

I

Dare You

A Novel

by G. H. Lawrence

I

Jenny looked down between her splayed legs and I felt a slight frisson travel up her small frame. I had mounted her and my huge cock, brick-hard and straining inside a Trojan Magnum XL, was aimed at her pussy. It was a sunny Thursday afternoon in September, and we were lying naked on top of the tattered Air Force blanket on my bed. Dad was away on business, Mom was at the nail salon, my twin brother Danny was at the gym, and our housekeeper, Inez, was running errands. For an hour or so, Jenny and I would have the house to ourselves—plenty of time for a good, long fuck.

I had been wanting to drill Jenny for a long time—at least a week. (The attention span of a teenage boy is very short, even when it comes to sex.) She was the only varsity cheerleader I hadn't boned. Petite and nicely tanned, she had a cute, almost doll-cute, face framed by ash-blond curls, and she also had a set of nice C-cup tits. They were full and round like the rack on a Playboy centerfold. They were not as big as I preferred, not big enough for tit-fucking, but they were okay.

Gazing at my 11-inch prick, which she had just given a mediocre blowjob and then slathered with lube, Jenny gripped my arms. There always comes a certain moment—like this one—right before I slide my cock into a girl for the first time. She lies on her back, spreads her legs and I get on top of her. Then she looks down and suddenly realizes the size of the meat I'm about to stuff into her box. Her breathing stops and her blood runs cold. She is afraid—truly, physically afraid.

Each woman reacts a little differently. Corinne, a gymnast, scissored her legs flat on the bed, as if that would open her pussy a little more. Becky, whose parents were hippies, did some kind of meditation. Anna, a busty paralegal I met at my father's company holiday party, threatened to sue me if I "damaged" her. Summer, who attended a Catholic school, made the sign of the cross.

Of course, they all tell me to go slow at first, and they all say

something like, "It might not fit." This is only natural. No woman would say, "Don't worry, I've fucked a lot of guys so my pussy's nice and loose. Drive it home!" As humans, we hold on to our dignity as long as we can.

"Oh, Billy, go slow at first," Jenny said, staring at her beaver.

(Told you.) "I've never had one that big in me."

"Just relax, honey," I said. I kissed her on the forehead and she curled her arms around my chest. I reached down, grasped my tool, and guided the head into her. She was tight, but not that tight. Rumor had it she'd done her share of fucking. Her face scrunched in pain and she seethed through her teeth. "Oh, my god, Billy. Oh, god, it hurts."

"It'll feel okay in a minute. You'll be glad we kept going." I gave her a couple more inches and she tensed her grip on my back.

"Easy, Billy, easy."

While she nuzzled me helplessly, I glanced down. About five inches of my cock was inside her pussy, with the other half-foot, up the air. I was glad to have such a monster dong, of course, but just for once I wanted to feel the whole thing go home, to feel my big nuts bouncing against a girl's ass while I fucked her.

Not this time. At inch number seven, or thereabouts, I hit her wall.

"OHHHH!" she exploded in my ear.

I started giving her slow, short strokes and her initial cry gave way to gasps and whimpers. Her boobs jiggled and I craned down to give the left one a horny lick. Then I picked up the pace. The mattress began to bounce.

"Good, isn't it, baby?" I asked her.

"Oh, yeah," she said between moans and labored gasps.

Of course it was good for her. I was doing all the work. She didn't lift her pelvis to meet my thrusts. She didn't reach down and squeeze my balls or talk dirty. She didn't even raise her head to look down at the action. She was just lying there and enjoying a nice, perfunctory screw. She had recently celebrated her 18th birthday and was getting lazy in her old age.

After a few minutes, I suggested she get on top but she was afraid.

Considering our mismatched sex organs, she was probably right. She did let me fuck her doggy-style. She came, lamely, almost as soon as I put it in. Now she was even more passive, and I was getting bored. I wanted to shoot my load and go have some grapefruit juice. I looked

down at her young back, smooth and straight, her mid-sized breasts bouncing back and forth.

Then, for a split second, I saw another body in her place—a bombshell, a goddess of Jayne Mansfield proportions and beyond. A voluptuous, womanly figure, tall and long-legged. Massive, firm tits heaving. A trim waist. A full, succulent ass slamming backward to meet my thrusts. A shiny, Nordic-blond mane tossing and whipping, and a Scandinavian accent intoning "Oh, ya, Billy, fock me, honey. Fock me gud!"

That was all it took. A bolt of lightening ran up the base of my dick.

I groaned and felt the first shot of semen squirt into the condom.

Then, another, bigger one. Then another and another. I blew big wads, but this one was truly prolific. I began to worry the condom would break, even though I'd left plenty of room at the tip.

I pulled my cock out of Jenny and stroked it, watching the end of the condom swell with milky gel. It looked like some kind of translucent blob attached to my glans. Still jacking my thick shaft, I felt one last heavy surge.

Then, with a wet pop, the condom split open and my jism splattered all over Jenny's back. She was covered. Some was in her hair, and a dribble ran down over her hip.

"Ewwww!" Jenny squealed, arching her back in disgust. "You came on me!" She glared at me over her shoulder and craned to see the juice on her.

"The condom broke," I said. "You're lucky I pulled my cock out of your pussy in time."

"Gross! It's all over me! Oh, fuck it's in my hair!" While she continued to bitch, I ran to the bathroom to dump the condom and get her a towel.

Y'know, it's not like I'd spilled battery acid on her. One of the many things I've learned about women, however, is that if a girl doesn't like cum, she'll never like cum. Something like that isn't open to negotiation.

Well, at least now I'd fucked every cheerleader, I thought as I wiped the spooge off her. I cleaned her up quickly and calmed her down with an impromptu back massage. I give good massages. She cooed appreciatively and talked about us doing a chemistry project together. Hadn't we just done that?

Then I remembered the vision that had brought me to orgasm. That incredible body, that sexy Swedish voice. I felt a queasy rush of guilt in my gut. It wasn't the first time I'd had that fantasy. I shouldn't be thinking about my mother that way—no matter how hot she was.

II

So Jenny was a disappointment, but I didn't dwell on it. First of all, there were limitless other choices. My brother and I were co-captains of the football team and had our pick of the chicks. I started eyeing a top-heavy brunette on the swimming team. Good female swimmers always have sturdy hourglass figures, with big hips and broad shoulders. More and more often, too, I entertained truly hedonistic fantasies: doing two girls at once, or even better, having the entire cheerleading squad to myself as a birthday present. Sure, I'd already porked the whole herd of them, plus a couple of their very attractive mothers, but not all at once.

The start of a boy's final high school football season is one of the few times in his life that he thinks about things besides sex, anyway. Even if my brother and I didn't receive athletic scholarships, which we probably would, we both had great grades and would be going to Ivy League schools. And under our leadership, the football team was a threat to go undefeated that year. There were days that September when I actually thought more about open-field tackles than I did about breasts.

Then I had a weird dream. In it, I was sitting in a psychiatrist's office with my mother. I recognized the shrink, who was totally hot. She was Dr. Rendel (I couldn't remember her first name), a friend of my mother's from the local country club.

"Billy, how often do you have sexual fantasies about your mother?" Dr. Rendel asked.

At least, that's what I think she said. I wasn't really listening. I was thinking about—and staring at—her big, beautiful tits. They were easily the size of baseballs. They strained against the front of her blue silk blouse. She was a D or DD cup, I estimated.

"Billy?"

They were all-natural, too, I realized when she leaned sideways to pick up a pencil from an end table. Only real knockers shimmy and

swell like that. Her blouse was too high-cut to reveal any cleavage, but I knew she had a chasm of it between those beauties.

The rest of her was lovely, too. She was a curvy five-feet-seven or so but looked taller thanks to the neoconservative bun in which her dark chenille hair was perched. Her lipstick was a smoky red and her brown eyes twinkled with professional warmth under stylishly plucked brows. She looked like Jane Seymour.

Of course, Jane Seymour could only dream about having a rack as big as Dr. Rendel's.

And Dr. Rendel could only dream about a rack as enormous as my gorgeous mother's.

But the doc was hot. And if she didn't like my staring at her awesome figure, she shouldn't have worn a jiggly bra and a tight skirt.

"Billy, are you listening to me?" Her tone was unfailingly patient. I watched her full lips form the words and I wondered how far that professional jollity would go.

"Sweetheart, Dr. Rendel is asking you a question," Mom said, her Swedish accent echoing softly off the adobe walls of the office. She was sitting beside me on the white cotton sofa. Dr. Rendel was across the glass coffee table from us in a leather armchair. The air in the office was cool and fresh.

"Huh?" I muttered. "Sorry, what was it?"

"I know this is a very awkward situation for you, Billy," Dr. Rendel said. "But let's see if we can make some headway. Okay?"

Framed by that exquisite face, the woman's smile captivated. Her teeth were straight and white like two little rows of gleaming ceramic bath tiles.

Once more, she was almost as pretty as Mom.

"Okay," I said.

"Billy, since the beginning of humanity, men have harbored sexual desires for their mothers. It's a natural and, in fact, necessary part of male development."

"Then why am I here?" I blurted.

"Well, this 'Oedipal' phase, as a layman would call it, is normally resolved before the age of eight."

"I'm eighteen," I said. "So I'm a freak?"

"No, Billy." Her tone was firm and clinical. "You're a smart, handsome, caring young man. We just want to make sure you don't

develop, uh, an unnatural desire for your mother."

Too late, tootz.

"After all," she continued, glancing at Mom, "Your mother is an extremely attractive woman."

No shit. My mother was a walking fantasy, a Norse goddess straight from the stanzas of some Swedish tone poem, five feet and eleven inches of Scandinavian wet dream. Long, lightly-muscled legs. A firm, statuesque ass. Full, womanly hips that tapered severely into a tiny waist. Skin like satin. Scintillating sky-blue eyes. Platinum hair.

Enormous breasts.

It was as if some horny mad scientist had cooked her up in his laboratory by merging the sculpted face of a supermodel with the body of Pandora Peaks.

If Dr. Rendel's tits were baseballs, Mom's were cantaloupes. Large cantaloupes. I couldn't hazard a guess about her cup size, but I had once overheard her tell a friend that all her bras were custom made. Slender women like her simply didn't have breasts that large.

Of course I wanted to fuck her. So did every guy in my class. So did every guy in town, for that matter. Old guys, young guys, single married, didn't matter.

"Thank you for the compliment, doctor," Mom said. "I'm sure you attract your share of attention, too."

"Well, yes, I do. You know how some men drool at the sight of a curvaceous figure. But believe me, Claudia, your incredible looks are no secret. My husband once nearly rear-ended the car in front of him while he gaped at your own rear end walking down the sidewalk one afternoon."

"No," Mom demurred.

"Oh, yes, I was with him at the time," Dr. Rendel said, smiling wistfully. "Without naming names, of course, I can tell you I have several male patients who admit that the very sight of your bust line—regardless of what you're wearing—has made them fully erect on the spot."

Mom giggled. "We're not here to talk about my measurements, doctor."

"No, of course not, Claudia. I'm trying to clarify your tremendous sex appeal in absolute terms," she said, turning to me, "so that you, Billy, can realize that your feelings are entirely understandable."

"Okay," I said.

"What I mean is that I fully sympathize with you for wanting to have sex with your mother. Trust me, every night, countless men fantasize about Claudia while they make love to their own wives. And given the typical response that Claudia's body evokes in men, the sex lives of those couples are much better off for it."

"Oh, doctor, that's too much," Mom said, laughing lightly.

"Speaking of grown men and your mother, Billy, have you often witnessed gestures of affection between your parents?"

"Like what?"

"Have you ever seen them hug and kiss?"

"Sure."

"Do they do it often?"

"I don't know. I guess."

"How does it make you feel?"

"Fine."

"Have you ever seen them do more than that? Like, say, have you ever seen them before or during a session of lovemaking?"

"Doctor," Mom objected.

"Please, Claudia, this is important."

The answer was yes. "Well, one night a couple of years ago, I got up to go to go downstairs and I passed by their door and...I don't know if I can talk about this."

"It's okay, Billy," the doctor coaxed.

"Well, the door wasn't quite closed and—"

"Oh, no," Mom intoned.

"—Mom was sort of whimpering and I thought she might be having a nightmare or something. I peeked inside."

"What did you see?"

"Well, Mom and Dad were, you know..."

"They were having sex?"

"Yes."

"Was it foreplay or intercourse?"

"Intercourse."

"Tell me what you saw."

"Well, it was dark, of course. They were lying on the bed. Dad was on top of Mom."

"So they were in the missionary position."

"Yeah."

"Is that your preferred position, Claudia?"

"Yes, it's one of them," Mom whispered.

"So you got a good view of the scene, Billy," Dr. Rendel continued.

"Did you see your mother's long, beautiful legs splayed open?"

"Yes."

"Did you watch her big breasts heave up and down each time your father pumped?"

"Yes, but I couldn't get a good look at them."

"Did you see the coitus?"

"What do you mean?"

I knew what she meant. I just wanted to hear her say it.

"Did you see your father's penis sliding in and out of your mother's vagina?"

Mom gasped.

"Yes, I did."

"How would you characterize their lovemaking?"

"I don't know."

"Was it vigorous and passionate, to your recollection?"

"Well..."

"Go ahead and tell her, sweetheart," Mom said. "Be honest about what you saw."

"No. It wasn't."

"Were your mother's legs wrapped around your father?"

"No."

"Did she cling to him and dig her nails into his back?"

"No."

"Did she moan and call out his name or give him any other verbal encouragement?"

"No, she just panted a little."

"How about your father? Was he thrusting quickly?"

"No, about medium."

"Did he vary his tempo and the length of his strokes?"

"No, neither. He was like a robot."

"Did he say anything to your mother?"

"No."

"Did he kiss her or fondle her breasts?"

"No."

"Did either of them look down at the penetration?"

"No."

"How long did you stand there and watch?"

"Just a couple of minutes. That's all it lasted. Dad groaned and stopped fucking—stopped making love to her. I guess he had, you know..."

"Climaxed?"

"Yes. He rolled off her and went to sleep."

"What did your mother do?"

"She just lay there."

"Do you think she had an orgasm, too?"

"It didn't sound like it."

"I never do with him," Mom said under her breath to no one in particular.

"So, it sounds like a very uninspired scene," Dr. Rendel said, "but it obviously had a strong effect on you, Billy."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because describing it has given you a tremendous erection."

I looked down. She was right about that. My hard cock was bulging under my left pant leg like a farmers' market cucumber.

I saw Mom's face turn toward me and felt her eyes drop down to my sheathed monster. She gasped again.

"Oh, my lord, honey," she whispered, her body tensing.

I felt my face turn crimson and looked at Dr. Rendel. Her eyes were on my big tool also, and the faintest trace of a smirk cut through her professional posture.

"Goodness, Billy," she said, bringing her eyes back up to me at her leisure. "You've certainly got nothing to be ashamed of down there. Did you know he was that huge, Claudia? Surely you had noticed."

"Well, I don't go around staring at my son's crotch, but yes, I had the impression that he was very well hung."

"That's putting it mildly," Dr. Rendel said. "Is he bigger than his father?"

Mom bit her lip for a second. "Yes, he's much larger," she whispered.

"Is your husband small?"

"Yes."

"Has that had a negative impact on your sex life?"

"Yes."

"Do you wish his penis were as large as Billy's?"

"I'd settle for half of what Billy appears to have."

"Billy, did you notice your father's size as you watched him penetrate your mother?"

"Yes."

"And seeing them have sex gave you a rigid erection like the one you have now?"

"Yes."

"How did you feel when they finished, that is, when your father rolled off your mother and she lay there naked and apparently unsatisfied?"

"I wished for more light so I could see her gorgeous body better."

Mom shifted again on the sofa, this time toward me.

"I can understand that. Did you feel anything else?"

"I felt frustrated."

"Interesting. How so?"

"I wanted to...to...I can't say it."

"No, go ahead. You're with friends," Dr. Rendel said.

"Okay. I wanted to go in there and please her the way Dad couldn't."

"Oh, Billy, no," Mom inhaled, aghast.

Dr. Rendel was unfazed. "You mean you wanted to make love to her? You wanted to mount her voluptuous body and stick your big penis in her vagina and make her orgasm?"

"Yes."

"Did you want to ejaculate inside her?"

Was she dense or what? "Yes! I wanted to fuck her, okay? I wanted to slide my cock into her pussy and pound her all night!" More gasping. Mom put her hand to her mouth. "You said all men want to do it with their mothers, didn't you?" I asked defiantly.

"Yes," Dr. Rendel concurred. "Do you still desire her?"

"Yes, of course, and I'm not ashamed of it!"

"Bobby," Mom pleaded.

"No, no, Claudia, we're making excellent progress. I know this is very shocking for you."

"To say the least," Mom said.

"Yet surely you knew Billy would desire you, given your looks."

"Yes, I suppose."

"How do you feel about his desire for you?"

"I'm disturbed by it."

"Well, of course you are. But aren't you flattered, too? After all,

he's a tall, strong, incredibly handsome young man who surely has his pick of the most attractive girls at school."

"Yes, I'm flattered by his attention, I suppose."

"Are you attracted to him?"

"Doctor!"

"Be honest, Claudia. This is as much about you as your Billy."

"Dr. Rendel, I feel no sexual desire for my own son. The notion is sickening."

"Really? You're not physically attracted to him? What if he weren't your son? What if he were, say, one of your son's friends?" She let the question out slowly, savoring it like a devastating chess move.

"I'm a married woman, doctor."

"So am I, Claudia, and I'll tell you right now that I find Billy extremely attractive. I suspect you do as well."

There was a long pause. "If Billy weren't my son, and if I weren't married, then, yes, I would be desperate for him to make love to me. Perhaps very desperate."

Whoa! Mom wanted me to bone her?

"Do you think you would enjoy having sex with him?"

"Given his age and his looks and his size, I expect that I would."

"I think you would, too," Dr. Rendel said. "How about you, Billy? Do you think your mother would enjoy sex with you?"

"I hope so."

"Would you try to make it the vigorous, lusty intercourse that she needed the night you saw her with your father?"

"Yes."

"Doctor, we shouldn't be talking about this," Mom said.

"Don't you think it's an important topic to explore? Verbally, I mean?"

"I don't know."

"Well, it is. Billy's prolonged attraction to you is possibly the result of your unconscious or even conscious desire for him."

"I doubt that."

"I'm sure you do. Denial on the mother's part is a common factor in situations like this. You're a loving, devoted mother, Claudia, and like many good mothers, I bet you're more than a little protective of Billy."

"Of course I am."

"Are you possessive?"

"No. I don't lord over him."

"Is that true, Billy?"

"She's a great mom."

"I know. Does she ever seem jealous of the time you spend with other people?"

"I don't know. Maybe."

"Are you a virgin, Billy?"

"Nope."

"I thought as much. How many girls have you had sex with?"

"A lot." I felt Mom tense up.

"I suspected that, too. And you have a steady girlfriend right now?"

"Yes."

"How often do you have intercourse with her?"

"Several times a week. Sometimes several times a night."

"Lord, Billy," Mom said tightly.

"Your reaction is very interesting, Claudia."

"There's nothing wrong with my reaction. I just want him to be careful."

"You mean you just want him all to yourself."

"No."

"You want to feel his hands on your breasts and his huge penis in your—"

"No! Stop!"

Another long silence ensued.

"Okay, Claudia, let's try a little experiment," Dr. Rendel said, rising from her chair. "If you're being honest with me, then nothing will come of it and we'll move on to another topic."

"What kind of experiment?" I asked.

Dr. Rendel walked around the coffee table toward me, her prodigious rack jiggling under her blouse and her full hips giving her wrap skirt a seductive flare. Her silver and turquoise bracelets clanked against each other as she raised her hands to gesture.

"Well, Billy, I'm going to pay some attention to you the way a girl your age might, and I want to see how your mother reacts."

"This sounds a little strange, doctor," Mom said.

"Relax, Claudia," she said, sitting down very close to me on the opposite side of the sofa from Mom. "I'm a trained psychiatrist, you

know, and I can assure you this is harmless."

"Whatever," Mom said.

Dr. Rendel slipped one arm over my broad shoulders and leaned toward me.

"Hi, Billy," she said, her voice suddenly in a breathy, low timbre.

"Hi," I said.

"Mmm, you're such a hunk." She squeezed my big left bicep and then slid her hand across my chest to my well-developed right pec. She smelled of lavender.

"What on Earth?" Mom said.

I decided to play along. I smiled at Dr. Rendel and looked down her blouse.

"Ooh, you naughty boy," she said. "I have big breasts, don't I?

Nothing like your mom's whopping melons, of course."

"Yours are nice," I said, leaning into her. Behind me, I could feel Mom jockey for position to see what was happening.

"I guess you like what you see," Dr. Rendel said, staring at my crotch.

She was right. The monster was at full fury. All that talk about having sex with Mom had put it there.

"Big, isn't it?" I bragged.

"Big isn't the word, Billy. I bet your girlfriend screams her head off every time you give it to her."

"Doctor, really!" Mom threatened.

"Ooh, Billy, I want to rub your big dick through your pants." She quickly made good on her wish. Her fingers eagerly palpating my entire length.

"God, I can't get over how huge you are."

"Doctor, you will get your hand off my son's member this instant."

"Good, Claudia, you're reacting just as I expected. If you only understood how close we are to a full resolution of the problem."

"Mmm," I moaned as she continued to rub me. I moved one hand over and swept it up and down her skirted thigh.

"And for your information, Claudia, my hand isn't directly on his penis. But it will be in a few seconds."

"What?" Mom exclaimed.

Dr. Rendel was already undoing my belt. "I'm going to jack you off right in front of your mother, Billy," she said, tugging at my zipper.

"I just have to get my hands on that gigantic cock."

"Go for it. Ever touch one this big?" I asked.

"Not even close," she said.

"Have you, Mom?"

"Billy!"

"Answer him, Claudia. It's a very relevant question." She finally got my zipper down and I lifted my hips from the sofa.

"Yeah, Mom," I said with snotty teenage arrogance, grasping the waistline of my trousers. "Have you ever had a cock as big as this fucking thing?" With that, I yanked my pants and shorts down onto my thighs in one quick movement.

This time, both women gasped as my massive manhood sprang out. There, rock-hard and nearly vertical, towered the veiny 11-inch skyscraper that was my penis.

"Oh, my god, Billy!" Dr. Rendel said, laughing.

"Jesus, sweetheart, I didn't realize just how huge..." Mom said. She wasn't laughing. She was transfixed.

As you've probably noticed in photos or porno movies—or on yourself, if you're a lucky guy or have had sex with one—most big dicks are somewhat curved. Some are downright banana-shaped. Not mine, however. You could sight a rifle with it.

My confidence flowed over. "Big, isn't it, Mom? I've been wanting to show it to you for a while now." She stared at it, mesmerized, her mouth slightly agape. She wasn't even hearing me. "I just know you've never had a cock this big in your pussy," I bragged, baring my teeth and growling my words savagely. "You've probably never even sucked a monster like this. Or even had your hand on one. Well, now's your chance."

She broke from the trance and looked at me. "Billy, I've never even seen one that big," she said.

"Neither have I," Dr. Rendel said. "And I've definitely never done this to one." She wrapped her left hand around my shaft.

"Ooooooh," I moaned.

"Doctor!"

"Mmm, Billy, your cock is so big my fingers don't even meet. Not even close. Is it a foot long?"

"Almost. Shut up and jack it," I said.

"Billy, don't encourage her! This is insane!"

My gorgeous psychiatrist started pumping her fist up and down the top half of my massive shaft. "Then why can't you take your eyes off your son's cock, Claudia?"

"Because you're masturbating him right in front of me! You're his therapist, for god's sake!"

"Yes, and that's exactly what this is, Claudia. I'm stroking your son's big penis. And if you don't stop me in a minute, I'm going to suck it."

"Oh, no, doctor. Oh, no, you won't."

"How are you going to stop me, Claudia? Billy obviously likes what I'm doing. Are you going to sit there and fume with jealousy while I swallow Billy's semen? Look at those mammoth balls. I bet you come in buckets, don't you, Billy?"

"You fucking bitch," Mom seethed. I had never heard language like that from her. What a turn-on! "I'll have your license for this."

"Fine, Claudia, call the AMA. There's a phone over there. While you're doing that, I'll be doing this."

Then the cagey, busty psychiatrist leaned down, stretched her jaw open and slid her lips down over my huge purple helmet.

Perhaps it's a good time to remind you that this was all just a dream.

"Ungh," I groaned.

"Aie!" Mom screamed. "Stop it! Stop, please! Billy, make her quit!"

"No way," I moaned, "It feels too fucking good."

That was no lie. Gulping, Dr. Rendel inhaled about the top third of my throbbing dick and then pumped her lips up and down it at a fast, horny clip. She clamped down hard and the friction sent waves of pleasure up the underside ridge. The office filled with wet smacks and slurps.

"Oh, yeah, suck it, baby," I said, resting one hand on the back of her head. I recognized the creamy, bitter scent of Pantene shampoo.

"Billy, please, you're just going to sit there and let her do this?"

Mom pleaded. I noticed she had placed her hand on my bare thigh and was rhythmically squeezing my sinewy quadriceps. "Are you going to ejaculate in her mouth right in front of your own mother?"

"No," I said between shameless groans. "I'm going to let her do this for a little longer, then I'm going to fuck her."

Mom let out a short wail of despair as Dr. Rendel lifted her mouth off my cock and looked at me with depraved joy. "Oh, yeah, Billy, fuck me."

Do it right now." She began unbuttoning her blouse and her cleavage practically jumped out of it. "We'll see how jealous your mother gets when she watches your cock slide into my pussy. I want you to suck my big tits, too."

"Okay, that's it, you crazy slut," Mom said, leaning over me at Dr. Rendel and pushing her backward. "I don't care what you think, you're not going to have my son. This isn't therapy. This is your stupid, sick attempt to get Billy's penis inside you. Well, you can forget it! He's my son and you'll keep your hands off him!"

I looked at Dr. Rendel. Perfectly serene in the face of Mom's rage, she merely grinned sagely at Mom across my lap. Not that the doctor had completely relinquished her sexual claim on me: One hand was still firmly wrapped around the base of my thick shaft.

"Looks like you're the one who can't keep your hands off him, Claudia."

All three of us looked down at my giant johnson.

The digits wrapped around it were Mom's.

Her elegant hand was larger than the doctor's, but her fingers didn't meet, either. "Oh, my lord," Mom said, nevertheless maintaining her grip.

"Feels good, doesn't it, Claudia? Does it feel good to you, Billy? I know you love having your mother's hand on your big dick."

"Oh, yeah," I panted. "Oh, fuck yeah. Jack me, Mom."

"No, Billy! I'm just protecting you from her!"

"Bull," Dr. Rendel pronounced. "You want him, Claudia."

"No!"

"You want him to fuck you."

"No!"

"You want to feel that big cock buried to the hilt in your pussy, to have what your husband can't give you."

"No!"

"You want to feel his huge balls slapping against your ass as he pounds you straight to heaven!"

"No!"

"Then why are you stroking his cock, you horny bitch?"

She was right. Mom's fist was furiously coursing up and down the entire length of my pipe. She gripped me like a hose clamp and I made my tool pulse and throb in her hand.

"Oh, holy Jesus," I announced. "Jack my big cock, Mom. Then suck it."

"No, sweetheart!"

"Do it, Claudia!"

"No!"

"Do it! Wrap your lips around that big dick and get busy!"

"No! I want to have sex with him, but I just can't!"

"Okay, then I will." Dr. Rendel quickly undid the buttons of her blouse and spread it open.

It turns out she wasn't wearing a jiggly bra. She wasn't wearing any bra. Her tits were spectacular: just as big as I had predicted and perfectly shaped, riding round and full and wide on her chest with an arcing, almost pubescent forward thrust like the outrageous cones on a Vargas girl. Of course, Dr. Rendel's beauties were even larger than the average Vargas model's.

"Fantastic," I said, reaching out and greedily cupping my palms under them. They were handfuls—and then some.

"Ooh, yes, squeeze them, Billy. That feels great. Then I want you rub your big dick on them before you fuck me."

I started making motions to oblige her when Mom leapt to her feet.

"Stop right there, young man," she commanded. "This has gone far enough. I'm the one you want to fuck, Billy. Remember?"

I looked at her.

"Maybe this will refresh your memory!" she raged.

With that, she reached up and grasped the front of her teal button-down sweater. Snarling hornily at me, she tore it open. I could hear threads snapping and buttons raining down on the coffee table and floor.

Her titanic rack leaped out with a springy, youthful heave. God almighty, she wasn't wearing a bra, either. I gaped, paralyzed.

"Jesus!" Dr. Rendel said. My thoughts exactly.

"There's only one pair of tits you're going to stick that huge cock between, Billy," Mom said proudly. "These beauties. You stare at them constantly. They're three times as large as hers. The rest of me is hotter, too, as you're about to see," she said, unzipping her white cotton slacks.

My cock throbbed.

"And there's only one pussy you're going to pound. Mine. We're going to do something we've both wanted to do for a long time. I want you to

bang me, Billy. Right here, right now, on this couch. Now get your clothes off and let's start fucking!"

Holy Jesus fucking Christ.

"Oh, my god, Claudia, I never thought you'd actually do it," Dr. Rendel said.

Mom's gigantic melons heaved as she prepared to pull down her pants.

The sight was just too much.

"Argggh," I groaned. My knees buckled.

I looked down. Long, thick lines of semen were fountaining out of my cock. Three big strings sailed out and splattered across the coffee table before I could even grasp my shaft and jack it.

"Oh, fuck, I'm coming," I moaned helplessly, trying to stay upright.

"Oh, no, Billy!" Mom cried, watching my cock blast another long rope of cum. "No, I wanted you to fuck me!"

"Too late," I moaned, my semen gushing and arcing through the air and crashing at her feet.

"God, I've never seen a cock squirt that much cum," Dr. Rendel said.

"Billy, you idiot, this was your chance to fuck me and you blew it! I knew my big tits would be too much for you!"

"I know," I groaned. "I know....I know," I repeated as my throbbing 11-inch fire nozzle kept hosing out torrents of cream. "I know...I'm sorry..."

I awoke, lying on my back and groaning. I was alone in my own bed. Looking down, I saw that I had thrown off all the covers and pulled down my shorts. The last of my load was cascading out of my big dick and landing on my stomach and chest. I was covered. So was the sheet on both sides of me.

"Ungh, fuck," I moaned, reaching down and finishing myself off. I got up on my elbows and inspected the mess. Semen is so pretty in the moonlight.

And by the way, Dr. Rendel was right. I do come in buckets.

"Jesus, another wet dream about Mom," I muttered. I was so close to doing her that time. So goddamned close. Believe me, premature ejaculation is not normally something I experience. Quite the opposite, in fact. But Christ almighty, the sight of Mom's gigantic tits...

Not only had I never fucked Mom in real life, of course, but I had never even gotten my tool inside her in a dream—at least, not one I

could remember. Something always happened at the last minute. Dad would come home early, or I'd be late for a football game, or my twin brother would walk in on us. Or Mom would simply come to her senses and push me off her.

I got up, grabbed a towel from my bathroom, and cleaned myself and the bed up as best I could. Then I headed downstairs for some orange juice.

It was three in the morning on a warm September night. I glanced at my parents' bedroom door as I passed by it. It was closed tight.

I paused. Silence. No action, even lame action, was happening in there. Dad's cock wasn't in Mom's pussy because his head was up his own ass. He probably hadn't, uh, "fucked" Mom in weeks—months, maybe. Mind you, the sex scene I had recalled witnessing between them in my therapy dream was real. So was Dr. Rendel. She was that good-looking, too.

Dad really did have a tiny dick.

Most important, Mom's body was every bit that fantastic. Her tits truly were that enormous.

But would they look as good naked as I had dreamt? I had seen them countless times in skimpy bikinis, huge and firm, jiggling and bumping against each other as she stepped out of the pool, but you never know about a rack—especially one that massive—until you see it totally unleashed.

Cantaloupe-sized tits going braless? I could only imagine.

And I did a lot of that.

III

Football practice was over. The next time Coach Pitsky made me bear-crawl the length of the field, I vowed to shove my cleats ten yards up his ass. Then I put the issue out of my mind. My twin brother Danny and I blazed out of the parking lot in the Mustang and were on our way home.

"Hey, I need the car Saturday night," Danny said as I turned left onto Wakefield Road and picked up speed. The headrest pressed forward against my skull.

I downshifted and took the curve just south of the Shell station hard enough to make the tires whistle a high, plaintive vibrato through the fall air. It was an S-curve, smooth and black and freshly striped, a

tight, voluptuous wiggle through the thick scrub of Old Man Dougherty's field. Whenever I drove it I imagined running my hands down over those big, firm breasts, that trim waist, those full hips and that shapely ass. Danny and I secretly called it the Claudia Curve. Claudia is our mother.

"Hello? Anybody home?" Danny asked impatiently as the sensual road made my cock stir in the left leg of my jeans. He turned down the radio and punched me in the shoulder. "I said I need the car Saturday night for my date with Susan."

"I heard you. Fine with me. I need it tomorrow night for my date with Kerri."

"Whoopee."

"You took Kerri out a couple of times freshman year. Is she good?"

"I didn't fuck her," Danny said. "She was a virgin and she said my cock was too big. She was even afraid to suck it."

"Great. Another nervous Nellie."

"Well, Kerri has been boned a few times since then, I hear, so I bet she'll be ready for your package. Wanna bait-and-switch her?"

"Nah, she'd notice. She's not that dumb."

"How could she tell? Our cocks are the same size."

"No, not that. She'd know you from your bad looks."

"Oh, yeah? You're gonna be lookin' like shit in just a second—" My brother leaned over and put me in a half-Nelson. Luckily, we were stopped at a red light. I brought an elbow up and slipped out of the hold just as the light changed.

"Back in your cage," I said, shoving Danny into his seat.

"What's up your ass today?" he asked, turning the radio back up.

"Nothing, I was just thinkin' about the road back there."

"The Claudia Curve? Yeah, I know. Gets me hot, too."

As I've said already, our mother is a goddess. No kidding. She's five feet, eleven inches of pure Scandinavian wet dream. Dad met her in Sweden on a business trip. Her legs are like sculptures in melting Nordic ice, long and silky with a single, fluid tone running up from her strong calves, through her gentle knees and into her smooth, full thighs. Those thighs flare out into curvaceous hips, which taper back into a narrow waist. Her ass is wide and shapely, filling bikini bottoms and tight jeans with a curve that always reminds me of two perfect kidney beans tucked side by side. It's one of those Playboy

kind of asses—only fuller—that flares pertly out from her back without bulging or sagging. And her gluteal sulci (the creases between each thigh and cheek) are majestically faint, as if her legs and ass are the result of a single inspired brushstroke.

Above this, her back is tall and muscular, broadening at the shoulders. Her arms carry the same sweeping tone as her legs, big and dense but not too cut or long-boned, the triceps rising in gentle slopes above her elbows and the forearms strong and tapered. Even her hands are sultry in a long, languid way that bespeaks how nature was truly taking its time with her. Her neck is elegant and her face is a deeply chiseled oval, with a slim, gently arching nose. Her forehead is high, as is common to Swedish women, and she keeps her near-platinum hair in a short, unfussy bob that lets her strong cheekbones and V-shaped chin stand out like porcelain. Her skin, always lightly bronzed, is flawless, her lips are full and ruddy, and her big cobalt eyes can transfix from across a basketball court.

But her best features are her tits. They truly are the size of cantaloupes. Yet they're firm and beautifully shaped, thrusting out like gigantic teardrops as if sculpted by an Italian Renaissance master on a really horny day. They make sweaters, even loose ones, launch off her chest; they stretch tank tops to the bursting point; and under bikinis they shimmy and bounce against each other like colossal scoops of fresh, cool Jell-O. They're so big that you can even see them when her back is to you and she lifts her arms: They quiver and swell from her sides like balloons full of milk. They turn non-breast men into breast men. They make breast men drool like pea-brained Neanderthals.

Danny and I always got rock-hard when we stared at Mom's rack, except if we had just shot our loads. We often discussed in detail how we thought her jugs would look naked: firm and springy and out-thrusting—miraculous, considering their enormity—with small, neat aureoles. As for her nipples, we had more than once spied them under bathing suits after she took a cool dip in the pool. They were small and pointed slightly upward from her bounteous yet youthful bust line. If you a visual reference of Mom's looks, go to the local comic book store, wander back to the porno section, and hunt for a comic called Treasure Chests. It features chicks with outrageous bodies fucking and sucking in all kinds of absurd threesomes and gangbangs. Mom is built

exactly like those women. Dad sometimes calls her "Anita" because she looks so much like Anita Ekberg in *La Dolce Vita*. She had been a model in Sweden, and as kids Danny and I spent hours paging through scrapbooks of her photos. A Playboy photographer spotted her on the beach during one of our summer vacations, and for years afterward the magazine hounded her to pose for one of those newsstand special editions full of gorgeous, super-buxom women. She always declined with a laugh.

My big cock was like a steel rod in my pants by the time I swung the Mustang into the 7-Eleven parking lot. "Hey, remember when that guy saw Mom here?" Danny asked as I shut off the engine and yanked the parking brake.

"Oh, yeah," I laughed. One hot summer afternoon years before, Danny and I had been riding our bikes up to 7-Eleven when Mom came out. Her little sunglasses were perched chicly on her nose, her massive tits were jiggling like 10-kiloton warheads under a tight blue T-shirt and her faded Levis were riding up her succulent ass. Danny and I got boners even though we were about a block away. We were about eight years old.

On that day, like any other, Mom's figure attracted an audience. A paunchy, middle-aged guy stumbled out of a parked Bonneville and froze in his tracks, ogling her shamelessly. She was accustomed to it. From a distance I saw a trace of a bemused smirk on her lips as she got into her Mercedes and zipped away.

The guy looked around, glanced back into his car, then ran around to the alley behind the store, where he thought no one could see him. Then he pulled down his pants and started desperately wanking. Mom's voluptuous body was so fantastic that he couldn't wait. He had to get his rocks off right then and there.

Danny and I crept back and peered at him from the other side of a Dumpster. The stench was overpowering. The guy's skinny white dick was about two inches long.

"God, those huge fucking tits, that gorgeous ass," he grumbled to himself, stroking with his thumb and forefinger.

Danny cupped his hands and yelled, "Hey, mister! What are you doin' jackin' off back there? Go home, you pervert!"

The poor schmuck crapped his pants and ran. We nearly pissed ours laughing at him.

Privately, though, I didn't really hold it against him at the time.

And thinking back on it as Danny and I hopped out of the Mustang after football practice, I no longer blamed him at all.

Mom's looks sometimes attracted less innocuous attention. One evening during our freshman year, the whole family went to Geoffrey's for dinner. We were waiting outside for a table when two dirtbags started hitting on her. Then they began grabbing her ass. When she slapped their hands away, one of them shoved her.

While Dad watched helplessly from a nearby bench, Danny and I resolved the situation in ten seconds without saying a word. I sent one guy sailing into a brass awning pole with a right cross and put him on the ground by banging his chest against my knee a few times; Danny shoved the other one into a hedge and struck him on the solar plexus. Then we dragged them back over to Mom and made them apologize. Bystanders cheered and patted us on the shoulders. Mom thanked us and cried and said we were her heroes for life.

In the 7-Eleven, Danny and I headed back to the cooler. "Mom's been awfully flirty lately," he said as we grabbed two big orange Gatorades. "When she hugged me the other day, she kind of mashed her crotch against mine like she wanted to feel my bulge."

"Yeah, she's done that to me, too," I said.

"Man, it gave me a raging boner. I wonder if she knows how big our dicks are."

"She knows, Danny. She sees us in Speedos all the time."

"Yeah, but she's never seen either of us hard. She doesn't know about our ten-and-a-half-inch tools."

"I've got eleven, fag," I said.

"Yeah, and mine's thicker, butt-brain."

"I'll remember that when I slide mine into Kerri's pussy Friday night.

Anyway, Mom can probably guess how big we get. She's an imaginative woman."

"Think she wants us, Billy?"

"Huh?"

"Think she wants us to bone her?"

"She's our mother, doof."

"I know, but she's gotta want us, you know, at that raw physical level. Plus, she's getting closer to forty. Mid-life crisis, needs to feel attractive..."

We walked to the register. I recognized the cashier from calculus class but couldn't remember her name. Kara or Karla or something.

"Hi, Billy," she said, beaming as I handed her a five. "How are you?"

"Fine, thanks. I just found out that my dipshit brother is actually a trained psychologist."

"Bite me," Danny said. Then he looked at the girl, tipped an imaginary cowboy hat and said, "I'll handle this, Ma'am." She stood there in a daze with the cash drawer still open as we turned to leave.

"Listen, Mom is a fucking knockout and she knows it," I said in the parking lot. "No reassurance needed."

"But come on, we're the star cornerbacks of the football team. Every girl in school wants us."

All modesty aside, he was right. Danny and I are both six feet two, with broad shoulders and square jaws and solid, cut frames, thanks to millions of grams of protein and thousands of hours at the gym. We have Mom's chiseled features and perfect skin. Neither of us has ever suffered a blemish. Our hair, a mix of Mom's Nordic blond mane and Dad's dull brown English pate, is sandy blond. Girls screamed and swooned when the coach called our names at pep rallies. But don't hate us for all that. In this story, you are us. That's the whole point.

Mom was always at the rallies, too, and she put aside her northern European hauteur to scream with them. Male students and faculty members would stare, mesmerized, as Mom's colossal cones heaved whenever she raised her arms to cheer.

Danny and I stood by the car kicking the pavement and swigging Gatorade.

"Think Mom would ever, you know..." Danny said with a low, mischievous tone in his voice.

"Ever what?"

"Think she'd ever do anything with us? Like mess around with us?"

"You've been getting too much sun."

"I'm serious. Dad talks macho, but he's a putz. Mom has to fantasize about us."

"Thinking about it and actually doing it are different," I said, countering his argument just to make myself feel more mature. But I secretly pondered the same questions. Was my mother attracted to me? Did she know how big my penis was when erect? Did she want it inside her?

"She's been really jealous of our girlfriends lately, too," Danny continued as I stared through him and mulled my own thoughts. "Isn't that a laugh? Our mom, the most gorgeous woman on the face of the earth, is jealous of high school chicks. She has the curves they can't even dream about."

"Yeah, and they're so jealous of her they can't stand it," I added.

"Jesus, hasn't she ever noticed how they call all the time but never come over?"

"Totally, and have you noticed how she always puts on a bikini and goes for a swim right before either of us leaves for a date?"

"Oh, god yeah," I said. "Last Saturday she slipped into that incredible brown number. Her tits were, like, ready to explode out of it!"

"Down boy," Danny said.

"Woof woof!" I barked.

"I dare you, Billy."

"To do what?"

"I dare you to ask Mom to suck your cock."

I coughed a mouthful of Gatorade into the air.

Danny and I had been exchanging formal—and formidable—dares since kindergarten. They were more than dares; they were secret and absolute ultimata, plated with honor and driven by pride. When he dared me to eat some sushi that had sat rotting in a forgotten corner of the fridge for weeks, I did it and earned a nice, three-day puking vacation from school. When I dared him to eat Mary Anne Loomis, a psycho chick who hung out with the drama club geeks but was even too weird to be an actress, he did it and was equally sickened.

Neither of us had ever failed to deliver on a dare. The first one to fail would lose a fraternal chess match that had been going for over a decade.

But asking Mom to blow me?

"Christ, Danny, you are one sick turd," I said.

"Come on, she just needs an invitation."

"Danny."

"Think how great it would be. What if she sucked us both? What if she let us fuck her? Can you imagine?"

Yes, sir, I thought about it every day. "She's a lot of woman, Danny," I cautioned.

"What if she let us both fuck her at the same time?"

Whoa. Suddenly I saw it: Mom, Danny and me naked and glossy with sweat, writhing on my bed, or Danny's, or the black leather sofa in the den. I'd be pounding her doggy-style, my huge cock sliding in and out of her tight pussy and my pelvis slapping against her full ass while I gripped her waist and her swollen cantaloupes flailed back and forth. She'd lunge back to meet my thrusts, moaning and crying out just before Danny shoved his baseball bat into her mouth and his balls pumped quarts of cum down her throat. Then I'd turn her over and start fucking her massive tits...

"That hard-on tells me you like the idea," Danny said.

I snapped out of my twisted daydream. "It would be awesome, Danny, but it ain't gonna happen. I decline," I said as we got back in the Mustang and headed home.

"Come on, man. Why not?"

"Because it would backfire, and the consequences could be seriously fucked up," I said. "Mom and Dad would send me to counseling or something. And what if our friends found out?"

"Are you saying the potential consequences outweigh the potential reward?"

I was silent. He had me there. No consequences, not even torture, death or permanent grounding could outweigh the reward. Fucking my blond bombshell mother. Fondling that shapely ass. Sucking those huge tits. Pumping my big, long dick in and out of her pussy and making her scream. Coming on her face. Jesus fucking Christ.

I drew a deep breath. "No, Danny. No dare." I got very little comfort from my trumped-up air of maturity and restraint.

At the house, I parked the Mustang in the circle drive behind Mom's black Jag convertible. As we came in through the foyer, she was just on her way out the door. My cock, which had just started to calm down after staying at full attention on the way home, sprang back into action like a hydraulic pump at the sight of her. Danny gulped audibly like a cartoon rube.

She was dressed in a long gray knit skirt over a rose bodysuit. The gray cardigan around her shoulders matched her skirt, as did her pumps, which put her just over six feet. Her hair was up in an emerald clip, which matched her earrings and choker of green glass pearls. Below the choker, the bodysuit didn't scoop especially low from her

shoulders and wouldn't have done much for a normal woman. But on Mom it revealed about an inch and a half of deep cleavage—just the tip of the icebergs, believe me—between her high-riding, bra-bursting tits, which strained against the tight material like two supple cannonballs ready to lock and load.

Her skirt was snug around her round hips and sexy thighs, and the entire outfit showed off her luscious hourglass beautifully. Her heels tocked smartly on the sandstone floor and her melons lurched gently against each other. Her stomach, as always, was as flat as a table top. Her face was lightly made up, and her lipstick was a couple of shades darker than her bodysuit. Her eyes sparkled when she saw us.

"Hi, boys. How was practice?" she asked in her melodic Swedish lilt.

"Great," I said. My mouth was dry. I cleared my throat softly.

Danny regained control of his gaping jaw long enough to say, "Billy made a couple of awesome interceptions during practice."

"Oh, fabulous, honey," she said, smiling at me. "But please promise me one more time that you won't let yourself get hurt out there. Either of you, ya?" She put her arms around me and squeezed for a long second. Faintly, ever so faintly, I thought I heard her make a purring noise in my ear. Over her shoulder, Danny's eyes widened. She ran her hands down my back to my ass and pulled me into her. I felt the heat of her crotch on my balls.

"Oof," she whispered. She had realized how massively hard I was.

"Okay, Mom, we promise," I said as she let go and went to Danny.

"I don't want my handsome young men getting hurt on that field. I don't want any part of you damaged." She gave Danny the groin press and then patted him lovingly—or approvingly?—on his hips.

Then she grabbed her purse and was out the door with a delicate wisp of lavender. Her deft, sure movements reminded me of stealing a sideline pass and blazing past the tackles for a quick six. It seemed my mother had even given me my athletic talent.

"I'll be back in about an hour," she said. "Miss me!"

"We will," Danny and I said in unison as we stood in the doorway admiring her. The Jag fired up and tore away with a Bon Jovi tape blaring. Mom was so hip.

"Did you hear that?" I asked, pointing at my ear.

"Yeah. Did you see that?" He pointed at his hip.

"Yeah."

"My cock is aching. I'm gonna go jack off in the shower."

"Rinse it out good. I'm next."

Mom's breasts. Mom's massive, beautiful tits. Jiggling and heaving as if mounted on Posturpedic springs, begging to be kissed, squeezed, sucked, and fucked. God help me, I couldn't stop thinking about them.

Danny headed up the wide, curving staircase. I went to the kitchen to make a sandwich. As I was fishing some cotto salami from the lunchmeat drawer in the fridge, the phone rang. I walked over the counter and hit the talk button on the speakerphone.

"Hello?"

"Danny?" asked the clenched voice.

"It's Billy, Dad."

"Oh, yeah. Why do you sound like that?"

"I'm on the kitchen speakerphone."

"Pick up the handset."

"Well, Dad, I'm making a sandwich and I kind of need both hands."

There was a stuffy silence. "Your mother around?"

"No, she just left on some errands."

"Yeah, well, the shareholders' meeting has been delayed and I won't be back until Sunday afternoon."

"Okay, I'll tell Mom."

"And by the way, young man," he said. Here it came, the ass-chewing. Few conversations with my father didn't include one. I put down the piece of bread I was holding, unzipped my pants, and pulled out my cock. Even soft, it was about seven inches long and very thick. Holding my dick in one hand, I picked up the speakerphone with the other.

"Yes, Dad?"

"After you waxed my car last week, I found a couple of flakes of dried wax around the handle and the trim on the rear gate. Unsatisfactory. Very unsatisfactory."

I rubbed my cock over the speaker. "I'm sorry, Dad."

"Is that all you have to say, mister?"

"I'll do much better next week, sir." I dragged my big, hairy balls over the phone. They scuffed over the microphone vents.

"What was that?" he barked.

"Just the bread bag," I said, smirking.

"You're absolutely right you'll do better next week, or you'll be

without your car for a whole goddamned month!"

"I understand," I said, whacking my glans right where his voice was coming out.

"Tell your mother I called. Bye." He was gone.

"So long, dickhead," I said. Making my sandwich, I muttered myself,

"Father, if all goes well, I'm going to do something you would find incredibly unsatisfactory."

I went upstairs and found Danny just exiting the shower.

"Danny, I've changed my mind," I said.

"About what?"

"The dare. I accept."

IV

The game, the insane game of trying to have oral sex with my mother, was afoot. The best window of opportunity was obvious. It was a situation that occurred frequently, at least once a week, when Mom was completely relaxed, virtually nude and welcoming me or Danny to grope certain areas of her body.

Her massage.

I had no plans for Saturday evening, when Danny would be rolling a Magnum onto his flagpole in the back seat with Susan, and I predicted Mom would seek out my services. Sure enough, around eight she went for a pre-massage swim. I watched her from the shadows of the second-floor balcony. Her tanks were heaving in the French cups of a white bikini, and when she stepped out to dry herself, the water cascaded down her mountain slopes in clear layers, glimmering in the moonlight like rain on a car windshield.

I went downstairs to the living room. She stepped in through the terrace door. There was no towel, no robe, just a body in a bikini.

"Billy, honey, are you busy?" she asked.

"No, what's up?"

"Do you think you could rub my back for a few minutes with those great hands of yours?"

"I'd love to." I stood up to follow her out to the patio. My knees wobbled a little and my palms were damp.

It was a warm night, with the charred scent of burning leaves drifting through the air. Her massage table stood under the ball canopy of a

date palm. She placed a towel across it and lay down on her stomach, then she reached behind her and unclasped her bikini top. Standard massage procedure. She put her arms at her sides and I stepped up to the table. Her head was facing the other way and I took a second to drink her in.

The V-shaped bikini bottom was smooth and damp over the globes of her beautiful ass, and her long, satiny legs were bathed in the light from the house. Her bare back was proud and defined but not the slightest bit fleshy. I started kneading her shoulders.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned.

I worked them for a while, varying my pressure, and then moved down into her upper lats. Mom had taught Danny and me to be damned good masseurs over the years, showing us all the important muscle groups, the pressure points, the right way to palpate for lesions. Mainly, however, she taught us to make her feel good. Tonight I was hoping she had done it all too well.

I caressed her upper lats with my palms and then worked my fingers into her rhomboids.

"Ahhhhhh. Ooooooh," she cooed. "Oh, Billy, that feels so good." The more relaxed she got, the more nervous I got. I breathed deeply and looked up at the stars for a moment. Pisces, my sign, was rising in the east. I was rising in my pants.

I moved lower, doing her lower lats with my thumbs as my fingers gripped her trim waist.

"Did you have fun on your date last night?" Mom asked, her voice sleepy and muffled.

"Sure."

"Is that girl pretty?"

"Yeah," I said, shrugging. "She's not gorgeous like you, but she's okay." Standard massage conversation.

"Oh, thank you, honey. Am I really that gorgeous?"

"Mom, come on. You're a goddess."

"My goodness, dear. Thank you. And you are such a big, handsome stud. How do the girls say it? Oh, ya, you're drop-dead gorgeous."

"Thanks, Mom."

"And what a build."

Hello. I moved down to her lumbar back and gave it firm, rolling squeezes. She always liked me to spend a lot of time there.

"Mmmm, Billy, that's great. Right there. You were terrific in the game last night. You and Danny both have such great moves on the field."

"Well, we're just two parts of the the Dead Zone," I said.

"The what, honey?"

"The Dead Zone. That's what they call our deep backs because we play zone defense and allow so few completed passes."

"The deep backs, that's...let's see..."

"Danny and I and the two safeties," I finished for her gently.

"Ya, that's right. Move lower, honey."

I slid my hands down to the base of her spine, just north of her bikini bottom.

"Mmm," she moaned again, moving her hips a little.

"That's what I do to keep from getting tackled after I intercept a pass."

"What do you do?"

"I turn my hips. You swiveled your beautiful hips just a second ago."

"Oh, I see. You're such a sweetie. Keep flattering me while you move lower."

"Well, Mom, I'm already—"

"Go ahead and rub my butt, honey. Since you think I'm so gorgeous, it shouldn't be a problem for you. I'm sure it won't be the first female rear end you've put your hands on."

"But it's definitely the sexiest," I said.

"Oh, Bobby, you devil," she giggled.

This was not standard massage procedure. This was awesome. My nerves eased up a little. It was going to happen naturally. I might not even have to pop the question. My mother was going to go down on me.

I gazed at her full, shapely ass and then put my hands on it. Her cheeks were firm and filled my palms. Her skin was warm and springy to the touch. I caressed her and tried to work around her bikini.

"Mmm, ya, massage my butt, sweetheart. Do you like doing that? You certainly stare at it a lot," she said, "almost as much as you stare at my big bust line."

"Sorry, Mom." My cock was about to burst through my pants. I rolled my eyes and swore softly to myself.

"Oh, it's okay, honey. I don't mind so much when you and Danny look at my figure. I stare at you, too."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Ya, you two have the cutest buns."

"Really?"

"Oh, yahhhh. So sexy."

I looked up at her back. Her bikini top had fallen far enough away from her sides to reveal the massive, bared swell of her breasts against the table. My hands began moving back up on autopilot, giving her a brisk, cursory finishing rub. I neared the line of her tits and moved out to the edges of her back. I was going to run my fingers over the sides of her breasts. I was going to let my hands tell her that I wanted her.

I got closer and pretended to work her obliques.

"Mmm, that's great, too, Billy," she said.

My pulse was pounding in my ears. I held my breath and moved up. I touched them. For one glorious second, my fingertips passed over the quarter panels of her tits. They were firm and spongy under my touch.

"Mmmmm," she said.

I got bold and touched them again, this time on a downward sweep toward her hips.

Mom's head jerked as if she were just waking. "Okay, thanks, honey," she said clearly, a note of dismissal in her voice. She reached behind her and reclasped her bikini.

"Sure, you're welcome," I said and headed inside. I didn't linger. I didn't want to see the body I would never have. I knew I wouldn't muster the nerve to try anything with her again, and that meant I would have to concede defeat on Danny's dare. Now I had lost our lifetime game. Worse, I would never get a blowjob from my mother. I went upstairs, got in the shower, and angrily jacked a load of semen out of my throbbing cock onto the tile wall. I was fantasizing about Mom, of course, but it was different this time. I was fantasizing about raping her.

V

Life went on, of course. Danny and I tried to distract ourselves with football. The defense was allowing only 10 points a game, and by the seventh week of the season we were still undefeated. In the first half of the game against arch-rival Hanley High, I picked off a pass in the end zone and ran it back to the 40 yard line. Later, with his team trailing, Hanley's desperate quarterback threw the ball right into

Danny's arms at midfield and he took it all the way in for six. I threw an illegal chop block against a tight end so Danny could get past him but none of the refs caught it.

I ran down to the end zone to knock helmets with Danny, and trotting off the field together we looked up at Mom and Dad in their usual place in the bleachers. The crowd was on its feet, and Mom was waving at us and smiling. Her hips were swaying in a pair of tight slacks and her massive tanks were lurching from side to side under a wool sweater.

"Just look at those big things bounce," Danny said, taking off his helmet. The night air was cool and steam rose from his matted hair.

"Yep." My cock, which barely fit into my cup in the first place, was threatening to shatter it. The marching band was blatting "Hang On, Sloopy" for the 800th time and the big cathedral bell suspended at one end of the field was ringing in honor of the touchdown. On the sideline, Kerri blew me a kiss. A newspaper photographer's lens swung toward Danny and me and the flash popped.

"Think we'll ever get our hands on Mom's footballs, Billy?"

"Nope."

Continued in Part Two

As if Danny and I weren't tormented badly enough watching Mom's fantastic and forbidden body jiggle around the house, we have a knockout older sister, too. Lisa, who's a year older, isn't as tall as Mom and her breasts aren't as huge, but otherwise she's every bit as gorgeous. Her hair is a little darker than mine and Danny's and she keeps it shoulder length. Her skin is smooth and bronzed and her legs, like Mom's, look as if she's wearing nylons even when she isn't. Her ass, in a pair of tight jeans, could make a palace full of eunuchs have a circle-jerk.

If you need a face to go along with this description, dig out your Playboy collection. Lisa bears an uncanny resemblance to Gig Gangel, the January 1980 Playmate of the Month. I understand how you might balk at the comparison, since Gangel is still worshipped as one of the most beautiful centerfolds ever, but it's not merely my own opinion. Several people have made the same comment.

The previous summer, in fact, Danny and I had scoured every used bookstore in the city for that issue in order to show Lisa her doppelganger. Danny finally stumbled across a copy at a garage sale. Lisa was stopped cold by her look-alike. "Oh my god, that's me," she said, staring at the first photo of the pictorial, an image of Gangel lounging in tall grass with her breasts emerging from an unbuttoned denim shirt.

Then Lisa turned through the ensuing pages, studying each shot. She even unfolded the centerfold. It was weird to be looking at a nudie mag with our sister. Weird in a really cool way.

"My tits are bigger than hers," Lisa said proudly.

"Really?" Danny asked. Gangel, as you may recall, was very buxom.

"Aren't they? You guys have seen me in enough bikinis to know."

I made a quick assessment. "She's right." They were. Lord.

It got even more exciting when the three of us showed the magazine to Mom. She immediately agreed about the likeness. Her own face resembled Gangel's, too, as if she were the model's older Scandinavian half-sister.

Mom leafed through the pictorial. While I had been keenly aroused by watching Lisa look at a gorgeous naked woman, witnessing Mom do it was downright maddening. My cock grew as rigid as a truck piston.

"Ooh, ya, she's beautiful," Mom said. "So, what exactly are my

handsome boys doing with a magazine like this?" She looked at Danny and me with a very knowing smile.

"Aw, Mom, it's just a Playboy," I said.

"It really is pretty tame, all things considered," Lisa said. "Just photos of naked women."

"Ya, boys do obsess over the female form, don't they?" Mom mused.

"Men, too."

"Only some female forms," I said, feeling a little bold under the circumstances.

"I think he's referring to you, Mom," Lisa said.

"No, you too, Sis," I said. We all laughed.

"Thanks, Billy," Lisa said. "You guys have nice forms, too."

"Ya, nice," Mom said.

"Say, Mom," Danny said, holding up the magazine, "Did you ever, um, you know—"

"Pose without my clothing? Well, wouldn't you like to know?"

"Oh, my god. She did," I inferred. All eyes went to Mom.

She grinned at us, relishing the moment. "I knew you'd ask about this one day. I'll simply say that I had many, many offers. In fact, I don't mean to boast, you know, but I still get offers."

"Uh, from which publications?" Danny asked.

"All of them, sweetheart. Playboy, Penthouse, and magazines I'd never heard of. Then there were all those offers to perform in, you know, naughty movies. That dirty old man Russ Meyer still calls me a couple of times a year. Someone once tried to give me fifty thousand dollars just to appear in one scene."

"And?"

"In that one scene, they wanted me to have sex with five different men."

I had a heart attack. Plus, my cock was at Def-Con 2. One stroke would have sent the cream flying. No kidding. One stroke.

Lisa must have caught the crazed looks on my face and Danny's.

"Mother, I hope you realize you have just set your sons upon a lifelong video store quest."

"Well, let me save you gentlemen some trouble," Mom said. "I never accepted any of the movie offers, including the one I received from a seedy-looking man in the car next to me at a stop light just the other day."

"Then we'll limit our search to magazines," Danny said. More laughter.

"You know, if simply seeing me naked means so much to you boys, one of these days when we're all lounging by the pool and your father isn't around, I think I'll just slip off my bikini and show you the goods.

You can have a nice, long look at all my equipment—my rear end, my big breasts, everything. You'll see what a real blonde looks like, if you know what I mean."

Danny and I probably had very odd looks on our faces just then—the looks of two teenage boys trying desperately not to have orgasms right in front of their mother.

"I really don't have a problem with doing that for you," Mom added, "as long as you don't take any photos or video. And I guess sooner would be better before my huge bust line starts to droop. I've been lucky so far."

Danny and I were two paralyzed dimwits.

"Uh, guys, she's kidding," Lisa said like a palace sycophant, interpreting the queen's crypticisms for the uninitiated.

"Yes, I was kidding," Mom said, knowing that her humor was sometimes too dry to follow. "Let's be clear on that, ya? I'm not going to show you my body, boys. The swimsuits I wear reveal more than enough already. You two clearly regard me as something of a sex object, so I don't think I should encourage you any further. You'll just have to keep stripping me naked in your dirty little minds."

"How about you, Lisa?" Danny asked.

"A strip show? Get real."

"Never hurts to ask," he said.

"Hey, Mom," I said, "since you're not going to take off your clothes for us, uh, what's for dinner?"

A couple of minutes later, Danny and I both headed upstairs. My cock was still throbbing and I desperately needed to blow my wad; I'm sure he had a similar need.

Lisa caught up with us in the hallway. You're not running up here to play with yourselves, are you boys?"

"Buzz off," I said.

"I shouldn't tell you guys this, but I can't resist adding to your frustration," Lisa said. "I've seen Mom naked, you know."

"When?" Danny and I asked in unison.

"All the time, doof. Changing rooms, jumping in and out of the

bathroom, getting ready for a swim, you name it."

She grinned at us.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, what?"

"How do her tits look, stupid?"

"Fantastic. Absolutely in-fucking-credible."

"I knew it," I said.

"You're just saying that to get us all worked up," Danny said.

"I swear to god, guys, she's got the body of a nineteen-year-old."

"How about her ass?"

"Firm, full, shapely. Frankly, it's nicer than mine. Every inch of her is perfect. All those unbelievable curves without an ounce of flab. I hate her."

"You're saying she looks even better naked than she does in a bikini?"

"Totally."

Okay, jack-off time. I bolted for my bedroom and Danny ran toward his.

"See you at dinner," I said, slamming my door.

VII

Lisa was at that time a freshman at an all-girls college a couple of hours up the coast. She came home one weekend a month and usually spent most of it fucking her prissy boyfriend at his house or in his Audi. Judging by her restless manner, Danny and I suspected the guy wasn't very good. We also suspected that she was.

On weekends at home she strutted around in tight T-shirts and pullovers that rose over her big rack like circus tents and shorts that barely covered her round ass. The sight of Mom and Lisa lounging by the pool in bikinis, lying on their backs with their Himalayan mountains rising off their chests and their hips flaring dramatically, was like gazing upon a sea goddess and her beautiful young nymph-in-training.

One Saturday morning, a couple of weeks after the game against Hanley High, Lisa accompanied Danny and me on a jog around the lake. At school she played volleyball and lacrosse, and she was in good shape. Her purple jog bra looked new and stiff and her big teenage tits didn't heave up and down as much as Danny and I would have liked. We copped glances anyway as the three of us trotted along the cinder path, flanking Lisa protectively like bodyguards. Her curves attracted

nearly as much attention as Mom's and her youth made her seem more vulnerable.

The sky was starkly clear. A warming breeze rustled the leaves in the oaks that lined the path, their canopies meshing overhead to form an arbor-tunnel. I suspected it would be a hot day. A very hot day.

"Mom said it was a great game last night against Franklin," Lisa said.

"Sorry I didn't get home in time to be there."

"We squeaked it out. You win your lacrosse match?"

"Yeah, we made Wrigley eat grass." She grinned fiercely.

"They suck at everything," Danny said.

"I hear Susan's been giving you some suckin'," Lisa said, looking at Danny.

"Sure has," he said.

"God, don't boys even try to keep these things secret?"

"There's not much to tell," he said.

"She gives lousy head? Awww, poor boy."

"He oughta know the difference," I said. "He's had his share of good head."

Lisa's face turned toward me. "Like you haven't stuck your big tool in a few mouths and a few pussies."

"Only the ones it will fit in, Sis."

"No kidding. And you didn't inherit it from Dad. I saw his prick one morning a few years ago when he left the bathroom door ajar. He's, uh, small."

"Maybe he's a grower, not a shower," Danny said.

"I don't think so," I said.

"No, you don't understand," Lisa said. "He wasn't peeing. He was jacking off."

Danny and I both guffawed. "Beating off in the bathroom and he didn't even close the door all the way," I said. "Another smooth move."

"And with a young daughter in the house," Danny said, disgusted. "How old were you, Lisa?"

"About ten."

"And you understood what he was doing?"

"Yeah, basically."

"Did it turn you on?"

"Oh, please. We're talking about my own father."

We jogged for a few seconds in silence, our shoes making sharp, steady

crunches on the cinders.

"Now on the other hand, if it had been some cute young guy with a big dick..." Lisa continued.

"Wow, such daring language today, Sis," I said.

"Yeah, we'd better call up your guidance counselor and see if you've been getting into any trouble," Danny said. We had roughed up many of her horny boyfriends during her years of dating. Still, we could sympathize with them for wanting to bang her on the very first night. She had sprouted that fantastic figure in junior high and the guys just couldn't keep their hands off her big teenage rack. Despite our cock-blocking, Lisa had managed to get plenty of sex.

We rounded a bend where some mottled ducks were honking and coming ashore. The air smelled briny.

"What I don't understand is why Dad was in the bathroom spankin' the monkey instead of fucking Mom," Danny said.

"Frustration, I think," Lisa said.

Now she really had our attention.

"What do you mean?" Danny asked.

"I shouldn't be telling you guys this."

"Too late now," I said. "Spill."

"No, no, I can't. Forget it."

"Talk!" Danny yelled, leaping behind her and pinning her arms behind her back. He pivoted her toward me and I began expertly tickling her toned stomach. She immediately cried out.

"Ah! Billy, stop! Ha ha! No, don't!"

"We can do this the hard way," I said with a bad German accent. "We can do it all day and night."

"I bet you boys can," Lisa said between shrieks of laughter. Her big tits were catapulting up and down and a gorgeous line of cleavage had peeked up over her bra. My cock, dangling down the right leg of my shorts, began to wake up.

"Okay, okay!" Lisa said. We released her. "Mom hinted to me the other day that Dad doesn't really, um, satisfy her."

"No surprise, I guess," I said after a few seconds of sad silence.

"He's no Valentino." The image of them on the bed that night flashed through my mind once more.

"Yeah, and Mom is so much woman," Danny said. "Imagine hopping into bed with a goddess every night and having to ante up."

"I swear to God, she hasn't aged in ten years, Lisa said. "Must be tough for you guys."

"How?" I asked, playing dumb.

"Come on, you've got to be seriously attracted to her. It would be weird if you weren't."

"Lisa, she's our mother. After all, you said watching Dad beat off didn't do anything for you."

"Sure, but Mom is a bombshell!" she argued. Danny and I stonewalled awkwardly. "Oh, okay, boys, whatever. Just a few months ago you both got raging boners when she teased you about taking off her bikini."

We started jogging again. An attractive couple passed us in the opposite direction. The guy looked a few years younger than the woman.

"Speaking of hard-ons, I'm flattered by the big one you got back there when you were tickling me, Billy."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. What did it for you? My tits?"

"Gimme a break."

"You're a serious breast man, aren't you?"

I wondered if she'd drop the subject if I got a little too nasty for her. "Yeah, Sis, it was the sight of your big, heaving tits that did it. Looking at them made my cock get hard. Not fully hard, not at raging full mast, you know, eleven inches. Eleven thick inches of pussy-pleasing fury."

Lisa blanched. "Jesus, Billy, I had no idea." She glanced at my crotch.

"Mine's ten and a half inches and little thicker than his," Danny chimed in.

"Holy Christ, guys."

It worked. We jogged the rest of the way home in silence, and I pondered the reasons why I had enjoyed telling my sister about the size of my cock.

The house was empty when we got back. Dad was still in Denver on business and Mom had gone shopping. The three of us gulped some bottled water in the kitchen, then I headed upstairs. Ironically, the sight of Lisa's big knockers had gotten me hot for Mom again. I needed to shoot a big load of juice out of my balls.

I jumped in the shower but decided not to jack off in there. I wanted a certain piece of visual stimulation, despite the mess I'd make by

shooting my load in my room. You see, when I blow my big nuts, there's a lot of cum.

Dried off and in my room, I closed the door and sprawled back on my bed without taking off the towel around my waist. I reached over to my nightstand and pulled a snapshot of Mom from the top drawer. It was a photo of her standing topless by the pool with her arms folded over her melons—at least, what she could cover. The rest was pushed up like two big water balloons. She was grinning at the camera and her blonde brows were arched. Maddening.

Dad had taken the photo the previous summer and I had swiped it from his desk a couple of months later. It was now trashed with creases and fingerprints. Across one corner was a big smudge where I had accidentally spurted some cum on it. I secretly hoped Mom would find it in my drawer, but she never went through our belongings.

I looked at the photo and warmed up by stroking my stiffening cock through my towel. It stirred like a cobra rising from a snake charmer's basket. I looked at the photo again and the snake lurched; soon it was puffed and rigid and ready to spit mouthfuls of venom. I moaned. This was going to feel good.

VIII

Suddenly my door opened. It was Lisa. She looked at my big towel-tent.

"Well, I hope I had something to do with that," she said.

"Unlike Dad, I closed the door all the way," I said, still stroking my tool. "Could I have a little privacy?"

"What's the matter, Billy? We all do it." She approached the bed.

"Were you thinking about my big tits?"

"Frankly, no."

"Then who were you thinking about?" Her voice was sweet and cajoling.

So much for her being scared away by frank sexual language.

"None of your business."

"Fine, don't tell me. I know. It was me. If you don't admit it, I'm going to give you a dare."

Lisa had been an occasional participant in my dares with Danny for years. She approached the issue with as much pride as we did, and like us, she had never failed an official challenge.

"Then you'll just have to dare me, Sis," I said.

"Okay. I dare you to show me your cock, Billy. I want to see if it's as big as you say."

"Done," I said, standing up. I yanked off my towel. My huge dong sprang out like an aerial ladder, the head dark with blood and as big as a balled-up tube sock. Bulging veins roadmapped my tool and the fresh air felt good on my balls.

I was now buck naked in front of my hot sister, showing her my big, hard cock. That felt good, too.

Lisa took a slow step backwards as if retreating from a wild animal.

"Oh, my god, Billy. Oh, my god, your dick is fucking huge. And look at your balls! They're like fucking tennis balls!"

I turned sideways to show her my throbbing cruise missile in profile. I was so hard, my cock was up at 45 degrees. She gasped. I stroked it and smiled at her. "Eleven pussy-pleasing inches, honey. Wasn't lying, was I?"

"You certainly weren't. Is Danny that big, too?"

"Yep. Now it's your turn, Sis. I'm showing you my cock, so why don't you let me see those big tits? We never did play doctor as kids, you know."

"I'm glad we waited until we both developed," she said, smiling at my crotch.

"Come on, Lisa, let's go. I'm daring you. You don't stuff your bra, do you, Sis?"

"Stuff my bra? I'll show you what stuffs my fucking bra. A pair of thirty-six E cups, that's what." She reached back and unclasped her jog bra, then proudly yanked it down off her shoulders. Her big globes leaped out and swelled as if she were taking a deep breath. They were huge—firm yet soft-looking with tiny aureoles. They rode close together on her chest, wide and perfectly symmetrical with a natural line of cleavage.

Now it was her turn to puff up with pride and mine to gape helplessly.

"Wow, Sis, they're fantastic. Even bigger than I thought, and perfect.

I've been undressing you in my mind for years, but Jesus!"

"Nice, eh?" She cupped her hands and pressed them together. "I just wish they were as big as Mom's. Hers are, like, the biggest, most gorgeous tits on the planet!"

"I know, but don't worry, Lisa, you still have about three times as much as most women."

"I've got another dare for you, Billy."

"Shoot."

"That's exactly what I want you to do. Jack yourself off while you stare at my big tits. I dare you."

"I thought you'd never ask," I said, stroking my hand firmly up and down my thick cock.

She watched and licked her lips. "Ooh, god, you're really going to do it, aren't you? Yeah, jack that huge thing, Billy. Don't take your eyes off my tits."

I began gripping myself harder and stroking all the way out over the head. I settled into a good, fast rhythm and let my knees bend a little. Lisa tapped her tits and made little quakes ripple across their slopes and down through their wide, full cups. My cock twitched and I bucked my hips forward instinctively.

"Mmm, yeah, Billy. I want to see big streams of cum squirt out of that cock."

"You're gonna see plenty in just a couple of minutes. I'm so fucking horny."

"So am I, Billy."

She glanced at the bed and saw the snapshot of Mom at a distance.

"Ooh, were you looking at a photo while you jacked off?" She leaned over and picked it up. Her brows dove. "Oh, shit, this is Mom! You were fantasizing about Mom! I was right about you guys!"

"Yeah," I said, bucking my hips and groaning. "I want to fuck her."

Danny and I both want to stick our cocks in her."

"I don't blame you, Billy, but it's so fucking sick."

"Think she knows?" I asked.

"I hope not."

"Danny and I want to fuck you, too."

"Oh, yeah? You guys get me so hot with those gorgeous bods. And now that I'm seeing that big, long dick..."

"Right now I'm imagining that I'm pumping it in and out of your pussy."

"Oh, yeah, Billy, I'm thinking about the same thing," she said, fondling her breasts roughly. "Jesus, it would be so fucking good. Girls talk about how great you and Danny are in bed. But I can tell you right now that you could only fit about half of that massive dick inside me."

"That's more than enough, honey," I said.

"What position do you want to fuck me in?" she asked.

Before I could answer, the sound of Danny's voice echoed in the hallway. "Hey, guys, where is every—" He appeared in the doorway wearing a towel and saw us. "Jesus! Fuck! What are you two doing?" Lisa tossed the photo back on the bed and turned toward him. "I dared Billy to jack off while I show him my tits," Lisa said casually, fondling her rack again. "As you can see, he accepted the challenge." Danny glanced at me and then his eyes settled lustily on Lisa's chest. "God," he said. "Those are whoppers."

"Come on, Danny," she urged, "This is show and tell. I dare you to show me that cock of yours. Billy says you're just as well-hung as he is."

"Fuckin' A," Danny said. "Check this out." He whipped off his towel. His big cock was heavy and thick but only semi-hard, arcing halfway down to his knees.

"Ooh, Danny, it looks big, but get it up so I can see it as big as it gets."

Danny casually tossed the towel into the corner as if he wouldn't need it again. "Why don't you do that for me, Sis?" he said, his voice as thick as his tool.

"What?"

"Well, you two are tossing all kinds of dares back and forth. It's my turn, so let's get serious."

I suspected what was coming next, and my adrenaline surged.

"Suck me, Lisa," Danny said. "I dare you to take my cock in your mouth and suck it. Right here. Now."

"Oh, Danny, no, I'm your sister."

"Then why are you standing there showing me your big tits? Come on, Lisa. I'm daring you."

His cock was rising. Mine was ready to drive railroad spikes. Lisa looked at Danny's naked package and took a step toward him, her big, firm tits plowing through the air.

"Okay, you bastard, I'm too proud to back down, so I'm going to do something really fucked up. I'm going to suck my own brother's cock. Just remember that you're the one who asked for it." She knelt in front of Danny and wrapped one hand around his swelling shaft. Her fingers didn't meet.

"Unnnngh," he moaned.

"And after I suck your big dick, I'm going to suck Billy's."

A cold chill flowed up from my legs and over my back. I stopped stroking my dick. Lisa opened her mouth wide and wrapped her full, wet lips around the head of Danny's cock.

"Goddamn," I said.

"Oh, fuck," he groaned. "Oh, fuck, yeah. I never thought she'd really do it, Billy."

"She's doing it, Danny. Go for it, Lisa, you gorgeous girl. Suck his big dick!"

Her lips ventured farther down his shaft. He was now fully hard and she had to stretch her jaw even wider to take him. She gulped loudly and took air in loud, irregular gasps like a SCUBA diver.

"Mmmm," she moaned.

A bizarre stillness had fallen around us, as if the world had stopped turning so the we could do this secret and forbidden thing. Morning sunlight streamed golden and heavy into the room, but outside the window everything was as still as a landscape painting. Inside, the slurping, lapping noise of Lisa sucking Danny's cock was the only sound in the entire house. I glanced up at the clock and half expected to see the second hand frozen in place.

Looking at my naked siblings again, I still couldn't believe what was happening. My sister Lisa was gliding her lips up and down my brother Danny's long, thick penis. She was cupping his huge scrotum with both hands. Danny moaned loudly and looked down at her.

"Oh, yeah, Sis, suck it. Suck my big dick. Mmm, yeah, take more of it. Yeah, that's it, suck it harder. Billy, you wouldn't believe how good this feels."

"I bet I would," I said, forcing myself not to grab my cock and blast a load of cum into the air. I was so horny, it would have taken about two strokes. "Suck him, Lisa! Suck his big cock and then come over here and suck mine, baby!"

Danny perched his hands on his hips and looked down at Lisa with a sneer. His cock was projecting obscenely from his crotch like one of those Pepperidge Farm beefsticks. "Yeah, baby, do it. You gotta love sucking that big thing."

"Mm-hmm," she agreed, greedily inhaling as much as she could. Even so, she couldn't take more than half of his shaft. She looked up and

crinkled her eyes at Danny. He air-kissed her and wagged his tongue. She began pumping her head up and down fast and her big tits bounced like sacks of honey. Her nipples were erect. Lisa pulled her lips off his dong and worked the big head with her tongue. It was long and pointed. I had never noticed.

"Mmm, you like that, Danny?" she asked between licks, her voice sultry. "Do you like having your huge pole sucked by your beautiful, busty sister?"

"Oh, yeah, honey," Danny moaned. He sounded ready to pass out. "Keep going. You know you love it, too, baby."

"Oh, I do. I've been wanting to suck both of my little brothers' big cocks. Do I give good head?"

"It's fantastic, Lisa. Your gorgeous lips feel so fucking good around my dong."

"Are you gonna come? Are you gonna squirt a load of juice out of those big balls?"

"Oh, yeah."

"I bet you come in quarts," she cooed, massaging his nuts with one hand.

He rolled his head in ecstasy and lunged his hips at her, driving his cock between her lips again. The slurping sounds resumed, louder this time.

"Yeah, I'm gonna come, baby, and I dare you to swallow it. I dare you to swallow every drop of my load when I spray it in your mouth."

"Mmmmm," was her answer. It sounded like she accepted the challenge. Then a new voice spoke. "And I dare you to explain what's going on here."

It was Mom.

IX

"Fuck! Mom!" Danny cried.

Lisa yanked her mouth off his cock and coughed. "Oh, shit!"

Our voluptuous mother stood in the doorway. She was wearing only a low-cut red velour chemise that fit as tight as a tank dress. Her full hips stretched the material and pulled the hemline up high on her thighs; on top, her massive, round tanks drew the spaghetti straps as taut as the guy wires on the Goodyear blimp. Her tits shimmered

faintly, and she was showing a ton of cleavage. She braced herself in the doorway and let one hip jut out sensually. Her expression was one of shock, but not anger. She almost seemed curious.

"Well, well. I got home a few minutes ago and was changing for a swim when I heard some interesting noises. I crept down the hall and thought I might catch a glimpse of Billy or Danny masturbating. But what did I find instead?"

Lisa's face had paled and Danny's massive cock was half-soft. I simply froze in place, leaning back on one corner of the bed with my shorts around my ankles and my big dick in the air. Like Danny, I was losing my erection but remaining full and heavy. Mom gave my tool a long look and then her eyes met mine for a second.

"I find my beautiful, shapely daughter performing oral sex on my handsome son while his twin brother watches and jacks off."

Wow. I had never heard her use that expression. It was thrilling, even in the midst of this all this potential hell.

"Mom, we can explain," Lisa blurted.

"Ya, I bet you can, and I can't wait to hear it." She strolled into the room with supreme, almost gloating, confidence, swinging her hips. Her titanic rack jiggled unabashedly. She looked at me and smiled faintly. I wanted to hide the photo of her but I didn't dare budge.

"Well," Lisa began, "Danny and Billy and I, we're always daring each other to do stuff, and, you know, I accidentally walked in on Billy and he wanted to see my breasts, and that didn't seem so bad and then Danny came in and we just got a little out of hand—"

"What was Billy doing when you walked in on him?"

"He was playing with himself."

"Ya, is that right, honey?" Mom asked me. "Were you stroking your penis?"

I nodded.

"Well," she said, "Lisa's lovely, so I can't blame you for being attracted to her. And I can't say I blame you, Lisa, with brothers like these two gorgeous hunks. My god, boys, I knew you were well-hung, but good lord." She stared casually at Danny's cock and then at mine, as if she were the curator at the national penis museum.

"Thanks, Mom," I said with growing ease—and growing manhood. "You're pretty hot yourself."

"Billy, shut up!" Lisa said.

Mom smiled and smoothed her chemise down over her hips. "No, it's okay. Thanks, honey."

Lisa reached for her jog bra.

"Wait a minute, sweetheart," Mom said, as if talking over the sound of the gears turning in her own head. "Lisa, it's not good for you to want Billy and Danny."

"I know, Mom, I know."

"But there's something even worse about all this," Mom said, gesturing at the naked bodies surrounding her. "I want Billy and Danny, too."

Gasps and bugged eyes all around.

"I told you, Billy!" Danny said indiscreetly. I grinned at him.

"Oh, ya, boys, I look at those gorgeous bodies of yours every day and I can't even think straight. And now, seeing your naked muscles and your huge cocks..."

Jesus. This new vocabulary of Mom's was fabulous. Even better, a weird, driven tone had seeped into her voice.

"Boys, are you attracted to me?" The question had a distinctly rhetorical cast to it. She smirked and slid her hands down the curves of her hourglass. I followed them with my eyes.

Danny and I nodded vigorously. Seeing her run her hands slowly over her big tits made my balls rumble.

"Well, then, it seems there's desire all over the place. And I personally don't want to go the rest of my life wanting you boys." She knelt down beside me, putting her huge globes just below eye level. I could see her nipples rising beneath the velour. I felt my heart racing in my chest.

"In fact," she continued, "I don't want to go another day. So we're all going to satisfy these desires once and for all."

Then my radiant, statuesque goddess of a mother reached up slowly and wrapped her right hand around my tool. Her skin might as well have been carrying a of 50,000-volt galvanic charge. I jumped. She started stroking me. Her hand was warm and strong. Danny and Lisa watched in disbelief.

"Oh," I moaned.

Within seconds my dick was throbbing again, eleven rock-hard inches standing up like the Washington Monument. I looked at Mom. Her eyes were more beautiful than I had ever seen them, big and sweet and sparkling. But above them, her brows were crinkled with pure lust.

It's so fucking big, she mouthed to me silently as she jacked her hand all the way up and down me, a trip that took a couple of seconds each way, even at a fast clip. She slowly moved her head toward my cock.

"Tomorrow we'll pretend like this never happened," she said, her luscious lips only inches from my swollen, purple glans. "But right now I'm going to do something I've been wanting to do for a long time."

"Suck my cock, Mom," I said. "I dare you."

More gasping from Danny and Lisa.

"Oh, Billy, I'm going to suck your dick, alright. I'm going to suck your big balls dry." Then my gorgeous mother opened her mouth and slid her lips down my shaft without another word.

"Uuuuuuuuuuugh," I moaned.

"Jesus, Mom!" Danny blurted.

"Oh, my fucking god!" Lisa cried at the same time.

My mother was sucking my cock. God help me, my mother was sucking my cock. The words buzzed and burned like neon on the ceiling as I looked up and panted for breath. I closed my eyes and thought it must have been another wet dream. I willed myself to wake up. Then I looked down again.

Her white-gold tresses hung in neat arcs that glimmered in the sun as her full, red lips smacked and puckered around my shaft. I was rigid. I had never been that hard in my whole life. She might as well have been sucking a barbell. Hungrily she worked up and down my cock, lingering around the tip occasionally to piston her head up and down quickly, her cheeks tight and hollow and her tongue tickling the lower side of my glans. Fantastic.

"She's sucking it! Mom is really sucking Billy's cock!" Danny yelled.

"I still can't fucking believe this," Lisa said. I looked over at her.

The color had returned to her face and she was focusing intently on the action. I suspected she was beginning to enjoy what she was seeing.

Danny was relishing it. His cock was hard and he was stroking it casually as he watched us with big, horny eyes.

"She's sucking me, Danny. Mom is sucking my cock, just like you said she would. God, she is so fucking good."

"I know, I'm watching. Suck him, Mom, suck him! Suck every inch of that big dick!"

I looked down at Mom again. Her blue eyes met mine and twinkled a smile. Then her mouth plunged deep, very deep. I watched six or seven inches of my big cock vanish into my mother's mouth. I felt the tip brush past her uvula and slide into her throat. She gulped and flattened her tongue along the bottom of my shaft. Her mouth was soft and hot. A line of saliva dripped off her chin; another ran down my cock to my balls.

"Oh, yeah, baby, suck it," I said. She looked up again and I spoke to her eyes. "Suck me, Mom. Suck my big, hard cock. Ooooh, yeah, I want to see you slide those gorgeous lips all the way up and down it."

"Jesus Christ, Mom," Lisa said, "You really know how to give a blowjob."

Mom slid her lips back up to my glans and glanced over at my brother and sister. She took her mouth off me.

"Well, go ahead, Lisa," she said. "Get back to work on Danny. Look how big and hard his cock is! Suck it!"

Lisa turned and gave Danny a licentious sneer. He pointed his huge rod at her face and she greedily gulped the head into her mouth. Mom watched them as she licked my pee hole and rubbed her lips on the under side of my glans.

"Ya, that's it, honey," she encouraged Lisa. "Here, bring him over here and I'll show you how to do it."

Lisa stood up and led Danny over to the bed. As she walked, her big, firm tits jiggled up and down as if they were on shock absorbers.

Danny sprawled back on the bed beside me with his ass at the edge. His big, thick cock pointed straight at the ceiling. Lisa knelt between his knees and stroked him vigorously.

Mom, who had returned to sucking my dick ravenously while the other two moved closer, pulled her lips off me again. "Okay, honey, just watch me and do what I do," Mom said to Lisa.

"Okay."

Then the stereo cocksucking began. Mom worked my swollen glans with her lips and tongue; Lisa gave Danny the same treatment. Mom licked up and down the underside of my shaft; Lisa followed her lead. They even slurped and sucked in unison, the wet, visceral sounds reverberating off the walls. As they licked our balls, Danny and I looked at each other and grinned. Over the music of fellatio came the sharp report of our high-five.

"Jesus, you boys have such huge balls," Mom said, massaging mine. "I bet you squirt gallons of come, don't you?"

My brother and I nodded and smiled.

"Mmmmm, I can't wait," she purred. Holy Christ, did Mom swallow, too?

My cock twitched in her hand. "Now, honey," she said, continuing Lisa's blowjob lesson, "see if you can do this."

Fat chance. Mom wrapped her lips firmly around my big tool, adjusted her angle of attack, and then slid her lips down. Five, six, seven inches. They kept going. I gasped and moaned. Eight, nine inches.

Danny and Lisa watched in awe as I felt my glans go down her throat.

"Oh, no way," Danny said, "She couldn't take the whole—"

She did. Her lips ventured the last couple of inches and her chin came to rest on my balls. My mother had taken my entire 11-inch cock in her mouth. Unbelievable.

"Goddamn," Billy whispered. "Goddamn." Lisa had paled again.

I clawed helplessly at the sheets. "Oh, Mom, suck it. Oh, Jesus Christ, you've got the whole thing....OH, MOM, SUCK MY BIG FUCKING COCK, BABY!"

She looked up at me. Her faintly reddened eyes held mine as she slowly moved back up my cock. But I wanted more of that stuff. I lifted my hips and slid my cock back into her mouth. She gulped on it hungrily. I lowered my hips and pulled all the way out to the head. Then all the way up to my balls again. Eleven inches in, eleven inches out.

"Yeah, Billy, fuck her face!" Danny cheered.

I don't think I can do that," Lisa said.

"I know what you mean, honey," Mom said when she finally pulled her mouth off me. "Frankly, I wasn't quite sure I could handle a dick this big, either. But you can do it, too. Just hold your breath and relax. Come on, try it."

Lisa took Danny's cock in her mouth and began descending. Her eyes were clamped shut. Danny's were open and bulging.

"That's it, honey, keep going," Mom said as she stroked me and squeezed my nuts.

Lisa did very well. She got about eight inches down Danny's shaft before she gagged and had to abort. We all cheered and applauded the effort. Then the cocksucking continued unabated, with Lisa following Mom's lead like two pilots flying in echelon.

"Let's switch, honey," Mom said. "I want to suck Danny's big dick

now." They traded places. Mom smiled naughtily at Danny and then sensually sucked his pole into her mouth.

"Oh, yeah, Mom, suck it. Suck my big cock. Holy shit, I never dreamed this would happen."

Lisa's lips welcomed me, too. Her mouth felt smaller than Mom's, and a little tense, but she still gave a better blowjob than any girl her age. I reached down and gave her shoulders an encouraging massage as she gulped and pumped on my turgid cock.

Mom smacked her lips on Danny's thick shaft. Her own saliva glossed over Lisa's like a second coat of paint, running in rivers down to his balls. Her hand traveled over his stomach, fondling his tight abs. Then it swept over the bed between his naked body and mine and suddenly stopped.

She had found my jack-off photo of her. But I was no longer fearing this. I was looking forward to her reaction.

Still working deep on Danny's cock, she picked up the photo and looked at it. Her eyes crinkled a smile. She lifted her mouth all the way off Danny.

"Is this yours, honey?" she asked me.

I nodded purposefully. "I stare at it while I jack my dick."

"Oooh, ya, Billy, looks like you shot some cum on it."

"Yeah, I was aiming for your tits."

"Well, baby, the real ones are much more fun to squirt on. What you were fantasizing about, honey?"

"Fucking you."

"Ooh, really? Did you imagine how you'd slide your big cock in and out of my pussy?"

Jesus Christ, hearing her talk like that nearly made my cock gush into Lisa's mouth like an oil rig. How I had managed not to shoot my load all this time, in fact, I'll never know.

Mom sucked Billy some more and then looked up at him while she stroked his rod. "How about you, Danny? Do you fantasize about having sex with me?"

"Oh, god, yeah," he moaned, as if the thought were so good, it hurt. I knew exactly how he felt. Mom moaned loudly, too. Lisa kept working my cock.

"Well," Mom said, standing up, "Maybe it's time for me to show you boys something." Then, with one quick, sure motion, she reached down,

grasped the hemline of her chemise, and pulled the garment over her head.

I don't know if the angels sang just then, but they definitely got wood. There she was, my mother, totally naked. It was the body I had lusted after since long before I even understood the real purpose of my dick. As she stood there with her hands planted proudly on her bare hips, Danny and I drank her in. Her white-gold bush was a nice, full, close-cropped triangle between her curvaceous hips and below her flat stomach. The upper end of her pussy, neat and pink and young-looking, was just visible.

Then I moved my eyes up into paradise. There they were, her big, beautiful tits. No sweater, no T-shirt, no bra, no bikini top. They were more than huge; they were gigantic. Two massive, firm, round globes thrusting off her chest—with just a hint of sag to prove their all-natural status. Danny and I had guessed right about her aureoles: they were about the size of half-dollars—small, considering the enormity of her tits—and they were perfectly circular. Her nipples were wide and standing erect.

Mom looked at Danny and me and giggled. "Looks like you like them," she said.

"Jesus Christ, Mom," Danny said hoarsely. He stared at her tits and stroked his concrete shaft.

Mom turned around. "Didn't I tell you I'd show you my equipment one day? Here's the rest," she said. Her ass was big yet pert and springy, capping her full, smooth thighs like the sculpted cornice over a couple of Corinthian columns. She reached back and ran her hands over it. Semen was ready to boil out of my cock.

"You're a fucking goddess, Mom," Lisa said.

Mom turned back around and cupped her hands under her huge tits. "So, boys, do I look as good naked as you hoped? Is this how I look when you fantasize about fucking me?"

We nodded.

"How about my breasts? They look even bigger naked than they do under a bikini, don't they?"

We nodded again.

Danny was so crazed, he was bucking his hips off the bed as he pumped his hand up and down at the top of his cock. "I'm fantasizing about fucking you right now," he groaned. "God, those tits are so fucking

awesome."

"Mmm, you like them, eh?" Mom said, pressing them together and then tweaking her nipples. She wet her lips as she watched Danny jack his big dick.

"Lick them," I said.

Without the slightest hesitation, she cupped one hand under her left tit and hefted it, easily bringing the aureole to her lips. Looking me straight in the eyes, she lovingly ran her tongue over her erect nipple. Jesus. Then she did the same thing with the other breast, this time gazing lustily at Danny.

"Fuuuuuuck," he said.

"Well, honey, you don't have to settle for watching me do that. Come on boys, there's one for each of you."

Danny and I leaped up. Mom smiled at me as I looked into her eyes. Then I leaned down, cupped one hand under her left tit and started licking her nipple as Danny did the same thing on the other side of her chest. She drew a deep, pleased breath that thrust her big tits into our mouths and she ran her fingers through our hair.

I was sucking my mother's breast. I was sucking my mother's huge, round, firm breast as my twin brother sucked the other one. The massive cantaloupes we had spent half our lives dreaming about were naked and in our mouths. Her left nipple grew diamond-hard between my lips and I sucked on it greedily.

Mom's breathing was getting heavy, with loud, sizzling inhalations between her teeth. "Ooh, ya, suck them, boys. Suck my big tits. I've been waiting so long for this."

I looked over at Danny. He was guiding the tip of his tongue around her aureole. Then he started planting savage, suckling kisses on the full, wide undercup of her mammoth breast. I reached down with one hand to fondle her ass, glad to massage it without a bikini bottom in the way this time. The head of my cock poked against the soft bristle of her bush and briefly bumped against Danny's dong, which was doing the same thing.

"Mmm, I can feel those big dicks in my crotch," she said, reaching down to stroke both of us. We moaned.

"Oh, shit, this is so hot," Lisa panted. I couldn't see her, but it sounded like she was lying on the bed and fingering her pussy.

"I know, honey, I'm so horny," Mom said. "I just can't decide."

"Can't decide what?" I asked, standing up straight and looking down into her eyes. She slipped her tongue between my lips for a quick kiss. She tasted like a lake of fire. Then she kissed Danny. "I can't decide which of you I want to fuck first," she said.

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"Fuck?" Lisa cried.

Danny came up off her tit. Her enormous rack was heaving with each deep breath. "Are you serious?"

"Of course, sweetheart. I'm so fucking horny, I can't wait to feel your big, long cocks inside me."

My knees almost gave out. "Oh, my god, Mom." I ran my hands down over her broad hips.

She looked me and sneered. "Fuck me, Billy. I dare you. Are you man enough to please me? I'm going to lie down on the bed so you can slide your big cock into my pussy and do me good."

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Then, Danny, you can stick your big tool in me and finish me off."

"Holy shit."

The three of us turned and looked at the bed, where Lisa was massaging her clit and moaning. "I can't believe you're going to fuck them, Mom," she said. "I just can't believe it. This is going to be so fucking hot!"

She moved to one side on the bed, and Mom lay down beside her. Mom's huge tits widened into firm, round mounds like giant cupcakes and bumped against each other as she reached back to put a pillow under her head. She spread her legs wide and bent her knees. Her pussy was wet and her inner thighs were slick and shiny with juice. Her stomach was beyond flat; it was concave. She squeezed a tit with one hand and fingered her clit with the other. "Hurry, Billy, fuck me. Stick your cock in me and make me come."

My cock was throbbing so hard I thought it would break off. I climbed onto the bed and got between her legs, my arms straight and my palms flat on the bed beside her shoulders. She raised up on her arms and kissed me, then arched her back and rubbed her big tits against my chest. They felt like soft loaves of bread right out of the oven. She stuck her tongue in my ear and whispered, "Bang me, Billy. Put it in."

We both looked down and she wrapped one hand around my gargantuan dong.

"Jesus, you're so hard," she said.

"Are you sure you're ready for a cock this big?"

"Frankly, honey, I don't know," she said, gazing down at my huge pole and licking her lips. "Slide it into my pussy and let's find out."

She rubbed my glans on her bush, then moved it down to her clit. I gave her a tiny thrust and she cried out.

"I think she's ready, Billy," Danny said, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Do her! Put your cock in her cunt and give it to her!"

"Ya, baby, fuck me," Mom moaned. "Let's see if you know how to use that big thing."

"One fuck coming right up," I said, taking my cock out of her hand and guiding it straight into her pussy. The head slipped inside her and she locked her hands around my shoulders.

"Holy shit!" Danny said desperately. "God, Billy, do it! FUCK HER!" Her pussy was hot and tight. I gave her a little more shaft and she moaned at the top of her voice.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH."

Danny and Lisa gasped in unison. "Oh, my god," Lisa said. "Oh, my fucking god, he's really putting his cock in her. He's really going to fuck her!"

"He most certainly is," my mother said. "He's going to pound me right in front of you two. How sick is that?" Then she lifted her head and looked down. "Oh, god, look at your big dick spearing my pussy, Billy. I want to watch it go in."

"Ready for more of it, baby?"

"Mmmm, ya, slide it in, sweetheart. Just go slow at first. I don't know if my pussy can swallow it all the way to your balls."

We both watched as my monstrous shaft disappeared inside her. I felt her lips stretch taut and spasm with pleasure.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh, Billy. Ohhhhhh. OH! Mmm, ya, slide it in. Ooooooooooh, ya. Ohhhhhhhh. OHHHHHHHH, BABY, THAT FEELS SO FUCKING GOOD. OH, GOD! OH, FUCK!"

"Jesus Christ!" Lisa said. "Fuck her, Billy!"

By now I was in her almost up to my nuts. Jesus, she was deep. First her mouth, now her honey box. I had never had nearly that much inside a woman.

"God, mom, how deep is your pussy?" Lisa asked.

My cock finally came to rest against her womb as my big balls leaned against her ass. We both moaned obscenely and I kissed her. Then we looked down again.

"I'll tell you how deep it is," I said. "Eleven inches, that's how fucking deep!"

Danny and Lisa broke into whistles and applause.

"And it's got all eleven inches of Billy's big cock in it," Mom moaned, gazing down where the base of my shaft drew her lips taut. Trying to catch her breath, she looked up and me. "Oh, Billy, I didn't really think you'd put it in me, sweetheart. I didn't think you had the nerve to fuck your own mother."

"I did, didn't I?"

"Christ yes," she said. "Then what are you waiting for? Fuck me, honey, fuck me!"

"Yeah, Billy, start pumping," Lisa said.

I started fucking her. I gave her long, slow strokes and gradually picked up speed like a steam locomotive chugging out of the station. She moaned and gripped my arms as my big driveshaft slid in and out of her furnace. Out to the tip. In to the balls. Over and over, with her pussy sucking on it like a venturi.

"Good, isn't it?" I asked, flexing my ass on a deep, grinding downstroke.

"Oh, Billy, it's great, honey. Just like that. Don't stop."

"I got my cock in you! I've got my cock in my own mother! I still can't believe it!"

"I know, it's crazy, isn't it? Did you ever dream we'd fuck? I know you've wanted me for a long time, Billy. You've wanted to suck my tits and pound me with your big dick. Well, you're doing it now, baby!"

We both looked down again. Fantastic.

"Holy shit, look at that. Look at my big cock sliding in and out of your pussy."

"Don't worry, honey, I'm watching. I just can't believe it's your cock I'm seeing. I've never, ever felt anything this good. Oh, ya, Billy, pump it in and out. Fuck me, honey, fuck me!"

"Yeah, Billy, give it to her good!"

"Yes! Yes! Ungh! FUCK ME, BILLY! PUMP MY PUSSY WITH THAT BIG THING."

"Do you like to watch?" I asked.

"Oh, ya, honey, I love seeing my pussy get fucked. And Jesus, watching your cock slide in and out is the hottest sight I have ever seen! Oh, Billy, baby, yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh! Yes!"

She moaned and gasped as the bed squeaked louder and faster and was syncopated by the visceral sound of my massive pole servicing her love box. Her outrageous monsters were heaving and bouncing against each other.

Holy Christ, I was fucking my mother. Are you with me on this? I was fucking my own mother. That goddess underneath me who was moaning shamelessly and clutching my lats was Mom. I looked down between us. Those were Mom's huge tits heaving youthfully. Farther down, that was her flat tummy and trim waist and big, neat beaver.

And yes, that was her pussy, split open, taut and pink and practically gagging on my huge pole as it mercilessly pumped in and out.

"Christ, he's fucking her brains out!" Lisa said. "Go, Billy! Does that feel as great as it looks, Mom?"

"Oh, Lisa, he's giving me the best sex I've ever had. Ungh! Oh! Yes! Yes! Billy, you're having sex with your own mother, sweetheart. Does that turn you on?"

"Yeah!"

"We shouldn't be doing this, honey. But that just makes it better.

This is so crazy. Ugh! Oh, Billy, baby! Oh! Oh, ya, keep sliding that big pole in and out of me. That makes me feel so good. Jesus, Billy, you really know how to fuck a woman!"

"Is this what you've been wanting? Is this what you had in mind when you sucked my cock and took off your clothes?"

"Oh, ya, sweetheart, I was hoping you'd slide your big penis into my pussy and do me just like this," she said between gasps and moans. My bed, which was firm and a little springy, was starting to squeak. Her huge breasts quivered and bounced against each other even harder. I craned down and sucked the right one. She moaned and ran her hands down my back.

"Oh, ya, Billy, suck that big mountain. Suck it while you fuck me." I sucked hard on her nipple. "Mmm, ya, now suck the other one." I moved over to her other tank and went to work on it.

"Fuck her, Billy!" Lisa said. She ran her hand over my ass and squeezed it. "You and Danny both have such cute butts."

"Like 'em, eh?" I asked as I continued to fuck Mom.

"Yeah, I love them. Almost as much as I love your big cocks."

"Well, why don't you suck Danny's while I service Mom's pussy?"

"Yeah, Sis, suck me," Danny said, lounging across the foot of the bed and jacking his dick. She crawled down to him and I looked back over my shoulder to see her eagerly lower her mouth onto his thick shaft.

"Oh, yeah, that's it," he moaned. Then, louder, he said, "Bang her, Billy! Give it to her!"

Mom lifted her head again to look at the action between her legs.

Jesus, she really did like to watch. "Mmm, ya, Billy. Fuck me, sweetheart, fuck me. Ooooooh, ya, pump it, honey. Pump it in and out, all the way in and out. God, look at that big dick do its thing. Can you see it, Danny? Can you see Billy's big cock in my pussy?"

"Shit, yeah, I'm watching his monster drill you."

"Do like watching people fuck?"

"Oh, yeah."

"Good, honey, keep looking. That's where your dick is going to be in a few minutes."

"Jesus, Mom, I can't wait. Is she tight, Billy?"

"Ya, is my pussy tight enough?" Mom asked, still staring down between her quaking mountains at my huge dong plunging into her honey box. "Is it nice and tight around your big cock?"

"Mom, it's incredible," I said. That was no lie. Obviously, I had been in tighter cunts, but I had never had my whole cock in one, and the engulfing sensation was better than anything I had ever felt.

"Fuck, look at that big thing is stretching me open," Mom said, still gazing down at the action. "I haven't felt anything like this since my first fuck."

"You're the only woman I've ever had my bare cock in," I said. That was no lie, either.

"I'm so glad to be your first," she said, smiling. I leaned down and gave her a long, forceful kiss. Her tongue shot lustily into my mouth and I sucked the water off it.

We finally came up for air.

"I've never been filled up like this! Your big dick is making my pussy feeling so fucking good, Billy! So motherfucking good! Do me, honey! Pound my pussy! Oh, yes! Oh! Oh! Oh, Billy! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Good, aren't I?"

"Honey, you're fantastic! You're giving me the best sex I've ever

had!"

"I'm a lot better than Dad, aren't I?"

"Oh, baby, there's no comparison!"

I was excited to hear that and began pumping her harder. My pelvis slapped loudly against hers and she lifted her hips to meet my thrusts. I slammed her ass back down into the mattress with each stroke and the squeaking bed got a lot louder.

"Is this what you like, Billy? You like fucking beautiful blondes with big breasts?"

"Oh, yeah. Oh, fuck, yeah."

"Then this must be paradise for you. You probably never even thought you'd get your hands on my tits, much less your cock in my pussy!"

"Of course I didn't!"

"Ya, that's it, give it to me good and hard. Bang me, Billy. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh! Oh! OH! OH!" she moaned with my strokes. "Fuck me, Billy, give me all eleven inches! FUCK ME, SWEETHEART, FUCK ME!"

"Fuck her, Billy!" Danny chimed in. I looked over my shoulder again.

Lisa's jaw was stretched around his huge pole and she was inhaling a good two-thirds of it. Her eyes were closed and her saliva poured down over his nuts. He bared his teeth and looked down at her with admiration. "Yeah, Sis, suck me, honey. Suck me all the way up and down my tool."

"Suck him, Lisa!" I said. "Suck his cock while I fuck Mom's brains out!" Mom was moaning so loud I could barely hear myself.

It was time to start giving it to Mom for real. I drew my legs up a little for leverage and then began pounding her. And I mean pounding. Her cries broke out like a dam giving way. I leaned down onto my elbows; she clawed my back and shrieked into my ear.

"Oh, Billy! Oh, Billy! OH! OH! OH! Ya, fuck me! Give it to me, baby! Bang me! BANG ME, BILLY! FUCK ME GOOD! OH! OH! OH! OH!"

"Sounds like my big cock is doing its job!" I said. I looked down. Her globes were windmilling and crashing into each other with loud, fleshy slaps. Beyond them, my wet, shiny dick was pistoning in and out of her pussy like a fuel-injected cylinder. Her lips clung to it desperately on every upstroke.

Her gaze followed mine down to the action again. "Oh, yaaaaa, baby, drill me," she moaned, her voice warbling with desperation. "Listen, honey, after your big cock satisfies my pussy...mmm...oh...oh...I want

you to fuck my tits."

I smiled down at her. "Mom, I've been waiting a long time to hear you say those exact words to me."

We giggled and kissed like infatuated seventh-graders.

During the rare pauses when Mom wasn't moaning or screaming, I could hear Lisa's lips smacking on Danny's tool.

"Yeah, honey, suck me," he groaned. "Oh, yeah, deeper. Deeper. Oh, yeah! Yeah, that's it! Suck it! Oh, fantastic!"

Then it was Lisa's turn to give an order. And the order was:

"Fuck me, Danny."

"Gladly!" he said.

"Let's all fuck on the same bed," she said. "Hey, scoot over, you two!"

I snaked one arm under Mom's back and moved her beautiful body to one side of the bed. Lisa lay down beside her. She spread her legs and Danny quickly got between them, his big dick leading the way like a brandished sword.

"Fuck her, Danny!" I said.

Mom looked over at them. "Put it in her, Danny," she said. "Slide that big penis into her pussy and do her good." She and Lisa glanced at each other. They seemed more like sisters than mother and daughter. It was incredible how young Mom looked.

"Honey," she said to Lisa, "you're about to get your brains fucked out."

"I know," Lisa said. Then she gazed down through the valley between her breasts at Danny's big cock and moaned. I looked, too. He was priming her labia with his glans. His dick looked like a wet, veiny baseball bat.

"Ready for this big thing?" Danny asked, beginning to ease it into her.

"Oh, Jesus, Danny! Fuck, it's so big! Please go slow at first. Danny, I'm serious! I've never had a cock half that long or thick in me!"

I gave Mom slow, easy strokes as all four of us watched Danny's cock slide into Lisa's pussy. Inch by inch he pushed it into her as she whimpered and clawed at the sheets. I wondered how much would fit.

"Oh, Danny. OH! OH, FUCK YES!" Lisa moaned.

"Your pussy's so tight," Danny said, breathing heavily.

"Ya, slide it into her, Danny," Mom said lustily. "I want to see you

fuck her good." I looked down at her. She was still propped up on her arms with her eyes glued to Danny's cock. She licked her lips. Then she lay down flat, swung her legs up over my shoulders and commanded, "Finish me off, Billy."

Yes, Ma'am. I began pounding her again, with long, hard strokes all the way in and out of her box. Her big tits were flattened as wide as pancakes under her knees, and the upturned backs of her full, smooth thighs quivered slightly with each thrust. I watched my big tool drive in and out of her pussy and felt my nuts slam against her beautiful ass. Juice dripped down through her trimmed bush and ran into her navel.

"Yes, Billy, like that! Oh, yes! OH, FUCK, YES!"

I felt a counter-rhythm develop in the mattress and heard Lisa's moans become more fervent, almost desperate. I glanced over, though I was slamming Mom's pussy so hard it was difficult to keep a steady gaze. What I did see was that Danny was giving Lisa a serious fuck. Her big breasts jiggled as he banged her. It looked like she was taking about eight inches of his cock. That was better than average. I watched his big, spit-glossed tool service her pussy with mounting vigor. I also noticed that his style of fucking was a lot like mine, starting out with slow, sensual strokes. Seems there's more to the genetics of twinship than a big dick, I thought as I watched Danny flex his muscular ass high in the air and slide his cock out of Lisa's pussy all the way to the tip. Then he plunged it back into her with an audible swish and she let out a loud, sultry groan.

"Is that good, Sis?" he asked before craning down to suck her big right tit.

Her eyes were closed and she was wincing with pleasure. "Oh, yeah, Danny, I've never felt anything like this. OH! YES! YES! OH, GOD! THAT IS SO FUCKING GOOD!" She wrapped her long legs around his lower back. I got back to my own job. I sucked Mom's heaving tits while I fucked her. Then we both looked down. "Oh, ya, Billy, look at your big, hard cock pounding my pussy! Jesus, your big balls are banging against my ass! DO ME! FUCK ME! OH, YA, BILLY, SWEETHEART, I'M GONNA COME. I'M COMING!"

By now the bed was lurching so hard I could feel it lifting off the floor on the upstroke. It was squeaking and hopping like a washing machine with an unbalanced load. Danny and I looked at each other and

grinned as our asses pistoned up and down in unison.

Mom's pussy was so hot, my dick was like a blacksmith's iron in the fire. "Do it, baby!" I yelled. "Come! Come with my big cock in your pussy! Do it! Come all over my big shaft! Squeeze it with your pussy! Do you like this? Do you like having your own son on top of you with his big dong in your cunt?"

She was almost hyperventilating with excitement. "YES! YES! YES! YES! OH, BILLY, HONEY! YES! YES! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! YES!"

"Is this still the best fuck you've ever had?"

She nodded helplessly as my cock pounded her pussy like a torpedo. She took her legs off my shoulders, pulled me down onto her huge chest and dug her nails into my back. Now she was screaming right in my ear.

"OH, BILLY! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! YES! I'M COMING! YES! YES! OH, FUCK! OH! OH! OH! YES! YES! OH!"

"God, Mom!" Lisa moaned.

"Fuck her, Billy!" Danny said. "She's loving it! Fuck her!"

"YES! YES! YES! AH! YES! OH, NOW! OH! OH! OH! AH! YES! YES! YES! YES! OHHH! OHHHHHHH! OHHHHHHHHH! OHHHHHHH! OHHHHHHHHHHH! AEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!" Her arms turned to steel around my back as her long, anguished orgasmic banshee-scream finally subsided. My ears rang. Then she relaxed her grip just enough to pull her face to mine and thrust her tongue into my mouth. I could taste my own sweat on her lips.

"I take it that was good for you," I whispered, smiling at her.

"Darling, 'good' doesn't begin to describe what I just experienced."

She ran her hands affectionately up and down my back and we necked. My rock-hard, eleven-inch tool was still buried to the hilt in her pussy.

She gazed down at it and smiled.

Lisa was right behind Mom on the orgasm rotation. Danny was pounding living hell out of her: Her cries were peeling off in charged crescendos and his tight abs were slapping loudly against her stomach. I raised up and Mom and I looked over at them. Lisa was watching his huge pole throttle in and out of her pussy.

"Oh, fuck, do me, Danny, do me! Yes YES! YES!"

"Ya, fuck her, Danny!" Mom cheered. "Make her come with that big cock!"

Danny grunted in acknowledgement as Lisa spread her legs wider and he rammed his shaft into her.

"Oh, god, he is making me come! Don't stop, Danny. Fuck me! Now, yeah.
Ohhhhh. OHHHHHH. OHHHHH! YES, DANNY! FUCK ME! POUND MY PUSSY! I'M
COMING! I'M FUCKING COMING! OHHHHHH! JESUS CHRIST! OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Danny's merciless rhythm punctuated her climactic scream like the
clickety-clack of a railroad car under the shriek of a steam whistle.

Looking down at her orgasming pussy, and I could swear I saw it spasm
and squeeze his big pumping dick. Lisa's cries gave way to deep,
recovering breaths as Danny relaxed his gait.

"Way to go," I said to him, slapping him on the back.

"Ya, you two, that was quite a show. Now come over here and fuck me,
Danny. I want some of your big cock before you shoot your load."

"Awesome!" Danny aside. "Step aside, brother."

I pulled my cock out of Mom's pussy and he pulled his out of Lisa. The
ladies, both flushed and grinning with the narcotic glow of
post-orgasm endorphins running in their veins, put their legs down so
Danny and I could cross over them. With four people on one double bed,
there wasn't room to do much except fuck.

"Mmm, ya, Danny," Mom said as she watched him get between her gorgeous
legs and aim his cock at her pussy. "Slide that big pipe into me,
honey. Give it to me just like you fucked Lisa."

"Want this big thing in your bush, baby?" he asked before craning down
to suck each of her tits. They quivered and quaked with lust like
snowy mountains. Lower down, he rubbed his hard, swollen glans on her
equally swollen clit.

She lifted her head to look down. "Ooooh, ya, honey, I want you to
fuck me and make me come again. Jesus, you're as hard as a
sledgehammer."

"You do it. Wrap your hand around my big pussy-pleaser and guide it
in."

She reached down and curled her right hand around his huge cock. After
stroking it a few times admiringly, she aimed into her pussy. His
glans disappeared inside her. She released her grip on him and clamped
her hands around his sinewy upper arms.

"Slide it in, Danny," she commanded. "Slide your cock all the way into
my pussy with one stroke."

Yes, ma'am. Less than a second later, his big balls nestled against
her ass and she let out a long, somewhat subdued, moan. Then he
started fucking his own mother with fast, horny thrusts.

"Ooh, ya, honey, do me," she said. "Fuck me, Danny! Fuck my pussy with your big cock!"

Lisa and I had been so enthralled by watching this that we had forgotten to start fucking. We quickly made up for lost time. I took my hands off her big tits, which I had been squeezing greedily, and we both watched as she spread her legs wide and I speared her pussy with my big boy. Like Danny, I shoved it all the way in—at least, as far as it would go—with one lunge.

"OH!" she cried, clawing at the sheets. "Easy, Billy, easy."

The bed was starting to heave again. Danny was really pounding Mom good. She was moaning lewdly and yelling, "OH, YA, FUCK ME, DANNY, FUCK ME!" Her huge tanks were flailing around and banging into each other with heavy slaps.

"God, that looks so fucking hot," Lisa said, watching his cock drill her box. "Do me like he's doing her," she said to me as I started thrusting my dick.

"Danny wasn't kidding. Your pussy is tight!"

"And your cock is fucking huge, Billy!" she said, looking down at my tool in her cunt. "You and Danny are monsters! It's like having sex with King Kong or something! Ungh!"

I picked up the pace and she rose up to moan into my ear. Then she put her hands out to her sides and started lifting her hips up to meet my thrusting dick. We both watched her bush rise in perfect time to the strokes of my 11-inch bedpost. She whimpered every time my glans slammed against her cervix. Her big tits were heaving up and down in counter-rhythm to her hips. Incredible.

As the pounding and moaning from the other side of the bed crescendoed like Ravel's Bolero, Lisa started to pant and cry out. "Oh, Billy, do me. Oh, fuck, that's it. that's it. Oh, yeah, keep slamming your cock into it. OH, MY GOD, I'M COMING AGAIN! I'M COMING!"

I kicked it into overdrive. I slammed my cock into her pussy so hard, her entire body lifted off the bed like a cardiac patient undergoing the defib paddles. She cradled my face in her hands and held me fast. Her huge melons crashed into her upstretched arms.

"Like that, honey?" I asked. "That how you want my big dick?"

"Oh, Billy, yeah. God, you really know how to use that thing. Oh, fuck. Fuck. OH! OH! OH! OH! OH!" she screamed with my final thrusts.

"YES, BILLY, YES! YES! YES! YES! OH, FUCK ME! FUCK ME! YES! YES! YES!"

Her junior cantaloupes were pinwheeling in opposite circles. Sweat dripped onto them from my chest as I drilled her through the bed.

"That's it, Lisa, come! Come!"

I don't think she could hear me. "YES! YES! YES! YES! BILLY! JESUS CHRIST, YES! YES! YES! YES! AIIIIIIIIII!"

Gee, I think she came. Next door, Mom was arriving at the same destination—though with less intensity, I thought to myself proudly.

"Oh, Danny! Fuck me good! Give me every inch! You know my pussy can take it! Oooh, ya" she said, looking down at his big, glossy tool pumping in and out of her honey box. God, she was such a voyeur.

"Come, baby!" Danny said. "Come with my big dick in your pussy!"

"OH, YA! POUND ME, DANNY! POUND ME THROUGH THE FUCKING FLOOR! DON'T STOP! I'M COMING! YES! YES! YES! YES! I'M COMING! OHHHHHHHHH! YES! YESSSSSSSSSS! OH! OH! OH! OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Okay, so that was pretty intense after all. Mom sucked air as Danny gave her pussy a few horny after-strokes.

"Jesus, guys, don't you ever come?" Lisa marveled.

"I'm going to pretty soon," I said.

"Me too," Danny said, still sliding his dick in and out of Mom.

"Then trade up," I ordered, getting off Lisa.

"Aw, I'm almost there," Danny whined.

"So am I," I said. "And Mom's going to get my first load."

"Ya, Danny," Mom chimed it sweetly. "You go over and have a huge orgasm with your beautiful sister so I can watch."

He pulled out of her with a very audible sliding sound and we traded places. Mom was sweaty but otherwise fresh and energetic. It was becoming clear that she was a nympho.

But even nymphos have to recharge sometimes. As I climbed over her, she reached out to stroke my big, throbbing cock and said, "Oh, Billy, honey, I don't think my pussy can take any more right at the moment."

"Good, because it's not your pussy I'm gonna fuck," I said. I lifted one leg and straddled her chest. She looked down at my cock, which was heading for her cleavage like a guided missile, and then back up at me, smiling lewdly.

"Oh, ya, Billy, come up here and fuck them."

She cupped her hands around the outsides of her enormous breasts and pressed them together. They swelled like rising dough. I eagerly slid my cock between them and started pumping. My big balls dragged up and

down between her floating ribs and my glans touched her neck on each upstroke.

"Jesus, Mom, I've jacked off so many times while doing this to you in my mind."

"This must be a dream come true," she said, watching my rigid monster slide up and down between them. "Oooh, ya, baby, fuck them. Fuck my big tits. I've fantasized about it, too. But this is so better than I ever imagined," she said.

"You got that right."

"Son, you and Danny have the biggest fucking cocks I've ever seen." She opened her mouth wide and I slid my cock into it for a couple of seconds. She slurped at my glans. Then I went back to servicing her tanks. I felt her hand massage my balls. I moaned. I was close, very close.

"Mmm, ya, fuck me, Billy. Adore my breasts with your big, hard manhood."

Across the way, Danny had slid his monster into Lisa's pussy again and was panting and baring his teeth as he fucked her. He was close, too. I pulled my cock from Mom's cavernous cleavage and rubbed my glans on her right nipple. It immediately swelled at the touch. I wiped my big tool back and forth over her entire mountain and then gave her left tank the same service. She cooed and arched her back with pleasure. She reached around me to her crotch and her arm started jerking: She was fingering herself.

"Mmmm, ya, fuck my nipples, Billy. Rub that monster cock all over them. Then shoot your load in my mouth."

Just hearing that made me round the bend onto final approach. I was just a couple of dozen strokes away. I buried my cock back into her cleavage and started pumping again. She moaned loudly. She stopped playing with herself and pressed her massive, firm tits against my pole.

"Fuck me, Billy! Fuck my tits! Oh, that feels so good!"

"I'm gonna come!"

"Not before me!" Danny groaned at the top of his voice. Mom and I looked over as I kept pumping her cleavage.

Danny was still on top of Lisa, of course, fucking her brains out while she gripped his ass and panted desperately. "I'm coming! Your tight pussy is making me come!" he said.

"Oh, Danny, pull out!" she said, looking down at the action. "Don't shoot it in me! Pull your cock out! I don't care where you squirt your cum, just not in my pussy!"

She didn't know what she was asking for, I mused, assuming Danny shot loads as massive as mine.

I was about to find out. As I fucked Mom between her massive breasts and felt my own orgasm rumbling only seconds away, she and I watched, agape, as Danny groaned and pulled his cock out of Lisa's pussy. He stroked it frantically.

"Oh, shit, I'm gonna squirt. Here it comes. HERE IT COMES!" he yelled.

"Do it, Danny! Come right on her tits!" Mom said.

As if her words were some sort of maternal decree, bright, thick semen started issuing from Danny's big dick. A couple of short spurts fell humbly on Lisa's sweaty stomach. A few drops followed.

"Mmm, yeah, honey," Lisa encouraged. She didn't understand that his balls were just getting started.

Then he groaned loudly as a long, white stream spewed out of his cock, sailed over her mountain range, splattered on her left cheek and splashed up into her eye. Another stream followed, even longer than the previous. It sprayed out of his dick for a good two seconds, arcing and landing in a bright, viscous line that ran from her hair, over her nose and down onto her mouth and chin. She cooed and licked at his jism as another white rope spewed onto her left eyebrow and her forehead. He moaned.

"Good lord!" Mom cried.

Lisa giggled. "Oh, yeah, Danny, squirt it on me!"

His salvos were coming big and fast now. Another on her chin, then one into her open mouth. Then a thick rope across her entire face. And another.

"Jesus Christ, Danny!" Mom said. "Look at all that cum!"

"Fuck, Danny, when was the last time you shot your load?" Lisa asked as my brother's fire hydrant draped another line across her chin.

The cum gushed out like silly string as he moaned and pumped his fist up and down his shaft. Thick and bright, four streams coated her neck. Jesus, I thought enviously, even I couldn't shoot that much cum.

Wrong. As I gave Mom's big tits a few last horny thrusts and she gazed lustily at Danny's cum squirting all over Lisa, Mom licked her lips.

Then she looked up and me. My cock was tingling. My balls were

shuddering. It was time.

"I'm coming," I panted. "I'm coming!"

"Do the same thing to me, Billy! Squirt it all over me! Shoot your hot cum right on my face!"

Whoa. Hearing that was all it took. Moaning obscenely, I took my cock in my hand and sprayed my first line point-blank onto her chin. It hung down to her neck in a thick cord. Then I raised my throbbing cannon and blasted a long, white coil across her cheek, the bridge of her nose, and into one eye. Then another, even bigger blast crashed across her left cheek, reaching her ear.

"Oh, honey," I groaned as my semen continued to fountain all over her.

"Is this what you wanted?"

"Mmm, ya, Billy, squirt more! Cover me!"

I did. A three-strand pearl necklace gushed onto her neck and she smeared it around. Then I shot several rounds into her mouth. One big salvo squirted right on her tongue, but otherwise my aim was wonderfully bad and the hot cream splattered all over her lips and nose and chin. Then I let a few strings sail onto her forehead and hair. I squirted a big dollop into her eyes. Another on her cheek. I even shot one on her nose and it went up her right nostril.

Then my biggest volley yet draped a thick rope of semen all the way from her sternum to her hairline. It traversed her beautiful face just to the left side of her nose.

Then I blasted another line right beside it. Then another. And another. And another. And another. And another. And another. And another.

"Good lord, Billy!" she exclaimed, laughing, just as I fired a blast onto her lips.

"I know," I groaned. "I've never shot this much before!"

I looked over and smiled at Danny, whose big Howitzer was still erupting on Lisa. Her face and neck were soaked and it was all over her hair, too. It dripped from one ear. Danny was groaning and hosing the last long volleys onto her big knockers at close range. Semen gushed onto her aureoles and ran down over her full cups.

"Yeah, Danny, squirt it on those jugs!" I cheered.

"Shoot yours on Mom's!" he said.

Good idea. Grunting rudely, I nailed Mom on her sculpted chin with two more thick streams, gave her neck one for the road, and began

unloading on those huge tanks. She cupped her hands under them and I shot come all over her fingers.

"Oh, ya, Billy, squirt it on my big tits. Spray that hot milk all over them! I can't believe how much cum you boys shoot!"

Neither could I. Leave it to Mom and Lisa's gorgeous bodies to elicit the biggest wads ever. My bottomless balls clenched once more and white honey blasted all over her heaving globes. Stream after stream draped across her huge cups like merit sashes. It was on her shoulders. It was on her arms. It ran down onto the sheets in thick rivers. She held her cantaloupes apart and I let the last of my load fountain into her cleavage. Finally, my cock was just dripping pearls onto her stomach. I looked over at Danny, who had already finished squirting and had shoved his hard cock into Lisa's mouth.

I put mine between Mom's tits again and felt the sticky warmth of my own semen as I slid my shaft up and down between her mountains—which were now more like lakes of cum. I rubbed them greedily and she licked the cum off my hands. Take that, Peter North.

"Jesus Christ," Billy," she said slowly, looking down at her tits.

"Jesus fucking Christ, I've never seen that much semen in my life."

There was so much cum on her face, it might as well have been night cream.

"I'm covered in cum," Lisa said admiringly. "I'm completely fucking covered with Danny's wad." She wiped a swath off one of her big breasts and licked her fingers. "Does Billy's jism taste good, Mom?" she asked. "Danny's is awesome."

"Billy's tastes wonderful," Mom said, looking at me. "Hot and fresh and salty." She wiped some from her chin into her mouth.

"Lick it off your tits," I commanded. Smirking at me, Mom cupped her hands under her melons and easily brought her left nipple, then her right one, to her tongue.

"Let me try it," Lisa said, motioning for Danny to get off her. Then she rolled toward Mom and started licking Mom's huge left breast.

"Mmmm, Billy's is great, too," she said. She lapped and swallowed and cleaned the top of Mom's mountain, then she started sucking her nipple.

"Mmm, Lisa, I hope that tastes as good as it feels," Mom said.

Danny and I watched while proudly kneeling side by side. Then we looked at each other.

"We did it. We just fucked our gorgeous mother and sister," he said, sounding like he wasn't quite convinced.

I wasn't, either. "Awesome, eh? I just hope this is really happening."

"Oh, boys, that was better sex than any dream I've ever had," Mom said. "Besides, I know this isn't a dream because I'm starving. Let's go out for lunch."

Then she looked down at her jism-drenched body and glanced at Lisa's.

"But first, I think some of us could use a shower."

Continued in Part Three

Lisa suggested Carlotti's for lunch, and we all hopped into Dad's Rover. I drove. Mom sat beside me in the passenger seat, her big tits shimmying under a form-fitting silk blouse and her hips teaching a black cotton miniskirt the true meaning of the word curves. As we buckled in and I cranked the ignition, she leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

"Thank you for that incredible fuck," she whispered in my ear.

I glanced down: Uncharacteristically, she had left the top two buttons of her blouse undone, and her monsters were swelling together out of a demi-bra, with a good four inches of cleavage leading down into paradise. My cock twitched like a boot camp grunt snapping to attention. I craned down and planted a deep, sucking kiss on the slope of each globe. She cooed and ran her fingers through my hair. I could hear Danny and Lisa nuzzling in the back seat.

I managed to get my lips and eyes off her outrageous chest and looked up at her. "Honey, you ain't felt nothing yet," I said, then I put the Rover in gear and roared down the driveway.

Carlotti's was a 15-minute drive and sat perched on a high, salt-bleached bluff overlooking Carmen Bay. It was the perfect place for a post-incest lunch. The restaurant was big and bustling, lending a sort of spacious public privacy, yet just highfalutin enough to give us a charge as social outlaws. As the maitre d' led us to a corner booth, a couple of business types in bad suits choked on their martini olives when they caught sight of Lisa, who was practically exploding out of a pair of tight brown leather pants and a cream-colored tank top. When they caught sight of Mom, who was behind Lisa with her arm looped around mine, one of them spilled his martini. The other guy slowly and silently mouthed the words holy shit, his eyes glassy and his jaw slack. That kind of thing happened all the time.

But now I was no longer defensive of Mom against the stares of men. I was proud—even gloating—as I tossed a knowing wink at the two suits. They would never fuck my gorgeous mother, but I had. I had made her moan and scream while I groped her enormous melons and pumped my big cock in and out of her. And later that day, I was going to do it again.

We looked over the menu of Tuscan fare and agreed to load up on

carbohydrates, considering the energy we would need the rest of the day. Lisa and I chose the artichoke risotto; Mom picked farfalla in a light cream sauce. When my boneheaded brother tried to order a steak, Lisa surreptitiously slipped her hand under the table. His eyes widened. She was probably squeezing his crotch.

"Are you sure about that, slugger?" she said. "We're going to need you in top form later."

I glanced up at the waitress, who stood patiently with pad and pencil. I wondered if she knew who we were.

"Yeah, maybe you're right," Danny said. "I'll have the fettucini."

During lunch, the conversation was playful. Lisa slipped off one of her shoes and rubbed my leg with her foot while Danny and I prattled on about football. Mom was in high, almost girlish, spirits. She kept her hand on my leg the entire time.

"Can you kids believe what we just did?" she whispered.

"Frankly, no," I said, gazing down into her cleavage. She noticed this and spread the top of her blouse open to give me a better view.

"Like them?" she asked, giggling. Then she brought her lips to my ear and her tone turned breathy and serious. "I loved it when you fucked them," she whispered. "I can't wait for you to do it again." I felt her hand on my package. "Ooh, sounds like your big cock likes what it hears."

Then she started yanking at my zipper. In a few seconds, my growing dick was sticking out through my fly and she was firmly stroking her hand up and down it. My mother was jacking me off—in a restaurant, no less.

"Oh, yeah," I moaned.

"Do it, Mom," Lisa said, trying to keep her voice low. "Jack his cock!"

Danny had a better idea. "No, suck him. I dare you to suck his cock right here in public."

"I'm dying to," Mom said. "I can't believe I'm going to do this."

But just as she leaned down toward my crotch, our entrees arrived. I was glad the white tablecloth hid my raw tube steak from view.

"Oh, well, honey," Mom said, cramming my dick back into my pants after the waitress had gone. "We'll save that load for later."

"This is going to be some day," Danny said.

"I know," Mom said. "I just hope we can all get it out of our systems."

After the way you boys gave it to me this morning, I honestly don't know if I can go without."

"Well, Mom, maybe Billy and Danny can give Dad a few lessons," Lisa said.

"Are you kidding? Jim could never move like that. Besides, he doesn't have the equipment for it." Mom patted my bulge admiringly and winked at Danny across the table.

"Well, we've got the equipment, and you sure do know how to give head," he said.

"Mmm, thank you, sweetheart," she purred. "You and Billy are such good boys. Do you know what you want for dessert?" She flashed us a wicked grin and cupped her hands on the sides of her mammoth bust line.

We nodded slowly.

"I can't decide which of you I want first next time," she said, "So maybe I'll just have to take you both at once."

My knees turned to mush.

By the time we paid the check and left, my cock was so huge and hard that I had to keep one hand in my pocket to cover up the tent. Mom found my other hand with hers and squeezed it gently.

Going out the door, I made a bearing for the Rover but Mom tugged me the other way. "I know we're all ready for round two," she said. "But let's walk down the bluff stairs first."

"Okay, sure."

We walked around to the ocean side of the restaurant. There, the sandy path led to a flight of worn concrete stairs that slanted far down the bluff face. They ended on a small observation landing about 100 feet above the shoreline. We headed down. The sea breeze was fresh and strong with the scent of kelp, and crispy orange sycamore leaves skirted down the steps in front of us.

"What a gorgeous view," Lisa said.

"I know. I haven't been here in years," Mom said as we rounded a turn in the stairs and reached the landing.

I stepped up to the rail and leaned on it. The rocky, mocha-sand beach was deserted except for a few teens, whom I didn't recognize, having a clambake. Mom stood beside me to share the scene, casually smoothing her near-platinum locks away from the slim sunglasses perched on her nose.

"Clambakes are illegal, actually," I said.

"So is having pornographic sex with your mother and sister," Lisa said.

"Remember how I used to bring you boys down here when you were little?" Mom asked.

"Yeah, that was always so much fun," Danny said, facing Mom with his back to the rail.

He unzipped his fly. "Go down on me, Mom. Suck my cock right out here in the open."

"Oh, Danny, I don't know. Someone could come down the steps any second," she said, glancing back up.

"That's the whole point," Lisa said.

By now, Danny's huge dick was sticking out of his pants like a construction crane. Mom looked down at it.

"Oh, my lord, Danny. Jesus Christ, I just can't help myself." Then she leaned over at the waist, grasped the rail on each side of Danny, and hungrily slid her lips down over his giant shaft.

Danny moaned and his eyes rolled back in his head. Then he looked at Lisa and me. "Keep a lookout, you guys," he said. Lisa trotted back up a few steps so she could see around the corner.

"The coast is clear," she said.

"Actually, not quite," I said, peering over the rail at the clam bakers, who had thus far taken no notice of us. Then I looked back at Mom and Danny. With loud wet gulps and smacks, she was working her luscious lips up and down the top three-quarters of his shaft.

"Oh, Jesus, that feels so fucking good," he said, bucking his hips off the rail and jamming his whole cock into her mouth. He took her head in his hands and gasped. "Yeah, baby, deep throat me."

"Mmm," she moaned. Then she pulled her mouth off him and undid his belt buckle while she kissed up and down this cock. "I want to lick your big balls," she said, yanking his pants and briefs down to his knees. His balls hung down from the base of his dick like massive walnuts. Vigorously stroking his cock with one hand, she ran her tongue over his hairy scrotum.

"Ungh," he moaned, panting.

"You like that, honey?" she asked, looking up at him. "Do you like it when I kiss your nuts?"

"Mmm-hmm," he said, wincing his eyes with pleasure. Then he looked down at her.

"How about when I do this?" With her eyes locked on his, she opened her mouth wide and inhaled his shaft again. Her lips slid right down to his balls. He gasped helplessly.

I looked up at Lisa. "Still all clear?"

"Yep," she said. "Come up here for a second, Billy." I trotted up the steps. "You be the lookout," she said.

Then she went down to Billy and Mom on the landing. "Can I play?" she asked.

"Go for it, Sis!" Danny said. Lisa leaned over beside Mom, who took Danny's cock out of her mouth. "Mmm, ya, let's take turns on him," Mom said. Danny swiveled his hips slightly and Lisa sucked at his massive head. It filled her cheeks. More slurping and smacking, louder than before. Mom licked Danny's balls again.

This continued for a few minutes, during which I kept glancing up the steps for intruders. Mostly, however, I watched the action. I had an excellent vantage point. Lisa's ass looked fantastic in her leather pants—wide and pert and only slightly tucked at the bottom. Mom's ass was even better, full and shapely—but not the slightest bit fat, mind you—and straining at the fabric of her skirt as it rode up high on her thighs. Her legs were like sculpted, tapered pillars. But I couldn't take my eyes off that voluptuous ass. My flagpole was ready to burst through my khakis.

"Come back up here, Lisa," I said. She was watching Mom suck Danny and hurried up the steps.

"What, is someone coming?" she asked.

"Not yet," I said. "Watch this." I jogged back down onto the landing and got behind Mom. I reached down and tried to yank the hem of her miniskirt up over her hips.

She looked back at me. "Billy, honey, what are you doing?"

"You said you wanted us both at once," I said, still tugging at her skirt. "I'm gonna fuck you."

"Yeah, Billy!" Danny said. "Give it to her right here!"

"Wait," she said. I thought she was going to stop me, but instead she reached back and pulled up her blouse to reveal a zipper at the top of the skirt. I unzipped it and yanked the garment down to her knees.

Then I pulled her black panties down off her full, heart-shaped ass.

Below it, her pussy was swollen and ready for me and her inner thighs were damp.

"Hurry, Billy, put your big cock in me," she said over her shoulder before going back to work on Danny. I frantically undid my belt and pulled down my pants and shorts. My cock sprang out at full mast, huge and dark and throbbing.

"Jesus, Billy!" Lisa said. "Do it! Fuck her!"

I aimed my cock at Mom's pussy, grasped her waist, and rammed my hips forward. She lunged backward to meet my thrust and my thick shaft slid all the way inside her to the hilt.

She cried out and looked over her shoulder at me again. "Oh, ya, Billy, bang me hard and fast. Fuck my brains out!"

No time to lose. I took a small step forward for leverage and started pounding her with short, fast strokes. Her pussy was just as hot and tight as it had been that morning. My hips slapped loudly against her ass. God almighty, I was fucking my mother in public and in broad daylight.

"Suck him!" I said. "Suck his cock off while I drill your pussy!"

I was doing her so hard that she had trouble keeping her mouth on Danny's tool. She worked his head and whimpered.

"Do her, Billy!" Lisa yelled.

"Ya, baby, fuck me!" Mom cried. "Harder! Pound me!"

I did as the lady asked. My abs clenched and my dong sailed in and out of her in a blur of sweaty flesh. To stifle her own scream, she plunged her mouth over Danny's cock.

"Oh, baby, I'm gonna come," he moaned. "I'm about to squirt it!" He lunged drunkenly into her mouth.

"Mmm," she moaned around his shaft.

"I'm coming! I'm coming! He said, his eyes bulging. Oh! OH! ARGHHH!"

His back caved over and he gripped her shoulders. He was shooting a massive load in her mouth. She moaned and swallowed and a thick, white line of cum ran down over her chin. As I kept slamming my cock home, she took his pole out of her mouth and it sprayed three or four thick, violent geysers of semen on her face.

"Oh, ya, baby, shoot it on me," she said, a torrent of jism pouring out of her lips. She jacked his convulsing dick and aimed the next few blasts into her mouth. Danny was still groaning and the streams were still coming long and fast when she started sucking him again.

"Suck me dry," he commanded. She did.

That little show was all I needed. My balls were buzzing and a current

ran up the underside of my cock. I started fucking her harder than ever. She screamed and looked back at me, her face splattered with cum.

"Oh! Oh! Ungh! Fuck me, Billy! Ah! OH! OH! OH! YES! YES! YES!" Between her shrieks I heard a faint pop as the front clasp of her bra went flying. From behind her I could see her melons flailing under her blouse. She looked down. "Oh, Jesus, my tits! FUCK ME, BILLY! FINISH ME OFF! AHHHHHHHH! I'M COMING! OHHHHHHHH! AIEEEEEEE!" Her legs squeezed together in orgasm as I gave her my final strokes and my balls banged against her thighs.

"Somebody's coming!" Lisa yelled.

"Yeah, Mom and me," I moaned.

"No, down the steps!"

"Hurry, Billy!" Mom said. "Squirt it in me!"

My cock felt like a cattle prod as my orgasm surged through it. I jammed it all the way into her and felt my first blast go sailing deep into her pussy. Then another, even bigger. Then another. I leaned over her back and moaned.

"Oh. Oh. OH. OH, BABY, I'M COMING," I said.

"Ooh, ya, spray it in me, Billy," she said, looking back at me with a lusty sneer. "Empty your balls into my pussy, you horny bastard! Hurry!"

A word about physiology. I'm well aware that semen is produced by the prostate gland, not the testes. The fact that I ejaculate prodigiously has nothing to do with the large size of my nuts. However, a passage like "I emptied my prostate gland into her pussy" sounds a little silly. Therefore, humor me. And now back to our story...

Lisa ran down toward us. "Come on, they're almost down here! I'll suck it out of you, Billy." She knelt down and I pulled my dick out of Mom.

It sprayed a line of cum right back into her pussy and then a huge stream across her ass as I turned to stick it in Lisa's mouth. A big blast splattered over her nose and left cheek before she could get her lips around the head. Then I felt surge after surge gushing into her throat. She gulped and breathed through her nose as my own hot semen ran down my cock and dripped off my balls.

Mom stood up and pulled her panties and skirt back up in one deft motion. Then she leaned down beside Lisa. "Here, let me help, honey," she said, her face slick and gooey with Danny's juice. Lisa deferred

and I swung my stick toward Mom. I grunted savagely and a long cord of cream sailed down onto her enormous knockers, which were now braless and straining against her blouse. Then she took my cock in her mouth. "Oh, ya, baby, swallow it," I groaned. "Swallow every drop." She did. I frantically stuffed my dick back in my pants and zipped them. Danny, who had already put away his weapon, handed Mom a handkerchief for her cum-splattered face and tits. Lisa wiped her face on her bare arm. We stood there gasping and giggling as a spry elderly couple came down around the corner. I zipped Mom's skirt and motioned to Lisa that she still had a dab of jism on her chin. The old couple's eyebrows went up and I smiled sheepishly at them.

"Howdy," Danny said.

"Hi," the old guy replied.

"Don't mind us, kids," the woman said. "We used to come down here and do the same thing years ago."

Danny and Lisa burst into laughter.

Mom smiled and wagged her finger at the couple. "Naughty, naughty," she scolded.

"Still are," he said, eyeing Mom's hourglass lecherously.

"Harold, get your eyes off that woman's bosom," the old lady said peevishly. Then, to Mom, she said, "Great body, tootz. Is it all-natural?"

"Oh, yahhhhh," Mom said, amping up her Swedish accent.

The lady looked over at Lisa. "Hmph. Hers, too. Heavens, look at those. That your sister?"

"Uh, ya," Mom said, beaming.

The old broad sized up all of us and sniffed with mock annoyance.

"Mercy, is there a Greek god and goddess convention in town or something?"

"Not Greek," Mom said, "Norse."

We laughed and beat a hasty retreat up the stairs. Mom was a step ahead of me and I watched her huge Norse bosom bound up and down.

XII

Arriving back at home, we all agreed a dip in the pool was in order.

Mom and Lisa were halfway up the front stairs by the time I had punched the alarm code on the keypad. Danny was standing at the foot of the stairs ogling them.

I saddled up beside him. "Hey, you two," I called out to the ladies.

"Which bathing suits are you going to wear?"

Mom grinned. "Gentlemen's choice."

"Cool. Mom, you wear your little blue bikini," Danny chimed in. He looked at me for support. I smirked and nodded.

"And Lisa," I said, "could you slip into that black and red number?"

"My new one? Okay, boys."

"We get to pick, too," Mom said. "We want to see both of you men in your tiniest Speedos," Mom said. Danny and I saluted and received a pair of air-kisses in return. The girls disappeared down the hall.

Danny and I shared a loud, hard high-five and chuckled like morons.

Then we bounded up the stairs and into our rooms to shower and change.

Our rooms share a connecting bathroom. I tore off my clothes and beat him to the shower by less than a second.

"Fag," he said as I pushed him away and started the water.

"So sorry, old chap, sloppy seconds for you."

"You'd better be talking about the shower," he said. I rat-tailed him on the ass with a towel and stepped under the water.

I hopped out after just a few splashes—most of them on my dick—and dried off. While Danny took his turn, I quickly brushed my teeth and combed my hair until it was just so. You know how teen boys are. Then I tugged on a pair of white Speedos so tight they made my bulge stand out like a plaster cast. Excellent.

I moseyed down the hall toward the master bedroom. The door was wide open and I paused to watch Mom's curvaceous shadow on the wall while she squeezed into her bikini. In silhouette, her tits were the size of basketballs. Unbelievable.

I stepped into the doorway. She was sitting on the edge of the bed and packing her melons into the small French cups of her top. The material rode under her huge chest like two cupped hands, and her tits swelled up from them, two hot-air balloons joined at the seams.

"Very nice," I said, announcing my presence. My cock was stirring in my tiny shorts.

"Hey, handsome," she said, looking up. "Come on in."

I strolled over to her. She shifted on the bed and her mammoth rack shimmied. She ran her fingers along her straps and stared at my package. She looked at me and licked her lips.

"Looks like we're both having trouble keeping our big equipment

covered," she said.

"Your tits look fantastic," I said.

"Oh, thanks, honey."

I leaned over and laid a juicy kiss on each mountain.

"Mmmm," she cooed.

I stood back up. "Oh, honey," she said, gazing at my crotch again. "I don't think those trunks can hold you."

I looked down. My cock was at three-quarter mast and the head was poking out from the top edge of the fabric.

She reached out and pulled down my Speedos. My huge cock sprang out and bumped against her chin. We both laughed.

"Jesus, Billy, look at that big, long thing. Oh, God, I'm getting so fucking horny again."

I took a step forward, wrapped one hand around my cock and started caressing her tits with the swollen head. Her skin was still damp from her shower.

She looked down. "Mmm, ya, rub it on my big breasts," she whispered. I guided it over each massive slope and poked it into her cavernous cleavage.

"Oh, Billy, you're hard as a rock. Here, honey." She unclasped a hook between the cups and whipped off her top. Her globes sprang out. I instinctively drove my throbbing tool up between them and started pumping. She pressed her tits together.

"You like that, baby?" I asked.

"Ooh, ya, fuck them like you did this morning. Fuck me between my big tits, Billy."

I picked up the pace and started ramming my rod all the way up to her chin.

"Oh, ya, baby! Fuck them! Fuck my tits with your big dick!" she moaned. "I want you to spray a massive pearl necklace on me!"

Wow, I didn't expect her to know that expression. I moaned. The bed was squeaking softly under her and my balls were slapping against her stomach.

"God, you do like this, don't you?" I said as we both watched my glans pop up from her cleavage and then disappear back into it. "You like feeling my eleven-inch cock pump up and down between your big tits!"

"Ya, fuck me, baby! Fuck my tits! OH, BILLY, YA!"

Our mutual moans were pierced by Danny's voice behind me.

"I knew you kids would be in here getting an early start."

"We're just having a little warm-up," Mom said, still squeezing her globes around my cock.

Danny walked up beside me and yanked down his Speedos. He was big and hard already. "My turn," he announced, and I relinquished Mom's naked cleavage to him. He slid his cock between her tits and started thrusting so hard that she had steady herself.

"God, that feels so good!" he said.

"I know, Danny! Fuck my tits! Slide that big dick up and down!"

I stood there jacking my cock. She turned her head toward me and I shoved it into her mouth. Her lips were soft and wet.

Danny started thrusting even faster and worked Mom into a frenzy. She took her mouth off me. "Jesus Christ, we'll never make it to the pool," she said, breathless. "I want you boys to fuck me right here on my bed!"

"You got it, baby," Danny said. "First let's fuck her tits at the same time, Billy." He pulled his dong out of her cleavage and began rubbing it hornily on her left melon. I did the same to her right one, stroking my thick shaft up and down the massive cup and rubbing her erect nipple with my glans.

Mom looked down. "God, what a sight. My two gorgeous sons rubbing their cocks on my big tits."

"Whose do you like better?" Danny asked, orbiting her aureole with his glans.

"Oh, honey, they both get so big and hard."

"Mine's a little thicker than Billy's."

"But mine's longer."

"Listen, boys," she said, "when you both have cocks nearly a foot long and as thick as a Coke can, there's really no sense competing with each other."

Danny and I began sliding our poles up and down on her melons in synchronization.

"Oh, Jesus Christ," she panted desperately. "I can't stand it! Fuck me, both of you!" She leaned back and raised her ass up to slip her bikini bottom down off her feet. I stared at her perfect blond beaver. It was like staring at the very taboo itself.

"Bang me!" Mom said, stretching back on the bed and spreading her legs, her gigantic tits wobbling from side to side. "Take turns on me."

You first, Danny. Hurry, sweetheart, drill me! Slide it in!"

He jumped on the bed. But just as he took position between her legs and aimed his cock at her pussy, Lisa's voice echoed from downstairs.

"HEY, YOU GUYS AREN'T UP THERE FUCKING, ARE YOU? I'M GETTING KINDA LONELY WAITING!"

Danny and Mom and I looked at each other. "We'd better go downstairs," Mom said. "It's not nice to leave Lisa out. After all, she's my sister," she gloated.

Danny got off her and the three of us tried to fit back into our suits.

"That was some warm-up," Mom said as we left the room.

XIII

The brisk water in the pool took the raw edge off my horniness, but it didn't really help much. My dick was still big and firm in my trunks. It got even bigger when I saw Lisa in her bikini. The thong bottom showed just how fantastic her firm teenage ass looked naked and the triangle-cup top made her ta-tas seem almost as bodacious as Mom's. Almost.

I spooned up behind Lisa near the edge of the pool and rubbed my bulge up and down between her buns.

"Hey, sailor, I thought you'd forgotten me, Billy," she said. "You and Danny haven't fucked me since this morning."

"Plenty more where that came from, Sis," I said, reaching around and cupping my hands under her huge bazongas. "Think you can take us both at once?"

"I'm dying to find out."

"Me, too."

"Wanna go for it right now? We could give it to you on that lounge over there."

"Um, well, Mom might feel neglected."

"Chicken."

Danny swam over to join us. Mom was lying on a deck lounge on the other side, her tits rising off her chest like Himalayan foothills.

Danny swept Lisa into his arms and she giggled. I thought he was going to take off her top and suck her tits, but he reached down and fondled her ass instead. She cooed.

"Mmm, you both have great hands," Lisa said. "Jesus, that was some

amazing sex you boys gave me this morning. So incredibly, unbelievably fucking good. Your cocks totally stretched my pussy open. I've never, ever felt anything like it."

"How many guys have you fucked?" Danny asked.

"Including you two? Nine. But none of the others even begin to compare. God, not even close."

"Well, by the same token, you're miles better than any girlfriend I've ever had," I said.

"Same here," Danny said.

"Thanks," Lisa said.

"You mean not even Maurice measures up to us?" I asked. Danny guffawed. Maurice was Lisa's prissy boyfriend.

"Listen, guys, Maurice has his qualities. Unfortunately, penis size isn't one of them."

"Is he even a good swordsman?" Danny asked.

"No."

"You poor thing," I said. "Well, that's what your twin brothers are here for."

"Thank God," she said. "Are we the sickest, horniest family on the face of the Earth or what?"

"We are. Isn't it great?"

A few minutes later, Danny and I swam off together and practiced emergency ascents for the SCUBA class we were taking, doing an entire lap underwater. And, of course, we had to make a competition out of it. I won the first race handily but he barely beat me in a best two out of three. Prick.

Coming up for air the third time, we noticed that the girls were nowhere in sight. We got out and towed off, then strolled back into the house. Faintly, we could hear moaning. We walked around. Nobody was in the living room.

We went down the hallway behind the kitchen and the voices got louder. A trail of discarded bikini parts led toward the den. Lisa's skimpy thong. Mom's monstrous top. This was going to be good, I said to myself as we looked inside the room.

Indeed it was. On the black leather sofa, Mom and Lisa were seriously going at it. They were in a sixty-nine with Lisa on top. Mom was spreading Lisa open with her hands and darting her tongue up at her daughter's clit; Lisa was eagerly sucking at Mom's swollen pink labia.

Moans issued from both ends of the sofa.

"Goddamn," Danny said.

I had never been turned on by the notion, or even the sight, of women going down on each other. Whenever Danny and I got our hands on a porno movie, I always wanted to skip the lezbo scenes. Boring. But seeing Mom and Lisa intertwined, my feelings suddenly changed. I got so hard, so fast, in fact, that my tiny Speedos finally ripped.

"So, you chicks got bored with diving and decided to do some muff diving," I said. Danny cracked up. "Need any help?"

"Maybe some boosters for those vaccinations we gave you this morning?" Danny said.

"That's okay, fellas, we have everything we need right here," Lisa said coyly. She and Mom giggled secretively.

"Ya, you men just watch," Mom said. "Watch without joining in. That's a dare."

Danny and I looked at each other and shrugged. It was only a matter of which of us would succumb to desire first.

The women ignored us and went right on with their vegetarian feast. Mom expertly brushed her lips back and forth across Lisa's vulva; Lisa kissed Mom's beaver and then drove her tongue deep into her pussy. God. I looked down. Without even knowing it, I had started vigorously jacking off. Danny had pulled down his Speedos and was doing the same thing.

Another minute or two passed. On the sofa, the breathing got heavier and the moans got louder. I jacked my cock faster harder and relaxed my knees. But I really didn't want to shoot my load on the floor.

Danny gave in only a fraction of a second before I would have. "Oh, fuck this," he announced, marching over to the sofa with his rigid cock sticking up like a broom handle. "You dikes need some dick." He got on the sofa behind Lisa. I headed for her other end.

"First help us lick each other's pussies," Mom said. "You haven't returned the oral favors yet, you know."

She was right. I knelt and brought my face down to Mom's crotch. Her beaver looked soft and clean and her pussy was pink. Lisa was expertly sucking on Mom's lips near her clit. "Gangway, Sis," I said, plunging my tongue right into Mom's cunt and working its inner lining.

"Oh, god, two at once," Mom said, gasping.

My cheek pressed against Lisa's as we serviced Mom's loins. At one

point out tongues met and were soon probing each other in a kiss flavored with Mom's juices.

"Ungh! Ohhhhh!" Lisa then moaned. "I'm getting it, too!" Danny had knelt at the other end of the sofa and was evidently helping Mom eat his busty sister.

The double-dipping continued for a few minutes. Juice dripped from Mom's pussy, ran down over her ass, and made a slick patch on the leather. Danny had a tougher job than I did, having to twist his neck and crane his head up to lick Lisa's twat. It was no surprise, then, when he saddled up behind Lisa for the afternoon's first fuck.

"Yeah, do me doggy-style, Danny," looking back at him.

"Ooh, ya, fuck her, Danny," Mom said, gazing up at the coitus that was about to happen right above her face. "Jesus, talk about a front-row seat. This is going to be fantastic!"

Danny gave his shaft a final prep stroke and then aimed it under Lisa's ass.

"Wait, honey, let me guide that big dick home," Mom said. I couldn't see, but she must have reached up and wrapped her hand around his rod. Danny grasped Lisa by the hips in anticipation.

"I'm so horny," Lisa panted, looking underneath her. "Put his cock in me, Mom! Hurry!"

Meanwhile, I kept right on licking Mom's pussy. By now I had gone in for the kill and was stimulating her clit directly.

"Oh, god, Billy, yes! Yes! YES!"

Then Lisa let out a cry of her own as Danny pushed his hips forward and filled every inch of her pussy with man-meat.

"AIE! OH, GOD. OH, FUCK!"

Danny let out a long moan. "Oh, shit," he said. "Oh, Lisa, your pussy is so tight."

"Fuck her, Danny" Mom commanded. "I want to watch your big dick pump her box!"

Danny started fucking Lisa with slow, firm strokes. She moaned and cooed for a few seconds.

It was time to take Lisa to the next level. "Ready for two cocks at once?" I asked her as her head bounded back and forth with Danny's thrusts.

"I think so."

"Good." I stood, took position in front of her, and rudely shoved my

cock into her mouth.

"Suck it," I commanded. With my shaft forcing her lips wide, she looked up at me and her eyes twinkled with satisfaction.

"That's it, Danny. Fuck her," Mom said. "Nice, long strokes."

"Are you watching, Mom?" Danny asked. "Can you see my big cock servicing her pussy?"

"Are you kidding? I can see it and hear it. I can even taste it." From my vantage point, I saw her lift her head.

"Fuck, yeah, lick my balls," Danny crooned. "Suck on my sack, Mom. You love watching people fuck, don't you?"

"Oh, ya. I can't get enough of it," she said.

As Lisa took half my cock down her throat and Danny pounded his pole in and out of her, I studied the sturdy, sexy arch of her back. She truly was a carbon-copy of Mom, even in the subtle details like the sculpted lines of her calves and the small, neat orbs of her rose-colored aureoles. If one day she had a handsome, well-hung teenage son, he'd be a very lucky boy if she let him fuck her brains out. And if she had twins, she could take both of them at once the way she was doing with Danny and me.

Danny picked up the pace. The only reason Lisa didn't start screaming was that her mouth was full of my cock. She moaned and whimpered and lunged back to meet his thrusts. I moved with her rhythm to keep my blowjob going. Her tits were swinging back and forth like crazed pendulums.

"Bang her, Danny!" I cheered. "Give it to her!"

"Ya, Danny, fuck her good!" Mom said. "God, what a show. I'm getting so fucking horny. Billy, sweetheart, see that pussy under Lisa's face?"

"Yeah, it's gorgeous."

"That's me, honey. Think you could stick your finger in it and make me feel good again?"

"Done." As Lisa smacked on my concrete shaft, I reached down and began stimulating Mom's lips with my right index. Then I slipped it inside her. She was hot and smooth. I worked it all the way into her, massaging the front wall of her vagina. She moaned and her hips bucked.

"Oh, ya, Billy, you know right where to do it. Ooh, baby, that feels so good."

Getting pleasure didn't distract Mom from giving it. I saw her raise her head again.

"Oh, Jesus!" Danny exclaimed. "Yeah, lick it, baby! Oh, Billy, Mom's licking my cock while I fuck Lisa! It feels fantastic!" Like locks and keys, the four of us were completely entwined.

Then Lisa practically spat out my dick. "OH! Now she's licking my clit! Ah, god! Oh, Mom! OH!"

"You're incredible, Mom," I said. "I think you deserve a reward—a big one. And here it comes." I nudged her long legs apart and she spread them wide. I sat down on my haunches and pointed my cock toward paradise.

Lisa looked down. "Mmm, yeah, fuck her, Billy. I wanna watch your big cock spear her pussy. Here, let me help." She reached down and wrapped one hand around my pole as I scooted forward on the sofa. She jacked me a few strokes and then aimed my dick into Mom's pussy. I drove it into her all the way to my balls.

"Oh, Billy! OH, YES! Fuck me, you darling! Service my pussy with that big, long thing!"

"Do her, Billy!" Danny said.

I had generally found that position awkward to fuck in, always feeling like I wasn't getting enough leverage. But this time, Mom's moans told me I was giving her exactly what she needed. I guess it's in the abs.

My big nuts dragged back and forth across the sofa seat as my dick slid in and out of her.

Lisa learned fast. Moaning constantly from the thumping Danny was giving her pussy, she leaned down on her elbows and began kissing and licking the top side of my cock as it pistoned in and out of Mom.

"That a girl, honey," I said. "Lick that big thing. Have you ever been this close to the action?"

"No. It's awesome. Keep pumping her pussy, Billy. God, I can just feel the pleasure you're giving her. It's the same thing Danny is giving me." She looked over her shoulder at Danny, who was drilling her harder than ever. His pelvis was whacking loudly against her ass.

"Bang me, Danny! All the way in and out! Oh, yes! Yes! Yes! Don't stop!"

"I wouldn't stop if this house caught on fire," he said, leaning down to kiss her.

This configuration continued for a few more minutes, growing louder

all the time. Then Danny looked at me and said, "Hey, bro, wanna come back here and fuck your sister?"

"Sure thing. Wanna come up here and stick your cock in your mother?"

"Gladly."

We got up to trade places. The girls were all in favor of it and admonished us to hurry. We did. I was so horny, my cock was aching. Mom leaned up on one elbow and took it in her mouth for a few seconds. Then I bent down and kissed her.

"Hey, gorgeous," I whispered.

"Hi, sweetheart. Thanks for that good fuck. Now put your cock in Lisa and give her what you just gave me."

I quickly got on my knees behind Lisa and slid my cock into her before Mom could even reach up to help. I started pounding right away.

"OH, BILLY!" Lisa cried. "OH! OH! OH! OH!"

"Fuck her, Billy!" Mom said. "God, you and Danny have the biggest balls!"

"We need big balls for the crazy shit we're doing," I said.

Up front, Lisa moaned with my thrusts as she took Danny's cock deep in her mouth for some suck action. He gasped.

"Yeah, honey, suck it," he said softly. "Now put me in her." My view was blocked but I saw him lower his hips and then ram them forward a couple of seconds later. Mom screamed ecstatically. I think he was in her.

"OHHHH! Jesus Christ, Danny, fuck me!"

"Yeah, mind your mother," Lisa teased, "so I can watch. God, I've never been such a voyeur." She sounded more breathless than ever.

"You are now, honey," Danny said.

I stepped up the pace and felt Mom's sexy tongue on my nuts, then my cock.

Lisa looked back at me like a wild animal. "Oh, Billy, do me. I'm about to come. Oh, yeah."

"Go ahead, baby. Come with my big cock in you!"

"Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. OH, yeah. FUCK ME! DON'T STOP! FUCK ME, BILLY! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! OH, JESUS, I'M COMING! YES! YES! OHHHHHHHHH! UNGHHHHHHHHH!"

She collapsed onto her elbows as I slowly eased my thrusts. She raised back up and looked over her shoulder at me again.

"Good?" I asked.

"Heavenly," she pronounced, exhausted.

I gave her gentle strokes while Danny slammed Mom home. After a couple of minutes, her moans became cries. Then they became screams.

"Oh, Danny! Oh! Oh! Oh! OH! OHHHHHHHHHHH! OHHHHHHHHHHHHH! OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"

"Jesus, listen to that!" Lisa said, looking down at the frantic coitus happening inches from her face. "And what a sight! Pound her, Danny!"

"She's coming!" Danny said. "Lick her pussy while I finish her off!"

Lisa leaned down. Mom's screams evolved into desperate, contorted yelps of ecstasy.

"OHHHH! AWNMMMM! YAHHH! OHHHH! MMMM! AHHH! OHHH! DANNY, I'M COMING! FUCK ME, BABY! OHHHHH! GIVE MY PUSSY EVERY INCH OF THAT BIG DICK! YAHHHHH! MMMMMM! I'M COMING!" She gasped for air, practically hyperventilating.

"Go ahead and come, Mom!" Danny said. "Come all over my big shaft! That's why it's in you, honey!"

"OH, JESUS, SON. YES! YES! YESSSS! YESSSS! OOOOOOOOH! NOW! AHHHH! OH! OH! OH! OHHHHHHHHHHH! AEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

Her cries had barely started to subside when Danny increased his pace from a gallop to a dead run. He shuddered violently and bit his lip.

"Argh! God, here it comes! OH, FUCK!"

"Squirt it in my pussy!" Mom said.

"No, pull it out and spray it all over me!" Lisa said.

He fulfilled both requests—and then some. "Here you go, Lisa," he said, pulling his cock out of Mom and rising up on his knees.

"Oh, yeah, Danny, shoot your milk on me!" Lisa exclaimed. "Mmm! Oh! Oh!"

I leaned out from behind Lisa so I could see. Jesus. Danny was stroking his dick right in front of Lisa's nose and blasting thick, bright streams of cum on her face point-blank. It dripped off her cheeks and chin and landed on Mom's beaver in thick globs.

Lisa was loving it. "Yeah, Danny, squirt it! Shoot some in my mouth!"

She wrapped her lips around his fountaining cock with a loud smack and I could only imagine how much semen he shot into her throat. Then he pulled it out of her mouth and moved down to shove it back into Mom's pussy. En route his cock kept gushing. I looked down and saw two full cords splatter up over Mom's enormous left tit. Then a line sailed all the way up and hit her on the cheek. It careened up across her eye and

into her hair.

"Oh, ya, Danny, come on me," Mom said, giggling and looking down.

"God, look at that big dick squirt! You boys just aren't human!" Then Danny shoved his hips forward. He was ejaculating in Mom's pussy. "Ya, honey, put that big thing back in me. Mmm, that hot cum feels so good," she said, looking down again as he pumped his gushing tool in and out.

What a scene. Lisa rose up on her knees and turned to smile at me. Her face looked like it had been hit with a semen pie. I pulled my cock out of her and Mom immediately craned up to suck it. Everyone else was ready for a smoke, figuratively speaking, but I was throbbing.

Mom took my shaft out of her mouth. "Well, Billy, it's your turn to shoot your load, and that gives me an idea. Get up for a second, kids. We need to rearrange ourselves."

Lisa and I stepped off the sofa so Mom could get up. "Here, Lisa, lie down right where I was." Lisa got in position and Mom straddled her, her big tits hanging firm and heavy and her back set in a frisky arch. It looked like they were going to sixty-nine again.

Mom gave Danny and me a come-hither look that sent a shiver up my back. "You see, kids," she explained, "all day I've been fantasizing about the three of you doing me at once. So while Lisa eats my pussy, get up here, Danny, and I'll suck some life back into that big baton."

He got into position.

Then Mom looked at me as if it were Christmas or something. "And, you, lucky boy, are going to fuck me up the ass!"

XIV

"Cool!" Danny blurted.

"Oh, no way!" Lisa said at the same time.

"Are you serious, Mom?" I asked. "You think it would fit?"

"Well, let's use lots of lubrication." She sent me charging up to her powder room for a tube of Vaseline. I came back into the room already smearing it on my cock. Mom was busy sucking Danny's rejuvenated pole, squeezing his glans with her sensual lips and massaging his big nuts with her hand. Lisa was probing Mom's pussy with her tongue.

I climbed onto the sofa. Mom looked over her shoulder at me with lust.

"Have you ever done this to a woman, honey?" she asked.

"I tried to once, but my partner got too scared."

"I honestly don't know if you can get that huge dick in me, either.
Just go slow."

I spread her cheeks apart with my hands. Her hole was pink and clean.
I pushed the slick head of my cock against it and felt her brace
herself.

"That's it, honey, push," she said.

"God almighty!" Lisa gasped. Below my poised dick, her upturned face
had paled. "Mom, if you can take Billy's giant cock up your butt,
you're Wonder Woman."

"Well, she's sure as hell built better than Linda Carter," Danny said
as Mom sucked his cock. "Do it, Billy! Fuck her gorgeous ass! I can't
wait to do that!"

At last, I felt her stretching open. My glans slipped inside her. I
felt her sphincter contract reactively and then relax again.

"I don't believe it!" Lisa said.

"Oh, Billy! BILLY! Oh, lord, my rear end!" Mom screamed.

"Are you okay?" I asked, halting my advance.

"God, yes! Give me more of it! I want to feel every inch of your big
cock up my ass, you stud!"

No problem. I slowly pushed forward and watched my pole vanish between
her perfect buns. Her ass gripped me like a hot, wet fist.

"Mom, you are such a fucking goddess!" I said. I craned down over her
back and she turned her head toward me. She drove her tongue into my
mouth and I fervently sucked on it.

"Well, honey," she purred once we had unlocked our lips, "your goddess
wants you to fuck her all the way back to Asgard!"

I straightened up and gave her more cock. With about eight inches or
so in her, I felt a little resistance, but I found a better angle by
swiveling my hips a little.

"Yes, Billy, YES!" she cried. "Jesus, I've never felt anything like
this!"

I gave one more thrust and looked down. I was all the way in her. My
balls were hanging against her pussy. I had to blink and get a grip. I
was buttfucking my mother. I had just slid my 11-inch cock up her ass.
It hadn't harmed her beautiful anatomy, but it definitely messed with
my head.

"You've got the whole thing in her?" Danny asked, incredulous.

"Fuuuuck."

In a word, yes. Lisa lifted her head up and licked my balls just as I started pumping Mom. I kept my strokes slow and short, and Mom rocked back to meet them.

She cooed and whimpered and kept looking back over her shoulder at me with clenched teeth. "Fuck me, baby! Drill your big cock in and out of my ass! Harder!"

I picked up the pace and gave her longer strokes. My hips whacked against her firm ass. My hands circled her trim waist. Her massive torpedoes bounded back and forth, slamming against her arms. I reached down around her back and cupped my hands under them. Lisa craned up and sliced her tongue into Mom's pussy, which was dripping juice down her inner thighs. Mom took Danny's throbbing dick in her mouth again. Her wish was being fulfilled. She was doing it with all three of us at once.

No words were spoken for the next few minutes. The room filled with moans and whimpers and explosive gasps of pleasure. And, of course, there were the loud smacks of Mom's lips around Danny's thick pole and the rhythmic, thumping cadence of my enormous shaft up her ass.

"Ungh! Keep doing me, you two," Mom said, looking back over her shoulder with a horny snarl. "I'm about to come!"

Lisa and I stepped up our efforts. As I sent my dong augering in and out of Mom's ass, just underneath it I could see Lisa's tongue flogging Mom's pussy. I groaned and rounded third base toward home. Lisa cupped one hand around my nuts. "Ooh, Billy's about to come! I can feel it in his balls!"

"You got that right," I said as Mom's orgasmic whelps crescendoed and her hips began to spasm wildly.

"Ya, that's it, kids. Buttfuck me! Drill my ass, Billy! I'm coming! I'M COMING! OH! OH! YES! OHHHHHHHH! OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"Me, too," I groaned, and a second later I felt my semen gush deep into her ass in long, heavy spurts that nearly made my dick burn. I bent over her, moaning and thrusting with each blast.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!"

"Shoot it in me, Billy!" she yelled, looking back at me. "Squirt that hot cream up my ass!"

The last of my load drained out and my dick started to wither. I slowly pulled it out of her ass, eased myself off the sofa without stepping on anyone, and trotted down the hall to wash my cock as Mom

skillfully licked and sucked Danny's. "My turn!" I heard him yell as I stepped into the guest bathroom. He was probably hosing another fire hydrant of cum into her mouth.

After soaping and rinsing my tool with the handheld shower head, I ambled back toward the den. Mom was moaning and calling out Danny's name, and Lisa was encouraging both of them. Hadn't Danny just shot his load? How could the jerk have recharged that fast? I was pissed. I marched back into the den and realized that he actually hadn't shot his load, but was working toward it in an awesome way. He and Mom had adjourned to the thickly-carpeted floor, where she lay with her back on a teal afghan and her knees drawn up to her tits. He was on top of her with her ankles over his shoulders.

"Oh, ya, honey, fuck it," she moaned. "Bang it good."

I looked down at the action. His hard cock was buried to the hilt in her ass.

He looked up at me. "This is so fucking good!"

I sat down with Lisa on the black leather ottoman to watch. She spooned up behind me and wrapped her arms around my chest. I could feel her big breasts against my back. "I can't believe she can take it like that," Lisa said in my ear.

"I know. What a woman. What a fucking woman!"

I found watching Danny's huge shaft slide in and out of Mom's ass just as awe-inspiring as watching my own in her. Her rosy ring stretched and flexed and sucked at his cock as he fucked her. He increased his tempo and she liked it.

"Ya, Danny, just like that! Ooh, fuck me, sweetheart! Pound my ass! Bang it through the floor! Oh! OH! OH, FUCK ME!"

"Do you like that, Mom?" I asked. "Do you like having your own son's big cock up your ass?"

"Oh, ya," she moaned, panting. "I've been wanting to do this with you boys for so long." Danny gave her a few floor-shaking downstrokes and she shouted with each one. Then she looked at me. "Both of you are better than I ever dreamed you'd be! It was worth the wait!"

"Mom, honey," I said, "Danny and I would have settled for a couple of blowjobs from a bombshell like you!"

Her laughter blended with her cries of pleasure as Danny continued to drill her. Under her knees, her tits were pancaked out to the diameter of Frisbees. They looked as firm as fresh pizza dough. Incredible.

"Jesus, look at his cock plow right up her ass," Lisa said. "I don't think I'm ready for that." She looked down over my shoulder. "But you're getting ready for something."

She was right. My cock was already nearing full mast, canting out of my crotch like the leaning tower of Pisa. Lisa wrapped one hand around it just below the head and started jacking it.

"Does that feel good?" she whispered.

"Oh, yeah."

"Do you like watching people fuck?"

"Oh, yeah."

Panting and clawing at the afghan, Mom looked up at us. Her eyes fixed on my vertical pole. "Oh, god, Billy, you're already hard again! Got any plans for that big thing, honey?"

"Yeah," I announced, standing up and jacking all eleven inches of it.

I'm going to slide it into your pussy while Danny fucks your ass!"

Mom squealed with delight. I knelt on the afghan and she directed me to lie on my back. After Danny pulled his shaft out of her, she sat up and swung one leg over to straddle me. Her beaver hovered over my cock. Seeing her big tits jiggle made me so rigid that I didn't even need to hold myself as she eased her pussy down over my throbbing shaft. We looked at each other and moaned together.

"Ahhhh," she seethed through her teeth as I watched the last few inches of my big dick disappear into her pussy. "Oh, Billy, baby, your cock is like a fucking tree trunk! Oh! OH, BILLY!"

"Slide your pussy all the way down it, honey," I said, reaching up to cup my hands under her huge breasts. "I know you can take every inch." I felt my glans reach her cervix just as her beaver reached my pubes. She relaxed her knees and let her full weight bear down on my shaft. A high-pitched, almost anguished wail of pleasure escaped her lips. Then those same lips bowed up into a serene grin.

"Oh, Billy, I just came," she said. "But don't worry, I have a feeling I'm going to have more than one orgasm this time. Christ, it's like I'm riding a fucking tennis racket handle."

"Your pussy is tighter than ever!" I said.

"You like that, honey," she asked, extending her movements and impaling herself on my stake. I could see the base of my glans come out of her on each upstroke. She leaned down toward me and exaggerated each word with her full, red lips. "You like it when I pump my tight

pussy all way the up and down your big, thick cock, don't you?"

"Oh, yeah."

"Do you like squeezing and sucking my big tits?"

"Oh, yeah!"

"Good, because I want you to squirt another gallon of cum all over me." She swiveled her shoulders and whumped her flailing globes on my chin. I almost squirted a gallon of cum right then.

"Hey, girl," Danny said, "is your sexy ass ready for some more action?" He took position behind her.

"Ya, sweetie, slide it all the way in."

She leaned forward to give him an easier angle and I sucked her tits. She cupped her hands under them to guide her hard nipples into my mouth. I could feel his cock just across the wall from mine, like two ocean liners at adjacent piers.

"Ooooh!" she cooed as I was nearly smothered by her cleavage. "That's it, Danny! More, baby! All the way in!"

She leaned back up a little and began sliding her pussy up and down my flagpole. I felt Danny start pumping her ass.

"Oh, god, boys! Jesus Christ! JESUS CHRIST! BILLY! DANNY! You've got so much cock in me, I can barely move! AH! OH! OH! OOOH! OH!" she cried.

"Feels like you're moving great to me," I said, fondling her tits and gazing down to watch her pussy swallow my shaft. Her juice ran down over my balls. "That's it, honey! Slide it up and down my pole! Fuck her ass, Danny!"

"Hey, Mom," Danny grunted. "Do you realize you've got twenty-one inches of dick in you?"

"Twenty-one and a half," I corrected.

"Oh, yes, baby, it's so fucking good. My handsome boys are pounding me with their big dicks! Oooh, fuck me, boys, fuck me! OH, MY GOD! Fuck me with your massive cocks, both of you! I want every inch! OH, DANNY! BANG MY ASS WITH YOUR BIG, HARD COCK WHILE I BOUNCE ON BILLY'S POLE! OH! OH! YES! AHHH... ARWM..." Her words dissolved into a desperate, distorted aria of broken syllables and rippling screams. I didn't know if she was singing opera or speaking in tongues. It sounded like both. I had never heard anything like it.

"That's it, baby, scream!," Danny shouted. "Scream while I drill your beautiful ass!"

"Knulla mig!" Mom screamed, her voice sounding like a plate-glass window that Danny and I were smashing to pieces with our foot-long sledgehammers. "Jag är så jävla kåt!"

"What the hell is that?" Danny asked.

"It sounds like Swedish," Lisa said.

"OH, JESUS, BOYS, I'M COMING AGAIN! AIEEEEEEE!"

I felt a convulsive shiver roll up her body as she climaxed. She froze in place and her gigantic rack continued to lurch up and down a couple of times.

"I'm definitely not ready for that," Lisa said.

We kept going at it. Mom came again before I felt myself entering the final stretch for my own orgasm. Turned out, Danny was neck and neck with me—or perhaps cock and cock. The sound of our moaning, writhing threesome suddenly took on a guttural timbre. My dick had a car battery hooked up to it, or so it felt I could feel my balls rumbling. Just a few more strokes.

"Ohhhh, Mom, your tight pussy is about to make me come!" I said. "Oh! Argh! OH! NOW! HERE IT COMES!"

"I'M COMING, TOO!" Danny yelled.

"Shoot it on me, both of you!" Mom said, quickly dismounting to the side. "Come all over my face again!"

"Oh, my god, this is going to be good," Lisa said.

Danny pulled out of her as I bolted up into a kneeling position. Danny got to his knees also. Mom was sitting in front of us on her ass.

I shuddered, gripped my cock, and swung it toward her as my balls erupted. The first stream, which seemed to coil through the air like a long ribbon, glanced across her neck and right shoulder. Then a big blast rifled out and practically ricocheted off her chin. She licked at it just as Danny's first thick cord splattered over the bridge of her nose and across one cheek. Both of our cocks were no more than a foot from her face by now, and the salvos start coming fast and furious, hot and gooey, as if discharged from a twin-barreled anti-aircraft battery that fired semen instead of lead.

"Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!" the two of us groaned like a couple of Cro-Magnons.

"Mmmmmmm," Mom moaned desperately.

I sprayed a gushing line on her lips and then a massive one right into one of her eyes. She opened her mouth and Danny's dong fountained onto

her outstretched tongue. I joined him there and we gave her a good dozen blasts before she could even think about swallowing. Our cum ran down over her chin in wide rivers and dripped on her tits like white honey. Danny shot a load on her right cheek. I hit the other. He sprayed two big streams on her forehead. I shot three on her nose and lips. He squirted in her eyes; I drenched her chin. Her neck. Her temples. Her earlobes. Her hair. The three of us moaned and giggled as the strings of cum kept sailing.

"Good god, boys!" she said. "Don't forget my big girls!" She arched her back and her globes thrust outward as if someone had turned off the Earth's gravity. Danny and I lowered our aim and took a tit each. Stream after stream geysered onto her heaving rack. It splashed across her nipples. It sailed into her cleavage. It landed in skewed white lines over her massive cups like the icing on a pair of hot, huge muffins. My brother and I groaned and shuddered. At last, our balls were almost empty.

Mom grabbed our squirting cocks and jacked them in perfect unison.

"Here, boys, let me finish you off," she said, bringing our glances right to her nipples. "Ooh, ya, pour that hot cum on me." The last of our wads fountained out over her aureoles and dripped in sticky strings onto her voluptuous thighs as our groans tapered off.

She looked up at us with satisfaction. Her face was covered and a long cumscicle hung from her chin. She was utterly soaked.

"Holy shit, Mom," I said.

"Boys, every time you fuck me, the sex just gets better." She looked down at her semen-coated tits and hands. "Jesus Christ. Jesus fucking Christ."

"In-fucking-credible," Lisa said slowly, getting off the ottoman and joining us on the floor. She took Danny's big cock in her mouth to suck him clean. Mom did the same to me.

"Hey, Mom," I said after a few minutes, "what was that language you were speaking?"

"Well, sweetheart, haven't you heard how people sometimes revert to their native language during moments of extreme duress or pleasure?"

"So it was Swedish," Lisa said.

"Ya," Mom drawled in a heavy accent. "Du ville köra kuken i mig och knulla mig hela natten?"

"God, that sounds so hot," Danny said. "What did you just say?"

"You'll find out later, handsome. By the way, you both lost the dare. You were just supposed to watch us."

"Actually," Danny said, "we didn't lose the dare." Knowing where he was going with it, I smirked with pride.

"What do you mean?" Lisa asked.

"We never said we accepted the dare," I said. "You guys know the rules."

"Well, well," Mom said, "my boys are cunning as well as sexy. Hmm. Don't worry, Lisa, we'll get them before the night is over."

As Mom got up and her huge, naked, semen-glazed tits jiggled down the hall to the guest bathroom, we followed her and discussed dinner plans. She looked at Danny and me and suggested shish kabob. She said she'd go to the butcher if Danny and I would get everything ready and Lisa would make a salad.

After showers, Danny and I went out on the deck to uncover the grill. Lisa was in the kitchen, chopping celery in her bikini. Freshened up, Mom stepped out on the deck. She was wearing a pair of tight, well-faded jeans and a white T-shirt. Jesus. It was stretched over her heaving, high-riding jugs like a circus tent. Below it, her womanly hips strained against her jeans.

"God, Mom, you're a lot hotter than this grill will ever be," Danny said, whistling.

"I second that," I said. I put one arm around her waist and drew her to me. I reached up and cupped my free hand under her massive right tit. She smiled and leaned her head back. I kissed her neck. Danny came around and rubbed his crotch against her ass.

"Ready for some more cock?" he asked.

"Oh, ya, honey, but let me go get the shish kabob first."

"I got your shish kabob right here," I said, cupping my package.

"I know, honey, and I'm going to be having it all night," she said. Mercy.

Lisa came out. Danny and I both gave her a juicy kiss.

Purring, Mom sashayed back toward the house. At the door, she paused and said, "I invited a couple of guests over for dinner." Lisa and I looked at her askance.

Danny said, "Hey, Mom, I thought you wanted to—"

"Have more sex with you? Oh, I can't wait. Don't worry. These guests share our, you know, philosophy. And you'll like them. You boys will

go ape over her, since she's built just like me. And Lisa, believe me, he's to die for, a mirror image of your brothers. Eighteen, cute, and she says he's hung like a rhino. Best of all, they're both family."

"So who are these people?" I asked.

"My cousin and her son," Mom said. "Jill and Bobby."

XV

The doorbell rang around five. Mom was taking a nap and I had been thinking about paying her a visit. Danny and Lisa were loafing by the pool. I opened the front door.

There, in a chocolate-brown catsuit stretched snugly over a set of curves that scoffed at the laws of physics and would have made Raquel Welch choke on a rice cake, stood Mom. Or, at least, I thought it was Mom for just a second.

Her face radiated the same chiseled, long-boned beauty as Mom's. Her cheekbones were a little more pronounced, but her chin wasn't as pointed. Her skin was like polished marble, its coppery hue a good two shades darker than Mom's, as were all her features. Her big, brown eyes glistened smartly and her burnished brows carried a bewitching natural arch highlighted by expert penciling. Her full lips were ruddy with a fashionable fall color. Her hair, a chesnut-brown with streaks of blond woven into it, stopped a couple of inches above her shoulders in tousled, sexy layers.

She simply looked like Mom with a pulse-pounding infusion of Latin blood.

Then there was her body. She had Mom's exact height and frame. She had Mom's everything else, too. Her tits were every bit as massive, and racked up in that catsuit, with a big oval opening across the décolletage, they looked even bigger, bulging out over the fabric like two titanic eggs and thrusting proudly off her ribcage. She was showing about two inches of cleavage between those huge melons and looked like she had about two miles more.

Jesus Christ, what a bombshell. I had always believed no other woman in the world was built as incredibly as my mother. Suddenly it made sense that only a very close relative could match her.

"I see they've got your attention," the woman said, smiling, arching her back slightly and making her mammoth breasts practically jump into my face, jiggling and bouncing firmly against each other. "Are they as

big as your Mom's?"

I finally snapped out of my rude trance. "Huh? Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to stare."

"Oh, that's okay," she said. "I'm Jill, your mother's cousin. Let me guess—you're Billy."

"Yes."

"Well, then, we're cousins, too! Oh, it's so good to see you!" she beamed, throwing her arms around my neck. "I haven't seen you since you were little!" Her huge, firm breasts pressed against me as my hands encircled her trim waist.

Behind her stood a handsome teen boy about my age. Our eyes met and he smiled at me knowingly, very knowingly.

Jill leaned back and brought one hand up to my face. "God, you're just as cute as Claudia said. Is your brother this gorgeous?"

"No, he's the ugly one, and he's a little sensitive about it."

"Cute and funny! I love you already! I haven't seen you since you were about five, so you probably don't even know me, do you?"

"I think I'd remember," I said, glancing down her body.

"Mmm, naughty boy," she cooed, grinning. She kissed me on the cheek and then gestured to the young man behind her. "This is my son Bobby."

He and I shook hands. His grip was like iron but his eyes twinkled with sincerity.

"Great to meet you," he said, manly and easygoing.

"Likewise," I said, stepping back and gesturing them into the house.

"Nice place," he said as Jill set her leather purse on an end table in the foyer and glanced around. I checked out her ass. It was fantastic: voluptuous and firm like Mom's, but more heart-shaped. I barely heard Bobby say, "You and your brother are becoming local legends."

Then a bell went off in my head. He was the star defensive back over at Caswell. Great speed, amazing hands. Quarterbacks feared him and most wouldn't throw to his side of the field. We were scheduled to play Caswell at the end of the season.

"I knew I knew you from somewhere," I said. "You're good."

"He certainly is," Jill said, smiling and taking one of his hands in hers. "Where's the rest of your sexy family, Billy? Let's have a drink."

I showed them to the living room and then headed to the kitchen to get Jill a gin and tonic and Bobby a Heineken. Jill's incredible figure

and mischievous smile had left me a little nervous, so I poured myself a scotch and water. Sipping it, I chuckled. Dad would have gone into an apoplectic rage, had he seen me drinking alcohol. In some wealthy families, fathers granted their kids a certain privileged, laissez-faire leeway. But not my father.

I guffawed. Finding out that his wife was having sex with their children would have pissed him off, too.

I took the drinks to the living room and found Jill alone, browsing the family photos on the mantle. "Thank you, Billy," she said as I handed her the cocktail. "Bobby went to round up your brother and sister, and I was studying your portraits to figure out when you and your brother became such hunks. Looks like it was about the same time Bobby did," she said, scrutinizing a snapshot taken during the previous season of Danny and me in our practice uniforms.

"Sort of like you and Mom," I said. "I'd bet both of you ceased being mere mortal females about the same time."

"I know, isn't your mother gorgeous?"

"So are you, Jill."

"Oh, Billy, you're a charmer, aren't you? I can see how Claudia can't resist you. I don't think I could either, not that I'd even want to."

Then came the smile again, subtle and smoldering, like the exquisite frontispiece to some clever, sexy book I hadn't read yet.

Jill had more in common with my mother than a beautiful face and a gargantuan, gravity-defying rack, I realized. She was a smart, self-aware woman, and nothing escaped her attention.

"I'll go up and get Mom in a minute," I said.

"First give me the tour, honey."

"You've never been here?"

"Of course I have, but I want you to show it to me again." She slipped her arm around mine and I led her up from the living room and down the long side hall.

"The library," I announced, sliding open one of the two heavy oak doors on the left. I snapped on the light switch and the room glowed warmly with scone light and polished cherry paneling.

"Mmm, nice," Jill said, gazing up into the open second floor, where a railed walkway rimmed the towering stacks. "Is this where you and Danny bring your girlfriends to help them with their homework?"

"Yep."

"I bet you do."

We continued down the hall to a more modern door on the right. "The projection room," I said, opening it. The private theater, with its 14-foot screen and three rows of plush red seats, sat dark and lifeless.

"What a beautiful movie theater," she said. "I bet you bring your girlfriends here, too."

"Sure do. The back row is really comfy."

We moved farther down the long hall and I showed her the two guest bedrooms. We kept going, chatting along the way. The scotch had steadied my nerves. More than once, I glanced nonchalantly down at her massive chest as she was talking.

Then she said something that got my full attention.

"You know, Billy, your mother told me all about what you naughty kids have been doing today."

"Oh, yeah? Pretty crazy, eh?"

"It is. But it's also totally hot." Then she moved her face past mine and brought her lips to my ear. "Bobby's been fucking me for months," she whispered.

"Holy shit," I said. "Do you feel weird about it?"

"Not a bit. I love it. It's just sex, you know. Fantastic, earth-moving sex."

"Did Mom give you details about today?"

"Mmm-hmm," she nodded slowly. "She told me how incredible you and Danny are. She told me how you plunged your big cocks into her pussy and pounded her through the bed. She said you even gave it to her up the ass."

Jesus. I faced her and circled her narrow waist with my arms. She draped her arms around my neck and we kissed briefly, sweetly, no tongue yet.

"Ooh, you have nice hands, Billy. Let's finish the tour." She slipped out of my embrace casually and I wondered angrily if she was just going to be a tease.

We walked down the hall to the last and nicest room, the cozy master study. It had overstuffed furniture and a stone fireplace imported from a castle in Wales. The door was ajar and I peeked in. Danny and Lisa were there.

Jill was a couple of steps behind me and hadn't looked into the room

yet. I turned to stall her. "Now, Jill," I said, "are you sure you have no problem with what's been going on here today?"

"Of course I'm sure, sweetie. I think it's hot."

"Okay," I concluded, "then I guess you won't mind this."

I swung the door open and we looked inside the room together.

Danny and Lisa were naked on the brown mohair sofa. He was sprawled back over one arm of it and she was feverishly—and noisily—sucking his big cock.

I heard Jill draw a short, excited breath. "Oh, my goodness. Oh, my lord, what have we here?" she said, reveling.

"Well, it looks like my sister Lisa is giving my twin brother Danny a blowjob."

Lisa, who had been deep-throating Danny quite nicely when we first looked in, slowly drew her mouth back up his shaft. Jill gasped again.

"Look at the size of that huge cock! Claudia told me you were both monsters, but I figured she was exaggerating."

"Hardly."

"Mmm, are you that big, too, Billy?"

"Mine's even longer."

"Jesus Christ, honey. You boys really are as well-hung as Bobby."

Danny's big dick wasn't the only body part in the room attracting rapt stares. He looked at Jill's enormous tits and his jaw fell open.

"Jesus!" he said.

"Hi, Danny, I'm Jill."

"Uh, hi. I'm really sorry about this. We should have locked the door."

"Are you kidding?" Jill asked. "You two are one incredible sight."

Lisa finally pulled her lips all the way off Danny's huge shaft. "Hi, Jill," she said sheepishly, wiping saliva off her lips. "I guess this looks pretty crazy to you."

"Lisa, believe me, the only thing I feel for you right now is envy.

Get back to work, girl! Suck that big thing!"

Lisa inhaled Danny's dong once more, and the wet, smacking sounds recommenced.

"I'm hurt that they started a session without me," I said.

"I'm sure Lisa will make it up to you," Jill replied. "She looks very capable. God, what a body. Long legs, huge breasts, perfect skin. And look at that face—just as beautiful as her mother. Lisa, you are so gorgeous!"

Beaming, Lisa looked at Jill and pulled her lips off Danny's thick, throbbing rod again. My brother stared at Jill's outrageous body and groaned lustily. I knew just how he felt.

"Thanks, Jill," Lisa said, "but you're the gorgeous one. You and Mom are so perfect! Look at those tits!"

"Well, honey, you might be interested to know that my breasts were about the size of yours when I was your age."

"Cool, there's still hope for me! I could be a goddess like Mom and Jill!"

"You're already a knockout," Jill said. "It was only after I gave birth to Bobby that I grew this gigantic rack."

I peered down over her shoulder as she brought her hands up and cupped them under her titanic globes. She pressed them together and her cleavage swelled up out of her catsuit. My 11-inch cock sprang to its raging full fury and I pressed it against her shapely ass.

She arched her back and leaned against me. "Oooh, Billy, feels like you're enjoying the view."

I wasn't the only one. "Jesus, look at those," Lisa marveled, still staring.

But the person most moved by Jill's figure was Danny. No sooner had she squeezed her tits together than he let out a guttural grunt and bucked his hips. Lisa moved to wrap her lips around his cock again, but before she could make it, his first thick, white column of cum erupted, spouting a good foot and a half straight up and splattering all over her nose and chin.

Jill gasped and I felt her body tense, almost as if she were quietly orgasming, too. "Oh, god, he's coming," she said. "Mmm, look at all that cream. Bobby comes in quarts, too. I love it when he pulls his cock out of my pussy and sprays it all over my big boobs."

Jesus, were she and Mom twins?

Lisa hungrily slid her lips up and down Danny's pole as he groaned and panted and lifted his ass completely off the sofa again and again.

Lisa moaned and gulped. Several lines of gooey jism ran down his cock like melted cake frosting.

"God, look at that girl swallow," Jill said.

While Jill and I watched Lisa lick his tool clean, I cupped my hands under Jill's massive tits. Through the thin material of the catsuit, I could tell they were just as firm as Mom's.

"Mmm," Jill cooed. "Your brother just shot a monster load in your sister's mouth." Seething through her teeth, she reached back to grasp my hips. She was very excited.

"Oh, Sis, that was so fuckin' good," Danny moaned, still flexing his hips instinctively.

"You sure came quick that time," Lisa said. "I was hoping you'd fuck me."

I had to see Jill's tits. I reached up and undid the two neck clasps of her catsuit, then I unzipped it down the back. I pulled it off her shoulders and the material fell down to the shelf of her tanks, where it was stretched tight. Clutching at the soft fabric again, I peeled it down off her enormous rack. Her tits shimmied against each other and finally sprang free.

"Fuuuuuck," Danny said, gaping.

They were almost as spectacular as Mom's—which is quite an admission on my part. In fact, they were almost identical to Mom's. Jill's nipples and aureoles were darker, not surprisingly, and her tits rode provocatively close together. Otherwise, she was a mammary clone of Claudia, sporting a pair of massive, firm globes whose springy jiggle and faint teardrop shape would have made even the most breast-obsessed fantasy comic book animators shake their heads in awe and disbelief.

"What do you think?" Jill asked, cupping her hands under them.

"Incredible, aren't they? Just like your mom's."

I had to get my hands on them. The rest of her catsuit could wait.

Still gaping down over her shoulder, I hastily fondled her huge cups and rolled my index fingers around her hard nipples. They quickly got harder.

"Mmmmmm, you have great hands, Billy," she said as I kissed her neck just below the ear.

Now we were the couple to watch, and we had Lisa and Danny's undivided attention. When I glanced at him, his eyes were transfixed by Jill's bare melons. His cock was already semi-erect again.

Jill was looking at him, too. "Ooh, Danny," she said, "looks like you're already on the rebound. I can't wait to watch you slide that big boy into your sister's pussy and fuck her brains out."

What delightful filth. I stuck my tongue in Jill's ear and she mewed with pleasure. Lisa jacked Danny's growing cock.

"I think I can help get him back to full mast," Jill said. "I'll be

right back," she whispered to me, then she strutted over to the sofa. From behind her, I marveled at the outer rims of her massive tits as they swayed heavily from side to side. My cock strained against my pant leg.

"Here, Danny," Jill said, "I'm going to rub my tits on your big cock." She knelt in front of him and pressed her globes together. Over her shoulders, I could see Danny's eyes widen hypnotically as he bucked his hips up and down.

I walked over to the sofa to get a closer look. Danny's shaft was already long, thick and raging as he pumped it between Jill's jiggling whoppers. Her nipples were hard, too. She grinned at him with sexual evil as she made her chest lurch up and down along his pole. Lucky bastard.

"Oh, yeah, honey, fuck them," she said. "Fuck my big tits. Oh, that big, long thing makes them feel so good. Oh, baby, do them!" She was clearly very good at tit-fucking, pinning Danny's glans between her tanks for extra friction and even getting his balls into the action with a double tit-massage on each upstroke of his throbbing dick.

"Go for it, Danny!" Lisa cheered. "Bang her tits! Jesus, they're so fucking big!"

"Yeah, honey, keep going!" Jill said, moaning. "Ooh, yeah, pump your big boy up and down between my tanks."

My cock was about to rip through my pants like broadsword, so I quickly yanked off my clothes. Getting naked in a room full of people was starting to feel perfectly natural. My big tool stuck straight out at its full eleven inches. I pointed it right at Jill's face.

"Suck it," I commanded.

She turned her head and gasped. Then she eagerly took my shaft in her mouth. I felt a hard, wet tug on my glans as her sensual lips ventured halfway down my shaft without the slightest hesitation. She gulped loudly and looked up at me.

"Mmm, yeah, suck my cock, honey. Take more of it."

She did, while she pressed her huge, thrusting tits together and Danny rubbed his cock on her nipples. Lisa reclined into the far corner of the sofa and spread her legs wide. She leered at me as she drove her right index finger into her pussy and cupped her other hand under her big left breast.

"Ungh," she moaned. "Watching you guys is getting me so hot."

"Join the party, Sis," Danny said, panting. "Come over her and let me eat your gorgeous pussy."

On her knees, she made her way across the sofa and stepped over him. She thrust her beaver into his face and he began licking her pink vulva.

Jill disgorged my meat for a second. "Oh, yeah, lick her, Danny," she said. "Put your tongue in her pussy while I suck your brother's cock." Then she got busy on me again, more loudly than ever. My jaw fell open as she stretched hers wide and went all the way down to my balls, my glans probing her throat like a fiber optic cable of flesh. The room was palpably humid with body vapor and the chorus of moans grew louder.

Suddenly, Jill took her lips off my cock and stood up. It was my first full-on look at her tits. God almighty, they were massive. They were easily the size of Mom's, and they even rode like hers: two huge, firm, roundish teardrops, wide and full under the nipples, that thrust provocatively off her chest. Like Mom, she would have appeared hopelessly top-heavy had it not been for a pair of very curvaceous hips. She looked down at my big, hard dick and then up at me. "Billy, get me naked and fuck me with that thing."

XVI

God. Grasping her catsuit, I tugged it down over her full hips. Then with a rough yank I pulled it and her black panties down onto her thighs. Like Mom's, her beaver was big and neatly trimmed. It was the same light brown as the hair on her head. I leaned down to plant a quick, horny kiss on it as I pulled her catsuit down over her long legs—Jesus, even her knees were gorgeous—and down to her ankles. She lifted her feet and I slipped her suede boots off. Then she stepped out of her suit.

I stood up and faced her. The natural line of cleavage between her tanks was unbelievable. I craned down and sucked them. Her nipples seemed a little larger in my mouth than Mom's. I felt her hand wrap around my big dong and nuzzle it against her forest. She stroked me feverishly and then pulled my mouth off her tits.

"C'mon, bang me," she said. "I'm so horny."

Just then, Lisa let out a cry of pleasure. Jill and I turned to see Danny's cock disappearing into her pussy as she settled onto his lap.

Moaning, she thrust her big tits into his face and he sucked them.

"Oh, yeah, Danny!" Lisa exclaimed. "Oh, god, I'm riding your cock! Jesus, you're stretching my pussy open!"

No kidding. Her lips were pink and taught as they ventured gingerly up and down his veiny flagpole. She didn't ease herself all the way down onto his thighs, of course, because her pussy could only take about eight inches.

"Do it, you two!" Jill said. "Fill her with that big tool, Danny!"

Panting with anticipation, she sat down on the sofa beside Lisa and bent her legs back high and wide. She reached down and held her pussy open with both hands as I took position in front of her and got ready to give her eleven inches. Her tits shimmied and bounced against each other. I couldn't wait to spray a load of cum all over them.

She looked down and wrapped one hand around my shaft to get it inside her sooner. Her pussy was beautiful. It was small for her frame and almost unnaturally youthful—not as pink as Mom's, mind you, but close.

"Oh, yeah, sweetheart," she moaned, "Hurry, honey, slide that monster into me."

"Baby, I'm going to pound your pussy through the wall."

"Do it, Billy! Do me just like Bobby does. Now! FUCK ME!"

As if the mention of his name had commanded his return, Bobby walked into the room. What a sight we must have been to him: Danny and Lisa were bouncing and moaning, their naked bodies entangled like twisted ropes and his giant cock mauling her love canal. Even crazier, there I was, about to fuck his horny bombshell mother, who sat on the sofa with her enormous breasts out for the world to see and her ankles over her head, begging me to ram my frighteningly large penis into her.

"Christ, you people didn't take long to get down to business," he said, surveying the carnage.

"Hi," Lisa said between moans, looking back over her shoulder at him.

"Why don't you join us?"

"Yeah, honey, you're just in time," Jill said. "You haven't been out there fucking Claudia, have you?"

"I couldn't find her," he said, undoing his belt. "Jesus, you guys have cocks as big as mine." Stripping off his jeans and shirt, he looked at me and then said, "Wait, Billy, don't fuck her just yet. Let me show you how she likes it."

By then he was naked and as hard as granite. He wasn't lying about the

size of his cock. It was a monster, every bit as big as mine. Damn. His balls were boulders, too. Well, at least he wouldn't be able to shoot the kind of fire hydrant loads that my brother had been spraying all over Mom and Lisa. Nobody else could do that, I quietly assured myself. Nobody.

Bobby wasn't lying about his cock, and, as I realized a few seconds later, Jill hadn't been lying about what she had been doing with him. As my siblings and I watched, agape, Bobby politely motioned me to step aside, then he got between his beautiful mother's legs and plunged his huge cock into her pussy without another word.

"Ungh! OH! OH, YEAH, BOBBY, DO ME! FUCK ME HARD AND FAST!" Holy Christ, Bobby was fucking his own mother. I couldn't believe it. It was so real, so raw, so twisted. Jill looked down past her heaving cantaloupes at his massive pole sliding in and out of her beaver at a fast, horny clip and then grinned up at her son. Not only was he fucking his own mother, but she was loving every minute of it.

"Ooh...ooh...ooh...mmm...mmm...ungh...yeah...oh... oh...oh..." she moaned with his thrusts, her tempo matched by the loud slaps of his big nuts against her ass. "Oh, yeah, Bobby, do me! Show these two studs how to please my pussy good! Just leave some for them, okay?" "Okay, mom," he grunted, reaching with both hands to squeeze her melons greedily. She liked that. Her own hands found his and kept them there.

I truly was a voyeur. Fucking my own mother was one thing. Watching some other guy fuck his mother was an entirely different experience. And given the uncanny resemblances, not only between Jill and Mom but also between Danny, Bobby and me, it was almost like I was watching myself fuck Mom. Jesus.

Somebody should make a movie of this, I thought, chewing on the idea for a few seconds.

The depraved sexual vocabulary of Bobby and Jill was reminiscent of my own family, too.

"Oh, yeah, Mom, that feels so fucking good," Bobby said as he pumped his dong in and out of her.

"Mmm, honey, I know," she said, gazing down at his pole as it disappeared into her crotch on a firm downstroke. "Your big dick always takes my pussy to heaven. Oh, fuck me, baby! OH!"

"God, your pussy is always so fucking tight."

"Give me every inch! Pump it all the way in and out. That's it. Oh, yeah, your balls are banging against my ass!"

Jesus, they had been fucking nearly every day—usually three or four times a day, I would later find out—and yet they were still this horny for each other. Now that was desire.

Seeing that I was momentarily without a partner, Lisa swung around on Danny's lap to ride him reverse-cowgirl. Moaning from the impalement she was giving herself, she motioned me over and leaned forward to slide her lips around my shaft. Fantastic.

Nevertheless, my attention was transfixed by Bobby and Jill.

"This is how she likes it," he said to me. "Fast and hard, right from the start. Give her pussy deep strokes, all the way in to your balls. Then swivel and grind your hips a little before you pull it back out." Jill whimpered with pleasure.

"You like that, don't you, honey?" Bobby asked.

"Mmm-hmm," she moaned, wincing.

"Oh, my lord, what is going on here?" It was Mom.

Still thrusting my cock into Lisa's hungry mouth, I twisted my head around to see.

Whoa. Mom was standing in the doorway dressed in a pair of camel-colored riding pants that ranged snugly over her big hips, where both hands were planted. But the pants were nothing compared to the top, a form-fitting white cotton pullover that strained at the seams around the massive rise of her twin Mount Everests. When my eyes finally reached her face, I noticed she was staring right at my ass. Then she looked to the side, probably at the sight of Bobby's huge dick splitting Jill's pussy open. She licked her lips.

Bobby's pumping momentarily stopped as he and Jill looked at Mom. Danny and Lisa, however, went right on fucking and sucking and moaning. Animals.

"Hi, Claudia," Jill said, giggling.

"Oh, my god, Jill, you really are fucking him," Mom said, strolling toward the couple. "God, what a sight. Bobby with his shaft buried to the balls in his own mother's pussy."

"I'm sorry, Claudia, we shouldn't have started so soon," Jill said.

"Oh, no, it's okay. Mmm, Bobby, pull your cock out of her for a second so I can see how big it is."

He did.

"Lord! It's just like Billy and Danny's! My god, it's huge!" She reached down and stroked it fondly. "Mmm, hard as a rock."

"Oh, that feels good," Bobby said. "It's eleven inches, Aunt Claudia."

"Yeah, it only was only ten when Bobby and I first started fucking last summer," Jill said. "It's already grown an inch."

"Jesus, Bobby, your cock is going to be a foot long by the time you graduate," Mom said. "Same goes for my big boys. Here, honey, slide it back into her." She pointed Bobby's glans into Jill's pussy and he drove it home.

"OH!" Jill moaned at the top of her lungs. Bobby started fucking her again.

"Bobby is showing me how to fuck Jill the way she likes it," I said.

"Really?" Mom asked.

Just then Lisa had an orgasm, gasping and shrieking as Danny lifted his hips and sent a final hard thrust up into her cunt. Her big tits quaked frantically.

"OH! YES, DANNY! YES! AHHHHH! OH!"

"Well, way to go, you two," Mom said. Then, continuing her conversation with me, "Well, I'm a firm believer in the value of education. So while Bobby shows you how to fuck Jill, I want you to show him how to fuck me."

"Then take off all your clothes," I said.

"Ooh, everything?" she teased, unzipping her pants. Her tone was suddenly one of mock innocence. This was not the same woman I'd been fucking all day—or so she wanted me to think. I had the feeling I was going to have to work for the pussy this time.

"Yes, everything."

"A young man your age isn't supposed to see his mother naked, you know." With a sultry swivel of her hips, she slid her riding pants down over her thighs. Her panties were lacey, white high-cut numbers. She paused, bending at the waist with her tits practically bursting out of her top, her hands holding her pants up just above the knee. She looked up at me. "Are you sure about this, Billy?"

What fun. "Yes," I said. "I want you buck naked so I can suck your tits while I slide my cock into your pussy."

"Oh, lord, Billy! No, we can't do that! It's crazy! What a terrible thing to suggest."

"Don't you want this big thing?" I asked, stroking my rod.

"Oh, god, ya," she confessed, kicking her pants off her bare feet. "I mean no, of course not. Listen, you're already seeing too much of me, so this is all you're going to get." With that, she peeled her top up over her flat stomach, her sexy navel, then over her lower chest, where her ribcage was faintly visible as she arched her back. Then, with a marked second effort, she stretched the fabric up over her monumental bust line, which lurched and heaved maddeningly as she yanked the garment over her head and tossed it aside. Her tits were harnessed by a white lace bra that matched the panties. The huge cups covered most of her equipment in an intricate floral pattern, and her cleavage was mesmerizing, a tight, dark chasm between breasts the size of party balloons.

"Goodness, Billy, looks like you like what you see." No kidding. My cock was so rigid, it was almost pointing straight up. Her pretend embarrassment was fabulous. Had she studied acting at Julliard or learned the method from Lee Strasberg or something? I didn't care. I loved it.

"Listen, honey," she said apologetically, "I just can't show you any more. I'm your mother. I shouldn't even be seeing your penis like that."

"Oh, yeah? What about them?" I gestured toward Bobby and Jill. She was whimpering and beseeching him to fuck her brains out as her globes flailed. Between their legs, his thick pole drilled up and down in her pussy and her juice was running down over her bouncing ass onto the sofa.

"Well, sweetheart, what they're doing is just crazy, absolutely crazy. Only a truly depraved mother would have sex with her own son. Goodness, the damage she's doing to him."

"I just hope he doesn't damage her pussy with that huge cock," I said.

"Oh, Billy, don't say things like that. I can't believe the language you're using. Now if you've finished ogling my figure, I'm going to put my clothes back on. It's chilly in here."

"I could warm you up, baby."

"Billy, really!" The indignation practically surged out over the floor at her feet. Eat your heart out, Meryl Streep.

"Hurry up, get naked so we can get busy," I said, stroking my rod harder than ever.

"Billy, I'm not listening to you. Obviously, something terrible has

happened to make you say such disgusting things to your own mother. You don't really want to have sex with me, do you, honey?" She sounded like Barbara Billingsley but looked like a Russ Meyer wet dream. I nodded. She put her fists on her hips and glared at my throbbing cock.

"Oh, young boys and their hormones," she said sympathetically. "Poor baby, my voluptuous body must drive you wild."

I nodded again.

"Okay, sweetheart, let's try this. Would you like to see my breasts? I'm sure you would, you stare at them all the time. I think when you see them bare, you'll get the release you need." She looked at my big dick again. "Oh, my, I shouldn't be doing this."

She reached behind her back for a second, then she very shyly and matter-of-factly pulled the bra straps off her shoulders. Her cleavage began to spill out like floodwater behind a crumbling dam.

"Are you ready, sweetheart? You just go ahead and have your orgasm. Don't be embarrassed to do it right in front of me. Here, look at these."

She pulled the cups down off her rack, which sprang out and settled with a quick, symmetrical jiggle that I could practically hear. They were so massive, yet they thrust virtually straight out. And they were very, very real.

I gulped and bore down on my cock. I wasn't anywhere close to shooting my load, and didn't want to be, but this little scenario was just too much fun.

Meanwhile, Barbara Billingsley was getting ballsy. She gently cupped her hands under her melons and pressed them together. "There, honey, look at them. Aren't they lovely? And they're so huge, I can't even see my feet. Take a good look, because we can never do this again."

I pumped my shaft.

"Come on, honey, aren't you getting close?" she asked.

"Maybe," I said.

"Oh, honey, doesn't the sight of my big, bare bust line do it for you?"

"Oh, yeah," I moaned. "Oh, yeah."

"Any other man in town would kill to see what I'm showing you," she said.

"You kidding? Any man on the planet," I said.

"Oh, honey, that's sweet of you to say. Come on, dear, have a nice, big orgasm. Just go ahead." She framed her hands around their side slopes, her thumbs up this time, and pressed them together. Jesus. My balls throbbed. I glanced down at my cock, which was pointing up at my face.

"Oh, honey, you're so excited," she said. "You've got to be getting close. Come on, look up here at them again. Look at my—here, I'll even use a naughty word just for you. Look at my, my tits, Billy. Look at my big, bare tits."

Mrs. Billingsley! I grinned at her and she smiled back, breaking through the mock tension. Fine actress that she was, she even let a tiny trace of lewdness creep into her expression, then wiped it away.

"Believe me, honey, I've heard all the names," she said, "most of them spoken in reference to my own chest. Knockers, hooters, bazooms, jugs, boobs, ta-tas, gazongas, you name it. Just yesterday a man told me what an awesome 'rack' I have. Oh, you like that word, don't you? Do you like my big rack, you naughty boy? Do you like staring at it while you masturbate?"

I gulped and nodded.

"You like it when I say naughty things, too, don't you? Come on, honey, please have your orgasm so we can stop this! We shouldn't be doing this!"

"Take off your panties and get on the rug," I said. "I'm gonna fuck you!"

"Bobby, that's absurd! You're lucky I'm even showing you my chest, you horny little thing! Now jack that big cock and come!"

"Mother, such language!"

"Oh, you like that, you pervert? You like your half-naked mother to say filthy things? Fine. Jack it, Billy!" She emphasized every word with feigned indignation. "Jack your big dick! You must be proud of that monster! Jack it until you come! Shoot your load, Billy! Squirt a big wad of cum right in front of me!"

"You really wanna see that, Mom?"

"Of course n—oh, ya, sweetheart, I can't wait to see your big balls blow a huge load of juice out of that massive tool!" She winced as if the obscene words were searing her throat on the way out. Give this woman an Oscar.

"Oh, baby, I'm getting a little closer," I groaned. "Keep squeezing

those big tits, Mom."

With the body language of sheer frustration, she did as I asked, like a jaded porn goddess going through the motions.

"Billy, please have an orgasm!" she begged. "Isn't this enough, showing you my big breasts and saying all these nasty things to you?"

"Oh, yeah, it's great," I said.

I kept right on wanking.

"Okay, Billy, fine," she pronounced, incensed. "I'm going to make your twisted little fantasy come true, and boy, are you going to feel guilty afterward. First, I need to get these off."

Huffing, she reached down and slipped off her panties and kicked them to the side like a prizefighter tossing his warm-up robe.

Her fists went to her hips again. "Okay, I'm buck naked. Now fuck me."

"Oh, yeah!" I let go of my dick and bolted over to her. I cupped my hands under her heaving tits and frantically leaned down to suck them.

"Oh, ya, Billy, suck my big tits, you pervert. Mmm, you like that, don't you? Well, you're going to like it a lot more when you slide your big dick into my pussy and have your way with me. Come on, honey, let's do it. Let's start fucking. I just hope you know how."

"Oh, Mom, I'm gonna fuck you so hard, they'll feel it in China."

"Fine, whatever," she said. "Where did you say you wanted me? On the rug?" She lay down on the bearskin in front of the hearth and spread her legs. Her tits widened on her chest but still rose off it like two round, snowy peaks high in the Alps.

She stroked her pussy perfunctorily. "Ooh, Billy, honey, I'm ready. My pussy's ready for your big dick and I want you to give me a good, hot fuck. Come on, honey, fuck me. Fuck your mother. Suck my big tits while you pound my pussy. You said you wanted to do that. You aren't chickening out, are you?"

I looked at her. The fury, the indignation were so intense, they could only be a colossal bluff. I knew right where this wonderful, silly parlor drama was leading, and I was ready to play it to the hilt.

I got down and mounted her. Immediately, her steely expression gave way to horror and I felt two firm hands push against my chest.

"Oh, wait, Billy, no," she sputtered. "I didn't think you'd actually—"

"What's matter, baby? Chickening out?"

"Billy, please, I didn't really—"

"Come on, Mom, don't you want to feel my big tool pump in and out of

your pussy?"

We both looked down. My massive cock hovered over her beaver like a jungle cat waiting to pounce.

Her eyes bulged. "Oh, my lord, Billy! It's so big!"

"I know you want it, Mom. Think how good your pussy will feel when I slide my big dick into you all the way to my balls!"

"Oh, honey, I know—I mean, no, that's crazy! Billy, please get off me! I'm serious! Billy!"

I wrapped one hand around my dick and got ready to take her home. I lowered my hips and my glans was poised to spear her slot.

We both looked down again. "No, Billy, don't!" she pleaded. "Don't fuck me! Sweetheart, please, I'm your mother. Don't slide your cock into my pussy! I know it would be fantastic for both of us, but it's wrong!"

"That makes it even better, Mom," I said. "Now get ready to get fucked." With that, I slid my tool into her.

"Oh, Jesus, Billy, your cock is huge! It's too big! Stop!" She reached down and tried to keep my hips from lowering, but it was useless. Then she exploded in a room-rattling moan and I smiled down at her. "Good, eh?"

"Oh, yes, honey! YES, OH! OH! JESUS CHRIST! OH, BILLY, STOP WHILE YOU STILL CAN! PLEASE!"

"Give it up, lady." I gave her pussy the last few inches and felt my nuts come to rest against her buns.

Panting, she looked down at the action again. "Oh, my lord, it's all the way in."

"You've never had this much cock, have you?" I asked.

Biting her lip, she shook her head.

"God, no wonder your pussy is so fucking tight." I shifted my weight and gave her a little side-to-side action. She moaned. Then she looked down again.

"Oh, Billy, now you've done it. You've slid your big dick into my pussy, you bastard. It's too late to stop now. So what are you waiting for?" She bucked her hips. "FUCK ME, YOU SON OF A BITCH! PUT YOUR COCK WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS AND GIVE ME THE BEST FUCK I'VE EVER HAD! WITH A DICK THAT BIG, IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO TOUGH!"

I started pumping it in and out of her with long, firm strokes. She moaned and sneered lewdly at me as she lifted her pelvis to meet my

thrusts. Her monstrous mountains began to lurch up and down.

"YA, THAT'S IT BILLY, DO ME WITH YOUR BIG DICK! FUCK ME! OH! OH! YA, POUND ME! HARDER! SUCK MY TITS, TOO!"

Mrs. Billingsley!

XVII

"Finally, they're fucking," Jill said. "What took you two so long?"

"I was playing hard to get," Mom said, bucking her hips to meet my rhythm.

I looked up at the sofa. Facing outward, Jill was squatting over Bobby's lap, using her muscular calves and thighs to lift herself up and down on his shaft. She was moaning and gasping for breath, her face flushed. Juice streamed out of her pussy onto Bobby's cock and his big nuts. He reached up around her and squeezed her heaving cantaloupes.

"Oh, yeah, Bobby, feel my tits. God, baby, I could bounce up and down on your big dick all night. Oh, honey, yes! YES!"

She slowed her pace and looked down at me just as I gave Mom a deep thrust and her nails dug into my lats. "Hi, Billy," Jill said. "Looks you're giving your mother a good time. Can we join you on the rug?"

"Sure," I said.

"Get that gorgeous body down here," Mom said between groans.

"Well, thanks, Claudia," Jill said.

"I meant Bobby," Mom said, giggling.

The bearskin was just big enough to accommodate two couples going at it. "Hold on to me," I whispered to Mom. She locked her arms around my shoulders and I put a hand under her lower back. Lifting her, with my cock still in her, I moved us to one side of the rug.

Jill and Bobby came over. She lay on her back in the space we had just cleared for them. "Ooh, nice and warm," she said, luxuriating and smiling at me girlishly. The twin domes on her chest were anything but girlish, however, giggling as she spread her legs and got ready to get fucked again.

Then her eyes drifted down Mom's body and mine. "Jesus, look at you two go! Fuck her, Billy!"

"Mmm, enjoying the show?" Mom asked.

"Oh, yeah, Claudia, I'm watching his big cock service your pussy. God, he's great. I can't wait for you to fuck me with that monster, Billy."

She reached across and casually squeezed my ass as it humped up and down.

"He's fantastic. Both my boys are."

Bobby mounted his mother and they kissed like a couple of infatuated teens. Then she gripped him by the waist and they both looked down.

"You ready for my boy again, honey?" he asked, guiding his rod toward her slot.

"Oh, yeah, sweetheart, watching them has made me hornier than ever. Put it back in my pussy, Bobby."

"Ya, slide it in while we watch," Mom said.

As I banged Mom at a nice, steady gait, all four of us witnessed his thick shaft disappear into her.

"OH!" Jill cried out. "Mmm! Oh, yeah, honey, fuck me! Give it to me just like he's banging Claudia. Let's do whatever they do."

Bobby instantly matched my sauntering tempo and Jill wrapped her legs around his lower back the way Mom had mine. She looked across at my cock spearing Mom's pussy and then gazed down at Bobby's shafting pistoning in and out of hers.

"Oh, yeah, Bobby, fuck me. Pump that big thing all the way in and out, just like Billy's doing. Mmm, yeah, my pussy feels so good. Oh, fuck, yeah, out to the tip, then back in to your balls." She looked over at Mom, who was stabbing her tongue into my ear and whimpering.

"God, Claudia, is this as good for you as it is for me?"

"Oh, ya, Jill." She looked over between Jill's legs. "Fuck her, Bobby! Give it to her pussy just like Billy's doing mine."

I picked up the pace and Bobby followed suit. Our two huge cocks pumped in perfect synchronization, and both women began moaning in unison. Mom raised her head to watch my beefstick slide in and out of her pussy; Jill gazed down at Bobby's. Incredible. Bobby and I looked at each other and grinned.

"That's one bombshell mother you've got there," he said.

"Thanks. Likewise," I replied. "Give her a nice, long one." I slowed down and pulled all the way out to my glans, rubbing it on Mom's clit. Across the way, Jill looked down with lust as Bobby did the same to her. More moans, louder this time.

I looked down at Mom's fantastic, heaving tanks and then over at Jill's. Jesus Christ, there was enough tit on that bearskin to nurse every baby in the Third World. That, or to bestow every woman in the

Miss America pageant with a DD bra size. Unbelievable. I craned down to give each of Mom's melons a nice, long suck. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Bobby working on Jill's.

Then I pulled my cock out of Mom's pussy and dismounted in order to roll her up on one hip—facing Bobby and Jill, of course.

"Ooh, ya, do me side-saddle, honey," Mom said as Bobby dismounted from Jill and I spooned up behind Mom. Jill rolled up on her side facing us, causing her voluptuous hip line to flare like a Sahara sand dune. Her outthrust globes were stacked one atop the other. She gazed at Mom's pussy as I slid my big cock back into it.

"Oh, yeah, Billy, do it!" Jill cheered. "Fuck her!"

"Ohhhhhh," Mom moaned, lifting her upper leg. "Mmmm, Billy."

"Good, honey?"

"Fantastic, sweetheart, fantastic."

We both looked over at the other couple. Jill lifted her leg and Bobby's enormous shaft speared her pussy, then slid in. It sounded like a spoon plunging into a fresh jar of jelly.

"Ungh!" Jill groaned deeply, looking down at her son's penis vanishing into her vagina. She cried out as his big balls came to rest against her clit.

Bobby and I started pumping. What a view the four of us had, with the women's beavers facing each other and only about a foot apart.

"Oh, god, I'm watching Bobby's dong pummel your pussy," Mom said to Jill.

"What a coincidence," Jill replied, "You should see Billy's monster pleasing yours."

Mom looked down. "Oh, ya, Billy, do me. Oh, ya, pump it in and out. Fuck me, honey!"

Jill reached across and fondled Mom's tits. Mom returned the favor.

"I can't wait to see you two go down on each other," I said.

"I bet you can't," Mom said, turning her head up to kiss me. Then I tongued her behind the ear and she cooed with delight.

"Oh! Oh! Let's move closer to them, Bobby," Jill said. He stop pumping and together they scooted toward us until Jill and Mom were jugs-to-jugs, pussy-to-pussy. Jill ground her beaver against Mom's as Bobby resumed pumping and matched my strokes.

"Ooh, ya, Jill, rub your clit against mine," Mom moaned. "Mmm, right there." She lunged her hips forward to meet Jill's thrust.

I felt something on my balls and looked down. Bobby's sack was brushing against mine as our tools serviced the sandwiched pussies.

"Jesus, look at those big dicks doing us," Jill said, gazing down.

Bobby's nuts and mine weren't the only things coming in contact. I

looked over Mom's shoulder to see her rubbing one of her nipples against Jill's. Their massive tits were bouncing against each other.

Then something really hot happened. Mom leaned toward Jill and kissed

her. Jill tilted her head and their jaws opened into each other. After

a little while, Mom opened their embrace enough to let Bobby and me

watch their entangled tongues do a little pas de deux. Whoa.

Bobby looked at me with unbridled delight. "Isn't that hot? Go for it, you dikes!"

"Dikes, eh?" Jill asked, breaking the kiss. "Well, I'm a dike who likes dick." She look down at the cocks and pussies going at it. "Oh, Billy, fuck me, too. Just slide it in and give me a few strokes. I can't wait for your big dick any longer. You don't mind, do you, Claudia? I've already sucked his cock, you know."

"You have?" Mom scolded.

"Mmm-hmm. It was before you came in. I took Billy's big dick down my throat while Danny fucked my tits."

"Then I obviously have some catching up to do with Bobby. Well, be my guest."

"Bobby, if you would permit me the honor," I said.

"Gladly," Bobby said, pulling his shaft all the way out of his mother.

I pulled mine out of Mom, reached down and grasped it. It was hot and slick with her juice as I pushed my hips forward behind Mom's ass and reached Jill's front door.

As the four of us watched, my glans parted her lips. With a grunt, I roughly shoved it in, all the way in, all the way to my balls.

"OH!" Jill cried out, reaching over and gripping me by one shoulder. I gave her slow, deep thrusts. "Oh, Billy, your mother is just as lucky as I am."

"Twice as lucky," Mom said. "I've got two cocks like at my disposal."

"Jesus, Claudia, you lucky bitch," Jill retorted. "Is my pussy as tight as your mother's, Billy?"

To my surprise, it was, even after the months of daily pounding Bobby's monster had been giving it.

"Oh, it's tight, all right," I said, trying to walk the thin line of

diplomacy. As I gave Jill faster strokes, I reached down across Mom's flat stomach and into her beaver. With my index and middle fingers, I stroked her clit. Her entire frame tensed with pleasure against mine. "Mmm, ya, Billy, finger me. Oh, sweetheart, I'm going to come in a minute."

"You're not the only one," Jill said. "Fuck me, Billy! Please my pussy with that big thing! Oh, yeah! OH, YEAH!"

"Give it to her harder!" Bobby directed. "Bang it against the back of her pussy!" I did as he said, and Jill's moans became cries. All the while, I kept massaging Mom's sweet spot.

"Ooh, ya, right there, honey," Mom panted. "Oh! Oh! Yes! Ohhhhh! Ohhhhhhh! YES! OHHHHHHH!"

It was a photo-finish. "Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" Jill grunted as I drove my rocket into her launch pad over and over. I angled it upward to give her more friction, and the wails of pleasure came tumbling out. "OH, BILLY! YES! OH, FUCK! YES! UNGH! OH! OH! OHHHH! AIEEEEEEE!"

My ears rang with the wild orgasmic bleats of two naked goddesses. It was like being inside a church bell.

Eventually they quieted down. Catching her breath, Mom planted a long, juicy kiss on my cheek. Then Jill leaned over and gave me one on the lips. She drove her tongue between my teeth and I sucked on it.

"Mmmm," she moaned quietly.

"Hey, there, you two get a room or something," Mom said, laughing.

Past Jill's face I could see Bobby making his way around to Mom.

"Don't worry about them, Claudia," he said. "Just take my cock in your mouth and suck it."

Jill and I turned to look. Mom had already done as he asked, her cheeks full of rock-head meat as she inhaled the top half of his shaft.

My mother was sucking another boy's cock. My own mother had some other kid's dick in her mouth. I felt a rush of jealous anger but quickly stifled it. Hey, I had just fucked his Mom, right? Besides, the more I watched Mom's lips glide up and down Bobby's engorged manhood, the more it turned me on.

I hopped over Mom and gave each of Jill's giant, jiggling tits a long suck. Her hands curled around my throbbing dong and jacked it.

"Ready for some more?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah," she said with a leer, getting up on her hands and knees. I

got behind her, grasped her firmly by the waist, took aim under her ass, and shoved my flagpole into her doggy-style.

"Oh, yeah, Billy!" she roared. "DO ME! GIVE ME EVERY INCH OF IT!"

I gave her every inch, all right, and fast. Her big, heart-shaped ass was just as firm as Mom's, barely shuddering as my pelvis whacked against it. Her pussy was even more snug from this angle, hot and nimble, gripping my cock.

"Oh, Jill, baby, that feels so fucking good," I said. "Your ass is so gorgeous, too."

"Mmm, thanks, honey," she replied between pants. "Later on, you can fuck it."

We both looked over at Mom and Bobby. His eyes had rolled back in his head and he was thrusting his dick in and out of her mouth. She was having to lunge back and forth just to keep him between her lips.

Jesus.

"Come on, you two, start screwing!" Jill ordered. "Do what we're doing. I want to see you slide your big beefstick into her pussy, Bobby."

Mom lined up beside Jill on all fours, only with her ass up where Jill's head was. Bobby took position behind Mom and grasped his dick.

"Mmm, hurry, Bobby, fuck me," Mom said, looking over her shoulder at him. Then she glanced across at my dong plunging in and out of Jill.

"Oh, my lord, Billy," she said softly, realizing she was about to get the same thing.

Jill reached over and guided Bobby's cock home. He bucked his hips forward violently and slammed them against Mom's ass. She screamed and he started pounding her. I matched his tempo and intensity and Jill started screaming, too.

The sight of four huge breasts flailing back and forth was amazing.

Jill's were crashing into her arms so hard, I thought she'd break a bone. Mom's were slapping loudly against her chest on each back-swing.

"Think you can handle two at once, honey?" Danny asked Jill, planting himself in her face. Without a word, her head went down and then started bobbing. Danny groaned. She was sucking his cock while I fucked her.

"Suck him, Jill! Suck my brother's dick!"

After a few minutes, Bobby commanded a position change. He lay down and Mom straddled him. I nearly shot my load as I watched her ease

down, his manly shaft disappearing inch by inch up between her lips.

"Oh, Bobby, honey! OH, BOBBY!" she moaned as she began spiking her pussy all the way up and down his cock.

Jill wanted the same treatment, but from Danny this time. He eagerly lay down and she stepped across his hips on her knees. Then she reached down and stroked his cock.

"You ready for this, Danny? You ready to fuck me?" She arched her back proudly and cupped her hands under her massive melons. "Look at these gigantic tits, honey. Look at my gorgeous body. You're not going to shoot your load as soon as your cock goes in me, are you?"

Wide-eyed, Danny shook his head.

"Okay, then."

I moved around to view the action from the front and watched her sink her beaver down onto his pole.

"Oh, god," he said.

"Mmmmmm," she cooed, looking down. Then she started fucking him. "Oh, Danny, I'm sliding my pussy up and down your big dick. Oh, yeah, all the way up and down it. Does that make it feel good!"

"Fuck, yeah!"

I stood, faced her, and stuck my cock in her mouth.

The depravity continued like this, in a variety of positions, for several minutes. Danny banged Jill doggy-style while she sucked my dick. Then he turned her over and I sucked her huge cantaloupes while watching his cock slide in and out of her. Then I went over and fucked Mom's big, heaving tits as she throttled her love canal up and down Bobby's rigid submarine.

After that, I looked over and saw that Jill, reclining back on her elbows, was sucking Danny's dick again, hungrily deep-throating his entire shaft and even licking his balls while she did it. I got between her legs, looked down at her sexy beaver, and just had to taste it. I leaned down and plunge my tongue into her.

"OH! BILLY!" she exploded. "Lick it, honey. Yeah, lick my pussy."

I did. The tip of my tongue edged slowly up and down her lips. Crying out, Jill, spread her legs wider and I began working around her clit in ever-tightening circles. She ran her hand through my hair and panted.

"Oh, Billy, that feels fantastic, but I need to get fucked again. Put your cock back in me!"

Yes, Ma'am. I mounted her and kissed her, letting her taste her own juice on my tongue. Then she looked down.

"I'm ready, Billy. Fuck me. Slide your big dick into my cunt and give it to me good."

I took my dong in one hand and put the head between her lips. While she watched, I shoved my big cock into her pussy all the way to my nuts.

I started pumping and she moaned from behind Danny's pole. I gave it to her hard and fast and her tanks started heaving. I was finally going to come. I couldn't wait to pull my dong out and blast it all over her. Bobby was a great guy and I was glad Mom was getting so much pleasure from him, but it was time to show him who the semen kings were.

Jill took Danny's cock out of her mouth for a second. "Oh, yeah, Billy, pound my pussy with that big beefstick. Ungh! Oh, god! Oh! Claudia, he's fantastic!"

"So's Bobby!" Mom replied.

Speaking of Bobby and Mom, he was on top of her again, drilling her through the floor while her legs were draped high over his shoulders. Fucking Jill, I looked over at his huge tool furiously driving in and out of Mom's pussy, stretching it taut, pummeling every square millimeter of it. Her tits were swinging in big counter-rotating circles and she was shrieking her way to another orgasm.

"Oh, Bobby, yes! Aie! Oh! Ohhhhh!" She raised her head to gaze down at his pole plunging into her. "Oh, Jesus, look at that big thing doing me. Bang me, Bobby! Do me! Harder! Ya, ya, pound me through the fucking floor! Aieee! Ohhhh! OHHHHHHH! OHHHHHHHH! I'M COMING! OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

That did it for me. My balls locked and loaded and I turned onto final approach.

"Jill, I'm about to come," I moaned.

She took Danny's stick out of her mouth and looked down at my pumping cock. "Oh, good, Billy! OH! OH! Mmmm, yeah, fuck me with it. OH, GOD. Billy, pull it out, honey. You can come inside me if you want, but I want you to pull your dick out of my pussy and squirt on me!"

"Oh, baby, I'm going to." I was just a few strokes away.

"Jesus, I'm coming, too!" Danny groaned after she sank her lips around his dick again. His hips spasmed and his face scrunched up. "Argh! Oh!

Oh, shit! Oh! ARGH! HERE IT COMES, JILL!

"Ya, shoot it in her mouth!" Mom cheered.

Danny pumped his hips and Jill gulped and swallowed, fighting for breath through her nose. She looked up at him and moaned with serene pleasure as a thick, white line of cum spilled out over her lips and dripped off her chin onto her gigantic left tit. Atta boy, bro, I thought. He was blowing a boatload of cum down her throat.

"Ungh! Yeah, swallow it, you horny bitch!"

Jesus. "OH!" I groaned, feeling the electric current race up my dick.

"OH, I'M COMING, TOO!"

No appetizer squirts this time: As soon as I raised my ass high enough to slide my huge cock all the way out of her, I gave it a stroke and my first big blast went arcing over her navel and splattered across her bulging, quaking right jug. I didn't know how she felt above having semen ejaculated on her face—despite what you've read in this story, it does disgust most women, you know—so I decided to unload on her mammoth chest.

And so I did. My balls opened the floodgates and a torrent of semen gushed out of my pipe. The long white streams came faster than I could even jack them out of my shaft, sailing onto her globes and dripping down their slopes. My aim was killer. I blasted stream after stream all over her nipples. The sticky ropes slapped down across them, coursed down her Alpine slopes, and oozed from her cavernous cleavage and onto her stomach like the Colorado River exiting the Grand Canyon in slow motion.

"Ya, Billy, empty your balls on her!" Mom yelled, watching my 11-inch cum machine do its thing.

Jill swallowed the last of Danny's big load and looked down at the cream still geysering from my cock onto her tanks.

"Oh, my god, Billy!" Her tongue was white with Danny's jism. She cupped a hand under her semen-coated right tit and I deliberately shot my last two big salvos all over her fingers and manicured nails. "Ooh, yeah, spray it on my big tanks. God, it's all over them."

"You like that, honey?" I asked as I jacked my dong and the last of my wad dripped all over her stomach and beaver. "You like watching my big dick squirt cum all over your tits?"

"Oh, yeah, honey. Oh, fuck, yeah. But next time, do it all over my face, Billy. I like that even better."

Damn!

No sooner had I drained my nuts than Bobby seethed and groaned with alarming savageness.

"Ahhh! Ohhhh! OHHHH! OH, FUCK, CLAUDIA, HERE IT COMES!" he howled.

"Pull your cock out!" looking down at his tool in her pussy. "Come on my face!" Mom said.

Holy shit. His first string was at least four feet long and flew over Mom's head. Then he lowered his aim and started soaking her face with semen. Bang, bang, bang, it covered her cheeks, splattered into her eyes, ran down from her forehead into her ears. The cum squirted out of his cock in long, thick arcs.

Mom giggled gleefully. "Oooh, ya, soak me, honey. Soak me with it."

His cock kept shooting: Line after line crashed onto Mom's chin, and she lapped at it. Then he blew a few big loads on her tongue.

"Mmmmm," she moaned. "Oh, ya, Bobby, squirt more cum on my face. Shoot it on my neck, too." She tilted her head back and he obliged her with three volcanic eruptions above the collarbone. Like Danny's and mine, his semen was bright and viscous. It dripped off my mother's chin like white syrup. He shot the rest—another good seven or eight loads—across her tits and even aimed down to blow the last gasp from his nuts right onto her pussy.

Mom rose up on her elbows and looked down at her body. "Good lord, Bobby," she said. "I'm drenched. You shoot as much as my boys."

I had to admit she was right. From her forehead to her beaver, she was covered in semen. Bobby knelt there between her legs, panting and jacking his spent dick.

Jill crawled over to Mom and straddled her. The two women surveyed each other and giggled as my cum dripped off Jill's huge jugs onto Mom's.

"Oh, god, Jill, I'm covered in your son's cum," Mom said.

"Same here," Jill said. "Let's lick it off each other's tits. Here, take some off my thirty-eight double-Fs. Your son emptied his fucking balls on them!" She leaned down and rubbed her luscious, semen-soaked tits against Mom's. My juice mixed with Bobby's and both women lapped the cocktail off each other's enormous bosoms.

"Thirty-eight double-F, eh?" Mom said.

"Yeah, isn't your bustline the same size, Claudia?" Jill said, licking Mom's cleavage.

"Sometimes, depending on the bra maker," Mom explained. "But usually my tits fit better into a thirty-eight G."

Then they kissed. The jism stretched between their tongues like creamy saliva. Holy Christ.

I had to sit back and reflect. That was my cum the two beautiful bombshells were licking off their fantastic bodies, their exquisite faces and cantaloupe-sized breasts. And I had fucked both of them. My cock began to stir again already. The night wasn't over. Not by a long shot—pun intended.

Jill was thinking the very same thing. She kissed Mom and then looked around at all of us.

"Listen, boys, our pussies could use a little rest," she announced.

"That means there's only one thing to do."

"What?" Danny asked.

"Have a blowjob contest!"

Continued in Part 4

XVIII

Mom guffawed. "Oh, Jill."

"I'm serious!" Jill said. "It will be so much fun."

"I can't compete with you two," Lisa whined.

"Worse than that," Mom said, "I think our judges would be hopelessly biased. My boys would vote for me or Lisa, while Bobby would vote for you. Isn't that right, guys?"

We mumbled and shrugged with feigned nonchalance. Secretly, each of us was thinking, A blowjob contest! Cool!

"They'll say anything to get their cocks sucked," Lisa said.

"We won't need any judges," Jill explained. "Each girl takes a guy.

We'll draw names to decide who gets paired with whom. Then we wrap our lips around those big, thick cocks and go to work. The first girl to get her tonsils painted is the winner!"

We agreed it sounded fair enough. Danny, Bobby and I had all shot our most recent wads at the same time, so the playing field was level.

"And there's obviously no danger of these marathon men blowing their nuts prematurely," Mom said, smirking lewdly at Danny and me.

Jill licked her lips and glanced around at everyone. Lisa fidgeted hornily. The whole idea was becoming very popular.

"First things first, however," Mom continued, looking at Jill's semen-splattered body and then gazing down at her own. "Some of us need a towel. Maybe a shower."

"Let's take one together, Claudia," Jill said.

"Ooooooh, ya."

Mom and I were the last to leave the room, and as the others went down the hall, she stopped and draped her arms around me in a deep, satisfied embrace.

"Billy, darling, I want you to know what a fantastic lover you are, how good you make me feel," she whispered breathily, nibbling my ear like an infatuated girlfriend. "That first fuck you gave me this morning was the best I had ever had. And each time you slide your big cock back into my pussy, it just gets better."

"Am I better than Danny?"

"Oh, sweetheart, Danny's fabulous. His penis is huge and his body is gorgeous, just like yours. But Billy, you're incredible."

"Am I better than Dad?"

She guffawed. "Oh, kiddo, don't even ask."

"Yeah?"

"Dear, your father's penis is three inches long."

"Whoa."

A conquering pride ran up my back. I took a deep breath and gave her a long, lingering kiss on the cheek. She shifted her face to mine and thrust her tongue between my lips. Lots of kissing ensued.

We finally broke. "Don't you dare tell Danny what I just told you about your being the best," she said.

"Okay."

"Seriously, Billy."

"Sure, Mom, but how do I know you won't tell be telling Danny the same thing about him?"

"And set you two against each other? No, honey, there's enough competition in this house already."

"By the way," I said, sliding my hands down onto her naked hips, "you're incredible, too. Absolutely fantastic."

She swiveled girlishly in my arms. "Ooh, sweetie, thank you. Am I better than Jill?"

"Now who's competing?"

"Well, tell me. Am I a better fuck?"

"Yes, Mom, you're better than Jill," I said, looking into her eyes point-blank. Our noses touched.

"Is my body as hot as hers? Is my pussy as tight?"

"Yes," I said emphatically. "Oh, god, yes. You suck cock better, too."

"You probably just think so because I'm your mother and you've wanted to fuck me for so long. Was I as good as you had fantasized all those years?"

"You've shattered all those fantasies."

"You're better than I ever dreamed you could be, too," she said. "And believe me, I've dreamed about it a lot."

More kissing.

"Well, now that it's settled that we're the best lays in the house," she said freshly, "I want you to myself. The first chance we get after dinner, I want us to slip away for a little while so you can give it to me with no one watching."

"No one?"

"Well, just me. You know how I love to watch. And believe me, Billy, I

love to fuck in front of other people. But I want to have one time alone with you so I can watch and feel you do everything to me, Billy. Everything. I want to watch you fuck my tits. I want to watch your cock slide in and out of my pussy and feel it filling every inch of me. I want you to do me in every position known to man. I want you to squeeze my tits while I bounce up and down on your big dick. I want to sixty-nine with you. I want you to fuck me up my ass again. I want you to watch me, too, honey. I want you to watch my lips slide up and down your thick shaft. I want you to watch my huge chest jiggle and heave while you pound me. I want you to see every inch, every curve of me while you give me pleasure. It will be a private show, just for you. I'm going to do things with you that I've never done before, things I would never do in front of anyone else. Does that sound good?"

"Holy Christ, Mom," I whispered.

"Oh, ya, I want to do everything with you. I'm so jealous of Jill, since she's had Bobby to herself all these months. They fuck every day her husband is away on business, you know, usually three or four times."

"What a horny boy," I said.

"Ya, almost as horny as you and your brother. Nothing like teenage libido. And believe me, I love getting drilled by you and your brother at the same time. But you're all I really need to satisfy me, Billy. I can't wait to feel you pounding me, loving me, adoring my pussy with your big manhood, slamming it in and out, in and out, while you suck my melons and I say filthy things to you. We'll have to fuck in front of a mirror so I can watch your hot cum splatter all over my face." By now my cock was throbbing and pressing against her navel. I slid my hands down over her voluptuous ass.

"Jesus, Mom, want me to stick my big tool back in you right now?"

"Oh, baby, I do, but it would mess you up for the contest. And look at me, I'm sweaty and covered in cum." We looked down at her inseminated cantaloupes, which were snuggled against my chest. She twisted at the waist and rubbed them back and forth across me."

"Mmmm, honey," I said, "I could shoot my load just looking at those gorgeous things."

"You like my tits, don't you, sweetheart?"

"Isn't it obvious?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"Are they big enough for you?"

"Stupid question."

"I love all the attention you give them. They feel so good when you rub your big cock on them. You and Danny and Bobby are the first men well-hung enough to give them a good fuck. Keep it coming."

"You got it, honey."

"Well, let me go rinse off so you can give them more attention later."

Everyone showered. Danny and I were desperate to join Mom and Jill in their little lez wash—or, hell, just to watch—but shooting another load would have fouled up the contest. As I quickly lathered up and rinsed off, alone, the mental image of soap suds flowing over their humongous cantaloupes and shapely asses kept my cock dangerously rigid.

I wondered which goddess would be the first to feel hot cream fountain out of a cock into her mouth. Jill and Mom were both capable of sucking the chrome off a tow-ball.

Danny's voice came slicing into my reverie.

"Hurry up in there, dickwad!"

Clean and sporting guilty grins, we reassembled in the library. Danny and I were wearing only our boxer-briefs; Bobby had redonned his jeans. The girls had put on bathrobes.

Mom wrote names on slips of paper and put them in her black beret. "I hope I get to suck you," she whispered to me when she passed by my ear.

Through process of elimination, she did. Jill drew Danny and Lisa got Bobby.

"Are you sure you want to compete with these two human Hoovers?" Bobby asked Lisa as they embraced and he slid his hands down onto her luscious ass.

"Yeah, Sis, do you want a head start?" The room erupted in laughter.

As the giggles faded, Danny, Bobby and I sat down on the long blue velvet sofa under the skylight with Danny at the left end and me at the right. The women lined up before us, each in front of her partner.

"Girls," Jill commanded, "visual stimulation, please."

With synchronized flourish, they took off their robes. Each curvaceous woman was completely naked underneath. The room exploded with gigantic tits and long legs and trim waists and wide hips and sexy Playboy-style beavers.

Jesus, those mountainous, jiggling bust lines.

Lisa's huge 36Es.

Jill's fantastic 38FFs.

Mom's whopping 38Gs.

We gasped and rubbed our growing members through our garments.

The women stepped up to us and knelt. My brother and I lifted our asses and Mom and Jill yanked our shorts off. We were both at three-quarters and growing fast. Bobby unzipped his jeans and Lisa pulled them off him. Same status there.

"Okay, ladies, are you ready to suck some big, hard cock?" Bobby announced like a title bout em-cee.

"Mmm-hmm," came the chorus, accompanied by eager nods.

"Hey, we never decided what the winner gets," Lisa said.

"She gets whatever she wants," Danny said. The three of us laughed obnoxiously.

"Ladies, go to work," Bobby said. "And may the best mouth win."

Off to the races. Three dark, sensual pairs of lips engulfed three towering dicks and the room filled with thick, choked slurping sounds.

Mom's warm, wet velvet descended onto my pole. Inch by inch, she inhaled my manhood as she looked up at me, her eyes scorching the wall behind my head.

"Oh, yeah, Mom, blow me," I said. "Suck my big cock, honey. That feels so fucking good. Do you like doing that? Do you like sliding your lips up and down my big shaft?"

"Mmm-hmm," she affirmed.

"Oh, god, you're so good at it. I'm going to shoot my load so fucking fast!"

"Not before me," Danny said. "Jesus, look at this gorgeous girl do me!

Oh, Christ, Jill, yes, do me good!"

Bobby and I looked over at them. Jill was already deep-throating his huge shaft, her lips kissing his balls. Her cheeks were flushed and hollow. She was doing him good, all right. Beside her, Lisa was sensually polishing the underside of Bobby's big helmet.

"Ungh, yeah, Lisa, right there, honey. Oh, fantastic."

Just then Mom went deep on me and sucked my eyes back into my skull.

"OH, MOM," I moaned. "OH, MOM." I looked down again at my cock disappearing into her mouth. Her eyes crinkled a smile at me as her tongue slithered up and down my big cylinder and she massaged my balls

with one hand. I felt Danny and Bobby look down at her and get even more excited. Cheaters!

Drawing a loud, sultry breath, she moved back up to the tip of my cock and started sucking me harder than I had imagined possible. She sucked the color of my cheeks. She sucked the fingerprints off my hands. My sex life passed before my eyes as I thrust my hips instinctively. In another minute or so, I was going to squirt cum down her throat. She was going to win. And she deserved it. She was giving me the best fucking blowjob of my life.

"Ungh," I moaned helplessly. "Ungh. Oh. OH. OH, GOD, MOM."

"Mmmmmmmmm," she moaned, looking up at me again. She reached up and squeezed my chest muscles.

"Oh, baby, I'm gonna do it soon," I said. "I'm gonna squirt a quart of cum in your mouth. Oh, any minute now."

"Way ahead of you," Danny groaned. At the other end of the sofa, Jill was frantically bobbing her head up and down his flagpole. He leaned his head back and gasped. "OH! OH, FUCK, JILL, YES! I'M GONNA COME!"

"Forget it, loser," I chided. I looked down at Mom. Her melons were bumping against my knees. "Oh, Mom, hurry, I want you to win, honey. Work it all the way up and down. Yeah, that's it. Slide those gorgeous lips all the way up and down my big shaft. Oh, yeah, right there. Work it right at the helmet. Oh, god. Now go deep! Go down, baby! All the way to my balls! Yes! Yes! Suck it, sweetheart. SUCK IT!"

She did exactly as I asked and I got closer—much closer.

"Argh!" I grunted. You guys are gonna lose!

"Fuck that!" Danny said. "Come on, Jill, suck me! Show these bitches who's the boss!" She desperately jacked his cock while slurping frantically at the tip.

"OH, YEAH, JILL. OH, GOD, YEAH! I'M GONNA SQUIRT IT! GET READY TO SWALLOW, BABY!"

A few seconds later, my heart sank when I heard an outburst of guttural, ejaculatory groaning and saw hips bucking uncontrollably.

But it wasn't Danny. It was Bobby. "HERE IT COMES!" he shouted. "OH, I'M COMING! OH! OH! ARRRRRRRRRGH! SWALLOW IT, LISA!"

She did. Hot semen ran down over her chin as she gulped the gusher from Bobby's big dick.

"God, look at all that cum," Jill said. "Shoot some on her face, too, honey."

Bobby pulled his cock out of my sister's mouth and stroked it. A big, gooey blast splattered across her nose and two more spewed into her left eye and ran down over her cheek.

"Jesus, Bobby," Mom said, giggling.

He shoved his gushing pipe back into Lisa's mouth and, judging by his moans and her gulps, squirted another half-dozen salvos down her throat.

Cheers erupted. "Wooooo, Lisa!" Mom yelled. She kissed Lisa on the cheek and lapped a swath of cum off her chin. "Mmmm, lucky girl." Then Mom took Bobby's still-rigid dick in her mouth and sucked it. Then Jill took a turn. Lucky bastard.

"Way to go, Sis!" Danny said.

"Great job, young lady," Jill said. "What's your secret?"

"Well," Lisa said, "I couldn't take the whole thing at once, so I just worked the top part. I guess I found the sweet spot."

"Did you ever," Bobby concurred, still catching his breath.

"Shit," Danny lamented, looking down at his cock. "I was so close."

I knew just how he felt. "Come on, Mom, finish me off," I pleaded.

"Oh, honey, I want to," she said, "but our victory girl may want your services right away."

"Yeah, princess, what do you want for your prize?" Danny asked.

"Well, I was just thinking, my pussy's still a little too sore to take any of you boys right at the moment, but there's something I'd really like to see."

"Name it," Bobby said.

"Well, I'd like to see both Mom and Jill take all three of you," she explained, glancing beside her at the two massively-endowed mothers.

"Well, of course, honey, we'll gladly do that," Mom said. "I'm sure we're going to be doing a lot more of it tonight. Weren't you watching when the boys were banging us in the study?"

"Yeah," Jill chimed in, "Bobby drilled Claudia with his big, long dick while Billy pounded my pussy through the floor and I sucked Danny dry. It was unbelievable!"

"No, you don't quite understand," Lisa said. "I want to see each of you take all three guys by yourself. All three guys at once."

The proposition surged through the room like heat lightning through a storm cloud. Mom and Jill gazed at each other with a mixture of lust and trepidation.

"Jesus, all three of those huge cocks at the same time?" Mom asked.

"It sounds fantastic, but I'll let you go first, Jill."

"Are you sure, Mom?" I asked, cupping my hands under her globes and leaning down to help myself from her nipples.

"Oh, suck them, Billy." She gripped my head in her hands to keep me there. "I'm getting so hot just thinking about being banged by those monsters. You boys can put them in me right after dinner, I promise."

"Then stand aside, cousin," Jill said, "because I'm so horny I can't stand it any longer! Come on, boys, let's fuck!"

This was going to be good. The six of us adjourned to one of the two upstairs guest bedrooms, the one just down the hall from my mine. The bed was queen size, with a beautiful redwood canopy, a green satin duvet piled high with matching shammed pillows, and a fresh, firm mattress. I couldn't wait to pound Jill's fantastic body on it.

Jill sat on the edge of the high bed, her enormous chest quaking with anticipation, as Mom and Lisa sat on the silk brocade chaise lounge in the corner to watch. The three of us stood in front of Jill.

"God, look at all those huge dicks," Jill said. "Come here, boys, let me get you all ready."

Bobby needed the most attention, having just blown his nuts into Lisa's mouth. He planted his limp dong in Jill's face and with one hand she guided the big, soft helmet into her mouth. It started to grow before either of them could even moan with pleasure.

"Oh, yeah, Mom, suck it," Bobby encouraged. "Suck my big cock for just a minute and I'll be hard as a brick."

"Mmmmmmm," was Jill's only response, since her mouth was getting fuller by the second. He was half-mast, and Jill went hands-free on him. Danny and I had taken flanking positions beside Bobby, and Jill reached out and started jacking us. We didn't need much, just to get our tanks topped off. She stroked mine fast and hard down at the root and then slid her hand all the way up to the head and worked it with short strokes.

"Oh, yeah, jack my cock, Jill," I said.

"That feels great, baby," Danny mirrored as she did the same thing to him. By then we were both at full mast and then some, our poles

sticking up above our navels like a pair of cargo davits.

I glanced across to the slurping, smacking blowjob action and saw that Bobby was ready, too. His dick was huge and roadmapped with bulging veins as his mother lovingly drew her lips all the way from his balls to his glans.

"Ungh, Mom, Jesus," he muttered.

She pulled her lips off him and an icicle of saliva dripped from his wet cock.

"I think that monster is ready for action, honey," she said to him.

"Jill, are you sure you want all three of us at once?" I asked with concern.

"Yeah, Mom, are you ready for action?" Bobby asked, stroking his dick in front of her face.

"Well, sweetheart, maybe you should slide that big boy into my pussy and make sure."

She spread her legs and Danny and I held her ankles as she maneuvered her beaver right to the edge of the bed. Jill gazed down at her pussy, and so did everyone else in the room, as Bobby found her lips, then her canal, with his helmet and pushed his huge cock into her.

"Ohhhhhhh, Bobby," she groaned contentedly, watching his pole disappear inside her, "Oh, yeah, honey. OH! OH, BOBBY!"

His cock was in her as far as it would go. His big balls were draped over her crack like a sack of plums. I think she was ready.

Bobby wasn't so sure, I guess, and began hornily sliding his dick in and out of her. Her pussy clung and stretched on each outstroke and his pole grew slick and shiny with her juice.

"Oh, Mom," he said, "Your pussy's wet and tight. God, that feels so good!"

Jill gazed down below her lurching melons. "Mmm, honey, that's fantastic. Look at all my juice on your thick shaft. I'm definitely ready, honey. Pull your cock out of me and let's all get in position."

She crawled to the center of the bed and we followed. The mattress sagged under the weight of four people.

Bobby lay on his back, his flagpole standing up like up like a lighthouse. Squatting, Jill straddled him at the waist, facing his feet. She reached under her and grasped his cock.

"Oh, yeah, baby, put it up your beautiful ass," he said.

"It's been nearly a week since you've banged me there, hasn't it?" she

asked, lowering herself slowly, her mammoth bust line jiggling.

"Yeah, it has."

"That's why I'm so horny for it, she said."

She steadily eased herself onto his cock as we watched it vanish between her cheeks.

"Ungh! OH!" Jill moaned.

"Go for it, Jill!" Lisa cheered.

Jill's ass had almost reached Bobby's hips.

"That's it, baby, all the way down," he said.

A second later she was sitting on him.

"Oh, baby, I've got your whole cock up my ass and it feels so fucking good!"

Scattered applause and whistles broke out across the room.

"Fuck him, Jill!" Mom said. "Get to work!"

Jill began sliding her ass up and down on his cock and they moaned in practiced unison. Her gigantic outthrust breasts slowly began to heave.

I couldn't wait any longer. I straddled Bobby and cupped my hands under his mother's tits.

"Oh, yeah, suck them, Billy," she said.

I started on her right one. Her nipple was already hard but grew even taller and more rigid under my tongue. She gasped and put her hands on my shoulders. Then I moved to the other huge tit.

"Fuck me, Billy," she said. "I want your big cock."

"Lean back and I'll slide it in," I commanded. Gently, she lay back over Bobby's chest and rested on her elbows. Her massive tanks widened and moved out toward the sides of her chest. Bobby's hands quickly came up from underneath and cupped her firm globes. Good man.

I mounted her and she let her legs fall open. She gazed down between her heaving tits and decreed, "Fuck me, Billy. Slide that big boy in."

I looked down and guided my throbbing dong into her pussy. It was wet, even wetter than the first time I drilled her. She was still very tight, but my shaft slid right in.

"Oh, yeah, baby, go easy with it," Jill said, watching my shaft vanish between her pussy lips. "I've never had two down there at the same time," she confessed.

"Give it to her, honey!" Mom said.

"OH, BILLY, YES!" Jill wailed as my balls settled against her ass.

"FUCK ME!"

She was still vaulting her ass up and down on her son's cock with short thrusts at a medium gait. I started pumping my big dick in and out of her pussy in the same rhythm, slamming it into her on her downstrokes.

She broke out in frantic screams. "Oh, boys, yes! YES! YES! Jesus fucking Christ, this is so good! Oh, god, fuck me, boys, FUCK ME!" Her verbal barrage ended there, though, because Danny came up beside her on his knees and shoved his raging meat into her mouth. She gulped at it mid-shaft, her head bouncing up and down, and moaned like a kidnapping victim straining against a tight gag.

"Jesus Christ, Jill," Lisa said, a note of terror in her voice. "Holy shit, she's actually doing it."

Holy shit was right. What a scene. I looked down at Jill's beaver and watched my cock plunge balls-deep into her pussy. I could feel Bobby's huge tree trunk just across the membrane.

My eyes moved upward, past her slim waist and flat tummy, past her oval navel and her lower ribs rising under her skin as her back arched. Her titanic tits were bounding up and down in a frisky double-jiggle with the shockwaves from two huge cocks cascading through them. I craned down and licked one, then the other. They banged across my face as I banged Jill's pussy.

"Fuck her, Billy!" Bobby exhorted from underneath her. "Fuck her pussy good! She loves the way you guys do her. I can tell from her moans."

"Mmmmmmmmm," Jill cooed, her lips plunging deep down my brother's monstrous shaft. Her lips were almost at his balls, which swung wildly and slapped against her chin.

"Jesus, Jill," I said, "You've got nearly three feet of cock in you."

Her eyes widened and she took her mouth off Danny. "Oh, fuck, boys, I have never, ever felt anything like this in my life. OH! OH! FUCK ME, BOYS!" She lifted her head and looked down at my cock in her pussy.

"Oh, yeah, pump it all the way in and out, Billy. You fuck my pussy so good, honey. And oh, god, I've got Bobby's big boy up my ass! Do me, baby!"

Bobby reached up and cupped his hands under her flailing mountains.

"Slide your gorgeous ass up and down it, Mom," he said. "Yeah, that's it." She swiveled her hips and gave him a good grind.

"Are you boys about ready to swap positions? Wanna stick that big

beefstick up my rear end, Billy?"

"God, yeah!"

I pulled my cock out of her pussy and she raised up off Bobby's tower.

"Lie down, Danny," she instructed my brother. He lay on his back and she straddled him. It was his turn for pussy. She reached around behind her shapely ass, wrapped her fingers around his dong, and guided it toward her pussy. She had to rise up and lean far forward to make room for his long penis. Then she slipped the helmet into her love box and sat down on him.

"Ungh," she groaned. "God, just as big as Billy's."

I noticed moans coming from the chaise lounge, and I looked over there. Mom's legs were spread and Lisa was licking her pussy.

"Hurry, Billy! Buttfuck me!" Jill ordered. I saddled up against her and she halted her gyrations on Danny so I could slide in. I found her asshole with my glans and pushed. My cock was lubed with her pussy juice and slid in easy for about the first six inches. Then it bound a little in her tight ass. I walked my knees forward for leverage and gave her another thrust. We both huffed and grunted, but I still wasn't all the way in.

"Come on, Billy, give me every inch of that big thing!"

"I'm tryin' baby," I said.

"Shove it all the way in, Billy!" Mom encouraged between moans.

Jill looked over her shoulder at me. "Just slam it home, honey. I need every fucking inch of you. Come on, bang your balls against me! When will you have the chance to buttfuck a body like mine after tonight?"

You asked for it, lady. With a primitive snarl, I rammed the last of my shaft into her and started pumping. She shrieked with pleasure and started churning up and down on my brother's dong. Then she turned her head to the left and her son shoved his cock into her mouth.

What a scene. The bed was a lurching, earthquaking plateau of guttural grunts and shameless moans—and, even better, the fleshy, visceral sounds of three huge cocks fucking every orifice in that woman's gorgeous, insanely-endowed body. I could even hear the heavy slap of her melons crashing together on her downstrokes. On her upstrokes, I watched their massive sides lurch forward as they crashed into Danny's face. He cupped his hands around them while Jill noisily sucked her own son's enormous wang.

After a few more minutes, I said, "What do you say we rotate again,

fellas? I don't know about you guys, but I'm not going to last much longer."

"Me neither," Bobby said, gazing down admiringly at his mother's lips gliding up and down on his shaft.

We dismounted. Moaning like a plastered bar slut, Jill turned around to face Danny's feet and lowered her ass down onto his cock.

"Ungh!" she grunted hornily, smiling.

Bobby got between her legs and, after a quick, greedy suck of her big tits, slid his dick into her pussy and started fucking her like a horny frat boy. More moans and visceral sounds, louder than ever now.

"Bring that big thing up here and let me suck it," Jill said to me as the two other dongs pummeled her. "And all of you boys tell me when you're about to shoot your wads. I've got plans for that."

I got beside her face and she stretched her jaw wide. I shoved my cock into her mouth. Her lips easily went down the top half of it, then I felt her hold her breath and gulp. I savagely shoved the rest of my cock down her throat. My nuts hit her chin so hard it almost hurt. I took her face in my hands and started fucking it. She whimpered helplessly. Her tongue slithered along the base of my shaft like a python.

Danny picked up his pace and started whacking Jill's ass with such force I could feel the vibrations in her lips.

"You about to come?" I asked him, and he nodded frantically.

"Oh, god, I am, too," Bobby said. "Mom, honey, your tight pussy is about to make me blow my balls!"

Jill quickly drew her lips all the way back up my shaft and off it.

"Come on my face, all of you!"

Jesus. "All of us, Mom?" Bobby asked.

"Yes!"

I stroked my cock in anticipation. I was only seconds away. Danny groaned and pulled out of her ass. She practically jumped off Bobby's cock and sat on her ass with her legs folded under her, her cheeks on her heels.

"Bring those cocks up here!" she said.

"Oh, my god, I can't believe this," Mom said. I wondered if she'd let the three of us do the same thing to her later.

Bobby scrambled in front of his mother and thrust his cock into her mouth. "I'm almost there, honey," he said as she carefully smacked on

it. "Yeah, that's it."

I got right beside him and Danny mirrored me on the other side. Jill stroked our cocks while she sucked Bobby's.

I looked at the other two guys and gauged how close they were by their expressions. I realized that not only were we all going to come on Jill's face, we were going to do it simultaneously—or very close to it.

Jill eagerly sucked and stroked, and the male groans grew louder. Knees weakened and hips began to buck. The three of us looked at each other and nodded, our faces crinkling in pleasure.

"Oh, yes, Mom, yes!" Bobby cried. "Oh, now, honey, I'm coming! HERE IT COMES!"

"We're all coming, Jill! You asked for this, you busty bitch!" I said as Bobby pulled his cock from her mouth and gave himself a few final strokes. Danny and I did the same. The grunts turned into obscene moans. Jill moaned in anticipation and gazed at the three massive penises poised like the three barrels of a battleship turret to ejaculate inhuman quantities of semen on her beautiful face.

"Oh, my lord, this is going to be good," Mom said.

"Do it, boys!" Jill yelled. "You're right, I am a horny bitch! I used my tight pussy and my gorgeous ass and my massive tits to get you off, now show me what you've got! Come on, you motherfucking bastards, empty your balls on me! Come on, goddammit, aren't my tits big enough for you?" She cupped her hands under them proudly as she waited for the onslaught. "Come on! COME!"

Like I said, lady, you asked for it.

Bobby's big cannon began blasting on his mother first. It sent several thick ropes slapping across her face so viciously she flinched. A thick, gooey dollop splattered onto her forehead and dripped off the tip of her nose.

"UNGH! UNGH! UNGH" he groaned.

"Oh, yeah, baby, do it on me," Jill said, laughing with a sexy rasp in her voice. She was hoarse from screaming. "Jesus, honey, you just shot your load twenty minutes ago!"

Even as she spoke these words, Bobby's big dick sprayed torrents of semen onto her lips and chin. Several streams flew into her mouth, and white drops flecked back out as she spoke.

As Bobby's cock continued to vomit hot jism all over his mother face,

Danny groaned and swayed as his knees nearly buckled under him.

"Arghhhh! Oh, fuck, here it comes!"

He jacked his cock fiercely and I watched it begin squirting just as violently as Bobby's. Jill turned her head slightly and gazed right at his big purging pipe. It returned the gesture by spraying massive streams of semen into her eyes. Four, five, six squirts. The warm, white honey ran down over her cheeks and dripped onto her enormous tits in long, stringy dollops.

A column of electric ants ran up my cock tube. I was coming. "Argh!" I groaned savagely as heavy lines of cum from the other two guns continued to hose Jill's face. She moaned helplessly.

I groaned even louder. "Argh! ARGH! You're about to get a lot more than you bargained for, you busty bitch! I'M FUCKING COMING, TOO!"

Jill was still staring at Danny's cock as my own huge dong started broadsiding her face with volcanic blasts. My semen gushed across her brows, across her full lips, onto her sculpted jawline. A thick white coil spewed into her right eye.

She turned toward me and opened her lips wide. I watched my semen sail far into her mouth.

It was crazy. Three enormous penises were madly ejaculating a pint of semen onto Jill's face. With all three dongs firing, the thick white strings flew through the air faster than the eye could follow. Her forehead, her cheeks, her chin were all lakes of cum. She tried to keep her eyes open but semen kept flying into them. The four of us laughed and groaned as the sperm drenched her. I had never seen anything like it. I had never dreamed anything like it.

"Oh, fuck, boys," Jill said, "OH, FUCK!"

"Jesus Christ," Mom said, her voice almost panicky. "JESUS FUCKING CHRIST, BOYS!"

I squirted cum on Jill's ears and into her luscious hair. I rudely sent even more splashing across the side of her neck. Meanwhile, Danny's cock launched another salvo on her nose and Bobby's monster heaved cum into his mother's open mouth point-blank.

"Christ, boys," Jill gasped after a hasty gulp. "I can't take any more! Spray the rest on my tits!"

We aimed our barrels down. Her tits, in fact, were already covered in cum that had fallen from her face. Torrential fusillades now crashed onto her nipples and dripped from them to her full thighs. I leaned

forward and let a long gush of semen fountain over the top slope of her huge right cantaloupe and into her valley of cleavage. The other two guys did the same from their positions. Cum ran down her slopes, over her aureoles, and dripped from her mammoth cups onto her flat stomach as she lay back.

She truly couldn't take any more. We shot the last big loads at her navel. It slowly meandered down into her beaver.

Finally, our balls were empty. The last of our loads dripped on the bedspread. All around Jill, in fact, the bed was covered in cream, too. I looked at it, then up at Jill. It was as if a semen grenade had exploded in her face. Even by my perverse standards, it was kind of gross.

Jill gazed down over her body in awe. "Oh, god, you bastards," she said softly. "Oh, lord, look what you did to me."

"You wanted us to come on you, Mom," Bobby said. "We delivered."

"Oh, I know, honey, I've never seen anything like it. It's a perfect ending to the most fantastic fuck I've ever had in my life." She craned her neck a little higher to see her beaver between her mountains. "Ooh, lord, you even squirted it on my tummy. Make sure some gets in my pussy."

"I'll put some in your fucking pussy, Mom," Bobby said, leering at her with machismo. He leaned over her and wiped his cock across her cum-saturated left tank. Like a windshield wiper, his rod picked up an edgeful of semen—semen from all three of us.

Then Bobby got between his mother's legs and slid his jism-loaded cock into his mother's pussy. She moaned exhaustedly.

"Here, baby," he said as we watched his balls meet her crotch. "It's in your pussy now. I just put cum from all us in you."

Jill looked down at Bobby's cock buried to the hilt between her outspread lips. "Oh, my god, Bobby. Oh, my god. Pump your big cock in and out just to make sure."

He did. The bed shimmied. Her massive tits quaked and sent more semen streaming down over her stomach and into her beaver.

Bobby pulled his withering cock out of his mother. Then she looked at Danny and me. Our cocks were still big and heavy.

"You boys do the same thing. Put those big penises back in me like the nympho slut I am."

We did. Danny wiped his on her other tit and then plunged his dong

into her. While he fucked her, I wiped my long dick across her face. She lapped at it. Then I got between her legs and gave it to her. We both looked down and moaned as my dripping shaft disappeared into her juicy slit. Some of the semen was wiped off at her still-tight entrance and ran down over her ass. But most went into her as I fucked her good and hard. I could feel the excess cum run down over my balls. She gasped and moaned as I banged her. She even clamped her hands around my waist and lifted her pelvis to give us the best angle for fucking. God help me, we were going at it again.

We both looked down again as I pounded her. "Oh, yeah, Billy, fuck me! Pump it in and out of my pussy. Mmmm, yeah, all the way. Oh, god. Oh, god Oh, god. OH, GOD, YES! I'M COMING AGAIN! YES! YES! YES! HARDER! YES! UNGH! YES! OH, BILLY! OH, BILLY, HONEY! FUCK ME!"

"Come, you bitch!" I yelled, pounding her.

"YES! YES ! YES! OHHHH! OHHHHHHHHH!"

I ground to a halt as her final orgasm of the session faded like the dying rumble of thunder. She gazed down at my shaft, still inside her to the hilt, and then she looked up at me in a state of sexual shock.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Billy," she said. "I never know these things were possible."

"Jesus fucking Christ is right," Mom said. She and Lisa came over and joined us on the bed. "Good lord, Jill, I've never seen that much cum in my whole life. Let's start cleaning her up, Lisa." Flanking Jill, they leaned down simultaneously and started licking the oozing sheets of semen off Jill's huge breasts.

"Mmm, yeah," Jill moaned softly. "And while you girls service my big tits, I'll suck the boys dry." One after another, she took our dicks in her mouth and noisily slurped the excess jism off the heads and shafts. As she lovingly polished my helmet, a long glob of my juice hung in a gooey string from her chin and finally dripped onto Mom's face as she sucked Jill's left globe.

"Mmm, whose cream was that?" Mom asked, looking up. "Yours, Billy? Let me suck his big cock, Jill." Mom took me in her mouth and took a hard drag on my softening tool.

"I think it's a good time for dinner," Lisa said.

XX

Obviously, Jill needed another shower first. Danny and I offered to help her wash off.

"Claudia, do you mind if I shower with your boys?" Jill asked.

"Oh, be my guest. They just want an excuse to rub soap all over your tits and ass. And after that unbelievable amount of cum they squirted on you, I think it's the least they could do."

Naked, we walked down the hall to the bathroom in the guest suite. The shower was huge, a glass-doored marble number with a stone bench and a brass rainshower head. I turned on the water and it stormed down against the porcelain tile while I adjusted the temperature knob.

Jill held her fingers into the falling water. "Mmm, perfect," she said. She stepped into the shower and led us by the hands in behind her.

I unwrapped a fresh bar of Camay and lathered up her back and ass while Danny did the same to her front. I ran my hands over the full soapy globes of her cheeks and delicately reached under them to clean her pussy lips.

"Mmm, that feels good, sweetheart," she cooed. "Just go easy, I'm a little sore down there right at the moment."

Meanwhile, Danny kneaded her enormous breasts. She stepped into the spray to rinse the soap off them and then commanded him to suck them. He did.

Jealous, I moved around to join him. As I leaned down to suck her towering left mountain, I glanced down her gorgeous, tanned, naked body. The narrow waist. The big, dark, close-cropped beaver. The broad hips and long, sculpted legs. Then my eyes came back up to the utterly mammoth, spring-loaded rack shimmying in front of my face.

God, she was beautiful. I squeezed and sucked her left tit greedily.

Her hand found my limp cock and she squeezed my balls.

"Mmm, nice and big," she said.

She lathered Danny up, then me. She bent over and licked our cocks, but it was simply too soon for us to recharge. Danny and I worked on her cantaloupes for a few more minutes.

"Mmm, massive," I said, cupping my hands under her globes. "Just like Mom's."

"Yeah, Claudia and I are really built for fucking. Aren't they fantastic? Huge and round and firm. Sometimes I don't even need a bra. And yet they're real, very real, as you know. Oh, yeah, boys keep

squeezing them. That feels so good."

"Big tits usually have to be fake to defy gravity the way yours and Mom's do," Danny said.

"I know. One day on the beach last summer, a plastic surgeon came up to me and introduced herself. She said she could tell my tits were real but couldn't understand how they could be so firm and perfectly shaped at that size. She asked if I would come to her office to be examined for some research she was doing."

"Did you go?" Danny asked.

"Yes. She took a bunch of measurements and then squeezed my rack for a while. They even did a cat scan. When I told her about Claudia being built the same way, she was very interested. I mean, it's obviously genetic, right?"

"Mm-hmm," I affirmed, sucking one tank while Danny attended to the other.

"Big tits often run in families," Jill continued, cooing and running her hand through my hair. "Just look at Janet Leigh and Jamie Lee Curtis."

"Pretty tiny compared to you and Mom," Danny said. "Even Lisa puts them to shame."

"Well, I know, sweetheart, but you know what I mean."

"And your skin is perfect, just like Mom's," I said.

"Yeah, and no veins in your tits," Danny said.

"Oh, boys, sucking my tits and talking about them is getting me really hot."

No lie there. Her nipples were sticking out like horny bullets.

"I'm not the only one, either," she said, gazing down with a smile.

Danny and I looked down at our cocks. Full mast. Eleven inches (well, just ten and a half for Danny, remember) of solid granite fury pointing up like twin Howitzers.

"Mmm, look at those monsters. Are they standing at attention in honor of my gigantic tits?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

She reached down and wrapped a hand around each. "Well, don't just stand there ogling me, boys," she said, jacking us. "The best way to honor my tits is to give them a good, hot fuck."

She sat down on the marble bench, which put her rack at the perfect height. Danny took position in front of her and poked his big, hard

dong between her melons. She pressed them together and most of his shaft disappeared. Only the top four inches or so poked out of the top of her cleavage like a thick spear. The head was above her collarbone. Jesus Christ, our cocks are big.

"Ooh, yeah, baby, fuck me," she purred as he started pumping. "Fuck me between my big tits. You boys and Bobby are the only ones with cocks big and long enough to give them a good fuck. I bet you haven't even fucked your mother's tits in the shower yet, have you?"

Not quite yet.

Just then, Mom's Swedish lilt came sweeping over the frosted glass shower door. "Hey, what's taking you kids so long? We need to get those shish kabobs on the grill."

"Oh, Claudia, I've got plenty of shish kabob right here fucking my big rack," Jill said.

The door swung open. There stood Mom in a gorgeous maroon lace demi-bra and matching panties. Her massive, bulging breasts were nestled together over the bra cups and her hair was tied back.

"Wow, Mom," I said.

"Nice lingerie, Claudia," Jill said. "Your boys are just giving my tits a quick fuck."

"Mmm, so I see," Mom said, looking at Danny and Jill. "Mmm, look at that big dick fuck those gorgeous melons." Then her gaze shifted to my throbbing tool.

"Oh, Billy, your big dick is ready for more," she said, her hands sweeping hornily over her wide hips. She gave me a long, sultry air kiss that was definitely not meant for anyone else to see. I smiled back at her.

"Well, looks like you folks could use another pair of breasts," she said, eagerly sliding her panties down over her full thighs. As she bent over to take them off, her mind-boggling bust line swelled out of her bra like two water balloons being overfilled at a garden spigot. She raised back up and reached behind her for a second, then pulled the bra from her shoulders. Her awesome globes sprang out with a youthful jiggle.

Stepping up naked into the doorsill of the shower, she paused and reached behind her head to undo her hairband. Her back arched and her titanic rack surged forward and upward, the huge melons lurching against each other. Jesus Christ.

"Like what you see?" she asked casually, smiling and still fiddling with her hair.

"Oh, yeah," I said, walking up to her and cupping my hands under her gargantuan globes.

"So do I. Just look at that big cock. Lord, Billy, it reaches halfway up your chest."

"The better to bang your beautiful tits with," I said. "Get in here, gorgeous."

She stepped under the rainshower head and the water shimmered over her awesome curves. It flowed over her gigantic tanks in slick sheets then sluiced down her narrow waist and into her blonde beaver.

I joined her under the water and we kissed passionately. She draped her arms over my shoulders and I slid my hands down onto her full, shapely rear end. On the top and bottom, our massive sex organs pressed against each other's bodies.

"Mmm, you're such a good kisser," she said after we finally came up for air. "You're just as good with that sexy tongue as you are with your big dick."

We looked down. Between her twin peaks, I could see my rod poking her navel.

"God, I'm horny," I said. "Look at my cock."

"I know, honey. Let's get down to business. Those two have a head start and we have to catch up."

"I'll have Danny's balls rumbling any minute now," Jill said, watching his monster piston up and down between her globes and then leering up at him.

"Bull," Mom said. "Lisa may have won the blowjob contest, but no tits in the world can make a cock shoot off faster than my massive rack."

"Okay, Claudia, you're on," Jill said, accepting the challenge. "May the best bust line win. Now come on, Danny, fuck me and come!"

She scooted over on the bench to make plenty of room for Mom and me. Mom sat down and I immediately thrust my shaft between her tanks and starting pumping it up and down in her natural cleavage. She pressed her huge tits together and I really started ramming my sledgehammer into her bodacious bosom.

"Mmm, ya, Billy, fuck me, sweetheart. Fuck my tits with that big thing. God, look at it pumping up and down between them! Oh, ya, harder, honey."

"You like that, girl?" I asked. "You like feeling my big, long dick between your tits?"

"I love it, honey. I love feeling your hard cock on my nipples. I love how your thick shaft fills my cleavage."

My dick was throbbing so hard, I thought it would break in half. "Oh, god, that feels so good, Mom! Jesus Christ, your tits are so fucking big!"

"Come on them, Billy! Shoot another big load all over me! I know how much you like to squirt cum on my face, so do it!"

"I'm going to." I pumped my dong up and down ferociously.

"Mmm, you're good at this, honey. I bet you've fucked a lot of tits, haven't you?"

"Oh, yeah."

"Have you fucked any as big as mine?"

"God, you ask such stupid questions. Have you ever wrapped your lips around a cock as huge as mine?"

"No, baby."

"See?"

"So what was biggest pair you'd ever rubbed your cock on up to now?" I thought about it as I pumped. "Angie."

"That redheaded cheerleader?"

"Yeah."

"She does have a nice rack. How big is she? A D cup?"

"Her bra said double D," I said.

"Mmm, nice. Did she suck your cock?"

"Yeah, what little she could take in her mouth."

"Did you lick her pussy?"

"Yep."

"Goodness, you two really got to know each other, didn't you? Where did you come?"

"In a condom."

"Oh, god, you fucked her, too."

"Yep. On the first date."

"Oh, Billy, you should have waited."

"She begged me to fuck her. She hadn't had a big dick in her pussy."

"Was she good, honey?"

"Nothing like you, Mom." I kept pumping.

"Come on, son, I know you've fantasized about doing this to me for

years. Fucking my big tits is better than you ever dreamed, isn't it?"

The heat was on. "Hurry, Danny, shoot your wad on me!" Jill urged. "My tits are just as big as your Mom's. That's it, baby, fuck them good. Are you close, honey? I want you to shoot a quart of cum right on my face!"

"Any minute now, Jill. God, your big tits make my cock feel so good!"

"Fuck them, honey, fuck them! Come on, honey, you've got forty-six inches of tit wrapped around your big dick. Just seeing me in a tank top is enough to make most men blow their loads."

"Well, Billy happens to be fucking forty-eight-inch tits," Mom bragged. "I think he could last all day if he wanted to. And for your information, men who look at me start squirting cum before I even strip down to my bikini. They can only dream about spraying hot cum all over my beautiful face and big tits the way Billy's going to do any minute now."

In a day of outlaw sexual madness, it was just another unbelievable episode. There Danny and I were in the shower with our gorgeous, insanely endowed, buck naked mother and cousin, rubbing our King Kong-sized penises on their enormous breasts while they moaned and urged us on. Their tits quaked and mushroomed between their palms while our baseball bats pounded up and down and their voluptuous hourglass figures glimmered like wet silk as they sat poised on the bench. I looked down at the seductive flare of Mom's smooth, wide hips but I couldn't see her beaver.

"God, Mom I can't wait to get my cock in your pussy again," I said.

"I know, baby, I want you to fuck me right after dinner. And I mean right after." She threw back her head and laughed, then looked over at Jill, who was snarling up at Danny. I could see her beaver, big and neat and dark below her trim waist. I couldn't wait to get my cock back in her, either.

"Oh, cousin, this is so fucking good! My own son is rubbing his huge cock on my tits!" Mom said.

"I know, girl, your other boy is doing mine!"

Mom looked at Danny's thrusting dick and then up at him. "Oooh, ya, fuck her, Danny! Fuck Jill's big tits, honey! Just don't come before Billy does!"

"Jesus, Mom, the money you two could make as strippers," I said.

"Ya, or porn stars," she rejoined.

"Mmm, there's an idea," Jill said.

"Come on, squirt it, Billy!" Mom said. "Show them whose tits are the best."

I was just about to do that. I felt my knees weaken and I rubbed my glans firmly against her sternum. Then I rubbed it on each nipple. I turned the corner.

"Oh, Mom, I'm about to come. Oh, god. Oh. Oh. OHHH. UNGH. ARGH, FUCK, CLAUDIA, HERE IT FUCKING COMES!"

"YA, COME ON ME!" she yelled triumphantly.

"Damn, Billy's coming," Jill said. "Come on, Danny, hurry! She frantically rubbed her melons against his pole.

Too late. My hips bucked uncontrollably and my balls fired. Semen began fountaining out of my cock. The first two big strings sailed over Mom's head like shots across a ship's bow. I brought my cock up to her face and sprayed five or six huge streams into her eyes at point-blank range.

"Ooooh, ya, squirt it right on my face," she moaned.

The bright cream ran down her sculpted cheeks and dripped from her jaw onto her gigantic tits.

"Oh, ya, Billy, shoot more!" she said, laughing. I took a step back and let another eight or ten big blasts spew all over her neck and tits. She giggled as she watched my juice sail through the air and splatter on her.

"Ungh, Claudia," I groaned as my cock spat the last of my juice on her décolletage and I shoved it into her mouth. I had never called Mom by her first name before this. It seemed kind of natural now. After all, we were naked together in the shower and I had just ejaculated all over her face, neck and breasts.

"Oh, ya, honey, I knew you could do it," she said as I stepped back and she stood up. She gazed down to admire the load I had delivered on her. A long, thick line made its way down her left mountain slope and dripped off her erect nipple.

"God, Billy, don't your balls ever run dry?"

"Not today, I guess," I said.

She stepped into the water and the downpour quickly swept my fluid off her body. "Mmm, that was great, Billy. Your big, long dick makes my tits feel so good. I can't wait to feel you in my pussy again."

"You got it, Mom."

"And I like it when you call me Claudia. It's sexy."

We looked over at the other two. Danny was drilling Jill's huge chest like an atom bomb was about to drop on us. He was very close.

"Hurry up, you two," Mom said. "I'm starved." She opened the door and stepped over the sill. I reached out for a towel and dried her off.

Then I gave each enormous tit a kiss just before she strapped them back into the maroon bra. Grinning at me, she pulled her panties up over her beaver. Then she left.

Behind me, Danny was finally heading for home. He gave a guttural grunt and I turned to see semen spewing onto Jill's chin.

"Oh, yeah, Danny," she said, wrapping one hand around his shaft and leaning down to take the rest of his load in her mouth. His dick squirted two huge streams on her face before she could get her lips around it. She sucked and swallowed as Danny kept moaning. Semen ran down her chin.

Finally Danny's ass stopped flexing and Jill took her lips off him and licked them. "Mmm, great cum," she said.

"Thanks, honey. That was fantastic," Danny said.

"It was even better for me," Jill said, standing to rinse her chin in the spray. "And by the way, I think that little contest wasn't fair because Billy was fucking his own mother's tits. That turned you on even more, didn't it, Billy?"

"Of course."

"See? Bobby would have shot his load just as fast on my tits."

I turned off the water and we toweled Jill's beautiful figure dry. Needless to say, we spent a lot of time on her tits and ass and crotch.

Then we heard something.

The hiss and drumming of the spray had been replaced by another sound, distant and desperate:

"OH, YA, BOBBY. YA, HONEY, DO ME. HARDER! COME ON, SWEETHEART, GIVE IT TO ME LIKE YOU GAVE IT TO YOUR MOTHER! UNGH! OH! OH! OH!"

"LIKE THAT, BABY? IS MY BIG COCK ABOUT TO MAKE YOU COME?"

"Oh, god, sounds like my son is fucking your mother again."

Danny and I toweled Jill off, gave her mammoth tits quick kisses and hastily dried ourselves. Still naked, we crept down the hall toward the cries of pleasure. They were coming from the master bedroom. We reached the doorway and looked inside the room.

Whoa. He was fucking her, alright. He was pounding her doggy-style so hard that the heavy four-post bed was bumping and creaking like an old porch swing. Her face and shoulders were glued to the mattress, her gigantic breasts flattened like pancakes.

"OH, YA, BOBBY! BANG ME WITH YOUR BIG COCK!"

She screamed almost continuously as her shapely ass and full thighs bore Bobby's onslaught. Clutching at her waist, he was slamming his cock in and out of her so fast that the slap of his pelvis against her cheeks sounded like a metronome set at presto.

"Fuck me, honey!" Mom seethed. There was an air of crazed desperation in both of them. "That tit fuck made me so horny!"

"Hey, guys, I just had to have your mother again," he said, acknowledging us and fighting for breath between words. Sweat poured down his temples.

"Go for it, Bobby!" Danny said.

"Oh, yes, Bobby, yes! FUCK ME! HARDER! OH! OH! OH! OH!"

"Jesus, Claudia, your pussy is so tight! Almost as tight as yours, Mom!"

"Give it to her, honey! What a sight!" Jill said. "Now you know how good he really is, Claudia!"

Mom was too busy yelling to answer.

"Looks like Claudia's boys are enjoying the show, too," Jill continued, glancing down. I followed her gaze. I was at half-mast. So was Danny.

By that point, Mom was shrieking so loud the windows were vibrating.

"OHHHHHHHH! YA, BOBBY! OHHHHHH! AIEEEEEEE!"

"Yeah, that's it! Come, you bitch! Come with my big cock in you! Argh! OH! OH, SHIT, YES! ARGH! I'M SHOOTING!"

With a simian roar, he hauled back on her waist, pulling her torso up and into him in a sort of kneeling spoon position. She rose up off her arms and her huge tits bounced against each other. Bobby reached around her and cupped his hands under them.

Then he howled and looked down at her ass. He had ceased thrusting and his big dick was buried to the hilt in her canal.

"Ya, baby, squirt it in me! Fill my pussy with cum!"

Ask and she shall receive. I watched Bobby's ass clench and unclench and his balls churn up and down. He was pumping a massive load of semen into my mother's vagina.

She got back down on all fours and looked down between her legs. As he gave her a few twitching after-pumps, gooey cum dripped out of her pussy and puddled on the bed beneath them like the oil drip under a car engine. "Oh, Jesus, Bobby, you shot so much cum in my pussy, look at it running back out."

Then she looked over at Danny, Jill and me. "You folks enjoy the show?" Like Jill during the gang-bang, she was hoarse from screaming.

"We sure did," Danny said, stroking his stiff dong. "Move aside, Bobby. Let me show you how it's done."

He jumped on the bed and pushed Bobby off Mom's ass.

"Oh, Danny, sweetheart, I can't take any more right now—" Mom began to protest.

Too late. He took his steel pipe in one hand and drove it home.

"UNGH! OH, DANNY! OH, MY FUCKING GOD, HONEY!"

"You thought Bobby was good?" Danny asked. "Well, how about this?"

He grabbed her hips and started wailing on her. He banged her so ferociously I could feel his thrusts in the floor under my feet.

"AIIEEEEEEEE, DANNY! OHHHHHHHHH!"

"Jesus," Jill said.

He only lasted a minute or two, jackhammering her ass, his cock mauling her pussy in short, frantic thrusts.

"OH, DANNY, OHHH! OHHH! YES! YES! FUCK ME! YES! HARDER! HARDER! OHHHH!"

"God, she's incredible," Jill said, reaching over to stroke my cock.

"Oooh, Billy, your dick's getting big and hard."

I looked down. She was right about that. Her lovely fingers jacked up and down my shaft and I reveled in the friction.

"Oh, yeah, jack me, honey. Jack my big cock."

"It's such a monster, Billy. Are you going to stick it in your mother's pussy and fuck her after Danny gets his big rocks off?"

"Yep."

"Well, let me make sure you're ready." She knelt in front of me and wrapped her lips around my glans. Then she inhaled my entire stick. Jesus.

She didn't have much time because Danny was about to shoot his load.

"Argh!" he grunted. "Oh, yeah! FUCK, YEAH, MOM, I'M COMING!"

"Squirt it in me, you son of a bitch!" Mom said, snarling over her shoulder at him.

"ARGH! OHHH! FUCK, ARGHHHH!" His thrusts gave way to convulsive shudders and his ass clenched. Mom's pussy was getting another deluge. More semen dripped out of her and onto the bed, widening the puddle. Cum also ran back down over Danny's nuts and dripped from them. Mom looked back between her legs. "Oh, Jesus." Then she looked over at me. Jill stood up and stepped aside so Mom could see my rock-hard dick.

"Fuck me, Billy," Mom said, already exhausted. "Get up here and finish me off."

Danny pulled out and hopped off the bed. I took position behind her gorgeous ass.

"Fuck me, Billy! Slide that big thing in!"

Yes, Ma'am. I found my aim and drove my balls right to her clit. Her pussy was stretched and tired but still snug around my manhood.

I started fucking her at a firm cantor and she starting moaning.

Gripping her waist, I drove my cock deep inside her on every stroke.

"OH, YA, BILLY, DO ME! GIVE IT TO ME! I'M JUST AS BIG A SLUT AS JILL, HONEY! OHHH! FUCK ME! OHH, YES! YES"

Thanks to the contagious state of sexual frenzy that Mom was circulating—and also because of Jill's awesome blowjob—I realized I wasn't going to last any longer than Danny. I was pounding her pussy and ass like a boxer drilling a speed bag. Her yelps and screams fused into one long siren wail of ecstasy. My ears hurt.

Fighting for breath, I fucked her ever faster and harder. I glanced over at Jill, Danny and Bobby. Their mouths were agape.

"OHHHHHHHHHHH, BILLY, OHHHHHHHHHH!"

"Is that how you want it, baby?" I asked. "Is your pussy finally going to be satisfied for a little while?"

"OHHHHHH, YES, HONEY, OHHHHHHHH!"

"Who's the best, Mom?" I posed. "Who gives you the best fuck?"

"OHHHHHH, HONEY!"

"WHO'S THE BEST, YOU BUSTY NYMPHO BITCH? I DARE YOU TO SAY IT!"

"OHHHH! YOU ARE, BILLY! YOU ARE! OHHHHH! I'M—OHHHH!—COMING! OH! OH! OH! OH! AIEEEEEEEEE!"

Me, too. With a grizzly growl, I shoved her down onto her stomach and drove my cock so far into her pussy, I could practically feel it between her tits. I felt my balls jangle and my ass quiver as my first hot stream surged into her.

"Oh, ya, blast it in my pussy!" Mom said, wiggling her ass against my pelvis. "Empty those big balls again, honey!"

Salvo after salvo gushed into as I moaned shamelessly. "Argh! Argh! Argh!" I grunted, announcing each blast.

"Jesus, Billy, you're still squirting!" Mom said, looking over her shoulder at me. "Give me every drop of that huge load!"

"Oh, no way could he still be shooting," Danny scoffed.

"The hell I'm not," I said between groans. I pulled my cock out of Mom and blew three massive lines of bright jism on her firm, wide ass.

"God, Billy!" Jill said.

"Oh, ya, sweetheart, spray it on my ass," Mom said.

I gave her sexy rear end two more thick cords and then slid my fountaining cock back into her. After a few more seconds, it was all over.

We had gang-fucked Mom. One after another, all in her pussy, all in the same position. And she loved every second of it. God, what a woman.

Our spectators broke out in enthusiastic applause. I leaned down to kiss Mom on the cheek and then pulled my dick out of her. We both got off the bed and stood up. I raised Mom's arm in victory. She took a bow and her titantic tits whumped against each other. Her ass was splattered with my semen and her back was slick with the sweat of all three of her lovers.

Jill kissed Mom on the lips and she embraced her. "Claudia, that was in-fucking-credible," she said.

They broke and Mom looked around at all of us. She planted her hands on her hips. "Now can we please eat?"

XXI

Danny and I barbecued the shish kabobs while Mom and Jill made the salad. Lisa and Bobby were supposed to whip up a coconut cake batter (between the three women, we already had all the pie we could eat) but spent most of the time flirting. She was strangely coy with him, considered he had just fucked her brains out.

Danny opened the grill cover to turn the bobs and we fanned away the smoke.

"Your balls ache?" I asked him.

"Oh, yeah. Yours?"

"Yep."

The dinner conversation was perfectly normal. Bobby, Danny and I discussed our favorite scenes from Diehard, which had come out that summer. The women chatted about nail polish removers and Jill's visit to a resort on St. Bart's.

"I had the best massage of my life there," she said, and the attention of the table drifted to her. "That guy had such great hands, I almost turned over and let him rub my tits." She smiled at us. "Almost."

"Well, cousin," Mom said, "I get all the massaging I need right here at home. My two boys have better hands than Mr. St. Bart's, believe me." She glanced at Danny and me and air-kissed us. "And tonight I'm going to turn over and let them rub my tits."

"Mmm, I'll have to try that," Jill said.

"Mom's right," Lisa said. "They do have amazing hands."

"And while they're working on you, Jill," Mom continued, "I'll show Bobby how to squeeze a woman right."

The whole table oooohed.

Later, my brother and I argued with Bobby over who was hotter—Samantha Fox or Kim Basinger. (Remember, this was 1988.) The girls listened with curiosity.

"What does it matter?" Jill asked. "We're hotter than both of them."

"No argument there," I said. "But they're, you know, famous."

"And we've never seen them naked," Danny added.

"That makes them more interesting?" Mom asked.

"Hell, yeah," I said. "Guys go crazy over gorgeous girls they can't have. They undress them in their minds."

"Yeah, that's why guys love stripteases," Bobby said.

The women looked at each other cagily.

"But it's too late, we've already seen you girls naked," Danny said.

"True," Mom said.

After dinner, Bobby, Danny and I took a football to the back yard.

There was still plenty of twilight, and Danny and I wanted to see his moves. And indeed, he was as good in the backfield as he was on top of his mother. He dogged me like a one o'clock shadow as I tried to break open a sideline pattern and Danny waited to throw me a bomb. Danny finally fired. After a dramatic mid-air scuffle, Bobby came down with it.

I laughed. After all, I was a corner, too, not a wide-out. I wasn't

expected to catch it.

We ran some more cover drills. With the positions reversed, I stuck to Bobby just as tight as he had to me. I even slapped one out of his hands just as Danny connected with him on a post.

"Jesus, you guys are good," Bobby pronounced. "You're gonna keep us on the ground."

"Likewise," Danny said.

"So, you guys like fucking my mom?" Bobby asked nonchalantly.

"Oh, yeah," I said. "Her body is so incredible. You like fucking ours?"

"You kidding? You see that first wad I shot on her? What a goddess. I've always wanted to do it with a Swedish chick."

"Were you nervous the first time you fucked your Mom, Bobby?"

"Hell, yeah. I couldn't believe it was finally happening and I was afraid I wouldn't do her good enough. But then I slid my cock into her and she started screaming. She was pleased. Very pleased. I bet it was the same for you guys the first time with Claudia this morning."

"Yeah, exactly," I said.

"Shit, talking about them is getting me horny," Danny said. "Let's go inside and get some more action."

We went in through the stucco archway beside the kitchen. No one was around. We moseyed into the living room. Nobody.

"Oh, ladies?" Bobby called. No answer.

"Think they went somewhere?" Danny pondered.

"Geez, was it something we said?" Bobby said.

The doorbell rang. I felt a momentary panic but then realized there was no reason for it. After all, I didn't have the word "motherfucker" tattooed on my forehead or anything. The only person I didn't want to see just then was Dad—and he was in Houston. Plus, he usually didn't ring his own doorbell.

I went to the heavy oak front door and opened it.

Holy shit. There stood Mom and Jill and Lisa. And they looked, um, very different.

Lisa had spray-painted a little red dress on herself, her wide hips and big tits practically bursting the seams. God, she had gorgeous legs—silky, perfectly tapered, her knees smooth and her calves strong yet not sinewy. Her stilettos matched her dress and her hair was tied in a mildly slutty up-do with wispy sideburns hanging by her cheeks.

Beside her, Jill had squeezed her hips into a black leather miniskirt and her massive rack into a hot pink camisole that would have been a size too small even on a normally-endowed woman. Her nipples jutted through the taut fabric like little cherries. The top was stretched low across her titanic bust line, revealing a valley of cleavage between her balloons. Her long, beautifully tanned legs led down into sexy black pumps.

"Hi, honey," Lisa said to me, cracking her gum sassily. "We're the exotic dancers you ordered."

"The what?"

"Exotic dancers," Jill echoed, slitting her eyes at me. "Somebody at this address called the agency and asked for the three hottest dancers they had. That's us."

"Exotic dancers? Strippers?" I asked.

"Ya, schtrippers," Mom said in an cartoonish Swedish accent. "Veer going to dance for you. And veer going to take off all our clothes."

XXII

Whoa. A pair of black stretch pants clung to my mother's voluptuous hips and thighs. Her pearl silk blouse was untucked and, at the top, unbuttoned far enough down to show a maddening plume of cleavage between her watermelons, which bulged through the silk at the sides and caused the blouse front to hang a good six inches in front of her.

"I'm Tyler," Lisa said coolly. Then she pointed to Jill. "That's Montana."

"Hi," I stammered in befuddled unison with Bobby and Danny.

"Hi, boys," Jill—I mean Montana—purred. She sized us up. "Mmm, cute."

"And the Swedish bombshell is Inga," Lisa—Tyler—continued. Got that?

In addition to their sultry attire, all three were made up in a new, lascivious way, with dark, artful eyework and exaggerated cheekbones.

Jill's lips were pink, to match her camisole; Lisa's were fire engine red. Mom's were something between magenta and licorice.

"You gonna invite us in before Christmas, kid?" Jill said.

I swung the door open and they sashayed inside, hips swinging and heels tocking. Bobby, Danny and I followed them like horny mutts.

"Nice digs," Lisa said, eyeing the 400-year-old cast iron chandelier hanging over the foyer.

"Ya, byootiful," Mom concurred. "Your parents aren't here, are dey,

honey?"

"No, they're, uh, out of town," I said.

"Good," Jill said. "I don't think they'd approve of what you're going to be doing."

"You bucks have names?" Lisa asked. "The agency just gave us the address."

Bobby, Danny and I introduced ourselves.

"Well, you're cuter and younger than our usual clients," Jill said.

"Listen, the clock's running. Where do you want to do this?"

Holy shit. My mother, sister and cousin were really going to strip for us.

"Oooh, vat a beautiful liffig rhoom," Mom said. "How about in dere?"

She was right. At the center of the sunken room was a huge sandstone floor. It would be the perfect stage. There was furniture, of course—a coffee table, a few Broyer chairs and a yellow leather sofa. We boys trotted ahead of the women and cleared the floor in ten seconds.

"I hope you have some good music," Jill said, her enormous breasts jiggling under the snug camisole as she walked over to the stereo and perused the CD rack. "This will do." She put a disc in the player and I glanced at the jewel box in her hand: It was the most recent Bon Jovi album.

"It's a little bright in here, boys," Lisa said.

"Bright?" Danny asked.

"Yeah, bright. You've never been to a strip club, have you?" She found the dimmer switch and brought the room, lit by accent floods, down a couple of stops.

While Bobby and Danny grabbed three armless chairs from a table in the side parlor, "Inga" planted herself in my face. I peered down through the opening in her blouse to the pillowy swell of her cleavage.

"Oooh, ya, you like?" she asked. "Haf you ever seen a naked woman, Billy? Up close, I mean."

"Yeah."

"Hmm, well, haf you ever seen one built like me?" She cupped her hands under her caged monsters and her huge tits practically exploded out of her blouse. Jesus. My cock was turning to steel.

"No," I said. "Not even in a magazine."

"Okay, boys, I think we're ready," Jill said in a sultry, matter-of-fact way, gesturing for Bobby, Danny and me to take our

seats in the chairs, which were arranged around the floor in a large triangle. "I just hope you're ready."

Lisa went to the stereo and hit play button on the CD.

"By the way," Jill added, "We're exotic dancers, not hookers. Keep your dicks in your pants and your hands off our tits. We'll decide what touches what."

"Trust us, you'll like it," Lisa chimed in.

"Yaaaaa," Mom said with wicked smirk.

The Klipshorn speakers in the corners exploded to life with a guitar cadence and I recognized the track: "Bad Medicine." (Do yourself a favor and listen to it, plus the song I mention later, as you read this.)

The music was thundering. The guitar wailed again and all three women struck a pose with it. Mom planted herself in front of me, her hands on her hips and her gigantic tits bouncing like basketballs under her blouse. Lisa faced Danny. Jill took Bobby.

Jesus Christ, this was going to be good.

The music started pumping and the women stepped off. With slow, sensual precision, Claudia rolled her broad hips from side to side and cupped her hands under her tanks. In my peripheral vision, Lisa was sticking her ass in Danny's face and Jill was showing Bobby her unbelievable profile.

It was true that I had never been to a strip club, but I had seen plenty of them in movies. I knew how strippers danced, and the three women were doing it better than anyone I had ever seen. Had they practiced together? Had Mom or Jill actually done some stripping? Who cared? It was simply another hidden talent floating to the surface in a lake of taboos as deep as Mom's cleavage and as black as her pants.

Those pants were still on her, but she was working on the blouse. Standing and whipping her head around a couple of times, she straddled me and leaned down. Her massive tits bulged in my face. My cock throbbed.

"You vant to see dese?" Mom asked.

"Oh, yeah."

She undid a button on a musical downbeat, baring two more inches of cleavage.

She undid another button. More cleavage.

Another button. Still more cleavage.

Another button. Jesus Christ. Her tanks were harnessed in a black satin bra. They quaked hypnotically as she slipped her blouse off her shoulders. Nearby, Lisa had pulled her dress up over her hips to show Danny her red thong and Jill was slowly lifting her camisole. Bobby was about to get a facefull of a pair of tits larger than most national monuments.

But I had it even better. As Jon Bon Jovi screamed into his first chorus, Mom thrust her mountains into my face. My nose sank deep into her cleavage and I smelled her Calvin Klein Obsession. I licked her flawless skin and brought my hands up to her hips.

"Vat part of me do you vant to see naked first?" she mewed into my ear over the music, which was throbbing almost as hard as my cock. "My ass?" She whirled and put her wide, luscious rear end in my face. "Or my pussy?" She turned back around and showed me her crotch point-blank, the hidden target of paradise framed by her curvaceous, black-clad hips. She hooked her thumbs into her stretch pants and stood poised to yank them down and show me heaven.

Then she stopped and my eyes followed her hands up to her colossal, bra-slung rack. "Ooh, I know vat you vant, Billy. You vant to see my big, byootiful tits."

"God, yeah!" I blurted out.

"Vell, den I'm going to save dem for last," she pronounced, cupping them protectively. "But maybe dis will distract you, honey."

With that, my bombshell mother straddled me again, pulled her pants down to her knees and thrust her bare beaver into my face. I thrust my tongue into her damp delta and felt her flowery scent fill my nostrils. She pushed my head down and my tongue found the upper end of her lips.

"Oooh, ya, lick my pussy, honey. I never do dis wit clients."

She pumped her pelvis against my mouth in time with the howling music. Over the lyrics I cold hear her moaning.

"Mmm, yeah, you like that, Bobby?" I heard Jill ask as I felt Mom's pussy grow wet. No telling what kind of show he was getting.

Mom swiveled around again. "Now kiss my sexy ass," she commanded. I did. She cooed as I sucked at her full, firm globes, then she bent over and I lapped at her cunt once more.

"Ooh, ya, you're making my pussy feel so good, Billy. Maybe I should

rub it on you." With that, she sat down in my lap and arched her back friskily. Her slit was right on my enormous bulge.

"Mmmm," I said.

"Ooof!" she yelled, looking down. "God, you're huge!"

"Eleven inches, sweetheart," I bragged, reaching around her and cupping my hands under her bra.

"Oh, no, dat's crazy," she said, swiveling her hips and dry-fucking me. "No cock is dat big. Mmm, ya, dat feels good."

"Mine is, baby. Too bad you girls don't want to fuck."

She got up and faced me again, rolling her hips and pulling her pants off her feet. Naked save for her bra, she put her hands on her hips and continued to pulse rhythmically.

"Wanna see it?" I asked.

"Ya."

"Then show me those big tits first."

"Oooh, you're bossy. I like dat."

As Bon Jovi cried something about needing a prescription, Mom danced back over me and sat on my knees. She leaned into me and her cantaloupes practically exploded out of her bra. She cupped one hand under the right one seductively and then ran the same hand along my face. I grabbed her waist and pulled her closer. I was smothered in tits again.

She leaned back and pointed to the front clasp of her bra. "Here, honey, you do it."

I reached up with both hands as my nose disappeared into her cleavage once more. The clasp gave way and her firm, formed tanks came bounding out of the overtaxed bra cups like Lake Meade crashing through the Hoover Dam. Her tight-packed cleavage opened up and my head was suddenly in a valley between the twin peaks.

I leaned back to get a good look. In the dim, sexy light they seemed more massive than ever, shaking and shimmying like a 16-year-old's. My mother had just done a striptease for me and now stood buck naked between my legs, striking lewd, sultry poses on every downbeat as Bon Jovi called for a doctor. If the singer and his band had been performing live for us, the sight of Mom's bare figure would have brought the music to a sudden, stumbling halt as each musician gawked in disbelief. Watching Mom's big hips swivel and her tanks lurch up and down, Bon Jovi himself would have pitched a little tent in his

leather pants.

I reached up and cupped her jugs—at least, what would fit in my hands.

"Jesus, Inga, what a fucking rack," I said.

"Oooh, Billy, I'm not supposed to let you do dat. But you're so cute.

You like dem?"

"Oh, yeah." I craned down to suck the left one.

"No, no," she teased, "You still haf to hold up your end of de bargain."

"Honey, my dick is so hard, I don't need to hold it up."

She got off me. "Okay, let's see that big thing."

"You do it," I said, holding my hands out to my sides.

She deftly undid my belt buckle and unzipped my Ralph Lauren chinos.

Then I lifted up and she yanked my pants and shorts down to my knees.

My rigid cock boinged out like a jack-in-the-box, a throbbing sledgehammer driven to diamond fury by the sight of my mother's naked body. Those long, smooth, sculpted legs, that voluptuous ass.

And those gargantuan tits, swinging and heaving like I had never thought possible.

"Jesus!" Mom cried. "Your cock is huge!"

"Wasn't lying, was I, baby?"

"Mmm, you certainly weren't," she said, grinning slyly at me. "I haf never even seen one dat big." She leaned over me and wrapped one hand around it tentatively. I cupped my hands under her huge tits again and we kissed.

"Inga, what are you doing?" Jill called out. I peeled my eyes off my mother's melons and surveyed the room. My sister and cousin were both writhing fully nude in front of their men. Jill stared disapprovingly at my mother, but then her eyes fell to my monster, which Mom was jacking vigorously.

"Jesus!" Jill cried. (God, what actresses.) "Look at that fucking dick!"

"Holy shit," Lisa said. "I felt a big bulge in this boy's jeans, too." She looked down at Danny.

"We're all that big," Bobby said.

"Oh, no way," Jill said.

"I can't stand it any more. I haf to suck it," Mom said. She bent over at the waist, stretched her jaw open and inhaled my shaft. Her dark lips slid hungrily up and down and I felt my glans probe the tight,

damp depths of her throat.

"Oh, yeah, baby, suck it," I moaned.

"Jesus, she's blowing him!" Lisa said.

"And you're gonna blow me," Danny said, unzipping his pants. His purple, veiny flagpole sprang out. "Here, honey, wrap those gorgeous lips around this thing."

"Oh, my god," Lisa said. "Oh, my god."

She leaned down and went to work.

That left Jill. "Okay, Bobby, let's see the size of yours," she said as Mom went deep on my shaft, her cantaloupes resting on my thighs. Bobby whipped out his big, hard cock and stared at his mother with grim determination.

"Christ, you too," she yelled over the music, reaching down to stroke it. "Are you boys from another planet or something?"

"Yeah, the big-dick planet," he said.

"Good, because we're from the one right next to it. The gorgeous-girls-with-huge-tits planet."

"Well, we should get together more often," I said as Mom sucked my helmet.

"Oh, we're going to get together, alright," Jill said. "And I'm going to have Bobby seeing stars in a minute." Then she knelt down and started sucking her own son's penis.

Bon Jovi blew his load and the song petered out. It was replaced by the music of three very wet, horny blowjobs. During brief lulls between the various groans, I heard the CD changer rotating to the next disc.

New music, hot and fast. It was Cinderella's "Girls, Girls, Girls."

Man, did Jill know her stripper music or what?

"Mmm, nice tune," I said, watching Mom's big, dark lips glide up and down my shaft.

She took her mouth off me and brought her face up to mine. Her blue eyes narrowed with the cold fire of lust. "Ya, it is," she said.

"Let's fuck to it."

"Gladly, Inga."

We got up and hurried over to the camelhair sofa on the other side of my brother and sister. Mom lay down on her back and spread her legs.

"Mmm, comfy," she said, wiggling her hips and cupping her hands to the sides of her mammoth tits as I mounted her and aimed my throbbing

monster at her slot.

She raised up on her elbows and looked down. "Oooh, ya, honey, fuck me. I want to watch your big cock go in."

"Oh, man, Billy's about to fuck that Swedish babe," Danny said. "I'm going to do the same thing to you, honey," he said to Lisa, who responded by sucking his cock even more vigorously.

I worked my big helmet through Mom's pink pussy lips. She moaned lewdly and gripped my shoulders with horny anticipation. "Oh, ya, Billy, do me."

"You ready for eleven inches, Inga?"

"Ya, fill my pussy with it. Let's see how much will fit."

She began moaning again as I slid my boy into her to answer that question. By the time we watched my big nuts nestle against her ass, her vocals had crescendoed into one long shameless wail.

"That's what they all say," I told her.

"Oh, yaaaaaaaaaaaaa, Billy," she seethed, gripping my arms and gazing down at the sight of her lips stretched taut around the base of my big, hard pole. She bounced her hips desperately. "Do it! Knulla mig!"

"What's that? Swedish? I don't understand," I teased.

"Knulla mig! Fuck me, Billy, please! I can't wait any more! Honey, please start banging me!"

She got her wish. I began giving it to her in time to the music. As our eyes met and she sneered at me, I downstroked on one and three and pulled my cock back out to the tip on two and four. She lifted her hips to meet my thrusts.

"Oooh, yaaaaa," she cooed, rubbing my back lovingly as her huge melons began heaving in syncopation to my thrusts.

"Mmm, ya, you've got great rhythm," she said. "Oh, ya, honey...oh...oh...oh... ya...ungh...oh...oh...OH...OH!" she cried on each downstroke.

"Yeah, fuck her, Billy!" Bobby cheered. Then he looked down at his mother, who was still feverishly sucking his cock. "Ride me, you horny whore."

"I thought you'd never ask, kid," she said, rising from her knees.

"Look, Inga, your colleague is about to get some serious action."

Still moaning, she looked over at the other couple while I continued to drill her. "Ya, fuck him, Montana!" she yelled. "Slide your pussy up and down dat big cock!"

That was exactly what Jill had in mind. Straddling her son, she grasped his shaft with one hand and lowered herself onto him.

"Ooooooh," they moaned together as his helmet vanished into her.

"All the way down, baby," he encouraged. "I know it's the biggest cock you've ever had in your pussy, but be brave."

She was. In another second or two she was sitting on his lap, his big balls hanging under her ass. Then she slowly began rising up and down on him.

"God, look at her impale herself on that big thing," I said.

"Ya, and her huge tits are right in his face," Mom said. "He's lucky to be fucking a woman as gorgeous as her."

"She's getting something in return," I said, lengthening my strokes but maintaining the same tempo.

Mom cranked up her moans to match and looked down at the action.

"Ungh! Oh! I'm getting something even better!"

"Your pussy's nice and tight, Inga."

"I told you we never do dis wit clients. Dey all beg to fuck me, but I never let dem. Dis is de first time I've cheated on my boyfriend."

"Am I better than him?"

"Oh, god so much better. You're cuter, your cock is bigger, everything."

She put her legs between my arms and over my shoulders and I started slamming her pelvis into the seat cushion. Her nails sank into my back.

"Oh, ya, baby! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ungh! Ya! Ya!"

"You like that, don't you, you big-titted Swedish bitch! Nothing like a good, hot all-American fuck, is there!"

"Å gud, knulla mig! Ya, hårdare! Hårdare!"

"Harder, eh? Like this?" I began pounding her ass into the sofa springs. Her gigantic tits were whumping up and down violently. "I'll give it to you faster, too." I shifted into double-time, downstroking on every beat as Cinderella screamed a bunch of crap about the Sunset Strip.

Those stoned rockers could fuck all the groupies they wanted. But they could only dream about getting their hands on a body like my mother's.

Her melons went crazy, windmilling and slamming into each other.

Then she really started screaming. "Oh! Oh! Ya, sluta inte! Oh! Oh!

Oh! Knulla mig tills jag skriker!"

Hearing all that lewd Swedish was fantastic even though I didn't understand a word. It was as if she were a teenager again back in Stockholm and I were pounding her in her parents' living room.

"Oh! Jag har aldrig haft ett bättre knull!" Panting, she craned up to kiss me and then looked down at my cock throttling her pussy. "Gud, kolla hur din kuk spetsar min fitta! Oh! Oh! Jesus, det är så jävla skönt!"

"Fuck, I've never heard her break into Swedish before," Lisa said.

I looked over at her. She was climbing up on a chair and my brother was preparing to do her from behind. "Man, she's really loving what you're giving her, Billy! Don't stop now!" Then she looked back over her shoulder at my brother and arched her back. "Come on, Danny, watching them fuck is driving me crazy. Slide that big cock into me." He did.

Not that I wanted to focus on them just then. "Gud, knulla mig!" Mom yelled louder than ever. "Sluta inte! Jag är så jävla kåt! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Gasping, I pounded her for dear life. "OH! OH! OH! OH! YA! YA! OH! JAG KOMMER! JAG KOMMER!"

That part, I understood. "Yeah, come, you Scandinavian slut! Come for me! I wish your boyfriend could see us! I want him to see my hands squeezing your tits and my big, long dick pumping in and out of your pussy! Come on, bitch, COME!"

"OH! OH!" she continued as I goaded her. "OH! YA! OH! GUD, KNULLA MIG! JAG KOMMER! OH! OH!"

Her screams got louder.

And louder.

And louder.

"JAG KOMMER! OH! OHHHH! OHHH! OHHHHH! OHHHHHHHHHHH! OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! AIE-EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! AH! AH! OH! OH! YA! AIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

This happened in perfect timing with the end of the song. As the music faded and her final scream spooled down like a jet engine, I slowed my gait in a sudden rollentando and then gave her one final, savage, deep-pussy lunge to close the deal.

"UNGH!" she grunted. It was like the stinger at the end of a Sousa march. We lay there catching our breath.

Not that a lack of music had left the room silent. Lisa cooed as Danny's thick, veiny cylinder pistoned in and out of her and his pelvis slapped vigorously against her ass. Across the floor, lucky

Bobby was sucking his mother's enormous left breast as she boinked her ass up and down on his lap.

"Oh, fuck, Bobby, we're weren't planning on doing anything like this with you boys," Jill said. "But Jesus, I'm glad we did."

"Me, too," Mom said. She raised her head and looked at her pussy, in which my cock was still buried to the hilt. "God, vat a sight. I can't believe you haven't come yet. Most men don't last very long after I take off my clothes."

"Well, I've recently had some good training in fucking bombshells and lasting long enough."

"It's probably good dat you didn't. You might have gotten cum on dis byootiful sofa. Your parents would be angry with you."

"Yeah, I guess," I said, guffawing.

"Where are your parents?"

"Dad's away on business, as usual, and Mom, uh, is around here somewhere."

"Ooh, Billy, vat would your mother say if she saw us fucking?"

"I don't know. She might be a little jealous."

"Is she pretty?"

"Oh, god, she's so fucking gorgeous."

Mom beamed. "Does she like to watch?"

"Yeah, she does."

"In dat case, let's go give her a show."

She craned up and brought her lips to my ear. "It's time for us to be alone, sweetheart," she whispered—as Mom, not Inga.

After a quick kiss, I pulled my cock out of her and we got up. Naked, we crossed through the living room and she led me to the patio door next to the kitchen and we slipped outside. The other two couples were still in the throws of intercourse and didn't even notice our exit.

"Your house is so byootiful," Mom said, her Inga persona returning. She surveyed the pool and expansive rear grounds. "Is dat a guest house?"

"Yep," I said, following her gaze to the two-story casita standing on a slight knoll to the right.

"Let's go in dere and haf sex again."

"You got it."

In the upstairs bedroom, I turned the dimmer switch by the door and the room glowed softly with the halo of indirect track lighting. Mom's

hand slipped over mine and cranked the lights up a little brighter.

"Ya, like dat. I vant her to see everything."

"Who? My mother?"

"Ya, honey, your mother," she said, leading me to the center of the room, near one corner of the big sleigh bed, and draping her arms over my shoulders girlfriend-style. My big dick, still about 90 percent hard, poked against her between her floating ribs.

Then she nodded her head to my left and we both looked. The entire wall opposite the foot of the bed was a floor-to-ceiling mirror.

"Cool," I said.

"Now your mother can really watch us fuck. I tink she will love it."

"I know she will," I said, encircling her waist and sliding my hands down onto her shapely ass.

"Ya, dat feels good, Billy."

"You like that?"

"Mmm, ya." She took a half-step sideways so we could watch in the mirror.

"Your ass is gorgeous," I said.

"Ya, isn't it?"

"Full and firm and perfectly shaped. You've got the rear-end of a teenager, Inga."

"Oooh, tank you." She giggled. "Mmm, ya, squeeze it. Does your mother have a nice ass?"

"Oh, yeah. It looks a lot like yours, in fact."

"Really? You must stare at it a lot."

"All the time."

"I bet her legs aren't as long and beautiful as mine."

"They are."

"Billy, honey your mother is starting to sound like one gorgeous girl."

"She is."

"Poor boy, you must be attracted to her."

"Yep."

"Vell, at least she doesn't have a set of tits like dese." She turned and faced the mirror. Standing behind her, I watched our reflections over her shoulder as I cupped my hands under them.

"Mmm, ya, Billy. You have great hands."

"And you have great tits, Inga."

"Ya, aren't dey fantastic? I love to look at them."

"So do I."

"You're cute. Does your mother have big boobs?"

"Oh, yeah."

"She does? You've got it bad in this house, don't you? How big is her rack? D cups? Double D?"

"They're as big as yours, honey."

"Oh, no, Billy, impossible. Dese big girls are tirty-eight double gees."

"So are Mom's."

"Oh, my lord! Your mother is a goddess! You must be desperate to fuck her!"

"Right at the moment, I am."

She stepped to the side and reached across to stroke my cock. I was at full mast and then some.

"God, I still can't believe how big your cock is. Does your mom know?"

"She got a good look at it earlier today."

"Den you know vat she probably wants to do?"

"What?"

"Dis."

She knelt down and started sucking my cock.

I looked in the mirror. We were in perfect profile to it and the view was fantastic. So this was what Mom and I looked like naked and having sex. She watched, too, as her lips slowly churned up and down the top half of my thick pole. I rubbed her shoulders and watched her gigantic breasts bounce and sway gently.

"Mmm, Inga, you're right. I do want my mother to watch us. I want her to see everything."

She pulled her mouth off me. "Believe me, honey, she's watching." She stroked my spit-glossed cock, then continued sucking it.

After all that ear-splitting music, the silence—save for my moans and her smack and gulps—was refreshing. Mom cupped a hand under my balls and played with them. We both watched her do that, too.

After another minute or so, she stood up. "So, Billy, you really want to fuck your mother, don't you?"

"Oh, yeah."

The Inga shtick vanished again. "Well, darling, as you know, I'm your mother. And you can fuck me all night if you want to. My beautiful

body is all for you."

"Mom, let's fuck."

"No, let's make love."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, honey," she said, leading me by the hand toward the bed, my big cock sticking out like a tree branch, "I'm going to lie on the bed and you're going to slide your big cock into my pussy and love me with it."

"Okay."

She climbed up on the high bed and lay back across it at an angle, spreading her legs and checking the mirror for the best viewpoint. The she motioned me on top of her.

"Come on, sweetheart."

I mounted her and we kissed with slow, deliberate passion. Then she reached down and guided my throbbing cock to the front door of her pussy.

"Jesus Christ, Mom, I'm so horny."

"I know, baby, I am, too. But go slow at first. Really slow. I love it when you pound me, but take your time this round, slugger."

I pushed my hips forward and slid my cock into her. She moaned softly and ran her hands over my ass. I was all the way inside her.

"Mmmmmmmmm, yeah, sweetheart," she said dreamily.

I started giving it to her nice and slow and stared into her eyes for approval.

"Like that?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah, baby, make love to me. Make love to me, Billy. I don't want to do it like this with anyone but you. Your father can't satisfy me, so I need you to adore me with your big penis, sweetheart."

We both looked down. "I'm adoring you with all eleven inches, baby," I said.

"Ooooooh, yeah, service my pussy with it." She glanced over toward the mirror. "Oh, look at us!"

I did. Holy shit, there we were, buck naked and going at it. Billy was on his knockout mother with his huge cock slowly gliding in and out of her pink slot.

"Can you see everything?" she asked.

"Oh, yeah. I can see my big dick in your cunt."

"I can, too. God, what a sight," she breathed, her passion rising.

"Oh, Billy, you make me feel so good and I love you for it. You can do anything you want to me, honey. Anything."

"How are we going to give this up?" I asked, still watching my cock service her in the mirror.

She lifted her head and looked down at the same thing. "I honestly don't know, baby. We're obviously going to have to have sex all night. I really love you, Billy. What I mean is that I've got such a crush on you."

"A crush? On me?"

"I know it sounds strange, honey. It's probably just all the fantastic sex we've been having. There's no way that I could fail to have these kind of feelings for you after the way you satisfy me with your manhood."

"Doesn't Danny satisfy you?"

"Oh, he does. But he just slides his big dick into me and starts pumping like a machine. You're so much better."

"What about Bobby?"

"Bobby's a great fuck, too, but he's not my son so it's not as exciting. No one has ever pleased me the way you do, honey—and believe me, lots and lots of men have tried."

This news sparked my pride and I picked up the pace. Her jugs started heaving.

"Ooooooh, yeah, baby," she responded in kind. "Give it to me just like that. Please me with your huge manhood. I'm just afraid no one will ever do me this good again."

"I'll do you this good ten times every night if you want, Mom."

"Oh, baby, I know you could, but we can't. As much as I'd like to look down and see this every night," she said, gazing down hornily at the action again. "Oh, God almighty, honey, look at that! My big tits heaving up and down and your massive cock drilling my pussy! Jesus Christ, Billy! JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!"

Hearing that, I couldn't help but start banging her harder than she claimed she wanted. But as my big shaft pistoned mercilessly in and out of her and we snarled at each other, what Mom really wanted soon became clear.

"Oh, yes! Yes! YES! YES! OH, MY GOD, I'M COMING! I'M COMING! OH! YES! FUCK ME, BILLY, FUCK MEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

While Mom and went at it, the other folks were having plenty of fun, too, as Danny later told me. After Bobby shot his load in his mother's pussy, Jill and my two siblings had a threesome on the on the wet bar. Lying on the counter, Jill licked Lisa's pussy while Danny banged his sister doggy-style. After she had a couple of orgasms, he pulled his cock out of her and blew his wad in Jill's mouth.

Meanwhile, back in the guest house, Mom and I were putting that mirror to very good use. She was riding me, facing toward me—which, as I needn't tell you, is the very best position for a breast man. You can squeeze them, suck them, or just lie there and watch them bounce while the girl does her thing. Even if your partner's rack isn't very big, the view is still hot. If she's stacked, it's heaven.

Indeed it was. Mom was churning her pussy up and down my cock at a steady gait and I was squeezing her enormous tits as they heaved up and down mightily. She was facing the mirror and relishing the view.

"Oh, god, that is so fucking hot, Billy," she said, gazing at herself as she continued to hump me and I fondled her rack. "Ya, squeeze them, honey. Don't take your hands off them. I don't know why the sight of my own tits turns me on so much."

"Makes two of us," I said, massaging her huge, firm cups.

"Look at that, honey, it's unbelievable," she said, nodding toward the mirror.

Mom's fucking had pushed me slightly beyond the edge of the bed, so I simply relaxed my neck and let my head fall backward. It wasn't comfortable, but it was worth it: there we were in the mirror. Or rather, there was Mom's flawless, massively-endowed body lunging up and down on mine. Mentally righting the inverted image, I could see only the shadowed base of my shaft as her beaver moved up and down on it.

That part, believe it or not, was incidental. The real show was her rack, and what a fucking show it was. There my hands were, kneading them like bread dough while she watched and sneered lasciviously. She put her hands over mine to encourage them—as if I needed more motivation.

"Enjoying the view?" she asked, smiling proudly

"Mmm-hmm," I said, gazing into the mirror.

"That's what every man in town wants to see."

"What, they want to watch their wives in the mirror like this?"

"No, silly, they want see me like this while they fuck me. Every straight man in town fantasizes about me bouncing on top of him with his cock in my pussy and his hands on my tits."

Then her hands gently pulled mine off her melons. "They want to see this, too. Try not to come when I do it," she warned. Then, still clasping my hands in hers, she arched her back. That may not sound dramatic, but holy fuck. Her huge tits, which rode high and forward to begin with, now thrust off her ribcage in a feat of gravity-defying wonder. Their beautiful teardrop form suddenly transformed into two giant torpedoes launching from her body. She smiled proudly.

"Oh, my god, Mom," I said. "Oh, my fucking god."

"Nice, eh?" she said. "You're not going to come, are you?"

"Miraculously, no," I said. Our eyes met in the mirror.

"Good. Seeing myself in action has given me an idea. There's something I want to show you."

"Mom, your body is all the visual stimulation I need."

Getting off me and standing beside the bed, she glanced down at her mathematically impossible figure and then grinned at me. "You silly. Trust me, you're going to like this."

She knelt down and pulled a shoebox from underneath the bed. Inside it was an unlabeled video tape cassette. I liked where this was going.

"Whatchya got there?" I asked.

"Can't you guess, sweetheart?" she asked, taking the tape in hand.

"We're going to watch a porno movie while we fuck."

Holy shit. My cock, still diamond-hard, practically started buzzing.

"You are not only the hottest woman on the planet, you're also the coolest. What are we going to see?"

She walked over to the big cherry armoire by the window, her monster rack jiggling. "This is a piece of classic Swedish erotica, an oldie but a very, very goody. When I was nineteen, my boyfriend and I would watch this in his dorm room in Stockholm.

"Of course, that was before the days of VCRs," she added, sliding the tape into the Panasonic unit under the 27-inch TV. "Sven had a crummy old film projector, which we'd point at the wall. The sound was terrible, but we didn't care."

She pressed the play button on the VCR and turned on the TV. From the

level of hiss coming from the speaker, I knew she had turned the volume up loud. The picture tube warmed up and the leader on the tape gave way to a copyright warning just as some cheesy sitar music started blaring. This was old, alright.

The title was in Swedish. "What does that mean?" I asked.

"'The Mile-High Club'."

"Awesome. I love airplanes."

"I do, too. The first scene is the best. A girl and a guy meet on a flight and decide to fuck right then and there. Then this gorgeous stewardess comes up and sees what they're doing. But instead of making them stop, she takes off her clothes and joins in. They have this incredible threesome right in front of the other passengers."

The scene opened with travelers boarding a flight. The movie was shot on film, naturally, not videotape. After some stock footage of a 727 taking off, we met the main characters, who were seated in the last row of first class. The guy was in his early twenties and decently handsome. The girl, a brunette, looked about the same age. She had that wonderful Euroslut thing going, with long fake lashes and dark rouge. Her nose was tiny and pert, as was her chin. From the curve under her brown pullover, she looked like a nice, medium C cup.

"Do you like her?" Mom asked, snuggling up behind me on the bed. She reached around and stroked my dick casually.

"Yeah, she's cute."

"You'll really like the stewardess. She's blond and has big tits."

"As big as yours?"

"Not nearly, but she's got a great rack, trust me. And the guy has a nice cock on him. Nothing like you, honey."

In true porn fashion, the guy and girl starting kissing and taking off their clothes after knowing each other for about 90 seconds. The girl pulled out the guy's dick and went down on it. Once he was up at full mast, I saw that Mom was right. He was a good eight inches and fairly thick.

"Those two didn't waste any time," I said.

"Mmm, no," Mom said, stroking me harder. "Oooh, look at her suck that cock, Billy."

"I know, she's really into it. And she's almost as good as you are."

"I'm going to suck your big boy in a minute."

We kept watching. While Mom jacked my tool, I fingered her pussy,

gently circuiting her labia with my middle finger.

"Mmmmmm," she cooed.

The screen couple was way ahead of us, of course. The girl, now topless, yanked off her skirt and bent over so the guy could lick her from behind. After a couple of minutes, he saddled up behind her. Looked like it was time for the main event already.

"Oooh, watch, he's about to fuck her," Mom said.

He put his rod inside her and they got moving. There were lots of close-ups of the penetration, which seemed to turn Mom on as much as it did me. We also saw occasional shots of the shocked fellow passengers, who looked way too respectable for a porn flick.

"Would you fuck me on a plane like that, right in front of other people?" Mom asked.

"Hell, yes. And none of the men on the flight would blame me."

The girl was one of those barking kind of screamers; she panted and yelped as the guy serviced her with mounting vigor. Unfortunately, I couldn't understand the filthy dialogue, but I had learned enough Swedish at least to know that knulla mig meant "fuck me."

"When does the stewardess show up?"

"In just a few seconds."

Indeed, a statuesque, leggy Nordic blonde in a short blue skirt and a white blouse that was far too tight for any airline regulation soon stopped in the aisle beside the amorous pair.

Speaking of a pair, Mom was right about the flight attendant. She had a big, thrusting chest—about a DD, it appeared—and was showing a voluptuous bulge of natural-looking cleavage under her blouse.

Mom must have felt the sudden throb in my big cock. "Mmmm, I told you you'd like her. Look at those big, beautiful jugs."

"She's hot," I said. "I can't wait to see her get fucked. Hell, I can't even wait to see her naked."

As if the brilliant cinematographer knew what I wanted to see, there was a pulse-pounding close-up of the blonde's deep cleavage as she stood watching the couple.

Then the frame moved up to her face.

I felt my body go limp and the blood drain out of my face. The room started to revolve slowly. I gaped idiotically at the beautiful porn actress on the TV.

It was Mom.

XXIV

"Holy shit," I whispered. "Holy fucking shit."

Mom was grinning at me with mischievous pride. "That's right, honey," she said. "Your mother has been in porno movies. Your mother has had sex with men in front of a camera for money."

"Holy fucking shit."

"I was nineteen. I only did three movies. Then I met your father and came to the U.S. with him. He thought I was just a model. He had no idea that I was the hottest thing in Swedish porn at the time. He still doesn't know. This, of course, will have to be our secret, Billy."

On the screen, Mom had doffed her skirt and was working on her blouse. Her cleavage shimmied with each undone button.

We watched in silence for a few minutes as, in the movie, Mom got totally naked while the guy fucked the brunette. Mom's tits were very big back then, mind you, but they were nothing compared to their current glory. Her hips weren't as shapely, either.

"Okay, Billy, here's what we're going to do. In just a minute the guy in the movie is going to start fucking me. I want you to do exactly what he does." She stroked my rigid shaft.

"Deal."

The dude pulled his cock out of the brunette, took a look at Mom, gulped, and craned down to suck her big right tit. Following his lead, I cupped her massive right globe in my hand and went to work on it."

"Mmm, ya, Billy, that's it."

While sucking, I kept my eyes on the screen. The guy moved over to Mom's left tit and I did the same.

"Oh, Billy, you're so much better than he was. This is going to be a great fuck."

Then it was her turn. In the movie, she knelt down in the aisle and took the guy's dick in her mouth. Seeing herself do this, Mom motioned for me to stand, then dropped to her knees and inhaled my pole. She evidently remembered her on-screen technique very precisely, because she mimicked it without even looking—bob for bob, gulp for gulp. She and her screen self moaned in stereo. Fantastic. She deep-throated me, then came shallow, then went epiglottal again.

The blowjob was a long one, so I started worrying I wouldn't last.

Just then, however, it was time to return the favor. In the film, Mom lifted the armrest between two seats, lay down, and spread her legs. The guy stuck his face between them and drove his tongue into her cunt. He was very horny. So was I, so I pushed Mom onto her back on the bed and dove in. The guy's technique was pretty mediocre—he hastily flicked his tongue directly on her clit instead of teasing her—so besting him was no problem. While the screen Mom merely mewed and grimaced, the live Mom moaned and winced and sucked her breath in hissing gasps. Feverishly, she yanked on my hair.

"Get ready, honey, he's about to slide his cock into me," she said.

Sure enough, the guy was ready for the main event. In the movie, Mom got up on a seat and the guy saddled up to bang her doggy-style. Live, Mom got on all fours at the edge of the bed and I stood behind her. Then there was a great insert shot, filmed from underneath, of his cock disappearing into her and her big tits swaying. I found her canal and matched his progress. Our balls nestled against her clit simultaneously.

"Mmmmmmmmm," the movie Mom moaned.

"OHHHHHHH!" cried the live version.

The guy pumped slowly at first, and so did I while Mom and I watched the screen.

"Oooh, ya, fuck me, Billy. Fuck me just like he does. Oh, god, Billy, your dick is so big and you're so good with it. Ya, baby, give it to me."

"I'm better than he was, aren't I"

"Oh, ya, honey, and believe me, he was great. I wasn't faking it in that scene. I loved every minute of it."

The guy picked up the tempo and I matched him. The bed started lurching and Mom's giant breasts flailed back and forth.

"Ungh, ya, Billy, give it to me," she whimpered, looking back at me and scrunching her face in pained pleasure. As I continued to pump my cock in and out of her, I ran my hands along her beautiful back and gripped her firmly by the waist. Mom looked over at our reflection in the mirror I followed her gaze.

"God, we are such a hot couple. Look at our beautiful bodies pleasing each other. Ya, honey, slide your big dick all the way in and out so I can see it. Oooh, ya, that's it. And look at my big rack bouncing."

"I know. Watching us in the mirror is even hotter than watching the

movie."

"I wish you and I could be in a porno movie together," she said.

"People would pay a lot of money to watch us fuck."

The guy got tired or something. He pulled out and sat on a seat across the aisle with his big dick in the air. Mom got up, stepped across him, and sat on his lap facing away from him. I pulled out of her and quickly sat on the edge of the bed. Mom straddled me facing the mirror and lowered herself onto my cock just as a tight close-up showed her pussy engulfing the guy's rod onscreen.

"Ooooooh, yeah, baby," I groaned. "Slide up and down on it." She did, slowly. Onscreen, the sight of her big tits heaving was fantastic. I leaned sideways so I could see the same thing live in the mirror. Her mammoth bust line was bounding up and down so hard that I felt it only polite to reach up and steady the globes with helping hands. The guy did the same.

"Oh, Billy, this is so much better than it was in the movie. So much fucking better." She kept bouncing and we both moaned. "He's about to come," Mom said, looking at the screen. "Are you almost there, honey?"

"Not quite. Sorry."

"Oh, sweetheart, it's okay. You can watch him shoot his load on me and then you can do it."

"Where does he do it?"

"On my face. But there isn't much."

On the TV, Mom hastily rose up off the guy and he stood. She sat down and he planted his cock in front of her face and wanked furiously. Mom looked up at him and licked her lips.

That did it. As his jacking became even more frantic, a meek white spritz of semen flew out and landed on her chin. A few drops followed, most of them missing her face completely. The guy kept jerking, but his tank was dry.

"That's it? He fucked a woman like you and that's the best he could do?" I asked.

"I told you," Mom said.

"Honey, I'm gonna show you a real cumshot. I'm about to give you the biggest fucking cumshot of your life."

"Billy, sweetheart, you couldn't possibly have any left."

"Let's find out," I moaned. I was very close.

"Then spray it on me right by the mirror," she said, rising up off me.

After she switched off the TV and VCR, we trotted over to the mirror and she sat down facing toward it at a slight angle. "Fuck my tits and then come all over me while I watch," she intoned.

I got on my knees between her open legs and starting fucking her tits as ordered.

She held them together. "Ooh, ya, honey, fuck them. Fuck my massive tits, Billy." She sneered up at me. "You'd better deliver, you bastard. I'm watching us in the mirror."

I was getting close. "Don't worry, honey, your big tits always do it for me."

"What about my big tits?" a voice asked. It was Jill, who was standing in the doorway wearing her pink camisole and panties. "Do they do it for you?"

Mom and I looked at her. "I'm sure they do," Mom said, "but he's fucking mine right now. And believe me," she continued, looking down at her jugs, "they're more than enough for him."

"Well just see about that," Jill said indignantly, raising her arms to strip off the camisole. Her breasts leaped out of it and bounced youthfully against each other. She came over to us and sat down beside Mom. "The real question is," she said, "Does Billy have what it takes to fuck both our racks at the same time?"

"How?" I asked. Then I vaguely remembering seeing it done in an episode of Treasure Chests in which a guy gets busy with his wife and a gorgeous flight attendant in an airplane bathroom.

"His cock is certainly big enough," Mom said.

Jill had evidently seen the same issue of Treasure Chests. Snuggling up close to my left side, she cupped her hands under her tits. "Here, honey, let me get my big girls in there," she said to me. Still on my knees, I took a small step to my right and was now drilling Mom's milk jugs from a slight angle. Jill scooted even closer and brought her own treasure chest right into the action.

"Oh, goodness," Mom said, realizing what Jill intended. Mom relaxed her grip on her own rack slightly and allowed Jill's big right tit to come in between them and press against my cock. Jill then pressed her left tit against Mom's right one, firming up their grip on my shaft. God almighty. It was so hot, I felt a trembling rush of sexual frenzy nearly overtake me but I fought it off. I felt my eyes widen and my mouth fall open. I was fucking both their racks at the same time.

"Oh, my god," I said. "Oh, my fucking god!"

"See, I knew we could do it, Claudia," Jill said. They looked at each other and smiled.

"And I knew Billy could do it, too," Mom said, looking up at me. "How does it feel to have your cock in paradise, honey?" I looked down at her and gave her an air kiss and a macho sneer.

Then the three of us looked down at the ungodly action. My huge, throbbing helmet was playing peek-a-boo between their snuggled melons, popping up and then disappearing again as I pumped up and down with my hips. Technically, I was only making direct contact with three of the four breasts, but it didn't matter. Jill periodically switched over, pressing her other huge tit into the fray. Each incredible mammary was getting a piece of my big, long dick—and vice-versa.

"Jesus, Billy, does that feel as good as it looks?" Jill asked, entranced.

"Oh, fuck, yeah. You ladies are loving this, too." They certainly were, smiling and moaning in a state of exhilaration I hadn't heard before as they watched my cock slide up and down.

"Ooooh, ya, do it to them. Fuck our big racks, honey," Mom said. "Good lord, look at that big cock!"

"I know, what a sight," Jill said, gazing in horny fascination. "Don't stop, Billy! Fuck our tits! Oh! Oh, god, yes!"

"You girls like this?" I asked. "You like feeling my big, hard dick between your tits?"

"You know the answer to that," Mom said, gazing at the action. "We like watching it, too. Ooooh, ya, honey, pump it up and down. Mmm, that's it. Don't stop until you blow your wad."

Jill leaned in closer, pressing her big left tank even harder into Mom's beauties and my raging monster, whose head was now sliding up and down more or less equidistant from their faces, as the three of us kept watching. Jill licked her lips and Mom moaned. I had never seen or felt anything like it. I've never seen or felt anything like it since.

Jill read my mind. "It's a dream come true, isn't it, Billy?" she said, looking up at me and smiling.

"Ya, I hope you're enjoying this, honey," Mom said, "because for a breast man like you, this is as good as it will ever fucking get!"

"I know," I moaned.

"Billy, two huge chests like these deserve a nice big load," Mom said, still watching my dong. "Do you think you can muster up one more?" "He'd better," Jill said. "If tits this big can't do the job, nothing can."

"Ladies," I said, steadying myself by putting a hand on each of their shoulders, "I think you're going to get what you want."

"What I want is another big load of your cum all over my face," Mom said.

"Me, too," Jill chimed in. "You've got your work cut out for you this time." She looked down at the action. "C'mon, honey, aren't these tits enough for you?"

"God, yes," I said. "But frankly, I'm in no hurry."

"We're not either, honey," Mom said, leering at me.

We kept at it for a few more minutes, then I got some quick blowjob service. Mom took my glans in her mouth for about 10 seconds, then Jill. Then Mom again, over and over. They fought over my cock like two little girls grappling for the last Popsicle in the freezer. Then my cock went back into their mutual cleavage and the final double tit-fuck began.

"It won't be long now, ladies," I cautioned them.

"We're ready whenever you are, sweetheart," Mom said, then she wagged her tongue at me. Jesus.

"Is it going to be a big load, Billy?" Jill asked, sneering up at me again.

"Oh, yeah, baby, don't you worry. I'm gonna take my cock in my hand and soak both your fucking faces."

"Mmmmmm, good," Mom purred.

"You girls really like to watch jism squirt out of a cock, don't you?"

"Ya, but only a long, thick cock like yours that comes in quarts," Mom said.

Oh, fuck. For the first time, I wondered if I was actually going to get overstimulated and choke completely. Considering the situation—my gorgeous mother and cousin were letting me rub my penis on their enormous breasts while we talked dirty to each other—it would have been understandable.

Just then, however, I felt the first warning tingle.

"Oh, ladies, any minute now," I said, stepping up my pace just a little.

"Ya, Billy, do it all over us," Mom encouraged. "Fuck our tits, honey. Fuck our tits with your big dick like no man ever has."

"Or will again, probably," Jill said, staring at the lewd peek-a-boo action again.

Then they both looked up at me again. "Getting close, girls," I announced. "Get ready. I'm gonna spray a load all over both of your gorgeous faces."

"Do it, baby," Mom said. "Come on, stop teasing us."

More tingles. Down the final stretch I went.

"Ohhhh. Ohhhh," I moaned shamelessly, looking right into Mom's eyes.

"Ohhhh. Oh, fuck, Mom, I'm gonna come. OHHHH."

My hips went into orgasmic autopilot, slowing down and giving their tits a series of long, grinding final strokes.

"Oh, fuck, he is coming," Jill said, tensing.

"Ya, his balls are rumbling under my tits. Do it, honey! Squirt it!"

Mom yelled. Then both women, as if on cue, stuck out their tongues like they were saying "ah" for a doctor. Holy Christ.

There I was, tit-fucking my beautiful, big-breasted mother and cousin simultaneously. It was the hottest thing I had ever done in my life—and I would soon prove it. "I'm coming," I groaned, rolling my eyes back in my head. "Oh, fuck! Oh, god, girls, HERE IT FUCKING COMES!"

"Ya, do it, Billy!" Mom said, cupping her huge rack against my cousin's and watching my 11-inch beefstick slide up and down between them.

"Ungggggh." My balls surged and a thick blast of cum spouted three feet into the air between the two women. It was like watching Old Faithful blow a column of steamy water into the sky.

"Woooooo!" the two busty babes cheered in unison as that first tower of semen came raining back down on their melons. It was a massive stream, even for me, splattering lines and puddles of white syrup across the combined acreage of their chests.

Then I took my big cock in my hand and aimed it at Mom's face. A long, coiling salvo sailed completely over her head and landed a good five feet away.

"Oh my god, Billy!" Jill shouted.

"No, honey!" Mom exclaimed. "On me, baby, on me!"

"I know," I moaned, and she got what she wanted. "Ungh." I draped a

huge strand all the way across her face diagonally from left side of her jaw to the right edge of her hairline.

"Mmm, ya," she cooed, giggling and glancing at herself in the mirror.

"Oh." I pivoted my cannon and gave Jill a thick jet right on the tip of her nose. It splattered across her left cheek.

"Mmm," she moaned.

"Argh." A blast into Mom's right eye.

"Ungh." Jill's chin. It was such a big squirt that it dripped onto her tits in three long strings.

"Oh." A Bernini-like fountain of semen arced out of my penis and splattered across Mom's upper lip.

"Ungh." One for Jill in the same place. "Oh." Mom again. "Argh."

Jill. "Ooh, yeah." Mom. "Ungh." Jill.

"Jesus Christ, Billy," Jill said.

Then I got truly shameless and deliberately poured a stream onto the bridge of Mom's nose. It splashed into both eyes and ran down over her cheeks.

"Ungh." Another. "Oh." Another. "Ungh." Another.

"Oh, ya, honey, soak me!"

Yes, Ma'am. "Ungh." Another.

"Ungh." I draped a stream of dick-syrup across Jill's forehead.

"Argh." Another, on her chin. "Ungh." Another. Jesus fucking Christ, I had painted their faces white.

Finally—finally—my nuts ran dry and the last of my wad flowed out in a steady stream. Mom reached up and gripped my cock. As she pumped her fist up and down it, the three of us watched my cum spew out over her hand.

"Ooooh, yeah, jack it, Mom. Jack out all the cum."

"Oh my god, Billy," she said, looking at herself in the mirror again and laughing. "Oh good lord, honey."

"I have never seen anyone shoot a load that big," Jill said, following Mom's gaze. "Not even you or Danny or Bobby. God, you really did like that tit-fuck, didn't you?"

"That, and the striptease," I said. And Mom's porno flick. "I came so hard, my balls are aching."

I lay back on the carpet and watched them lick the cum off each other. Whenever their mouths drew close to each other, they paused to kiss. After each kiss, strings of cum stretched between them like sticky,

white saliva.

Both of these women loved the taste of cum, mind you, but this time there was just too much. Mom finally got up and found a bath towel in a closet drawer. She wiped Jill's face and tits with it and then Jill returned the favor.

"God, I just love squeezing your tits, Claudia," she said, sponging the last of my load off Mom's cantaloupes. "It's like I'm squeezing my own. What did you say your bra size is? 38G?"

"Ya," Mom said proudly.

"Okay," I interrupted, "I don't understand this whole bra sizing business. "With tits that big, wouldn't both of you be at least a forty-four?"

Mom and Jill looked at each other and smiled. "Let's educate the poor boy," Mom said.

"Delighted," Jill said. "Billy, honey, you're gonna like this."

XXV

"You can measure our tits for yourself," Mom said, digging in a drawer and finally retrieving a cloth tape measure. "In fact, you can take all our measurements. Let's work our way up," she said, gazing down at her mind-boggling figure. "First, measure my hips."

I knelt in front of her and cast the tape around her ass, then drew it snug with both hands in front. It was difficult to concentrate with her Bermuda Triangle of paradise just south of the tape and inches from my nose.

"Make sure you measure the fullest part," Mom said. "Slide the tape down a little, honey, so it goes right across my beaver."

I gladly did as she asked and peered at the numbers.

"About thirty-nine and a quarter," I read aloud.

"Mmm-hmm," she said knowingly.

Jill stood beside Mom. Their numbers were obviously going to be very, very similar.

"Let's check your hips," I said, genuflecting before Jill.

"Wait, let me get these off," she said, sliding her panties down to her feet. "I want you to see my pussy while you measure me, Billy."

No problem there. I whipped the tape around her and pulled it snug.

"Thirty-eight and a half." I gave her beaver a kiss and a lick.

"Ooooh, yeah, Billy. Your ass is bigger than mine, Claudia."

"Bull. My hips are shapelier."

"Ladies, please," I said, returning to Mom and wrapping the tape around her waist, just above the dramatic S-curve of her hips. She didn't even have to hold in her stomach. She ran her fingers through my hair.

"Twenty-three," I announced. "Jesus, Mom."

"Hasn't changed since I was eighteen," she said.

Jill's turn. She massaged my shoulders while I did my thing.

"Twenty-two," I said.

"Hah!" Jill said triumphantly.

"You're probably sucking in your gut," Mom said.

"Are you kidding?" Jill asked, giving her flat stomach a slap.

"Well, it doesn't matter. My tits are bigger. Now comes the fun part, Billy."

I stood up and gaped at Mom's outthrust mountains. Jesus. "Jill first," I said.

"You have to take two measurements for this part," Mom said.

"What, there's not enough tape?" I asked.

She giggled. "Of course there is, silly. But first, we need the band size. Measure around her chest right under her tits."

Jill held up her arms and I tossed one end of the tape around her back. Drawing a level line, I wedged it up under her tanks.

Leaning forward to read the hash mark, I gave each tit a quick, juicy kiss and she cooed with pleasure. "Thirty-three," I announced.

"So we add five to make it thirty-eight," Mom said.

"Why?"

"Who knows," Jill said. "That's just how bras are sized. You add four or five inches, depending on whether your measurement is an odd or even number."

"Fascinating," I said, craning down to suck her right tit.

"Billy's big dick is at full mast and I bet we're going to do some serious fucking in just a few minutes," she said.

"I call first dibs," Mom said.

"Fine," Jill said. "There's plenty of him. I've been waiting all day to have a threesome with you two."

"Me, too," Mom said. "God, I'm already getting horny again. Hurry, Billy, so you can bang us. Measure her again—right across her tits this time."

I shifted my weight to the other foot and my big, hard cock bumped against Jill's stomach. We both looked down.

"Ooh, Billy," she said, reaching down to stroke it.

"Oh, yeah, that feels good," I whispered.

"I bet it does," Mom said, reaching over and giving Jill a hand. I was at full mast and there was plenty of shaft for two fists to grip and jack." Oh, Billy, baby, we want you to slide that big monster in and out of our pussies and drill us through the bed," Mom said.

"Yeah, honey, you can pound us just as long and hard as you want," Jill moaned, gasping in pre-orgasm. "Think he's got the goods to satisfy both of us at the same time, Claudia?"

"Oh, yaaaaa, he does."

I drew the tape snug under Jill's arms and brought over her enormous breasts. It was like crossing the Himalayas.

She purred as I leveled the tape just under her nipples. "That's it, honey," she breathed, "Draw it right across my big girls. What does it say?"

"Forty-six inches!"

"Nice, eh?" she bragged, her hands on her hips. "So my chest is eight inches larger than my band size. That's what determines cup size. If, say, there were only one inch of difference, I'd be an A cup."

"Oh, shit."

"Four or five inches, a double D."

"Getting better."

"Eight inches roughly makes me a double F, though the scale isn't very precise for tits as big as mine and your mother's. It varies from one bra maker to another."

"But the raw numbers don't lie," Mom said. "Okay, Billy, come over her and measure the mother lode."

Her band size, adjusted, was thirty-eight, just like Jill's. Then, while she jacked my dick and rubbed my glans against her beaver, I roped her gigantic tits just under the nipples, which were erect.

"Holy shit, forty-eight inches!"

"Yep," Mom said. "Ten inches larger than my band size. That makes me a G-cup. In Bali bras, I'm an H."

"Oh, yeah?" Jill responded. "Well, I'm a G in Maidenform."

"Ladies, please," I pacified. "You both have the biggest—" I kissed Mom's right tit "—most beautiful—" I kissed her left "—tits on the

face—" I kissed Jill's right monster "—of the Earth—" I kissed her left. "Now let's fuck."

"Finally," Jill said.

"Wait, Billy," Mom said, smirking mischievously. "I think there's one more measurement we need to take," she said, her eyes falling to my huge, rigid penis.

"Oooh, yeah, let's measure his big cock before he fucks us with it," Jill enthused. "I've done this with Bobby."

Mom took the tape and knelt in front of me. "Mmm, looks like you're fully erect, honey, but I should make sure." She opened her mouth wide and my helmet, plus another five or six inches, disappeared between her lips.

"Ungh," I croaked.

"Ooh, yeah, suck him, Claudia," Jill said. "Suck your own son's cock. God, what a sight."

"You suck me, too, cousin." Jill knelt beside Mom and they took turns on my pole. The room churned with moans and loud gulps.

"Oh, yeah, not too much, girls," I said. "I'm ready."

Mom picked up the tape and strung it along the top of my spit-glossed salami. I knew I was eleven inches on the dot.

Or so I thought.

"Oh, my lord, son, your penis is eleven and a quarter inches long!"

"Holy shit, I've grown."

"Jesus, he's going to be a foot long before he's done," Jill said.

"Measure around it, too, Claudia. He's so thick! Just like Bobby!"

Mom wrapped the tape around my throbbing shaft. "Seven and a half! Billy, you fucking monster! Is that bigger than Bobby?"

Jill nodded slowly. "But just a little."

"Almost too much for your pussies to swallow, isn't it?" I bragged.

They stood up together, their titanic melons swaying lewdly.

"Well, listen, here, sonny boy," Mom said, "you're about to fuck two women whose measurements are forty-six, twenty-two, thirty-eight and forty-eight, twenty-three, thirty-nine. And we both require many, many orgasms. So you're going to need every inch of that big cock."

"So whose ass is nicer, son?" Mom asked, turning around to show me her wide, pert, shapely globes. "Mine, right?"

"Oh, no, Billy, look at mine," Jill said. Hers was just as firm, but a tad bit narrower and more heart-shaped.

"Gee, I don't know," I stalled.

"Well, then, there's only one thing to do," Mom announced. "You fucked our tits, now bang our asses." Frisky with horniness, she hopped onto the bed and assumed the doggy position with her ass facing me.

Jill eagerly took her place beside Mom and they both look back at me.

"Come on, Billy, what's keeping you?" Jill asked. "Fuck us!"

Two gorgeous women with enormous breasts were asking me to fuck them up the ass. It was my duty to oblige. I serviced Jill first, shoving my cock between her cheeks in a series of grunting lunges. While this was happening, Mom took up a 69 position underneath Jill and licked her pussy.

"Oh, Jesus, Billy! Claudia!" Jill cried. "Oh! Oh! OHHHH! He's so big, Claudia! His cock is so fucking big! Keep licking my pussy, cousin!"

By then I was sliding my boy in and out of Jill's ass in a steady tempo of short strokes. Mom occasionally craned up to lick my bouncing nuts. Heaven.

"Ungh, yeah, lick 'em," I told her. Her eyes peered up at me from beneath Jill's succulent ass.

"Give it to her, Billy!" Mom yelled. "Buttfuck her! Show her how it's done!"

"He's showing me, Claudia, he's showing me!" Jill said between moans and pants.

This continued for another minute or so, then I told them to switch places. I slide my big tube up Mom's ass as Jill watched and tended to Mom's pussy.

"Ohhhh, Billy," Mom groaned. "Ohhh, ya. That's it. Ohh. Ohhh. OHHHHH!" I gripped her waist and started pumping hard. "OHHHHHH! OHHHHHHH! AHHHHHH! OHHHHHH! YES! YES! OHHHHHH!" was the response. Her sphincter clamped down on my cock and I knew she was coming.

All the sex that day had left me with more stamina than ever. It was going to take a lot to get my rocks off this time.

Good thing Lisa walked in just then. She was topless in a pair of tight jeans, and her big breasts jiggled as she stopped to stare at us. "Well, I see I'm not the only one who's still horny. I think I wore Danny and Bobby out for the moment."

"Billy's buttfucking me," Mom said just before a deep shudder of pleasure coursed up her back from her ass.

"Do me next," Lisa said, unzipping her jeans and pulling them off. She

wore nothing under them.

"You want it up your ass?"

"Yeah. I'm ready. I want you to be the first."

Woo-hoo! I pulled my cock out of Mom while Jill jogged (god, what a sight) to the bathroom for some lube. She came back with a little tube of K-Y Jelly.

Naked, Lisa got on all fours on the bed. She was sideways to the mirror—perfect. Mom and Jill lovingly rubbed a coat of lube onto my cock and I took position behind Lisa. She looked to one side and caught our reflection in the mirror.

"Oh, Jesus, Billy, I can't believe that huge thing is going to fit. I don't know how Mom and Jill can take it."

"You can do it, too, honey, Mom said. "I took my first cock up the ass when I was your age."

"Was it as big as Billy's?"

"Well, no. But don't worry."

I saddled up against Lisa's ass and pushed my slick glans into her anus. It contracted instinctively.

"Just relax, Sis," I said.

Her asshole dilated once more and I pushed in. Poor girl, my cock was too big for this sort of thing. Oh, well.

She was tight. Fuck, she was tight. It was like the head of my dick was caught in a tiny little sausage casing.

"Unggh. Owwww!" Lisa cried, looking back at me. Her eyes were watering.

"Easy, honey, the head is the biggest part," I said.

"Ya, once it goes in, the rest will be easier," Mom echoed. She rubbed Lisa's back affectionately while Jill came around for a close-up of the penetration.

I began to think it was hopeless. Just then, however, Lisa finally found the deep state of relaxation she needed and her ass opened up for me. I shoved the first four inches of my cock into her in a single thrust.

"Ungh!" she groaned. "God, Billy, yes, put it in!"

"Oh, fuck, that feels so good," I said, watching my shaft vanish between her sexy young buns as I continued to push. Six inches. Seven.

"Oh, ya, honey, I knew you could take him!" Mom said.

"Jesus, she's really taking a cock that big her first time?" Jill

asked, watching my stick slide into my buxom sister.

"She's my daughter," Mom said. "Fucking is in her genes."

Eight inches. Nine.

"Ow! Oh, Billy, I think that's all I can take!"

"You sure? I got more meat for you, honey. About another two inches."

"Ya, honey, you can take it," Mom said. "Put it all the way in, Billy."

"Easy!" Lisa warned.

I felt my glans going to warm, gooey places where no penis was ever supposed to venture. Ten inches.

"Oh, fuck, Billy. OH, CHRIST, HONEY, THAT FEELS SO GOOD!"

Eleven inches. Home run. My hips settled against her ass as my huge scrotum found her clit.

"AIEEEEEEEEEEE!"

Mom and Jill broke into applause. "See honey, I told you," Mom said.

"Hats off to you, honey," Jill said.

Gingerly, I started pumping.

"Mmmmm, yeah, just like that, Billy," Lisa said. She looked at us in the mirror. "God, what a sexy sight."

Danny and Bobby walked in. They both wore their jeans and T-shirts.

Danny's hair, normally perfect, was disheveled. They stared at the four of us incredulously.

"You guys are still going at it?" Danny asked.

"You kidding? I've got my cock up her ass, bro. First time."

Agape, Danny looked at me and then down at the action. "Goddamn."

"It feels so fucking good," Lisa said. "Maybe you boys can have a turn later."

"Or you could go another round with this, Danny," Mom said, running her hands down her outlandish figure.

"Yeah, wanna slide your big dick between these, Bobby?" Jill said, cupping her hands under her massive melons.

"Jill, every man in town wants to do that," I said.

"Ya, I think I could use one more good, hot fuck before bed," Mom said.

"Jesus, I didn't think I was horny anymore, but now..." Bobby trailed off, whipping off his T-shirt and unzipping his jeans. Staring at Mom's naked body, Danny did the same.

"Yeah, why not," he said, stroking his growing cock. "Let's get this orgy started."

XXVI

Six people were soon fucking on one king-size bed.

After some quick fellatio—Mom bent over and worked her lips up and down Bobby's dong, while Jill did the same to Danny—the actions was all-anal. As I continued to give it to Lisa with increasing vigor, Mom and Jill got on all fours beside each other. Their sons knew what to do. Bobby got behind his mother and drove his dick into her ass with one carnal heave. Danny gave Mom's shapely rear-end similar treatment. Both women let out long groans of contentment as their men started pumping hard and fast. The bed lurched and creaked plaintively. Side by side, Mom and Jill lunged back and forth like two racehorses on the home stretch. Jill looked at Mom.

"Jesus, Claudia, I've got my own son's cock up my butt. Are we crazy or what?"

"I've got Danny's big boy in me, honey. It is crazy, but I can't help it. It's too fucking good! Ungh! Oh! Oh, Danny, yes! Oh! Oh!"

"Fuck me, Bobby! Drill my sexy ass! Harder! Come on, baby, pump it! Fuck it!"

Still moaning, the women looked at each other and kissed passionately. Oh, man.

Coming up for air, Mom said, "I want some of Bobby."

"Switch," Jill said over her shoulder to the boys.

No problem. Danny pounded Jill's back door while Bobby drilled Mom's oil well. The combined slapping sounds of three young male pelvises against three full, firm female asses were like a constant smattering of applause from a golf tournament gallery. And believe me, I was using my big 11-iron to drive Lisa right down the fairway.

More trading ensued. Danny had his first go at Lisa's ass while I coupled with Mom's caboose and Bobby buttfucked Jill. Then Bobby gave Lisa the salami while I banged Jill's rump and Danny boinked Mom's back door.

After that, things are kind of a blur. The group sex continued deep into the night, with the room a steamy sea of beautiful, tan bodies writhing and flexing. Cries of pleasure pierced the din of moans and gasps. Anywhere you looked, a big cock was pumping in and out of a

pussy or mouth, a hand was squeezing an enormous breast, or thick ropes of semen were splattering across an exquisite female face. I gave Jill's honey box 11 inches standing up as we watched ourselves in the mirror and then shot my load on Mom's tits while she sucked Bobby's cock. Danny and Bobby took turns on Lisa.

Most memorably, Mom finally took all three cocks at once. She insisted on it, in fact. I lay on my back and she impaled her pussy on my spear. Then Bobby snuggled up behind her and drove his dick into her ass. Danny stood on the bed and shoved his boy into her mouth.

"Unnggggggggh," she groaned incoherently. "Knulla mig," she wailed between drags on Danny's big cigar before trailing off in a cross-eyed slur of Swedish profanity.

"Fuck her, boys!" Jill yelled. "Fuck her like there's no tomorrow!"

By then Mom was in a frenzy, bucking uncontrollably and snarling like a lioness. Spit from the crazed blowjob she was giving Danny dripped down on my face, and milk was squirting out of both her massive tits. I traded places with the other two guys a couple of times until finally we all shot our loads inside her. I blew stream after stream into her ass while Danny emptied his nuts into her pussy and Bobby's ass clenched over and over while Mom gulped his hot semen into her stomach. Just as we finally pulled our spent dicks out of her, the bed collapsed.

The six of us laughed hysterically and then went off in search of another one.

THE END