like a hydraulic cylinder. I moved to her other tit.

"Mmm," she moaned. "Is this what you do on your dates, honey? Do you suck their tits? Don't you like sucking my big jugs better?"

"Mm-hmm," I mumbled. Mom rubbed her palm on my crotch. "Jesus, you're hard as a brick." Her erect nipple rose even higher in my mouth. Then her hand found the pulsating head of my dong, and she went into a frenzy. Her fingers tugged frantically at my zipper.

"Oh, god, Bobby, get your pants down, honey. Holy Christ, get your pants down so I can start sucking your dick."

Her panic was contagious. I unzipped my fly, lifted my hips, and tore my jeans and shorts down onto my thighs. My cock sprang out and stood straight up, bigger than I had ever seen it, towering up out of my groin almost to the center of the steering wheel like a veiny Saturn V rocket in the cool summer evening air. I felt the warm leather seat under my ass. I looked at her with a nasty sneer of pride.

"Ooh, Bobby," she said, gaping at my huge dick. Then she leaned across the seats toward it, her tits hanging down against each other.

"Suck it," I said.

Her mouth engulfed my rigid dick before I even got those words out. She stretched her jaw open and slid her full lips

down the top half of it, and the car filled with slurping and smacking noises. On one downstroke she gulped loudly. Her saliva ran down my cock to my balls and glistened in the moonlight, and shuddering tingles ran up the bottom side of my dick. Her mouth felt like warm oatmeal. "Oh, honey," I moaned. "That feels so fucking good."

She pulled her lips off with a smack. "God, Bobby, your cock is even bigger than last time. I can barely get my mouth around it." She ran her tongue over the head. "I love sucking your big dick, baby. Have lots of girls sucked it?"

"A couple."

"Yeah? Well, can they do this?"

She drew a deep breath through her nose, and then something inhuman happened. She took my whole cock into her mouth. Inch after inch, her lips slid down my huge pole. I felt the head travel down her throat. I was sure she'd gag or chicken out, but her mouth descended right to my balls as the tip of my dick brushed what must have been her epiglottis. Then her tongue emerged from her lips and licked my nuts. I went cross-eyed and clamped my teeth to stave off pouring a load of cum down her windpipe. My abs tensed.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she moaned into my groin.

"Oh, god. OH, BABY," I said between gasps. "You're sucking my entire cock. Jesus, I don't believe it. Just don't stop."

She tongued the base of my dick for another second and then slowly slid her lips all the way back up. Near the top she took in a deep breath that drew cool air along my shaft. It was incredible.

"God, Bobby, your cock is so big," she said. "I can't wait for you to fuck my pussy with it again."

Then her lips were at the head and she started sucking - hard. She was like a human Hoover. She sucked the blood out of my fingertips. She sucked my eyes back into my skull. "Ack," I croaked helplessly. She raised her head up and looked at me.

"Do the girls know how to do all that?" she asked, smiling.

"Uh-uh," I said as I ran one hand down her bare back and over her jeans to caress her shapely ass.

"That's what I thought," she said. "Ooh, Bobby, sucking you has gotten me so horny. Let's get in the back seat so you can put this big thing in me."

We hopped out and got back in through the rear doors. I took off my jeans and shirt. I stared at her massive tits, which stuck out in front of her like the cowcatcher on a locomotive and jiggled up and down, almost iridescent in the moonlight. She looked like a Vargas girl - only with bigger breasts. I drew her to me and started sucking them again.

"You can do that while you fuck me," she said. "Pull my jeans off and give it to me. I've never been so horny in my life."

She leaned back into the corner and thrust her hips toward me, with her ass on the edge of the seat. Her navel and her trim waist were beautiful and dramatic in the pale light. Then I unzipped her jeans. I couldn't wait to see her beaver again.

I grasped the waistline of her jeans and pulled. They were so tight on her big hips that they barely budged.

"Harder, sweetie," she said. "Hurry and stick your big cock in my pussy."

I hauled back on them at arms' length, scooching them

down in a see-saw movement. Tug by tug, her bare hips appeared.

I got her jeans down to mid-thigh. "Oh, shit, that's good enough," she panted. "I can't wait any longer." She flipped over and got on her knees. Then she unceremoniously yanked her panties off her heart-shaped ass. Her juices were already running down her legs. "Fuck me, Bobby! Give it to me doggie style, honey. I need your big dick inside me right now!"

I saddled up against her ass and took my dong in hand. "Is your pussy ready for my big boy, baby?"

"Ooh, yeah, honey, slide it in and start pounding me!" She swiveled her ass hornily and looked over her shoulder at me with hungry eyes.

"Yes, Ma'am."

I found her entrance and slid my big cock into her. She was even tighter than I remembered.

"Oh, yes. OH, BOBBY!" she cried out even before the hilt of my cock reached her lips. "Ugh, sweetheart," she grunted. "Fuck my cunt with that big thing! Jesus, this is going to be better than the first time!"

Then all ten inches were inside her. I started sliding my big, long dick in and out of her fast and hard, just like I knew she wanted it. The hot membrane of her pussy sucked at my cock and made a squishing sound with each stroke.

"Ugh! Ooh, yeah, baby, satisfy my pussy with your big pole. All the way in and out. You know how I like it, sweetie-bear."

Indeed I did. I looked down and watched the entire length of my hammer back and forth under her ass.

"Give it to me, Bobby! Ooh, yeah! Harder!" She began lunging back to meet my thrusts. "Oh, god, your big balls are touching my clit!" I grasped her waist and pumped harder, and my pelvis started making loud whacking sounds against her ass. Her huge tits were banging against her arms and the BMW was rocking from side to side with a jolly Bavarian squeak.

"Like that, baby? Is that good?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah, Bobby, it's fantastic."

"Your pussy is so tight, honey. It's about time we did this again."

"I know! Fuck me, Bobby, give me all ten inches on every stroke! Ooh, yeah, your big boy makes my pussy feel so good! Ugh! OH, BOBBY! GIVE IT TO ME! FUCK ME, HONEY, FUCK ME!"

Her wish was my command. I leaned down and sucked at the nape of her neck. She cooed and turned her face up toward me, her mouth open and waiting for my tongue. I stuck it down her throat. I was pounding her pussy so hard that our noses kept bumping together.

She raised up and I cupped my hands under her mammoth chest. Fantastic.

"Mmm, Bobby, I want to ride you," she whispered in my ear.

"Go for it, sister."

"Mother, son. I'm your mother."

I pulled my cock out of her. It was slick and hot with her juice. I sat down and watched her take off her jeans. When she leaned down to pull them off her feet, her huge knockers bounced against each other. Then she raised back

up and faced me, grinning and buck naked, her bronzy, stacked figure radiating so much steam that the fogged windows were beginning to drip.

"See anything you like?" she asked coyly.

"Uh-huh. Your incredible body."

"Well, Bobby Arden, you can just forget about all those waify little teenage trollops," she said, turning up on one hip and stretching out theatrically. "Because I'm five feet ten inches, one hundred forty-one pounds of total fucking goddess, and my measurements - are you ready for this, lover?"

She had my undivided attention.

"Thirty-eight double F..." She cupped her hands under her gorgeous cantaloupes and pressed them together.

"...twenty-three..." Her hands moved down onto her narrow waist.

"...thirty-eight." Her hands swept out onto her statuesque hips.

I gaped at her and stroked my pipe.

Then she climbed up and straddled me. Her beautiful legs were so long that she practically had to do a split on the seat even with her knees bent. "And now, young man, I'm going to put my thirty-eight double F's in your face while I slide my pussy up and down on your big fucking cock."

She smothered me with her tits and I felt the tip of my shaft bump against the soft, warm lips of her pussy. Then her hand gripped my manhood as she lowered herself onto it.

She let go of my dick and her hands clawed at my shoulders as her hot pussy sheathed over me inch by inch. "Ooh,

yeah," she hissed.

"Mmmmm," I moaned as I sucked one of her tits.

She cried out in ecstasy as her pussy slid down over the last couple of inches. "Oh, my god," she said, her voice rising, "Oh, god, Bobby! Ugh! OH! That feels so fucking great!"

She leaned back at arms' length and we both looked down. I could just make out the base of my shaft as it disappeared into her beaver. "Come on, baby," I coaxed. "All the way down."

"Oh, yeah, I want every inch of your big cock in me," she said. With another cry of pleasure she brought her thighs down onto mine. The leather seat crinkled under her knees and her ass rested on my big balls.

Then she started fucking me, and man, did she know how to do it. With long, firm strokes she pumped her canal on my dong, sometimes lifting her whole body and at other moments just arching her back to flex her ass up and down.

"Mmmmm, that's so nice," she moaned.

"Oh, yeah, baby, bounce on it. Slide your pussy all the way up and down my big cock."

"Ooh, yes, sir," she said happily. "It's a long journey." Her speed increased and her enormous rack began heaving up and down.

I cupped my hands under them and licked her nipples.

"Mmm, suck my big tits, honey. Did you get really horny when you heard my measurements?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Did your cock throb when I told you my cup size?"

"Yeah, Mom, your tits are so fucking big and gorgeous. I've jacked off so many times thinking about them."

"Ooh, I'm flattered, honey. I love it when you look at them. That's why I wear tight clothes around the house. But what I really love is when you squirt cum all over them. Isn't it sexy how they bounce up and down when we fuck?"

"God, it's so hot. I just want to squeeze them and suck them and rub my dick all over them."

"You can do that whenever you want, honey. Oh, Bobby, I'm fucking you, baby! I can't believe I'm riding my own son's big dick!"

she yelled as she skewered herself on my flagpole. By then we were both breathing in gasps and the sedan was lurching up and down on its rear shocks. Mom's pussy was juicing itself on my big spindle and her ass was whumping on my balls.

"Is my cunt tight, honey?" she asked.

"Ooh, yeah, it squeezes my cock so hard!"

"Am I tighter than all those cheerleaders you've fucked?"

"You are, baby."

"Did any of them ever ride you like this?"

"No."

"Lazy sluts don't know what they're missing. Ugh!" she grunted as her tits flailed. "Your dick is huge! It's like a fucking fire hydrant!"

"Pump your pussy up and down it, baby. Jesus, that feels so good!" Her juice was dripping down onto my nuts.

"From now on I want you to fuck me every night," she said between moans. "Every night that Charles is away, I want you in my bed with your big cock in my pussy. Just like we're doing now, honey."

I couldn't believe my ears. "You got it, girl. I'll give it to you ten times a night."

"Oh, sweetie-bear, two times with your big boy and my pussy is done for."

"We'll see about that."

"Charles hasn't fucked me in over a year. And I don't want to have an affair. So maybe you and I were fated to do this." She slowed down and a line of sweat ran between her tits. "I'm getting tired, honey," she said.

"Let me do it," I said. I wrapped my arms around her thighs and tucked my hands under her ass to lift her. I had no leverage but plenty of sexual adrenaline. I raised her all the way up my throbbing cock and then lowered her back down.

"Oh, Bobby!" she squealed.

I did it a few more times. "Does that feel good?"

"Jesus Christ, honey, you are such a fucking man!" I eased her down one last time and she just sat there, swiveling her hips and massaging my cock with her pussy.

Then she got off me and lay on her back. She spread her legs - one foot up over the headrest and one down in the floorboard - and crooked her finger at me. "Get on top of me and finish us off," she said.

My pleasure. I got between her legs and lowered myself down over her. She put her arms around me and a long, searching kiss ensued. Then she said, "Make me come, darling."

"Okay," I said, kissing her again. I looked down at my big cock, which was soaked with her juice and throbbing purple. Under it, her beaver was waiting.

I put one hand around my cock and guided it home. "Hold your pussy open," I told her. She reached down and scissored herself wide with the first two fingers of one hand. I put the head of my dick in her and she moaned.

"Ooh, Bobby, wait. Lick my pussy before you fuck me again. You've never done that."

Kneeling in the floorboard, I put my tongue on her left thigh at the knee and slowly journeyed up to her pussy. She gasped when I finally flicked it across her lips. I traced their edges and then moved sideways, wedging my tongue as far as I could stick it inside her. Then I lapped at the lower end of her lips.

"Oh, god," she said, sucking in a loud breath. "You know how to lick pussy, too."

I worked her lips for a few more minutes and then moved up to her clit. I probed it gently and her hips spasmed. "Oh, Bobby, yes!" she cried out, running her hand through my hair. Her juice was pooling on the leather under her ass.

I started massaging her clit with the tip of my tongue. Her startled cries became long, ear-ringing shrieks as her hips bounced on the seat. "Baby, I'm coming! God, don't stop!"

I didn't stop. I pressed hard on her clit and then swirled my tongue around it.

"OH, BOBBY! OH! OH! YES! I'M COMING! AIEEEE!"

Hearing her come drove me insane. She was still panting from her orgasm when I got between her legs again. I looked down. "My turn, honey," I said as I slid my cock into her pussy. Coming had made her even tighter.

"Ooh, yeah, Bobby, fuck me," she said. "Fuck me and then come all over me. I want to give you an orgasm like you just gave me."

"From the sound of yours, I'm in for something good," I said as I began pumping her with short, fast strokes. I watched my big, long dick service her pussy in the moonlight. I turned the corner instantly and knew I'd only last another minute or two.

She lifted her head to look down at the action. "Ooh, yeah, honey, pump that big boy in and out of me. I love watching it. I never thought I'd get fucked by a cock as big as yours. Mmmm, harder, honey. Yeah, all the way in and out. Bobby, sweetheart, your tempo is just perfect.

Ooh...oh...oh...oh...mmm....oh...yeah..." she moaned with each thrust. "You always fuck me so good. I can feel your big nuts bouncing on my ass!" she said, rocking in the seat. Her tits were starting to bound back and forth. I was over her on straight arms and she gripped my triceps. "Your strong muscles make me so horny. Oh, Bobby, fuck me. Fuck me, baby! Ugh! Your big cock makes my pussy feel so good! I'm going to come again!"

Fantastic. I hammered her as hard as I could, watching my cock to make sure it didn't slip all the way out. She screamed my name and clawed at my chest and wrapped her legs around my lower back. My balls tightened up and a jolt of electricity ran up my cock to my brain.

"I'm about to come!" she yelled.

"Me, too!"

"FUCK ME, BOBBY! YEAH! OH, NOW! I'M COMING!"

"SO AM I!" Three strokes, two strokes, one last furious thrust. My rumbling balls slammed loudly against her ass. I looked down at the action. Her beaver was matted with sweat.

"Come in me, honey!" she said between shrieks.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I got back on the pill. Shoot a quart of cum in my pussy!"

...One quart coming right up. A hot shiver ran up my cock. My balls clamped and I felt the first long, thick jet of semen spew into her. Then another. Then an even bigger blast. "Oh, Mom," I moaned. "Oh, baby, I'm squirting it in your pussy!"

"I can feel it, sweetie-bear! Your cock is like a fucking volcano! Oh, yeah, shoot every ounce of cum out of those big balls!"

"Come on, give me more!"

I did. Stream after stream, I emptied my nuts into my mother's pussy. We both looked down. My juice was pouring back out of her and dripping off her ass onto the seat. "Look how much cream I squirted in you, baby," I said.

"Oh, Bobby, I felt it. Just make sure you gave me every drop." She reached down and gently massaged my balls. Bliss. "And don't you dare pull your big cock out of me yet." I collapsed on her and she put her arms around me.

"That was great," I said.

"You were fantastic," she echoed. "You get better every time. Let's lie here together for a while, then we have to get home."

Her breathing softened and slowed in my ear.

"Ah, Bobby, that was so good," she whispered dreamily.

Suddenly we were no longer alone. A car swung off the road and stopped behind ours, its headlights blazing through the back window. The engine settled into a whistling idle. It sounded like a big engine - a big 454 police cruiser engine. I froze.

"Cop?" Mom whispered under me.

"Yep."

"Oh, my god, Bobby. Oh, lord, no." She held me tight and I gave her a reassuring kiss. "Maybe you should pull your cock out of me."

I did. I was still hard and it made a wet, sticky sound on the way out. Sure, now we looked innocent. I was lying on top of my mother, we were both naked, and my semen was streaming out of her pussy. The situation was grim.

I heard footsteps approach the car and then felt the faint heat of a flashlight shining on my ass.

"Okay, party's over," a thick male voice said. I looked over my shoulder into the glare of the light. Behind it I could make out a short, fat man in a khaki uniform. He was a sheriff's deputy. My chest hid Mom's face from him.

"Hi, officer," I said.

"Evening. You kids are in a little trouble. Hey, wait, I know you. You're the Arden boy. Tim, right?"

"Bobby."

"Oh, yeah. I know your folks. You gonna start at corner this season?"

I couldn't believe it. He was staring at my bare ass and asking me about football. "I hope so," I said.

"You got good speed." The flashlight beam swept over the interior. "This your daddy's car, son?"

"Yes, sir."

"He know you have it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How about that gorgeous mother of yours, she know where you are?"

"More or less."

"Huh. I doubt that. Haven't been drinking, have you?"

"No, sir."

"You alright under there, miss?"

"Just fine, officer!" Mom said into my chest, elevating her voice to sound like a ditzy teen.

"Mr. Arden isn't forcing himself on you?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"How old are you, Bob?"

"Sixteen."

"And you, young lady?"

"Um, seventeen."

"Older woman, eh?" He chuckled.

Then the flashlight traveled along the exposed edge of Mom's body, pausing at her mountainous left cone. She capped it with her hand as the beam continued through the dramatic S-curve of her naked waist and hip, then up her long, silky leg, which was still draped over my back. The deputy let out a low whistle. "Mercy," he said. "Looks like you got your hands full, Bob."

"Pig," she muttered.

I snickered. "Yes, sir."

"Say, you know my boy Aaron? Aaron Dunning? He'll be in ninth grade this year."

Yeah, I'd seen Aaron Dunning. He was about five feet two and had more rolls of fat on him than the Michelin Man.

"I think so."

"Well, Aaron wants to make the freshman team real bad. He's stout, I figure he'll be a good tackle. He's training his ass off for it. Think you could put in a good word for him with coach Simms?"

"Consider it done."

"Tell you what, Bob, you do that for me and I'll forget what I've seen here. Some of it, at least." His light swept over Mom's figure again. "I won't tell your folks."

"It's a deal, Mr. Dunning."

"Right as rain. You just have that pretty girl home by midnight, hear?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Go Grizzlies!" he yelled.

"Eat 'em alive!" I cheered back. It was the school chant.

"You drive safely, now."

As he turned to leave, I felt the flashlight move down and fix on my cock, which was dangling, semi-soft but full size, between my legs. "God almighty," he swore under his breath.

A few seconds later, the cruiser pulled away. In the new silence I could hear my blood pounding in my ears.

She let out a long breath and relaxed her hold on me. "You were so calm and brave with him, honey. You saved us. I'm so proud of you." She gave me a long, sweet kiss on the cheek. "You're my wonderful young man."

We sat up. I used the inside of my shirt to clean the rest of my semen off her face and neck. "Thank you, honey," she said.

"Now let's get dressed and get home."

"Yeah, before your folks get worried."

"Oh, my god, I passed for seventeen. I passed for seventeen!" She squealed and raised her hands in triumph, which made her big, bare melons thrust forward and dance around. The left one bumped me on the chin. "Oops, sorry, honey," she said, giggling.

"You're pretty statuesque for a seventeen-year-old."

"Aren't I?" she asked, running her hands down her figure.

The car reeked of sex. I put my jeans back on and reached into the front seat to get her bra and tank top. She slipped on her panties and then held her bra up to start fitting her globes into it.

"Wait, let me kiss those thirty-eight double-F's good-bye," I said.

"Okay," she laughed and pulled her bra back off. Her tits sprang out of it and bumped into each other. I cupped my hands under them and gave each one a long, circular lick in a sort of decaying orbit that spun in toward the nipple, each of which was fully erect by the time I got there. "Mmm, that feels really good," she said softly.

I raised up and smiled at her as I picked up my shirt.

"Wow, I love the way you kiss good-bye," she said. "But if you get to kiss my big equipment, I get to kiss yours." She unzipped my jeans and I lifted my ass off the seat so she could pull them down. My cock was in its normal flaccid state - soft and thick and about six inches long. Mom leaned down and kissed the underside of the head and the monster immediately started waking up. Like a Pop-Up Willie, it started rising as she licked the shaft all the way down to my balls. By the time she made it back up to the head, I was ten inches of skin-covered concrete.

"Oh, honey, look how big and hard your cock has gotten. I guess I'll have to do more than kiss it." She sank her lips over the head and started sucking. The car filled with slurping noises again. She stroked one hand up and down my pole and slid her other under her panties and fingered her box.

"Mmmmm," she moaned.

Her lips slid up and down my big dick like a hot, soft thumb and forefinger wrapped around it. "Oh, baby, that feels so good,"

I said. "Yeah, Mom, suck my big, hard cock."

She worked up and down it for another minute or so and then sat up. She calmly slid her panties back off and was completely nude again. She lay back on the seat and spread her long legs. "I think you know what to do, honey," she said.

Yep. I got between her legs, looked down at her crotch and slid my dick into her pussy without a word.

"Ooh," she cooed, glancing down at my pole in her and putting her hands on my shoulders. "Mmm, Bobby, start pumping."

I started pumping.

"Oh, yeah, fuck me good."

I fucked her good.

As I anticipated, Mom's new policy of daily sex couldn't even wait until Dad's next business trip. Considering the long hours he worked, we had plenty of time to ourselves. Even so, most of our encounters were spontaneous. Two days after our back seat rendezvous, I walked into the kitchen and found her slicing tomatoes. I lifted her mini-skirt, bent her over the counter and banged her. On another occasion, I found her sunbathing by the pool in my favorite yellow bikini. She was on her back, and I pulled the bottom off her hips and slipped it over her feet. Then she spread her legs. I yanked down my shorts and slid my cock into her without a word.

"Oh, yeah, do me, Bobby," she moaned, looking down at the action and unclasping her top. "Fuck my pussy with all ten inches and take me to paradise. And suck my tits on the way."

I took her to paradise, all right. And then I pulled my cock out of her pussy and squirted a pint of cum on her cantaloupes.

She had initiative, too. Once she surprised me in the shower. I rubbed soap on her naked tits and ass before she lifted one leg and I stuck it in her. The next day, she went to the gym with me and sucked my dick on the way. And one fantastic afternoon, she strolled to my doorway wearing the infamous black velvet demi-bra and panties. "See anything you like?" she asked.

We didn't even make it to her bed. I fucked her on the floor just outside the master bedroom. She dug her nails into my back and screamed so loud her voice echoed off the ceiling. And when my turn came to come, we were fucking doggie-style, so I pulled my cock out of her and blasted semen all over her magnificent ass. It ran down her legs.

We even progressed from the unthinkable to the unconscionable when, during the wee hours one morning, we got down to business while Dad was home. It started when I awoke to something warm and wet on my dick and looked down. She was kneeling beside my bed and greedily sucking me. "Oh, Mom," I moaned.

"This is crazy," she whispered, "but I'm so goddamned horny. You've turned me into a monster."

"I'm ready," I said, looking down at my pole standing at full mast. "Take off that nightgown and let's fuck." She yanked the long, red gown over her head and mounted me.

So there we were, sucking and fucking while Dad snored two doors down the hall. What if he had known that his beautiful, buxom wife was at that moment desperately impaling herself on their son's huge penis? What if he had gotten up to use the bathroom, heard soft moans and squeaking bed springs and cracked open the door to witness, by the starlight of some twisted anti-constellation, her voluptuous body bouncing on mine? What if he had seen her bite her lip with stifled pleasure as her mammoth chest boomeranged and she frantically shucked her pussy up and down my tree trunk? Then he would have seen me squeeze her gigantic tits and would have heard her whisper, "Mmm, Bobby, your big, long dick always makes me feel so good. Fuck me, honey, fuck me." And he would have heard me respond, "Oh, baby, all I could think about today was sucking your big tanks and pumping my cock in and out of your pussy." Then, if he had had the stomach to keep watching, he would have seen her have a whimpering, teeth-clenching orgasm on me, then leap off my big cock and frantically stroke it as I grunted and sprayed obscene geysers of semen all over her breasts and neck and chin. And to his final horror, he would have heard her urge me, "Ooh, yeah, Bobby, squirt your hot cum all over me!"

Well, that's what he would have seen and heard.

Then Dad left for a two-week trip to Houston and we really started going at it. But the scene didn't get truly insane until one sultry afternoon when my aunts, Mom's younger twin sisters Linda and Chrissy, dropped by unannounced. I thought they'd take a dip in the pool and I looked forward to seeing their tight, tucked asses and big tits in the little bikinis they invariably wore. Linda had a boyfriend and Chrissy had been married for two years. But as I would soon find out, that was no longer an obstacle.

Instead of swimming, they just hung out and chatted with each in the den. Mom was out shopping all day. I wondered what was up.

They answered that question as I was standing in the kitchen making some sandwiches and they both walked in. Linda glanced behind her as Chrissy walked up to me, swaying her hips more than usual. Her big tits looked plump and succulent under a v-necked blouse; Linda's were just as full and firm beneath a knit top stretched taut over them like a circus tent.

Chrissy groped my left bicep and grinned at me in a way I had never seen. "Ooh, Bobby, you're becoming such a hunk," she said.

Linda walked over and put her hand on my other arm. "You sure are," she said, trying to purr her words out but sounding a little nervous. Her big tits trembled under her top.

"Bobby," Chrissy began. She had always been the dominant twin. "Linda and I got into this little spat the other day and we think you're just the man to help us resolve it."

"Sure," I said. I took a big swig of orange juice. "What's the deal?"

"Well, first of all, this will have to be our little secret. Your parents wouldn't approve. And Jill might even get a little jealous." She almost snickered at the end of this, and I wondered if the twins knew Mom and I had been fucking.

"Yeah, you can't tell anyone, Bobby," Linda said.

"Okay," I said. "This is getting interesting."

"Here's the problem," Chrissy said, grinning. "Linda and I can't agree on which of us has better tits."

I almost spat out my orange juice. "Whoa, this is interesting." I glanced casually at both their chests. "You

both look very nicely built to me."

"We're both thirty-six double-D," Chrissy said, cupping her hands under her big rack. Her tits jiggled in her hands, the full cups extending beyond her fingers and her nipples youthfully upturned. "Linda thinks hers are a little bigger, but mine have a better shape."

"Says you. Bobby, will you be the judge?" Linda asked. "Come on, don't be shy." She began pulling her top out of her jeans.

"My pleasure," I said, smirking at both of them. "Staring at your big, beautiful tits will be nothing new. I can't wait to see them naked."

"Ooh, he's not shy at all," Chrissy cooed as she unbuttoned her blouse. Already I could see her long, deep cleavage swelling under a yellow lace bra. "Of course, our tits are nothing like your mother's massive globes."

"Thirty-eight double F," Linda recited peevishly. "Those things defy gravity." She glanced over at Chrissy, who had finished unbuttoning her top and slipped it off. Linda pulled her sweater over her head. Her bra was one of those boring full-coverage numbers. Only a hint of cleavage was visible.

Chrissy glanced around cautiously. "Okay, Bobby, are you ready?"

"Oh, yeah."

"Ooh, you may be too naughty for this. We'll see." She reached up and unfastened her bra and her jugs bounded out. She slipped it off her shoulders and dropped it on the floor. Her tits were huge - round and resilient and the size of very large peaches with a perfect natural teardrop shape. Her aureoles were small like Mom's but slightly redder.

Then Linda reached around and unhooked the grandma number holding her knockers in place. It fell off her chest to the floor.

Her tits were as identical to Chrissy's as the two women's faces were to each other. Linda cupped her hand under them. They were perhaps a tiny shade bigger than Christy's, but I really didn't care. My two curvaceous aunts were standing in front of me, showing me their big, bare breasts, and I liked it. My cock was growing and poking out of my shorts onto my right thigh. I hoped the twins noticed it through my jeans soon.

"Well?" Chrissy prodded, cupping her hands proudly under her tanks. "Who's got the best pair?"

"Hmm, it's such a close race. This won't be easy."

"Mmm, Bobby, when did you get so naughty?" Chrissy asked.

I then had them do some modeling for me - side views, hands over head, bending over. Linda's tits stuck out more fully to the sides when viewed from behind. "Walk around and let me see them jiggle," I said.

"Oh, Bobby, you're really loving this, aren't you? We knew you would," Linda said as they paraded around the kitchen, taking springy steps to make their equipment heave. I watched Chrissy's globes bounce against each other heavily a couple of times. My cock was starting to throb.

"Have you ever seen naked tits as big as ours?" Linda asked. "In person, I mean?"

"I can't remember."

"I bet he has," Chrissy said. "I bet he's even seen bigger." Now I was sure. Mom had told them.

They both presented themselves in front of me. "Well, judge?" Chrissy asked, planting her hands on her slim waist.

"Gee, I dunno," I stalled.

"Why don't you feel them," she said. "We know you want to." She stepped closer. "Here, try mine first."

I put my hands on them. They were firm and fit nicely, overflowing just a voluptuous tad over my thumbs. I hefted them and pressed them together. "Nice cleavage," I said. I ran my fingers over her nipples and they started to bloom.

Chrissy drew a long breath. "Mmm, Bobby, you have nice hands."

Linda was getting jealous. "Come on, Bobby, try mine out." I did. They were almost as firm as Chrissy's. I tapped at their sides to make them quiver and then gave her nipples a tweak. Linda squealed playfully. "That feels so good, Bobby. You've obviously had some practice."

"So, do we have a winner yet?" Chrissy asked.

"I still don't know," I said, sliding my hands down Linda's waist and over her shapely hips. "Maybe if I do this," I said, leaning down and putting my lips around Linda's right nipple. It sprang up to full attention. She let out a surprised moan and ran her hand through my hair. "Oh, Bobby, I didn't know you were going to..." I traced her aureole with my tongue. After a couple of minutes I moved to her other breast.

"Looks like he knows what he's doing," Chrissy said. "Does it feel good, Linda?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"Come over here and suck my tits now, Bobby."

I did as she asked. Her nipples were standing rock-hard before I even got to them. She cradled my hand in her hands and led me to each tit. I sucked hard on them and she whimpered with pleasure. This was getting good. I reached around and fondled her ass through her skirt. Like her breasts, it was full and firm.

She let out a horny sigh and leaned against me. Her bellybutton pressed against my hard dick and she gasped. "Oh, my god, Bobby," she said, her hand quickly groping my big, long tool through my jeans. "Your cock is huge! Look at it, Linda!"

"I told you, Chrissy," she said. "I saw it through his swim trunks a few weeks ago. He's at least eight inches."

"Ten," I said, squeezing Chrissy's tits.

"Ten?" they said in unison.

"Oh, my god, I have to suck it. I'm gonna suck your big cock, Bobby," Linda said, undoing my belt. She unzipped my jeans and pulled them down to my ankles. Then she yanked down my shorts and my throbbing pole vaulted out. I looked down with pride. It was dark and thick and sticking up at a 45-degree angle. The head was almost purple.

"Jesus Christ, Bobby," Linda said, wrapping her hand around it. Then she started sucking it. She could only get the head and about another inch in her mouth. She rolled her tongue around the head and smacked her lips on its broad sides.

"Oh, yeah, Linda, suck it," I said.

Chrissy looked down. "I can't believe how huge your dick is. Have you fucked lots of girls?"

"A few."

"Have you fucked any real women?"

"One."

"I bet you have."

Linda sucked hard on my cock and almost choked on it. Chrissy reached down and wrapped her hand around the base. "Holy shit, Bobby," she said in my ear. I turned my face to hers and we kissed. It was slow and savage. Her tongue came into my mouth and went wherever it wanted. We broke and looked down again.

"Mmm," I moaned.

"Oh, Linda, I can suck his cock better than that. Look out." They traded places and Chrissy made good on her boast. Her lewd gulping sounds echoed off the hard surfaces of the kitchen as she stretched her jaw open and I felt the tip of my dick slide past her soft palette.

"At least your big mouth is good for something, Chrissy," Linda said. "So, Bobby, are you any closer to a decision.?"

"I'm afraid not."

"I thought so."

"You know," I said, cupping her huge melons in my hands, "breasts are just part of a lovely creation. Maybe if I see the whole thing in its beauty, I'll know better."

"You're saying you want to see us totally naked."

"Yep."

She reached down and unzipped her skirt. It fell to her

knees. She shoved her pale blue panties down over her hips and then flung both garments off her feet. Her hips were full and smooth and her beaver was the same sexy dark blond color as the hair on her head. I ran my hand down over her bare ass. It was a little wider than Chrissy's. I squeezed the globes.

"Mmm," she sighed.

Chrissy stood up and took off her jeans while my big cock, glossy with both women's saliva, wagged obscenely between them.

Naked, Chrissy swept her hands up over her hips and waist and cupped them under her big globes. She looked at me and licked her lips. "What do think, honey?"

"I think we'd be more comfortable in the living room."

The next thing I knew, Linda was sitting on the arm of the green lounge and I was pumping my big cock up and down between her tits as she held them together. My clothes lay in pile near the coffee table and Chrissy was saddled up behind me with her arms around my chest. I could feel the dry scruff of her beaver against my ass and just below it, the soft, warm chewing gum dampness of her pussy.

"Ooh, yeah, fuck her tits with your big dick," she said, looking over my shoulder as I slapped the head of my cock against Linda's nipples. Every few seconds, Linda took my pole in her hand and gave it a quick, greedy suck. I put it back between her tits and slid the head up to her chin.

"Jesus Christ," she said.

"God almighty, Bobby, your cock is so big," Chrissy said. She reached around me and stroked it with a hard grip. Then Linda leaned down and Chrissy guided the head over her face. My cock rubbed her cheeks and nose and chin, even her eyes. "Ooh, yeah, all over her, rub your dick all over her

face," Chrissy whispered, pressing her big tits against my back.

Then she reached down and cupped my balls. "Jesus, Bobby, you even have big nuts. Are they full of cum?"

"Oh, yeah."

"Oh, Bobby, I'm so horny," she said. "Fuck me with your big dick."

Linda heard this and looked up. "Oh, no, I wanted you to bang me first, Bobby."

"Sorry, sis, I called it," Chrissy said as she led me to the sofa. "But you can watch us." She lay on her back and her big tits widened and wobbled on her chest. She spread her legs. Her beaver was a wide, blond triangle and her swollen pussy was like raw, pink flesh below it. Linda came over and knelt in front of the sofa.

I knelt between Chrissy's legs and got ready to give it to her. She propped her head on a throw pillow and looked down. Good, I thought, Mom's sisters are just as voyeuristic as she is. I looked down, too. My throbbing dick was hovering over her, thick and rigid like a shotgun barrel.

"Fuck me, Bobby. Slide your big cock into my pussy and do me."

"Yes, ma'am." I reached for my dick, but Linda's hand got there before I did. She stroked it a couple of times and then guided me toward Chrissy's slit. I pushed the head in and Chrissy gritted her teeth.

"Oh, honey, go slow with that big thing,"

"Okay, baby." Inch by inch, I put it in her.

"Ugh!" Chrissy cried, looking down. "This is going to be fantastic!"

My cock reached the limit of her pussy when I still had about two more inches to go. I began slowly sliding it in and out of her. She was tight, almost muscularly tight, and her lips sucked hungrily on my pole each time I pulled it out.

"Mmm, just like that," Chrissy moaned. "Yeah, fuck me, Bobby, fuck me. That feels so good, honey."

"Oh, yeah, do her, Bobby," Linda said. "Fuck my sister's pussy with your big, long cock."

That big, long cock of mine was sliding in and out of her nicely, so I stepped up the pace to a steady cantor. Chrissy's melons started swiveling around and slapping noisily against each other. She gripped my shoulders and panted in rhythm to my thrusts. My cock was making a slicking sound in her pussy and her ass was getting wet with her juice as my nuts slapped against it.

"Ooh, honey, fuck me," she said, looking down again to watch my big dick pump her pussy like an oil well. "Oh, Bobby! OH! Yeah, service my pussy with your big meat. Oh, you're giving me such a good fuck. That feels great. Mmm, nice long strokes, all the way in and out."

Linda was fingering Chrissy's clit with one hand and her own with the other. I leaned over and sucked one of her tits. "Oh, Bobby," she moaned, "I just can't take my eyes off the sight of your cock fucking her pussy. I've never seen anything like it."

"And I've never felt anything like it!" Chrissy yelled as I gave her a few quick pelvic slams.

"You'll get a better view if you lick my balls," I said to Linda. A couple of seconds later I felt her tongue on my pistoning

scrotum.

"Yeah, lick his big nuts while he fucks me, Linda," Chrissy said, watching her sister. "They must be full of cum. I'm on the pill, Bobby, so you can shoot it in me."

"Oh, no you don't, Chrissy," Linda scolded. "He's not coming until he fucks me, too."

"Ladies, I can come again and again," I bragged.

"We're counting on that, honey," Linda said, "but I want some of you on the first round."

"Don't listen to her, Bobby. I want you to squirt a big load of cum in my pussy. Empty your balls into me."

"He'll doing nothing of the sort," came a familiar voice from behind us. I stopped in mid-stroke and looked back over my shoulder. Mom was standing there with her hands on her hips and the faintest bemused grin on her lips.

"Oh, shit!" Chrissy yelled.

"Jill!" Linda said at the same time.

"Hi, Mom," I said, eyeing her up. She was wearing a loose cable-knit sweater that hung off her huge tits like a theater curtain. I ogled the top slope of her chest and imagined her massive cleavage, her firm, shapely globes packed together in a sexy bra. My cock throbbed anew.

"We thought you'd be gone all day," Linda said.

"I can see that. I should have known better than to tell you horny girls about me and Bobby. I knew you'd both want a piece of the action."

"He's just as good as you said," Chrissy offered.

"Oh, I know. I've been standing here watching the three of you since you started fucking. It was like a live porno movie. Now I'm so horny," she said, tossing her purse onto a chair and slipping off her sandals. Then she unzipped her walking shorts and started pushing them down over her broad hips.

"Oh, my god, Jill, you're going to join us?"

"Yeah. You two are good, but nobody can satisfy Bobby like I can."

She was right about that.

"So enjoy the last few strokes, Chrissy, because as soon as I get my clothes off, Bobby's going to fuck me and you're going to watch."

"Oh, god, Bobby, hurry," Chrissy said. "Give it to me, baby." She vaulted her hips up and down frantically and I hammered her pussy with my big pole. "Yeah, do me hot and fast!"

I looked over at Mom. She was down to her bra and panties. The bra was a gold satin job that rode low and springy on her cantaloupes and let them jostle around with each step. It was one of my favorites. Her panties were of matching material. Her skin was bronzy from sunbathing the previous day and her long, shapely legs were as smooth as melting ice. She was like a Victoria's Secret model - only with a gigantic rack.

"Hurry, Bobby, I'm gonna come," Chrissy cried. "Oh, yeah, keep going. Faster baby. Ugh, yeah. I'm coming. I'm coming. Fuck my pussy. I'm coming!"

She clamped her eyes shut and I pounded her into the sofa cushions. She shrieked and clawed at my upper arms. Her hips spasmed and I arched my back to drive my cock home.

Finally, her cries subsided.

Linda had paled. "Jesus, Chrissy, are you okay?"

"Yeah," Chrissy panted. "But I'm going to be sore tomorrow."

"Oh, Bobby," Mom called in a sing-song tone. Still on top of Chrissy with my cock in her, I looked to my right and my face nearly collided with Mom's huge melons. She was buck naked and kneeling beside Linda. The difference in breast size was awesome.

Linda's were big, very big. Any woman would have loved to have them, even via implants. But Mom's were more than twice as large - and more exquisitely shaped. They were the size of cantaloupes yet they arced off her chest like upturned bananas. They were the eighth and ninth wonders of the world. I kissed and sucked both of them and her big nipples stood up and said hello.

"Get up here so I can put my cock in you," I said to her.

Mom looked at Chrissy, who was just catching her breath under me. "Okay, out of there, little sister," she said. "My son and I are going to show you what serious fucking looks and sounds like."

I pulled my cock out of Chrissy and she rolled off the sofa. Mom took her place and craned her neck up to give me a deep, long kiss hello.

"Oh, my god," I heard Linda say. "I don't believe it. He's really going to fuck his own mother."

Mom lifted her head to look down at my big pole, which was lying rigid as a submarine on her flat tummy. "Oh, Bobby, put your cock in my pussy and do me good." She flexed her hips up a little to give me a good angle and both of us a nice

view. I took my dick in one hand and guided it to her entrance. I massaged her clit with the head. She squealed with pleasure.

"Oh, Bobby! Stop teasing me, honey. Slide your big dick into me and start pumping. I want you to fuck me and come all over me right in front of my sisters."

I did as the lady asked. She let out a long, contented moan as my big pole filled up her pussy and my balls nestled against her ass. Then I started giving it to her with long, fast strokes, raising my ass high into the air on each upstroke. Mom ran her hands along my back and gasped.

"Pump faster," she commanded. "Ooh, yeah. Pump your big boy in and out of me. Oh, Bobby!" She was very, very horny.

This was the first time we had fucked on the living room sofa, and it was more resilient than I had expected. Her hips sprang up to meet my thrusts as I watched my huge dick, glossy with the fluids of three different women, drill in and out of her beaver.

She looked down there, too. "Oh, sweetie-bear, fuck me with your big cock. Mmm, yeah, that's it. I love watching it slide in and out. Harder, baby. Pound me. Oh, Bobby, honey! OH! BOBBY! UGH! YES! YES!" Her tits were wobbling up and down and slamming into each other like two cells trying to merge.

I gave it to her like that for a few more minutes as her screams ebbed and flowed. I looked over at the twins. They looked like they were seeing their first porno movie. "Oh, my god," Chrissy said. "Oh, my god. They're fucking. He's got his cock in her and they're fucking. Jill is really fucking her own son."

"I told you I was," Mom said.

"I know, but hearing about it is one thing," Chrissy said.

"Bang me doggy-style," Mom said to me. I watched her big melons swing as she draped herself over the back of the sofa with her wide, heart-shaped ass thrust outward. I saddled up behind her and slid my tool in. I started pumping and she started screaming.

"Fuck me, Bobby! Fuck me!"

As we went at it, Linda came over and sat beside us on the sofa, furiously fingering herself. She spread her legs wide and fondled her tits with one hand. Her eyes, when open, stayed glued to the sight of my cock disappearing into Mom.

"Oh, shit, that is so hot," Linda said. Her finger was moving so fast on her clit that her hand was a blur. "Oh, I'm gonna come! I'm gonna come just watching you two!"

I looked down at Mom's beautiful back and felt her rhythm. She wasn't on the verge of orgasm, and neither was I. A little side trip was in order. I leaned down and whispered in her ear, "I'll be back in a minute." Then I pulled my dick out of her and she whimpered in protest.

I sidestepped in Linda's direction.

"I'm gonna come!" she said.

"You're gonna come alright," I said. "You're gonna come with my big cock in your pussy!"

Linda unclamped her eyes and a smile lit up her face. "Oh, Bobby! You're gonna fuck me?"

"Yeah. Right now." Standing in front of her, I bent her thighs back to her chest and she put her ankles on my shoulders. Then I took my cock in hand and drove it into her with one nasty thrust. She was tight and thick.

"Aie! Wait, honey," she said, like someone who had just changed their mind about riding the biggest roller coaster at the amusement park. "Your dick is so big. Go slow."

"Slow my ass," I said. "I'm gonna fuck your brains out. You know you want it." I slammed my pelvis against her upturned ass with quick, short strokes. She bounced up and down on the sofa cushion and her tits flailed behind her knees.

"Oh, god, yeah, pound me, Bobby, pump my pussy with your big pole. Ooh. OOH. Ugh! So this is what ten inches feels like!"

Chrissy came over and sat on the sofa arm. "Mmm, look at that big dick do its thing. God, I can hear it sliding in and out.

Isn't he great, Linda? Feels like a baseball bat in your pussy, doesn't it?"

"Yeah," breathed Linda between whimpers and cries. "I'm gonna come, Bobby! Fuck me! Fuck my brains out!"

Breathing like a sprinter, I gave it to her as hard as I could. My nuts whacked against her ass like a sack of ball bearings.

"Your pussy is going to be so sore!" I said.

"I don't care! Oh, I'm coming! I'm coming, Bobby! Do me with your huge dick! I'M COMING! OHHHH!" Her pussy convulsed around my dick as I gave her a few final, slow pumps.

"Wow, what a spectacle that was," Mom said, massaging her clit. Now get back over and finish me off." I pulled my dick out of Linda and moved over to her. "In fact," Mom said, "Do me just like Linda." She bent her knees back against her tits

and put her calves across my shoulders. I took my cock in hand.

"Give it to me, Bobby. Hurry, honey, slide it in. FUCK ME."

I fucked her. My big, glistening cock barreled in and out of her. She moaned and screamed; the twins oohed and awed.

"Jesus, Bobby, where did you learn to service a woman like that?" Chrissy asked.

"Mom taught me," I said as I pounded Mom's ass through the floor. She was too busy screaming to respond to Chrissy. Then I turned the corner and felt her tightening grip on my biceps. We were going to have another one of our ear-splitting, earth-moving simultaneous orgasms.

"Oh, Bobby, you're about to come, aren't you? I can feel it in your big nuts. Pull it out and squirt your juice all over me!

Spray it on my face and tits like you did the first time!"

"I'm gonna cover you with it!"

Her big globes were heaving up and down like bronzy volcanoes. "Bobby, honey, I'm coming. I'm coming! Fuck me! Long strokes, baby! Yeah! I'm coming! I'M COMING! FUCK MEEEEEE!"

My balls were boiling. She shrieked with her own orgasm as I pulled my big cock out of her pussy and brought it up to her face just as the first massive surge of cum arced out of it and splattered over her nose and left cheek. It was going to be a big, gooey batch. I moaned and grunted savagely. The next blast landed on her lips and chin and dangled from her face in a snotty white cord.

She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue and I gave her one right on it. "Mmmmmm," she said, swallowing.

"Jesus Christ!" Linda said.

I wasn't finished. My cock was still on fire and spewed river after river of hot semen on her. A long line crashed onto her forehead and another sailed far back into her hair. Then she rolled her head back in ecstasy and I gave her a pearl necklace - a big one. Her cheeks were covered. She took my spasming cock in her mouth, and her tongue massaged my glans as I felt the last big streams fountain into her throat. She swallowed but couldn't keep up with my gusher. Groaning, I watched my juice run down her chin and drip onto her huge tits. Incredible.

"Holy shit, Jill," Chrissy said. "I've never seen or heard anything like that."

Mom was still swallowing and licking her lips. "He's always that good," she said, rubbing the semen on her tits around like lotion. "He fucks me like that every night when Charles is away."

"Then you are the luckiest girl in the world," Linda said. "And you're fucking covered with semen."

I kissed Mom and tasted my salty sperm on her lips. "Is your pussy satisfied?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah, honey. That was fantastic." She looked over at the twins, who were still gaping in awe. "So, under what shallow pretense did you seduce my son?"

"Well, we wanted him to..." Linda trailed off.

"Yes?"

"We thought he'd say which of us has the best tits."

Mom glanced down at her huge cantaloupes and smiled. "I

can answer that for you."

"Yeah, yeah, Jill, we can't compete with your watermelons," Chrissy said. "God, you're like Jessica Rabbit."

No one disputed that. I leaned down and sucked on Mom's right mountain. "Mmm," she moaned.

"But I just thought of a new competition we can have," Chrissy said, her eyes flashing with sexual evil. "A 'tightest pussy' contest!"

Mom guffawed. "Oh, get real."

"Afraid you might lose, Jill?"

"Please. Bobby, honey, which of us has tightest equipment?"

I chewed my lip. I knew the answer, but the contest sounded very fun. "I dunno," I mumbled.

"Bull. You just want to fuck your aunts again."

"I want to fuck all three of you again."

"Okay, here's how we'll do it," Chrissy said. Like a giddy Campfire Girl, she explained how the game would work. It sounded simple enough.

Then Linda looked down at my cock, which was lying big and soft across my thighs. "Come on, Bobby, get that pussy-pleaser up and ready."

"Maybe you can help me with that."

"Maybe we all can," Chrissy said. The three women knelt together in front of me like a harem. Three lithe, curvy bodies, three beautiful faces and six huge breasts. Mom took my cock in her mouth. Then Linda. Then Chrissy. Then they

repeated the batting order.

They gurgled and slurped on my rising dick and exhorted each other to hurry up. Heaven.

I few minutes later, I was rock-hard, blindfolded and lying on the rug in front of the hearth.

"By the way, what does the winner get?" I heard Mom ask.

"The winner gets to finish herself off on him," Chrissy said.

"Ooh, good," Mom said confidently. "Are you ready, Bobby?"

"Yep."

"Jesus, look at his cock," Linda said. I stroked it. It was standing straight up, ten inches and as thick as a rolling pin.

"He's definitely ready."

"Contestant number one, come on down," I said and heard the three women giggle on the other side of the room. Then I felt the air move as a body hovered above me.

The test was straightforward. Each woman would ride my cock so I could judge her tightness. The time limit for each pussy was two minutes to prevent any screaming, giveaway orgasms, and the contestants had agreed not to go more than halfway down my cock, since differing vaginal capacities might also reveal identities. And I had received strict instructions to keep my hands at my sides and not grab tits.

The heat of the woman over me wafted across my chest as I felt a pussy slip down over my pole. "Ooh, that's nice," I said, and I heard a stifled moan. I couldn't tell whose voice it was, but the pussy felt like Linda's. It slid up and down my dick mechanically and I fought off the urge to slam my tool

up into it.

Then the first pussy departed and I felt contestant number two getting into position. "That was great, number one," I called out. The new pussy sheathed down over me. It moved fast and rocked back and forth a little. Definitely Chrissy.

Then came number three. I could practically hear Mom's big knockers bouncing off each other as she squatted over me. Then a pussy engulfed my cock like a hungry, sucking mouth and I knew it was her. Her slot gripped my dick and I moaned. She rode up and down it and I could feel her back arching and her tight ass flexing. I wanted to grab her waist and send my tool home to paradise.

"Mmm," I moaned. "Fantastic. Contestants number one and two were great and I have some really hot parting gifts for you, but - " The room filled with girlish gasps of anticipation.

" - contestant number three has the tightest fucking pussy on the face of the earth!" Before I could even turn that phrase, two hands yanked away my blindfold. There, with her firm thighs bucking and her huge tanks jiggling, was Mom smiling down at me.

"Hi, sweetie-bear," she said. "Now let's get down to business." She slammed her ass down over my big cock and cried out with pleasure, her face tilted upward in pleasure. Then she rocked forward, swinging her melons into my face, and began sliding her pussy up and down my shaft at a ferocious clip.

"Oh, Bobby," she huffed. "Ooh, that feels so fucking good." She looked down at her beaver. "I'm pumping my tight pussy all the way up and down your big dick. Oh, honey! Ugh!"

"Keep going, lady," I said. "Slide on my big, hard pole. Oh, god, your pussy's gonna make me come!"

"Mmm, I must be really tight. Or maybe your big cock just makes it seem that way!"

"No, honey, your pussy's tight. Ooh! Pump it up and down."

"Ugh! Put your hands on my big melons, honey!"

"Oh, shit, we have to sit here on the sidelines again!" said Linda.

"Screw that," Chrissy said. She came over and straddled my face with her thighs. "Eat me, Bobby," she said, lowering herself down. "Lick my pussy good."

I did as she commanded while Mom churned up and down on my big dong and my hands kept her tits from smashing the furniture.

Just then, however, a new hand - one of Linda's - led my fingers to her own pussy, where I began stimulating her clit. Moans all around. Now this was fucking.

"Oh, yeah, Bobby, eat me."

"Ugh! Sweetie bear, your big dick makes my pussy feel so good!"

After a few more minutes, Mom pressed her chest against mine and I rolled her onto her back to finish us both off. I spread my knees for good leverage and started sliding my cock in and out of her with long, fast strokes. Her fingers played with my nipples.

"Yeah, fuck me, Bobby," she said, looking up at me and smiling. "Fuck me good. No one can do me like you, honey." She looked down at the action. "Ooh, give me every fucking inch of that big pole. Ugh! Fuck me, baby! Harder!"

While I looked down and pounded Mom's ass clear to China this time, Linda wedged her head in between our tight abs and started licking Mom's clit.

"Ah! Linda, that feels great! Mmm, don't stop!" Mom cried. Then Chrissy got behind me and I felt her tongue on my swinging balls. I leaned down and sucked Mom's tits. The room filled with moans and gasps and lewd, wet slapping sounds.

"Bobby, I'm coming again!" Mom yelled. She was a little ahead of me this time. "Oh! OH! Yeah! Fuck me baby, now, I'M COMING!"

"I'M COMING! BOBBEEEE!" I pounded her so hard I thought my heart would jump out of my chest. Her nails sank into back and I could feel blood welling up around them. The piercing echo of her screams finally faded as I felt my own load of cum getting ready. The base of my dick tingled and throbbed as Chrissy and Linda came around and sucked Mom's tits. Then they brought their faces down to each side of her waist and looked at my pole thrusting in and out of Mom's beaver.

"Ooh, are you going to shoot another big load of cum?" Chrissy asked.

"Oh, yeah, any second now!"

"Good, Bobby. Squirt it all over our faces."

I was a dozen strokes away and starting to shorten my thrusts. Mom sighed contentedly and leaned up to kiss me. Five more strokes, three, two. I could feel the cum gush to the end of my tool. I pulled it out of Mom's pussy and groaned like a drunken caveman.

Chrissy got the first stream on the chin. Then another right in her mouth. Then I gave Linda three huge, thick cords all

over her face. She moaned. Then I gave Chrissy some more hot cum. Then Linda. Then I aimed it between them and blasted a few long ropes onto Mom's face and tits. She rubbed her tits with her hands and I shot cum all over her hands. Then I shoved my cock into Linda's mouth and squirted a few ounces down her throat. Then Chrissy took my dick in her mouth and sucked out the rest. I went cross-eyed.

I almost passed out.

The room was a sea of loud moans and naked bodies: semen-soaked faces and huge, heaving breasts and long, shapely legs. I ran my cock over Chrissy's lips and then crawled up and stuck it in Mom's mouth. She slurped and took the whole thing down her throat.

In our nice, elegant living room, I had just fucked my gorgeous mother and my two aunts and splattered their voluptuous bodies with cum. This wasn't suburbia. It was Rome. And I was the new emperor.

Mom's deep throat got my cock going again immediately. She licked my balls and smiled at me. It was going to be a long day.

The End