

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 blattting "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