

# Extortion

by [G. H. Lawrence](#)©

I

It was about 4:30 on a Thursday afternoon, and I was sitting in the den watching a porno movie.

The picture quality was terrible, but that was expected. It was spy porn, captured by a camera hidden in a motel room. The video, which resembled convenience store surveillance footage, showed a cheap bedspread with a teal fleur-de-lys pattern. Beside the bed, light crept under a set of heavy curtains drawn over the window.

On the bed, a woman was sucking a man's cock. Both were completely nude. He looked about 45, with a big bald spot on the back of his head and a flabby gut that made his legs seem skinny. He was swarthy with body hair and his cock looked decently large, maybe eight or nine inches.

“Oh, yeah, suck it, Kate,” he moaned.

The woman looked younger, about 30, and was spectacular. Both her coiffure and her trimmed beaver were medium-brown. Her bronzed skin was flawless, and her figure just wouldn't quit. Her legs were long and perfectly tapered. Her hips were full but not overly so for her height and frame—she was about a five-foot-six and relatively lithe. Her stomach was flat and her waist was narrow.

And her tits—oh, man, her tits. They were massive, easily a DD cup and probably a DDD or E. They were real, too, riding close together like two huge, supple eggs. They shimmied and bounced against each other while she pumped her fist up and down her partner's thick cock. She sneered at the man and licked her lips like a porn movie actress. One might guess that she was a very expensive prostitute and he was a wealthy businessman.

“You ready for it, baby?” the man asked. The woman reached across and

took a condom packet from the nightstand. A quick tearing sound cut through the room, then the woman took the rolled prophylactic in her mouth. She went down on the man once more, methodically this time, unrolling the condom on his shaft. Nice. None of my many teenage girlfriends had ever done that to me.

The intercourse was hot, in a perfunctory way. They started in the missionary position, the beautiful woman's huge, firm-looking breasts widening as she lay back and the man mounted her. Inside her, he pumped somewhat robotically; I watched his saggy butt hump up and down between her legs and wished the fixed camera angle had captured the penetration. Clearly, this wasn't the first time this couple had fucked. By now, the man had used up all his moves and the woman was getting bored.

Then the view got a lot better. The man rolled off the woman and she mounted him. Riding cowgirl-style, she flexed her gorgeous figure up down while the man groped her. This time I could see the penetration, and I felt my own big tool grow rock-hard in my pants as I watched the hemispheres of her shapely ass move up and down on his dong.

“Ooh, yeah, baby, go for it,” the man seethed.

Even the view of his cock going into her was nothing, however, compared to the sight of her big rack heaving mightily. The man liked this, too, his eyes widening and fixing on her tanks as they lurched up and down. He reached up and cupped his hands under them. Lucky bastard.

Then he slid his hands down to her waist and she arched her back proudly. Those big tits practically exploded off her chest, vaulting out like two huge, soft gourds.

“Oh, fuck,” I whispered. “Oh, Christ, yes.” I had seen this woman before, you understand, but never like this. Never even naked. I squeezed my throbbing cock through my pants, desperately wanting to whip it out and jack off right then and there. I had jacked off to her so many times already. But I didn't dare this time. I had better plans for my cock. Much better plans.

The woman's fantastic breasts were too much for her partner. Groaning, he bucked his hips and his eyes rolled back in his head.

“Oh, baby, I'm—ohhhhhhhh. Ungggggh! Yeahhhhhh! Oh!” He had just shot his load into the condom. The session was over.

The woman stared down at him with pursed lips and then dismounted. She clearly hadn't had an orgasm of her own. She lay beside him, offering another long, unobstructed frontal view of her incredible body. Jesus. The man lit a cigarette for himself, then offered her one. She declined.

“You know, Jim,” she said, folding her arms behind her head, “You've got a nice big dick but you don't last long enough.”

“Sorry, babe,” he said.

While they pillow-talked on the videotape, I heard a car outside in the driveway. I quickly hit the mute button and listened for the front door. It opened a minute later and I heard a pair of heels clicking on the stone floor of the foyer. My mother was home.

Normally, this would have caused a moment of sheer panic. I was 18 years old, a senior in high school, and here I was watching a sex video in my parents' den. Under normal circumstances, I would have frantically yanked the tape from the VCR and dashed up the back stairs to my bedroom.

Not this time, however. Today was different. Today was far from normal. If things went as planned, today was going to be the greatest day ever.

You see, the hot woman on the hidden-camera sex tape was no porn star or hooker.

She was my mother.

I had long suspected her of having affairs, and with this video, which I had made two days prior, I now had her dead to rights. If Dad knew, it would crush him. He adored my mother for reasons I never quite understood.

Dad wasn't going to find out, however, if I got my way. This is where the whole thing gets really twisted, so keep reading only if you dare. See, I didn't plan to show Dad the tape. I planned to show it to Mom, however, and

I was going to blackmail her with it.

What did I want, you wonder? A new car? Nah, I already had a Mustang convertible. Money? I had plenty of money from the cushy summer office jobs I'd worked. That was ordinary stuff. There in the VCR was the smoking gun from hell, and I wanted something really good in exchange. Something unthinkable. Something I'd remember for the rest of my life.

I wanted what the guy on the tape got. I wanted to fuck my mother.

II

I hit the rewind button and headed casually down the long hallway to the kitchen. En route, I began to have second thoughts about my plan. Would it work? Was it too sick even to try? Was there something seriously wrong with me? Sure, Freud said all men want to bone their mothers, but he never said it was okay to actually do it.

As I walked into the kitchen, I had momentarily given up on my scheme and was looking forward to a normal evening, not a weird one. Funny how sex can scare you that way. Then I saw Mom, who was putting a six-pack of mineral water in the refrigerator, and my cock stirred again. Lord, what a woman. She was wearing a navy blue cotton skirt that rode snugly down over her hips and thighs and ended a few inches above the knee. From there, her silky legs descended into a pair of blue platform sandals. Her toenails were crimson and perfect.

The top half was even better. Her big tits were practically pushing the front of her pearl silk blouse into a different zip code. I could see a tantalizing hint of her massive cleavage swelling and jiggling as she closed the fridge. What an hourglass. Mom was 36 but had the figure of a 20-year-old. During a moment like this, I usually undressed her in my mind. Now, thanks to that tape, however, I no longer needed to. I knew how incredible she looked naked, how firm and perfect her body was. I had seen everything—her tits, her ass, her beaver, everything, and it was all just as hot as I had envisioned.

Yes, I wanted to fuck her. Nothing else mattered just then. My plan was suddenly back in action.

“Hi,” I said.

“Hi, Peter. Did you mow the backyard yet?”

“Not yet.” Mowing the backyard was my Thursday afternoon chore.

“Well, you'd better get moving before it gets dark.” She was right. We had a big backyard.

“Yeah, I will,” I said. “But first there's something I want to show you.”

“What?”

“Uh, it's a video.”

“Oh, Peter, this isn't another tape from football practice, is it? I really don't have time—”

“No, it's not another football practice. It's a surprise.”

“Okay, let me get a drink and I'll be there in a minute.”

I headed back to the den to wait. After five minutes, which seemed like ten years, her heels came clicking down the hallway. She walked into the den with a Tanqueray and tonic in a crystal rock tumbler, the ice tinkling like a tiny xylophone. Her huge breasts were bouncing youthfully inside her blouse. I let my eyes linger on them a little longer than usual, and she noticed.

“Peter, what did I tell you about staring at my chest?”

“Sorry.”

“My big breasts attract enough attention out in public, so the last thing I need is for my own son to gape at them at home.”

“I'll control myself.”

After today, I thought, I won't ever need to stare again. I'll just glance in her

direction and think, *been there, done that*.

“Come on, Peter, show me whatever this surprise is. I've got things to do.”

“I'm glad you made yourself that drink,” I said. “You're gonna need it.”

“Why?” she asked with a note of alarm.

I hit the play button and the tape rolled from the beginning. There was a second or two of static fuzz, then the empty motel room appeared.

“What is this?” she asked with even more concern.

“Oh, it's just something I taped a couple of days ago.”

“Where did—”

Her question trailed off as the motel room door opened and the lunchtime lovers entered.

I glanced at Mom, who had just recognized herself. “Oh, my god,” she whispered. “Oh, my god.” She put her face in her hands for a few seconds and then looked at the screen again, where she and her pudgy partner were standing beside the bed. He was kissing her neck and cupping his hands under her jugs through her sweater.

“Man, that guy can't keep his hands off those big tits of yours,” I said. I had never said anything like that to Mom, and it felt raw and scary coming out.

Still in shock, she didn't even hear me. “Peter, how did you get this tape?” she asked, her lower lip quivering.

“I made it myself,” I said. “Last week I followed you to that motel. The desk clerk said you and the guy always come every Tuesday around one o'clock. So this Tuesday morning I went back there a couple of hours early and gave the clerk fifty bucks to let me install the camera in one of the rooms. Then he promised to give you that room. As you can see, he made good on his promise.”

On the screen, Mom's sweater was off and her partner was licking the slopes of her tits between the huge cups of her full-coverage bra while she fumbled with his belt buckle.

“Turn it off, Peter, please. I don't want you to see this.”

“Are you crazy? Do you think I haven't watched it already? I've seen the whole thing, Mom. I've seen it all. I've seen your gorgeous naked body while you suck his cock—”

“Peter, stop it!”

“—then I've seen those fantastic tits heaving while you ride the lucky bastard.” “No, no, no,” she moaned, burying her face in her hands again.

“But frankly, Mom, you didn't seem satisfied at the end. How long have you been fucking this guy?”

“Peter, don't talk like that.”

“Oh, that doesn't matter now. How long?”

“A couple of months. I don't think we should discuss this.”

“Well, the real question is, what are we going to do about it?”

“It's not your concern. I'll stop seeing Greg. It's over.”

“You're not going to tell Dad?”

“No, no, it would kill him. Do you want to see him hurt?”

“No, and you don't want to be divorced and penniless, do you?”

“Peter, what has come over you? Everyone makes mistakes, young man.”

“And people have to pay for their mistakes.”

“Peter, believe me, just sitting here with you and seeing this is bad enough

for me.”

“Well, that's not good enough for me.”

“What?”

“Listen, do you want me to give this tape to Dad, or don't you?”

“What are you getting at?” she asked morbidly.

A long silence fell.

“Oh, I see, you're blackmailing me. You're blackmailing your own mother. Jesus Christ, you've got the nerve.”

“Well?”

“Well what? What do you want? A new car? How about a BMW? I'll pay for it from my private account and your father will be no wiser.”

“Nah, I love my Mustang.”

“What, then? A trip? You can go anywhere. You can take your girlfriend to Europe for a month and spend as much as you want.”

“I don't like French food.”

“Well, what, then? I don't understand. Do you want more freedom? No more chores? No curfew? It's done. I'll work it out with your father somehow.”

“You're getting colder, Mom.”

“Then what, Peter? Would you please tell me what the hell you want?”

I smiled at her and nodded at the screen, where she, kneeling, was tugging down the man's pants and starting a blowjob. Unfortunately, he had his back to the camera and I couldn't quite see his dick in her mouth.

“Peter, please turn that off.”

“No, Mom, you don't understand. *That's* what I want.”

“What?”

“That.” On the TV, Mom's eyes were closed as she bobbed on her partner's knob. The microphone picked up faint smacking sounds.

“You want... from *me*? Are you crazy?”

“That, for starters.”

“Oh, my god, you want to have *sex* with me?” her tone approached hysteria.

“Yep.”

“Peter, honey, be reasonable. Think about what you're suggesting.”

“I've thought about it a lot. Hell, I've been thinking about it for years,” I said, ogling her huge bust line.

Her eyes followed mine down into her cleavage. “Oh, god, I knew this beautiful body would get me into serious trouble one day, but I never dreamed of anything this insane. Well, it doesn't matter because it's not going to happen. Sorry, Peter, but I'm not going to sleep with my own son. When you come to your senses you'll thank me for it.”

“Mom, you're forgetting something. The tape.”

On the screen, Mom and the guy were naked and on the bed. She was still blowing him, only now the camera was seeing everything. She slowly drew her sensual lips up and down his pole as he moaned and grasped the bedspread.

“Oh, my god, Peter, *please* turn that off. Even seeing me like that will damage you. It's just not natural.”

“Looks like you give great head,” I said, ignoring her pleas.

“Peter, for Christ’s sake,” she intoned, standing up and facing me, blocking my view of the television and planting her hands on her hips. I had no intention of relinquishing the remote control to her and there was no power switch on the console.

“I’m offering you a real bargain, Mom. Most kids would want tons of money. You’re getting off Scot free, basically. In a few hours, the tape will be yours. And believe me, you’ll enjoy earning it.”

“You’re absolutely out of your mind.”

“If you think that guy is well-hung, wait until you see my big boy.”

She ignored that. “Listen, honey, just because you’ve caught me with someone else doesn’t mean I’m some horny slut who will do anything.”

*“Oooh, yeah, that it’s, Greg,”* came her voice from the TV speaker. *“Suck my big tits while you fuck me.”* Mom winced and flushed.

I guffawed. “You were saying?”

“Peter, please don’t destroy our relationship. We’ve already had so much trouble.”

“Enough talk,” I announced, getting up and facing her. “Unless you want me to mail that tape to Dad at his office tomorrow, here’s what’s going to happen. We’re going to go upstairs to my room, take off our clothes, then I’m going to slide my big cock into your pussy and fuck your brains—”

I saw the flash of her palm, then felt the neck-twisting whop of her hand against my face. She had struck me as hard as she could. Frowning in pain, I saw the desperate rage in her beautiful brown eyes. Mom was a bitch, but she had never struck me.

“I’ll give you some time to think about it,” I said. “Either you show up in my room later this evening wearing that red bikini, or Dad gets the tape. And by the way, I’ve already made a copy of it. The choice is yours. Do the right thing.”

“Peter, please, let’s talk this over.”

I was out of the room and headed down the hall.

“Go screw yourself, Peter,” Mom called after me. I looked back and saw her leaning sexily against the doorframe. “You’re right, honey, I do have a fantastic body. My legs are long, my ass is shapely, my waist is tiny and my tits, well, look at them,” she said, cupping her hands around her awesome rack and squeezing, making her cleavage swell and strain against her blouse buttons. *Fuck*. “Huge, round, firm, perfect. All of my lovers have said they’re the best, and that *I’m* the best. Greg couldn’t get enough of me. But you, young man, will never, *ever* know me that way. Give it up.”

“Alright,” I said. “I’ll pack up a copy of the tape for Dad.”

### III

I had no idea what she'd do. Mom was a conniving gold digger, but she wasn't crazy. Having sex with your own son—now *that* was crazy. I had probably presented Mom with the most agonizing dilemma of her life.

With a little luck, she'd face it as a true pragmatist. After just a couple of hours of unthinkable sex, she'd get away with having an affair and go right on with her life. She should even consider herself lucky, I mused. Dad was a good man but a very jealous one, and if he had caught her in bed with that guy, he'd have given each of them a bullet between the eyes. Viewed that way, my snooping had perhaps forestalled a double homicide. Darkly, I imagined the scene: Dad bursting into the motel room, his snub-nosed .357 revolver in one hand. A gasp and a shriek from the bed, where Greg had just started pumping Mom's pussy doggy-style, her big tits swinging and her face screwed up in pleasure. Dad would shoot Greg first, the bullet hitting him just above the left eye and slamming him back against the headboard, dead. Then Mom would rise up into a kneeling position, petrified, not even bothering to cover her huge breasts with her hands. As she blurted out an apology, Dad would take one last, lustful look at her fantastic body and then blow her head off.

See? I had circumvented all that carnage, and all I wanted in return was a little pussy.

Of course, she didn't see it that way. She only saw it as a choice between moral turpitude and financial ruin. If Dad saw the tape, she'd be out of the house within hours and divorced within days. My father was a very powerful man and could easily make it happen that fast.

Would I do it? Would I really send him the tape? I asked myself that question more often as the evening wore on and Mom didn't show up at my door. She wasn't going to do it, I realized. She'd do anything to keep her privileged life, but she wouldn't resort to incest. She was probably pondering various counter-offers to talk me out of my twisted quest.

She had come up with a pretty good one, it turned out. Around nine, I heard her slippers pad toward my room.

"Peter?" she said softly, standing in the doorway, afraid to enter. She was wearing her powder blue bathrobe, which vaulted forward over her huge chest, and her hair was wet.

"Yeah, I'm in here," I said.

"I have an idea. Do you remember Cindy, my friend from the tennis club? She's really gorgeous and is built like me," she said, bringing her hands up to her chest. "If that's what you like, then I'll arrange for you and her to, you know..."

"Well, if Cindy wants to join us for a threesome, that would be hot. I think I could satisfy both of you at once. Otherwise, it'll just be you and me."

Mom, who had taken a hopeful step into the room, leaned back against the wall by the light switch and let out a long, defeated sigh. Her big tits shimmied under her robe. Then she smiled wryly and shook her head in disbelief. "And you haven't come to your senses about that shiny new BMW?"

"Nope."

A long pause, maybe ten seconds.

“Okay, then let’s get this over with.” She untied the bathrobe, pulled it from her shoulders and let it fall to the floor behind her.

Underneath it, she was wearing the red bikini.

IV

“Oh, yeah,” I said wolfishly, getting up quickly and walking over to her.  
“Oh, fuck, yeah.”

There her tits were, rising huge and firm above the stiff French cups of the bikini top. I put my hands on the cups and pressed my thumbs against her cleavage. Warm and springy. Perfect.

“Oh, god,” she gasped, looking down at her tits.

I leaned down and gave each huge mound a long lick—the left tit, then the right. She grasped my head as if to push me away, then let her hands fall to my shoulders.

Nearly berserk with lust, I had to get those melons out and suck them. “Get your top off,” I commanded. On the surface, her disgust seemed to be mounting, but I knew how proud she was of those gorgeous jugs. Looking me calmly in the eye, she reached behind her and unhooked the fasteners. Then she pulled the straps from her shoulders and tossed the top down to one side.

Holy shit. As awesome as her naked tits were on the videotape, you can imagine how they were in person at point-blank range. No, actually, you can't imagine. Practically leaping out of the bikini cups, they bounced against each other and quivered maddeningly before coming to rest. They were even bigger naked than they were under clothes, and I realized I had been underestimating Mom's bra size all along. This woman was no DD or DDD. She was, in all likelihood, a EE. What I 'm trying to impart here is that her tits were enormous—round and firm, launching off her slim, curvy frame like two supple grapefruit. Her aureoles were small and pink and her nipples were definitely not erect.

“God,” I said.

“Like 'em?” she asked dryly.

“I've never had my hands on a rack this big,” I said.

Greedily, I cupped my hands under them. Jesus, they were firm and heavy. I craned down and went to work on her nipples, rolling my tongue around each aureole. Still, she didn't grow erect. I didn't care. I was sucking my beautiful mother's huge breasts and nothing else really mattered.

After that first helping, I straightened up and looked at her, my hands still squeezing her rack. “I can't wait to get my big cock between these,” I said, looking down at her globes.

“Good, let's do that first,” she said. “Since you like them so much, you'll last about ten seconds and we'll be done.”

“Oh, no, honey,” I countered. “I'm going to finish off between them, alright, but only after I give your pussy a good, long fuck.”

“Peter, you're not going to do anything weird to me, are you? You just want straight sex, right?”

I smirked. “What do you mean by ‘weird’?”

“Well, you're not going to tie me to the bed or pee on me or anything like that?”

“No, I won't tie you to the bed if you behave yourself. And no, I'm not going to pee on you, but I am going to cum on you.”

“Oh, Peter,” she said, her face sour.

“And I come in quarts.”

“Wonderful,” she said.

“If you only knew how much you're going to enjoy this, you'd stop bitching,” I told her.

“Peter, I am not going to enjoy this.”

“Pull my big cock out of my pants and you'll change your mind. Do it.”

My rigid tool was bulging obscenely down the right leg of my jeans, but Mom pretended not to notice as she calmly knelt and undid my belt buckle. Then she unzipped my fly with about as much sensuality as a jaded trauma nurse.

“Come on, get it out and stroke it before I rip my pants.”

With my fly open, she tugged my jeans and boxers down to my thighs with a couple of firm, clinical yanks.

She truly had no idea how big I was, but she was about to find out. Freed, my rock-hard cock sprang up and hit her on the chin.

“Jesus,” she said, recoiling slightly from the blow. Then she got a good look at my dick. It was pointing right at her face, and it was a foot long. That's right. Twelve inches, and very thick.

“Oh, my lord, Peter,” she said, her eyes widening. “I didn't know you were that big.”

“Nice, eh? Stroke it.”

Tentatively, she reached up and wrapped her right hand around my dong just below the head. Her fingers didn't quite meet.

“Ohhhh,” I moaned, feeling her warm, strong hand squeeze my shaft. “Oh, god. Come on, jack it.”

She did as I ordered, sliding her fist up and down in short, fast strokes.

“Ungh, yeah, that feels great,” I said as we both watched her hand stroke my huge pole. “Ever had your hand on one this big?” I asked.

“No.”

“Ever had a cock as big as mine in your mouth or your pussy?”

“No, Peter, I haven't, and this one isn't going either place. I'm going to get you off with my hand.” She gripped me harder and picked up the pace. I had to admit, the woman knew how to give a handjob.

“Forget it. I will last forever,” I said. “Even with you, I bet I'll have good endurance.”

“We'll see about that.” I watched her massive rack jiggle youthfully and wondered if she was right.

“Ooooh, yeah, jack it, Mom, jack it. Besides, you still don't understand. This session isn't over until I say it's over. If I shoot my load now, I'll be ready for round two before you can wipe all the cum off you.”

“Bullshit, I'm going to drain you dry the very first time,” she said, sneering up at me. “Come on, honey, come! Don't hold back, Peter. Just let it squirt out. You can do it all over me if you want. I'll even lick it off my tits, I promise. Anything to make you come and get this over with.”

As insanely hot as that sounded, I held back somehow. “Too late,” said, pulling her hand off it and guiding the head toward her mouth. “Suck it.”

“Peter, please don't make me do this,” she protested.

“Suck it!”

She looked up at me with even more resentment. “Now you really *are* going to come, young man. Nobody does this as good as me.”

She closed her eyes and slid her lips over the tip, her jaw stretching wider and wider as the head filled her mouth. '

“Nnnnnn,” she moaned plaintively and I wondered how much of it she could take. My many high school girlfriends had never managed more than a helmet polish.

Mom, however, was a pro. After industriously smacking her lips up and down the head about a dozen times, sucking harder and harder, she ventured down the shaft. Three inches, four. Five. Six—Jesus! Sucking a six-inch needle dick is one thing, but taking even a half-foot of my lead pipe is a real accomplishment.

“Oh, fuck yeah, baby, take it. Oh, shit, I've never had a blowjob this good.”

Still deep on me, she glared up at me with reddened eyes. Her mouth was stretched freakishly over my shaft. It looked like she was trying to inhale an entire stick of salami.

“Mmmm, yeah, just like that,” I encouraged. “I've fantasized so many times about you doing this to me.”

She drew her lips all the way off my cock and a huge line of spit ran down her chin and dripped onto her left tit. She didn't even seem to notice. Whether or not she would ever admit it, she was getting into this.

“You've fantasized about me like this? Sucking your cock?”

Holy shit, I had never heard her talk like that, and she knew it. This was all a ploy to get me off before I could put my cock in her pussy.

“I bet it's better than you ever dreamed, isn't it?” she asked. Then she went back to work on me, venturing only an inch or so beyond the head, sucking, licking, even rubbing her bottom teeth against the underside of my throbbing shaft. Jesus, what a feeling. For a woman who was doing it against her wishes, she was certainly going for broke.

This continued for a few more minutes, getting hotter all the time.

“Come on, honey, shoot your load,” she coaxed, jacking my dick between loud slurps. “Do it, Peter, do it all over me. I'll even...oh, god...I'll even swallow it if you want.”

“Shit, you'll do anything to get out of this fuck, won't you?”

“I just want this all to be over, honey. Please.”

“Well, babe, the sooner we start fucking, the sooner it will be.”

Exasperated, she stood up. Wrapping one hand casually around my raging tube, she gave me that bitter, smoldering look again. “Then let's get on the bed and get busy.”

“Yes, Ma'am.” I cupped my hands under her tits and leaned down to give each another quick suck. Then I took her by the hand and led her to the bed.

Holy shit, I was really going to do it. The plan had worked. I was going to bang her.

“What position do you want to start in?” she asked matter-of-factly.

“Missionary.”

“Good,” she said, gazing down at my cock as we stood beside the bed. “I need to get used to that thing at first.”

I knelt in front of her. “You won't be needing these anymore,” I said, sliding her high-cut bikini bottom down over her shapely thighs. It fell to her ankles and she stepped out of it. Her beaver, a neat, close-cropped triangle of brown hair, was now in my face. I reveled in the pleasure of exposing my mother like this. And to think, I was about to slide my cock into that thing. Oh, man, this was going to be good. I planted a quick kiss on her pelt and a shudder coursed up her frame.

She lay across the bed on a diagonal and spread her legs. I got between them, my foot-long cock loitering thick and stiff above her beaver. I looked down at her tits, which were now riding as wide as cinnamon rolls on her chest and quivering slightly.

“Ready?” I asked her.

We both looked down and she tensed at the sight of my huge shaft pointing hands-free at her pussy.

“Oh, lord, honey,” she said, drawing a breath. “Wait, wait.” She reached

down and started fingering her clit. “Let me make sure.”

I watched her fingers diddle her pussy for a few seconds and then decided to join in. I took my cock in one hand and brought the head to where her fingers were.

She looked down again. “Wait, Peter, don't screw me yet. Honey, please, you'll hurt me.”

“I'm not putting it in,” I reassured her. “I'm just helping you get ready.”

“Okay,” she said softly.

I pressed the tip of my cock against her clit and rubbed it up and down gently, then more firmly. Her hand stayed there, the index and middle finger continuing to do their thing. Then she took her hand away and drew a long breath. I kept working my glans against her clit.

“Yeah, just a little more like that,” she said, looking down as if inspecting my technique.

Now this was progress. My goal was not only to have sex with Mom, but for her to like it. And here we were, lying naked on my bed while I rubbed my head against her clit to get her hot and wet. She could still claim she wasn't enjoying this, but that claim grew shakier with each heavy breath she drew.

She gripped me around the arms and looked into my eyes. “I'm ready.”

I looked down to guide my big boy into her and she rose up on her elbows to follow my gaze.

“Good lord, Peter,” she intoned, her mind evidently reeling once more at the size of my monstrous cock.

I pushed the head between her lips, which began to stretch taut around it.

“Ooh, go slow, honey. Please go slow at first until I get used to you—if I even can.”

“That's what all the girls say,” I told her.

“Oh, Peter,” she said, disgusted.

I slid the first two or three inches into her. She bit her lip to stifle a cry and her hands gripped my arms tighter. “Easy, Peter, easy. Good lord, you're huge.”

“That's why you're going to enjoy this so much,” I said.

“Peter, please stop saying that. I'm never going to enjoy this. If you weren't my son, it would be different, but you are, and we're doing this strictly for you.” She raised her head to look down at the penetration again. “Believe me, Peter, considering the situation, I wish you were a little smaller.”

“You'll be singing a different tune in a few minutes,” I said, giving her another two inches and watching her lips inhale my shaft between her huge, jiggling tits. “God, your pussy's tight.”

“Just have your fun and get it over with.”

As I expected, her pussy couldn't swallow my entire cock—few women are dug deep enough to take a foot of man-meat—but she took a helluva lot of it, about nine or ten inches. With two inches to go and my big nuts clinging tight and horny to the base of my fuck stick, my head came to rest against her cervix.

“Ungh,” she exclaimed softly, biting her lip once again.

“Never been filled up like this, have you?” I asked arrogantly.

“No,” she huffed, still wincing.

I gave her a long, slow first thrust and felt her hot, tight pussy suck at my shaft skin. I pulled my cock all the way out to the head and then drove it gently home again. She drew her knees up and grasped them in her hands while I ever so gradually picked up the pace like a mile-long freight train gathering momentum.

Any other woman would have been moaning her head off by now, but Mom just stared up at me with scornful eyes. I stared back into hers and the room was silent for a couple of minutes save for the squeaking bed springs.

“I'm fucking you,” I finally said to her, grinning. “I never thought you'd let me do it.”

“I didn't plan to, even when I put on the bikini. I really thought I could satisfy you with a handjob. That would have been enough for most teenage boys. Believe me, Peter, I never, ever intended to go this far,” she said, raising her head and looking down at the action.

“Yeah, look at that,” I encouraged. “Look at my big cock servicing your pussy.”

“Peter, please don't say things like that.”

“You know you like it. I heard you talking dirty to Greg on the tape.”

“That was different.”

For all her protests, she was actually coming around quite nicely. She had let go of her knees and put her arms up around my back. She wasn't clawing me or even rubbing, mind you—not yet, at least. Every few strokes, I went deep into her and watched her eyes close and her face tense up as if holding back a moan. She bit her lip more and more often.

I looked down at my boy and started doing her even harder. We were now approaching the tempo and intensity of serious fucking. I was going to make this woman scream if it was the last thing I did.

“It's good, isn't it?” I asked. She ignored me. “There's no way you can't be loving this.”

“I just want you to enjoy it so you'll get what you want,” she said. Her tone was still detached, but she was now rubbing my back with her hands. Bingo.

I shifted gears again and started pounding her in earnest, my pelvis whacking loudly against hers as my beefstick pummeled her slot. Her huge

breasts pinwheeled and slammed into each other. She was still silent, but her lip-biting was now almost constant. She didn't even seem to be breathing, in fact, as if she knew she could no longer exhale without moaning.

“You've gotta be loving this,” I said, panting from the exertion. “There's no way you can't.”

Scrunching her eyes shut, she shook her head.

“You want to change positions?” I asked.

“It's up to you, Peter.”

“I want to give it to you side-saddle.”

I pulled my huge dick out of her and dismounted to the left. She rolled to the other side and lay on her hip, then I spooned up behind her and lifted her top leg. This left me with no hands free.

“Guide me in,” I said. She reached down and grasped my tool, gave it a couple of strokes, then aimed the head into her slit. I pushed forward with my hips and drove my boy back into paradise. She craned her neck forward to watch it go into her.

“God, I can't get over how tight your pussy is.”

“Peter, you're so big, every woman must feel tight to you.”

“Mom, I'm telling you, I've fucked sixteen-year-olds whose pussies weren't as snug as yours.”

“Mine won't be tight after much more of this.”

Reaching around and fondling her big right tit, I gave her long, strong strokes. Soon she shut her eyes and seemed to stop breathing again.

“Come on, Mom, let it out,” I whispered in her ear, pumping her a little faster. “If it's good, at least give me a little feedback.”

Again, she shook her head.

“Okay, don't say anything. Just nod your head if you're enjoying the sex.”

She nodded instantly.

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“I knew it,” I said, kissing her on the cheek. “C'mon, stop holding back!”

Like a human balloon filled to the bursting point, she couldn't take any more.

“OH!” she exploded. “OH! OH! OH, GOD, PETER, FUCK ME, SWEETHEART, FUCK ME! YES! YES, IT'S GOOD! IT'S SO FUCKING GOOD!”

“Finally!” I said. “What took you so long?”

With her free hand she reached up and brought my face down to hers.

Then something I didn't expect happened. We kissed. Since we weren't facing each other, it wasn't a full-on kiss but instead more of a mid-air tongue-tangle. She tasted vaguely sweet, like powdered sugar or a drop of Frangelico.

She moved her lips up to my ear. “Fuck me, Peter. Don't stop for anything.”

I returned the gesture, tonguing her ear for a few minutes while she clawed at my hair and moaned lewdly.

Then we both looked down between her legs again. “Oh, yeah, fuck me, big boy, fuck me good. Jesus Christ, your cock is so big, Peter. If I had known, honey, I never would have argued with you.” I gave her deep, slow thrusts and felt her squirm with pleasure. “Ooooooh, yeah,” she groaned, wrinkling her brows. “Fuck, you're so good, Peter.”

I reached around and kneaded her right tit again.

“Mmmm, yeah, squeeze my big tits, honey.”

“Want to change position again?”

“Yeah, I want to ride you.”

I pulled out of her and lay on my back. “It's all yours, honey,” I announced. “Climb aboard.”

“Jesus Christ,” she swore, gazing at my foot-long cock, which was now sticking straight up like a lighthouse. On her knees now, she swung her left leg over me and centered herself. To get my massive flagpole inside her, she was going to need to lean way forward, with her flat stomach against my face, and reach behind her to guide the sailor into port.

She did just as required, first putting her tits in my face. “Farther, honey,” I said between smothered licks of her nipples, which were now very erect. She scooted forward and I felt the bristly scruff of her beaver on my chest. I tongued her navel as she reached around and grasped my cock.

“God almighty, Peter, I hope you don't get any bigger.”

“I just want to be big enough to please you every night.”

“Honey, you've got plenty for that job.” I felt her guide my glans between her lips and ease herself onto my pipe.

“Ungh,” she groaned. “Ungh. Oh. Oh, Peter. OH, FUCK, PETER, YOUR COCK IS STRETCHING MY PUSSY OPEN. OH, MY GOD, IT'S LIKE GIVING BIRTH. OH, FUCK, YES.”

“You can take it,” I encouraged.

As if we were made for doing it like this, my cock found the end of her pussy just as her tits were in my face again. As I licked and sucked those huge, firm globes, Mom gingerly began impaling herself on my shaft with short, dainty strokes that quickly became more bold. Soon she was screaming and slamming herself down on my baseball bat, riding me as if I were a wild bronco and sliding her lips all the way to my helmet on each stroke. Fantastic. As her massive tits flailed against my face, I occasionally

looked down to see her beaver churning frantically up and down on my dick.

“Oh, Peter, yes! Yes! Yes! Jesus, this the best sex I've ever had! Yes! Ungh!”

“You're glad we did this now, aren't you?” I asked into her cleavage.

“Oh, god, yes! You're fantastic, honey! I knew your cock was big, but I had no idea!”

I started giving her slight up-thrusts to meet her strokes. That sent her over the edge.

She dismounted and kissed me—this time a full-on, vacuum-sealed, tonsil inspection. While probing her soft palate with my tongue, I felt her hand wrap around my cock.

“Don't you ever come?” she asked with a smile when we came up for air.

“Actually, I'm getting pretty close.”

“Then fuck my big tits like you promised.”

Done. We switched positions: she lay down and I straddled her beautiful body. “I've been waiting a long time to do this,” I said.

“I'm not surprised, considering how much you stare at my rack. Come on, honey,” she said, pressing her grapefruit-sized breasts together. “They're pretty sweaty, so we don't need any lube.”

My cock had just been to paradise; now it was time for heaven. I poked the monstrous helmet between her mountains and shoved my pipe in.

“Mmmmm,” I moaned. “Oh, my god, I've finally got my cock between your tits.”

She raised her head to look down just as my helmet emerged from her cleavage. “Jesus, look at that big thing,” she said. I drove the helmet forward to meet her hips and she polished it with a loud slurp.

“Fuck, yeah, blow me while I fuck your big rack,” I said, snarling down at her. It got even better when she reached down to her navel and began massaging my nuts. I felt them tighten up and realized I wouldn't last much longer.

“I'm about to do it. I'm gonna shoot my load,” I said to her as I dug my knees into the mattress for leverage and pumped harder than ever.

“Yeah, do it, baby,” she rasped, watching my cock service her heaving melons. “Fuck 'em and come on me. Squirt it all over me if you want to, Peter.”

“Get ready,” I warned at about T-minus 20 seconds. “There's gonna be a lot.”

“Oh, I don't doubt it with a dick and balls that big,” she said. “I bet you come in fucking gallons!”

With about ten seconds to go, my hips went into those familiar pre-orgasmic convulsions, driving my tingling cock furiously back and forth between her shimmying jugs, the underside rubbing furiously against her sternum and the helmet slamming against her chin. She leaned her head back to give my meat more room.

“Mmmm, yeah, do it, honey,” she said dreamily. “Do it all over me.”

My thrusts slowed and my balls clenched. “Oh, fuck, yeah,” I groaned. “Oh, fuck, Mom. OH, FUCK, HERE IT COMES!”

Then something really cool happened. Just as I pulled my cock from between her tits, she rose up on one elbow and, with her other hand, reached up and grabbed my cock. “Here, I'll jack the cum out,” she said.

Then she aimed my huge cannon right at her face. Jesus Christ.

“Ungh,” I groaned. The first blast was a big one, a long stream of cream that poured right onto the bridge of her nose and into both eyes. “Ohhhh.” An even longer string followed it. She gave my shaft three quick pumps with her fist and a huge rope sprayed onto her chin. Then one splattered across her left cheek. “Ungh,” I groaned, my life passing before my eyes. I had

never come that hard.

Or that much. “Ooooh, yeah, Peter, soak me with it,” Mom cooed as she leaned her head back and my geysering tool draped three thick lines of semen from her chin to her hair and onto the sheet past her head. “Jesus Christ, you really do come in gallons,” she said, raising her head up just in time to get a big blast right into her mouth. “Mmmm,” she moaned, quickly taking my spurting helmet between her lips. Luckily, my balls weren't empty yet. “Arggggggh, yeah,” I groaned obscenely as a good five or six enormous squirts, each of them taking at least a full second, gushed into her mouth. She gulped and moaned.

“Ungh, yeah, swallow it,” I ordered. “Swallow it!”

She did—every drop. Well, almost every drop. As her eyes widened with the shock of how much semen I was squirting into her mouth, a gooey white line ran down her chin and dripped onto her neck.

I pulled my cock out of her mouth and sprayed three more big lines across the left side of her face. Finally, with my cum shot reduced to a mere dribble, I took my cock out of her skilled hand and stroked it myself, letting the last of my load drip on her chin. She lapped at it hornily.

“Oh, my god,” I moaned. “Oh, my god, that felt so fucking good.” I scooted back a little and wiped the cum clinging to my helmet on her left nipple, then her right.

“Mmmm, yeah, wipe it on my big tits,” she purred, watching.

“Oh, Mom, I have never come that hard in my whole life.”

“Good lord, I hope not,” she said as I got off her and she sat up. She looked down at her huge tits as semen from her cum-drenched face dripped onto them. Then she turned and looked behind her at all the lines and puddles of jism on the sheet. “I've never seen this much cum. Jesus, honey, when was the last time you had an orgasm?”

“This morning.”

“Were you jacking off?”

“Yep.”

“Were you fantasizing about me?”

“Yep.”

“Did you shoot this much?”

“Nope.”

“Is it because fucking me turned out to be even better than you had hoped?”

“Yep.”

“See, honey, that's why you shouldn't masturbate. Real sex is much better for you, young man. Now, are you ready for round two?”