

AN INDECENT AGREEMENT

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY
THE MARQUIS FAÇADE

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CHAPTER FIVE

The bathroom door was halfway open and Maureen could see inside. What it was that she saw was more than she was prepared to deal with. Looking into the large vanity mirror that was mounted to the wall behind the sink counter, she could see a reflected image of what was going on opposite the sink inside the bathtub.

Kerry Farris was naked...completely...wholly...without clothing...on her knees, leaning back, bracing herself up with her arms while her son, Eddie...little Eddie...pumped in and out of her with his erect penis.

SEX! They're having sex!

She couldn't fathom what she was witnessing. Kerry, she highly suspected to either be or at least to be in the earliest stages of becoming a little slut...but her son...no...no, Eddie couldn't possibly be---and yet there he was. And Kerry wasn't the one working it. No sir...Eddie was giving her all he had and then some.

The two were so into it that they hadn't even noticed her standing there looking in at them. So she stepped back into the dark hallway and leaned back against the wall while covering her mouth to prevent two things; screaming and quite possibly puking. She wasn't quite sure yet on the second one.

After a few moments of trying to take control of herself, she leaned forward once more and peered around the edge of the door frame at the reflection in the mirror. They were still fucking...still humping, bumping and grinding.

Kerry puffy areola and nipples were jostling but not quite jiggling with each thrust Eddie made into her. She probably had enough tits to move, but with her leaning back like she was, all

that she had was flattening out...so all that seemed to protrude from the girl's chest was plump areola and here ridiculously hard and fingertip size nipples. Why Maureen couldn't take her eyes off of them, she had no clue. When she finally did manage to break her gaze, her eyes immediately locked onto Eddie as she pummeled the older girl's pussy over and over...in and out, in and out.

Maureen's heart was pumping so hard that she began to feel light-headed and had to let herself lean back against the wall once more.

OH SHIT!! HE'S GONNA BE WORSE THAN SAMMY!!

At least Sondra's son had made it to ten before becoming active...but here Eddie was...and...and...well this was just not right! It was insane! And how the hell did he end up in there with that little scrawny ass cunt anyway?

She must have noticed his dick! That's got to be it! Great, the first girl to even take notice has him between her legs already! And he's not even that massive yet! How bad is this shit going to be in another couple of years when he's grown even bigger than he is now?!

Fathoming such things was nearly causing her to have a mental breakdown right there in the hall. Had she waited too long to make a move on him? Was Sondra right? Should she have been testing him all this time? Had she done something, she'd have known...and she'd never have ever left him home alone with this little bitch slut!

Well it's never gonna happen again, I can tell you!

Of course, the cat was already out of the bag now...and she doubted she was going to be able to reign it in ever again...and especially with his first piece of ass living right across the street from them! How could she ever keep him out of that little bitch's tight pink shorts now?!

She knew of course. If Sondra was right...and so far she had been more right than Maureen wanted to admit...then her son would have a thing for *her*. Or at least he might. And if he did, then maybe...if she took up with him like Sondra had done with Sammy...then maybe she could keep him away from Kerry. It was a long shot of course, but whatever it took to keep him from knocking some little nasty whore up!

Leaning forward, she peeped in at them again and saw they were apparently done. Eddie was pulling out of her and his dick was slimy and dripping and her pussy was gaping and...and dripping as well.

Oh shit...he came in her! Oh nooooo...no, no, son...why?!

Why hadn't she done something before now? Dammit, she could have at least had condoms or something! Anything would have made the situation less tenuous than it was now. But her timidity with him had allowed this to happen. Had she just been bolder like Sondra...this...this little cunt would not have been in the tub with her son right now.

Maureen glared at the little bitch as she climbed up out of the tub and fumbled for a towel hanging on the rack beside the tub enclosure.

I just hope she's too young to have a period yet...maybe...maybe she's not capable of getting pregnant yet. The thought was not without merit, but as she looked the girl up and down, she noticed she had thin tufts of pubic hair above her pussy and the very fact that she'd be lusty enough to go after Eddie also spoke that she was quite likely old enough to get knocked up.

I will fucking kill you...you little fucking tramp...at even the first sign that your belly is getting round! She was absolutely furious at the idea of Kerry being pregnant. So furious that she wanted to barge in and throttle the little harlot. But she didn't.

No, she waited patiently for her to put her whore clothes back on and walk out into the dark hallway.

Kerry, her legs trembling, pulled the bathroom door open fully and stepped out into the dark hall and headed toward the light in the distance that came from the kitchen and living room area. She managed maybe three steps forward before a hand reached out of the shadows of one of the bedrooms that's door was along the sides of the hall, and snagged her forearm. Before she realized what was happening, she was jerked into the bedroom and the door was slammed. A hand clamped over her mouth from behind her...another arm cinched her arms to her sides as it snaked around her and tightened.

"Do not scream...it's me...Maureen," a feminine voice hissed in her ear. "I'm going to let you go and if you attempt to run or scream...I will beat your little slutty ass into the carpet. Now nod if you understand."

Kerry nodded and both the hand and the arm released her and seconds later the main light flicked on and she found herself staring up at a very pissed off looking mother...one who was oddly not wearing a bra...and as she gazed lower, she noticed the front of the woman's pants were dark and looked like they were wet or something.

"Don't even try to deny it...you hear me!"

Kerry stood stark still, fearing she was about to die. Had Maureen seen her in the bathroom with Eddie just now? Probably! How could she explain that? She couldn't!

"If you ever...and I mean ever...come near my son again," Maureen hissed as she leaned down in her face and jabbed a finger into her chest. "I will fucking kill you and they will never find the body. Do you hear me? You will be a face on a milk carton. Nobody will ever know what happened to you! And if

you ever tell anybody about him or what you did...I will file charges against you. Do you understand me?! You better nod bitch...nod now or I'll strangle you where you stand!"

Kerry blinked and nodded so hard it made her head swim.

"Now you get the fuck out of my house and take that fucking dog with you too and keep him out of my fucking yard or he'll come up missing too!"

Kerry suddenly made a move for the bedroom door but Maureen wasn't done with her. A quick snag and she had the girl by the t-shirt and shoved her around and up against the door...her left hand ending up in a death-grip around her throat.

Kerry tried to speak, but couldn't breathe.

"I'm not fucking talking shit, you little cunt. I will fucking hunt you down and rip your puffy little tits off. You remember how scared you are right now...you remember this!"

Just as suddenly as the woman had grabbed her, she now let her go and jerked the door open...her hands forcefully shoving her out into the hallway.

Kerry covered her mouth so as not to scream and bolted for the front door like the devil himself was right on her heels. She ran past her dog, stopped in the middle of the street, wheeled around and ran back for him, ripped him loose from the mailbox post and practically dragged his four legged ass across the road and into her own house.

Maureen watched the little bitch scurrying like a rat across the street, her tiny dog Toto in tow.

"Bet you wish you had some ruby slippers you little slut! And you better hope there never is a next time, my pretty!"

She frowned when she realized she'd said that out loud. How lame was that? Quoting Oz villains...it had to be a new low for her. At least it wasn't Starwars.

"This isn't the dick you're looking for...move along," she muttered to herself as she slammed her door shut and then snickered quietly as she locked it.

Down the hall she went and found the bathroom door was still closed. Out of curiosity, she wondered if Eddie had even heard any of what went on...and whether he was even still in there.

Quietly, she stepped to his bedroom door and opened it. He wasn't inside and obviously he hadn't been in the living room where she just came from...so he had to still be in the bathroom.

"Do a little test...just to see," she repeated Sondra's words in a light whisper that only she could hear.

Obviously her son could attain erection...and apparently he knew what to do with it as well. So would it work for her? After playing a part in Sondra and Sammy's sexcapades, she badly wanted to know how her relationship with Eddie was going to turn out.

Hours before, she'd never considered such a thing. She'd never even fantasized about something being serious between them. As she'd admitted to Sondra, sometimes she'd rub one out at night in her bed...*thinking* about some torrid and lewd situation or the other that involved her with Eddie...but they were just secret indulgences and nothing that she ever suspected would pan out in real life.

But then she'd gone to Sondra's and walked in on the insanity that was going on there...and then learned of her friend's sordid affair with her own overly endowed son, and her perspective on things with Eddie had done a complete 360. And now she's come home and found him making it with his fucking babysitter of all people. And was this even his first time? How could she even know without just asking him? He'd sure

seemed pretty competent with his moves to not have known what he was doing. How was that even possible? HOW!?!

She sighed and stared at the darkened backside of the bathroom door.

“Because he’s not a normal boy...that’s how,” she whispered to herself in response. It was just like Sondra had said. She couldn’t think of him in normal terms. She’d been forcing herself to do that...and now look what had happened.

No, she couldn’t let his size or age cloud the way she dealt with him. If he could fuck like a man...then she would have to treat him as if he were a man.

But could she do with him what Sondra did with Sammy? She was going to have to do something to keep him in line. Just like she’d thought earlier...if she didn’t get her talons into his dick...then Kerry or some other little irresponsible bitch would and then she’d end up paying child support or worse. No, she wasn’t about to let that happen.

But what if he wasn’t like Sammy? Their development was obviously far different...so would it be possible that their personal preferences would be as well? She’d played with his dick a bit...and he’d never gotten hard while she did it. But then again, how long had it been since she did that last? She couldn’t quite remember, but it had certainly been a while.

“Fuck it,” she muttered. “One way to find out, I guess.”

She reached out for the doorknob and then stopped. Instead of opening the door, she reached for the top of her jeans. They had dried out mostly now but were still stiff from the crusty jizz that coated them. With some bit of wiggling and tugging, she was able to pull the waist down once more and pour her flabby belly over the top of them.

Inside the bathroom, Eddie sat relaxing in the tub. The water was getting cold, but he was too exhausted to turn on the tap and warm it up any. He looked down and stared at his penis, cold and shriveled from the water temperature. It was still red though and fatter than usual.

It was so weird. He felt better than he could ever remember feeling in his life. What had he done with Kerry? He wasn't sure, but apparently she liked it and so had he...and he very much intended to do it again at the first opportunity. Maybe his mother would let her babysit him again. That would be awesome!

Just then the bathroom door opened and his immediate assumption was that Kerry was coming back in...but to his horror, it was his mother.

The woman just barged into the room and didn't so much as glance in his direction. Without a word, she stormed toward the sink and turned the hot water on. While she waited for the water to heat up, she turned around to face him and leaned back against the counter.

She wasn't wearing a bra and her boobs were drooping and sticking through her tight t-shirt. He could make out the round spots where her areola bulged through...and as he stared, he could see her nipples themselves beginning to blossom outward against the shirt's strained fabric. As his eyes gazed lower, he realized she had her jeans pulled down low...below her hips...and her fat belly was just hanging out over the tops of them...hanging out for him to see...because her t-shirt didn't come down nearly far enough to cover it. He'd never seen his mother dressed like this. And what was all over the front of her jeans?

Maureen leaned back and intentionally pooked her stomach out so that it looked as fat as possible bulging out over the tops

of her pants. She pulled her shoulders back so that the fabric of her t-shirt was strained just a little tighter across her tits. And she stared over the four feet that separated her from Eddie in the tub...stared with a strange glint in her eyes...stared down at the penis between his thighs that was now shriveled and not so impressive looking.

Her son glared back at her with eyes the size of pie plates, but he said nothing...and it was apparent that he was waiting for her to say something first.

She could tell from the expression on his face that her appearance alone was blowing his mind...and she wondered what was going through his mind as he stared at her.

Maureen smiled without conscious effort when she noticed his eyes locking on her tits and then drifting further down to her exposed lower belly. She didn't want to say anything until she got a physical response from him. If she did, it was liable to scare him off...so she waited...patiently...for his dick to say what his mouth probably wouldn't ever dare utter. And it didn't take long. No sooner had his eyes drifted to her belly than she spied his penis un-shriving...its fleshy length slithering from a three inch size out toward four and then five. To her perverted delight, it was also much fatter than it usually was...an apparent side-effect of him having just finished cramming it inside a tight twat.

Sickly, some small and most certainly *unbalanced* part of her mind got off to watching him fucking Kerry, and she knew it. It was just like with Sondra and Sammy. It was crude and nasty ...and yet it was for those *very reasons*, that it seemed so damned erotic. As if that which was forbidden was all that much more sweet when taken. She knew that road led to hell, but she couldn't deny what her mind was thinking any more than she could resist doing what she was doing right now.

At this point she'd just made herself come to terms with the fact that she was a sick and twisted perv of a bitch and she was most undoubtedly going to burn some day for it. It was too late to really fix that now. And so as she stared at her son's cock growing longer by the second, a deviant and depraved grin stretched across her lips...and she knew that Sondra had been right. Apparently having a huge penis wasn't the only common side-effect of the FEM-32 boys.

So not only do they have a mommy thing going on, but apparently a fatty thing too! So what was he doing tapping that little scrawny assed huzz-bag, Kerry?! As she chewed on that bite of new found knowledge, she concluded that maybe her son wasn't necessarily the initiator of the tryst. So the little bitch just took advantage of him, did she? Suddenly she wished she'd just gone ahead and beat her puny little ass when she'd had her pinned down in the bedroom.

She gazed up at his face once more and noticed he was starting to blush...his own eyes dropping downward to focus on his growing penis. He obviously knew it was too late to try and conceal the matter...not he had done so in previous instances. Hell, he barely acted concerned when she'd caught him playing with it previously and on numerous occasions.

Eddie wasn't concerned with his mother seeing his dick get hard...Eddie was more concerned about how his mother was going to *respond* to his dick getting hard...especially when she knew she was the cause of it, for once.

On previous occasions when she'd caught him diddling with it, she'd grumbled at him and mostly just pretended it didn't happen. And the times when it had done it while she was washing it, she'd messed with it for a while but then abandoned it and acted as though nothing had happened. But now, with

her just standing there and staring at him...*at it*...he suddenly felt as though she wasn't going to ignore the matter this time.

He worried she was going to scold him...go off on him about it, but when she turned around, she was smirking somewhat. And as his dick starting to grow, her eyes locked onto it and her smirk grew into a wide and creepy grin. Did she think this was funny somehow? Or was it something else? She certainly wasn't laughing about it. No, she was just standing there watching...and smiling as if...as if it somehow *pleased* her.

What a night! First he had the fling with Kerry in which not only had his penis turned into a raging hard rock...but he'd also ended up shooting white crap out of it...something which Kerry seemed to enjoy, though why, he wasn't quite sure. But he'd done that several times with her and he was now so exhausted he couldn't see straight...but then his mother barges in on him.

And unlike the previous times she'd witnessed him having an erection...he feared this time it was going to keep swelling until it was super hard like it had gotten with Kerry. The worry he harbored was whether his mother was going to react like Kerry had? Would she want him to do all those things with her too?

He eyed her once more...her bulging breasts stretching through the fabric of her short t-shirt...and the bare flesh from the bottom of her fat belly hanging out from under it and rolling over the top of her jeans. Somewhere inside, he realized that the thought of doing those things with his mother was even more exciting than they had been with Kerry. But he was so tired that the idea of it seemed impossible...at least mentally. Physically speaking, the idea seemed to only be making him more erect by the second. What his mind wanted and what his wiener wanted were apparently two different things and at that

very moment in time, he wasn't sure which one was going to win out, but he suspected highly it was going to be his dick.

Another question burned through his mind however...and that was whether his mother knew what he and Kerry had been doing. She'd stormed in just maybe two or three minutes after Kerry walked out. Surely she must have passed her in the hallway. So did she know? Was she guessing? Would she be mad at him if she knew what he did with the girl? Or could it be that this was the reason she was smiling at him? Did she approve? Was she proud of him for it? He simply didn't know what to think about her current expression and attitude. It was impossible to read her with so many factors unaccounted for.

His mother leaned back and sighed and the action reminded him of a cat that was discontent with its food or fluffiness of its bed. He knew she was about to say something and he only hoped whatever it was she said wouldn't be followed by him being beat over the head with something.

"Wow," Maureen said with little preamble. "Are you enjoying the view or what?"

Eddie just sat there in the tub, his dick almost fully erect...its length starting to bow upwards out of the water. He definitely had a full six inches or maybe a little more. And his cock was far fatter than she'd expected it to be. She knew some of that was probably a result of Kerry's fling with him moments earlier, but it was still impressive. She wondered what would happen if she had one of the pump measuring devices that Sondra said the urologist bitch had used on Sammy. Sondra had told her she'd never been able to get him as large as he was that day...so as she stared at Eddie's dick, she pondered just how much bigger his might go if it were pumped and pressurized.

Most men only had five or six inches erect...and here her son was with at least six and he had years more to go before he maxed out. Would he get as big as Sammy? Perhaps even bigger? As insane as it sounded, she knew it was possible and maybe even likely. What the hell would she do with one that big? The better question would be what *couldn't* she do with one that big?

When he didn't answer her snide comment, she realized that maybe it had gone over his head.

"I was talking about that," and she pointed over at his penis. "Since when has it started doing that?"

He glanced downward at himself again and then his eyes slowly, hesitantly rolled back up to look at her, but his mouth made no indication that it wanted to verbally respond to her question.

She turned around and opened a drawer in the cabinet behind her. After a few moments of fishing, she managed to produce what she was looking for; a tape measure. With a flick of her wrist, she unrolled it and then turned back around and stepped over to the tub.

Eddie watched her with an indefinable expression as his mother dropped to her knees and leaned over the side of the tub, her arms reaching out with the flexible tape measure.

Maureen clamped the tip of the tape to the base of his dick just above where his ball sack started and then she slide the length of it down the side of his erection until her right fingers caught and held it near the end of his penis. The tape showed his erection to be six and a quarter inches long.

*Holee hell...the boy **is longer** than a grown man!* She'd suspected that for a long while, but now...now for the first time she was able to actually see a full erection and even though it was what she'd expected, it was definitely still shocking to

behold. And while the numbers weren't shocking by themselves, coupled with the size of the rest of his body, it revealed one immensely awe inspiring picture.

Just as she started to release his penis, she noticed he was looking at her chest. Even though she hadn't intended to do so, she was flashing him with her unbridled cleavage. Her t-shirt was a v-neck and when she'd leaned over the edge of the tub, she'd had to flop her tits over the side of it and let them dangle downward and now the tops of them bulging out through the gap in the v-shaped neckline...and her son was ogling them.

She decided to remain stationary. She tossed the tape measure off to one side, unconcerned about where it landed. Her mind was on *bigger* things now...and apparently so was Eddie's.

"And just what are you looking at, Mister?" she asked him in a bit of a flirtatious voice. As she did so, she leaned back a bit and used the side of the tub to heft her tits and bulge them even further out the top of her shirt. He still didn't say anything in response, but his eyes grew just a little bit larger.

She still had her right hand outstretched near his dick and on a lark, she decided to reach out and grab it once again.

"Wow...it's really hard, ain't it?" she asked him, but he couldn't seem to break his stare from her tits to bother with a response.

She slumped a bit more and hefted her tits even higher on the tub edge as she started to play with his enraged cock. She tickled the tip and then slowly traipsed her fingers down around its girth and wrapped it with her palm. Now with a tight grip on it, she began to pump it up and down.

"I bet this is how it started, wasn't it?" she whispered to him. Somehow...that seemed to startle him into a response.

"Whu-WHAT?!" he blurted.

She smiled and began to pump just a little bit faster.

"Kerry," she replied...the name alone explaining enough to clarify her previous question.

Eddie's eyes nearly leapt from his skull.

"Yeah, I walked in...and the door was still open, so I saw at least the last ten or fifteen minutes of it," she asserted with a slightly stern expression and tone. "I guess it was only a matter of time till somebody went after it, huh?"

"What? Went after what?" he asked, totally missing what she was writing between the lines.

"THIS!" she chirped and tilted her head toward her right hand as it slowly pumped his penis. "I've been waiting for the day when it would get completely hard like this."

"Whu-WHY?!" he blurted, again...completely astonished at her comments.

"So I can do this," she said, motioning toward her hand again as it steadily stroked up and down on his cock. "So did you have a little fun with her?"

He was blushing now and sweat was beginning to bead on his forehead...his eyes darting from her hand and his cock up to her bulbous cleavage bubbling out the top of her shirt.

"Kerry is cute...but she don't have shit for boobs, does she?" She didn't expect him to answer and he didn't. "Not like me. Mine are so big I got to prop'em up on the tub just to lean over the side here." She wiggled around for effect as she spoke. "Man this shirt sure is tight."

She straightened up some and with her left hand reached back behind her side of the tub wall and grabbed the tail of her t-shirt and pulled up on it until she reached her neck and her tits flopped out into full view. She let go of the shirt tail then and resumed her slump atop the tub wall...using it to heft and support her plump pair of now bare D-cups.

"Ahh, that's better, huh?" she said with a sigh of faux relief as she resumed her steady pumping of his cock. She leaned a little more forward and her nipples were dipping downward enough that the left one was nearly in the water. Her boobs always looked so much bigger when she was leaning forward like this. She'd measured her tits for bra fitting before and knew they were about ten and half inches from the side to her nipple...but when she was draping them like this...their sheer weight of about three pounds each, tended to tug them downward with gravity and she suspected they probably stretched out a good twelve inches. Her tits were pointy anyway and with gravity's aid, they grew even more football shaped. She hoped he'd be impressed with both their size and contour and the way he was gawking left little to be guessed at.

"Oh c'mon Edward...say something, dammit!" she demanded when he still didn't speak. "You want more?" she asked as she leaned back and pulled her shirt completely off and tossed it to the floor beside her. "Or is it not titties you want?"

"Whu—uhhh," he stuttered but no real words emerged from his startled mouth.

"Okay...look, I'm done being stupid here," she suddenly asserted as she leaned back onto the tub ledge and propped her chin up on one arm. "I know you had sex with Kerry. I'm not mad at you. I'm flaming furious at her. She knew what she was doing and I don't think you really did...did you?" When he didn't so much as even shake his head in response, she assumed her correctness and continued on. "If you have sex unprotected like you did, you can get a girl pregnant and I am not having that, do you understand me? Eddie...nod your fucking head, son!"

He finally nodded his agreement and acknowledged that she was actually talking to him.

"Alright," she began again. "I will help you handle things down there," and she pointed to his dick, "*but you will not* touch any other women. Got it?" He nodded again. "Now I was trying to work this cool like, but apparently you're not at the level to understand that sort of thing yet, so I guess I'm gonna just have to be blunt."

She lifted her head up and then put both hands on the tub ledge and shoved herself up off of her knees and into a standing position. She was now completely topless and towering over him. While her tits had been the focus of his attention prior to that moment...his eyes were now glued to her belly which, from his vantage point, looked enormous jutting out over the top of her jeans. She noticed his interest shift and it amused her.

Well he might not give a rat's ass about my tits, but he's obsessed with my fucking gut, ain't he?

"Okay, Eddie," she continued. "Tell me the truth. I saw your thing getting hard there when I came in...so I know I make you hard just like Kerry apparently did. But what I want to know is what it is about me that you like? I thought it might be my boobs, y'know...but I'm not sure. Is it my belly?" And as if to emphasize her point, she pooched her plump little gut outward so that the horizontal crease along her navel expanded and her two roll belly enlarged into a more round and singular shape.

Eddie's hands unconsciously slid toward his testicles and then he pressed his thighs together as if something was uncomfortable between them...namely in his ball sack.

"Oh...I see...that is it, huh?" She smiled and relaxed her protruding paunch. "So you like fat women...so then why were you messing with that scrawny ass little Kerry for?"

"She...she sort of started it," he confessed, finally speaking at long last. "She touched it and then she started doing what you did a minute ago...and then it was hard like this," and he snagged it with his hand as if to show her how erect it still was, "and then I don't know...we were--"

"Fucking?" Maureen popped off without considering the vulgarity of the term. "Yeah, I know...I saw. And to be honest, son...I was rather impressed. Is that the first time you've ever done that?"

"YEA-UHH!" he blurted, his tone reinforcing the fact.

"Well...Kerry Farris is off limits, got it? If you want to have sex...you come to me from now on. Now get up out that tub before you shrivel into a prune."

He stood up and stepped out of the tub and onto the carpeted mat that lay in front of it. She tossed him a towel and as he dried himself off, his erection finally started to dissipate somewhat.

"Go on to your room...I'll be there in a minute," she told him as he scurried naked out of the bathroom and out into the hall.

She followed him, topless, down the corridor but when he went left into his room, she turned right and entered her own. Once inside, she made her way over to her dresser and opened the top drawer. After a bit of rummaging, she managed to produce a box of condoms, that while old as hell, apparently still had one more year to go before they expired...according to the date stamped on the packages.

How long have I had these things?? It had definitely been a long while. She wasn't even sure when the last time she'd had sex with a man had been. Between work and dealing with Eddie, there just hadn't been much time for anything or anyone else in her life. At least she had some though. She tore off one from the perforated string of them and reached to drop the rest

back into the drawer but then she hesitated...and broke two more loose before shutting the drawer. With three in hand, she turned and headed across the hall.

With every step she took, her big tits jiggled and swayed from side to side...as did her belly...the bottom roll the most. It was bulging over the top of her pants and for some reason the bottom of her stomach just felt heavier...more quivery for some unexplainable reason. And to her dismay, she found that she enjoyed the sensation of it bouncing when she walked. Why had she always girted her gut up inside her pants? How many times had she been unable to breathe...unable to bend over and generally just uncomfortable in her high waisted, tight ass jeans? As she marched across the hall, she vowed never to pull her pants up ever again. Fuck that shit! Her fatness bulged through her fucking pants anyway. Anybody that paid attention could see she had a potbelly, so why bother being uncomfortable in a bid to try and hide it? Nope...she was stopping off after work tomorrow and buying her some new fucking jeans...with a tight ass and legs...and the lowest cut hips that she could find. As she considered that idea, she realized her current pants were still pretty high up on her hips. So she stopped and tugged down on her belt loops until she had wiggled them down further...to a point where her lovehandles could pour out over the top of her waist band.

Wow...this is...it's like not even wearing pants at all. What the fuck have I been doing to myself all this time? And what the hell am I doing now? I'm walking topless into my son's room with a handful of condoms...that's what I'm doing.

As she entered his room, she found him still naked...and standing naked beside his bed. Was there an insinuation there? Was he expecting to get into his bed with her? Apparently he

was a fast learner when it came to sex. And she wasn't sure that was necessarily a good thing. Well...not yet, anyway.

She stepped up to him and then dropped to her knees on the floor in front of him...marveling as she did so, on how easy it was to bend and move without her jeans binding her midsection.

She tossed the two extra condoms atop his bed and opened the third one. Without asking for his permission or his cooperation, she grabbed his dick and started jerking on it to make it hard...but after a few moments, she realized she wasn't getting anywhere. He was growing stiffer and longer, but not fully erect.

"I bet I can fix that," she muttered and leaned down to suck his semi-erect cock into her mouth. She heard him moan almost instantly as she started to work it with her hand, tongue, and lips. She'd barely begun a good rhythm when he popped wood hard as a fucking rock inside her mouth.

Pulling his dick from her, she quickly rolled the condom down over it and smiled to herself when she realized the whole thing unrolled just as it reached the base of his cock. It was the first time in her life she ever remembered having a rubber fully unfurl on a dick she was about to take.

"What's that?" he asked and plucked at the latex sock that enveloped his penis.

"It's a condom," she explained. "You wear one so it catches the cum...umm...sperm...when it comes out." Why had she stumbled for words. Was cursing any worse than what she was already doing with him? Hardly.

Yeah, it's a little late to start worrying about using dirty words now, ya' big fat whore!

As she stared at his wrapped up dick though, she recalled seeing him cumming in Kerry...and how much semen she had all

over her...and aside from that, she was pretty damned sure she'd noticed some funk floating in the tub water as well. Did her son cream like Sammy did? If so, would a condom contain it all? It was a valid and pertinent question if she wanted to have sex with him safely...and by this point, she was entirely certain that she was going to.

She stood up and moved over so she could drop down onto the side of his bed. Sitting, her flabby belly compressed and bulged outward even further...so much so that when she relaxed, her gut was practically sitting in her lap. She felt almost pregnant. Had her belly not consisted of two fat rolls of flesh, she almost could have looked the part. It certainly stuck out far enough. Looking down at herself, it reminded her of Sondra and her big round stomach. She literally *did* look pregnant and Sammy apparently enjoyed it. So did Eddie? She glanced up at him and noted that his eyes were glued to her torso...the lower part.

Apparently he does, she thought to herself as she reached out and grasp his erection with her right hand. It was all but fully erect still and ready for whatever she threw at it. The question was...*what exactly did she want to throw at it?* She just wasn't sure. Part of her wanted to pull him to the bed and toss him down and mount him...and yet another part of her continued to eye the condom and wonder whether it would contain his full load or not. Getting pregnant from him was probably not the optimal thing to do if it could be avoided. Number one, it would raise a lot of questions that she didn't want to answer...and two, the similarity of any child she had by him and the two of them would be uncannily obvious...and she knew her family members would be curious and if anybody ever should make a claim and a DNA test be forced on her, then it would be curtains for her. Nope, getting pregnant was not a

good idea. And of course, two...inbreeding like a backwoods hillbilly also seemed to be in bad taste aside from the legal ramifications of it. And finally there was three...who the fuck was going to pay for said child? She was doing good to afford her house as it was...so the idea of trying to feed another kid somehow put a total damper on any ideas she may or may not have had about the matter.

And yet despite these things, she still found herself intrigued, at the very least, by the idea of it. If her son was aroused by her pudgy gut...how would he respond to her having a huge pregnant belly? He'd probably spaz out. But she wasn't going to fuck up and find out. No sir. Big bellies could be had without getting knocked up. With that thought in mind, she intentionally poked her stomach out as far as she could and leaned back on the bed.

"Y'know...before we get all crazy...maybe we should test this thing out," she suggested, nodding downward toward his erection and the tight condom that encompassed it. "Why don't you jerk it off for me, huh? Do you know how to do that?"

He cocked his head to one side and squinted but then nodded slowly as if he wasn't sure exactly what she was talking about. She garnered as much from his response and was about to show him what to do when he reached up and clasped his own penis and began stroking it. As she watched him, she wondered how long he'd been doing it...how long he'd been masturbating. He seemed rather clumsy and unsure of himself. His motions were not as rhythmic as most men's were.

Tonight...I guarantee you that little huzzy did more than pop his cherry tonight! She taught him the whole nine yards! Fuck! I wonder if he's ever even had a hard-on before tonight? She knew he'd had semi-erections with her in the tub before---

And that's when it struck her what had really happened while she was gone. The girl had asked her about giving him a bath before she left...then she'd been gone longer than she was supposed to...she'd called her...and asked about him eating...and afterwards, Kerry had probably fed him and then tried to give him a bath...during which time, she'd probably discovered how big his dick was...and then what? Had she played with it? Touched it? Or had he popped semi-wood on her while she was bathing him? Something obviously had happened in the bathroom at some point. It was too odd of a location for them to get busy unless that's where it started off at. So yeah...it was pretty plain that a bath had been the ignition point for the encounter.

How many times? How many times...had she given him a bath and had him swell up on her? How many times had she lingered while washing it? How many opportunities had she possibly missed? Had she known he would respond like he did with Kerry...would she have gone further before now? Undoubtedly she would have! And as she sat back on the bed, she realized she was almost jealous of Kerry for having had the chance to break him in. Now...now she was dealing with a boy who already knew his way around to an extent. She wasn't complaining...but she was extremely disappointed. How many times had she fantasized while lying in her bed at night...how many imaginings...had she created in which she taught him the ropes of sex? That dream was gone now. It made her hate Kerry just a little bit more for stealing that which wasn't hers to have. She'd been there a few hours...seen it one time and just took it. And Maureen had been staring at...holding it...and dreaming about it for over a year or better. It wasn't fair.

She looked from his penis to his face and realized that all the pouting in the world wasn't going to make it any better.

He'd been broken in and that was all there was to it. At least, on a bright note or two, there wouldn't be that awkward initiation with him...that first, strange time that she or he revealed their attraction to the other. And, she wouldn't feel guilty about having been his first...nor have to live with the fear that she'd somehow pushed him into things too soon. Nope. Eddie was fully operational at this point, and Sondra had been absolutely right about everything it seemed...and like her, she now seemed to see the logic in keeping her son under wraps.

She reached forward with one hand and caressed her belly and shook it a little to see if it made any difference to his hand speed. To her delight, it did and so she began rubbing her flab roughly, massaging her two pudgy fat rolls with greedy fingers that occasionally crept higher to her breast before returning to her abdomen.

"Did you beat off for Kerry tonight?" she asked him out of the blue. Her question caught his attention for a moment but he quickly returned to his brisk pumping action. "Or did she jerk you off herself? I bet it started in the bath, huh? Was she washing your dick for you...and then you got hard, didn't you?"

Eddie glanced up and met her stare and blushed...but said nothing in response to her goading. But she did notice the speed of his arm increased slightly. Did he like her prodding? Would he get off if she taunted him a bit? She wasn't sure about him, but she knew with surety that it would get her off. Hell in most of her sick little sexual fantasies about him...events usually revolved around her catching him jerking off to her and then she'd taunt him over the matter...some sort of twisted discipline or the other than ended up with her jerking him off or sucking him off or even more, depending on how long it took her to rub one out. So whether or not he liked it, she was going to do it.

"I know what happens. Momma has had that happen a few times myself, y'know. Maybe I just didn't wash it as good as she did, huh? But you know what, Mister...I bet I was thinking the same nasty thoughts as little Miss Kerry was. I just never figured you'd enjoy it yet," she explained to him as he continued to pound on his latex wrapped appendage.

"And every time it got a little hard," she added. "I really, really wanted to wrap my hand around it and jerk you off. So bad...so very badly...you just have no idea, Eddie!"

His arm was a blur now...his hand tugging at his dick so furiously that the rubber was starting to scooch forward on his shaft from the sheer friction being exerted on it.

"I'm mad though...so mad," she continued. "I have fantasized about being your first for a long time now. Ever since your dick started getting bigger...I've been dreaming about breaking you in...being the first woman to jerk a load out of your balls."

He was panting now and she realized he was either about to pass out from over exertion...or he was building up to a sexual expulsion...the latter of which, she hoped for.

"But I think I like it better...that I'm just sitting back and letting *you* do all the work...*letting you* jerk your *own* load out **...to me!**" And as she watched, her son started beating wildly on his cock, a look of desperation overtaking his expression...and she knew he was about to fire off for her. "Oh fuck, son...just do it...shoot those balls off for me, baby...cum for Momma!"

All at once he grunted loudly and she saw the tip of the condom turn white...and as she stared, the latex reservoir expanded...shot by shot...little by little with each eruption, until by the time he finished, the entire end of the condom was hanging down...dangling like a small water balloon filled with

white goo. The ball of semen at the tip was the size of a golf ball.

Exhausted, Eddie slowed his pumping until his hand was doing little more than holding the condom onto his dick...trying to keep it from slipping off and dropping to the floor.

Maureen leaned forward and grabbed the drooping, weighted-down tip and pinched the area above the reservoir with her index finger and thumb...then pulled towards herself and slipped the slimy latex from his penis. Pinching the top of it, she held the over-filled rubber out in front of herself and admired the excessive amount of semen it held. With her other hand, she poked at it and noted the fact that it was warm to the touch. Most men ejaculated a teaspoon full of sperm at best and here her son was...obviously popping off maybe ten times that amount. Well maybe not that much...but as she eyed the contents of the condom, she surmised that it had to be at least seven or eight teaspoons. She badly wanted to run to the kitchen and measure it, but somehow that seemed in bad taste, at least for the moment. And after thinking about it for a few moments, she had a much better idea for it.

She leaned back on the bed again, bracing herself on her left arm and then pooched her stomach out as she had while he was jerking off...and with her right hand, she upended the condom onto the top of her distended belly and let its warm and sticky contents flow over her flesh like so much glaze on a hot pastry.

The boy's eyes bugged and his mouth fell open in awe as his mother poured his semen all over her flabby gut. He had no response for this. It was totally unexpected and nothing that he had ever even dreamed of in his wildest imaginings. Why had she done that? Apparently *because she wanted to!* The look on her face explained what no words probably could have.

"I know that's what you *really* wanted to do, wasn't it?" she asked him and his eyes revealed the response she knew he wouldn't verbalize. The fool had probably never even thought to do such a thing...but he would now...and probably forever! And the next time he jerked off for her...he'd know where to shoot his load.

It was a bit gross, having so much slimy and sticky mess poured across the top of her gut. She'd never in her life imagined doing such a thing before now either, but having realized that her son was attracted to her fat belly meant her abdomen was a sexual instrument...a point of tease for him. And when a man had a fetish like that, you worked it. If it had been titties he was into...then she'd have emptied the rubber on her chest. But of course, it wasn't her tits he lusted for.

"C'mere and rub it in for me," she told him with a depraved glint in her eye. "I know you want to play with it. Go ahead. Momma likes her fat belly rubbed."

She'd barely finished her sentence before he moved forward and pressed his fingers into the squishy flesh of her stomach. His palms smeared the sticky mess all over until not a single spot of skin remained unmarred. And he continued to caress her belly until the creamy goop was all but dried entirely on her skin before he stepped back.

To her dismay and outright disbelief, when he moved back from her, she could see that his dick was growing again. Obviously he'd gotten off on rubbing her rolls of flab...enough so that he was catching an erection again...his third? How many rounds had he went with Kerry before she ever even got home? One at least...and she was betting at least two...meaning this one had been his third...and yet here he was again, possibly popping a fourth...a third one at minimum. How in the hell

could he possibly have that much stamina? Grown men couldn't do that much...so how was her son capable of it?

She reached for the buttons of her jeans and popped them loose and then smiled at him.

"Pull my pants off, you big freak!"

He looked at her and smiled back before bending over to grab her pants legs and begin the arduous task of tugging her tight ass jeans off of her. Her panties went down with them, so by the time he got them off, she was completely naked.

She smiled at him again and spread her thighs wide so that he could see her pussy.

"I bet you know what to do, don't you?" she asserted more than asked as she reached over and retrieved another condom and tore open the wrapper. By the time she reached out to roll it onto him, his cock was fully erect once more. It was bloated and red from the friction of his jacking off so roughly...and as she began to roll the latex downward, she realized that it was very tight...tighter than before...so tight that she worried he might blow it out...rip it...shred it.

Holee shit...I'm gonna have to buy him a bigger size! So what...he wears like a magnum or something? This is just disturbing! I'm about to get more cock from my own son than I've ever gotten from any of the men I've ever slept with!

She'd no more than finished rolling the rubber down than he was pushing forward against her until he was between her legs and she could feel his erection pressing against her lower belly. Nervously she reached downward and bent it forward and then guided it to her opening. She was already so wet that it took little effort for him to drive himself inside of her.

Maureen gasped as he pushed inside of her and then she leaned forward and wrapped both of her arms around his back and pulled him into her and then they were rolling around on

the bed...his bed...and their movements were animalistic. She, more than twice his size, trying not to crush him...but also trying her best to hump the shit out of him...and he, in a hormone induced madness, squirmed and bucked wildly until she finally submitted and allowed him to perch atop her. She bit her lip and yielded control to him. In and out, in and out...faster and faster! His small body was fast like the wind. His boney pelvis was smacking her pussy harder and harder and she could hear him gasping and moaning? Yes, moaning...he was moaning!

"Momma...Momma...ahhh," his words were barely understandable, but they drove her mad with arousal until, at some point, she could no longer take it...no longer lie there and bite her lip.

She rolled again and pressed him down into the mattress and remained astraddle of him the whole maneuver, never once allowing his cock to emerge from her. Once she was on top, she rose up and started bouncing on him, driving his fat cock deeper and deeper inside of her cunt. Meanwhile, the fingers of her right hand made their way to her clitoris and began a rubbing action that quickly began to drive her toward climax.

Looking down at him, she realized his hands were up and grasping at her belly, so she poked it out again and did her best to make it jiggle and bounce as she continued to fuck him.

"Momma's gonna get it, baby...Momma's gonna cum on your cock, baby!" she called out to him amidst a steady rhythm of gasping and bed squeaks. "You like Momma's big fat belly, don't you? Yeah, you do. Shake it...shake my fat belly, baby!"

And he did. He gripped her gut and began to shake it vigorously and the sensation began to turn her own as well for some reason. She still couldn't believe her flab could turn a man on. She didn't have to be scrawny to be hot anymore, at

least not for him...for her son. So would he be enthralled if she got fatter? She glanced down at his face again and the answer to her question was obvious. Yes, he would. And once again she had to admit that Sondra was right. But why would a stupid drug she took...a fucking vitamin...cause her son to come out hung and horny for his own mother's fat ass? It was insane, but it was a fact, apparently...and one she wasn't complaining about any more.

About that moment, she felt her own orgasm suddenly build and release without warning. As she tensed her thighs and squeezed him between her legs, a hot rush of liquid exploded from her pussy and soaked both him and the bed beneath them.

"OHHHH FUCK...YES...YES...YES!!" she screamed loudly and started to immediately hammer him again, even faster and harder than she had been. "CUM IN ME...CUM IN ME, DAMMIT!" she bellowed at him, a slightly psychotic look in her eye.

Eddie tensed them himself and it felt as though his balls were going to climb out of their sack and flee. They tightened up and retracted so highly that for a second he thought they might pull completely up inside of him...but just as he reached a point of panic, the rush of semen release poured out of his cock and his balls emptied inside his mother's hot and soaking pussy.

Maureen finally stopped bucking and collapsed onto the bed beside him, taking the condom with her when she went. Once she was flat on her back, she reached down and snagged the flailing latex that hung outside of her vagina and pulled on it till the golf ball sized tip popped out. She hefted it up where she could see it then and marveled that it was nearly as full as the first one had been.

Rolling her head to the left, she gazed at him. He was flushed, sweaty and red all over from the physical impacts and groping that erupted between them only a few moments earlier. So how long ago had that been? She had no idea, but suspected it had only been a few minutes at best. Fast but good. Furious but fantastic.

She held the condom up and over as if she were showing him some sort of trophy she'd won.

"You...Mister...cum like a fucking horse," she commented amid heavy breathing. "And Momma likes!" Then she upended the rubber and dumped it all over her belly again. "C'mere and rub it in...and...and you suck my fucking titties while you're doing it. Yeah, that's what I said...come suck your Momma's fat titties and...and maybe Momma will do something for you when you're done."

"Like what?" he asked as she rolled over and sat upright. He leaned over then and started rubbing her belly with his left hand while diving his face down to her left tit. His lips were dry, but his tongue quickly helped out as his mouth locked onto her erect nipple.

"I bet I know what you'd like," she asserted as she closed her eyes and tilted her head back in ecstasy.

"What?" he inquired once when he popped his mouth off her tit for a second.

"Whu—Oh," she chirped, having momentarily gotten caught up in the sheer pleasure of having her titty sucked. "Y'know...Sammy Hogan has a monster dick too. Me and his momma both took a vitamin while we were pregnant with you two...and she thinks that's what caused both of you to come out with dicks that hang to your knees." She had to stop for a moment and writhe as his mouth and tongue played havoc on her engorged areola. "Sammy likes his momma too. In fact,

y'know why she's so fat? 'Cause he likes it. She's getting fatter by the day because it turns him on and makes him want to fuck her."

Her son released his suction on her udder suddenly and lifted his head to look her dead in the eye.

"I hate Sammy Hogan!"

"Yeah, well two roosters in the hen house," she commented with an arched eyebrow and a smirk. "But the fact is, you two are just alike. And so I bet you'd cum your panties if I got fatter wouldn't you?"

His eyes lighted up and she could tell he was repressing the urge to smile in delight.

"Don't fight it...I know you're trying," she said as she grabbed at him and began to tickle him. For several minutes, they writhed around naked on the bed, giggling and gasping until she found herself on top of him again, pinning him to the bed...and the laughter suddenly subsided and she pressed her face to his and then her tongue into his mouth. And as she kissed him, she felt first, his arms tightening around her and then she felt the distinct tautness of his cock pressing against her belly. He was hard again. How?

She released her lip lock and raised her head up just enough to talk to him.

"I'm gonna break that thing, little boy. Momma is gonna fuck it till it lays down...you hear me?"

His expression was just short of horrified.

"I'm gonna make it lay down...I'm gonna fuck it all night if I have too," she asserted with a raspy and lusty tone. And then she slid forward on him, toward his head, till her D-cups were dangling down into his face. He took the hint, and sucked one into his mouth and it sat her on fire inside once more. And before she realized what was happening, she felt his cock

nudging into her gaping cunt. She opened her eyes and glanced over at the side table where the last remaining rubber was. She reached out for it, but then he was inside of her and he felt even bigger than before. Was he swollen or was she? Probably both...but it was unbelievable. It felt like his cock was twice its previous girth...and all at once she didn't care so much about the condom...about not getting pregnant. How much cum could he still have in his balls anyway?

The bed was squeaking...and the noise pulled her into reality and she was suddenly aware that she was already fucking him again. One moment she'd been reaching out for the condom and the next she was coming out of a daze and they were going at it hard again. Her hands were wrapped tightly around the metal bed-stead and she was slamming...grinding him beneath her and his hands were playing with her belly and tits...back and forth as if he couldn't make up his mind which was more enticing to him. At some point she realized she was shouting...

"CUM IN ME YOU LITTLE BASTARD! CUM IN ME! PLEASE, OH FUCK...PLEASE CUM IN ME! I WILL MAKE YOU CUM IN ME! I WILL FUCK YOU TILL YOU CUM IN ME!!"

And then she felt him tensing up as if he was about to go.

Turning loose of the headboard, she sat upright on him and then popped his cock out of her. In a hasty and desperate maneuver, she turned around until her ass was in his face and then she moved forward and remounted him and began to buck again.

"SLAP IT! SLAP MY ASS, DAMMIT! SLAP MY BIG FAT FUCKING ASS AND TELL ME I'M A BAD MOMMA!" she bellowed at him. **"AND THEN YOU FUCKING CUM IN ME!"**

No sooner had she ordered it than his hand was pounding her jiggly ass, slapping it repeatedly.

"You're a bad momma...bad!" he sheepishly blurted from behind her amid the sounds of flesh popping. "Stop it...stop it or I'm gonna do it again...and my balls are aching, Momma!"

"TELL THAT FAT COCK TO LAY DOWN AND I WILL!" she blasted back at him. "I'm not letting no other little bitches have it...you hear me?! This cock is mine...and these balls are mine and every time you pop a hard-on for me, I'm gonna fuck the shit out of you till you beg me to stop!"

"Oh Momma...ohhh," he suddenly shouted as he began to hump furiously beneath her in a futile effort to make her go faster.

"Don't you do it...don't you cum in me, dammit...you ain't got no rubber on," she chastised him, knowing full well he wasn't going to be able to hold it.

She popped up and wheeled around again to face him and again, re-inserted him into her. Leaning forward she grasped the headboard again and began to bang the shit out of him.

"Don't do it...I know you want to!" she muttered at him. "I know you wanna cum in me so bad...SOOOO BAD!"

"Momma...stop...I can't...I can't---" but his protesting was muffled by the constant squeaking of the bed and slapping of their bodies.

"You're gonna make me pregnant if you cum in me," she cooed amidst gasps. "If you cum in me, my belly's gonna get so fucking big," she added, leaning forward further and hanging her gut down into his face. Gravity tugged it downward and the crease along her navel distended until her belly literally looked pregnant...a massive, quivering orb of fat and flesh recoiling up and down with each of her ramming thrusts.

That's when he erupted inside of her...and it felt like the semen literally shot into her chest cavity. She felt her vaginal muscles tense and then she erupted herself...hot liquids

exploding out of her opening, washing cum with it as it went, soaking her son's entire pelvis and lower torso.

At some point she collapsed and must have completely passed out. What happened after that was anybody's guess.

Anita Farris, 5'2 and maybe a hundred and ten pounds of mostly bleach blonde-ness...pranced out onto her front yard wearing a pair of cutoffs that left nothing to the imagination. They were so high-cut and tight that little was left in the way of mystery about the cheeks of her ass nor the location of her vaginal crease. Her scrawny butt lumps hung almost completely out the backs of the leg holes and what little existed of the overly tight shorts cinched into her hips and pelvis so tightly that had she tried to bend over, she'd have ended up having intercourse with the seam of her zipper. How she managed to cram herself into such a ridiculously tight garment, Maureen wasn't sure. As little as the bitch was to begin with, she found herself suspicious that the woman had cut the legs out of her own twelve year old daughter's jeans to make the shorts.

Aside from the ridiculous cutoffs, she was wearing only a tight bikini top...not that it mattered since she barely had A-cups if even...and a pair of flip-flops. As Maureen watched her traipsing across her yard toward the street, she suddenly didn't feel quite so low-class herself.

She'd awoken about an hour ago in her son's bed. When she tried to roll out, she found her legs weren't quite cooperating with the demands of her movements. Her fiasco with Eddie the night before had been extraordinarily taxing on her body. It had been years since she'd had sex with anyone other than her vibrator or fingers...and aside from that she'd

certainly never went so many rounds in one night with a man in her life. The insanity of it all had not escaped her at all, and with the clarity of hindsight, she realized the situation was probably only going to get even more bizarre.

She'd carefully sat up and finally scooped her way out of bed without waking up her son. The last thing she wanted was to have to deal with him in the aftermath of their sexual debauchery. At least not yet. She needed time to sort things out...to figure out how to deal with it...and she had no idea where to even begin...but she knew who probably would know.

Quietly as her aching muscles would allow, she crept down the hall to her own room and donned a pair of loose shorts and a then searched for a t-shirt. As she rummaged through a basket of unfolded laundry that was sitting in her bedroom though, she came across one of Eddie's shirts. On a lark, she held it up and eyed it for a few moments before deciding to try and pull it on to her own plump body. The fight was difficult but luckily the fabric was worn and stretchy and after a few yanks and tugs, she managed to pull it down onto her torso...at least enough to cover her tits. She gave a final yank and then reached under and tucked her tits upward so that she could pull the tail of the shirt down under them. When all was said and done, it looked more like a sports-bra than a t-shirt...and it felt rather nasty that it bore the image of a cartoon character ...especially stretched across the front of her bulging tits.

Standing up, she gazed at herself in her mirror...and then tugged the waist of her shorts down to a point below her hips so that her belly could hang over the top...fully exposed. Out of habit, she realized she was sucking her stomach in and so with some concentrated effort, she forced herself to let it go...let her flab hang out freely.

Fuck, I'm fat!

Not that this was the first time she'd arrived at that conclusion, but standing there in front of the mirror wearing her son's undersized and overstretched t-shirt and a pair of shorts that did nothing to conceal her rolls...well...this was in fact the first time she'd intentionally looked at herself in such a way that wasn't totally derogatory of her shape and size.

Good grief...he would get off on this. And he wasn't the only one who would either, she realized as she thought it over.

Smiling, she stepped out of her room and walked down the hall toward the living room. With each step, she intentionally tried to bob up and down slightly so that her tits and belly would jiggle with each and every step she took. By the time she reached the front door and slid her tennis shoes on, she had the motion of her new sexy walk nearly mastered.

Opening the door, she caught sight of Anita Farris stepping out onto her lawn.

"Ewww," Anita groaned as she side-stepped a pile of dachshund poo that sat a little too freshly in her lawn. "Damn, I hate that fucking dog," she grumbled under her breath as she continued her saunter out to check her Saturday morning mail.

As she reached the street and the location of her mailbox, she caught movement out of the corner of her eye and when she looked up, she saw something that made her eyes almost bug out.

"Why fucking not?" Maureen said aloud to herself as she stepped out of the house and shut her front door behind herself. It was a good question. How much of a tizzy could Anita Farris throw about the way she was dressed when that

trampy bitch was barely dressed at all? And so with all the gusto she could muster, she barged down her driveway working her jiggle walk to the hilt. She wasn't even half way to the street before the scrawny bitch looked up and glared at her with a look that could have stopped a Mac truck.

"What'zup?" she called out to her as she reached the street and turned to head down toward Sondra's house, two doors down from her own.

"Hey!" Anita chirped back and then pretended not be gawking at her.

The situation was too good to pass up though, so rather than continue on down the street, Maureen did a ninety degree spin and headed directly toward Anita. Once the woman realized she was approaching, her expression morphed into that of a deer in headlights. And try as she might, Anita couldn't seem to keep her eyes off of Maureen's warbling belly rolls.

"Gonna be a hot one today, huh?"

Anita gulped and forced her eyes up to her neighbor's face.

"Yep...kinda feels like it," she agreed as she turned her attention to her mail and tried to focus on it rather than Maureen's exposed lard.

"Sorry for keeping Kerry out so late last night. I was testing her out for babysitting duty...while I was helping Sondra repaint her living room...and we sort of got marred up in the mess, so to speak," she explained, forcing Anita to look up and nod.

"No problem...she didn't get in trouble or anything for it," she replied, trying her best to cut the conversation short.

A rattling noise began about that point and both women turned at the same time to look down toward Sondra's house where her son was shirtless, pushing a lawnmower down the

concrete drive leading from their garage. The grind of the plastic wheels grew louder until the boy was literally upon them and then passing them.

Sammy Hogan wasn't much to look at, but Anita had overheard her daughter talking with her friend a while back and they were giggling over the fact that the boy apparently had a big dick that he had difficulty keeping concealed, especially in gym class. Lucky for her, the boy wasn't all that manly and her daughter apparently chose to have more fun poking insults at him rather than her pussy.

Anita had been one randy little whore when she hit puberty and she could remember throwing herself at any boy who was older and had a dick. A few had taken her up on her offers and so by the time she hit High School, she already had a nasty reputation as a slut. She'd hoped her daughter missed that particular set of genetics, but she seemed to be growing bolder with her clothing...or lack of it...by the day, and she couldn't afford to really explain her dislike of the matter without admitting she, herself, had been a total hoze-bag at that age. It also didn't do for her to bitch about how Kerry dressed when she, herself, dressed far more revealingly. She couldn't help it though. She just loved the way men and boys stared at her like they wanted to eat her. She'd loved that feeling since the first time one gawked at her when she was probably ten or eleven.

Nope, she was just going to have to leave Kerry alone and let her find her own way in life...slut or not. She wasn't going to be a flaming hypocrite.

As Sammy drew close to them and passed, she stared unblinkingly at his shorts, trying to determine if anything of interest hid within them. The bulge she spied was more than she expected. What disturbed her most, though...was that the boy wasn't staring at her...but instead he gawked at fat ass

Maureen Parks with her big flabby gut hanging out. Of course, she'd stared at it herself just moments before...but unlike her, the boy seemed to enjoy what he was seeing. He was literally grinning by the time he could no longer turn his head back to gawk at her.

"Well," she said with a sigh, "I guess we know who he was looking at, don't we?"

Maureen was apparently still watching the boy walking away and only when Anita spoke did it recall her attention.

"What? I'm sorry...didn't catch that," she muttered, obviously at a loss for what Anita had just said to her.

"Oh nothing...just wondering if what I'd heard was true."

"What's that?"

"That little Mister Sammy is hung like a moose," she replied with a smirk as she turned and gazed down the road to him once more. "Kinda looks like he's got some junk in the front trunk there if you know what I mean."

"Huh? Who, Sammy? What—noooo, please...I've seen him in a swimsuit...no, he's like...yeah but no, not even," Maureen blundered through her words in a little too much of a hurry to deny the allegation leveled at him.

"Oh...well...whatever," Anita commented nonchalantly. "Nice talking to you," she added, lying...as she headed back toward her door.

Could Sammy have drooled on her any more than he did? Damn, even Anita noticed it and grumbled something about it. Damn it was sweet to have a guy...even if he was just a boy... drool over her instead of the bleach-blonde hottie for once!

That was just fantastic! Could not have happened to a more deserving whore of a bitch!

Walking down the street, she assumed her normal walk. She'd been practicing her jiggy strut just for Sammy, but apparently it hadn't been necessary. The boy had passed her while she was standing still. And if he ogled her like that while she wasn't moving...how the hell would he react when he saw her working it?

Maureen finally reached the driveway leading up to Sondra's house and turned to head for it, only to find Sondra barreling out of the garage with a boy's t-shirt in her hand.

"Oh wow...maybe you could just loan him yours," she growled as she held the shirt up and gazed down the street where her son was barely visible as he pressed into someone's yard with the lawnmower he was pushing. "What the fuck are you wearing, bitch?"

Maureen giggled as she closed on her friend's position.

"I'm guessing he didn't wanna wear a shirt, huh?"

"Apparently he wasn't alone in that," she retorted, the sarcasm seething as she eyed Maureen's sports-bra slash t-shirt. "I'm assuming all your own clothes must have shrank in the dryer maybe?"

"No...I just felt like freaking Anita out. She was wearing daisy dukes and bikini," she replied, lying like a dog. It didn't seem like a great idea to tell her that she was interested in gauging her son's sexual attention.

"That would do it," Sondra admitted. "Getting a little breeze there?"

Maureen snickered and slapped...yes, slapped her own pot gut...making it warble.

"Fuck I know it's probably gross and all...but it's really liberating. I feel great like this," she asserted, slapping a little more lightly at her belly and then shaking it. "Until last night I just never conceived that a guy could get off to this."

"Yeah, well mine does...so when you come over, try to force yourself into a little more coverage, please."

"Sondra...you had him jerk off on me last night. Is this really an issue at this point?"

She sighed and glanced sidelong at her.

"I guess not," she admitted. "And that shit was hot, don't get me wrong...but I find myself getting really jealous of him at times and I can't understand why."

"I tell you what, babe," Maureen began with a lopsided smirk. "I got a little bit of an indecent proposal for you if you're game."

"Uh-oh...and just what would this indecent agreement entail exactly?"

"Since you sort of shared him with me last night," Maureen said with a glint in her eye. "I'm willing to share Eddie with you ...and not just like letting you see him either, if you get my drift."

"WHAT?!" Sondra blurted with bugged eyes.

"I went home last night--"

"Uh-ohh!"

"Shut up...let me tell it, dammit," she growled at her, slapping her on the shoulder. "As I was saying, I went home last night with my gut still hanging out and my shit all covered with cum--"

"And no bra," Sondra inserted with an arched eyebrow.

"Oh yeah...I found it...thanks."

"And no fucking bra," she admitted. "And when I get back in my house I find Mister Edward in the bathtub with none other than one Miss Kerry Farris...and the scene was not just about getting clean, if you know what I'm saying."

"SAY WHUT?!?!?!?"

"You heard me..."

Sondra's face was total shock.

"No fucking way!"

"Oh it was way alright...all the fucking way. I walked down the hall and the bathroom door was open and I peep in and she's like bracing herself on her arms on the sides of the tub and he's between her legs and he's just ramming it to her like there's no tomorrow. I totally freaked the fuck out!"

"Oh crap...I'm guessing you managed NOT to kill Kerry since you're taunting her mother this morning, right?"

"You want the truth?"

"Yea-uhh..."

"I watched till they finished," Maureen confessed with a slight blush on her cheeks. "Of course when she came out I put a choke hold on her and threatened to kill her if she ever came near him again...but no...I didn't actually bury her body in my backyard if that's what you're worried about."

"Oh cheese and rice...damn...is she...I mean...is she even old enough to get pregnant?"

"She better hope the fuck not...or she WILL be pushing up daisies in my back fucking yard."

"Soooo," Sondra dragged the word out. "I'm guessing little Mister Edward is ahead of the game. So he knew what he was doing or what? I mean...well...what I'm wondering is if this was his first time or not?"

"Yeah, it was pretty awkward. I think it might have been both of their first times...but I don't know for sure about Kerry. She don't watch her ass, it may end up being her LAST time."

Sondra laughed and then groaned out loud, "Ohhhh, bitch...you gonna have your hands full with him, I tell you. I mean I only thought I had it bad with Sammy."

"I wasn't done telling it all yet," Maureen stated with a slight smirk and a slight air of mischief to her expression.

Sondra stifled her laughter and said, "Oh do tell, dear...what else happened?"

"Well...y'know...I came home all worked the fuck up from you guys. And yes, I'm admitting straight up that I got horny as hell from that charade, okay? I did. Bad like. So when I get home there's like this twisted porno going down in my bathroom and by the time that's done with I'm even worse off and now I know he's got...y'know...the ability to pop it up."

"Yeah, you said he only would get partially hard when you messed with it...so it's all functional now, huh?"

Maureen nodded. "Yeah, so I was curious. So I just sort of strutted on into the bathroom with him after I ran Kerry the slut off. And while I'm standing there with my belly hanging out," she explained while subconsciously caressing her bare stomach as she continued to speak. "He just does it...I mean he totally pops a hard-on right there in the tub while he's looking at me."

"I TOLD YOU!" Sondra blurted a little louder than she probably should have, considering they were standing out in her driveway. Realizing her verbose blunder, she looked around and then spoke again in a more subdued voice. "They like fatties for some damn reason. I don't get it...but they do!"

"I know...you were totally fucking right," Maureen admitted. "Anyway...I just couldn't resist...so I got a tape measure out and just measured his dick."

"WHUT?!?" Sondra blurted with a half-grin on her face.

"Six point two five by one and half wide," she rattled off the numbers she now had memorized.

"He's over six long? Damn...so how big is he gonna be when he's Sammy's age?! Shit!"

"I know, right! But while I'm measuring it, I notice he's just ogling my tits flopped up on the side of the tub and honestly, I just don't know what came over me...but I ended up showing

them to him. I just took my fucking shirt off and then I confronted him about doing it with Kerry...and then one thing led to another...and...and--"

"YOU DID NOT!!"

Maureen was blushing as she nodded. "I did."

"MAUREEN!?! THAT'S...that's like...holee shit, bitch!"

"Oh trust me...I didn't have to force it on him. He went a little crazy the minute I told him he could have it."

"HOLEE SHIT! You did him...you like straight up fucked his little ass?!" Sondra's expression was a cross between shock and elation.

"More than once," she added with an arched brow and a smirk. "Once with a rubber and once without. Don't ask, I just got stupid with it. He's a fucking sex machine."

"Details?!" Sondra's eyebrows were both climbing her forehead and her eyes were all but glowing with anticipation.

"Well he cum in Kerry at least once that I saw, right, and I think he jerked off once for her...and then I let him jerk off to me once just to test the condom, and that's a whole other story, so remind me to tell you that...and then he fucked me once with a rubber on and the last time without...so he came like four times in less than two hours."

"Damn...Sammy gets winded with three at best. I can't believe that scrawny little turd got four off!"

"May have only been three...but like I said...I'm pretty sure he did more with Kerry than just what I saw."

"So the condom?"

"Oh yeah...and I'm not exaggerating here, okay...but the boy cums almost as much as Sammy does. I made him spit one off in a condom before I fucked him to see if the rubber would hold it all...and it just barely did. The tip was like this," and she showed a circumference with her hand of about how large the

stash of semen had been. "Had to be like...I don't know...at least five or six teaspoons...it was ridiculous...and I have no idea where he was hiding it all at."

"Tested a condom...and then still let him have it bareback huh? At least he can wear a rubber. You've seen Sammy. They don't make latex big enough to encompass that fat fucking sausage of his. I know...I've looked."

"So you just let him do you without one?"

"I'm on birth control," she replied. "If you're smart, you'll get on it too, babe."

"Yeah, no shit," she agreed with a blush that Sonda noticed.

"I'm guessing it got nasty, did it?"

Maureen averted her gaze to the concrete beneath them, but her hand began rubbing at her belly again and Sonda spotted it.

"Did you taunt him during it?"

Maureen nodded but didn't look up.

"Taunt him about getting you pregnant?"

Suddenly she looked up and glared at her friend with a look of horror on her face.

"How the hell did you know that?"

"What you saw last night with me and Sammy...well that was toned down, babe...toned down...subdued like," Sonda stated with a slight smirk. "Trust me, I doubt you're gonna do anything with him that I haven't already done ten times with Sammy."

"I felt kind of dirty about some of it," Maureen admitted. "But damn it was so fucking hot, Sonda...I mean bad like. I fucking woke up a while ago in his bed still."

Sonda snickered.

"So this indecent agreement you mentioned...does this include me having sex with him?"

"Can I have sex with Sammy?"

Sondra smiled like a cat that had just cornered a fat rat.

"After last night...I sort of...have a little bit of lesbian tendency going on I think," she admitted reluctantly. "So like all night I'm dreaming about you and him fucking while I watch."

"It was nice last night...when I was behind you," Maureen agreed, a smile creeping across her lips.

"I wanna tag-team him," Sondra asserted. "He can handle it. Trust me. I wanna have him fuck both of us at the same time and...and...do...do you think we could pull Eddie into that without the two of them tying up and fighting?"

"That...I don't know," she conceded. "Probably not. But there's no reason we can't do threesomes with both separately."

"True."

"I had a dream last night myself," Maureen declared without preamble. "I dreamed I was a sandwich between the two of them while you were watching."

"You nasty bitch," Sondra chirped as she punched her friend in the shoulder. "You just made that up, didn't you?"

"Sounds good though, huh?"

"Ain't gonna happen though...I mean, you know how they hate each other."

"Hey...you know," and Maureen pointed at the shirt that Sondra was still holding. "You better keep a leash on him. Fucking Anita said something about hearing that he had a big dick and she was trying to stare a hole through his shorts when he walked by pushing that lawnmower a few minutes ago."

"Please...that scrawny bitch couldn't give him wood, much less get in his pants."

"Yeah, well Kerry got all up on Eddie last night. I mean, I'm just saying, y'know?"

"Bitch. I'd like to take her down a peg or two anyway. I keep thinking I'm gonna throw it on Bruce one day or something just to piss her off...but I'm probably full of shit."

Somewhere deep down in the depraved depths of her mind, Maureen suddenly began to formulate a plan.

"I just had a totally insane idea."

"What?"

"Humor me here... 'cause I know it's stupid...but I gotta get it out of my head or I'll explode."

"What?! Damn...just tell me!"

"I really want to get at Kerry bad. Threatening to strangle her last night just didn't do it for me. But part of me...sort of got off on watching her fucking Eddie. So I'm thinking to myself all night last night...I'm just fantasizing about this little bitch getting pregnant from him. Part of this infuriates me and the other part is getting off on picturing her with her pudgy little tummy all ballooned out, y'know."

"What? You want him to knock her up?"

"No, but...what if she just got really fat?"

"Say whut?! Okay...so how would that happen?"

"What if we let Sammy show off in front of Anita...let her get a glimpse of his goodies...maybe catch them doing something and act all crazy about it...like we're gonna call the cops on her and shit...and then we tell her she's gotta make Kerry fat or we'll rat her out?"

"You're smoking crack," Sondra assured her. "Number one, she'd know we were setting her up and two that we were doing him too, likely...and three, she'd never go for the whole fatten your daughter or we rat you out thing."

"Yeah, probably not," she agreed with a heavy sigh.

"You'd probably get further if you just told the little bitch she could fuck him again if she got fat...and she'd probably do it to herself...then you just don't let her."

"Oohhh...that's cold. Damn, woman!"

"Well...it's your sick fantasy, not mine. Me...me I'd wanna make Anita get fat. That would be my thing."

"Okay...so we follow the same line...let her see Sammy and then drop it casually that he only likes fat women."

"So you think Sammy's dick is enough motivation by itself to make the woman pig out to get some of it?"

"Er-hrmm," Maureen cleared her throat and looked down at her friend's body with an arched eyebrow and insinuating glare.

"Oh damn," Sondra admitted. "I am doing it, huh?"

"So can this be part of our indecent agreement?"

"What? You mean...making those two fat?"

"Yeah."

"The only hole here is that the boys will probably WANT to fuck them if they get fat, dummy."

"I'm okay with a fat ass Kerry getting pummeled by him. In fact, it might be really hot to watch Sammy plow her too."

Sondra's eyes lit up. "What about both of them at the same time pumping...one on each end?"

"Shut up! I'm gonna have to go rub my fucking self!"

"Okay...okay...let's do it to Kerry...but Anita...I don't know yet."

"Sweet!"

"Hey...where's Eddie at anyway?"

"Still sleeping at the house."

"You wanna go wake him up?"

"Are you insane...I can barely walk this morning as it is."

Sondra laughed. "You don't have to do anything. I just wanna play with him."

"So I get to fuck Sammy?"

"Yes...yes, you can fuck Sammy. I know that's why you got your slut wear on anyway. I saw you doing that strut thing coming out of your house a few minutes ago too."

"Ohh..."

"So can you teach me to walk like that?"

"Fuck yeah...c'mon, bitch!"

To be continued...

*This book is published in serial format.
Subsequent chapters have been added in order.*