

AN INDECENT AGREEMENT

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY
THE MARQUIS FAÇADE

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IN SIMPLER TERMS, JUST BECAUSE YOU READ IT DOES NOT MAKE IT RIGHT. THE CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE SOME SERIOUSLY JACKED UP, MENTAL WHACK-JOBS WHO ARE NOT ONLY DEMENTED BUT REALLY SHOULD JUST BE TOOK OUT AND SHOT IF THEY WERE IN FACT, REAL PEOPLE. THIS STORY IS WRITTEN AS A FORM OF HORRIFIC FICTION AND NOT INTENDED TO DIGNIFY THE ACTS OF THE CHARACTERS OR TO INTENTIONALLY TITILLATE OR SEXUALLY GRATIFY THE READER.

CHAPTER SIX

Eddie awoke to the sound of shuffling feet across carpet. It wasn't the sound itself that startled him...but amount of it. When he opened his eyes and sat up on his bed. What he saw took him by surprise.

At the end of his bed stood two women. One was his mother and the other was Miss Hogan from down the street, a woman whom his mother was very good friends with, but her son annoyed the ever-loving shit out of him. Her name was Sondra, which is what his mother called her. But to him, she was recognized as the fat lady whose son he hated.

After the previous night, he'd wondered if his mother would ever be the same with him again. After she passed out in his bed hours earlier...he'd sat contemplating what had happened. The whole incident with Kerry had been mind-blowing for him but then to have his mother walk in and just confront him over it...and...and to proceed with all the other things that happened. Well, it had been shocking...something he could never have imagined nor expected.

As he'd sat in bed staring at her naked body, he'd wondered if their relationship would be the same when she awoke. Would she pretend nothing had happened? Would she be mad at him? Would she now be his total bitch...doing anything he asked? How was all of this going to reflect on their mother and son bond? Would she even think of him as her son after this? Part of him hoped so. He wanted the best of both versions of her. He badly wanted her to continue on as the mother he'd always known...but then he also wanted to be able to flick a switch and turn her into the woman he'd had sex with till she passed out.

He feared though, that even if she resumed her role as mother and protector, that the personality “switch” he wanted to control...would inevitably be in her hands and not his. When she changed from mother to hot sex machine...would no doubt, be up to her. And he didn’t like that idea...not one bit. He worried that she’d turn on him when he didn’t want her to. And as he sat in bed this morning, staring out at his mother and her friend, he knew his concerns had not been unfounded.

Maureen stood there smirking and wearing what appeared to be one of his own t-shirts. How she’d gotten it on to begin with was a mystery he’d likely never solve. But, she was certainly wearing it, though all it managed to conceal was her massive breasts. Her double roll belly hung out below the tail of it and poured over the top of her overly tight shorts. And it looked like she’d pulled the waist of the shorts down extra low so that her love-handles and hip fat could also hang out and over. As he surveyed her manner of dress...or lack thereof, he knew without doubt, that things were never going to be the same between them. And now when looked at her, he saw not his mother, but an object of sexual desire.

And the other woman...Sondra Hogan. What the hell was up with her? Like his mother, she was wearing a too small t-shirt...probably one of Sammy’s he guessed, but like the one his mother wore, it came down barely far enough to cover her fat titties which were only slightly smaller than his mother’s. And below the curve of her breasts and the bottom seam of the shirt, her gut hung out like a giant pregnant belly, overflowing the jogging pants that she wore. Unlike his mother’s fluffy double roll belly with its dividing chasm running horizontal along her navel...Sondra’s stomach was one large and round mass of fat that protruded forward from her torso at least seven or eight inches and then dipped downward hanging a good

three inches over her pubic area. He wondered if he would even be able to see her pubic hair had she been naked. Probably not. He knew the woman was fat, but he'd had no idea her belly was so gargantuan. Maybe she *was* pregnant. It was possible, he supposed.

Despite their odd appearance, he was more concerned with what they were doing in his room and what they wanted with him. Judging from the way they were dressed and smiling... their eyes roaming over him...focusing mostly on his privates... he was quite certain their intentions were sexual in nature. How had he gone from boy to sex object over night? Two women who previously would have laughed off anything to do with him...now eyed him like two hungry hobos about to steal a fresh baked pie.

Sondra, on Maureen's prompting, had gone back into her garage long enough to pull her blouse off and replace it with Sammy's shirt...the same one he'd run off and not put on...the same one she'd been left in the drive holding as he sauntered off down the street topless with their lawnmower. It fit only a little better than the one Maureen was wearing. While her shirt was far smaller than Sammy's...Sondra had a lot more to cover with hers. And sadly it wasn't all boobs. She had some solid D-cups now, but the thirty five pounds she'd gained in recent months had all clung to her torso...just not in the tits. She'd only gone up a single cup size from C to D...but her bra size had increased from a 36" to a 42" band...meaning her chest was a full six inches bigger around than it had been 90 days prior. And that wasn't the only enlarging feature she had to contend with. The shirt barely encompassed her chest, but it did absolutely nothing and had no chance of stretching down far enough to hide her belly. Not that it had been her intent to do so, but she

couldn't have even if she'd tried. Her spare tire had grown extravagantly of late and she'd gone from a size 14 pants to a size 22. Her waist had been 33" when she first took Sammy down, and now it was 39"...a bulky increase in diameter by six inches just like her chest. But her waist circumference wasn't the issue so much as the girth of her gut. Her belly had gone from being 41" to a ridiculous 51"...nearly a damn foot more round that she had been. With it hanging and relaxed...without any restraint, her stomach looked positively pregnant. Had she been bold enough to put on a maternity top, no one would have batted an eye at her. And unlike Maureen's belly, her own was big and round and undented.

As the two of them had strolled down the street toward Maureen's house, he friend had tried to teach her how to walk and jiggle with purpose. It was corny and both of them had laughed at each other all the way down to Maureen's driveway. But by the time they got there, Sondra had managed to master the strut fairly well. And to her friend's credit, strolling down the street with her belly hanging out had been quite a liberating experience. And when Anita Farris looked out her window at them and glared, she got an extra bit of enjoyment out of the trip.

Now standing at the foot of Eddie's bed, she had to admit that putting on the too small shirt had been a pretty exciting thing to do and she knew it wouldn't be the last time she did it.

As she stared out at Eddie's sleeping form, his mother stepped forward and tugged the blanket and sheet down towards the foot of the bed very slowly so as not to wake the boy up yet. When Maureen was done, they could both see his fully naked form exposed atop the mattress.

Whoa! Dammit...she was not just shitting me, was she?!

Sondra was impressed. As tiny as her son was physically, the beast hanging from his pelvis was the size of a full grown man's...and maybe even a little bigger. Maureen had claimed she measured it at six and a quarter inches...and seeing it now herself, she knew she had been telling the truth. And in comparison to the size of the rest of his body, the optical illusion of it made his dick look even huger than it actually was.

About then the boy began to blink his eyes and then all at once sat up and stared at them with a look of both shock and excitement. His eyes immediately shot to his mother and her belly...and then when he noticed Sondra standing by the corner of his bed, his eyes darted to her and then lowered to her own massively obtrusive gut hanging out over the top of her jogging pants. For a moment she thought she might gross him out, but then she noticed the glint in his eye...the same glint her own son had now when he looked at her.

Sondra reached upward and cupped her stomach flab with both hands and squeezed it...then began caressing and kneading it sexually...enticingly...and then she stepped forward to the side of his bed. By the time she bumped the mattress with her thighs, the boy's dick was already erect for her.

Her hands abandoned her belly and she hooked her thumbs into the top of her jogging pants. With a firm tug downward, she dropped the pants to her ankles. Without taking her eyes off of him or his boner, she kicked out of her sneakers and the pants and then climbed onto the bed with him wearing only her son's t-shirt.

Maureen had been pleased when she pulled the sheets back and saw that her son's dick was still fairly large still...most likely a result of the rough sex they'd had some nine or ten hours earlier. She was apprehensive that it would be shrunken

and shriveled and unimpressive and that her friend was going to laugh at it when she saw it. And honestly, in comparison to Sammy's monster cock, Eddie's was almost laughable. But fortunately he was still swollen from all the sex, and his schlong was draped over his right thigh hanging at least a solid four or maybe five inches in length and still just as plump as she last recalled it being.

She twisted and looked at Sondra and arched an eyebrow and with the tip of her head, motioned at her son's goodies.

Her fatter friend smirked and then Eddie suddenly sat up and startled the both of them. He blinked feverishly and then gawked from her to Sondra and then all at once her friend was walking up to the bed and Eddie was hard as a rock. Before she knew what was happening, Sondra's pants were down and she was on the bed with him and the springs were squeaking.

"I heard you like some big fat bellies, Eddie," Sondra said to him as she bounced on top of him, riding him like a pony. The load of tits that her tiny shirt controlled were jostling and battling for freedom with each buck, but her mammoth belly remained both the focus of Eddie and his mother. "Miss Hogan's got some serious fat belly for you, huh?" she added, cupping her warbling gut and forcefully shaking it as she continued to bounce up and down on him. "You like that? Yeah, you do...bet you wanna cum in me right now, don't you?"

Maureen couldn't fathom how quickly and easily her friend had just barged into the boy's bed and mounted him. One second the two of them were standing there and the next, Sondra was just on top of him fucking the crap out of him.

Without breaking stride with her humping motions, Sondra twisted toward Maureen and grinned just as Eddie reached up and grasped her gargantuan gut.

"This ain't gonna take long," she asserted with a giggle as Eddie started breathing hard and then began to buck himself beneath her oversized body. "Oh wow...he's got some moves I think," she blurted as the boy moaned and assailed her vagina with a hot load of cream. "Oooo...told you...I got this down to a fucking art form, babe!"

Maureen could do little other than stand there and stare in disbelief...as her fat friend slid down her son and sucked his slimy cock into her mouth. As she began to bob her face up and down on his dick to suck it hard again, Maureen began to feel something welling up inside of her. The room was suddenly hotter than she could stand...and beads of sweat began to bubble up all over her body. It was as if she could sense the physical heat emanating from their bodies across the distance that separated them. She felt light-headed and then her pussy was soaking her shorts and she could feel the warm moisture starting to trickle down the inside of her legs.

One moment she was standing there sweating and aching and the next moment she was on the bed with them and her mouth was on Eddie's, her tongue playing with his while her left hand reached down and cupped his balls and squeezed them while Sondra continued to suck him. By the time she came up for air and glanced downward, her son was hard again and Sondra was raising up and then moving forward, but her motions didn't carry her up onto him again. Instead she stopped just short of straddling him and just squatted atop his puny thighs, her hands traveling up her sides and popping her t-shirt up and off, leaving her fully naked.

Sondra's hands immediately cupped her plump tits and her fingers began to tease and tug and then pull at her erect nipples.

“Beat him off, Maureen...beat him off on my fat fucking gut! I wanna feel his jizz dripping off my belly.”

Maureen’s hand slid up from his balls and wrapped around the girth of his erection. She started with small jerks, but gradually her hand took a mind of its own and in moments, her hand was pumping full force on his cock.

The boy leaned up and braced himself on his elbows so that he could look down his body at what was happening.

“Oh baby...pump it...pump that fucking cock for me,” Sondra coached her as she played with her own tits. “C’mon Eddie...c’mon and shoot me some cum! Yeah, look at me...look at how fucking hot and fat I am. Bet you wish your momma was this fat, don’t you?”

Maureen almost took affront at that, but somehow, when she thought about it, it didn’t seem to be an insult or intended to poke fun at her. Instead it was more of an honest comment or question. And the way her son responded, she ascertained instantly that what her friend was saying was the absolute truth.

“Well c’mon, Eddie...my belly’s so cold! Warm it up for me, baby...warm it up with some hot cum! C’mon...I know you got a load in there for me, baby!” Sondra was sort of starting to bounce on his legs now and her hands finally abandoned her tits and slid down to her belly. “Oh fuck...look how fat I am...look at this thing...I look fucking pregnant, don’t I,” she asked, her hands gripping her lard and shaking it at him...and then she bowed her back and poked her belly out even further and ran one hand out in front of it and buried her finger down in her deep navel and shook the hell out of her jiggly gut. “Oh c’mon, Eddie...I’m so horny! Cum on me...fuck...just cum on me!”

Eddie groaned and Maureen increased her hand speed until an eruption of semen splurged out the end of his cock and splattered against the lower half of Sondra's belly.

The hand she had shaken her stomach with now smeared the gooey mess all over her abdomen in pressing, violent strokes.

"Oh yeah, baby...c'mon with it...tell your momma to jerk faster! Ooohhh...yeah, there it is...oh...oh my...oh my, indeed!"

"Oh fuck," Maureen gasped when a second and third volley shot from his cock and impacted against Sondra's stomach. "Oh baby...cum on her...cum on her!"

Sondra laughed and started rubbing cum with both hands as she shifted forward a bit till the tip of his cock was literally all but sticking into her massive navel.

"Momma said cum on me, boy...so you better cum good!"

No more had she said such than the boy released a massive expulsion of semen into her navel and it splattered back onto Maureen's pumping hand. He groaned and shot off two more smaller gobs and she realized he was done. Her hand slipped from his cock and reached out to Sondra's stomach where she began to help her fat friend smear her son's ejaculation all over her belly.

Fuck...I love her belly! It's so tight and yet soft...so squishy and heavy...reminds me of a big ass titty!

The fingers of her sticky hand found Sondra's navel and she pressed her index finger deep into it and then she gripped the bottom of her belly roughly and shook it...droplets of semen flicking from it...and then her face was pressed against it and she was licking...licking her son's cum from her friend's belly.

Sondra was greedily smearing Eddie's load all over her belly when she suddenly and unexpectedly noticed that Maureen's

hand was touching her lower abdomen...joining her own efforts to spread the sticky goo. And then her friend's fingers were gouging into the deep chasm of flesh that was her belly button hole...and then her hand clasped the lower half of her gut and shook it roughly. The clenching and motion drove her nearly mad with arousal. How could such a stupid thing have such a sexually charged effect on her? Maybe because she realized that Eddie and Sammy weren't the only ones attracted to her ponderous girth?

She had been hesitant to gain weight on purpose at first, but as the days became weeks and the ounces became pounds ...and she felt her son's lust growing as her waist grew...what started as an effort to impress him...morphed into something that impressed her as well. By the time she'd packed on the first twenty pounds, she was finding that she could get aroused while looking at herself in the mirror. And now...now she wasn't just a sex object to her son...but to Eddie too...and apparently to his mother as well!

Oh fuck...I'm so damn hot...I'm so fucking ass hot! she thought to herself as Maureen leaned forward and buried her face into her massive and cum covered stomach.

"Oh lick it...yeah, bitch...lick his fucking cum off my belly! Lick your boy's cum...ohhh, ahhh--" she cooed, but then lost her train of thought as Maureen crammed her tongue down inside of her navel and swirled it over and over. Just then, she creamed her own self and hot juice spritzed out onto Eddie's thighs beneath her. "Oh fuck...oh holee fuck, I just fucking came, Maureen...oh fuck!"

Eddie lay there staring as his mother crawled up onto his bed and embraced Sondra. Their arms wrapped around each other and then they were kissing...grossly...tongues and spit and

goo...*his goo*...all over their faces. It was disgusting and erotic at the same time. And then, just as quickly, their faces parted and Sondra leaned down and hefted one of his mother's big tits and started sucking it and then she pushed her away and leaned in and grabbed Sondra's tit and began to suck it. Sondra gave in though and let her have her way with her and as his mother suckled her fat boob, her right hand slithered down like a sticky snake and started shaking the woman's round belly...and after a moment or so, it went lower and he gawked as his mother's hand pressed several of its fingers up into the other woman's pussy.

"Ohh...oh fuck, Maureen...fuck...don't stop...don't fucking stop, bitch!" the fat woman moaned as she started moving up and down on his mother's fast moving fingers. In seconds, his mother's hand was pounding the fat woman's pussy and she was screaming and groaning in response...until he felt her shower him again with warm fluid.

Maureen slid her hand from Sondra's cunt and palmed up the front of her fat paunch till her hand made its way up to one of her tits and she cupped it and tweaked a nipple and then continued her hand slithering up to the woman's face where she pressed her pussy soaked fingers into her mouth.

Sondra accepted them and sucked them greedily, her tongue flickering around each finger as if each were a small cock in her mouth that she wanted to make cum.

"You are so fucking nasty," Maureen told her in a raspy, husky voice. The fat woman only nodded and continued to suck on her fingers.

"Er-hrmm," it was Eddie clearing his throat to get their attention back where he wanted it.

Both women turned their heads at the same moment and stared down at him...delighted to note that his cock was once again hard as a rock.

Sondra shoved her and she quickly straddled her son and pressed his erection inside of her snatch. It felt so good and before she consciously realized what she was doing, she was riding him once more without a condom or any form of protection. As realization dawned on her, she almost forced herself to stop, but before she could, she felt Sondra scooting up behind her...her pudgy hands and arms wrapping around her. As hands grasped the sides of her double roll belly, she felt her concern for lack of birth control begin to slip away.

When Sondra pressed her big sticky stomach into her lower back and her hands began to shake her own stomach, she suddenly realized why her fatter friend got off on the abdominal play so much. It was as if she'd discovered an entirely new erogenous zone...one both of them apparently shared. She moaned and began to rock harder and faster on Eddie's cock.

"Look at that belly, Eddie...look at Momma's belly! Cum in her good and you can make it bigger. Cum in her hard and you can make her pregnant!" Sondra couldn't help herself. She recalled Maureen telling her about her lack of birth control and her worries about getting pregnant. It was both a taunt and a tease for both of them...mother and son. And somehow, it was an erotic, if altogether twisted high for her as well. Imagining Maureen big and round and pregnant...pregnant with Eddie's baby nearly sent her into orgasm again. She wanted him to knock her up. She fully admitted that. "Cum in her, Eddie! Big Maureen wants you to make your fat little momma pregnant! And don't you want her to get a big belly like me?"

“Oh fuck...no...no...baby...don’t...Momma can’t get pregnant now...don’t cum in me...please,” Maureen groaned but Sondra could tell it was just a show...just a way to goad the boy into doing exactly that.

Did Maureen *want him* to get her pregnant? It was a seriously depraved thought, but she wasn’t making any effort to really **not** get pregnant, now was she?

“You want Miss Hogan to make your momma fat, baby? Hmmm? You want me to make your momma get big and fat like me so you can cum all over her belly? Yeah, you do. I know you do. You make her pregnant and I’ll make her big and fat like me!”

Eddie moaned and beneath Maureen’s bulk, cum sprayed out from her spread vaginal lips and poured down the veiny hardness of her son’s pumping cock.

“Oh fuck, Eddie, yes...YES!” his mother blurted and her bucking quickly progressed into a rapid bouncing that made the bed springs protest in unison to her thrusts. “Cum in me! Cum in me you little bastard! Yes...YES, YES, YES!!”

Anita Farris, in her too-short shorty shorts and her string bikini and flip flops stared out the window of her front foyer and glared at the two fat women sauntering down the street across from her house.

Were the two trying to jiggle their lard? It sure *looked* that damn way. With each step, their exposed bellies shimmied and shook...quivering like fleshy jello...and they didn’t seem to give a fuck who saw. In fact, those ridiculous shirts they were *attempting* to wear testified to the fact that they were intentionally hanging out as much of their flab as possible. Their shirts were so tiny...*they had* to have belonged to their

sons. And there massive ass tits were just warbling, for lack of a better word...warbling around inside the tightly confining garments like four puppies in two sacks trying to get out to play with each other.

Damn...now there's a twisted thought! Maybe their puppies were heading out to play! Fat fucking whores probably were lesbians. Neither one of them had a husband, after all! It really and truthfully wouldn't surprise me if they were. Ain't no man alive would want to get up on their fat asses...probably ain't got no choice...it's either diet or finger fuck each other.

She'd been lucky her whole life, to have a metabolism that knew no boundaries. She could just about eat any and everything that she wanted and never gain a pound. In fact, when she'd been pregnant with Kerry...her OB had fussed at her for not gaining more weight. He'd actually put her on a supplement of some sort that was supposed to pack it on her, but it didn't. Took the damn shit her whole pregnancy and it did absolutely nothing. She gained like ten pounds the whole pregnancy and seven of that was Kerry.

Yeah, it was nice to be Anita Farris...5'2" and a 110 pounds with her clothes on. The only thing she ever envied the fat bitches for...was their titties. She barely had an A-cup. From most points, she just looked flat. She had some seriously puffy areola and her nipples, when hard, were the size of the tips of her pinky fingers. Yep, she had some bodacious, big ass nipples. Each was nearly three quarters of an inch long when riled to the max. Ironically, it was as if Mother Nature had felt sorry for her and given her in nipples, what she lacked in actual tits. And while her husband, Bruce, got off on them from the beginning, he was one of the very few. Most guys wouldn't say much when she popped her top off for the first time, but they always stared like she was a freak show of some type.

“Look at ‘em...gross...that is soooo gross,” she muttered to herself as she watched them finally turn and head up toward the Parks woman’s house. Once they were inside, she let her curtain go and made her way to her own front door.

Out onto the lawn, and she was quickly strutting down the street as briskly as she could go in flip-flops without looking conspicuous. Once she was out of the cul-de-sac, the street became straight and ended about ten houses down. Somewhere toward the end, she could hear a lawnmower running.

As she neared the house on the end of their street, she caught sight of Sammy pushing the mower through the yard near it...and then she slowed her pace to one of a casual stroll. As she grew closer to the yard, she slowed even more so that she could be out front when he made his turn and started pushing back toward the street.

He looked up at her and waved, a stupid smile on his face...and sweat...and grass clippings. He was ridiculously scrawny, even for his age, and while he was cute, was probably never going to be a hottie like her husband, Bruce.

Yes, Bruce might not be anything but a dental hygienist, but he was nice to look at. Chiseled jawline, muscular physique and full head of thick, black hair...even as he crept up on 40. And as pretty as the man was...he still had next to nothing below the fucking belt. The man, at six foot tall...seemed downright incorrectly proportioned when naked. At full hard, he might have had four and half inches...maybe five if he stretched it. How he’d ever managed to get her pregnant was beyond her. But he had a job...he was pretty...and he was in lust with her weird freak ass nipples. He was her perfect man, so she took up with him and had his daughter...and life was good, save for the

fact that internet porn and her secret vibrator just weren't cutting the mustard anymore, so to speak.

And so...here she was...trolling for a fucking twelve year old boy to do a little more than just mow her grass. It sounded worse than it was looking in from the outside. But she'd overheard her daughter talking with her friend about what had happened a few months back in gym class. And the way they went on and on about it, she knew there was something to it and today, when the boy passed her on the street pushing his mower, she noticed more than just a bit of a bulge in the front of his shorts.

As he headed towards her, she came to a complete stop and motioned for him to come over to where she stood on the sidewalk. He arched one eyebrow, but let go of the engine release bar on the lawnmower and allowed it to die. As he began to walk towards her, she lowered her gaze and surveyed his body below the waist. His shorts were cotton, or so they looked, and so his sweat was wetting them down and of course, starting to cling to him and his various man parts. The closer he got, the more delighted she was.

"What's up, Miss Farris?"

"Are you mowing lawns for people?"

"Well people got to pay, but yeah," he replied with a snide smirk betraying his thinly veiled insinuation that he didn't work for free.

"Would you want to mow my backyard for me? Bruce got the front yesterday but took off on a fishing trip with his buddies and just left the backyard," she lied, knowing damned well her lawn was freshly trimmed. It was a little taller in the back and well hidden inside their privacy fence and she really didn't have much intention of having him push any mechanical devices around for her when he could push something much

more meaty and enjoyable. "It's hardly any left, but I just hate mowing and it's so hot this morning already. I'll give you like twenty bucks if you come finish it for me when you're done here."

"Sweeeet!" he chirped and turned around to head back to his mowing.

Anita grinned voraciously and made an about-face, returning to her house. Only one thing remained...to get her daughter out of the house for the afternoon.

It was nearly one thirty by the time Anita's doorbell rang. Hastily, she stepped to the door and opened it. She fought hard not to gasp audibly when she saw that Sammy was even sweatier than he had been earlier. His shorts were all but soaked, and a large bulge pressed forward through the wet fabric and atop the heap coiling down to the left side of it was what had to be the most magnificently thick piece of meat she'd ever laid eyes on.

Oh, please don't let that be a sock...no sock...no sock! she pleaded inside her own mind as she smiled and opened the door fully to look at him better.

Her daughter was just stupid. The little rat was actually making fun of this boy, for crying out loud. Well, one day, sooner or later, she'd figure it all out...probably all too well. And with this particular fellow living only a few houses down, she wondered if her daughter would eventually get around to doing the same thing she was about to do.

"Can you unlock your gate...I can't get into your backyard," he said before she could initial conversation.

"Sure," she said and he turned and disappeared around the side of her house. "Dammit," she muttered once he was out of sight.

Moments later she was in the backyard near the pool, pretending to roll up her garden hose while he began mowing the grass in the far back corner. She diddled around doing this and that till he worked his way up to where she was hanging out near the edge of the concrete that surrounded their in-ground pool. On cue, she turned with her back to him and bent over to pick up her coil of garden hose, making sure she didn't bend her legs at all...but folded entirely at the waist. She wasn't wearing any panties and she knew what little crotch the shorty shorts had would ride clean up her vaginal opening...leaving her plump little side mounds enveloping the seam and plopping into full view. The only thing *not* visible was her actual pussy lips. Her ass cheeks spilled out of the legs as well. She knew they weren't what they used to be...perhaps a little chunkier and a tad bit of old age look to them, but all in all, she knew her butt biscuits were still golden.

She remained fiddling with the hose for a few moments to make sure he had ample time to look her over before she rose up and turned around with her arm full of green hose. And just as she expected, he was gawking at her and was about to hit the concrete with the mower.

She smiled at him and he fumbled, barely whipping the mower around before he took out the corner of the walk. He was blushing and pretending not to stare, but she knew she had him. She decided to walk toward the rear door of their garage with the hose in her arms...a destination that would take her right across his path again as he made his way back. As she approached, she pretended to fumble with the hose and as he reached her, she side-stepped the mower and just dropped the

hose and bent over hurriedly to gather it back up. As planned, Sammy stopped mowing and jumped to help her pick the hose up. She straightened up and stepped back, and while he was grasping at the uncooperative hose and not looking at her, she quickly popped her left tit out of her bikini pocket.

With an armload of garden snake, he stood up and his eyes immediately locked onto her half bare chest.

"Thanks...I hate that damn hose," she muttered, pointing at and pretending to be oblivious to her bared breast and nipple.

"Ummm," he stuttered and then looked her dead in the eye and then glanced back at her chest. "Your...umm...your boob--"

"OH CRAP!" she blurted and jumped to pull her bikini back in place. "DAMMIT!" She forced herself to blush then and lifted her head to look him dead in the eyes. "Sorry! I didn't mean to flash you there. You'd think I'd have noticed the breeze, huh?"

About then, she looked down and the coiled thing that hung to the side of his big ball knot...was beginning to *un-coil*. The movement was minimal at first, but as she stared, it took a sudden burst of energy and he lowered the load of hose to try and cover himself, but in doing so, he lost his grip on it and the hose began to unwind and he ended up dropping it himself. The problem for him...was that as the multiple loops of tubing began to pop loose from his grip and drop to the ground, one of them snagged his rising erection through the fabric of his shorts and as the final loops tumbled from his hands, the sheer weight of the garden hose tugged the front of his shorts downward just enough that the head and maybe an inch or so of his penis became suddenly exposed...protruding out the top of his shorts.

"Oh my!" she blurted, but not in such a way as to convey real shock or embarrassment in any way. "You better put that thing up, Mister...my husband's away and the cat might play."

Rather than scrabble to pull his shorts back up, the boy instead simply stood there looking at her with an odd expression painted across his face. At first she wasn't sure what to make of it, but then she realized he'd actually caught her little insinuation...and had even perhaps put two and two together.

Well, my, my...he's a sharp one, isn't he?

She smiled ravenously...all of her teeth showing and for an instant, Sammy felt like a rabbit about to be snapped up by and hungry wolf. Was this for real? Why all of a sudden were women throwing themselves at him. First his mother, then Miss Parks...and now Miss Farris.

She was skinny as all shit and not really all that attractive to him but she was apparently intent on getting some of what was in his pants. He promised his mother though, that he wouldn't have anything to do with any other girls or women unless she knew about it and told him it was okay. That had been there deal...but this was the first time...so far...that another woman had thrown herself at him and he wasn't sure how to handle it. Hell, he hadn't even realized what was going on till she made that snarky comment about the cat playing. But now he knew for sure what she was doing and why.

He made eye contact with her and she blushed...then her eyes darted back down toward his crotch again before she spoke.

"Hey you...I'm serious! Put that thing up or I'm gonna make you use it!" But from the look in his eye, she knew damn well he wasn't going to put it up, so she stepped closer to him, moving carefully around the pile of discarded hose. He turned to maintain face to face positioning with her as she went

around the impediment and when she could get close, she reached out and wrapped her hands behind his head and all but jerked him to her.

Before he could protest, she crammed her tongue into his mouth and ran her hands down his sweaty back and snagged the back of his shorts with her thumbs. By that point, he was already wiggling out of them, helping her to undress him.

"Here! Right fucking here, dammit," she asserted as his shorts reached his ankles and his hands dove into the tops of her shorty shorts. The button popped and then she was bottomless and where her bikini went, she had no clue.

They were on the grass behind the garage and he was between her legs and pounding her hard and fast.

"OH FUCK...oh fuck, it's so big...it's so fucking big!" was all she seemed to be able to mutter and shout as he rammed his fat cock in and out of her over and over again. The damn thing had to be a foot long...and she couldn't even fathom how wide it was. All she knew was that every thrust felt like it was spreading her cunt wide enough to park a truck in it...and despite his vicious and high power jamming, he wasn't ever able to push his cock into her far enough for his balls to slap her ass. He was hitting bottom and still had dick to spare.

"OHHHHH SHIIIIITTTTT!!" she came harder than she'd ever cum in her life and hot woman juices exploded out from the over-filled lips of her pussy. She came and he kept going. "Don't stop...don't ever stop...OHHHHH SHIIIIITTTTT!" she all but screamed this time as another wave of ecstasy overwhelmed her. By the time it subsided, she was literally trembling and unable to talk or move...so she just lay there in the dirt and grass clippings as he fucked and fucked and fucked her. It was as if he was never going to go...and then he did!

“UNGGHHH!!” he blurted and snorted as his pelvic pumping suddenly became a desperate and wild slamming of bodies until she felt him explode inside of her.

And then the boy was up on his feet and staring down at her and before she could say anything or even move, he snagged his shorts and jerked them up and ran from her backyard as fast as he could.

“Oh...oh wow,” she muttered as best she could between pants. After a while, she managed to raise up on her arms and then she looked down at herself and realized she might have made a drastic error in judgment.

“HOLEE FUCKING HELL!” He’d ruined her. Her pussy lay wide open and gaping like some hideous, toothless mouth. Cum oozed from it and dribbled in great strings down to the grass beneath her. “Bruce will never touch the sides again! Shit! I only thought Kerry wrecked it!” Now the problem was how was she gonna keep Bruce at bay till her shit tightened back up? She’d never been pile-driven by a giant cock before. She had no idea if it’d ever go back to being the same or if she’d be forever with a gaping a vagina. Giving birth had been explainable...but how could she explain her wrecked hoochie this particular time?

That wasn’t her only problem. She’d had condoms in her shorts pocket and somehow had completely forgotten about them...not that they would have done any good. The boy’s dick was the size of her forearm so there was no way in hell they made a rubber to fit him. And so now she had a twat full of cum to remember him by...and hopefully that would be the **only** thing he left her with.

She looked over to her side and realized he’d left his lawnmower behind. Oh well. It’d give her an excuse to go see him again...or maybe he’d come back for it himself in a little

while. Why had he took off anyway? Was that his first piece of ass? Did he think she was gonna be pissed or something? Whatever!

She relaxed and slumped back down onto the grass and lay flat...trying her best to absorb and enjoy the last fleeting sensations of having had her brains fucked out.

Sondra leaned back on the couch wearing nothing but her jogging pants, her huge and spherical abdomen billowing out atop her lap...her moderately plump tits draping upon it and pressing out to the sides somewhat from gravity. She was exhausted from her round of raunchy sex with Eddie and Maureen and it was nice to take a moment and relax. From where she sat, she could see out the front windows of Maureen's house...across the street to Anita Farris' home.

"Bitch," she muttered aloud to herself. She recalled her friend's desire to make the other woman fat. It was certainly a worthy endeavor for sure. Nothing would have pleased her more than to watch the scrawny whore slowly balloon up into a gigantic behemoth of blubber. It was the sort of thing she often day-dreamed about. Hell, most of the women on the street probably did. She was simply a hate-able woman and not just because of her thin and lithe frame and beautiful face...but also because she was a renown flirt and all-around slut who had been rumored to have already taken down more than one husband, not her own, in the vicinity.

She leaned back even further, sinking herself into the fluffy couch cushions and sighed. A satisfied grin crept across her lips as she relaxed and absorbed all that had happened in the last few hours.

Maureen was still passed out on the bed with her son, so the house was completely quiet.

Sondra felt thirsty and decided she might try to pull herself out of the cushions and make her way to the refrigerator. She could see it from where she sat, but it seemed awfully far away and her legs were nearly complete jelly after the romp with Maureen and Eddie.

Her gaze shifted from the kitchen back to the large front windows and then one eyebrow arched as she saw her own son dashing out from behind the Farris house...no shirt of course, and jerking haphazardly at his shorts trying to pull them up. As she continued to stare in disbelief, the boy made a hard run for her own house, two doors down the street.

"What...the...fuck?" she muttered slowly and angrily as she rose up from the couch and glared out the window. Moments later, she had her bra-shirt on and was stomping across the street toward the Farris house. Her son's t-shirt barely came down far enough to cover her tits, and as she hotly stepped across the street, she found herself having to continuously jerk the tail of it down to keep her breasts covered.

The front door was locked and no one answered when she rang the bell or knocked, so after a few moments, she decided to go around back through the side gate by the garage where Sammy had appeared from.

Quietly, she crept around the house and entered the open gate. A few more steps and she was in the backyard and staring at what at first shocked her...and then infuriated her.

Anita still lay flat on the grass near the pool, her bikini ajar, her breasts bared, and nothing else on at all. Her legs were spread wide and her pussy was still gaping. She could tell,

because of the breeze that kept wisping about her, stirring up grass clippings and the scent of pussy and semen.

She thought she heard something, and when she turned her head to look, she found Sondra Hogan standing near her garage with a look on her face that could kill.

Instantly she bolted upright and grabbed for her discarded shorts, but stopped midway when the other woman barked at her.

“Don’t bother, bitch...the whole planet done seen your shit!” Sondra bellowed at her as she walked forward with what might have been an intent to kick her ass.

“Sondra! Hey...sorry about that...just working on my tan, y’know, hey, so what’s up with you?”

By the time Sondra reached her, she was standing upright and pulling her shorts up, but her tits were still on display.

“Don’t fuck’in even try it, you nasty fucking slut! I saw him come bolting out of here with his pants halfway around his knees, dammit!”

Kerry felt her blood pressure fade to nothing. Her heart felt as though it had stopped. Anything...she had to do something! She had to say something...anything...to stop this woman from going off. If she called the cops, it was going to be her ass and she knew it. Not to mention, Bruce would kill her and then divorce her...maybe not in that order. She had to do something, but despite her knowledge of that fact, she remained frozen in place, mouth hanging open in shock.

“DID YOU FUCK HIM?!”

Anita stared blankly but said nothing in response.

“ANITA!! DID YOU FUCK MY SON?!”

Reluctantly, she nodded slightly as tears began to form in her eye sockets.

"Did he start it or did you? And don't fuck with me, 'cause I'm pretty sure he wasn't supposed to be mowing your yard today and that's MY fucking lawnmower sitting right over there," she added, pointing at the dirty device. "Answer me, bitch...and if you lie, I will punch you the fuck out!"

Anita knew it was not good to admit to it, but she couldn't help herself...and slowly she nodded again.

"What does that mean...speak, bitch!"

"I did," she muttered, her voice cracking as tears began to dribble down her cheeks. "Please...don't...I got a husband and a daughter, Sondra...please don't say anything! I'll do anything you want...I swear...just don't--"

"Dirty bitch!" Sondra blurted, cutting her off. "Do you know how fucking old he is?!? What's wrong with you?!"

"I don't know," she moaned, flipping her itty-bitty titties back into her bikini top. "I just saw him...this morning...and he had shorts on...and...he had that...WELL FUCK, SONDR, DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!" She was shouting at this point and didn't know why, really.

Sondra's expression shifted from anger to dismay as she stared at her.

"Oh," she popped in response. "Are you referring to his oversized dick? Is that it? So you're blaming it on him?"

"NOOOOO," she groaned. "I'm just saying I couldn't help myself, dammit! I can't imagine how the hell it must be to live in the house with that and not be able to do anything with it."

Why had she said that? That was so out of line that she was going to be lucky if the other woman didn't punch her in the face. She intended it to be a reach for common ground, but it had come out wrong and dirty somehow.

"Crap, I didn't mean it like that...I'm just saying...it's huge, Sondra...you can't blame me for wanting to try it, damn!"

"Oh but like hell I can't, bitch!" and the fat woman stepped forward with a vicious look on her face, but at the last second, she unballled her fist and cocked her head to one side, her anger dissipating almost instantly.

"Are...are you gonna kick my ass?" Anita blurted, fear obvious in her expression.

Sondra balled her fist and lunged, intent on punching the whore's lights out, but at the last second, she didn't and wasn't sure why. But as she stood there, it dawned on her that she had the woman bent over a barrel as it was and if she proceeded to beat her ass down in her own backyard, she was going to look like the aggressor and it might easily be her that got carted off in the police car rather than Anita.

I can't let this ride, though! If I don't do something, she's gonna have him right back under her pussy again before his dick gets cold.

"He ran out of here like a bat out of hell," she said, taking a slight step back from the scrawny slut. "Did you do something to him?"

"N-nooooo," Anita stuttered. "I just...I kissed him and then we were all over the ground and then when he was done, he just jumped up and took off."

"You probably scared the living hell out of him!"

"Well I didn't mean to," she protested. "He was giving as good as I was getting," she added in a perverse attempt at defense. "I mean, he wasn't...I wasn't forcing him to do anything. Once it started, he put me on the ground and he was in charge."

Sondra realized almost immediately that if she pushed it, the woman would probably claim rape to keep herself out of jail

and once a jury saw her son's dick...they'd likely believe her. Not to mention the publicity would be ridiculous. Nope, she definitely couldn't press this matter legally. But...but she still had the woman over a barrel and could use that to her advantage if she played it just right.

She remembered her earlier conversation with Maureen about making this woman get fat...and now...now here it was just playing out for her without any instigation on her part. So could this work? She stared at the scrawny little bitch. She had at least four or five inches on her in height...and a good hundred pounds probably in weight. The slut was intimidated already.

"Alright," she said and just left it hanging.

"Alright what?" Anita asked after several tense seconds.

"Alright, I'm not gonna call the cops about this shit," she answered. "But I am gonna lay down some serious law on this and you will do what I fucking say, got it?"

Anita nodded, fidgeting with her shorts. Apparently the button was missing and they wouldn't stay up. She could only imagine the ruckus that must have ensued.

Why would he fuck her anyway? Damn, that's nasty! I thought he had a thing for me...for fat bitches? And Anita is about as far from fat as you can get!

She thought about Maureen telling her about Eddie and Kerry the night before. Was it possible they were just taking what was given? Men would fuck around, just like women would. And it didn't always have to be with their sexual preference. In fact, most husbands usually cheated with women that they admitted were uglier than their wives. It was just a chance to get some strange, as they saying went. So even though he'd fucked her, he'd obviously been distraught over the fact...so badly that he'd taken off running afterwards. Maybe his hormones had gotten the better of him and he'd really been

repulsed by her for the most part? It was possible. Likely, in fact. So she had nothing to probably worry about.

She glanced down at Anita's shorts again and then off to the grass beside her where she'd been laying...where something shiny glossed the freshly cut lawn...probably her spoooge or his, one or both. Like with Maureen, the idea of Sammy fucking this other woman somehow enthralled her to some degree. She'd almost wanted to see it.

I bet it was nasty. I bet he ripped her little shorty-shorts down and just pile drove her scrawny ass. The way her nasty cunt was hanging open...her fucking husband won't ever hit the sides again!

Just then her mind wandered back to Maureen...to Eddie and then to Kerry, Anita's daughter...same age as Sammy. Apparently being a slut ran in their family. For some reason she found herself trying to imagine Kerry banging Eddie...maybe banging Eddie and Sammy...Sammy slapping his huge fucking balls against her tight white little ass hard and fast.

"You didn't use a rubber, did you?"

Anita looked taken aback by the question.

"Are you kidding," she chirped and pulled some from her shorts pocket. "Not like they would fit!"

"I know," she agreed. "We need to talk...can we sit down?"

They both walked over to the patio table that sat on the concrete next to the pool and sat down.

Anita was relieved the woman wasn't going to call the cops on her, but she was also now suspicious that Sondra was up to something.

As they sat down, she couldn't help but gawk at the fat woman's huge belly. It was big enough standing up, but when she sat down, it billowed out across her lap. She looked like she

might have been pregnant. It was nasty...but she couldn't pull her eyes away from it. How had the woman let herself get in that shape to start with? And how did she just walk around like that with it hanging out? Did men like that? Bruce wouldn't. But Bruce wasn't all men by any means...and Sondra wasn't the only pudgy ass or fat ass she'd seen walking around with shit hanging free or outright exposed. And most of them had guys with them. So apparently a lot of men *did* like it. Why, she had no clue.

"Okay, I'm gonna lay this out for you," Sondra began. "My son has a condition called megalopenis. Basically it means he's got a super-dong...obviously, you are aware of that now. He cannot wear a condom. He is sexually active. I need to keep him in line, but I can't. He needs a steady outlet. One that I can trust to keep her mouth shut. One I can trust not to get knocked up on purpose or by accident."

Anita's eyes bugged out...her mouth dropped open and she gasped. "Are...are you insinuating that I--"

"You already have," she inserted the statement, cutting her off. "Don't act so shocked."

"Well I just didn't expect you...to...to react this way. I fully figured I was gonna have broken facial bones by this point."

"Don't get excited," she warned. "There are stipulations to this offer and you are not going to like them, trust me."

"Uh-ohh," she muttered.

"Yeah," Sondra agreed. "You want to know why he took off like that? He was probably grossed out by you. He doesn't like skinny women. But he's got the hormones going, y'know...and sometimes he just can't help the drive to shoot his gun."

Anita furrowed her brows and looked totally perplexed. "I don't understand...grossed out *by me*? You're kidding right?"

"No, I'm not," she replied with a deadly serious expression. "He has a thing...and I mean a bad thing...for fat women."

"Say whut??" the skinny woman blurted in a humorous tone. "Are you shit'in me?"

"See how I'm dressed? I do this on purpose. It's my way of keeping his nose off of other women. Don't take that the wrong way. It's not like that," she added, lying through her teeth.

"But it's so bad, that he gets bothered up by me...his own mother. So for him to jump on you...well like I said...you probably gagged him out. Sorry. Don't take it personal."

"Are you telling me he...he gets off to you?"

"Yes," she replied. "He's never tried anything," she said, lying again. "But I got to keep him in line...and letting him have porn doesn't seem to do it. He skulks around every fat bitch he sees. He's even tried to hit up on Maureen Parks. And I've never really considered letting him actually fuck somebody till now, but since you already had him...it's sort of...well, how do I put this? I know I can trust you now, because you don't have any choice in the matter, do you?"

Anita sighed and shook her head. "I'll do it...I mean...I will, but I don't know if he's going to want to, y'know?"

"That's my stipulation that you're not gonna like," she said as she leaned back in her chair and rubbed at her big, bare belly. "You need to be fat. If you're not, then he's never gonna be into it enough. He'll probably run every time he sees you. But you plump up, and I won't be able to keep him off of you."

A silence fell between them then, and she could tell that Anita was weighing it over in her mind. How big of a slut was she? As big as she was? How would she react if she knew she was fucking him too? Her own son! Time would tell...

"How fat are we talking?"

"I'm 210," she noted. "You need to be bigger than me at least. I'm tired being his walking centerfold."

The woman's eyes dropped her to her belly where she was rubbing it and then they bugged slightly and she could tell the woman had stopped breathing.

"So...like 215?"

"Try 250," she asserted, seeing just how far she could push her on the matter. Would she try to bargain?

"Okay...but...my husband...I can't just...he'll freak out and divorce me!"

Damn! She ain't even gonna haggle with me on it!

"Think he won't divorce you if he finds out your taking dick from my son? Besides, if you're fat and he doesn't want to do you...then you won't have to explain why your pussy is all stretched out, now will you?"

Anita sighed and lowered her eyes. "Point made," she conceded. "Maybe he'll just sleep around on me and not file for divorce."

"I have one other stipulation," she asserted.

"Okay?"

"You cannot tell a living soul about this."

"I won't," she said. "But I'm going to be ruining my body, so I want to know...exactly...how long can I do this for?"

"Till he's eighteen," she replied, plucking the number at random, but afterwards, realizing it was probably a pretty solid response. "After that he's gonna be on his own and I can't do much about it."

"True," Anita agreed, nodding somewhat.

"I know this is sort of...an indecent agreement we have here," and she intentionally used the same term she and Maureen had conjured up earlier. "But you get what you want, and I get what's best for him. But if he knows we're arranging

this, he's gonna buck. So you've got to do this and then be sly with him...seduce him...again...obviously you're good at that."

Anita couldn't suppress her smirk.

"You're smiling now, sister..."

Anita abruptly frowned.

"Not gonna be rainbows and unicorns for you when that scale starts tipping. Are you sure you can do this?"

"Umm...Sondra...don't take this the wrong way," she began with raised eyebrows and innocent eyes. "But that boy is worth whatever his price is. I have never in my life...been...plowed...like that. It was good, Sondra...awesome, in fact."

Sondra felt a surge of pride, but beat it down and continued to glare across the table at the other woman. "Don't want to know," she insisted but she knew she really did. For some sick reasons she still really wanted to have watched them.

"So when can I...y'know...?"

"When you hit 250," she asserted nonchalantly.

"Are you serious?"

"Start gaining...and I'm betting he'll come *to you*," she added. "I catch him all the time trying his best to get me to eat things. I swear he gets off on it too, but I try to ignore it."

"So...he's never...even though you sort of what...like tease him like that?" and she pointed over casually, wagging her finger at Sondra's midsection in a general sort of way. "I know he's bound to spank it, right?"

"I don't know...I'm sure he probably does, but he's my son so that's not really...I only dress like this out of necessity."

Anita smiled a dirty little smile. "You sure you don't like the attention a little bit? C'mon...I'm not gonna tell."

Nasty little bitch! She is a dirty one, ain't she? Well there's the answer to that question. Apparently she's a little excited by the idea. Look at the grin on her face. Nasty, nasty, nasty!

"Maybe a little," she admitted with a forced blush. "If I wasn't his mother...I'm telling you...it would not be good."

Anita's dirty grin grew wider. "Do tell..."

"Nothing to tell. Showing off is as close as I can get without puking, y'know? I'm his mother. Sometimes when I look at him though...all I can see is this enormous dick...just swinging away."

"So if he comes hound-dogging me...I can get it, right?"

"No. The deal is 250. And I will weigh your bony ass before I give you the go-ahead too, so don't think I won't."

"Somehow I get the feeling you're enjoying this a little yourself, aren't you?"

"Will it amuse me to watch you get fatter than me? I'd be lying if I said it wasn't going to. But no...I'm dead fucking serious about his little fetish. And here's a disturbing little factoid for you as well. I took a supplement while I was pregnant with him and they've told me that it was the reason he's got such a big thingie. They took the stuff off the market, but guess who else took it while she was pregnant?"

Anita lifted her right eyebrow and cocked her head to one side. "Maureen?"

"Eddie...isn't as big. He's like...well he's the size of a grown fucking man, I kid you not."

"SAY WHUT?!?" Anita blurted.

"And not only that...he's just like Sammy with the fat thing," she added. "And he's already...like...do'in to it...if you know what I mean. So that's why Maureen...well I'm sure you saw how she was dressed this morning," and she motioned to her own lack of sufficient clothing.

"Oh wow," she gasped. "And so they think it was this drug you took that caused it?"

"Yeah," Sondra replied.

An odd look suddenly took over Anita's expression and for a second she looked like she might puke as her face lost all color.

"You okay?"

Anita nodded but covered her mouth.

"What the hell?"

Anita fanned herself wildly for several seconds before answering.

"Maureen went to your house last night...and...and my Kerry went to babysit Eddie...by herself."

"Okay...so?"

"Sondra! Mother like daughter! She's hornier than a moose's rack!"

"What?"

"Moose...antlers...horns," she explained. "Heard Bruce say it...don't ask me."

"So what...you think she's sliding up on the Ed-man?"

"I don't know...but I'm not sure I want her babysitting him alone anymore."

"Please...if she's that randy...I'd suggest birth control pills and just look the other way. You suppress her and she'll start doing it to spite you. Bet that's what happened with you, huh?"

"You have no idea, sweetheart...none," Anita agreed with a blushing smile full of perfect teeth. "And you're probably right. Dammit...I guess I'll just have to at some point anyway."

"I would advise it for yourself too," she asserted. "I'm not paying no child support, babe. I'm still supporting my own."

"Is that why you started dressing like that?"

"What?"

Anita blushed. "To not suppress him? I mean did you start dressing skanky to keep Sammy from...well, yeah, I guess that's pretty much what you said before, huh?"

"I caught him jerking off to me...hiding in the closet in the bathroom," she lied. "I figured if I started wearing moomoo dresses and whatnot, it was gonna either make it worse...or he'd start wanking to somebody else...maybe hiding in their closet, if you know what I mean?"

"Yeah...and if I managed to tag him, I can about imagine what a fat slut would do to him," Anita commented without realizing just how accurate her guess was.

"Is Bruce gone? His truck wasn't in the garage when I came around," Sondra asked, knowing he was surely gone or his wife wouldn't have been getting it from the neighbor boy in the backyard.

"Fishing trip...five days," she replied. "He left this morning and won't be back till Wednesday night."

"So you got five days to make him not want you," Sondra asserted with a crooked grin. "Better go hit the donut shop."

"It'll tighten back up, right?"

"What...you talking about your--" and she pointed over the table at the skinny woman's pelvis. "How would I know?" Of course, she did know. And while her own had tightened up considerably after her first encounter, repeated sexual congress with Sammy had rendered her own pussy quite loose. It was almost embarrassing to look at...and she knew no other man would probably ever come close to satisfying her now.

"Bruce would fall the fuck in without hitting the sides, right now...I'm not kidding, Sondra!"

"TMI! Too much information...thanks...I saw enough when I walked up to last me a lifetime," Sondra blurted, though by this point, she was really enthusiastic about the whole thing.

She stood up and scratched her exposed belly. Anita gawked at her abdomen again and sighed as she stood up too.

"Umm...how long does it take?"

"What take?"

"To get fat?" Anita clarified, her eyes still locked on Sondra's big belly hanging over the front of her jogging pants.

"I have put on twenty five pounds in the last three months since we moved in here," she stated. "That was without trying."

"So like...a couple of pounds a week?" Anita looked disturbed as she reached out and poked her index finger into Sondra's gut. "Does he like your belly? Or is it like...an all-over sort of thing?"

Sondra looked down at where she'd poked her as if her finger had been hot. *Bitch be poking on my flab! What the fuck?!*

"He seems more into women with big bellies," she declared, rubbing at the spot where Anita had poked her.

"I wonder if he likes pregnant women?"

"No, he don't!" she asserted quickly. "I wondered that myself but he seems put off by them. Probably the whole baby in the belly thing, maybe." She was just having to lie at this fucking point. She sometimes actually pretended to be pregnant for him and he would nearly cum on himself. But letting her know that might promote the idea that she could get knocked up and bed him without getting fat...and *that* simply would not do at all.

"So I really can't...till I hit 250?"

"Two fifty," she reiterated. "I'm tired feeling dirty for having him hound-dogging *me*."

"So you realize that's like a hundred and fifty pounds for me, right...I mean I only weigh like 102...103."

"Better get busy then, huh?" she added with a smirk that revealed her inner amusement at the deal she'd made with the skinny bitch.

"So if I was trying...how fast could I gain all that?"

Sondra had turned and was walking off but she stopped and looked back at Anita. "I have not the foggiest clue. Guess you'll find out, huh?"

"You really gonna weigh me?"

"Yep!"

"And if I can't do it...I mean what if I don't do it?"

Sondra sighed before responding.

"It would be a shame if Bruce found out about all this, wouldn't it?"

"You're a total bitch!"

"You fucked my son...and cheated on your husband!" she snapped back at her. "And please...I know you're gonna do it. I could see the glint in your eye when you were sprawled out on the ground over there earlier. I'm not stupid."

"Point," the skinny woman conceded. "It was the absolute awesomest ever!"

"TMI...but let me know when you hit 150," she added as she turned and strode out of the yard and back around the garage and onto the street.

Maureen is never gonna believe this shit. Never in a million years is she going to believe what I just pulled off. And that bitch ain't never gonna weigh two fifty...not if her fucking life depended on it. So not only will I not have to let her fuck Sammy, but she's gonna bloat up enough to be gross and nasty and Bruce will disown her. And it'll serve her right for messing around with my son...and her daughter for messing around with Eddie dammit!

It was deliciously evil, this plot she'd conceived and propagated on the spot. And she knew she'd probably burn in hell for it...but honestly it was likely the least of her recent crimes. And as she waltzed down the street toward her own

house to check on Sammy, she wondered just how big Anita would manage to get before freaking out.

"Hey, you okay?" Sondra called out through her son's bedroom door...the one that was locked and denying her entry. "It's okay...I know about Anita. I'm not pissed or anything. Just open the door and let's talk."

"You're not mad?"

"No, now open the door," she shouted back to him.

"How did you find out?"

"I saw you running from her backyard, dummy!"

"Oh," he muttered back barely audible enough for her to hear...followed by steps and clicking of the lock.

She opened the door and walked in. Her son's eyes immediately locked onto her exposed belly jiggling as she walked towards him.

"Is that my shirt?"

"Well you wasn't wearing it," she snapped back.

"Nice fit," he retorted, a smirk on his face.

"Not really," she said as she stopped in place and jumped slightly into the air. As she touched the ground again, her D-cups plopped out from under the too-small t-shirt. "See?"

"Looks fine to me," he stated with a sarcastic grin.

She looked down and saw that he was getting hard through the thin fabric of his shorts.

"Don't even...I'm sort of mad about that...I mean that woman is a total hosebag...no telling what's been up in between her legs. You need to shower and set it on fire before I'm touching it for a while," she asserted as she pointed down at his growing erection.

"I thought you weren't mad?"

"I'm not **that** mad...put I'm still pissed. Why would you fuck that scrawny ass bimbo anyway?"

"I don't know, mom...she was just there and then she got all up on me...and her bikini popped open when she dropped the water hose and then she was touching me and then I don't know what happened," he explained in a rambling, unending sentence that flooded out of his mouth.

"Yeah, well...I'm more mad at her than you and I've got a little something set up for her and I want to know if you're gonna go along with it. Do so and I'll not be pissed at you. How's that for a deal?"

He looked perplexed, his eyes bulging and then squinting as if he might see what she was up to before she told him.

"I told her I wouldn't call the cops on her," she said and he suddenly looked relieved. "I also told her she couldn't come near you for a while until she did something first."

"What's she gotta do?" he asked, his interest obviously peeked. "I don't understand."

"I told her she had to get fat if she wanted to fuck you again," she divulged with a slight smirk. "I told her she had to gain up to 250 pounds before I'd let her have you again."

"WHUT?!?" he blurted, his eyes the size of saucers, his mouth hanging open in disbelief. "Are you serious?!"

"She weighs, so she says, about a hundred pounds now. So I told her if she gained a hundred and fifty...which were make her about forty pounds heavier than me...and remember she's several inches shorter than me...smaller frame y'know! I told her if she packed on a hundred and fifty pounds, I'd let her fuck you again."

He stood there in front of his bed, his eyes glazed over...just staring blankly at her as if he was somehow frozen in time.

"Don't get excited," she warned. "She'll never do it. She agreed to do it. So you must have really impressed the hell out of her. And I don't doubt she's gonna get fat...but that little bitch ain't never gonna manage to plump it up to 250. Not gonna happen by a long shot. So no, you're not getting to do her ever again. But...if you go along with me on this and promise not to touch that bitch...then I'll forget you cheated and I'll also let you fuck Maureen. So do we have a deal?"

"Can I add one stipulation...actually two...I have two!" he asked with a more than excited tone to his voice.

"What?" she asked, worrying about what his response was going to be.

"Okay...one...if she does make it to 250...am I really gonna get to do it with her again?" And he stood quietly waiting for her answer.

"Y'know what...sure...if she makes it to 250, I'll cut her some slack. That's serious wanton lust. And if she wants you that bad, she's gonna get you one way or the other I guess. So yeah, if she makes it to 250, I'll honor the deal with her."

He grinned. "Okay, and two...and this is really my stipulation to go along with this, okay? Right, so how about maybe **you** gain up to 250 **too**?"

"What?" she erupted verbally. "Are you fucking serious? I already gained twenty five damn pounds for you, in case you hadn't noticed," and she shook her belly with both hands for emphasis on that claim. "And you want me to pack on another **forty**?!"

He just smiled and shrugged, looking remarkably cuter than she liked.

She sighed. "Alright...fine...but you cannot touch her at all unless she makes it to 250...and I'm gonna weigh the bitch beforehand too!"

He grinned from ear to ear. "So when do I do this with Miss Parks?" he inquired.

"If this forty pounds goes all to my belly, I'm gonna kill you," she grumbled at him as she turned around to leave. "I'll let you know on Maureen. Right now, go take a fucking shower and find a blowtorch."

An incessant beeping noise woke Maureen from her slumber and she rose up to a sitting position, naked, beside her son.

"What the fuck?" she muttered, looking around the room but not finding the source of the noise. At some point it occurred to her that it was the phone ringing. Forcing herself out of bed, she stumbled naked across her son's room and out into the hallway...then into the living room where the nearest phone charger was. It was empty and she grumbled some line of nonsense cursing and made her way into the kitchen where she finally found a cordless handset.

The caller had hung up before she answered it though.

"Dammit," she barked as she hit the caller ID button.

HOGAN, SONDRA

MISSED CALL

Suddenly she realized her friend was gone. How long had she been passed out? She glanced toward the front windows and noted it was getting dark outside.

As she watched, Anita Farris whipped up into her driveway in her big white SUV and parked it. She got out and apparently was trying to flick her garage remote to no avail. She went up to the door and pulled on it...again to no avail. Angrily, she

started kicking at it and it was obvious she was throwing a tantrum of some nature.

Amused, Maureen started laughing at the woman's antics and predicament.

Finally, Anita gave up on the door and returned to the truck and slammed her door and went back to the rear of the vehicle. Popping open the backend of it, she turned and looked around several times as if she was about to remove something she didn't want anyone to see her pulling out.

"What the fuck is she doing?" Maureen drifted toward the front windows and stared across the street as Anita began snatching bag after bag of groceries from the rear of her truck and then when she could hold no more, she looked around again and scurried into her house through the front door. Maureen was astonished to note there were still more bags visible inside the rear of the SUV.

Moments later, the skinny woman emerged and returned to the back of the vehicle and began removing more bags. Again, she looked around suspiciously and then made a dash for her front door. This process repeated four more times until she eventually emptied the truck out and slammed the hatch down on it.

Maureen was about to walk off when the woman emerged again with a remote in her hand and opened her garage with it. She flicked her hands up in the air and looked like she was shouting at the now rising door.

"Heh! Batteries, you dumb ass!"

Obviously fuming and grumbling, Anita climbed into her truck and as she pulled into the garage, she stuck her left arm out and flipped off the garage door as she pulled past it.

Maureen burst out laughing as she flopped down on her couch in front of the windows and hit redial on her phone to call Sondra.

"Hello?"

"Hey, it's me...you called?"

"Yeah...yes I did."

"What's up?"

"You remember how we were talking shit about getting Anita and Kerry fat earlier this morning?"

"Yeah, why?"

"You are not gonna believe what the fuck happened."

SILENCE...

"So you gonna ask or not?"

Maureen snorted. "Oh, you were baiting me, sorry. Yeah, so what happened?"

"I woke up at your place a couple hours ago, right...and I look out the front windows and I see Sammy bolting out of Anita's backyard pulling his shorts up and running like the fucking Devil was on his ass. So I stormed over there to see what the fuck happened, and I find Little Miss Can't-be-wrong sprawled in the grass with her legs spread and her bikini doing not much of anything."

"WHUT?!? Wait, are you telling me her and Sammy got busy in the fucking backyard?"

"Oh, it gets better, sister...let me tell you. So anyway I confronted her and she freaked out and somehow or the other I just decided it wasn't a good idea to call the cops...OR to kick her ass. I was kinda scared she might claim rape on his part, and then look out if a jury got to see his equipment!"

"Oh geez...he probably would come off as a sex maniac wouldn't he? Good thinking, I guess."

"Yeah, so anyway...I'm standing there glaring at her and it just hits me...what we talked about earlier. Her getting fat, right? So I tell her about Sammy having the fat thing. I told her probably ran off because she disgusted him. Which as it turns out, I think it was more her pouncing on him and him just not controlling himself...so he wasn't, I don't think...all that attracted to her really. But anyways, I told her that I was looking for an outlet...like a sex partner, to keep him occupied because of his overactive libido, right? I'm making it up as I go along...so whatever. But she buys into it."

"Wait, you didn't tell her about you and him doing it, did you?"

"Are you crazy? Hell no! I told her I dressed nasty sometimes to keep him from hound-dogging on other women and I told her had a thing for me, but that I didn't let it go anywhere. And you know that sleazy bitch actually acted like she was horny for the idea of me doing him? I was shocked. But anyways, I tell her since she's already done him, that she might as well be my trusted girlfriend of choice for him, but that he couldn't know it was arranged...that she would have to seduce him and make him think it was all for real. And I told her to get his permanent attention, she was gonna have to get fat and not just fat...but like **fatter than me**, fat!"

"NO SHIT?!"

"No fucking shit. Just like that. So I told her if she gained up to 250, I'd let her have at him all she wanted."

"Two hundred and fifty pounds?? Did she fall out?"

"No! She didn't even haggle. She just nodded and told me she'd do it. Then she started asking me all sorts of questions about how to get fat fast!"

"Yo, bitch...I just watched her haul in like a hundred bags of groceries a few minutes ago."

"WHUT?!" This time it was Maureen being dismayed.

"No shit. I kid you not. Maybe not a hundred bags, but she made at least five or more trips into her house carrying as many as she could hold each time."

"Holee freeholies! You think she'd actually do it?"

"What? Gain that much? How much you think she weighs now, like five ounces?"

"Ha! But no, she said she weighed like a hundred and three if I remember right."

"So that's like her entire body weight plus half. Nah, there's no way that prissy bitch is gonna pack on no hundred and fifty fucking pounds. No way in hell."

"Yeah, that's what I figured. I didn't intend for her to really get at him. I just wanted her to pork the fuck out some and then me get to laugh at her."

"You are twisted. I love you!"

"Don't say I never do anything for you."

"Hey, I wanted the little one. Anita was all yours!"

"Oh yeah...true that."

"So wicked! It just happened like that. How weird is that?"

"I know, right? It's crazy...fucking crazy."

"Damn, he must have really put the dick to her, huh? I mean she's already went out and bought up half the grocery store in one run. This bitch is serious!"

"I hope she's not too serious. Of course, she is sort of a fucking dingbat."

"You have no clue. I watched her cuss out and flip off her garage door. She even kicked it a couple of times...all because the battery in her remote was dead. It was hilarious."

"So she's actually falling for this shit? Damn. I almost feel bad for her."

"No you don't. Think of all the husbands she's probably boinked. And you know she talks about us behind our backs. And her daughter is as big a slut as she is."

"Yeah, probably. Still feel bad for her. I actually promised Sammy that if she made it to 250, I'd actually let him fuck her. I figured it was the least I could do."

"Duh! Of course now that Anita is on the train to fat town, how we gonna get little Miss Muffet to get on board too?"

"Wow, you really want Kerry bad, don't you?"

"I'm sick. I don't care."

"Well I don't know. Maybe it'll roll up on us like this shit did. Oh, hey...speaking of which. To get Sammy to go along with this, I had to promise him two things. One, he could fuck her if she hit 250...and two...and this was his idea...he wants me to gain up to 250 too!"

"No shit?"

"Forty pounds for me. And if I gain it all in the belly, I'm gonna fucking kill him."

"No you won't. I bet if he told you 300, you'd fucking start smack-attacking the donuts, wouldn't you?"

"Shut up!"

"So hey...on that topic," Maureen suddenly shifted the topic. "Eddie likes my belly too, obviously and while we were fucking around...all three of us...you said some shit about him getting me pregnant and you'd make me fat."

"Yeah...okay?"

"So were you serious?"

"Well I doubt you want to get pregnant by him...ewww!"

"Well not really, no...besides...that's...umm...like serious banjo plucking shit. But the part about fattening me up...I'm talking about that."

"Are you serious? I mean I was just talking smack to him."

"He gets off on it and you know how he was all up into your fat fucking ass. So I was just thinking. I'm kind of jealous of the way he was looking and fucking you."

"Well don't do it for that reason...hell, I won't mess with him again if it bothered you, babe."

"No, it's not like that. It was the most awesome sex I've ever had. I just want him to look at me like that too. I mean I've already got a belly...it's just not as big and round as yours is, y'know?"

"Well I'm a freak like that. I don't seem to really get fat anywhere but in the belly and ass."

"I know...but...alright I'll tell you something. The way I was dressed today...the belly hanging out. I've always girted myself up since I got fat and I've never really just let it hang out. I've never really just relaxed with my flab and run with it. And Sondra...I really liked it. I liked the way I felt, all jiggling and bouncy. And I really...sort of...wanna gain some more. And not just all for him."

"How much do you weigh now?"

"About a hundred and sixty pounds...give or take. Probably give...a few more. Hrmph! Call it one seventy...I'm not gonna lie about it anymore. No reason to, right?"

"So how much do you want to gain?"

"I don't know."

"I'm two ten right now."

"I want to be at least your size," she replied.

"So you got forty pounds to add too," Sondra asserted.

"Hey...so we could do this together?"

"Yeah, we could I guess. Friends who gain together, stay together, huh?"

The both chuckled.

"Oh hey," Sondra popped. "I forgot to mention that I had to explain about the FEM-32 shit to Anita. I told her about it being the reason Sammy's a freak in the pants. Annndddd...I also might have dropped a little bomb about Eddie too."

"What?! You told her about Eddie?"

"I just told her that he was big too...that you took the drug. I figured it might get her to keep Kerry away from him for you."

"Oh. Well yeah...I get it. How'd she react?"

"She seemed pretty perturbed. She acted like she was convinced Kerry would try something with him if she got the chance. Little does she know, huh?"

Just then, Maureen's doorbell rang.

"Somebody is here...I gotta go. I call you back later."

"Later, bitch!"

To be continued...

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