

AN AMANDA WRIGHTER EBOOK SERIAL

LANGSUIR[®]

SHADOW OF THE OLD ONES

CHAPTER 1

An erotic horror novel
based on the Langsuir
comics of JAG27



LANGSUIRS:

Shadow of the Old Ones

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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NOTE TO READERS: The following events take place during the invasion of the Earthly plain by the creatures known only as the “Old Ones.” While previous knowledge of the LANGSUIRS comic is not necessary to read this eBook, having read the comics, will probably make the eBook much more enjoyable and understandable.

CHAPTER 1

Thursday - 2:46 pm

Marlin Township, Highway 9 - Graydeaux Parish, Louisiana

Officer Laura Bingham stepped out of the Marlin Police station and the dry heat of the afternoon slapped her in the face.

“Fuck it’s hot,” she grumbled under her breath as she made her way down the concrete steps and straddled her Harley Davidson police bike. Turning the key, she started it’s engine and with a subsequent kick, she unseated the prop rod and then pushed the bike backwards into the street before putting into gear. “Some days I wish I’d opted for a car with some air conditioning,” she muttered further as she pulled at the collar of her uniform shirt...feeling a bead of newly formed sweat careen down the crevice of her chest, slicing between her tits and ending up somewhere in the lower half of her bra.

Cruising slowly, she made her way down Main street, which was actually Highway 9. The roadway had been renamed simply for the amount of space it occupied within the grand city limits of Marlin...all two miles of it. Two traffic lights, and a handful of stop signs along with a ridiculously reduced speed limit was all that enabled the town to even afford a police department. And as was her job, Laura prowled the few streets in search of someone to write a ticket to, each and every day.

Today had been odd though...what with all the ruckus out

past Graydeaux swamp where apparently a train had derailed. She'd wanted to run up there and assist, but the Chief had nipped the idea in the butt before she'd even had a chance to ask. Apparently the Sheriff's office and the State Police were all over it...even had some National Guard involved and with the town budget running close to red, the Chief wasn't about to let his only traffic cop go traipsing off to commit to community service and aid when she could stay home and write tickets.

Laura grimaced as she pulled out from the traffic light and realized her badge and job was a fucking joke. She was no more here to serve and protect than the man in the moon. She was a revenue collector... a cultivator of funds for the City. Hell, she couldn't even remember the last time she'd actually gotten the chance to do a good deed...to help someone. Nobody in town liked her. Even off duty, they'd recognize her and avoid her like the plague. She hadn't even had a date in nearly six months and that was in spite of her double-DD tits.

Glancing downward, she eyed them, compressed beneath her shirt and bullet-proof vest. She always thought she looked ridiculous with the vest on. It bulked you up so bad you had to wear a size larger shirt to start with...and with her noonies crammed down in there, it was even worse. Less than a year ago, she didn't even have a vest. The Chief had been too tight-assed with the money to buy his handful of officers bullet proof protection. Only after Corbin got shot at by a drunk he pulled over, had enough fuss been made at the City Council to get them any.

Not to be misunderstood, she was glad to have the expensive vest and all the protection it afforded her...but now she wasn't able to wear her uniform shirt one size too small...nor to unbutton the top down a little low...nor to use her tits to coax some act-right out of the citizenry she pulled over for ticketing.

She'd pull a guy over...he'd be pissed...angry... belligerent as all hell until she walked back up to his window with that top unbuttoned and then all of a sudden things were great and grand. Her tits had been a great pacifier, so

to speak. But now with the vest in place, well...she'd had to pepper-mace twelve men and one woman during the last ten months. Two had ended up with felony battery charges out of it.

She used to like her job...she got to write the tickets and nobody was angry at her. Now, it was fire and fury every time she turned her Harley's lights on. No more googly smiles and blubbering blabber from horny men staring down the gap in her cleavage...no...no, now it was just angry rednecks and assholes who thought she was just a fat bitch with a badge writing them tickets for stupid shit...stupid shit for which they wanted to fight over...stupid shit for which she ended up having to mace them over...and more times than not...slap cuffs on them.

As she approached the far end of town, she slowed and moved over to one side...almost up onto the sidewalk itself as a small convoy of military humvees blasted down the middle of the street, packed full of troops that appeared armed with M-16 rifles. They were hauling ass...at least 40 or 50 inside the 25 zone.

"Assholes," she grumbled out loud as she watched them zip past her. A few looked out at her and nodded...most ignored her as if they were far more intent on their mission than some plumpy looking two-bit cop.

"Dispatch...this is Two...just about got run over by a convoy of guardsmen... are they part of that train spill or what?"

Her shoulder mike popped static and then broke into a response:

"Copy that, Two...notice from State is to allow passage of all military vehicles into the spill zone."

"Well Marlin ain't exactly in the zone...think maybe I should slow'em down some...they're driving down the middle of the damn road for crying out loud!"

"Negative, Bingham!" it was the Chief's voice blasting at her from his own nice air-conditioned patrol unit. "Leave'em alone...they're probably coming up from New Orleans heading North to the zone...just try to keep everyone out of their way."

"10-4, Two out," she replied and sighed deeply as she released the transmit button on her radio.

It was about that moment that she realized there was a dark line of clouds moving down from the North. They were black as shit...bolts of lightning stabbing down from them in all directions, but not the slightest sound of thunder.

"Dispatch...what's the weather looking like?"

Silence.

"Two to dispatch...can you check the weather...looks like a nasty front moving this way."

"Sorry, Two...my internet just went down...I got noth---"
Susie's voice cut out and was replaced with static.

"Dispatch...Susie? You copy?"

Nothing but static responded.

About that moment a car whizzed by her...hauling nine kinds of ass and her radar gun beeped...the display lighting up with the number 72 on it.

"Holee fucking shit, man...what the fuck...am I invisible?"
She gunned the Harley's engine, tapped her siren switch, and whipped the bike around in the middle of the street to pursue the old car. As she turned the big bike though, she realized the rest of the street was all but empty of traffic. The fact seemed odd to her but she was too obsessed with the speeder to concern herself with the ramifications or causes of the lack of other vehicles.

The old car looked like a old greenish Dodge...its hood had been white, obviously replaced at some point. The tags were covered with mud and she couldn't make them out. Over the blaring sound of her siren, she attempted to raise the dispatcher again, but got nothing but static.

By the time she reached the other end of town, she was doing sixty miles an hour herself and the green car was still out-pacing her. Gripping the throttle and bracing herself, she sped up to seventy as she zoomed through the last stoplight. At seventy eight, she managed to catch up to the car and hitting eighty five, she managed to cruise up beside the vehicle on the driver's side. To her surprise, it was a woman driving...shoulder length black hair...middle-aged...

"Patty Douglas?!" the woman's name blurted out of

Laura's mouth as she recognized the woman behind the wheel of the car. Something was different though... something wasn't right with her...with the way she looked.

With the flick of a finger, she switched on her loud speaker and snagged the microphone for it off the dash of her bike.

"PULL OVER, DAMMIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!"

Patty glanced over at her as if she'd only just then seen her. The look of shock on her face was almost painful. The car bounced and weaved a bit too close to Laura and she had to whip to the left to avoid a collision.

"PULL OVER DAMMIT...BEFORE YOU KILL SOMEBODY!"

Patty ignored her demands and just continued to drive... actually hitting the gas even harder and pepping up the old car's engine enough to pull ahead of Laura.

"BITCH, I'M GONNA SHOOT YOUR TIRE OUT!" she bellowed over the speaker at the accelerating Dodge. Gunning the Harley hard, she nudged it up to ninety five and managed to get up alongside the car again. This time, she glanced into the backseat and saw Patty's son, Shane, sprawled out across the bench seat. He didn't have a shirt on and looked a bit glazed over.

Oh shit...something's wrong...maybe she's trying to get him to the hospital or something...DAMMIT! Laura's mind reeled at the idea that the woman was rushing her son for medical help and here she was threatening to shoot her tires out.

Revving the bike, she moved up to the driver's window and pulled her loud speaker mike to her mouth.

"PATTY...ARE YOU GOING TO THE HOSPITAL...I CAN RUN ESCORT FOR YOU...JUST TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON!" Her voice was fading, even amplified over the speaker...the wind whistling past her was drowning the sound out. Both of them were closing in on a hundred miles an hour and Laura was beginning to become nervous on the motorcycle.

SHIT! If she taps me or I hit a hole, they'll be picking pieces of me up off the road for days...or spraying me off with a hose, more likely!

Somewhere about that point, she decided it wasn't worth dying over. Hell, they hadn't even seen another car since busting out of town...Highway nine was dead...completely.

"PATTY...HEY...TELL ME SOMETHING!" she shouted once more over the amplifier at the woman in the car.

All at once, she realized, as she looked into the car, exactly what it was that was wrong with the picture. Patty had no visible sign of a shirt. Like her son...she bore no evidence of an upper garment at all.

WHAT THE HELL?!

Edging a bit closer to the car, she managed to see into the interior a bit better and was shocked at what she witnessed. Patty wasn't just topless...the woman was completely naked...and she was...FAT!?

She's not that fat...is that her? That's definitely Shane in the back...and...how long has it been since I seen her? Last week...yeah, at...at Arlan's truck-stop. She wasn't that fat...what the fuck?!

Over and over, she turned it in her mind and she just couldn't make sense of how the woman could be so fat *now*...when she hadn't been just a week prior...nor why she'd be naked in her car driving so damn fast.

"FUCK IT," she said aloud...and too late, she realized she still had the loud speaker mike keyed on...her curse blasting out from the amplifier horn on the front of the bike.

Letting off the accelerator handle, she began a controlled slow-down and as Patty's old car gradually moved forward from her, she glanced one last time into the backseat of the car at Shane.

Suddenly, she hit a bump and the bike wobbled and she slammed the hand break to regain control. Fighting hard, she managed to bring the bike to an eventual stop. By the time she accomplished it though, the car was nearly out of sight entirely.

"Shit...shit...shit...what the fuck?"

Straining to get over the shock of almost losing control of her bike at high speed, she continued to curse and gasp for several seconds. Finally, after gathering her wits some, she began to roll over what she'd seen in her mind.

That's not possible...what the fuck did I see? Think, Laura...fear and adrenaline can affect your senses...you didn't see that...so what did you see, woman?

She replayed the final seconds of the chase in her mind. Patty...naked...fat...HUGE...driving fast...glancing at her ... then the car moving forward slowly and...and Shane in the back...naked...was he really naked?

Fuck yeah he was definitely naked but...but surely that wasn't a...I mean he's what...like eleven or twelve...surely he wasn't...I mean that wasn't even...IT WAS MASSIVE!!!

Okay...saying that it wasn't what she thought it was...then what the hell had she seen? Nothing came to mind...I mean, after all, there weren't many things in life that could be mistaken for a man's penis. And so if you alleviate every option, whatever remains, no matter how ludicrous... must be the answer...or the truth...however you wanted to look at it.

Laura sighed and twisted on her bike to look back behind her. The highway was empty now...nothing but her, asphalt, and rice fields on both sides of the road for miles.

Turning back around she sighed and pulled her helmet off. The heat was beating down on her and her adrenaline rush was wearing off...she was bottoming out...feeling exhausted and defeated.

Oh shit...it had to be a dick then...the boy was in the ass-end of that car, naked and jacking the fuck off.

She'd certainly seen stranger things in the years she'd been a cop...but it wasn't the boy's masturbation that shocked her so much as it was the size of his penis.

Fuck...it was as big as...as my fucking leg...that's just not possible...that's not even human.

Concentrating, she closed her eyes and tried to revisit the moment when she saw him just before hitting the bump in the road. Replaying the event, she saw him clearly in her mind...his glazed over expression, his eyes...his eyes looked wrong...no pupils...just white...white eyes. Looking down she could clearly envision the gigantic dick...its huge head swollen and shiny...nearly purple...semen oozing out the top of it and then...at the last second, the boy's head

tilted upward...as if to look back at her as she glared at him...and the dick suddenly exploded with nasty jizz all over the driver's side back window...and that's when she'd lost control of the bike.

Shit...I didn't even hit a bump, did I...damn...that shit shocked me so bad I just about nearly killed myself.

Sighing once more, she opened her eyes and stared down the road in the direction the car had disappeared.

"Dispatch...Two to dispatch, do you copy?"

Her radio gave nothing but static.

"Well shit...internet...radio...no traffic...what the--" and as the words exited her lips, she turned and faced North...the nasty dark clouds still slowly inching their way South toward town...the forked lightning a bizarre golden color as it shot off in every direction.

With a sudden pounding of fear in her heart, she reached for the AM/FM radio on the bike's dash console and switched it on. Nothing. Nothing but static responded to her tuning of the dial on either frequency band.

"Oh shit...shit, shit, shit, shit...FUCK!" She switched the radio off with a slam of her hand and jerked her head back up to gaze toward the ominous band of clouds. "Train derailment huh...my fucking ass!"

She looked back behind her and moved to turn the bike around...so as to head back into town, but as she did so, she saw a band of humvees blasting towards her in the distance. And as she stood there astraddle the massive bike, she could swear she heard shots. Quickly she killed the engine and strained to listen. In the distance from the point of the military hummers, she could make out the sound of automatic weapons fire...heavy weapons...like maybe the 50 caliber gun on top of one of the vehicles. At some point, the lead vehicles pulled out ahead and left two behind. The two in the rear, swerved abruptly and pulled nose to nose, blocking the highway off behind the convoy. Two guns cranked up then for certain and she could make out the fire from their barrels. They were shooting at something behind the convoy...something coming up the road in pursuit.

WHAT THE FUCK?!?

The first humvee blasted past her position and didn't make any attempt to slow down. The vehicle was packed full...soldiers and civilians...children. As the convoy blew past her, she realized people were hanging on to the outsides and tops of the vehicles...and interspaced within the convoy were a handful of civilian vehicles of every make and type...cars and pickups packed full...their beds crammed with people. All of them with expressions of horror and fear...total terror. Some had guns...some had nothing ...some appeared to be injured.

Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom...the vehicles zipped past her without a blink of care...racing to somewhere other than there.

An explosion ripped through the air and she jerked her head back towards town where she saw smoke billowing up from the roadway just beyond the blocking hummers. Just then the last of the convoy passed her...the last vehicle, an old pickup truck, rattling and blowing black smoke from its tailpipe or lack of one.

"God be with you!" some woman in the back of it yelled to her as it blew past her bike. She managed to lift her head and make eye contact with the woman for just an instant before they were too far away.

Oh shit...she thinks I'm staying behind to...to...

Twisting her head back around, she watched the soldiers at the roadblock rip into something with their machine guns. The ones inside the hummers were out now and firing their rifles. Something was close now and it was about to make their position...over run them. Part of her wanted to crank the bike and haul ass...and part of her wanted to know what the fuck they were shooting at. And still yet... another part of her yearned to charge into the fight...finally get to be a hero...earn the badge she wore...do something besides writing a fucking ticket.

Cranking the bike, she kicked it into gear and gunned it forward towards the roadblock...knowing full well she was gonna be sorry for it... but also knowing she had a duty to perform. Whoever that woman had been...she trusted her to protect them. This was something more than tickets...this

was life or death. With a conviction she hadn't had in years, she accelerated the bike and reached to unsnap the holster on her Glock 40.

*Thursday - 2:05 pm
Two miles East of Marlin Township - River Road, Hwy 9*

Joanne Stiles sneered as the military humvee whipped around her, passing her as if she were standing still.

"Crazy assholes...gonna get somebody killed...never a cop around when you need one!" Thinking to herself, she remembered only a month back when she'd gotten pulled over in town by the chunky motorcycle bitch. "Yeah, that was me driving like that I'd have already been tossed under the jail."

Her sons both sat quietly beside her...Jimmy a little closer than what she found comfortable, but the old station wagon had a bench seat in the front as well as the back and as she'd been driving, the boy had been sliding closer and closer to her. The front only had two seatbelts despite having room in the middle for a third person. The back had three belts...and that fact alone, perplexed her mental capacity for a time as she continued to drive.

Lack of a seatbelt probably wasn't the only reason her son kept sliding around. Lack of clothing probably played a part in it as well. How had that happened? With a sly glance, she spied over at the two boys and took note that both were completely naked...not a speck of clothing between the two of them.

Eyes back on the road, she furrowed her brow and tried hard to recall how their nudity had developed. It wasn't normal for them to be riding around in the car naked...nor for them to be riding in the front seat with her like they were. There *had* to have been some good reason or the other for it ...but for the life of her she couldn't seem to remember...and then, all at once, the memory of prior events came rushing

back to her...

24 Minutes Earlier...

"Just where the fuck do you think you're going?" Joanne snapped at the two boys as they prepared to climb into the backseat of her mother's old station wagon. "Both of you are soaking wet!"

"Well we just got out of the pool, Momma!" Ricky, her oldest, quipped as he rolled his eyes. "The seat is vinyl...it ain't gonna hurt nothing if we ride wet!"

"Here, I brought you towels," she retorted as she tossed one to each of them. "Dry your asses off, dammit...I'm not listen to Momma bitch about her car smelling like wet dog."

Stupid swimming party...damn bitch throws one and invites half the school to it...then calls everybody like an hour later and tells them to come get their kids...some shit about a train crash...and bad weather coming. As if...like I got nothing better to do.

She'd been overjoyed at the chance to get away from the boys for the afternoon. She'd even called up Tom and had made plans to meet him at the motel in town...room five...their usual room. Tom was her lover...and the town police chief. A month back, she'd gotten a ticket from the chunky motorcycle bitch...Big-ham...or Bingo...or whatever the fuck her name was...and she'd been desperate not to have to tell her husband, Kyle, about it. It was nearly \$200...all for running a stupid stop sign. She'd ended up going into to talk to the Chief about it...and one thing led to another...and somehow she'd ended up on top of his desk, him mounting her like a cheap whore on a car hood. Her ticket got fixed...and so did she. Kyle was hung like a gerbil. Tom was not.

She'd been on her way to get some of his ten inches when her cell phone had busted loose with Karma Chameleon...an indication she had an incoming call... and of course it was the swimming party mom...come get your kids...train wreck...blah, blah, and blah. She heard about half of it...the rest just sounded a lot like, "No dick for you!"

They only had one vehicle and Kyle had taken it to work

as usual and had come home at lunch to pick up the boys and drop them at the party...then gone back to work. Tom usually picked her up for their rendezvous, but it wouldn't do to have him picking up her boys or for her to be seen driving around in his police car. So she'd ended up calling her own mother and borrowing her ancient station wagon to go pick them up.

The boys were finally through drying off, but as she surveyed them, she realized their swimming shorts were still soaked through.

"Stop!" she blurted as Jimmy, her youngest, tried to climb into the backseat. "I don't think so...did you two not bring any clothes with you?"

Dumbfounded, the two turned and looked at each other and then at her...vacant expressions answering her question.

"Oh c'mon...what'd you two do, just put on your shorts and jump in the damn truck?"

"Dad was in a hurry...he came home on lunch break to get us, so we didn't have time to---" Ricky tried to explain.

"Oh shut the fuck up!" she cut him off mid-sentence.

"Men, you're all the same...both of you are just like your father...complete morons."

Both boys smirked and made for climbing into the car again only to be halted once more by their mother's scolding.

"HELLO?! HEY! I didn't tell you to get in...you're not gonna ride in there wet...your grandma will shit a brick."

"Well what you want us to do, ride on the roof?" Ricky popped off at her with a grin.

"We could take our shorts off and ride naked," his younger brother added, attempting to be as sarcastic, but falling miserably short of real wit.

"Well yeah, smartasses...take your pick then...ride the roof or shuck the shorts...your choice," she snapped back at them.

Oh crap...did I just really tell them that? she wondered to herself as she watched the dismayed expressions on their faces. *Yep...I did.*

Looking around, she realized there was no one left at the

party really. The party mom was around the side of the house picking up trash...her kids probably inside already. And considering how long it'd taken for her to get a ride to come get the boys, she assumed all the other kids at the party must have already been picked up. For the most part, she and the boys were the only tenants of the driveway in front of the house.

Fuck it...maybe they'll remember to bring some clothes next time instead of running off half-assed like their old man!

"Are you serious?" it was Ricky who spoke first.

"I think she's serious," Jimmy chimed in with wide eyes.

"Damn right I'm serious...make your choice," she replied.

"Mah-muh?!?" Jimmy dragged her name out to emphasize his distaste for her orders.

"Maybe you should have thought about this before you hauled ass with your Father...maybe you get your damp asses scorched sitting on hot vinyl...you'll remember to bring clothes with you next time. You're just lucky I thought to bring you some towels...or you really would be riding on the damn roof." She eyed both of them with agitation. "Stop standing there looking stupid and drop'em...and give'em to me, dammit...don't you dare toss them in on her carpet."

Groaning and rolling their eyes, they conceded defeat and slowly reached to pull their swim shorts down. All the while, glancing to and fro to make sure no one was watching them.

Joanne leaned reached out and opened the passenger side front door...hoping between it and the back door being open, no one would be able to spy her sons stripping.

Unintentionally, she found herself looking down at them as they shucked their suits.

The curse of Kyle...how unfortunate for them, she thought to herself as she analyzed how small their penises were. Though to her surprise, Ricky, 11, was actually sprouting some light pube hair it appeared. *Nasty...disgusting!* She averted her gaze, but had to turn back to look at them when they handed her their drenched shorts.

Oddly, upon second look, Ricky's dick wasn't all that small ...not as small as she'd thought. For an uncomfortable moment, she accidentally stared at his genitals...which he

noticed enough to stare back at her.

“What?” he spouted with a touch of pissy attitude.

“Nothing,” she lied. But as Jimmy moved to climb into the back seat, she felt her lips move...words emanating from her mouth...words she didn’t intend to say, or so she thought. “Front seat...both of you...front seat with me...move!”

24 Minutes later...

Joanne finally snapped out of her reverie.

Damn...why couldn't I remember that earlier? I feel really weird today...not myself. She sighed audibly and blinked her eyes repeatedly. *Probably a lack of dick...maybe I'd gotten my weekly injection of it...I wouldn't be---*

Lightning popped off to the right of the car in the rice field that ran alongside the highway...it’s bright spark interrupting her thoughts.

“Whoa, damn!” she exclaimed a bit louder than she intended. She tensed and waited, but no thunder ever arrived. “Well that was weird,” she added when she finally decided the roaring noise wasn’t coming. Leaning forward, she looked out across the field and noticed, really for the first time, the horrendous bevy of storm clouds rolling towards them. “Damn I guess the weather really is gonna get bad,” she admitted to no one in particular.

“Carmen’s mom said the storm might have chemicals in it from that train wreck up North of Graydeaux swamp,” Ricky commented.

She stared at the clouds for a bit too long and had to swerve to recover her driving.

“Sorry...sure is a weird cloud,” she asserted as she tried to excuse her lack of attention for the road. Thinking about the road made her suddenly realize how truly abandoned Highway 9 was. Usually this time of day, there should have been tons of traffic...but all she’d seen was the Army hummer hauling ass around her.

Recalling the event, she realized there had been a soldier up in the cupola of the vehicle...a soldier who’d had his hands on the big gun that was mounted there. And as they’d

passed her, he'd pointed the massive barrel of the behemoth down at her...eyed her with more than just curiosity. Shouldn't that have frightened her? Why didn't it? Again, she realized she wasn't feeling herself today.

Why the fuck was he riding around with that big ass gun pointing it at people anyway...shit! Give somebody a fucking coronary...or...or...

In her mind's eyes, she replayed the image of the soldier pointing that big, long gun at her...over and over. The look on his face reminded her of Tom...or maybe it was just the uniform...or...or maybe it was the big gun. Somehow it reminded her of Tom wielding his big cock, pointing it at her as if he was going to her do her in with it...as if it was some kind of fucking weapon. Now, as she recalled the hummer passing her...the soldier's aggressive posture did the opposite of inciting fear. Now...now it induced something more primal than fear...it caused her to become horny. Mentally she twisted the memory to one of Tom in the turret, pointing a giant dick at her.

She chuckled without warning and nearly snorted, as she attempted to stifle the laugh. How stupid was that? What kind of a moronic fantasy was that? Giant dick...what the hell?

Ricky...

Her son's name just popped into her mind.

Why the fuck am I thinking of Ricky? Even before she tried to assess the question, the answer slapped her mentally.

His dick, she remembered. It was big...or bigger she thought than when she'd first looked at him...she'd stared at him...*at it*...but then he'd caught her and she'd had to avert her eyes. That was nearly a half hour ago.

Nonchalantly, she turned her head to the right and stole a quick glance at the boys. Both were looking out to the right as well...at the massive storm front and the wicked lightning emanating from it. They were obviously mesmerized by it...and would no doubt be oblivious to *her* if she were looking at *them*. Taking the opportunity, she turned her head fully and looked down at their naked bodies...most specifically their

genitals.

Well fuck me, she remarked mentally as she surveyed their man-junk. *Maybe they were just shriveled up from the swimming pool*, she thought to herself as she realized their penises were definitely larger than what they were back when they first took their suits off.

Looking more intently at Ricky, she realized his was in fact, very much bigger than she remembered.

Oh, damn...he's nearly as big as Kyle is limp. The thought led directly to another perverse question: *I wonder if he gets boners yet?* It was a reasonable question, right? He was displaying the beginning fuzz of pubic hair...so maybe he *did* have erections.

She glanced back at the road and corrected her drift, then immediately returned her attention to her oldest son's crotch.

I wonder if he jerks off? Now that was certainly a loaded and lewd question and quite likely one she had no business thinking, but yet she had...and in her mind, she imagined an image of him with a full erection...jerking on it...choking it hard and then ejecting semen all over the dashboard of her mother's spotless old car.

Looking back to the road, she grinned slightly as she realized how dirty her little fantasy had been.

It's just a fantasy...right? Not like it hurts anything, right? She used her deluded reasoning as an excuse to replay her fantasy...but this time she imagined Ricky's dick bigger...much bigger...in fact, as big as Tom's hog of a cock...not just lengthy but also fat and veiny with a bulbous purple knob of a head that was always so swollen it was shiny and explosive looking.

Snapping out of it, she returned her attention to the road and again, corrected her drift. She glanced to the right to see if the boys had noticed her bad driving. To her relief they were still both turned and staring at the passenger side windows at the fantastic lightning display.

The clouds were nearly upon them now, but not a single drop of rain fell. It was rather disconcerting...almost ominous, and as she looked out at the storm herself, she began to feel like it was somehow *watching* her.

Quit thinking about it and drive...you'll be home in another ten minutes...and then the bottom can fall out if it wants.

The sunlight was quickly fading, obscured by the billowy, low hanging cloud deck. She leaned down and flicked the headlights on, even though it was still bright enough to see.

Quit thinking about it, she demanded of herself, but she still turned to the right to look out at the storm again...and to steal another glance at her sons' naked bodies.

Well damn, Joanne...if you need something else to think about...why stop with just one?

Almost as if on cue, she imagined her sick little masturbation fantasy one more...but this time, it was both her boys with huge, fat woodies...both of them jerking off...and both of them spooging all over their grandma's pristine dashboard.

Her mind suddenly wandered back to the swimming party house. What was the kid's name...Carmen? Yeah, Carmen Dartez...her momma was the fatty coon-ass bitch that always brought brownies to the school...and one time she brought pizza...all the other moms hated her. Pudgy bitch didn't apparently have anything better to do than cater to her pudgy little daughter.

Yeah, like I got a lot going on, she reminded herself. *I'm a housewife and a do-nothing one at that.* She sighed and stared intently out at the highway in front of her. *But I still had something better to do today than that fat bitch...could'a had me some dick, dammit...if her fat ass had been doing what she was supposed to...hosting a party instead of canceling it after it started.*

It was annoying her that she couldn't recall the woman's name. *Julie...Julia...* it was something similar to her own...at least it started with a "J" she was certain. *Judith! That's it...fucking fat Judith Dartez.* She'd gone to school with her back in the day. Always hated her because she had a big rack of tits that the boys used to always stare at.

Looking down at herself, she realized she was impeded in the boob category any longer. She'd been barely a B-cup when she graduated high school...and after marrying Kyle, she'd packed on a few pounds...and found herself in a

C-cup about a year into the marriage, for which Kyle didn't seem to mind. And by the time she'd gotten pregnant with Ricky about a year later, she was pushing a D-cup pretty hard. After he was born, she'd ballooned out of the D and remained out of it until after she quit nursing. And nursing had caused her to shed weight...a lot of it. She'd been around 115 when she graduated...and was around 150 when she got pregnant...swelled up to 175 while carrying Ricky, and then a few months after delivering him, she was a scant 130 and her fantastic tits were dilapidated and deflated back to barely C-cup size. For a time she'd even taken to wearing a tight B just to perk her tits up and make them look bigger. She even tried to gain weight once to see if they'd perk back out...but all she did was manage to swell her belly out and her tits remained the same.

Her belly...that was a ridiculous contrast to the rest of her body. She'd had a flat stomach in school but after being married for two years and gaining some 35 pounds, her ass had gotten soft and round and her belly...her pathetic belly, had swelled outward and become soft and jiggly. Not that Kyle seemed to mind. She'd gotten out of the shower one night and was standing in front of the bathroom mirror...just shaking her flabby stomach to be stupid...when he'd walked in and began to smile at her with that moronic smirk he always got when she was doing something that turned him on.

"What are you grinning about...I look fucking pregnant," she said to him.

"Well maybe you should be," he'd replied and then dragged her to the bedroom where they fucked ravenously...during which he coaxed her into pooking her belly out so that she really did look pregnant.

"C'mon belly man...is this what you like...then do it... knock me up...make me pregnant, big man," she taunted him as she bounced up and down on his pathetic little dick.

How odd...looking back now, she realized that was probably the very night she got pregnant with Ricky. And the pregnancy did its own number on her body. Aside from the temporary tit inflation and stretch marks, after her son was

out, her previously paunchy tummy was a gross and sagging bag of skin. And throughout her nursing phase, as she continued to shed the pounds, the skin began to droop more and more. The fat was being absorbed but the stretched out skin was not recovering from the distention of her previous fatness or the ridiculous devastation heaped on it by nearly ten months of growth by her son.

After about a year, she'd decided to just try and gain weight again to fluff herself back out.

Fuck, I'd rather be chunky than saggy, she remembered telling herself as she force-fed herself an entire box of ding-dongs and downed a half-gallon of chocolate milk.

And her efforts worked...on everything but her titties. By the time Ricky's second birthday rolled around, she was pushing 165 and most of it...most of the whole thirty five pounds she'd packed on since delivering Ricky...seemed all to settle in her belly and thighs...and her ass...let's not forget about the ass.

In high school, she'd worn a size 4 jeans...a size four! The idea of that seemed too far-fetched to be true these days, but she knew it was the truth. When she'd gotten pregnant with Ricky, she'd been wearing a size 10...and was into a 14 by the time she delivered. Two years and too many cases of snack cakes later, she found herself back in her 14's...and sadly, her gut was almost as big as it had been when she'd been pregnant. Okay, maybe not that big...not NEARLY that big, truthfully...but her belly, when she wasn't sucking it in, measured a good 40 inches in diameter and she had to fight to cram it down inside her jeans. On more than one occasion she'd found herself eyeing her maternity pants with their elastic belly bands in the waist.

I would almost rather tell Kyle I need 16's...rather than have to admit I'm wearing maternity pants, she'd realized one morning as she got dressed to go shopping. She knew those pants were comfortable and her belly wouldn't have to be cinched up. For a long while, she stared at them just lying there in her drawer...taunting her, she knew.

Angrily, she'd finally jerked out her levis and began the battle to get them on her fat ass. Pulling...jerk...and

stretching, amid grunts and groans and lots of four letter expletives...her denim struggle had lasted for the better part of five minutes before she eventually maneuvered them into position.

"Eat it bitches," she'd barked at the obviously shrunken pants as she continued to tug at the button and zipper. Flopping back onto the bed, she strained and sucked in until she managed to get them pinned and zipped. Sighing like a dying cow, she rolled to get up and realized the pants were just absolutely unbearable. The legs were starting to give some, as they always did, but waist was cinching her too tight for her to even breathe...and a massive roll of compressed fat was bulging up over the tops of them. When she pulled her t-shirt on and down, the blobby muffin top was undeniably visible. Agitated, she grabbed at the waist of her shirt and pulled, attempting to stretch it out some so it didn't cling to her torso so badly. It helped conceal her mushroom top roll...but she still couldn't breathe worth a fuck.

"Y'know what...fuck you bitches," she'd grouched as she pulled her shirt up and rammed her thumbs down into the top of her jeans and tugged them down...down hard...to the level that her belly could freely spill out over the top of the waist band.

Gasping, she released her stomach muscles and just let her gut sag outward...all 40 inches of it. It felt good. Tight on her ass and legs...and loose in the waist. She tugged a bit more to situate the pants even lower so her love handles could spill out as well.

"Oh hell...ain't no stretched out shirt gonna hide this," she admitted as she eyed herself in the mirror...her protruding midsection bulging out in all directions against the shirt's fabric. "Fuck it...at least I can breath...and I ain't gotta tell Kyle I need bigger pants."

Not that he'd mind, probably, she thought to herself. He still has a thing for my big belly. Why is that...does he get off on me being pregnant?

Sure he did...she knew damn well he did. He'd practically tied her to the bed posts while she was carrying Ricky. Every single night he was climbing between her legs with his

puny little four inches of rod...not that it did her much good. In thirteen years of marriage, he'd never once gotten her off. But when she was pregnant, man-howdy, he sure took care of himself without regard to anyone else.

Good grief, if I go into town dressed like this everyone's gonna think I AM pregnant...again...

Suddenly she realized she was going to have to go about this one of two ways...either lose weight and watch herself sag out again...or she was just going to have to get pregnant again for real. She opted for the last idea and not three weeks later, she was puking in the toilet...not for the first time and certainly not for the last. The following week the magic stick showed a plus sign.

Knocked up with Jimmy, she began to stroll around with her belly poking out and hanging free...unafraid of whether anyone commented about her "looking" pregnant or not. But the cravings were killer. By the time she made her second trimester and really started rounding out, she was already weighing in at 185...twenty pound...twenty fucking pounds in less than three months. She looked like she was already big enough to deliver and even her doctor kept making "twin" jokes at her expense.

By the time she made the seven month marker, she was tipping the scales at 200 with a belly that measured 54 inches in diameter...fifty fucking four...she was a beached well, but at least her tits were swelling up as well as her ankles. The week she delivered Jimmy, she popped the clasps in her double DD brassiere.

A week after his birth, she had no clue how big her tits were, but they were huge. They shimmied like massive bags of jello every time she so much as breathed. The problem was that they ached like motherfuckers, but she wasn't about to start breast feeding again...hell no. She wasn't gonna let them deflate...wasn't going to let baby Jimbo suck the life out of her body. He got the bottle and that was all he got.

By the time her doctor released her from post-partum care, she was back down to 180 but the days of cramming into size 14's...even with her belly hanging over the top...

was a thing of the past. Nope...she'd probably never see a 14 again...ever.

Joanne sighed with distaste as she twitched her hand to correct her drift yet again. *Damn, sure seems like we are to have been home by now...damn highway is just dead... seems like I been driving for hours.*

On an off-hand thought, she glanced at the old clock face mounted on the dash and realized it'd only been fifteen minutes since she'd left the Dartez house with the boys. Hell, she hadn't even made it to Marlin yet...they were still out in the fucking rice fields.

She hit a bump in the road and felt her body jostle. She was wearing her "free swing" bra...she called it that because it was old and stretched to hell and gone and did very little to contain her double DD's any at all. It was what she was wearing the first time she got tagged by Tom at the police station. What a fiasco.

In thirteen years of marriage, Kyle had never once worked her to orgasm...and in less than five minutes on the top of a messy desk, Tom had made her cum no less than two times. The second time she'd came so hard, she actually ejaculated and sprayed woman-scented lubricant all over his fucking desk. Not that he cared. The nasty bastard had gone down on her afterwards and licked her into a third fucking orgasm. By the time he was done with her, she could barely walk and felt totally whored-out as she attempted to fix her clothing and exit the building without looking suspicious. She was pretty sure the dispatcher, in the office next door had heard everything...but she didn't even bother looking up at her as she walked out of Tom's office. She'd wondered for a while why that was. Did Tom have a habit of fucking bitches in his office? Undoubtedly she wasn't the first. She had no concerns about the matter. She wasn't about to leave her husband for Tom. He was a bald, pot-bellied loser...covered in hair, except for his shiny head, and though she wasn't certain, she was pretty sure he was at least fifty years old...and here she was only just now 31 years old. Tom was old enough to be her father. She

was disgusted with him and aroused by his massive cock all at the same time.

She didn't want a relationship with him...she just wanted him to keep fucking the shit out of her. She'd felt bad the first time she did it...kept telling herself she only did it to get out of the ticket...but days later she was masturbating and thinking about him...or rather his cock.

Oh fuck, he's so old...damn...his ball sack hangs down between his legs like a pair of fucking bull nuts. Sadly the thought wasn't far from the truth. She'd been disturbed the first time they did it...when she felt his testicles slapping against the back of her ass cheeks with every thrust of his dick.

She wondered how many other repressed bitches in town were throwing themselves on his cock. Nasty, old, fat bastard that he was...she imagined he had quite a bevy of cunts lined up here and there...hers was probably just the tip of the iceberg.

Still, his vile appearance and ancient body made her feel better about herself. At least he acted like he appreciated her...like he honestly was hot for her. He'd been the first man to even flirt with her in years, aside from Kyle of course.

Drops of rain began to pelt the windshield and she reached forward to turn the wipers on. As she leaned forward, she felt her plump belly compress inside her size 20 jeans...jeans that she hiked up to conceal her 48 inch gut. It wasn't so round any more though. A decade of age had drooped it and it now folded in half at her navel...and more of its bulk was in the lower half, so she didn't at least have that infamous mushroom roll up top as bad anymore.

Nah, that was a lie...it was still there, but her huge DD tits hung down over it and hid it for the most part...giving her the chance to deny it existed. Eleven years since Jimmy had been born...and she steadily fattened up till she was now edging 210 on some days. And the last time she'd had the gumption to pull a measuring tape around herself, her waist had registered 42 inches...but if she lowered it to the bottom of her fat gut, it was closer to 48 inches. It was as if all the fat in the stomach had dripped slowly down into the lower

half over the years. Maybe wearing her tight ass jeans too high had mashed it all downward.

She snickered aloud again and coughed to conceal it this time, not wanting to snort like she'd done earlier.

Mashed it down, indeed. No, she was just getting old and gravity was having fun with her. It hadn't perturbed old Tom any though...nope...old bastard had ripped her blouse open and jiggled her fat belly like it was a third titty before attacking her actual titties like a ravenous monkey. His big, stubby fingers had played all over her body...and she'd just let him do whatever he wanted. She didn't care what he did or said so long as he kept packing that cock into her. And he did...and had continued to do so twice a week now for over a month.

Even though Kyle was always horn-dogging her, it just wasn't the same. He was her husband...she knew he liked her tits and her gross belly...but he was supposed to, right? His attraction to her just didn't make her feel excited like it used to back in the day. Having some new man show some interest riled her in ways she couldn't describe.

She adjusted her ass in the seat and glanced over at the boys again beside her.

"DUDE! Did you see that one?!" Jimmy blurted as he pointed out to the right side of the car.

"Shoot yeah...dang that one was freaky," his older brother concurred as they remained glued to the lightning show that was now getting extremely close.

She glanced down at their genitals again and found herself staring hard at Ricky's piece. Squinting, she tried to decide what the hell she was seeing.

Holee shit...is his dick bigger??

That was of course impossible. Unless he really had just been shriveled up from swimming. Whatever the case, his penis was long now...quite long. As she stared, she tried to gauge mentally, just *how* big it was. From her best guess it was at least three maybe four inches long and it was limp.

Well hell...stupid Kyle ain't but barely over four when he's flaming hard as a rock! Her son was bigger than his own father. The idea was blowing her mind. And he was only

eleven years old! And looking at it again...she realized it was kinda plump...actually almost fat...it's skin looking like it was artificially inflated somewhat...several big veins bulging through it.

Dammit...his balls ain't all that small either, are they? The question was more rhetorical than real. She could plainly see they were pretty good size. His sack was round and spherical and inflated enough to hoist his dick outward some. *Damn, his sack looks full...almost bloated.*

Suddenly she felt a surge of warmth between her legs and realized she was getting moist...moist from looking at her eleven year old son's junk. The idea was not only lewd, but it was embarrassing and she felt her face heating up.

She forced herself to look back at the road.

Fuck, are we ever gonna get home?!

She glanced at the clock and to her dismay, realized only about two minutes had passed since the last time she looked at it.

I'm sitting in my mother's car with my two sons...both of them naked...and I'm getting hot from it. Mom would take me out and shoot me if she even suspected what kinds of things I've been thinking!

And speaking of dirty thoughts, she wondered if the boys had inherited any of their father's sexual preferences. Obviously they hadn't got his genetic short-comings, but she was curious if they had any likes for bellies and titties. Most boys did...the tits, anyway.

Thinking back to the swimming party, she recalled that Dartez had been wearing a swimsuit...a one-piece. She had a long shirt thing over the top of it when she'd seen her cleaning up from the party in the side yard...but she wondered if the bitch had ever actually gotten in their pool with the kids? Her shirt hadn't been wet.

"So did old lady Dartez do any swimming with ya'll?" she asked neither boy in particular.

They both turned to look at her.

"Umm...yeah, she got in and shot at us with a water gun for a while...why?" It was Jimmy of course, who answered. His older brother had learned to perceive a loaded question

when it was posed to him...and learned not to jump on answering them until he figured out what was up.

"Was her fat ass wearing a bikini or what? I didn't think they made them big enough for her."

"She ain't that fat, Momma," again it was Jimmy that answered.

Seeing that his little brother was taking up the interrogation, Ricky opted to return his attention to the lightning storm.

"Well I wasn't just talking about her ass," Joanne added. "I was talking about her big'ole monster ass titties."

"Oh," Jimmy quipped with bugged out eyes. "She was wearing like a one piece...it wasn't a bikini."

"Looks like her girl is gonna follow in her footsteps, huh," she went on. "She's got more belly than boobs though... she's a porky little twirp, ain't she...was she in a one-piece too?"

Ricky snorted but kept his face turned.

"What you laughing about?" Jimmy blurted and punched his brother in the shoulder.

"Carmen is Jimmy's girlfriend," Ricky announced as he rubbed his arm without turning around.

"Least I got a girlfriend, butt-munch!" the younger boy growled. "And don't make no fat jokes...I saw you all getting close to her momma. Did you see her boobs good enough?"

"Shut up, a-hole!" That obviously got his attention. Ricky twisted around and slugged his little brother in the right shoulder so hard it made a pop noise.

"HEY! HEY! Break it the fuck up, punks!" Joanne bellowed as she reached over Jimmy's head and pushed Ricky away from him. "Enough of the crap...no punching!"

Silence ensued for a time after that and she found herself staring at the road again...and the boys resumed their gawking watch of the approaching storm.

Well, despite a fight, at least I got my answer, she thought to herself. Apparently they DID get their father's sexual tastes. For their luck though, at least they didn't get his dick ...or at least Ricky didn't.

Thinking about it, she glanced down beside her at

Jimmy's personal parts and to her delight, she realized he was no longer shriveled either...and despite being only nine, he quite obviously had a dick that was at least three inches long in flaccid form...and like Ricky, also had a sack that looked over-filled.

She imagined them jerking off again...shooting jizz all over the dashboard, emptying their bloated sacks all over Grammy's precious vinyl and wood.

She shifted in her seat again and felt the wetness between her thighs.

Oh hell...I think my fucking panties are completely wet!

She carefully shifted herself again and yes, she was certain now that her granny panties were completely soaked all the way through. Gently, she scooted down in the seat a bit and leaned forward to see if she could see her crotch over the girth of her tits and belly. No, she could not. She sighed and suppressed a grunt.

With her left hand she reached down and casually placed her fingers between her legs.

Oh fuck...

Her heart skipped a thump or two as she realized she'd not only soaked her panties...but her jeans as well. Her fucking jeans?! Was she really that horny? She'd been desperate to get to Tom this afternoon...so it was understandable that she was riled...but for fantasizing about her own sons...well, this was just ridiculous. And yet...her fingers were coming up moist from their encounter with her doused denim.

She closed her thighs together.

Blame it on them, if they notice...say their suits or towels must have touched your pants when you were putting them in the back end of the car. The lie emerged from somewhere deep within her mind and she couldn't quite determine how or why she'd come up with it...but it was certainly a logical argument and she intended to use it if the need arose. Her jeans were dark though...so maybe they wouldn't see any wet spot...especially between her legs.

No more had she closed her legs together than she found herself twisting her head and gazing down at Jimmy again.

I wonder if he gets boners? I wonder how big it is hard?

Her perverse thoughts were getting bolder and less controlled. Earlier she'd been embarrassed to be thinking such things, but now...now they just seemed to be flowing out of her mind like so much random conversation...as if the topics were nothing more deep than the weather or sports.

I wonder if that little fat huzzy has been playing with him?

She imagined little Carmen rubbing up against him in the pool...touching his junk through his swim trunks...maybe sticking hand down them...fishing around for his dick...finding it and maybe stroking it right there in the pool while her fat momma watched.

Watched? Please...bet that's not all the bitch would be doing with my boys...my well endowed boys...

Her gaze drifted over to Ricky and she allowed him to enter her sick and twisted fantasy. Dartez was leaning up against the wall of her fancy in-ground pull, out in the shallow end...her one piece suit rolled down so her huge ass titties could float free...free for her Ricky to jerk off on.

You're being stupid...there were other kids there...she wouldn't have done anything like that, fuck! But then she remembered that nobody else was there by the time she showed up to get them. Was there ever anybody else there? Maybe it had been a private little party...just for her sons. Maybe the big fat bitch really had been doing something nasty with them.

"Ricky...son...did Miss Dartez show you her titties?"

Had it not been for the hum of the engine and the light patter of rain drops on the roof, you could have likely heard a pin drop inside the car after she asked her overly direct question.

Both boys turned to stare blankly at her.

"Answer me, Ricky...I'm serious...I'm not gonna do anything...I'm not mad...I just want to know if you saw her titties or not."

"Umm...well it's kind of hard NOT to see them," he finally replied with a bit of a fake chuckle...obviously attempting to conceal his horror at her asking him such a blunt and sexually oriented question.

“Well it’s no big deal if she did...I mean women do dumb stuff all the time...and you’re both cute...and well, I wouldn’t blame you if you *were* looking at them...I mean she’s got to have at least double EE’s...like you said, they’re kinda hard to miss.”

When he didn’t respond, she turned and glanced over at him...then her eyes flicked downward for just a split second ...just long enough to notice his penis elongating.

Oh fuck, he’s getting hard...and he’s got no pants on!

“Oh gross dude,” Jimmy blurted all at once. “What’s wrong with you man,” he demanded, obviously having noticed his brother’s growing erection as well. “MOM?! Ricky’s got a boner!”

“SHUT UP, DOUCHE-BAG!” the older boy shouted as he twisted around in the seat so that no one could see his erection. “Mom would shut up talking about boobs!” he added, a mere grumble under his breath, but loud enough she could hear it.

“He’s right, shut up, Jimmy...he can’t help it...it’s my fault for talking about big titties...the day’s gonna come when you have the same issues, so stop dogging him out.” She glanced down at him and noticed his little dick was moving and not from road motion. “Maybe you already got that problem a little, huh?”

Jimmy immediately twisted and looked up at her and then dropped his gaze down to his own naked lap.

“N-n-nooo,” he sputtered.

“Oh, I think you do,” she argued and without thinking it through, she swapped hands on the wheel and reached down with her right hand to his genitals...her fingers wrapping around his dick and tightening. With a few little tugs, she felt him tense and then she released him. A quick glance down and she saw the results of her actions even before she realized fully what she’d just done.

OH FUCK...oh holee shit...I just...what did I just do...why did I do that?? SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

Like a two dollar whore, she’d just reached down and grabbed his dick and jerked on it...two or three little pulls and now he was growing harder by the second as she

watched in horror. Her own son! She'd just took her own nine year old son's cock in her hand and jerked on it till she made it hard. What the hell was she thinking?

Part of her wanted to pull over and puke...and another part of her was raging with excitement at having done it.

I gotta get this under control...at least Ricky didn't see me do it...I can cover this...just...just play it off...something...just say something dammit!

"See...don't pick on Ricky...you're just as bad," she asserted.

"Crap," Jimmy grumbled as he put both hands over his dick and attempted to push it down to no avail. "Why'd you do that for...now it's gonna stay that way!"

Oh shit...he's not perturbed that I touched it...he's upset because I made it hard! Well at least maybe I didn't warp him up. How stupid am I to start with...why...WHY did I do that??

She continued to watch him pushing down on his dick. And to her horror, it was turning her on. His cock was at least four, maybe almost five inches long, though it was pretty narrow. Still, despite that, he was bigger than her husband and he was only freaking nine. He didn't even have any pubic hair yet! And on top of that, here he was hard as a rock from her stroking it like...for less than a second!

"Tell me something...has your father ever explained to you two about...y'know...beating off?"

She could almost hear the wind whistle as both their heads whipped around and up to gawk at her.

"What?" Jimmy stuttered?

"Umm...no," Ricky added with a an odd look on his face.

"You two are evidently old enough to need to know...I mean if you get hard like that...you're gonna get to where it *stays* that way unless you let off some of the pressure," she explained in a monotone voice as she returned her own attention to the road ahead.

"Pressure, what'd you mean? Jimmy prodded her.

"Your balls there...they make this stuff called semen...and it starts really churning when you get to ya'lls age...it kind of

builds up after a while and it makes your dick...er, I mean your penis, get hard. It's how babies are made, actually."

She stopped her lecture and waited to see if they were gonna gross out, but neither made a peep. Without looking at them, she continued on...

"The semen builds up...and...okay, like, your penis gets hard like that so you can stick inside a woman and squirt the semen inside of her...and that makes her pregnant, okay... does that make sense?"

Nothing...not a word...nothing but the sound of the rain and the road.

"But boys...well you're not old enough to be doing that, but your penis...well it's gonna do what it wants...it's just biology y'know...you gotta learn to deal with it, and part of that is beating off."

"Okay...I'll ask...just what the heck are you getting at, Momma?" Ricky asked with his usual hint of sarcasm.

"You two have never done it, have you?"

Silence...

She glanced over at them and smiled.

"You beat off to get the semen out...and it will solve that hard problem for you. Let the pressure out, y'know?"

"How do you beat off?" Jimmy asked and as she looked down, she realized to her sick amusement, that he was still boned up and fighting with it.

Without another word, she reached down with her right hand again and gripped his shaft...and immediately began jerking on it.

"Just do this till the semen shoots out...it's kind of like peeing, but it'll be thick and white and it kinda..well it pops out more than sprays." While she talked her hand continued to pump on his privates. She abruptly realized she was getting off on it...and not just the physical aspects of wanking on a dick...no, no...she was getting off on the way her older son was watching...and her twisted excitement doubled when she noticed he'd turned back around and his own dick was still erect...and she could fully see it now, and to her deviant delight, it was big...bigger than she expected.

Just on initial exam, she knew it had to be at least six

inches long and man...it was thick...really thick. It looked odd standing out from his pelvis like it was doing...and it wasn't curving upright...it was sticking straight out and it reminded her of Tom's big dick.

Oh shit, if he's that big now...how big is he gonna get in a few more years? She found herself yearning to get her hand on Ricky's dick as well...and she imagined herself in the middle of the big bench seat in the back...a boy on either side of her...one hand on each of their dicks, jerking them off at the same time!

Suddenly she couldn't stand it any longer. She released Jimmy's dick and pulled the car over on the side of the highway, practically off into the edge of the rice field. Popping the shifter into park, she twisted in her seat and faced them.

"Do it...both of you...right now...I wanna see you beating off...I'm not riding all the way home with both of you pointing hard dicks at me."

"DO IT...I'm not joking here...jerk them bastards off right now. We're not going anywhere until Granny's dashboard is dripping with white shit, got it?" Her voice was suddenly stern and demanding and she was getting even more excited by it. She was in control...these two little boys were here little bitches and they had to do what she said whether they liked it or not. She carried them for nearly ten months and she'd changed their diapers, fed them, washed them and taken care of them for ten years...and that meant she pretty much owned their wiry little asses. Oh yeah, she was in charge here and it wasn't like they weren't gonna enjoy it, I mean c'mon...what boy don't like popping a spooge, huh?

Oh shit...where do these thoughts keep coming from? It was as if she had some sort of little nasty voice in her head telling her to do things...to do *bad, disgusting* things...things she knew she wasn't supposed to be doing...hell things she should even be thinking about, for that matter. But she kept on listening to the voice and at times, it seemed as if the voice was talking on it's own...through her lips...it felt as though she were a voyeur...watching through her own eyes but not in control of events...like a twisted sort of dream that

she couldn't wake up from.

"C'mon...put your hand on your dick and pump it...like this," and with that said, she reached out and latched on to Jimmy's dick again and instantly began to jerk back and forth on it.

"MOMMA?!" he blurted, but his expression was one of mixed emotions...like he was freaked out, but trying to smile at the same time...as if he liked it but didn't know why.

"Yeah, it feels weird at first...and it's gonna feel crazy weird right up until you shoot off, but then it'll feel great, just trust me...I know what I'm talking about."

"I don't want to," Ricky muttered with a horrific expression marring his cute face.

"So if old big tits Dartez had whipped her big ones out at the pool and told you to jerk for her...I bet you'd have beat your fucking balls off for her, wouldn't you?"

Oh crap...where did that come from? I didn't say that...or at least I didn't want to say that...okay maybe I was thinking it, but I didn't mean to say it!

But she had. She'd blurted it out big as shit and part of her didn't give a damn that she had. It was the truth probably and she knew it...and he knew it.

"Your momma not good enough to see you jerking off? What's the deal...my titties not big enough for you? Oh that's what it is, huh...you wanna see some chest meat before you gonna lay out some cream of soup mix for me, huh...is that it, little boy?"

She glanced down and realized Jimmy's dick was pulsing as if in time with his heart beat. Her hand had previously reached all the way around it...but now it was swelling...no, no it wasn't swelling it was just outright inflating in her hand. As she watched it expanded from four to five and then to six inches in length and it kept on going until it was almost a foot long and drooping downward, nearly bridging the distance between him and the dashboard radio console.

"What...what did you do to me," he gasped as he reached out to grab his monster cock with both hands. Like a rabid, out of control animal, he began pumping on his grossly distended shaft and he continued to do so until a splurt of

white goo erupted from the head of it and spattered across the surface of the AM/FM radio.

"OH SHIT," Ricky blurted in an almost girlish voice as he jumped up and literally climbed over into the back seat to escape his little brother's bizarre expulsions.

Joanne followed his escape route and twisted in the seat herself so that she was leaning over the back of the front seat, looming over him. With a vicious jerk of her hands, her blouse buttons shot off in every direction, revealing her white and aging brassiere beneath it. Another rip, and the bra was gone...her droopy titties dangling free and draping over the back of the front seat in plain sight of the boy.

"There's you some titties, boy...now spank for Momma, show big Momma what you got packed in that sack...c'mon now...I know you're dying to pump it out...the pressure has got be terrible...look at your nuts, boy...look at'em!"

Ricky glanced down and stared in horror as his ball sack began to inflate like a balloon...the pressure inside making him feel like he needed to pee bad, even though he didn't. Something was inside...fluid...something...it was aching so bad...so very bad and then he had his hands on his dick and he was pumping on it...hard...vicious like!

Joanne was so hot now she couldn't stop if she wanted to. Ricky's testicle sack was perfectly round and practically the size of a softball and somehow she just knew he was gonna shoot cum everywhere...probably all over her fat titties...maybe even her belly...yeah, Kyle used to like shooting all over her big belly...he'd tell her to pook it the fuck out and talk nasty to him like she was pregnant and then he'd dump his pathetic load all over her spare tire.

Leaning back from the seat, she removed the remains of her blouse and tattered bra and then climbed over into the back seat with Ricky, who by now, was drooling at the mouth from jerking off so hard. He looked literally rabid, like a mad dog, almost frothing.

"Won't come out...it won't come out...oh shit, it won't come out, Momma...help me...help me get it out!"

She reached and unbuttoned her pants...unzipped them and then rolled them down, followed with her nasty, hole-

ridden and soaked granny panties.

Ricky managed to look at her as she pulled her pants down...her fat gut billowing out of her panties...hanging down, all bloated in the lower half, hanging so low that it nearly covered her big hairy bush. And he could smell her, he could smell the stank of her cunt...he could feel the heat coming off of her body and suddenly all he could think about was burying himself inside of her.

"Look how big Momma's belly is, baby...you like that... your old man likes it...he cums on it all the time...he likes to pretend I'm pregnant...but y'know what...I don't like pretending," she added with an insinuation so bold it slapped the boy in the face.

"Get in my pussy, little boy...get that fucking cock in my pussy and fucking load me up before I suck it out of your ball sack with my fat lips!"

Ricky lunged onto her and didn't even let her kick her pants the rest of the way off. He just burrowed in between her spread thighs and crammed himself deep inside of her sopping wet and gaping pussy.

"YES! OH FUCK YES, you nasty little fuck...screw your momma's pussy...cum in it...cum in it!" she shrieked at him as he pumped in and out of her. Glancing past his head, she could see Jimmy climbing over the top of the front seat, his gigantic foot long cock slapping side to side as he crawled over into the rear of the wagon with them. "OH HELL YES... YOU'RE NEXT, LONG DONG...YOU'RE NEXT in Momma's cunt!"

22 Minutes Later...2:27 PM

The old Green Dodge with the white hood, blowing smoke and losing cobwebs from it's exhaust port, roared down the highway with nothing but stink and hot wind in it's wake, tearing up asphalt with little regard to anyone in it's way. The driver, her body expanding more by the second, fought furiously to concentrate on the road, ignoring the sickening horror that she felt every time she glanced down at her

blubbery torso. She was barely able to fit in the space between the steering wheel and the driver's seat...and just since she'd pulled out from her house, her tits were already so big they were getting in the way of her mastery of the wheel...and her belly...hell, she couldn't even see it for the tits, but it was down there and it was getting tight...she could swear the bottom of her stomach had to be hanging over the edge of the seat...and with big bumps, she could feel it tapping the actual floorboard below. A nightmare...it was all a fucking nightmare. Glancing up in her rearview mirror, she saw her son was still jacking off furiously as ever, his dick still growing larger, bigger now than before they'd left. It was maddening, but there was nothing she do to stop it. She had to get help...do something...find somebody...before...before his dick exploded or she was too fat to move at all.

She whipped by the old station wagon without even noticing it...or the fact that it was rocking like it had a party going on inside.

"Did you see that? The fool was attached to the top of that fast moving motor cart?!"

"They call them cars for short...did any of you pay attention during our instruction about this world or was I the only one?"

The two minions both crawled around the side of the station wagon, moving out of the roadway for fear of being struck by another high speed automobile. The armored carapaces were sturdy, but not nearly enough to protect them from flying bullets...or from four wheeled projectiles.

"That's certainly what I'd call dedication to your cause, though, is it not?" the first creature added as he glanced off in the distance where the Dodge was quickly disappearing from view. He strained several of his piercing green eyes in an attempt to see if his brethren was still managing to hold on to the top of the noisy vehicle...but he could not longer see it clearly enough to tell.

"When they wreck the only thing he'll be dedicated to is death...that's why I had our bunch stop their car," his ornery

companion asserted with a touch of a superiority complex.

“Are they still fucking in there?”

The old station wagon was rocking like it was a giant paint mixer, side to side, front to back, and up and down...it's aging shocks squeaking and groaning with each forceful surge of movement inside.

“Yes...the female keeps somehow...breaking my control. It's as if part of her wants to follow my commands, but then her mind starts to wander and I can't keep her on course. Her memories seem to be the source of confusion, but I'm not certain why.”

The first creature sighed and allowed a bit of drool to trickle from it's primary mouth...stringing in a gooey mess down to the asphalt.

“Maybe I should use the memories against her...twist them perhaps...yes...yes that might enable me to bend her mind better, do you not agree?”

The first creature sighed again before responding.

“Why don't we just fuck the bitch ourselves?”

“Because,” began the second, more intelligent creature, “if we fuck her, it begets only a beast...or at best, a vile ass Nurgling. And while the Nurgles are diabolical little bastards, what we're in need of is strength and power...and that means a Djinn!”

“I hate them...they're always bossing us around!” the first quipped with an obvious distaste for the other beings.

“We're stuck...the gate has been sealed and the human army is closing in on us...they'll annihilate all of us if we don't produce something that can meet them in battle. And the only ones of our kind that can do that is the Djinn, plain and simple. So if you want to die, go ahead and waste your time fucking the monkeys yourself. Otherwise shut the fuck up and help me get them to violate themselves! It's the only way to open a flesh gate for the Djinn to come through.”

“Fine...” the first sighed yet again, this time expelling a large amount of drool and foamy excrement from both it's mouths. “He's gonna kill her when he comes through though and there's no guarantee we're gonna get a hold of another weak monkey...so I guess we just don't get to have any fun

at all, do we?"

"Is that the only reason you're here? To have fun with mud monkeys? You're pathetic...you disgust me!" The second creature spat greenish goo onto the pavement and snarled some sort of hideous growl that was actually audible.

"Hey! Calm down...you just made noise...the monkeys can hear y'know...even if they can't see us!"

The second sucked in a deep breath and froze. His dumber companion was right...and the easiest way to lose your grip on the humans' minds was to let them know you were there...frighten them...fear was the great wall builder in regards to telepathic manipulation.

"Shit...stop pissing me off and maybe I won't do stupid things like that. Now focus and help me get this done before something runs over us."

"Maybe we should get in the car with them...I'm more powerful the closer I am to them."

"No, no, no...it'd be too easy for them to accidentally bump into us...or see something move that we've bumped into ourselves. No, we stay out here till the deed is done and then we move on...that's the plan."

"Hey, I think she's doing the other one now...I want to watch!" the first creature said as it used one of its eight legs to reach up onto the rear bumper of the car and pull to raise its armored carapace up high enough to see in the back window.

"And this is why our invasion is failing...idiots...idiots more concerned with perverse interspecies mating than with conquering." The second creature sighed himself and lifted his own body up to look in. "The main gate is already shut on us...our invasion is all but lost anyway...I suppose we might as well enjoy ourselves before the humans close in and kill us."

"My sentiments exactly," the first concurred. "Hey, let's do some freaky shit...eh? I love fucking with the monkeys' heads...c'mon...let's do it!"

"What do you have in mind?"

The first blinked all of his eyes at once and something akin to an evil grin creased his upper mouth. "Oh I've got all

sorts of ideas. I've been listening in on your control with this one and she's got some serious mental hang-ups that I'm dying to try my hand with."

"Alright...here...I'll cut her loose and you can play with her...just make sure you get one of the younger ones to impregnate her...and remember, they have to WANT to impregnate her or it doesn't work."

"Okay, so you play with them...and I'll play with her... that should more than take care of the matter, right?"

The second creature thought about it for a moment and realized his moronic companion was probably right.

"Fine, let's do it."

TO BE CONTINUED

**THIS NOVEL IS PRESENTED IN SERIAL FORM. NEW AND
SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE AT
REGULAR INTERVALS.**