

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 towed 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 towed 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! OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! AIE-EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! AH! AH! OH! OH! YA! AIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

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 vould 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.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm," 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