

The Date

Baron Darkside



Betty Sue had just finished her shift at Frank's Bar and Grill. It was Tuesday night and thankfully, Wednesday and Thursday were her days off. As was her usual ritual, she headed back to the cooler and pulled out a case of Coors. She was tempted to stay there for a while, as it was so nice and cool. But wiping her sweaty forehead with the back of her hand, she reluctantly stepped out and closed the cooler. She was going to go home, put her feet up, kick back and have a few while she was watching television. Her son, Clem, had a date so she would have the house all to herself.

Driving home in her dilapidated junk of a car, she ran her hand down between her fat, sweaty thighs and played with herself wishing that there was an answer to the nagging itch down there. Be nice to have someone to share the damn beer with. Been a spell since I had a nice, hard cock, too. Oh, well, maybe I'll go over to Franks tomorrow night and maybe ole Horace'll hit on me as usual. Then I just might let him take me home and lay me.

Pulling up in front of the house, she saw that Clem's wreck of a car was sitting in the weed-infested driveway. Gonna have to get that kid to cut them damn weeds down one of these days. Lazy little fart.

Stepping out of the car into the sweltering heat, she heard the air conditioner in the living room window whining loudly. Clem must have it going full bore, she thought. But she knew that even on high, the little thing would hardly make any difference in the oppressive heat inside the living room. And even less in the kitchen and bedrooms. Grabbing up the beer, she started to walk up to the house as a trickle of sweat ran down her forehead onto her nose, then off the tip of her nose down to her mountainous bosom that was straining to escape the tight confines of her uniform. Looks another panties and bra night, she complained to herself. On the really hot nights, she would wear panties and bra and Clem would wear shorts. Then when Clem's gone, it'll be a damned panties only night, if that.

Looking forward to getting out of her hot clothes, she opened the door and stumbled inside. Just as she had predicted, even though the little air conditioner was trying

it's hardest, the smothering heat of the air inside the house was only a few degrees cooler than outside in the sun. Clipping across the room to the table in her plain, white shoes, she saw that her son, Clem was sitting on the couch watching television wearing nothing but his shorts.

"Howdy, Mom," he frowned at her, running his hand across his forehead and then flinging the sweat at her. "Damned hot, ain't it?"

"Shore is," she grunted, setting the beer on the table and watching his eyes dart down to the titanic swell of her bosom jutting out in front of her. "Damned hot."

That boy's been paying an awful lot of attention to me lately, she thought to herself as she quickly popped open the top three buttons of her uniform. Fanning herself with the collar of her dress with one hand, she reached down and tore open the carton of beer with her other hand.

"Wanna beer?" she asked him pulling one out for herself and popping it open.

"Damned tootin," he chortled, still feeling her up with his eyes.

"Well, put your damned eyes back in yore head, first," she snickered, jerking another can out and pitching it to him.

"Cain't help it if ya got the biggest, damned tits in town," he mumbled, reluctantly turning his attention back to the TV.

"Too damned big, if you ask me," she fumed, tipping up her beer and downing half of it in one thirsty gulp. "What time is your date?"

"Ain't got no date," he muttered huffily, turning his attention back to her. "Amy Lou called and said she had to help her ma do somethin er other."

Crap, ain't gonna be no panties only night after all, she complained to herself.

"Oh, well," she said, pausing to kill her beer, "guess it's us two cast-offs alone again. What the hell, if nobody else wants us, we'll just have a date ourselves. What you say?"

"What you mean?" he asked, tipping up his beer and finishing it off.

"We'll just sit around drinkin beer and watching TV," she told him, grabbing two more beers out of the carton.

Setting the beers on the table, she picked up the carton of beer and clomped over to the fridge. Opening the icebox, she leaned down and shoved the beer inside. Enjoying the feel of the cool air on her sweaty skin, she just stood there for several seconds soaking up the coolness. As she did, she could see the reflection of Clem in the chrome of the icebox

and he was ogling her fat ass. Well, let him get an eyeful cause that's all he's gonna get.

Finally, she raised back up and closed the door.

"Get an eyeful?" she smirked, turning around and walking back over to the table.

"Huh, uh, I," he stammered, his face turning red. "Yuh got a nice, uh, a nice arse, too."

"Too fat," she fussed, grabbing up the beers and tramping over to the couch.

"Hell, Ma," Clem whined, taking the beer from her as she handed it to him, "I think ya look good."

"Too fat," she muttered, looking down at herself and shaking her head. "Tits too big, ass too fat, and belly getting too round. Don't know how ya can say I look good."

"Ya do, really," he grinned.

"Naw, yer just horny cause yer date stood ya up," she laughed, walking around the couch toward her bedroom. "Ya thank anything wearing a skirt's purty."

Stepping into her bedroom, she walked popped her beer open and shuffled over to the mirror on her dresser. Setting her beer can down, she slowly unbuttoned her uniform and peeled it back off her body. Tossing the sweat-drenched dress onto the bed, she stared at the reflection looking back at her from the mirror for several seconds. Then she shook her head and reached around behind her to unsnap her brassiere. When she did, her giant tits came flopping out of the huge cups of material as the shoulder straps went sliding down her arms.

Her mountainous tits were so large that the bottoms rested on the top swell of her softly rounded belly. Like two giant, pinkish-tan balloons half-filled with water, they jiggled heavily with every move she made. Reaching up, she hefted

her left tit and held the big, heavy thing in her hands for several seconds. Then letting it back down to where it normally hung, she did the same with her right breast. Well, they ain't as bad as I made them out to be, she laughed to herself as she tweaked the bulging nipples between her forefingers and thumbs. Yeah, better get laid tomorrow night cause Clem ain't the only one around here that's horny.

Letting go of her nipples, she looked down at the swell of her rounded belly. Sucking it in, she studied it and decided that it was only a couple of inches too big and it wasn't bad if she held it in. But that took too much effort on a scorcher like today.

Running her eyes down her hose-encased legs, she admitted they were a little chunky. But still, they had shape to them. Weren't bad enough to make a man throw up, she told herself, leaning down and running her hands over the slippery nylon as her huge tits dance and jiggle as they dangled down below her.

Standing back up, she slowly turned around to face away from the mirror. Glaring at her fat ass over her shoulder, she knew that it was her least attractive attribute. Round and full, it sagged slightly. Yet still, Clem said it was pretty. Maybe she should start walking a little in the afternoon after she got off work, but she was usually so damned tired from being on her feet all day, she just didn't have the energy left.

Oh, well, she thought, she wasn't looking for a man anyway. Screw them...

Leaning down, she quickly jerked her panties down her chubby legs and tossed them down beside her bra. She left her sheer, white stockings on, because it made her feel somewhat more dressed in front of Clem.

But, better freshen up a little if we're gonna be sitting next to each other watching TV all night long, she told herself.

In the bathroom, she picked up a washrag and ran it under the water. Then she dashed some cologne on it and gave herself a quick washrag bath, paying particular attention to the oozing gash down between her legs and her underarms. Finishing this, she sprayed on some perfume, even taking the time to lift each mountainous tit and give its underside a good dousing.

Then she waddled back over to her chest of drawers and pulled the top drawer open. Reaching down, she started to pick up one of her plain, cotton brassieres, but for some silly reason, her hand strayed over to her Sunday best bra. Even being her best brassiere, it wasn't anything to get excited about, she laughed to herself. About the only thing different from all the other bras was its edging of white lace that ran along the top of the cups.

Standing there looking down at it in her hand, she wondered if she should take it or not. Would Clem think she was trying to come on to him or something? Oh, screw him, she told herself, lifting it up and wrapping it around her waist. Then, she fastened it and quickly spun it around until the large cups were positioned under her giant tits. Running

her arms down through the shoulder straps, she lifted the bra up until it rested just below the dangling monsters. Then she took one monstrous tit and stuffed it down into its cup and then repeated the same thing for the other tit.

After struggling with the unruly giants for several seconds, she finally had them anchored securely inside the frilly bra. Satisfied that most of them were adequately concealed from Clem's roaming eyes, she started to reach for a pair of plain, white, cotton panties, but just as before, her hand strayed over to a pair of white panties with a flowery design and an edging of lace running around the leg holes. Hardly daring, she laughed to herself, realizing that her selection of undies was about as exciting as going to church on Sunday. Maybe I ought to buy some new ones. But what for? Ain't like I'm going out with anybody anyway. Except maybe old Horace. But he might like something a little different for a change. Maybe it would spice up things between us...

Grabbing them up, she quickly pulled them up her chubby legs.

Now attired in her eveningwear, she grabbed her hairbrush and ran it through her shoulder-length hair. Well here's to a night of beer and good television, she smirked to herself as she picked her beer and headed to the living room.

Walking into the living room, she tossed down the rest of her beer and headed for the fridge again.

"Damn, Ma, what you all dressed up for," Clem giggled from the couch.

"I gotta date, don't ya know," she laughed, shaking her booty at him as she swished over to the refrigerator, "so I thought I'd get all duded up for ya."

"Ya shore do look nice," he told her, opening admiring her fat ass as she bent over and pulled out two more beers.

"Anythin good on," she laughed, standing up and heading for the couch as Clem's eyes shot up to her big tits.

"Just you," Clem said appreciatively.

"Now get outta here," she laughed, handing him a beer and flopping down onto her end of the couch, "and just soes ya know, I don't do nothing on a first date."

She and Clem had always kidded around with each other, but tonight something was strangely different, she thought. Tonight there was an undercurrent of something new. But she couldn't put her finger on it. It was just different...

As they sat watching the TV, Clem kept glancing over and sweeping his eyes over her big tits. She had never noticed him openly paying any attention to her like he was tonight. Oh sure, he take a peek every now and then, but not like tonight. And even though she knew that is was wrong for him to be doing it, for some reason, tonight she found it weirdly exciting that he was paying attention to her.

It was a similar feeling to what she had felt back when she was nineteen and her father had started paying attention to her. Yeah, and look where that ended up, her conscience smarted at her.

"What you keep gawking at?" she finally asked him, tipping up her beer and finishing it off.

"Yore damn tits. They's so damned big and purty," he grinned, standing up. "Wanna nother beer?"

"Sure, why not," she snickered tipsily, unable to avoid looking straight at the big bulge sticking out the front of his shorts as it was at exactly eye-height. "But I thinks they still too, damn big."

"Naw, they ain't," he giggled, walking toward the fridge.

My gosh, she woozily thought, he's got a hard on. What? Why was he hard? Was he actually turned on by

me? Got to be. Ain't nothing else going on that would get him all hot and bothered.

Watching him strut over to the fridge, she saw his tight, little ass twitch and jiggle under the white, cotton material of his shorts. He does have a nice, little ass, she drunkenly thought. Skinny, but nice and tight.

Betty Sue, you'd better get yourself under control, girl, and not do anything stupid, her conscience warned her. But she knew that the booze was taking its toll as she told her conscience that she was just having a little fun with her son. Can't a mom and her son kid around a little? Just like you and your paw, her conscience shot back.

"Here ya go," Clem said, stopping directly in front of her so that her eyes were exactly peter-high once again

"Uh, thanks, uh, preciate it," she mumbled, staring at the giant bulge and taking the beer he handed to her.

"What you gawking at," he guffawed, watching her blush bright red.

"Nuthin, uh, nuthin," she muttered, finally able to look away from his obvious erection.

"Nuthin? Nuthin? You call that nuthin," he grinned, finally walking over and flopping back down onto his end of the couch.

"Clem Watkins, you watch yo mouth," she chastised him, turning her beer up and chugging half of it down.

"Speaking of big," he smirked, "if ya thinks your tits er so big, how come you wear a bra all the time. Looks mighty uncomfortable ta me. Specially in this heat. Bet they're all sweaty and stuff."

"Yeah, tis, but what would folks say if I went runnin round in front a you half-naked?"

"Ya ain't far from it, now," he laughed, running his eyes up and down her body. "And sides, who the hell's gonna know."

"Well, got the portant parts covered. That's all that counts," she smirked back at him.

"Ya keep complainin about yore big tits," he leered at her, tilting his head back and taking a long pull on his beer, "why don't ya show em to me and let me see if I thinks they's too big."

"Wha, what thu," she snorted spraying beer down the front of her body on to her big tits and bare thighs. "Ya wan me to, to show ya my tits?"

"Yeah, all you do is fuss about em," he smirked, "so let me see em and see if they's really as big as you say. Hard to tell when yo got them all crammed down inside that damned bra. And sides, you'll be more comfortable."

She couldn't believe it as she sat staring at him in stunned silence. He had just asked her to take her friggin bra off. Take it off and show him her tits. There was definitely something strange going on tonight. And even with six beers down the hatch, she had some definitely mixed emotions on that subject. First she was taken aback that he would ask her to do such an indecent thing. But then again, she was excited that he would want to see her big tits. And after all, hadn't he gotten a hard on by looking at them? Well, she wasn't all that surprised, really. All men liked looking at her huge tits. Just a man thing, she laughed to herself.

"Are they what's making you hard?" she boldly asked, dropping her eyes down to the big bulge sticking up under his shorts.

"Uh, that, that and watching ya run around thu house half-naked," he muttered, his face coloring slightly.

Why not? What can showing my tits to the little pecker hurt? After all, when he was a baby he even sucked on them.

Don't do it, her conscience whined.

Do it, go ahead and do it, her other side snickered. Let him see them and see if he thinks they're too big. Show him. Yeah, show them to him and see where that gets you.

Just like with your pa, he conscience countered.

Looking down at her breasts as they welled up out of her bra, she saw that they were glistening with a sheen of sweat. Along with the rest of her body. Would be a lot more comfortable, she drunkenly argued to herself. And what could he do? She was just gonna let him look...

Looking Clem straight in the eye, she carefully set her beer down on the end table. Then she slowly leaned forward and reached around behind her back.

Clem sat gawking at her in disbelief. Was she really gonna do it?

Finding the clasp that held her brassiere closed, she hesitantly snapped it open. But as her tits started to flop out, she quickly grabbed them, cupping them in their cups of cloth, still hiding them from Clem's gawking eyes.

Then, shrugging her shoulders, she let the shoulder straps slide down her arms as she ever so slowly peeled the cups away from her huge, dangling tits.

"Holy sheit," Clem sputtered out, nearly choking on his swallow of beer. "Gawd, they's huge. Biggest damn tits I ever seen."

"See. I told ya so," she said, dropping her brassiere down on the couch and cupping the giant melons of smooth, pinkish-tan flesh. "How'd ya like to have to carry these things around all day long?"

"How much ya think they weigh?" he muttered watching her cup them and lift them.

"Hell, I don't know," she smirked at him. "A lot."

"Just a minute. I got a idea," he giggled, jumping up and running across the room toward the bathroom.

"Where ya goin?" she asked him slowly easing her mountainous tits back down onto her chest and belly.

"Ya'll see," he hollered from the bathroom and then came strolling out carrying the set of scales that they kept in the bathroom.

With leering grin on his face, he walked over and set the scales down on the table.

"Come on over here and we'll weigh them babies," he chortled.

"Well, I never..." she laughed, looking down at her huge, dangling tits and then over to the scale and then down at the bulge jutting out in front of Clem's shorts.

Smiling drunkenly, she struggled to her feet and plodded over to the table with her tits jiggling and writhing with each step.

Clem watched on appreciatively as she sat down in front of the scales.

"Ya really think this'll work?" she asked him.

"Let's see," he giggled, reaching out and grabbing hold of one of her tits.

She watched on, leaning forward and letting him lift her tit and gently place it on the scales. It had all happened so fast that neither of them had thought about what he was doing until he already had his hands on her tit.

But there wasn't anything sexual about it she told herself when the realization dawned on her. He just wanted to weigh it, she thought watching Clem stare down at her giant tit and the scales.

"Ten friggin pounds," he marveled, "the thing weighs ten damn pounds."

"It feels like twenty," she sighed, slowly leaning back, dragging her tit off the scales.

"Hey, let's weigh the other one," he grinned shuffling around behind her to her other side and reaching down to her other tit.

"It'll weigh the same, dufus," she told him but making no effort to stop from lifting her other tit onto the scale as she leaned forward again. "Ya just wants to play with my tits."

"Yeah, I like touching em," he snickered, "they's so soft and mushy and stuff."

"Bet you do," she said as he lovingly ran his hand over the quivering mountain of tit-flesh.

Then he stopped and gently flicked her big, rubbery nipple with his finger.

As he did, she felt a spark of electricity shoot up from the nipple into her brain. Why the little pecker is playing with my nipple, she numbly thought while she watched him take the nipple between his thumb and forefinger and rub it between them.

Finally able to gather her wits about her, she leaned back and pushed his hand away from her tit.

"What the hell, ya tink yore doin?" she muttered.

"I done know," he grinned giddily. "It was just so purty sticking out like that. Why, why are they so damned hard,?"

"None, none yore business," she said, looking down at the big, puffy nipple that was still tingling from his touch. "Why's yore thing hard?"

"Makes me hot to touch ya like that," he giggled.

Then as she sat reeling in the sparkle of excitement swirling around them, an idiotic thought flickered though her head.

"How much do you tink yer thang weighs?" she asked him, pushing herself back away from the table and standing up.

"Huh?" he muttered, taking a step back and staring at her in disbelief.

"How much yer dolly whacker, yer peter, yer cock weighs," she laughed, amused by the stunned expression on his face.

"Done know," he snickered as a grin started to replace the shocked expression on his face.

"Ya mean, ya mean, ya wants me tah, tah," he stammered.

"Yeah, pull them drawers down an we'll weigh thu bad boy," she snickered. "Less ya scared ta."

"Really! Ya really wants me ta pull down my drawers?" he asked gawking at her as if he had just seen a ghost.

What in the hell do you think your doing, her conscience quietly asked? Watch, she smarted back as she slowly leaned forward and jerked Clem's shorts down his skinny thighs. As she did, Clem's big, almost fully hard cock sprang out at her.

Stepping back, she saw that he looked like he was in shock. He just stood there with his shorts wrapped around his knees and his man-sized cock jutting out at her. Just perfect for weighing, she giddily thought. Damn the boy's hung, she admitted as another spark of excitement made its way up from her pussy to her brain.

Clem started to shuffle over to the table, but could only take short, little steps with his shorts impeding his movement as his cock danced up and down wildly. Then as he stood in front of the scales, his big cock hovering over them, Betty Sue reached around and sharply popped him on the ass with the palm of her hand. Once, twice, then three times.

"Wat? Wat ya done," Clem snorted, grimacing at her as she watched his big cock wilt slightly, slowly resting its big, bloated body down onto the scale.

"Four pounds," she giggled, reaching down and running her finger along the top of it. "Yore pa woulda been jealous of it."

"Huh?" Clem muttered.

"How big's it?" she asked him slowly wrapping her hand around it and lifting it up off the scale.

"Seven. Uh, seven half," he grinned giddily watching her slowly run her hand up and down the thick barrel of his cock.

"His only six," she grinned back at him. "but thick though. Like yurs."

"Oh, uh, I, uh, what, uh," Clem muttered foolishly, obviously embarrassed by her attention to his erection.

"Yep, nice one," Betty Sue said, reluctantly letting go of her son's jutting cock.

Then, leaving him standing by the table with his cock jutting straight up into the air and his shorts wrapped around his knees, she went back to the fridge. Grabbing two beers out of the rapidly disappearing horde of beers, she strolled back over to him. Taking one of the frosty cans, she turned it sideways and rolled it along the bottom of his twitching cock all the way from his big, dangling balls up to its mushroom shaped head.

He flinched back away from her and the cold can.

Then with a smirky smile, she handed him the beer.

"Cold, huh?" she laughed.

"Yeah, but you cud worm it back up with yer hand," he leered at her pushing his hips forward and thrusting his cock at her.

"Have ta think bout that," she smiled mockingly and walked over to the couch with her giant tits wiggling provocatively.

Clem seemed confused about his shorts. Should he pull them back up or take them off? He wanted to take them off, but what would she think? Finally, he reached down and shoved them down his wiry legs.

You'd better stop this before things get totally out of hand, her conscience warned her. You're going to regret all this tomorrow if you don't stop it now...

Oh, Fuck yourself, she shot back at it, enjoying the excitement and a tingle down there she hadn't felt in a long, long time. We're just having a little fun, she drunkenly told herself as she watched Clem's big, hard cock bounce up and down in front of him as he clomped back over to the couch.

Yeah, just like you and your pa had some fun that night, her conscience asked her?

"Well, ain't we jus the naughty, lil boy," she laughed, taking another gulp of beer.

"Firs ya call it nuttin, now ya callin it lil?" he laughed, feigning anger. "But ya said it wuz bgger than pa's. What's it take to please ya?"

"Well, showin it off in fron of yer ma ain't xactly the way to go bout it, ya think?" she sarcastically smiled at him.

"Ya wanted to weigh it," he shot back.

"Yeah, I gess I did," she murmured, turning her head back toward the television which was blaring on without their attention.

They sat on the couch silently watching television for several moments as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a naked son and a near naked mother to do. Finally, Clem turned to her and spoke.

"I showed ya mine," he said, pausing as she turned to face him, "so, so can I see yore's?"

"Wha? What, what did you say," she asked him as her jaw dropped in disbelief. "Did, did you jus ask me if you, you could look, look at my, my, my..."

She stopped, unable to finish the sentence as she looked down and saw that his big cock was twitching up and down as it pointed straight up at the ceiling.

"Uh, yeah, yeah, why not? Yore lookin at my dick, ain't ya?" he grunted.

"Es, es, but, thas diffrent," she blushed, "Yer a guy and guys like to show their thing off. I'm woman. Diffrent."

"Aw, come on, ma," he begged, watching her big tits jiggle as she talked. "Just a lil peek. I ain't never seen a real one before."

"Wha? What? Yer, yer still a, a virgin?" she asked, her eyes flaring open as big as silver dollars.

"Yeah, so what?" he said defensively.

"Uh, nothin, nuthin, just hard to believe," she said, staring down at his big, hard cock, "what with all that stuff down there."

"I started to, to do it with a couple, uh, girls, but, but when they seen it, they sade no fuckin way. Too big," he complained to her.

"Their loss, I'd say," she laughed sarcastically.

"Or mine," he whined. "I'm still a damned virgin."

What could it hurt? What could it hurt to show him what it looks like? He ain't never seen one before. Maybe when he sees a real one, it'll scare him off.

Don't do this, her conscience growled at her. Do this and the next step is you know what. Just like you and your pa. Then what'll happen? You'll regret it.

Oh, go bother someone else, I'm just give him a little peek. Nothin'll happen...

"Well," she said, slowly running her hand down between her legs, "just a lil peek."

Then she hooked a finger under the edge of the panties' leg hole and peeled it back exposing her oozing pussy. As she did, Clem leaned down to get a better view. But after only a couple of seconds, Betty Sue let go of her panties and they slipped back into place once again covering her pussy.

"Aw, hell, Ma," Clem complained, sitting back up. "I didn't hardly get ta see nothin. That ain't fair."

"I said just a peek," she laughed, "and that's what ya got. A peek."

"I cudn hardly see nuthin," he fussed. "Give me a good luk at it. I wanna see what one rilly looks like."

Betty Sue sat looking at him with a tipsy smile on her lips as he gawked back hopefully.

"What'll ya give to git a real, good look at it?" she grinned looking down and seeing his cock twitch excitedly.

"Uh, wat ya mean?" he asked.

"What ya willin to do ta see it and take a real good look?" she smiled coyly.

"Wat ya want?" he smirked back at her.

"Hmmmm, let me see," she said pausing and looking pensive. "Tell ya what. I'll let ya look at it, then I'll decide, if ya promise to do whatever I ask."

"Don't know bout that," he said, "Ya could make me do somethin to hurt muself er somethin."

"I won't do nothin to make you hurt yoreself," she said, laughing softly.

"Uh, well, uh, well, I, uh, I guess so, then," he said tentatively, looking down at the wet spot on her panties that was slowly growing larger. "Hey, yore panties are wet. How come?"

"Never mind that," she giggled drunkenly, struggling to her feet.

"What? Where ya goin," he asked, frowning at her.
"Thought we had a deal."

"We does, but I'm gonna be comfy while you studies it,"
she laughed, tottering toward her bedroom.

'Oh, OH, OKAY," he gabbled, lurching to his feet and
following along behind her admiring the way her big ass
jiggled and wiggled as she walked.

Pushing open the door, she reeled across the room and
flopped down onto her bed. Grinning tipsily, she lay on her
side looking at him as she ran her hand down her chunky
thigh.

PICTURE

"Whyn't ya git us a beer while I get er ready," she smiled innocently.

"Yeah, yeah, I'll do that," he laughed happily tripping back down the hall to the fridge and grabbing two beers out of it.

Beaming from ear to ear, he clomped back down to his mother's bedroom. Hurrying inside, he suddenly stopped dead in his tracks when he stepped into the room and saw his mother.

"Holy sheeit," he muttered, staring at her as she lay in the middle of her bed with her legs spread wide open.

She had taken off her panties while he was gone and was now slowly fingering the juicy slit between her legs.

"Hot damn, that's just the purtiest thin I ever seen," he told her as he staggered closer to the bed, staring directly at her pussy the whole time.

"Ya lak it better'n my tits?" she giggled, fingering the big, meaty lips apart and revealing the oozing hole between them.

"Jeez, done know," he muttered, "thinks it a tie. They's both fucking purty."

"Give me a beer," she smiled up at him, spreading her legs farther apart.

Without moving his eyes away from her pussy, he blindly handed her a beer and kept staring down between her legs.

"Ya sure ya ain't never done it?" she asked him then popped it open and downed half the popped in one long gulp.

"Naw, naw, I ain't never done it with no woman fore," he grunted, unable to take his off her pussy.

No, no, no, don't, don't go there, her conscience muttered to her. Then somewhere down deep in her alcohol-logged psyche, something shorted out. Was it the alcohol, the heat, or the years of loneliness and emptiness? She didn't really know what it was, but she felt it as her conscience quietly turned its back on her leaving her totally defenseless and vulnerable to the current of lust burning through her head.

Fuck you, she smirked back to her now non-caring conscience. Hell, I'll just let him do it one time. What'll it hurt? Hell, everybody in this fucking hick town is related to each other one way or the other. What's a little more incest gonna hurt, more or less. Hell, look at me and pa we did it and we're both still alive and kicking. I guess if a pa can do it to his daughter, a ma can let her son do it to her, can't she?

"Well ya wanna do it?" she grinned tipsily, then tipped up her beer and finished it off as Clem stared at her incredulously.

"Huh, ya, ya mean, ya mean you, you and I? You and I do it?" he cried out. "Us..."

"Ya don't see nobody else here, does ya?" she laughed drunkenly.

"Oh, jeez, I'd do anythin to fuck ya," he muttered.

"Well," she said, reaching over and putting her empty beer can on the nightstand, "Why don't ya put that damned beer down and crawl on."

"Oh fuck," he cursed, jumping to put the can down and knocking over her empty beer can in the process.

"Calm down, calm down," she laughed, setting the can back up as she watched his big cock jump up and down with excitement.

"I can't believe it," he groaned as crawled up between her legs until his big cock was bobbing up and down right above the big, meaty gash between her wide spread legs. "Yore really gonna let me do it?"

"If ya don't come fore ya get it in," she mumbled, reaching down and grabbing hold of his twitching cock.

Gasping for breath, Clem watched her guide the big, bloated head of his prick down between the big, meaty lips of her cunt.

Then with a lecherous smile, she slowly rubbed the purple mushroom up and down the juicy slit several times. Finally, as she saw it glistening with her love-syrup, she carefully fitted it down into the juice-coated opening of her cunt.

"Push. Push it in," she wheezed, letting go of his cock and grabbing hold of his ass.

"Gawd," he groaned, easing his hips forward and sending his cock down into the hot, clutching channel of her pussy.

Digging her fingernails into the cheeks of his ass, she pulled him all the way down into her pussy until his big, dangling balls slapped up against her upturned ass.

"Feels so damned good," she murmured, clutching her hot cunt down around his big cock.

"Tootootoogoooooogooooodddddd," he snarled, thrusting his cock down into her hot, tight puss as deep as he could.

Then, she heard him grunt as his cock began to jerk and spurt deep inside of her pussy.

"Sorrriyyyyyyyyy," he groaned out pushing his spewing prick deeper and deeper down into the clutching chamber of his creation. "Can'tcan'tstoppppppp."

"It's kay. Okay," she muttered pulling him down deeper inside her as he emptied his venomous load of steaming hot semen into her hot cunt.

Gasping for breath, he held his dick down inside the hot, clutching hole until it had finally emptied itself and filled her to overflowing with his hot, foamy cream.

"Gawd, Ma, sorry, cudn't hold it back," he wheezed, slowly backing his softening prick out of her cum-drenched pussy.

"It's okay," she smiled up at him as she felt his withering penis slither out of her hungry pussy.

"Wanted to make you feel good, ta," he sniffed. "Guess I'm just a baby."

"Now shush that up an crawl up here an let me make it big agin," she told him, reaching down t and grabbing at his dying cock.

"Huh?" he grunted. "Ya, ya want to, to suck, suck on my cock?"

"Yeah," she giggled, "less ya done want me ta."

"No, uh, yeah, uh, fuck, I don't know wat I mean," he muttered as she moved her legs in so he could straddle her and climb up her body.

She watched his big, limp cock flop and jiggle as he crawled up until it was dangling down just above her lips. As he stood on his hands and knees looking down at her, she reached up and grabbed hold of the cheeks of his skinny ass and pulled down on them until the bloated, purple head of his cock touched her lips. Then, she slowly opened her mouth and guided the bloated thing down into her hot, wet mouth.

"Oh, Gawd," Clem groaned as he watched her full, red lips encircle the head of his prick and then slowly inch up the shaft of his prick.

Betty Sue felt a jolt of energy spark through the dangling brute as it twitched inside her mouth. Sucking and pulling on the limp lump of meat, it only took seconds before she felt life returning to it as it sluggishly began to stiffen and harden. Smiling to herself, she looked up into Clem's eyes and saw that he was smiling back at her.

With almost half of his big cock inside her mouth, she let go of his ass and grabbed his big, dangling balls. Then she started working her lips up and down the spit-covered shaft of his cock as she pulled and plucked at his balls with her fingers.

Slowly, Clem's hips start to bob up and down as he gently fucked his big, hardening cock down into her mouth.

Letting go of his balls with one hand, she ran it up the crack of his ass until she found the pucker of his asshole. With her finger, she tickled and teased the little prune as his cock grew harder and harder.

But, she could also feel the tension inside his now rigid prick getting close to the point of no return once again. Quickly, she spit out the spit-slathered monster and grunting, pushed him back down until the thing was bobbing up and down above her cunt.

"Put it in," she snorted, "put it in and fuck me."

"Gawd, es," he blabbered, reaching down and wrapping his own hand around the giant.

Then watching down between her chubby legs, he aimed the head of his cock down at the drooling gash awaiting him there.

Betty Sue watched on in eager anticipation as she felt the tapered head of his cock slowly spread apart the slippery opening and penetrate her womanhood.

Why are you doing this, her conscience nagged on as it once again awoke from its slumber? You know that it's so wrong, so wrong.

No matter the morality of what they were doing, it felt good to have a nice, hard dick in her pussy, she tipsily thought. Damned good, she told herself as she clutched her cunt down around the invading brute. And Clem's cock was so much bigger than Horace's old shriveled up cock.

"How ya do that?" he asked her, holding his cock buried down inside the sticky heat of her fuck hole.

"Ya mean this," she laughed softly, gently milking his big, thick cock with her cunt muscles.

"Yeah, that. Feels good," he grinned.

"Just uses the muscles down in my pussy," she giggled.
"But I wants you to fuck me now, so gets to it."

"Ya mean like this?" he grunted, jerking his cock back and then driving it back into her clutching cunt all the way up to its hairy hilt.

"Yeah, like that," she snorted, kicking her chubby legs up and wrapping her thick thighs around his skinny waist.

Then as he began to slide his fat cock in and out of her juicy cunt, she started pounding her heels down into his bounding ass urging him on. Coaxing him to fuck her even harder.

Damn. Damn, she told herself as he pounded his cock into her. It may be wrong, but it sure feels good to have him fuck me with his big dick.

As his dick was sloshing in and out of her manhole, she could hear him huffing and puffing while the bed creaked and groaned underneath them. Accompanying that duet was the slurp of her cunt on his cock, her own mewling chords and the sick slap of their sweat-drenched bodies as they belted out a cacophony of sex that echoed off the walls of her bedroom. Sweat was flying everywhere and their bellies and thighs were splattered with her abundant juices that were pouring out of her like a river over a dam. Then somewhere deep inside her brain where the twisted perversion of what they were doing ruled, she felt a synapse fire off a jolt that went tearing down to her cunt. It was coming, she told herself. She was going to have an orgasm, she frantically thought as the fireball of expectancy grew hotter and hotter.

"FUCK, FUCK, HARD, BOUT TO, BOUT TO COME," she begged him, urging him on with her hands and feet like a jockey at the races.

"Yeah, yeah, gonna, gonna," he panted, working his hips back and forth at a furious pace as his big cock sloshed in and out her clutching cunt.

Closer and closer she came as she urged him on, driving her heels into his bouncing ass harder and harder.

Suddenly, she felt it explode down in the depths of her cunt where the giant cock was pistoning in and out. A wave of pleasure so intense it took her breath away washed over her like a tidal wave crashing onto shore. She felt her whole body go rigid and she began to shake and shiver as she dug her fingernails down into the skin of his back.

"Fuckkkkkkkkkkkcccccmmmmmmnnnnnnnn," she gagged out as her tight, hot cunt imploded down around her son's cock.

"Fuckkkmeeeeetooooo," he growled, driving his cock down into her convulsing pussy as deep as it would go.

Then she felt his cock jerk down deep inside of her and the sticky heat of his cum coated the delicate lining of her cunt as it spurted out in thick, clinging gobs. He was

coming, she feverishly thought. Coming in my pussy. How could I let him do that? Bad enough to let him fuck me, but to let him come in my pussy. But even as she chastised herself, she kept clutching at the spewing, spurting giant that was now filling her pussy with its vile gunk.

Clinging to him as if her life depended upon it, she dug her heels into his ass forcing him into her deeper and deeper into her cunt as he emptied his steamy load of semen into her.

Finally, she felt the last feeble contraction twitch through his cock as the final spurt of cum trickled out into her cum-drenched cunt. Then, she heard him grunt as he backed away, jerking his spent peter out of the oozing hole between her legs. She saw that his big, softening prick was glistening wetly as he rolled over and flopped down on the bed beside her.

"Fuck," he muttered, trying to catch his breath. "Ain't never had nothin feel that fucking good fore."

"Was it good for ya," she asked him panting to catch her breath, too.

"Fuck, it wuz great," he groaned, laying on his back, his head turned toward her as he watched her giant tits heave up and down.

"Me, too," she smiled, her breathing slowly returning to normal. "One of the best ones ever had."

"Even better then with pa?" he asked her, grinning smugly as he reached over and plucked at one of her big, rubbery nipples.

"Even better than yore pa," she smiled back at him as she ran a hand down to his limp prick. "Maybe cause yore cock is bigger then his wuz."

They both lay basking in the fiery afterglow of their incestuous coupling for several moments.

"Would ya be a lil dear and get us a brew?" she smiled at him with her most fetching smile as she gave his cock a squeeze.

"Shore," he grinned back and rolled out of bed.

She watched him clomp across the room with his big, fat dick flopping about wildly. Strangely, she thought she should feel some sense of remorse and guilt, but inside her beer-logged mind, there was only a sense of sick contentment. They had just committed the Sin of sins in most people's eyes, but she didn't care. It had all happened so naturally. It just seemed meant to happen.

But what now? Where did they go from here, she asked herself as she heard Clem padding back down the hall. Did they just call tonight a big mistake and continue on with their lives as usual? Yeah, right, like that'll ever fucking happen, she told herself as Clem came stumbling into the room with two frosty beers in his hands.

Then, as he stumbled over to the bed with a big grin on his face, she couldn't help but notice that his cock was already showing signs of reviving. Instead of hanging down between his legs, it was half-hard, curving down from his groin as it tried to lift its big head.

Stopping by the side of the bed, Clem handed her a beer as both of them looked down at his awakening penis as it pulsed and twitched in rhythm with his heartbeat.

Twisting the cap off the beer, she turned it up and quickly downed half of it before she set it down on the nightstand.

"Get in bed," she grinned lecherously. "I decided wat I wants for showin ya my puss."

"Wat ya wants," he asked, crawling up onto the bed and sitting down.

"I want ya ta eat my puss," she giggled, struggling up onto her hands and knees with her gigantic tits dangling down below her. "Ya ever done that fore?"

"Uh, uh, naw, ain't never done it fore," he grinned watching her huge tits wiggle and jiggle underneath her.

"Lay down on yer back then," she said, "and I'll show ya how."

'Uh, okay," he muttered, leaning over and putting his beer can on the nightstand by hers.

Flopping down on his back, he watched her straddle him and then shuffle up his body until the meaty, oozing gash of her cunt was directly above his face.

She stood there for several seconds looking down at him watching him staring up at her seeping pussy. As she did, she saw a pearly strand of juice ooze out of the weeping hole and drip down onto his lips.

Betty Sue now straddled his face with her chubby knees resting on each side of his head as she slowly spread her legs wider and dropped her cunt down toward him.

"Ya know what ta do?" she asked him, running a hand down to her pussy.

"Uh, uh, lick it, I guess cause ya can't really eat it," he grinned up at her staring directly up into her waiting pussy.

"Yeah, that's kinda right, but," she smiled down at him, taking her finger and peeling the fleshy little hood back off her jutting clit, "this is what's all bout. This is my clit and it's what ya lick to make me come."

"Oh," he muttered staring up at the little, pink bud sticking out at him. "Looks kinda cute."

"Tanks," she laughed, spreading her chubby legs and slowly lowering her clit down onto his lips.

Clem tentatively opened his mouth and slowly eased his tongue out onto the wiggly little button of flesh.

"Ahhhhh," she sighed, pressing her clit down harder as Clem rubbed it with the tip of his tongue. "That's right. That way."

Then as Clem began to flick his tongue back and forth harder, she pulled her hand away and ran both hands down to his head. Standing on her knees, she dug her chubby fingers into his curly, blond hair and pulled his face up into her pussy.

As Clem attacked her clit with his twisting, flicking tongue, a gooey stream of goop drooled out of her pussy and coated his chin with its sticky heat.

Slowly at first, she began to gently rock back and forth, dragging her juicy cunt up and down over his lips as he continued to lap away at her clit.

"So gooooooooddd," she groaned out working her hips back and forth quicker as she roughly pulled his face up into her spewing cunt.

A couple of minutes later, her hips were rocking back and forth rhythmically as she hunched her pussy into his face. Grinding her clit onto his lips, she could feel the firestorm gathering down in her loins.

"Gonnacome, gonnacome, gonnacome," she whispered out in short, breathy gasps as Clem raped her clit with his tongue.

Then all at once, it was upon her as she shook and lurched with convulsive jerks, while her pussy pattered all over Clem's face painting it with her pungent juices. Writhing in the agony of her orgasmic seizure, she didn't want it to ever stop as she ground herself against his mouth.

But, as with all good things, she felt the end coming. Savoring the last little spasms of pleasure tickle through her cunt, she slowly released her hold on his hair and let his head drop back down to the bed.

Then, she dropped her hands to the bed and looked down at Clem who was looking up at her with a big grin on his glistening, juice splattered face.

"Did I do it right?" he asked her as she tiredly rolled off him and flopped down onto her back.

"Fuck, yes," she hissed, seeing that his cock was now fully recharged and ready for action again. "Ya must like it, yore harder than a fuckin baseball bat."

"Yeah, and I's ready to hit a fuckin home run with it," he cackled, struggling up to his hands and knees with his stiff prick arching up out of his groin, ripe and ready.

Unable to take her eyes off the evil creature, she watched it jerk up and down stiffly as he crawled around and up between her chubby thighs. Damn thing looks like one of them missiles under the belly of one of them new-fangled airplanes you see on television, she giddily thought.

Reaching down to the rock-hard weapon, she found that it was so hard, she had to bend it down to fit its evil, tapered warhead into its waiting target.

Clem had watched her guide his cock down to her drooling cunt and the instant its head was positioned between her fat, meaty cunt-lips, he grunted and plunged the whole thing down into her with one quick thrust.

"Gawd, feels so goddamned good to have yore hot cunt wrapped round my cock agin," he muttered, holding cock buried down into her tight cunt as she cunt nipped and clutched at it with her pussy.

"How's that feel?" she asked him.

"Too fucking good," he blathered out as he began to rock back and forth, sliding his big cock in and out of her juicy hole.

With her chubby legs spread apart, her plump thighs were rubbing against his skinny hips as he methodically worked his cock in and out of her pussy. As he did, she reached around him to dig her fingernails into his bounding ass and help him by pushing and pulling on his ass at the same time she humped her hot pussy up onto her pistoning cock.

The creaky, old bed groaned and creaked out its protest, but Clem continued to fuck her with deep, bone jarring thrusts as the minutes steadily passed. Sweat was pouring off both of them, coating their bodies with salty perspiration as their sweat-slick bellies rubbed together while he rhythmically pounded his peter in and out of her clutching cunt.

Five, ten, and then fifteen minutes fucked by, but Clem never faltered. Betty Sue couldn't believe how virile her skinny son was as she agonized through her third orgasm of the session, but he showed no signs of relenting.

"Gawd, ain't ya ever gonna come?" she gasped, trying to keep up with Clem's unyielding assault on her pussy by humping herself back at him.

"Yeah, yeah, purty, soon," he panted out between thrusts, but there was no let up as he steadily pistoned his rock-hard dick in and out of her slaving pussy .

Her arms had tired long ago and now were loosely looped around his neck as he continued to pound away at her pussy. Her legs were still flayed wide open, giving him full passage to her vulnerable womanhood, as he sweated and thrashed away at her mercilessly.

Finally, she felt his thrusts become more and more erratic, until with a shuddering groan, he shoved his cock

down into her cunt as hard as he could and held it there. As he did, she felt it begin to jerk and twitch as a river of molten cum started to spurt out of it.

"Fuckfuckfuckcommmmminnnngggg," he groaned out, grinding his pelvis against hers as he held his spewing giant thrust down inside her tightly clenched pussy.

But unlike before, his eruption only lasted a few moments.

"Jeez, ma, I think ya drained me," he grunted, slowly pulling his cock out of her cum-filled love-hole.

"I'd hope so, thas thu third fucking time tonight," she whined, sitting up and looking down at her pussy.

She saw that the hole in the center of it was slowly constricting back down to normal after being stretched open by his big, thick cock. As it squeezed shut, a milky stream

of his gooey cum trickled out of it and dripped down onto the bed between her chubby thighs.

"Ya sure ain't no boy no mo," she laughed softly, "cause I ain't seen no man shoot out so much stuff afore."

"Ya just makes me so fucking hot," he giggled, reaching over and tweaking one of her big, jutting nipples.

When they both finally caught their breath, Clem looked over at her with a silly, smirking smile.

"So, ma, when can we have another date?" he asked her, flicking her nipple with his finger.

"Well, I wuz plannin to go over ta Frank's tomorrer night an see if ole Horace wanted some," she grinned, "but now I guess I got mor'n I can handle right here at home. So I guess we could have another date tomorrer night. If ya wanna?"

"Tomorrer night?" Clem complained with a frown on his face. "We has ta wait till tomorrer night?"

"Well, let's sleep on it," she laughed, amused by his insistent virility, "and I'll lets ya know when we can start THE DATE..."

THE END