

DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS

By The Marquis Facade

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CHAPTER THREE

"Say it, Shawn," she told him. "Tell me I'm fat. It's okay, I like it because I know I turn you on." She gawked over the top of her belly to gauge his response...or lack thereof. "What's wrong, am I squashing you with my big fat ass?"

"No," he blurted suddenly but then said nothing else.

No, he wasn't going to take the initiative any time soon, so obviously it was up to her to remain in control of the game.

"Maybe I should squash you with my big, fat ass," she asserted. "You're a bad boy...getting hard for my friend's titties!" She kicked her left leg outward and dropped her foot onto the floor. With a quick set of movements, she flipped ends and dropped her ass down over his face...leaving them in a sixty nine position. His dick was standing upright but leaning far off to the right as if it were too tired to stand up completely...and it was all but in her face.

She braced her weight on her left knee now, buried up between Shawn's ribs and the back of the couch, and lowered her ass down onto him without dropping fully onto his scrawny torso. She figured if she did, she probably would squash him.

She wrapped both hands around his dick as she leaned forward and then she began long-stroking his foot long cock. His length was as impressive as his girth. It had been plumpish before she ever touched it the first time, but now...now after they'd both worked it hard...it was just purely bloated and swollen and not just with erectile tissue. Nope, his dick was really distended and she needed both hands to grip it properly. Her mouth went down onto the end of it and she began licking his head feverishly as she continued her long and slow hand stimulation.

Without warning she felt his hands up on her ass cheeks, squeezing and kneading them and she popped her head up to speak.

“Oh, you naughty boy...who told you that you could touch momma Angie’s big ass?” Her voice was such that he should know she was pretending. No note of real scolding existed in her comment.

He obviously understood her tone meant something else entirely...and to prove it, his grip on her ass cheeks intensified and then all at once he began to shake her butt cheeks, making them gyrate wildly.

“You better not slap my ass,” she said, wondering if he’d catch the implied undertone.

WHACK!

Oh yeah, he got it!

She realized at that point that the boy was more than just a little sharp...and that maybe role-playing with him wasn’t completely out of the question. He was a fast learner, so maybe she needed to speed up the lessons.

WHACK!

“Ohhhh,” she moaned. “Was momma Angie naughty?”

WHACK!

Shawn said nothing back, but his slap to her ass was a little more stingy that time.

“Talk to me, Shawn...talk dirty...say whatever you’re thinking...it don’t matter how mean or nasty it might be,” she instructed him.

WHACK!

“Oww!” she yelped, his hand having left a really good sting on her left ass cheek. “You spanking me for touching your cock?”

Was I a bad step-mother? Well I'm still touching it...I'm stroking it too!"

"You're so sexy," he muttered from behind her in a nervous, unsure voice.

"Oh c'mon, boy...you can do better than that!" she taunted him. "Say something about my ass...it's all up in your face, man!"

"It's so big...and fat," he commented.

"Tell me I got a big fat fucking ass...and I'm a dirty whore!" she all but yelped at him.

"You're a big, fat whore," he stuttered out, running the two comments together.

"Why...why am I big, fat whore?"

"Cause you're playing with my dick," he replied. "I'm...I'm your step-son...you're married to my dad!"

"It's a cock, Shawn...call it a fucking cock!"

"Stop playing with my cock!" he blurted, and for a second she wondered if he was serious...but then she assumed he wasn't and to test it, she sped up her stroking. "Ahhh," he moaned and slapped her ass really hard again. "You're so bad, why are you doing that?"

"Cause it's sooo big," she groaned in a husky voice. "I can't help myself. I've wanted to touch it since I saw you peeing in the bathroom." Was this role-play, or was she admitting things outright here? More or less, she was letting reality bleed into their sex talk, and that was okay with her!

"You made it that way," he told her, slapping her fat ass again. "It wasn't that big before. Now it's fucking huge!"

She realized he'd dropped the f-bomb for the first time. It sounded odd coming out in his voice, but at least he was getting into it.

"Awww...did mamma Angie make your wiener big and fat?"

"I don't think I can hide it anymore," he blurted from behind her and she caught a hint of actual worry in his voice.

"Ohhh noooo," she crooned. "That'd be terrible if your big, fat cock fell out all the time. What would you do?"

When he didn't respond, she decided to take the initiative once more. With intent, she pushed back, lowering her as onto his chest and then she began thrusting her hips up and down, doing her best to pop her booty.

"That's what my fat ass is gonna look like when I'm riding your cock later," she said with a husky, gaspy voice. "And yeah, you little bitch...I'm gonna ride it hard, too!"

She realized she was getting hot herself, popping her ass up and down on his chest. Yes, it was definitely time to take control again and show him how it was done. Like when she'd made him jerk off earlier...apparently she was going to have to show him how to fuck too.

"Quit being a wuss, boy...do something back there!" she demanded. "Stick your fingers in my pussy or something. Make yourself useful while I'm playing with your cock!"

A few moments passed and then she felt his hands sliding under her and she raised her ass up to let him reach her vagina. Nervous, shaking fingers probed and rubbed.

"That's the hole, Shawn...now stick'em in there--"

The sensation of his index, middle, and ring finger slipping inside her at the same time caused her to cut off her tirade prematurely.

"Oh fuck," she gasped, and then began to pop her ass again, forcing his hand to jam into her deeper. It wasn't enough though. "Push it in...your whole hand!" she demanded. She stopped bouncing, and he twisted behind her so that he get his arm beneath her, then he was pressing his pointed fingers inside of her. "Hard! Push it in...bury it in my pussy!"

With a force of pressure and then a sudden release, his hand plopped inside of her orifice...a sensation that made her cum...a spray of clear and sticky liquid shot from her vagina and sprayed down onto his chest and streams ran down his thin arm.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck, you made me cum!” she blurted. “Don’t stop...don’t stop...in and out...pump me with it!” She gasped a few more times as he started pushing in and out of her with his hand...and then she looked down at his waning, bloated cock and realized he was losing his erection. She leaned down and hefted the deflated shaft up and squeezed it into her mouth. She figured she must look like a fat chipmunk with a mouth full of nuts as she tried to suck on his dick. It took only a minute or so for his erection to begin growing again, and she was forced to take it out of her mouth and let it expand fully. When it was hard again, she started jerking him off with one hand. She was having to support herself with the other now that she was leaning so forward for him to hand fuck her.

“Ohhhh...oh fuck...oh fuck, I’m gonna cum again, Shawn!” she blurted and sprayed him again with her juices. It was so good...too good. The only way it was going to get better was with his fat cock inside her...and maybe him berating her about being so fat. Yep, that would do her in.

She pulled herself forward and released his dick. With a squishy noise, his hand came out of her and she quickly twisted around again till they were face to face once more, her on top still.

“I had to stretch it out a little,” she said as she hiked her right leg up between the couch and his torso. Lowering herself, she picked up his dick with her left hand and guided it up to her pussy lips. “I honestly don’t know if I can do this,” she admitted and she fought for a few seconds, unsuccessful in getting him

inside of her. His cock was too big. "Swap with me...you're on top."

She stood up and waited for him to get up, his fat erection waving back and forth, side to side, as he moved...and then she lay down on her back on the couch and spread her legs.

"Get up here and work it till you get it inside me," she told him as she reached down and spread her pussy with both hands for him.

He crawled up between her thighs and then leaned over, his hands going to her sides, burying into the couch cushions beneath her, and then she felt his dick nudging her pussy.

"Push," she whispered to him. "Push hard...make me take it," she urged him. "Make me take that fat cock, you naughty little boy...make mamma Angie take that long...luscious dick!"

He began pressing inward on her and she pulled wider with her hands beneath him in an attempt to give him a bigger opening.

"Oh fuck," she moaned as she felt his bloated cock head slipping a tiny bit inside of her. It was moving, bit by bit, slipping...sliding...slithering into her like a giant snake.

He stopped and pulled back a bit and then lunged forward suddenly with a little more energy than before...and her pussy gave in to him and his cock engulfed her insides.

"OHHHH!" she shouted, almost screaming in ecstasy. "Fuck me...fuck me motherfucker!" she nearly screeched at him. "Gimme that dick!"

He reflexively started moving back and forth, the sensations guiding him as to what to do. It felt good to him and she was acting like it was driving her crazy...just like the women he'd seen in Bill's computer video collection. He knew what to do

now. He'd seen it done more than once...and now...now at last, he knew why it was such a big thing. It felt incredible...far more so than when she'd beat him off and now it was soft and wet and warm and not the clawing hands pulling and jerking roughly. This was so much better...so very much better.

Her pussy was so tight. It felt like he was trying to squeeze his dick into a compressed, wet pillow. But the more he was moving inside of her, the looser she was becoming and after a short while, he was moving freely in and out of her.

At some point he decided to see how far in he could go and so he started pushing harder and harder with each thrust and she reacted with such a voracious response that it startled him.

Her nails sunk into his back and she jerked him forward on top of her and she started moaning and saying things that made no fucking sense at all...interrupted by blurted, 'don't stops' that told him whatever he was doing to her was apparently a good thing...so he kept doing it, over and over again until at some point he realized his balls were slapping the top of the couch beneath them.

How far was he in? He'd measured his dick so many times it wasn't funny over the years. Limp and stretched out, his penis was seven and half inches long and just shy of three inches across. Massive by any standards...but after she'd gotten him to have an erection today, his dick had grown to epic proportions. And now that he'd finally had a boner, full force...it appeared he was going to continue having them. The ugly fat woman with the huge tits had almost made him pop a woodie again sitting on the couch earlier...and then just seeing Angie's belly poked out had done him in completely and his sad little shorts just had no hope of holding his monster under control. When it decided to get hard, it was gonna get hard and evidently the only thing he could do was let it loose.

Was he going to be perpetually hard now? Was every woman he saw going to raise his cock? How was he going to conceal it? And he hoped...so hoped, that it was just swollen and not going to remain as fat as it was currently. It was so fat erect that he couldn't wrap his single hand all the way around it. And after he'd ejaculated all over her belly, it was so fat that he could barely get both hands around it and get his hands to touch at the tips. The thing had to be four inches wide or more at this point.

As he continued humping her, his mind wandered and he found himself trying to compute the statistics for his penis in his head.

My dick is nearly as big around as a baseball which is almost three inches in diameter so my dick is a little under 3 inches wide when it's limp. Times pi, three point one four...makes it about eight inches in circumference? So if it's like a half inch wider now, then that means it's what...three and a quarter times three point one four. The numbers swirled in his head for a few strokes before coming together. It's about 10 inches...my dick is probably ten inches in circumference! It sounded like a huge number, but wrapped in a circle, it wasn't really all that big. But how long was his dick now? Length was a whole other ballgame.

He smiled as he realized he'd made a baseball reference without intent. He remembered the first time he realized his dick was the same size as a baseball. It had blown his mind. He'd just sat there in his room, holding the ball beside his cock and staring the two. It didn't seem possible. Was the ball really that small...or was his dick really that big? He'd held the ball up to his face and been shocked. Nope...his dick was really that damn big...no doubt about it. That ball wasn't small by any means.

He'd been similarly shocked the day he'd noticed his testicles were the size of golf balls. He'd been milling about in the hall closet and knocked over Bill's golf clubs...several balls spilling out and rolling out into the hall.

He'd caught them all and as he was dropping them back into the case, he stopped at the last one and eyed it for several seconds, and then he'd pulled his pants down and compared it to his testicles. The relation in size was uncannily identical.

That was about the moment his mother pulled the hall closet door back and glared at him, a ball in her hand and a frown on her face.

"I hope you're not messing with Bill's golf--" and her voice simply cut off mid-sentence...her eyes dropping from his face to his hands and the testicles that he held next to a golf ball.

She'd dropped the one she was holding and stepped back across the narrow hall and flattened herself against the wall before she could manage to gain her composure.

"What...are you doing?!" she hissed at him.

"I was just...comparing...y'know...they're as big as the golf ball," he said, lifting his hands slightly to show her...to back up his claim.

"Fuck!" she blurted and just closed her eyes. "How fucking big are you going to get?" she asked in a way that he knew meant she really didn't want him to answer. She sighed heavily and then opened her eyes to glare at him once more. "Put the balls up." Then her mouth shriveled and she looked like she'd just eaten a lemon. After a moment, she sighed once more and said, "Put his golf stuff back up and don't touch it again!"

He let go of his testicles and bent over to pick up the other ball that she'd dropped...the one that had evidently rolled further away and revealed his activities to her. Once in hand,

he dropped both back down into the golf club case and pushed it up against the closet wall where it had been previously.

“And put those big bastards up to, dammit,” she muttered at him, pointing down at his genitals that still dangled out over the top of his lowered pants and underwear.

Back in the present, he remembered again, what Angie had said to him about his mother being a pussy...about how she just like to watch is junk swinging around. The insinuation being evident...that his mother got off on seeing his dick and balls, but was too afraid to touch them...that this was the reason why she used to tell him he could run around naked before they’d moved into Bill’s house.

Now that he thought about, he knew she was right. As far back as he could remember, his mother had always been touching on his junk. He could remember one time in particular, one incident that really stood out in his memory. He’d been in the shower and was getting out, wet and soap still all over him...and she’d walked into the bathroom, scolding him for having soap all over him and for not rinsing off well.

“Get back in the damn shower and rinse,” she’d barked at him until he’d stepped back over into the tub and turned the water back on.

As he did so, he noticed his mother was standing there in her bathrobe untied, holding it closed with her hands and glaring at him.

“Hurry up, I gotta take my shower...Bill is coming over!” she’d bellowed at him as he attempted to hastily spray himself off. “You still got soap in your damn hair,” she grumbled and pointed. Then her anger melted into dissatisfied acceptance.

She sighed heavily and closed her eyes...something she did often when yelling at him...an attempt to calm down and not smack him for being stupid usually. When she reopened her

eyes, she pulled open her robe and dropped it to the floor and then just stepped over into the tub enclosure with him. With a push, she twisted him around and started raking water down his back to get the soap film off of him.

Then she told him to turn around and for a moment, she sort of froze, just staring down at him and he didn't know what to do or what to say...so he remained standing there in the shower downpour without saying a word to her.

After a moment, she reached out to the side of the tub and dropped down onto her knees facing him. She took the bar of soap from its dish and lathered up both her hands full of foam and then she started stroking all over his legs with her soapy hands, sliding them around and around in a weird way. It went on for several minutes until she swirled around and into the crevices on either side of his penis and before he realized what was happening, she had one of her hands wrapped around his dick...the other one playing with his dangling balls.

He hadn't known then what she was doing, but now he did. She'd knelt there in that tub and tried desperately to jerk him off...tried to give him an erection. What else had she done to him? He'd been weirded out to say anything to her while she was doing it. He'd just closed his eyes and stood there, but at some point she'd changed tactics.

The soapy hand on his balls and let go and joined her other palm wrapped around his cock. She started rubbing around his head ring with one while pumping on his shaft with the other. The slippery hand job had gone on for a while until she'd finally sighed and let go, twisting him around so the water spray would wash off the soap from his lower torso and genitals.

She sat back on her ass in the tub and reached over to put the plug in its hole.

“Turn the shower off,” she said. “Pop the tap button,” she added. “I’m gonna need a bath.”

He did as she instructed and waited patiently for further instructions but none came. So he remained standing above her near the faucets at the tub filled with water. She’d leaned back, resting her head on the back of the tub and closed her eyes and so for the first time in his life, he’d been able to look his mother over while she was naked. And look he did.

She’d always been fairly skinny, but her boobs were huge. She’d gotten a boob job done earlier in the year...paid for by Bill of course, and her moderate D-cups were now these massive and overly round melons that just sort of stuck outward in an odd way. They looked like they were probably as big as his head and her nipples were hard as rocks and they were not just normal size...they were as big around as the tip of his index finger and protruded about as far, fatter on the ends than they were at the base.

He’d remembered feeling odd. Something about her boobs had made him have a strange sensation in his groin and he’d absently begun rubbing at the base of his dick...then he realized the sensation was one of pressure and it was situated lower, in his balls.

About that moment, his mother had opened her eyes and looked up at him...then her droopy eyes scanned down the length of his body to his crotch and then they opened widely and her expression morphed from relaxed and tired into something akin to excitement.

She sat upright in the tub and looked up at him again as she butt-scooted up closer to him.

Only then did he look down and notice what had suddenly gotten her undivided attention. His penis was really long, longer than it ever had been and when he moved his hands lower from the base onto his shaft, it felt different...no longer soft and fleshy but stiff and almost hard. It wasn't just hanging either, it was standing outward a bit, pointing directly at his mother's face.

She reached out and took it in her hand and started jerking on it again and the sensation in his testicles increased. And then his mother did something he simply could not fathom. She leaned further forward and sucked the end of his penis into her mouth and began sucking on it...her hot mouth encompassing it and her tongue flicking around the tip of it and then she gripped it by the base and tightened her hand in a vise-like hold on it, so hard that it felt like she was cutting off the circulation in it. And the weird feeling in his balls increased ten-fold until it felt so overwhelming that he wanted it to stop. He tried to step back, but bumped into the wall of the tub enclosure and she tightened her grip even harder on the base of his dick.

She was sucking on it hard now, as if she were trying to suck it down her throat and he realized then that his penis was growing bigger...and turning a dark shade of deep red, almost purple...and still she sucked and sucked and then with her other hand she started playing with his balls again until the sensation in them pitched even higher...high enough that he let loose with an odd whimper noise.

"Momma," he grunted and her eyes flicked up at him and her sucking just intensified, her hand abandoning his balls and rising to wrap around the area of his penis between the base where her other hand gripped tightly and the end where she had it in her mouth. Now she began pumping on his shaft while

sucking and he groaned and the feeling in his balls increased even more till the point he was about to push her off of him.

“Momma!” he blurted and it was more of a plea for her attention than anything, but she didn’t respond this time, her eyes remaining locked on his fattened and purplish cock as she worked it harder and faster in her mouth. Out of reflex and perceived necessity, he reached down and grabbed her hand, the one clamped around his penile base. “Momma...Momma I can’t stand it!”

And just then something inside him released and the sensation of building proportion exploded and ceased, replaced by a new and even weirder feeling...the feeling that something was coming out of his dick, like he was peeing, but it wasn’t a flow, it was convulsing, repeatedly...one after the other and his mother jerked her head back off his dick, white good dripping from her mouth and she pulled his penis downward and continued to pump on it with the one hand while releasing her death grip from the base with the other.

His legs went all wobbly and he thought he was going to throw up for a minute as he watched her pulling on his downward arcing cock, milking it like a cow udder...but instead of milk, a thicker, gooey white substance shot out with each convulsion and dropped down onto her big fake boobs.

“Shit, finally,” his mother gasped, wiping semen off of her chin with the clamp hand...still milking his dong with the other.

“You’re a big boy now, ain’t you?” she whispered, looking at his cock and not up at him. “Momma’s got a big boy...so fucking big.”

He wanted to get away from her. He was afraid she was going to make him do whatever he’d just done...again! But then as he stood there, he realized he felt really good. The weird pressure in his balls was gone...and other than weak legs, he felt

extremely good...great in fact. And part of him wanted to admit that he liked whatever she'd done to him, at least just a little bit.

"Stay...don't move," she told him, letting go of his dick finally and looking up at him as she swished back in the tub to where she could lean back against the rear of the enclosure.

Repositioned, she told him to turn off the water and when he'd done so and turned back around, he realized she had raised her legs up and spread them. She had one hand rubbing on her tits, smearing around the white goo he'd shot all over them...and her other hand...the clamber...was down in the water between her upper thighs.

Her eyes were locked on his dangling and swollen cock now and her mouth was open and she had a strange look about her, very similar to the expression she'd had when she first sucked his penis into her mouth moments earlier. It reminded him of a hungry animal somehow.

Suddenly she made an odd noise and she clenched her legs together, but now she was wiggling her ass around in the tub swishing the water from side to side. Her tit rubber hefted one of her big round boobs up toward her mouth and she stuck her tongue out and licked one of the white gobs off of it, then her hand went down to join its partner between her thighs.

"I did it," she gasped, her eyes starting to blink wildly as she tried to focus on his genitals. "I sucked that fucker...I sucked that cock...I sucked it so hard...so good...I got it," she ground out in a hoarse, harsh voice.

"I saw you looking at my titties," she suddenly blurted and her eyes flicked up to meet his own. "You like looking at my tits don't you...yeah you do...they're so hot...I saw you rubbing your big dick," she added. And admittedly he had been sort of

rubbing his junk when she'd opened her eyes and looked at him.

"Come put in my face," she told him. "Oh...oh yeah, fuck...come slap my face with it," she ordered him, her voice a bit louder this time.

Unsure what to do, he skittered forward in the tub and stepped around her on both sides till he was standing over the top of her chest.

She was writhing more now and the water was actually starting to crest over the edges of the tub.

"Put it in my face!" she demanded and he automatically obeyed, compelled by the tone of her voice. He lifted his dangling cock and held it up to her face and she opened her mouth and sucked it in, but she didn't hold it in long. With a gasp, she expelled it and her eyes rolled upwards as if she were trying to see the inside of her own skull.

He was still holding his dick up for her and her face started bumping into it and it seemed to be making her crazy and then she leaned forward and just buried her face in his crotch, her tongue flicking and licking all over his balls, and it startled him so badly that he let go of his dick and it flopped down on her head. She nuzzled his pubic region a bit more and then twisted her head so that his cock was on her face and then she groaned so loud that it was almost a scream...and then it was over.

She flopped back in the tub and lifted her hands to her face and covered it.

"Oh fuck...fuck...I can't believe I did that," she gasped and then he realized she was crying.

"Did I do something wrong?" he asked, leaning down.

She moved her hands and looked at him, then with her quick swipes, she wiped the rolling tears from her cheeks and then did her best to smile.

"No baby," she said. "You didn't do nothing wrong, no--" her words stopped abruptly as her eyes drifted down to and then locked on his dangling dick, still right in front of her face.

"Just...just get out of the tub, okay...go now before Momma does worse than she's already done."

"What did you do to me?" he asked innocently.

"Did you like it?" she asked, rather than answering him.

"I don't know," he admitted. "After the stuff shot out it felt pretty good."

She sniffed and wiped her face again and raised upright fully to a point where her face was inches from his hanging cock, and then her hand, mister clampy, rose up and grasped his penis again and lifted it to her face and she rubbed it all around her cheeks and chin like it was a washcloth she was cleaning with.

"Momma's tired of just looking at it," she whispered to him finally as she let his dick go. She watched as it dangled, swinging back and forth like a sausage pendulum between his legs. "When I saw your balls in the hall the other day," she began to explain, "I knew you were getting to that age."

"What age?"

"To do what you just did," she replied. "Does it get hard on its own yet?"

He shook his head and stared at her.

"Well it was getting there while you were looking at me," she insisted, and in truth, it had been, now that he thought back about it.

"When it starts doing that, you tell me and Momma will take care of it for you," she told him. "Momma's gonna take care of it for you," she repeated herself, but in a slightly huskier tone while her eyes lowered to look at it again.

“Now go on and get out...I got to get ready for Bill,” she said, suddenly shifting the whole event into something routine and of no consequence. “Go on...out, dammit!”

That had been two weeks earlier, before the wedding, before his mother climbed up in Bill’s ass. She had not touched him since...had not spoken to him about the event, and for all intents and purposes, it was as if it had never happened.

But ever since then, he’d been obsessed with making his dick hard and learning about what the hell she’d done to him. Bill’s computer porn had been pretty explanatory in regards to most of it and Angie had handled up on the rest.

“AAHHHHHHH!” Angie convulsed beneath him and he felt hot juice shoot out around the diameter of his cock, spitting her feminine cum all over his lower body, hers, and the couch too.

“DON’T STOP...FUCK DON’T STOP...DON’T EVER STOP!” she bellowed at him and he continued to plow in and out of her with his enormous tool until all at once, he realized he was about to do it again himself, and this time with no hands or mouths involved.

“Angie--” he blurted and she opened her eyes and looked up at him. He was already in the throes of orgasm and couldn’t make his mouth work, but the expression on his face, the sudden tenseness in his body...and the instant explosion of cock banging hole fucking...told her exactly what he was trying to say.

“CUM IN ME!” she growled at him. “I am your fat fucking whore, you cum in me like one...fill me up with your fucking cum, you little bastard!”

And he did exactly as she demanded...his balls practically exploding within her. Liquid sprayed from their genitals again, but it was his this time. Squirt after squirt blasted inside of her and then he collapsed atop her fat belly and buried his face in her tits.

She lifted her trembling legs and wrapped them around him and then her arms.

"Oh fuck...fuck," she whispered in his ear as he nuzzled between her tits. "Momma Angie ain't never letting you go home."

She lay there, stroking his hair and back for a while, his dick going limp inside of her...the remains of his semen load dripping out and down her ass cheeks to the cushions beneath them.

"My momma...ain't a pussy," he finally said in a mousey voice.

"Oh I was just talking shit to you, Shawn," she said in response. "I didn't really mean to insult her."

"No," he replied and he lifted his head up to look her in the eye. "I mean she's done more than just look."

What the fuck is he telling me? For a moment, what he'd said just blew her mind. Only after several minutes of quiet concentration did she come to grips with what he'd admitted to.

"Shawn," she said in a tender voice as she stroked his back with her fingers. "Are you telling me your mother has *touched* your dick before?"

He shifted atop her and she twitched...realizing all at once that he was still buried up inside of her. Most men went limp inside and a woman's pussy just pushed them out...but not Shawn. His cock was so long and large that it was apparently able to remain inside of her. She flexed her pelvis a bit trying to see if she could force him out, but all it did was make her

convulse erotically inside. She had to bite her lip in order to hold in her desperate moan.

“She’s done more than just touch it,” he revealed as he lifted himself up and leaned back onto his knees between her legs.

She rose up on her elbows and looked down at his crotch, amazed to note that even with him leaning back on his knees, his cock was *just now* being pulled out of her. As he moved, it looked like a giant, fleshy, veiny snake was crawling out of her pussy. It slithered out and the sensation it caused nearly made her cum again. Her lip biting was almost not enough to suppress her instinct to call out in ecstasy.

His penis finally plopped out, dropping immediately to the top of the couch. Sitting on his calves, his cock still draped onto the couch cushions in between them...semen still oozing from the gargantuan head.

Eventually she managed to tear her gaze away from his dick and raise her eyes to meet his.

“What did she do?”

He looked nervous and he diverted his eyes repeatedly as he began to provide his response.

“A while back...I was in the shower...back before we moved in with Bill...y’know we only had one bathroom in the apartment...so anyway, I was in there and she came in and she chewed me out for taking too long and still having soap all over me so she made me get back in...and then she just took her robe off and go into the tub with me and started rinsing me off. It wasn’t like she’d never done something like that, but she hadn’t done it in a long time...not since I was a lot younger.”

Angie looked at him, wondering what the hell she’d done and whether or not Shawn had been *cooperative* with it or not. She wondered also whether his mother was responsible for

what sexual knowledge he had...whether it was *her doing* that had given him the complex about having an erection. Somehow she felt it did, but she didn't want to interrupt his admission.

"Well anyway, after a little bit, she soaped up her hands and just started, y'know...soaping my junk up...playing with it...a lot."

"She started stroking you off, didn't she?" Angie asked, already knowing what he was going to say.

"Yeah, but I couldn't get hard, y'know...and...finally she just stopped and leaned back in the tub, and left me standing there. And y'know...I mean don't think I'm a freak here, but it was the first time I'd seen her naked in a long, long time...like *any* woman naked in real life."

"Did you get hard for her?"

"Not really...it just sort of got really long, y'know...all the way out and that was about it, but when she saw it, she just sat up and grabbed it and then she...she put it in her mouth and started sucking on it...and she wouldn't let go of me."

"Shawn?" she blurted, interrupting him. "Shawn...did you want her to do that?"

"I don't know. Crap, I'd never done anything before that. I had no idea about nothing. That was before we moved in with Bill and I started sneaking into his study and watching stuff on his computer." He sighed and made eye contact with her. "Is it messed up that I liked what she did?"

"Well...uhhh," Angie sputtered, unsure of what the fuck to tell him. "Is that all she did? I mean, suck it?"

"No," he confessed, diverting his eyes back to the TV to avoid her gaze. "She made me cum in her mouth...then she pulled it out and smeared it all over her boobs."

"I thought you never had a hard before?"

"I never got completely hard...not like today. But she kept on and kept on...and I just went and it was all over her and then she started talking dirty...saying y'know...sex stuff."

"Like what?"

"I don't remember...just stuff about my dick," he replied. "Then she leaned back in the tub and started playing with herself...rubbing her...her--" and his voice faltered. He gulped dramatically and then looked back at her. "She rubbed her pussy and made me stand over her and rub my dick in her face."

"Holee shit," Angie hissed, her eyes big as plates. "What happened after that?" Curiosity was mingling with sexual arousal by this point.

"Nothing," he answered, letting her hopes crumble. "She finished and just told me to get out like nothing had happened and to this day she hasn't said anything about it or done anything like that again."

"Is that why you were obsessing about having an erection?"

"Sort of," he answered.

"Well you told me she used to make you whip it out and show her friends," she recalled. "Was that before or after the suck-fest in the shower?"

"Way before," he told her.

"So for all this time, she's just been showing it off, watching it, and what—*waiting* for you to half assed pop wood the first time?"

"I don't think she wanted to mess with me until she realized that I was...well, that I was getting hard for her," he said, his voice a little strained as if it pained him to admit his arousal for his own mother.

"Your dad told me she got a boob job a while back, like last year...so is that what set you off?"

"I don't know...I don't think so. I mean, she was playing with it for like a long time with her hands, and I think maybe she just got it going enough to straighten out long ways...I wasn't really hard like...just stiffer than floppy."

"So you're not attracted to your mother?"

"I don't know," he confessed. "When she did that, I was, but the rest of the time, not so much."

"When she's naughty, it's hot," Angie snickered. "But when it's just Mom, it's just Mom."

"I guess," he admitted with a slight smirk. "And I really wanted the dirty Mom to come back."

He twisted and kicked his feet out from under himself, and sat flat on the couch, as she attempted to do the same, but slower and stickier, as his semen load poured out of her when she sat up and moved.

"Oh fuck," she gasped as she hurriedly pushed her lower torso off the edge of the couch so that the flow poured out onto the carpet and not the cushions. "Oh, that's nasty," she said and rubbed his semen all along the insides of her thighs and it dripped down in big glops.

"Sorry," he apologized, eyeing her as she rubbed his juice into her flabby inner legs.

"Please, bitch," she popped off. "You can cum in me any fucking time you want...or on me too, I'm not particular, just so it's your dick and balls somewhere in my proximity."

She chuckled and reached over with her left hand and scooped up his dangling cock and she pulled on it several strokes, her sticky palm and fingers trying to see if his cock would inflate back to life or not. When it didn't, she finally let go and leaned over and kissed him on the mouth and it startled him. He almost jerked back, but she wrapped her arm around his back and pulled him into her while she made for another

kiss, this time shoving her tongue into his mouth. It went on for a while until she finally came up for air and giggled.

"I'm sorry...I just...it's like I can't get enough," she said as she leaned back away from him. "I'm probably overwhelming you, huh?"

He smiled nervously and wiped at his mouth.

"Your father doesn't like me since I gained weight and he hasn't put the pipe to me in months," she revealed, figuring if he'd mouth fucked his own mother, hearing about his Dad's lack of a sex life...or at least with her, anyway, wouldn't bother him too much.

"He's a moron then," Shawn said, tossing her a badly needed compliment.

"Well thank you, but what's up with you and me, anyway?" she asked, wondering why he found her attractive to begin with. "Why do you like me? Is it just because I'm fat?"

"It's the belly," he admitted. "I don't know why, but it just makes me want to jiggle it and play with it," he said blushing, "and maybe bury my face in it." A grin creased his face.

"So weird," she said, as she used both hands to shake her hanging fat gut. Leaning forward with her legs spread, the bottom of it literally draped down over her pubic region. Looking down, she couldn't hope to see her fuzzy nethers.

He slid off the couch and onto the floor and then walked on his knees around till he was facing her and in between her spread legs. With both hands he reached out and cupped her sagging gut and began to knead it and jiggle it, making it quiver erotically.

"Oh, nasty little boy," she whispered as she strained to pook her flab out even further for him to play with. "You like it when I stick it out like this?"

He didn't reply, but instead, leaned forward and buried his face in her navel region, having no idea that her belly button had become an erogenous zone for her since she started getting fat.

"Oh fuck...oh shit," she gasped. "Lick it!" she blurted and then realized she might should specify. "Stick your tongue in my belly button and lick it."

He complied and she nearly fell off the couch. It was an incredible sensation that she hadn't expected. His hands pawing at her jello belly while his tongue probed deep into her navel. She collapsed backwards onto the couch and he followed her, continuing his belly love.

"Oh shit...stop...stop it now, or I'm gonna make you fuck me again in a minute!" she yelled and started slapping the top of his head till he stopped and came up for air.

"I'm a freak, I know," she told him as their eyes met. "I had an outie my whole life till I started getting fat, and then all at once, here was this new hole to diddle with." She grinned and continued, "So I started fingering it with one hand while I fingered something else with the other."

"Oh," he chirped, eyes wide with new found knowledge.

"Okay, I gotta ask," she began, giggling. "You like it when I stick it out...but what if it just got bigger for real?"

"What?" He looked lost.

"Thanks to my Mother's fantastic genetics, I'm a pear shape, and as you can see," and she slapped her gut for emphasis, "I'm a serious belly gainer. Meaning if I gain more weight, it's probably all gonna go right here."

His eyes all must sparkled, lighting up and swelling to the size of saucers.

"Damn, I think that expression tells me all I need to know," she commented with a wide smile. "So you're gonna be here

for a month," she added. "I've put on over a hundred pounds in less than six months," she continued and his eyes grew even larger with awe. "So I'm betting I can probably gain another twenty pounds before you have to go home. You think you could handle that, belly boy?"

She winced and looked down, amazed to see his cock half hard and poking the lower part of her belly.

"Again he answers without speaking," she remarked, laughing. "But I honestly think you're gonna blow a ball out if we do it again. That first round was ridiculous. I didn't think you were ever gonna stop cumming. You shot off in your pre-cum more shit than most dudes shoot off through the whole thing. Your balls are fucking hardcore, man!"

He climbed to his feet, his dick standing outward at an almost downward dangle, but still full length and fat as lard.

"Damn, I can sort of see why your Momma might have reached out and grabbed that," she admitted as she eyed his shaft.

"You don't think she's weird for doing that?" he asked.

"I won't say she's not weird...but I will say that I've done worse myself, so I don't have room to talk."

He sighed and bent over to pick up his shorts.

"So you don't care that I liked my mom sucking me off?"

She stood up herself and started for the hall, but then stopped, sensing he was asking more than just what his words had indicated.

"You want the truth?"

He nodded.

"It's fucking hot," she confessed. "I was getting off listening to you tell me about it. I told you earlier that I was dying to climb out of the tub and pilfer you at the toilet when I saw it the first time. So I can just about imagine how nasty that must have

been. I mean I know it probably freaked *you* out and all, but fuck, Shawn, that shit would have been so fucking nasty to watch."

He blushed and sighed again, as if he wanted to say something more...something embarrassing.

She grew serious and prodded him. "There's more to you and her, isn't there?"

He nodded.

"The shower wasn't the first time was it?"

"It was, but...it's been going on a long time."

"What went on a long time?"

"She's been jerking on it forever," he admitted. "I told you that she hadn't got in the tub with me a long time, but she used to do it a lot when I was younger. She'd just work on it for ten to fifteen minutes sometimes, but nothing ever happened...I never felt anything weird like I did that day."

"Holee shit, Shawn...are you telling me she's been trying to give you a hard-on for YEARS?!" Her voice escalated in volume on the last word, emphasizing her shock.

"She just stopped when I got older, but that day, I guess it just struck her to try it again."

"I'm sensing more to it than just that...go on," she instructed him, her left eyebrow arching.

"When she'd make me pull out for her friends, she'd take it and stretch it out...even get a tape measure out and show them how big it was. Once or twice, she even made me walk around so they could watch it swinging."

"Did the other women...I mean...how many bitches were there?" Angie was nearly in shock at the boldness of her husband's ex.

"She had probably five or six friends that she trusted enough I guess. A few of them would come over and they'd

drink and she'd call me to come in and down my pants would go. And she'd measure me off...make me walk around...and then sometimes, she'd let her friends touch me. A few times, she let them jerk on it and put it in their mouths. They even took pictures like that a few times."

"Go on," she said, still in shock, but also strangely aroused as well. "Did she ever do anything with it at her little show and tell parties?"

"No, nothing more than measuring it," he replied. "But one time, she had a friend come over that was new. Her name was Cindy I think..."

The gaggle of loud women, smelling of alcohol and cigarettes had gathered around the coffee table as usual, and his mother called for him.

"How big is it gonna be this time?" Amy, the ugliest one called out, laughing as she pushed the coffee table out away from the couch so they could all form a circle around it.

Shawn didn't even bother waiting to be undressed. He just stood at the doorway to the living room and pushed his shorts off and kicked them to the floor. He didn't have a shirt on to begin with, so he was completely naked already when he strolled across the room toward the women.

"Oh my...he's getting bolder by the day, ain't he?" Connie, the one with the jacked up teeth blurted as he neared them.

His mother pointed at the table and up he went, his dick dangling, swinging from side to side, even as he grew still, now standing in place in the center of the short table.

"Shhh, shhh!" Amy hissed at the others as his mother pulled out her infamous tape measure and ran it from the base of his dick to the tip of his head.

“Oh c’mon, pull it out all the way,” Donna urged her. Donna was the only one he actually liked any at all. She was kind of pretty and didn’t drink at these get-togethers. But she was extremely handy with him at times. She was pregnant now too and her belly stuck out really far...so far that the bottom of her t-shirt wasn’t down far enough to cover the lower third of it. She wore a sleeveless wife-beater and no bra. Discarding of bras was a formality with them. All of these women had went to high school with his mother and from what he’d gleaned over the years, they’d all, at one time or the other, fucked his father.

So the group came together once a month and bashed on his dad while gawking at him. It was if these scorned bitches wanted to make him a surrogate for his father.

He hadn’t seen Donna in a while. Apparently she’d gotten married to somebody...and was now pregnant. She’d missed the last handful of meetings, so the last time he’d seen her, she’d been about a hundred and sixty pounds...not fat, but certainly not skinny by any means. And her belly, the last time he’d seen her, had been just a pot gut at best, hanging out over the top of her pants. She’d also only had some tiny little boobs the last time he’d seen her. He’d always thought she looked odd, all torso and ass, but nothing up top. She’d looked a lot like a man, quite honestly, were it not for her makeup and bleach blonde hair pulled back in a scrunchie so tight that it looked painful.

But now, as his eyes surveyed her, he realized her belly was enormous...and that wasn’t all. Her titties had just blown up like blimps. They looked like they were the size of his head and she was a lot fatter too, and he imagined she had to be well over two hundred pounds just from looking. Her face was pudgier, but cute still...and because of the extra weight, her belly button was still a hole and not protruding like most

pregnant women's did. He could tell because rather than a bulge in the center of her belly, there was a small indentation evident where the tight fabric of her shirt crossed her navel. And when she moved, or laughed, her belly jiggled, fat like, rather than being just hard like most pregnant stomachs that far along...and he guessed she was pretty far along since she looked like she'd swallowed a whole watermelon. Her gut was fucking huge...and hanging out from under her shirt. And her titties swayed back and forth across the top of it, pressing against the t-shirt fabric, her brown areola plainly visible through the white material.

"Alright, alright," his mother mockingly attempted to calm them down. "In light of this technically being Donna's baby shower and all, I think she should be our guest of honor tonight." That said, she handed the unrolled tape measure to Donna and motioned down to Shawn's dangling cock.

"The record stands at seven and one eighth inches," Amy announced, after checking their log. "And that still hangs around the neck of Rachel, the fat skank."

The group all turned to face the dark haired and two hundred fifty pound, five foot tall woman at the end of the table. She grinned and her fat cheeks made her look like a chipmunk.

"Though that record is debatable since she used her mouth," Connie called out and while Rachel was a fat ass, at least she had a decent mouth, unlike Connie. Her lips were almost non-existent and she reminded him of a dried up old woman, probably weighing barely over a hundred pounds. He couldn't believe his father had actually had sex with her at one point. Maybe she'd looked better in High School...or maybe he'd just been drunk or something.

"That's right, no mouths ladies...only hands and whatever else you're bold enough to show off," his mother reminded them with a laugh. "But for five bucks I'll let you suck on it."

They all booed her and tossed various objects at her.

"Okay, okay...back to business," his mother announced when the barrage ceased. "You're up Donna."

The pregnant woman stepped forward and her enormous titties quivered, sloshing side to side inside the over-stretched fabric of her shirt.

"Damn, Donna...are your titties big enough?" Sandra, the one who wore too much perfume asked as Rachel reached out toward him.

"Fuck you, bitch...I'm working these bitches while I got'em!" To emphasize her love of her newly enlarged jugs, she scooped them up with both hands and hefted them up to her face and made as if to try and kiss them, but her shirt came up with her hands and revealed the full, fat and pregnant orb of her stomach. "Shit!" she chirped and dropped them and made a hasty move to pull her shirt back down.

"Oh please, I think it's a little late to try and hide that belly now, babe!" his mother said to her, slapping her on the shoulder. "You get any bigger and we're gonna have to get you a wheel barrow for it."

About that point, Sandra noticed he was staring at Donna's belly.

"Ooop! Ladies...I think she got his attention!"

They all suddenly turned their attention to him and then their eyes all rolled down him to his crotch as if they were expectant of a reaction...but none appeared and they all sighed and looked somewhat dejected.

"Oh well...c'mon...see what you can get," his mother chided the pregnant woman.

She leaned forward and just flopped her big ass down on the table beside him and twisted sideways, pulling her left knee up onto the table so that she could face him...her right leg still off the side, foot on the floor.

He looked down at her tits, about even with his dick, and she must have sensed his eyes on her, because she looked up at him as she reached out and squeezed his dick.

"I used to suck your old man's cock...and it wasn't even this fucking big," she said. Such comments not being uncommon among these wretched whores. She started pumping on his shaft with the one hand while she shook it roughly. "C'mon big man...give momma what she wants...gimme eight...I want eight inches tonight or I'm not leaving!"

"Eight, eight, eight!" the whores began chanting, his mother included.

"Take it, Donna...make him give it to you, bitch!" Connie called out amidst the chanting.

"You can suck it," his mother added before rejoining the chorus of eight.

Donna leaned over and sucked his dick into her mouth and started sliding it in and out of her mouth, her tongue wrapping around the head of it. She did this for a while and then pulled it out and grapped his balls and squeezed them with one hand and then jerked on his dick fast and furious with the other hand.

"Squeeze the base," his mother called out. "Milk that bastard!"

She let go of his balls and grabbed his cock at the base where it hung from his pelvis. She tightened her fingers like a vise around it and then started pumping on it again...sucking it into her mouth at certain intervals...until on one pass, she sucked his dick in deep almost as if she were trying to swallow it.

“DEEP THROAT!” one of the women yelled and the chant of eight got even more raucous.

“Eight! Eight! Eight!” they called out, louder and louder.

She had his penis down her throat so far that her lips were nearly to the hand clamped around the base. And she was just sucking so hard...so hard it almost hurt. It continued until he thought he was going to have to say something...but just before he did, she released him and pulled him out of her mouth.

Fumbling for the tape measure, she quickly stuck it to the base of his dick and ran it down the length.

“EIGHT AND A QUARTER, BITCHES!” she yelled and a cheer broke loose among the women.

Shawn looked down at his slobbery appendage and realized it looked bigger...plumper at any rate in addition to being red.

“Shhhh!” his mother finally hushed them all. “We gotta get girth for the record!”

Donna reached up and grabbed his cock with one hand and jerked on it for a few more hard strokes as if she meant to re-fluff him before wrapping the tape around his shaft.

“Oh-ho!” Donna blurted. “I got six and a half!”

“And the old record was--” his mother called out.

“Six flat,” Connie replied. “Again, to fatty over there.”

“OH WELL...WE HAVE A NEW RECORD HOLDER!” his mother announced in a loud voice as she slapped her pregnant friend on the back. “And now, per the rules, you may do whatever you want to make him hard. You make him hard, we all pay you \$50 bucks and you never have to bring your own booze again.”

“I don’t drink anyway...especially now,” Donna asserted as she rubbed her belly. “But put your money where your pussies are, bitches...’cause Momma’s bringing home your cash tonight!”

A horrendous and chaotic cheer went up as all the women fumbled for various wads of cash, all tossing it onto the table at his feet.

It wasn't uncommon. The record had been set twice before. The first time by Sandra, the perfume queen. She'd done something to him with her fingers...on the ring around the head of his dick and he'd felt funny in his dick for a while afterwards.

The second time had been the fat woman, Rachel, who'd sucked on it while all the other women jeered her until she'd come up with a bigger number. Up till now, the biggest they'd made him was a little over seven inches by six round. Now that record was over eight and six and half round.

Not knowing what to expect, he gazed down at Donna and noticed in the center of the brown spots on her shirt front, there was now fat bulges poking out. Her nipples were enraged and pushing through the shirt material in grand fashion.

"Stand back...I'm bringing out the big guns," the pregnant woman announced as she reached for the tail of her shirt and then in a flash of movement, jerked it up all the way to her neck, letting her fat and sloshy tits plop out and settle atop the massive orb of her belly.

They were bigger than he imagined. They were in fact, probably the size of his head and each poured out to the sides of her belly. They looked heavy and soggy like they were filled with liquid more than normal boob tissue. And he'd seen big boobs before. After setting the record, Rachel, the fat woman, had whipped hers out for him and then rubbed his dick between them, using them to try and stroke him off. All she succeeded in doing was freaking him out, and his dick actually shriveled that night. The others had laughed at her and thrown popcorn

and chips at her, jeering her for using her mouth on him to start with.

“Serves you right, fatty!” Connie had shouted at her. “Cheater!”

But now, as he gazed down at Donna’s bodacious milk balloons, he felt confident and not shocked. He knew what she was likely going to do and then they’d jeer her and maybe let him go back to watching TV in his room.

“Momma’s feeling lucky tonight, studmuffin,” the pregnant woman stated as she climbed up from the table topless. “How far can I go?” she asked, looking to his mother.

The woman suddenly all grew silent, all eyes rolling to his mother’s position as she stood debating the question Donna had asked. Taking another deep sip from her drink, she grinned and said, “It’s your night...and not just for setting a record, so no limits.”

Donna looked back at him and then down to his penis before responding.

“No limits, huh?”

“Oooooo!” the women all cooed at the same time, eyes rolling back to his mother.

“You can do whatever you want to try and make him hard. That’s the deal. You do it, you get the cash.”

“Well if it’s my party tonight, I want something special,” Donna insisted with a wry grin spreading across her lips. “I wanna fucking show!”

And with that, she whooped loudly and all the other joined in with her in one noisy chorus of chaos.

“Alright, alright...what are we talking about?” his mother demanded after she got them all quiet again.

“She wants to fuck him!” Amy blurted. “He’ll probably pop your water with that fucker if you get him hard!”

They all laughed for a bit.

“Nah, I don’t wanna fuck his ass,” Donna asserted. “But if I make it hard, I wanna see what his balls can do!” And with that said, another raucous chorus of whooping and shouting broke out.

“Alright, alright, alright!” his mother shouted to calm them down. “Fine, preggo...you make it hard then you can do whatever you want with it...your erection...you can do with it whatever you want.”

The pregnant woman turned to him.

“Shawn baby...go lay down on that couch right there, sugar, ‘cause Momma’s got something nasty for you,” she said to him, motioning to the couch.

He looked to his mother and she just nodded and pointed as well. Not knowing what the fuck to expect, he stepped down from the table and flopped down on the couch behind Amy.

Donna, to his shock, reached under her monster gut and unbuttoned her jeans and then dropped them to the floor, amid a sudden howl of whoops and jeers mixed among the women. While the chorus shouted, she kicked off her panties and stepped buck naked over to the couch where he lay.

In seconds, she was astraddle him, her big hairy pussy right on top of his dick, grinding it between his belly and her pelvis.

Somebody tossed a straw cowboy hat to her and she put it on her head and then begin to buck back and forth on him as if she were riding a bull in a rodeo.

The women were going crazy. They’d circled the couch and one had turned on the stereo so that now not only was their drunken shouting overwhelming him, but some lame rock song was blaring.

“Oh c’mon,” his mother shouted...and everybody quieted down and turn to look at her...even Donna, who stopped

grinding on him. For a few tense seconds no one spoke or moved as his mother made her way to the stereo on the far wall. She flicked a switch and the music ceased.

“Uh-oh,” Connie hissed and the women all stared back and forth at one another, obviously worried they’d finally gone too far with Shawn.

Finally his mother turned around to face the group and her face was dead serious...but then in an instant, she grinned and held up the stereo remote.

“That song sucked,” she blurted and hit a button on the remote, setting “Save a horse, ride a cowboy” to playing overly loud...and the group went wild once more.

Donna began bucking on him again, stopping to slide and grind at times while leaning back and whipping her ill-fitting cowboy hat around.

***This book will be published in serial format.
Subsequent chapters will be added in order.***