

AN AMANDA WRIGHTER EBOOK SERIAL

LANGSUIRS®

SHADOW OF THE OLD ONES

CHAPTER 2



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 2

Thursday - 1:34 pm

5 Miles outside Marlin Township - Graydeaux Parish, Louisiana

Stacy Nichols fidgeted in her chair as the lights blinked on and off again...once, twice and then went completely down.

“Aw fuck...so much for watching Oprah,” she grumbled out loud as she slumped forward in the recliner and glared through the barely lit room toward a dead television that reflected nothing but her own face back at her.

“Damn storm!” Angrily, she stood up and fumbled her way through the living room toward the kitchen. “Shit, I don’t even know where Lewis keeps a flashlight.” Sighing, she began to rustle through the various kitchen cabinets to no avail. “Well crap...so much for a flashlight.”

Just then a huge bolt of lightning struck outside in the rice field East of the house and she braced herself for a roll of thunder...but none came.

“That’s just weird,” she admitted to herself, as she licked her lips to wet them. The house was getting darker as the storm closed in on the house.

“JACK?!” she shouted loudly. No answer. “Jackson...are you alive up there? Hey?” Still no answer. She remained silent for a moment and listened...she could barely make out the sound of water running. “Well duh...lights don’t affect the water lines, I guess.”

Realizing her stepson was in the shower, she decided to make her way upstairs in the old farm house to see if she could get him to tell her where the flashlights were all at.

Luckily a window at the top of the staircase was passing enough light for her to see...at least well enough she didn't kill herself climbing to the top. In the quiet silence though, every step on the case sounded like hell, squeaking and wrenching, the old wood groaned and moaned with every step she took.

"Damn...that'll make you wanna go on a diet," she whispered to herself about half way up. "Old house...it's creepy enough with the power on," she added as she mounted the next step and listened for the expected noise of the creaky wood.

She'd been living here for three months now...and it'd been two months since she and Lewis got married. This was as much a home to her as any other place had been over the years, but yet something about it just didn't feel right and never had. It wasn't that she was scared to be there, but in a way, she never liked being alone in the house. She wasn't one to believe in ghosts, but the fact that Lewis' first wife and Jack's mother had died while living here had always left her unsettled a bit. She felt like she'd moved in and assumed the role and title of a dead woman.

Poor Lewis had offered to move in with her, but she knew damned well he didn't want to abandon his farm house and land to move into her two bedroom trailer. That would have been just plain stupid on both their parts. The old house was ancient and scary, but it was a two and half story high, five bedroom house sitting alone on one hundred and fifty acres of rice fields. And it was paid for...lock, stock and barrel.

No, she'd had her moving truck loaded before the ring on her finger was cold and she'd never looked back. And in three months, not a single strange thing had happened. The "creep-ness" of the house was apparently just all in her head. Lewis had loved his ex-wife, Martha, and according to his accounts, she'd been a loving wife and super mother to Jackson.

The rumors about her death still were whispered in the local gossip, even two years after she was buried. Apparently the official word had been that Martha accidentally took too much medication, but the truth, which

Lewis had finally told her, was a bit more twisted.

Apparently Martha had been a bit of an anorexic, never dried up and scrawny, but continually obsessed with losing weight ...weight she'd gained while pregnant with Jack. And after over ten years of using appetite suppressants and any other drug she could get a hold of, her body had one day just decided to stop the abuse...and it just shut down. She'd been a bit of a speed-freak as it turned out. All over-the-counter stuff, but anything that hyped her up and kept her from eating was her friend.

Lewis had come in from the field one afternoon and found her sprawled in the kitchen floor...the very kitchen where she had been standing only a few moments earlier.

At the top of the stairs was a large and antique mirror, full length and mounted to the wall. Lewis had told her it had been his mother's old mirror...and she had placed it there so she could check herself before coming downstairs to greet company back in the day. Every single item in the house seemed to have a story behind it. It had been in his family for over a hundred and fifty years...he had been the fourth generation to live here...Jack, being the fifth technically.

Once upon a time the farm had been a cotton plantation of sorts...oh, nothing like the Kershaw Plantation down South of Marlin, but the Nichols farm had had it's own share of the pre-war pie back in the 1800's. Lewis had once bragged to her that his great-great grandfather had owned and run nearly thirty slaves in the fields that surrounded her new home.

Oddly, Lewis had only one helper these days...and it was in fact, a black man by the name of Nervin Davis, who, ironically, had a tendency to brag about his great-great grandfather having *been* a slave on the Nichols' farm. The two men seemed at ease about the matter and were actually almost what she'd term, drinking buddies.

Nervin was a little odd though...slightly off, she thought sometimes. He couldn't read or write well at all and she knew for certain that he had no driver's license at all, despite driving the same pickup truck since she'd been a little girl herself. She could remember seeing him driving around

town over the years...his same 1950's style Ford truck, rumbling and puffing smoke. How he'd kept it running all these years was anybody's guess.

As Stacy stared at the big mirror, she could see herself reflected, barely, in the light from the window behind her. In the strange semi-light, she almost looked ghostly herself. She eyed herself with slight bit of contempt. She wasn't fat by any means, but nobody would ever accuse her of anorexia by any means.

Just having that thought sent a cold chill down her spine. She stared deeper into the old mirror and wondered if Martha had ever stood here and stared at herself too.

Probably stood here and thought about how fat she was as she prepared to pop another dexatrim, she thought to herself, and again, an icy caress trickled down her back and the hairs on the back of her neck stood up on end. She shivered uncontrollably and whipped around to look behind her, down the empty staircase hall.

Damn...keep your mean thoughts to yourself, I guess!

Turning back around she looked again into the mirror and found herself wondering if maybe Lewis had married her *because* she was a little plump? She only weighed like 150, but being only five foot one...well, she was a little soft to put it nicely. A nice chunk of it was in her tits though, and for that she never complained. She'd been a double DD cup since high school, and she'd never give them puppies up for nothing. And she'd once even told Lewis that she wasn't one for dieting or starving herself so if he wanted her, he was just gonna have to love her with the curves included.

Come to think of it, that had been the same night he told her the truth about Martha. Damn...maybe he *did* like her because she was the opposite of his ex-wife. Well, she wasn't really an "ex" actually...she wasn't sure *what* Martha was, but somehow she always felt like the woman was still here, still watching over her men...and she hoped, approving of the new matron of the house-hold.

Moving on down the hallway, she realized it was getting darker and darker. The second floor of the house consisted mostly of a single long ass hallway...big window on the far

end and the staircase and big window on the other. All the bedroom doors broke off from the hall and there was little to no décor, save the wooden paneling that lined the walls. And the point was, the window on the far end of the hall was nearly thirty or forty feet away and what little light emanated from it was not penetrating very far down the corridor. For the most part, she felt like a dead person heading toward the light at the end of the proverbial tunnel as she moved ever-so-slowly toward the bathroom door which lay mid-way down.

Lightning flashed and for a second, the entire house lit up like the fourth of July...and then it was even darker. With hands outstretched, she managed to slide along the wall and find the doorknob. She could hear water running within and that alone, brought some solace and calm to her.

"Jack...Jackson...hey, you in there, huh?" she called out loudly as she knocked on the door. No response. "Hey...are you okay...you didn't fall did you? The lights are out!" And still no response...beyond the hiss of the shower itself.

She turned the knob and it moved freely. Gently, she pushed open on the door and peeped in through the crack.

Five minutes earlier...

Jackson Nichols reached into the shower and turned the water on. No since waiting, since it always took like ten minutes for the water to get hot anyways. Damn old house was never intended for indoor plumbing to start with. His Granddad had been the first one to put a hot water heater in back in the forties, and he'd had to tear out half the house's walls to run the pipes upstairs. The hot water had to cross the entire length of the house and then climb upwards to the second floor and make it's way down to the only bathroom on the second floor...covering, oh...he guessed maybe close to two hundred feet. Yeah, it took the shower a while to get hot.

Sighing, he unzipped his jeans and kicked out of them, tossing them into the hamper near the cabinet. Socks off

and flung and then he was wiggling out of his tidy-whities. Naked, he stepped over to the shower and realized it was still not even just-about warm.

“Oh well...might as well kill some time,” he said out loud as he reached over and picked up his cell phone. Instead of dialing though, he punched on the menu till he arrived at his photo storage file and began sorting through the various stored pictures he’d taken with his camera-phone over the last three months.

Most of the images were of girls at school...but the specific ones he was looking for had nothing to do with girls and everything to do with his stepmother, Stacy.

There was a pool at the trailer park where she’d lived while his Dad had been dating her and they’d go over there on the weekends and go swimming with her and her daughter, Katy. His new stepsister was only 11 and she got his nerves continually, but she was bearable, especially if it meant he got to see Stacy in a swimsuit periodically.

The woman had titanic ta-tas...had to be at least like triple DDD’s for sure. She was kinda pudgy...big ass...but man those tots were awesome. He knew damn well why his old man liked her so much. She had his mother beat all to hell for titties...titties and ass. Of course maybe if his mother hadn’t always been obsessed with losing weight, maybe she’d have *had* some ass and titties.

He still couldn’t believe she was gone. It’d been over two years now and while he wasn’t mad at her any more...he still missed her quite a bit. He’d been twelve when she OD’d...and he was fourteen now, heading for fifteen. A full fledged teenager. He wondered what she’d think of him now. He eyed himself in the mirror above the sink and smirked.

Well she wouldn’t think I was fat, that’s for sure, he thought to himself as he studied his scrawny 105 pound reflection.

Returning his attention to his phone, he opened up the file from his various trips to Stacy’s trailer park.

Bingo! He smiled broadly as he opened up his favorite photo of like...all time! Stacy had been climbing out of the pool in a super-tight one-piece...wet, and marvelous. He’d

been sitting in a chair just at the head of the ladder and as she'd made her way out of the pool, he'd secretly snapped several pics of her...one showing way, way, too much titty and the light was hitting just right...off to the left and behind her, and at that angle, it went down the top of her suit and illuminated her cleavage. In that one fantastic photo, it looked like her swimsuit was see-through and he could literally make out her areola and nipples through it.

Tap...

He move his camera to the side and realized his dick was standing straight up...high enough to bump the underside of his hand as he held the camera.

Glancing into the mirror, he realized just how weird he looked...hundred and five pounds, four foot 10...and a dick that was nine inches long...by six inches around. He was a total freak...the guys in gym class fucked with him all the time calling him donkey-boy and stupid shit. They were just jealous and he knew it...but still...being a scrawny, big-eyed, four-foot ten geek sucked. All the dick in the world wasn't ever probably gonna get him laid. Girls didn't even notice him most of the time...it was like he was invisible. Well except for Katy. He swore sometimes she had a freaking crush on him, the way she hound-dogged him all the time, especially since her and her mom moved in. Thankfully today she'd gone off to some stupid birthday party on the other side of town...the Dartez girl, he thought. Boy howdy...that little fat bitch's momma had some titties. She was fat as fuck but man, her boobs were the size of his fucking head...maybe even bigger.

Thinking about old lady Dartez just made his dick harder and he finally just decided he was gonna beat off before he took his shower.

He'd emptied his pants pockets on the counter near the sink before ditching them in the hamper...and among the various former contents, was a pair of badly abused ear-buds for his phone.

Man, he loved his phone...hid Dad had bought it for him three months ago...sort of as a "let me marry this chick with big tits" gift. Not that he'd have put up a fight. Stacy was

really nice to him in addition to having big boobs. But if acting all hurt and upset got him a new fancy phone...well hey, whatever, right?

Not only did it have a camera, but it also was an MP-3 player...and after plugging in the headphones, he amped up some tunes and then clicked back to the picture of his stepmother and her glowing cleavage.

"Oh yeah," he mouthed more than spoke, as he began to pump on his hard penis in time with the rock music that blasted into his ears.

Suddenly lightning flashed and the lights blinked...then went out completely. The light from the window pretty much lit the bathroom up though...and his phone, of course, had it's own illumination...mostly the lighted up glow of Stacy's tits...but hey...light was light, right?

He shrugged off the power outage and continued to beat himself off to Stacy's image displayed on the tiny screen of his cell phone.

Five minutes later...

Stacy peered into the bathroom and realized it was fairly well lit inside...probably due to the big double windows that filled the back wall and the big mirror over the sink counter probably helped as well. Needless to say, it was probably the best lit room in the house at that particular moment. She could see the shower stall on the far corner to the right... steam billowing from it's curtain and the sound of spraying water was much louder now that the door was open...but to her dismay, she didn't see any physical body behind the curtain at all...and her worry stepped up a notch.

Curious, she knocked on the door again and called out to Jack, but got no response...and just as she made up her mind to barge on in, she heard him say something from the left side of the room near the sink counter...a little too far over for her to see him around the barely open door.

Over the noise of the shower, she hadn't quite been able to make out what he'd said...so she pushed the door open a little more and stuck her head in through the opening enough

to peer around the door.

Immediately her face flushed and heat burned at her cheeks as she realized she was looking at his naked behind. Almost reflexively, she jerked back behind the door and gasped for several seconds. Then, as she calmed herself down from the embarrassment of having unintentionally seen her fourteen year old step son naked...she began to wonder why he hadn't answered her when she'd called out to him.

"Jack...Jackson...HELLO?!" she called out pretty loudly and certainly loud enough he could hear her...but as before, no response came back.

Well what the flaming fuck?!

"Jack, are you alright in there?" she asked as she pushed the door open enough she could actually step inside. As she inched inward, she looked around the door carefully, just in case nothing was wrong, she didn't want to startle him too badly by just barging in on him. And it was a good thing too, because as soon as she peered around the edge of the door at him, she realized he had buds in his ears...with wires running down to his...phone, of course.

Well you little shit...didn't hear me 'cause you all talking to somebody on your fucking cell phone...that's about right...glad I wasn't in serious need of help or anything. Rolling her eyes in mock agitation, she started to step back out when something about his movements caught her attention. *What the fuck is he doing??*

She looked into the big mirror over the sink counter and realized she could see his front side reflected in it...not as brightly lit as his back side that faced her obviously, but enough so that she could tell he was...

Holee shit, he's beat'in off!

She felt like the fact should have embarrassed her or something, but in fact, she had to bite her lip not to burst out laughing. The scrawny little shit was going to town too, she could see him just pumping the shit out of it...or at least she could see his arm moving...thankfully his actual dick was concealed...too far below the sink counter to be reflected.

The awkward discovery harkened her back to her

adolescence and to one incident in particular in which, at the age of 10, she'd walked in and seen her brother, Mike, who was about 16 at the time, jerking his chicken off in his room. The incident had at first horrified her and pissed him off and the two had been at odds with each other for days afterwards...mostly because he feared she'd tell on him to their parents, but she never did. It would have been as bad for her as him...as she wasn't supposed to be barging into his room in the first place. And the two of them had never talked about it either. Eventually both of them just sort of forgot it had happened.

And now...some twenty two years later, she was guilty of the same crime again...barging in on a guy and seeing something she wasn't supposed to see.

Oh well...maybe he should wank off with headphones on and he might hear me calling him or knocking...not really my fault, she decided as she eased the door shut.

She sealed off the bathroom and realized she was in near total darkness out in the upstairs hall. Looking back toward the stairs, the light from the window there was fading even more as the approaching storm took over the sky with it's deep, dark clouds. Lightning...gold in color, continued to streak to and fro with no manner of thunder at all.

"C'mon and hurry up, stud muffin...I want a fucking flashlight dammit!" Impatiently, she knocked on the door again and to her surprise, got a response.

"Yeah?"

"Oh hey...Jack...you in the shower?"

Inside, Jack's eyes bugged out as he quickly tossed his phone to the counter top and made a dash for the running shower. His lack of quick response aroused suspicion in Stacy, but she decided to wait before prodding him again.

"Yep...yeah, I'm in the shower...you need something?"

"Yeah, the lights are out...where can I find a flashlight?"

Jack stood with the water running on him for several moments before he finally concluded that the only flashlight he knew of for certain...was located in the drawer next to the sink in the bathroom with him. There had been one down in the kitchen, but the batteries had burst and leaked in it and

ruined some stuff in the drawer with it, so his Dad had thrown it out. There was probably one out in the shed...but it was storming out there...so again, his eyes pointed him to the sink drawer.

Well crap...

Then, he realized that if he told her it was there, she might actually come in to get it...or ask him to get it for her...and he would have an excuse to show himself off to her.

Oh man...that's crude...she's married to your Dad, man!

He realized how lame it was, but he'd sat around and actually fantasized about this sort of thing no telling how many times over the last few months. In most of which, his stepmother would accidentally discover how big his dick was and then put the move on him with her big ass titties. It was dumb, it was stupid, and his Dad would kill both of them if anything even remotely similar to that ever happened, so he'd just chalked it all up to being delusional sex fantasies for which he routinely jerked off to and nothing more. But now...right now...here a situation was in which he *could* let her see him and get away with it. And who knew...she might actually jump on him. Old cougar chicks were like that, so he'd heard...they liked young dudes with big wieners!

"Umm...only one I can think of is actually in here...in the drawer next to the sink...one in the kitchen, the batteries leaked in it and Dad tossed it."

Jack's answer wasn't exactly what Stacy was expecting.

In there...with him??? Fucking great...

She sighed before asking, "Can you get it for me...it's kind of dark out here...I can't even see to get back downstairs at this point."

He stuck his head around the shower curtain and stared around the bathroom at how bright it was...then realized it was because of the big double windows. The hall only had two narrow windows...one at each end...and she was right, it probably was dark as shit out there.

"Umm...I kinda got uhh...shampoo...yeah, shampoo in my hair," he lied as he reached for a bottle quickly and squirted some into his hand. "You can come in...I didn't lock the door...it's in the drawer next to the sink," he babbled,

reiterating himself as he spastically lathered the shampoo in his hair.

Shit...crack the curtain...leave it just enough she can see in...dick...beat it real quick! Abandoning his hair lathering, he quickly latched on to his cock and began to pump it to plump it up some. Not that it needed much. He'd just dumped a load and it was still bloated and swollen from the transaction.

"Great," Stacy hissed. Looking back at the dark hallway, she sighed once more and reached up for the doorknob. "Okay, coming in...hide it if you don't want it looked at," she added as a last minute thought as she opened the door and waltzed into the bathroom. Moving quickly, she headed straight for the sink and made no attempt at all to even so much as glance toward the shower.

"It's in the drawer there," she heard him say over the sound of the shower.

"Yeah, yeah...I got it," she replied as she pulled the drawer open and realized it was full to junk. "How big is it...like a big one or one of those little thin double AA ones?"

In the shower, Jack fought the urge to chortle. *Big one? Thin double AA's?* He was fourteen...keeping his mind out of the gutter was just impossible.

"It's uhh...it's one of the little ones...black if I remember right...might have to dig for it."

Men! she grumbled mentally as she pilfered the drawer. Nothing but man-crap inside it. She pulled out a pair of pliers and stared at them. *Pliers? Who the fuck keeps pliers in a fucking bathroom drawer? Combs...clippers...hair dryers, fuck anything bathroom related...but pliers?* It certainly wasn't hard to tell that Lewis and Jack had been living alone without a woman in the house for quite some time.

As she dropped the pliers back into the drawer and reached to begin rummaging again, she noticed Jack's phone lying on the counter. She reached to pick it up and then hit the green send button on it so the face would light up on it...then she held it over the open drawer and used it as a half-ass flashlight to see down into the bevy of shit that

filled it.

“Ah-hah,” she exclaimed as she finally spied the little black mag-light. Pulling it out, she twisted it's head and it's beam burst into existence. “Yay...I got light again.” Gently she reached out to lay Jack's phone back down...but the screen on it caught her notice.

What the fuck?

Lifting it back up, she stared at the image on it and realized immediately it was HER on the screen staring back and to her shock, she was wearing her white one-piece swimsuit and the sun was shining straight down from above her and you could see her tits plain as day...freaking areola were even visible. *Fucking Lycra...damn shit is fucking ridiculous...should'a never bought that suit...it was too low cut anyway*, she thought to herself...then she remembered that was exactly WHY she bought it...to try and impress Lewis with her boobs. Their first date had been just a barbecue at her place...and she had wanted to work her tits on him and it'd worked...she'd had him between her legs by the third date. But she'd paid like forty bucks for that suit and she'd just kept on wearing it...time after time...never thinking Jack, of all people, might also be enjoying the show.

Now, looking at the image on his phone, it was all too apparent he was.

Freaking little perv...

And then something else hit her like a ton of bricks...

Oh fuck...he was holding his phone while he was spanking off...oh...oh holee crap...he was beating off to me!

A noise suddenly ripped her mental solitude to shreds and she jumped and nearly shouted. In a second, she realized she'd dropped the flashlight right back into the open drawer.

“Shit!” Desperately, she dug down into the junk and retrieved it. *Crap...what do I do? I don't want him having this on his phone...but I don't wanna embarrass him by telling Lewis on him...course then he's gonna wanna know how I know he was jerking off to it...and...damn...argh!*

There was no clear cut path on this. If she ratted him to Lewis, he'd freak out and probably beat the boy's ass and then Jack would be pissed at her which would just aggravate

the family situation...not to mention it'd look kind of odd that she'd been spying on him in the bathroom to start with, so then Lewis would be eyeing her as well. Nope, ratting him to Lewis was bad...very bad.

And so there was two other options...pretend she never saw it...or maybe just delete it herself...right here and now. No, that wouldn't work either...the boy would know she did it and that would be as bad as just confronting him over it.

Damn, maybe I should just say something...make a joke out of it...try not to embarrass him too bad...but let him know I disapprove of it...let him know I'm cutting him some slack by not telling Lewis, she thought, mulling it over in her mind.

"Nice screen shot you got here, Jackson," she called out as she turned around to look toward the shower. Behind the curtain, the wiry figure froze dead still as if someone had suddenly flicked the boy's power switch off.

"Whut?"

"White one-piece...nice...seriously," she added and held the phone up as the boy stuck his head around the curtain and peered out at her. "You do realize your Dad would beat you down if he knew you took that of me?"

"Uhhh," the boy's face looked like his eyes were going to pop out of his skull at any second.

"You really might want to start locking the door too...I got worried when you didn't answer earlier...so I opened the door...and saw what you were doing in here...I just didn't say anything 'cause I didn't realize it was ME you were doing it to."

Jack looked like he was going to literally pass out. He was actually wobbling somewhat...his mouth agape and had she been able to see him better in the shabby lighting, she'd probably have noticed he was pale as a ghost from embarrassment.

"Oh don't shit yourself...you're fourteen...and I'm not your mother really...I'm sort of flattered in a weird way, but it's also kind of weird, alright...so I'm deleting it and I better not find any more of me anywhere or I'm telling Lewis on you, got it?"

At that moment, she tapped the option to delete the image and was shocked to find yet another one take it's place...this one of the same suit, but she had her legs spread, sitting on a chair at the pool.

"Well shit, Jack...how many you got of me on here?"

Was he like...obsessed with her or something? This wasn't just normal perverted teenage boy stuff. As she hit the scroll button, she found a complete file full of images of her stored on the phone...at least twenty or more...the pictures just kept popping up one after the other.

"Jack...this...this is...it's kinda creepy, boy."

"S-sorry...please don't tell Dad...seriously...he'll beat me like senseless...I'll be grounded till I'm thirty!"

Stacy sighed and glanced down at the phone...continued to click through the myriad of obscene images of herself contained within it.

"Jack...am I just a pair of boobs, or do you seriously have a thing for me...and tell me the truth, okay? 'Cause I'm married to your Dad now...and even though I'm not your mother...this is gonna be really...and I mean REALLY awkward."

"Boobs?" he stuttered and looked stupidly at her.

"Oh c'mon, Jack...I'm not stupid...most of these images are of my boobs."

"I'm sorry...I don't like have a shrine in my closet to you or nothing..."

"No, it's on your phone evidently," she added and had to suppress the urge to laugh about it. "Okay, look, I'm deleting this entire file I think...yeah...gone...sorry...but you're like fourteen...I'm married to your Dad...not cool, alright?" As she watched the progress meter scroll, she glanced up at him, nothing but his head still visible poking around the curtain at her. "And I will not say a word to your Dad about this, but you gotta promise me I won't find me on your phone or your computer again, got it?"

Just then, she noticed a shadow in an area where it shouldn't be behind the curtain. *Body, legs...what the fuck is THAT?!* she wondered as she surveyed the darkness protruding from his hips behind the cloudy and distorted

shower curtain. That damn thing was one of those clear type curtains made from thick plastic of some sort...light would pass through, but you couldn't really "see" through them. So as she stared, all she could make out was the silhouette of his body behind it...and something BIG was definitely sticking out from his crotch area.

Shaking it off, she glanced back to the phone and realized it was done deleting.

"Alright, man...porn has been deleted. Get yourself some chicks off the internet or something and leave me out of it would you? I'm off limits, got it?"

"Yes m'am," he answered with a sad tone to his voice. The way he looked and sounded, she felt like she'd run over his dog or something.

Don't say anything else...just depart with your flashlight and forget this ever happened.

Fuck...dude...she just deleted your entire boob stash ... that's just cold blooded...but at least she ain't gonna rat you out to Dad, Jack considered as he watched her laying his phone back down on the counter.

His fantasy wasn't going quite the way it was supposed to. If anything she should have been all excited about knowing he was jerking off to her...not all...unconcerned and nonchalant. It was almost as if she didn't really care, but was just going through the motions.

Maybe she don't mind...but don't want to piss Dad off... yeah, maybe that's what it is! I mean did you notice how she turned around and was LOOKING at you...looking straight at the shower here...she had to have been able to see your bod through the curtain! And she half laughed when she said that crap about the shrine on your phone. I don't think it really grossed her out at all.

And what about the walking in on you? She was watching you man...spying...watching you beat off in here. Dude... she probably saw your dick and is all hot for it. Maybe she deleted your pics so you gotta go after the real thing!

He watched her turn and head for the door with her mag-

light in hand. She walked slowly as she twisted the head of it to turn it on.

Grow some balls man...do something...this might be your only chance to ever get with her. He groaned mentally and look down at his scrawny, wiry frame...then focused on his ridiculous dick. *As if...you heard her...you're fourteen...do you really think she's gonna fuck you man? You're just being plain gay, man...she's banging your old man, anyway, that's just kinda gross, y'know? Leave it alone man...there's other tits in the world...plenty on the net...don't need hers... just let it go and...and...*

He started to twist around in the shower and resume his shampoo, but his foot slipped and he suddenly lost his balance and the next thing he knew he was looking up at Stacy...and man her tits looked even bigger from down below!

Stacy had her hand on the doorknob when the curtain rattled and she whipped around just in time to see Jack flopping out of the shower completely and out onto the bathroom floor.

"Holee shit, man...are you alright...Jack? JACK?! ANSWER ME, son...are you okay?" She leaned down over him just as he finally blinked his eyes and glanced up at her.

"Crap...that kinda hurt," he groaned as he lifted himself up and climbed to his feet. He immediately made to get back in the shower when he realized she was standing stock-still and staring at him...but not his face...no...no she was staring far below his head.

"Oh," he blurted and made to cover his genitals with both hands as he stepped back in the shower and jerked the curtain shut.

Smooth, moron...real smooth! Bust a move...yeah, bust your ass on the floor...what showmanship...bravo...you the man, Jackson...you the man! His face could not have been more red if it were on absolute fire.

"S-sorry," he called out through the curtain.

His words evidently snapped Stacy out of her trance.

"Umm...no, no...umm...are you sure you're okay?"

“Yeah...hurt my pride, I guess,” he replied, realizing fully had stupid that he sounded.

Stacy didn't reply but he noticed, through the haze of the curtain, that she hadn't made a move to leave the room yet. He furiously scrubbed at himself as if washing his body might hurry up her departure and relieve him of this uncomfortable situation...but when she made no effort to depart, the tension continued to build.

“Pride?” she finally said. “Son you ain't got nothing to be ashamed of...or sorry for...trust me on that one.”

He'd hoped her saying something would slice the ice, but instead, what she ended up saying froze him up even worse.

Dude...she was looking at your dick...she was looking at your dick...and that's what she's talking about now, man!!

“Umm...what'd'ya mean by that?”

“Huh? Oh nothing...nothing...never mind,” she replied and finally started for the door again.

Stacy's mind held a mental photograph of the boy's dick and it wouldn't turn lose of it no matter what she did. Looking down at him as he climbed up from the floor, naked and wet...covered in shampoo bubbles...there was no way in hell she wasn't going to see his cock...his massive fucking cock.

Oh fuck...he's hung like a fucking horse...oh shit...oh holee fucking shit, he's got a third leg...I can't believe his dick is that fucking big...he's so scrawny...he looks like a freaking mule...a...a...

Shaking her head, she tried to rattle the image around...make it stop dominating her thoughts. *Scrub the brain... scrub the brain*, she kept repeating to herself mentally as she reached for the doorknob.

Cheese and crackers...why the fuck did I say that to him about the pride thing...oh man, I hope he don't take that the wrong fucking way! Just get out...get out of here and pretend this never fucking happened! Out! Out! Get the fuck out, woman!

Jack peeped around the curtain just as she pulled the

door closed and latched it. His dick was hard as a rock and he wondered if it'd been hard when he flopped out of the shower. Had she seen it hard? He'd been so panicked and in shock at having slipped, he hadn't thought about it till now.

No wait...I put my hands in front of me...before I got back in the shower...I wasn't hard! Relieved, he released a great gasp of air from his lungs and leaned against the back wall of the shower, wincing as the icy tile touched his skin.

Yeah, well I'm hard as crap now, he realized as he looked down at his nine incher...bowed up and staring back at him with it's one closed eye.

He closed his own eyes and imagined what might have happened...what *could* have happened.

Man...what if she'd seen those pics and just laughed...told you if you wanted to jerk off to her titties, you should have just asked? Yeah...then maybe she'd have pulled up that t-shirt she's wearing...and popped her bra up and walked over to the shower...ripped the curtain back and then climbed in here with you! Oh man...

Out in the hallway, Stacy leaned against the bathroom door, her back against the old wood panels. The flashlight illuminated the floor beneath her and she just stared blankly down at the skid marks in the ancient hardwood panels beneath her feet. She'd never really noticed how scuffed the floor was...never seen it in such direct light before.

I guess a hundred years of traffic will do that to it, she concluded as she finally panned the light beam down the hall toward the stairs. Sighing, she stood upright and took a few steps away from the door but then stopped.

Where did he get that thing from?

It was back...that damn mental image of her stepson's huge cock flopping around as he scrambled to get up from the floor...the look of horror on his face as he realized she was gawking at it...and then her own guilty emotional flush as she realized not only was she staring at it...but that she was in fact...*impressed with it!* And so much so that she'd actually said something to him about it.

Part of her wanted to run back into the bathroom and

puke her guts up in the toilet...and yet another tiny little part of her kept reminding her he wasn't really her son, and despite her being married to his father, being impressed with his dick didn't exactly make her incestuous Sally. And that tiny little thought was about all that was keeping her breakfast down at this point.

Slowly, one foot at a time, she began to shuffle her way down the hall towards the stairs with her flashlight beam weaving side to side. As she walked, she became all too conscious of her breasts swaying beneath her shirt. She was wearing a bra but it really didn't do much to hold her pair of 36DD's in place. At best, it held them up and kept her nipples from slapping everyone in the face...but when she moved, they moved...with every step she took, they jostled up and down, side to side.

She wondered if her daughter, Katy, was gonna end up with big tits or not as well? She probably would. Her boney eleven year old frame was already starting to show signs of puberty setting in, and she imagined her training bra was gonna be moving into an A-cup all too soon to suit her.

It was about that precise moment, that she suddenly realized that her daughter and Jack were not related at all, save through the marriage of their parents.

Oh fuck...if Jack's that obsessed with tits that he'll snap pictures of me...how bad is he gonna horn-dog Katy when she starts sprouting boobs in another year or so? How am I gonna keep them apart...they live in the same house? What if they fuck? What if she got pregnant by him?

Her mind suddenly began to reel...random images flooding her consciousness overpowering her concentration. Images of Katy, naked, Jack ramming his big ass dick in and out of her...then Katy with huge titties...then pregnant with huge titties...and then back to her riding Jack's cock while pregnant and having huge titties! It was like she was watching a mental porn movie of them...some sick and twisted filth flick that she couldn't shut off.

She reached out and braced herself on the wall...but it wasn't the wood she touched...instead her hand felt cold and...and...

The mirror...

She turned and shined the flashlight over and realized she'd braced herself on the mirror that hung on the wall just at the head of the stairwell.

Looking at herself in the reflecting glass, she realized how haggard she looked. She was sweating...her hair was a mess and her shirt looked far too tight in the tits.

Standing upright, she lifted her hand from the glass and cupped her left tit and squeezed it...then hefted it, bouncing it a few times before dropping it.

It's no wonder he's jerking off to me...my tits really are ridiculous...every pound I gain, makes'em bigger too. She blinked her eyes and lifted the flashlight, pointing directly upwards, so that the beam illuminated the underside of her boobs...it's light penetrating the white fabric and lighting up her jugs like a neon sign. *Can you really blame him, Stacy? You walk around with them on display most of the time. You always have...and you ain't never give a shit. You like how the guys stare at you and get all stupid when they try to talk to you. Hell, you ate it up when Lewis pre-ejaculated in his pants the first time you made out with him. You fucking tortured the man with your tits for like two weeks before you ever let him get his mouth on them. You're a dirty tit tease, woman...a filthy, mean ass tit teaser!*

Smirking, she lowered the flashlight beam and sighed.

Maybe I should go on a diet and buy some sweatshirts or something. I'm married now...nobody needs to look at'em but Lewis. And maybe if I didn't wear everything so damn tight, my stepson wouldn't be wanking off to me.

AH DAMMIT! She was thinking about him again. Try as she might, everything she thought about kept taking her back to Jack's dick. It was starting to get stupid. And now it was coupling up with imagery of Katy pregnant with monster titties. That alone should have been enough to make her set fire to her head...but every time it played in her mind, she detested it just a little bit less.

Cheese, woman...what the fuck would you do if you DID walk in on them and they were fucking? It's not unheard of ...just 'cause she's only eleven don't mean shit...and him

with his mule dick...good grief. And she does hang on him like he's all that and a bag of chips...and...and...

Suddenly she realized that her daughter did seem to hang on Jack like he was made of gold. Every stupid thing he did, she giggled at...every time he was doing something...she was watching...whatever he wanted to do or eat, was always great with her too. It was unnatural the way she seemed act around him. He wasn't her step-brother...he was like a teen idol for her. And come to think of it, she'd noticed her making googly eyes at him more than a few times.

Oh hell...I wonder if she's already seen his dick? Is that maybe why she's all about him?? The question hung thick in her mind and she couldn't seem to shake it off, not even for a second. *And he never seems too perturbed by her either! Maybe they already got something going on! Oh good grief, could they really be having sex?*

She turned and looked at herself in the mirror again...the light from the flashlight reflecting from the floor upward...casting an eerie sheen on her...that made her white t-shirt glow in the darkness of the hallway.

Shit my tits are huge, she thought once more and the mental comment was followed by a twinging in the area where her brassiere clasp was on her back. She inhaled and realized the undergarment was really tight...so tight that it was cutting into her somewhat.

Oh that's great...gaining weight probably...and of course it's all gonna go to my titties, she suspected as she put the flashlight between her legs to hold it...then reached up with both hands under her shirt to try and adjust her bra. *Well dammit...can't even get my fingers under it!* She finally managed to jam her index fingers beneath the underwire and jerk outward, but it did little to loosen the bastard's digging into her flesh. *Well fuck you, I got something for you!*

With clawing fingers, she snatched at the clasps and unhooked the biting garment, instantly relieving her discomfort.

Shit...damn, that's better! She removed her hands from under her shirt and started to reach for the flashlight, but

then realized out ridiculous it was to have on a bra that wasn't even latched.

It's dark...he can't see shit anyway...and I got the only fucking flashlight anyway, she mused, as she pulled her t-shirt up and over her head. With practiced movements, she removed her bra completely and then started to put her shirt back on, but the light between her legs was shining directly into the mirror and reflecting back her. Standing there topless, she found herself staring in disbelief at herself.

"Fuck me running," she muttered aloud as she surveyed her torso. Her tits were massive. I mean they were always big, but for some reason they looked gigantic to her as she stood there staring at them in the bizarre light cast by the mini-flashlight. With shaky hands, she reached up and cupped both at the same time and hefted them. They even seemed to *feel* heavier. How was that possible?

Oh hell, I've been porking out...that's how!

She turned sideways to get a profile view of herself, but when she moved, the flashlight between her legs shot down the hallway, rolling across the wooden floor and then dropped off the edge of the staircase and rolled, bumping and clattering all the way to the bottom of the stairs before it finally stopped...and then as she skittered to the edge of the stairs to go after it, she watched in disbelief and then in horror, as the beam, visible on the first floor now...blinked and then went out.

Oh shit...I just killed the only flashlight!

And it was terribly dark now. The storm had literally almost blackened the sky outside. Even now that she was standing in the window at the head of the stairs, she could barely look down and see herself.

Oh shit, I'm topless, she realized. She twisted and gazed down the dark stairwell and decided against trying to go back down after a flashlight that was probably broke anyway. No, she needed a shirt, and that meant going to her bedroom on the far end of the hallway.

She turned and gazed down the dark second floor hall and flinched as lightning exploded outside on the other end of the house. The bright surge of gold colored light

illuminated the entire house for a breath of a second and then it went all dark again...what little night vision she'd acquired, now totally fucked. It seemed even darker than before the lightning burst.

"Shit...just get your shirt off the floor...it's gotta be right here around the mirror," she grumbled as she knelt down and start feeling around on the wooden planks for the garment. *When did I drop it...don't remember dropping it... I turned...flashlight rolled and--- Oh hell...I jumped to try and stop the light from rolling...I must have dropped it and my bra then.* That made sense, didn't it? Oddly, she couldn't seem to remember dropping them though...and as she scooted around in the dark, she began to grow more and more agitated that she couldn't seem to find them. Side to side...wall to wall, she continued to sweep the floor with her hands, but nothing...no clothing...not a thing at all.

She finally gave up and wondered if maybe she'd dropped them down the stairs somehow. She rose up and sat back on her legs.

Slap...

The fuck???

In the darkness, she felt something touching...nay, weighing down on the tops of her thighs. She reached with her hands to touch...and her fingers touched skin...her own skin...her tits, in fact.

She jerked and leaned backwards and realized how heavy her chest felt...

OH FUCK...OH FUCK...

Her hands squeezed and then began to feel around... and seconds ticked by as she used her palms and fingers to navigate around the sheer massive bags of flesh that hung from her chest.

Noooo...no that's not possible...my titties are not that big...this is crazy...it's fucking crazy dammit!

Her heart was racing...sweat was beading on her forehead and between her tits...oh fuck...even *under* her tits! She leaned forward and nearly screamed as she realized her nipples were touching the cold wood surface of the floor.

Hand over her mouth, she twisted and dropped down onto her ass and crawled back up against the wall. She couldn't see, but she could feel the excessive weight and mass of her breasts pulling down on her...the cold of the floor pressing hard into the bottoms of them. She leaned forward and gathered them, pulling them up onto the tops of her thighs.

It's a panic attack...I'm scared...and I'm having a panic attack...that's all...this isn't real, Stacy...your tits are not that big...you're just freaking out...just calm down...calm down and fucking breathe woman...breathe...in and out...in and out...that's it...calm down...in and out...in and---

Lighting struck and streaked several times, the combined light illuminating the hallway for several heartbeats, during which, Stacy could see, plain as day, a naked Jack standing over her, beating off.

She stared in shock...as the lightning flash dissipated and the darkness enveloped her once more. But before she could say anything, she felt warm gloops of sticky cum start raining down onto her chest and she could no longer retain her self control...and her scream rattled every piece of glass in the house.

In the bathroom, Jack was climbing out of the shower and to his dislike, he realized the room was not as well lit as it had been moments earlier. The storm outside was fully upon them now and as he looked out at the fields, he wondered why it wasn't raining yet. The clouds were dark, almost black in places and they whirled about, rolling and billowing...reminding him of smoke from fire rather than clouds. It was creepy to say the least. And the occasional blasts of yellowish lightning only added to the creep-factor.

Shaking his head at the weirdness, he walked over to the counter where he'd put his clean clothes...only to find them missing. His phone was gone as well. Before panicking, he leaned over at the hamper and opened it...and then lost his composure somewhat.

"What the fuck, man??!" No clothes were to be found...not his clean ones...not his discarded dirty ones... and now that he glanced at the counter, even the towel he'd just been

drying on was gone. "No fucking way...okay, that's just crazy!"

"No, I'll tell you what's crazy...crazy is that your Father actually convinced you I'd OD'd on diet pills...that's what's crazy."

He knew that voice...but it couldn't be...she...she was dead...he Mother was dead and buried. He fought the urge to whip around and confront the origin of the voice.

I'm having a nightmare...that's it...wake up...wake the fuck up, dammit!

"Turn around and look at me, son...I'm not gonna hurt you...I'm real...I'm alive, okay...don't freak out on me."

It was her voice...every word sounded just like her...it had to be her...but she was dead. He saw them lowering her coffin into the ground two years ago...she was dead, dammit!

"I've been hiding, Jack...your father and me had a fight, and...and he tried to...Jack...he hurt me...he actually tried to kill me...so I left...went back home to Oklahoma...I know that was wrong...to leave you here with him...but...when I found out he'd married that big titted floozy from Marlin...I just couldn't bare to know you were living in the same house with her...so I've come to take you...if you want to go that is."

Jack couldn't bare to turn around. He lowered his head and clenched his eyes tightly. She wasn't real...she was dead...dead and gone.

"Jack...c'mon...we don't have much time. We need to leave before the lights come back on. That fat little bitch will call the cops...she'll call Lewis if she realizes I'm here...that's why I snuck in like this. Now c'mon...let's go!"

Jack suddenly opened his eyes and looked upward into the mirror over the counter that he was facing. In the dim light of emanating from the windows behind him, he could barely make out the form of his mother.

"I don't know who you are...or what the fuck you are, bitch...but you are NOT my mother...my momma would have never left me in a house with a man who tried to kill her!" His voice rose steadily in pitch as he spat out his

words in defiance of the thing that stood behind him. "Dad loved momma...he nearly fell apart when she died...it took two years before he'd even talk to another woman!"

"Son...listen to me...you don't know what you're talking about...that's not how---"

"FUCK YOU!" he bellowed as he whipped around to confront the thing. Jabbing his finger out across the darkness at it, he shouted again in defiance. "You don't know what you're talking about, cunt!"

"OH BUT DON'T I?!" the thing screamed back at him as lightning flashed outside and illuminated the room as if the lights had come back on.

Shocked, Jack jerked back and rammed his lower back into the countertop...nowhere else to go. He began to shake all over as the thing stepped forward towards him. As it passed directly in front of the windows, the faint light from outside lit its form up enough he could make it out. It was indeed had the appearance of his mother...but it wore the same dress she'd been buried in...and the dress was old, and rotted and tattered and with each step she took, it began to fall to pieces and drop off to the floor and the darkness below her. By the time it had crossed the second of the two big windows, it was all but naked.

"What's wrong Jackson...mommy's not enough woman to rate a hard dick?"

Jack screamed like a little girl and literally climbed backwards up onto the sink counter to get away from the thing, but it's arms shot out and steely hands gripped his ankles and jerked him bodily off the counter and slung him across the bathroom like a limp rag-doll.

By the time he'd realized what had happened, he was picking himself up off the floor of the shower...wetness all over him...his hands slipping as he tried to right himself... all the while, his gaze locked on the thing that looked like his dead mother as it turned and strolled it's nakedness back towards him.

"That fat little twat really has you under her finger don't she...I'm guessing she's fucking more than just Lewis, eh?" the thing hissed in some semblance of his mother's voice as

it stepped ever closer to him once more.

As it moved in front of the big windows again, it slowed and stopped, hands on it's boney hips.

"You two disgust me...BOTH of you...so bad over a pair of fucking cow udders...I mean c'mon, Jack...are titties all that for you?"

Jack finally managed to get up onto his feet and rose to a standing position, backing himself into the corner of the shower. He was encompassed in the shadows and he hoped she couldn't see him...at least not well enough to know he was picking up the soap-on-a-rope that hung on a rubber suction cup hook on the back wall of the shower.

"I'm serious...I got tits...see," and the female thing bounced up and down and jiggled it's tit-lets as if it expected him to be turned on by them. "If you got it so bad for wanting to fuck your step-mom...why don't you just move up a notch and fuck you REAL momma, eh?" and with that said, the thing reached up with it's steely, pinching fingers and grabbed a vicious clamp on it's nipples and jerked on them really hard...so hard that it literally looked like the skin stretched and gave way. "C'mon son...I used to diet all the time to stay skinny and hot for you two...but it's a fat cunt you wanna fuck...you should'a just told me...I'd still be around...I'd be all fat and nasty for you...I'd do whatever you wanted if you put that big, bloated ass cock of your's in me!"

As Jack watched, she released her nipples and her tits began to inflate...the size of oranges, then grapefruits, and then they were D-cups...slowly growing into the size of Stacy's jugs...but when they reached DD, they didn't stop...they kept on expanding till they were the size of watermelons, hanging down over her belly...then passing her waist and going even lower, their immense weight and size pulling them further and further downward.

"C'mon Jack...come pop some cock for Momma, baby," the thing said in a perfect imitation of his mother's voice. "Momma's got all these for you...c'mon now...you know you wanna touch'em...stick that big cock between them."

"EAT SHIT, BITCH!" he screamed as he lunged out of the shower, charging straight at the female thing. Too late, did

the monstrosity realize he was wielding a make-shift slingshot made of hard-ass soap.

THUMP!

The sound reverberated through the rope and up Jack's arm to his brain as he felt the bar of soap crack into the bitch's head. It sounded sick...it felt even sicker, and he knew without doubt, he'd cracked her...or its skull.

The thing dropped to the floor in a single flop and as he looked down at it, the form of his naked mother with gigantic tits seemed to melt and reform into something not human at all...but something more akin to a giant spider.

"You little shit...you little piece of shit...you...you've injured me," the thing's voice said...but there was no sound ...instead the voice seemed to be inside Jack's head.

"Gonna do worse than that, freak!" he shouted as he commenced to wailing on it with his bar of soap until it's body lay motionless and broken, it's inner bodily goop splattered all over the bathroom in a scene that would sicken even B-movie special effects men.

The truck was bumping along the highway in the rain and the squeak of the windshield wipers was starting to get on Lewis' nerves. He'd had to abandon his work in the field to go pick up Katy at the Dartez house and Nerven's old truck was all he had for transportation. Poor old Nerven's black ass was still out in the field, probably still trying to work on the tractor even in the rain.

One day I'm gonna get rich and buy him a new fucking truck, he thought to himself as he piddled around to see if he could find the headlight switch. Finally he noticed an old knob looking thing and he pulled on it - bing...headlights. *What the fuck...it looks like a damn plunger for crying out loud...what the hell kind of light switch is that? How old is this damn truck anyway?*

"Are the wipers supposed to make that noise?" Katy asked from the other side of the truck seat from him.

"No...I don't think so," he replied. "Any idea why Miss Dartez called me to come get you?"

"There's some kind of train wreck up North of Marlin and the storm...she just decided to cancel the party since we couldn't swim outside, y'know...but Mom never answered the telephone...she called like four or five times...so I finally told her to call your cell phone."

"That's weird...her not answering the phone...I mean Jack's there with her...look like one of'em would've answered the damn phone."

"Sorry...I know you're busy...but she really wanted us all to go home and I was like the last one there... 'cept for the Stiles boys."

"It's alright...I'm just kinda worried about Jack and your Mom is all," he remarked, hoping his agitation hadn't been that obvious. For the most part he liked Katy and didn't want her to feel like she was some kind of a burden to him.

He glanced over at her and saw she was watching the odd lightning off over the trees in the distance.

"Old timers used to say colored lightning was a bad sign," he commented, not really having anything he could think of to talk about. "They used to say that lightning without thunder was unnatural and the doing of the devil...of course they also used to make pie out of hog blood and sucked the heads on crawfish...so take that as far as you want," he added, chuckling at his own creepy sense of humor.

"They still do that nasty crap down around New Orleans," Katy added, brushing her shoulder length brown hair back over her right ear. She continued to stare out the window though, unmoved by her step-Dad's comments.

"Yeah, they suck crawfish around here too," he admitted as he looked her over a bit more closely than he normally would. She was only eleven, but she was already beginning to bud out a bit...and when she was wearing nothing but a swimsuit, like she was now, it was all too obvious. He still couldn't believe Stacy had let her wear a bikini. Personally he thought she was way too young to be wearing anything thing that tight and small period, but he had just married her mother and trying to tell her how to raise her own daughter might be a bit too bold at this point, so he'd just gritted his teeth and pretended he didn't notice.

But as he looked at her now, he couldn't help but notice her small boobs protruding through the fabric of the tight bikini top...hell, he could actually see her nipples poking through it.

Damn, she's got some serious nerps, he thought to himself as he hit another bump in the road and watched her bounce a little. *Kinda odd to have nipples that big at her age. Good grief...if she grows into those things, her tits will be bigger than Stacy's!*

As he returned his eyes to the road, he wondered just what the girl was gonna look like in a few more years when puberty really took hold on her. Briefly his thoughts fled back to the Darte house...and Judith waltzing around with her big fat ass all girted up in a one-piece that was never meant or intended to confine as much ass as the woman possessed. Well, okay...it wasn't so much her ass that put the suit in the bind, as it was her titties. Bitch always had a rack, even back when they was all in school together...but man after she got married and had that little pudgy ass Carmen of hers...she just totally porked on out and her tits must have been...well fuck, it wouldn't shock him to know she wore an F-cup or some crazy shit. They was certainly the biggest pair of titties he'd ever seen in his life.

And the woman running around all the kids at that swimming party with her cleavage all bubbling up out of the suit...what the hell...no shame, man...no shame! And there was little boys there too. He could remembering hound-dogging old bitches when he was a kid...following them around watching their shit jiggle and bounce. He'd wanked more than once to old fat bitches back in the day. Some he was purely ashamed to admit to even.

Not that he had to wank to them now days...nah, he had Stacy for that. And man, did she ever have nice tits.

And then Martha popped into his brain...just like she always did. Man he missed her still. He'd fell in love with her in high school...she'd been so beautiful and hot...big, nice titties...thick legs and ass to kill for...and then they'd gotten married and she'd gotten pregnant...and put on a little weight...nothing serious...hell, he'd even thought she was

actually hotter, but she didn't. She'd become purely obsessed with losing weight...and once she'd lost the pregnancy weight, she didn't stop...she dropped more and more and even when he protested, she'd continued to diet.

And then one day she didn't answer the phone...and when he'd gotten home he'd found her laid out in the kitchen, deader than hell. What do you say...what do you do? How do you react. It nearly consumed him. Why hadn't he put a stop to it...demanded she stop with all the diet powders and pills and drinks. Maybe he could have made her get help, but he didn't...and deep down he knew he'd stopped being attracted to her at some point and some guilty part of his mind made him think that maybe, just maybe he'd let her kill herself so he could get out of the marriage. He'd loved her, but she was so dried up there at the last, she did nothing for him...not even when she tried. Fuck, her tits had shrunk down into pointy little sacks. And he knew it wasn't true...the shrinks had told him that he was gonna feel that way for a long time...that it was just part of the grieving process, but the feeling never died any...never lightened its weight on his subconscious...not in the least.

And man, when he met and hooked up with Stacy... it was like he'd discovered sex all over again for the first time. She was short, but man she was soft and round and jiggly and fun and everything that Martha had ceased to be.

He felt guilty for even thinking that he was happier now than he had been with Martha. Was that wrong? It had to be.

And now...Stacy hadn't been answering the phone...hell, he couldn't even get Jack on his phone. Something was wrong and he was worried. She had the truck...their only vehicle...surely if something had happened, either one of them could have driven the other to the hospital...and they would have called him.

He looked out and noticed lightning streaking across the dark sky and realized that if the power was out...their portable phones wouldn't work.

That still don't account for Jack's cell phone. He's always got that thing on. It's just weird.

He decided abruptly to try and call the house again and reached over beside him in the seat where he'd tossed his own cell phone. In doing so, he noticed a garment lying on top of his phone. He flicked it out of the way and snatched up the phone.

As he flicked it open and hit one for auto-dial to his house, he suddenly realized what the garment lying on top of his phone had been...it was a bikini top...and not just any bikini top...but Katy's top.

He nearly gave himself whiplash from twisting his head around so fast. But to his relief, Katy was still wearing her top and was still staring out the passenger side window at the storm blowing overhead.

He looked down at the seat and there was nothing there...no sign of a swimsuit at all...nothing that even looked like a swimsuit.

What the fuck...I'm losing my damn mind!

"I'm sorry...the number you've dialed is not in service."

"Sunavabitch," he growled and snapped the phone back together then tossed onto the seat again.

"Lewis...do my boobs look like they're getting bigger?"

Again, Lewis nearly gave himself a neck injury as he twisted to look at his step-daughter. "Do what?"

"What?" she asked, turning to look at him oddly.

"Did you just...say...something?"

"I said, what?" she replied with an even deeper concern on her face.

"Before that?"

"No...I didn't say anything."

"Oh."

Cautiously she twisted her head back to resume her watch of the storm as he too, slowly returned his own attention to the road.

I heard her say it...why would she ask that and then deny saying it? That don't make no sense. Maybe...maybe she's trying to get you to look at'em...girls do stupid shit when they're that age...and it's not like you're her Dad or nothing.

He considered the highly remote possibility that she had a crush on him...then realized it was far more likely that it was

his son, Jack, that she had a thing for. He'd seen her making googly eyes at him several times and even hugging on him a little too often and a little too long. It was a little disconcerting sometimes...uncomfortable to say the least, but again, he hadn't wanted to make a fuss over it for fear he piss off Stacy about it.

Casually he turned and glanced over at her just about the moment she reached up and tugged on her top to adjust it.

Oh shit...holee fucking shit...

He ripped his eyes away from her and returned them to the road just in time to swerve back out of the wrong lane and back into his own.

"Dang man...you alright over there?" Katy blurted with a sarcastic tone as she grabbed the door handle to maintain her position in the truck seat. Damn old truck didn't even have any seatbelts...you wanted to stay upright, you held the fuck on for dear life.

"Sorry...just...wet spot or something...rain...my bad," he sputtered, lying like a dog as he tried to gather his senses. With intent, he avoided looking back towards her.

In his rearview mirror, he spied an old Ford Crown Vic, green with a white hood, racing up behind him.

ZOOM!

It whipped around him and was gone...

"Damn...bitch must be doing like ninety," he commented as he watched the tail lights disappear into the foggy haze of rain ahead of him.

Inadvertently, he forgot he was supposed to be avoiding looking at the girl, and he turned to look before he could stop himself.

"Oh hell," he muttered aloud.

Katy's flat chest was now bubbled out to at least a C-cup and flesh was bulging up out of the top of her little bikini. The garment looked like it was about to fucking rip or explode...maybe both. Her tits were bouncing with every bump the old truck made...and she seemed oblivious to it.

Lewis pulled his eyes away and looked at the road.

That is not fucking possible...it's not...think man...did you have anything to drink this morning? No I did not. Do you

smell feathers burning? No I do not. What's that old saying...eliminate the impossible and whatever else remains must be the truth? Yeah, it sounded reasonable, but in this case it was making his eyes bug out of his head. If he wasn't drunk or have a brain melt down...then obviously what he saw was real...right?

He turned his head to look at her again.

Her tits were the size of softballs now...and her areola were starting to peek out over the top of the cinched up bikini. She literally had more titty OUT of the bikini than in it at this point. And they were jiggling even more now...practically quivering...just shimmying like all hell.

"Dang this swimsuit is annoying the crap out of me," she grumbled and her hands moved up to tug out the bikini top. "It feels like it shrinks every time I get it wet," she added as she tugged at the sides and then all at once, her tits just overflowed it and flopped out into full view. "Oh no, my titties," she asserted, but with a tone that insinuated she wasn't really too embarrassed over the matter.

Lewis slammed the breaks and the truck skidded on the wet pavement. He jerked the wheel back and forth furiously and finally managed to bring it to a complete stop, sideways in the road, blocking both lanes.

"Lewis...what's wrong with me...look at my boobs!" she feigned concern and leaned back against the passenger side door.

Lewis, still suffering from nearly shitting his pants when the truck hydroplaned, finally managed to compose himself and return his attention to her.

"Oh holee fucking shit, Katy!" he bellowed in shear shock as he realized her chest was at least as big as Stacy's now.

Instead of the little girl being horrified by the fact that her breasts were growing exponentially, she appeared to be enthralled with it. She was just leaning back and rubbing them all around like she was kneading so much dough. When she started pulling at her nipples, he knew something was wrong...something was just not right with her.

"STOP THAT, KATY! Stop doing that...cover yourself, girl...dammit to hell...what the fuck?!"

Her tits were at least E-cups now...so big they were totally covering her torso...so much so that he hardly noticed when her hands drifted down to her bikini bottom. When she arched her back and lifted her ass up with her legs though, he instantly knew she was pulling her bottom off. Before he could say anything or do anything...she was kicking them down to the floorboard and had her legs spread wide and gaping. She hugged up her tits and pulled them out to her sides so he could see her belly again...and her naked pubic zone...her pussy...slight bit of fuzz above it...so tight and antagonizing...teasing...neglected.

"Fuck me, Lewis...I need it bad...I won't tell Momma...I promise I won't ever tell her, but I need some dick real bad!"

"Shit...shit...no, no, no...uh-uuhhhh," he sputtered and then jerked back away from her, slamming into the driver's side door handle with his back. Fumbling, he reached back and jerked the door knob up to open the door, but the girl was already moving...reaching out for him.

Next thing he knew he was lying on the asphalt, rain beating down on him and he was twisting, trying to get up. Fuck, man...he was lying on his back in the middle of the screwing highway. And then he realized his pants were open and Katy was pulling them down.

"SHIT...FUCK...GET OFF OF ME!" he screamed at her and he kicked her off of him and then jumped up, running as fast as he could down the highway in the rain...his pants slowly drooping. Grabbing at them, he kept running.

He was running out of breath though and he knew he was slowing down whether he wanted to or not. With a quick turn, he glanced back behind him and was shocked to see the girl in full pursuit of him, running just as fast as her eleven year old legs could propel her.

"Oh fuck this...she's like eleven...what the fuck am I running for," he grumbled and turned around, stopping dead center of the roadway.

"You better back up off me, you little freak or I'm gonna clip you one for real...I'm warning you...stop now," he threatened as he cocked his right fist back and prepared for her to assail him.

She made no attempt to slow down...her gigantic titties were now hanging past her waist, drooping nearly to her thighs and they slung from side to side with each kicking step she made and the huge sum'bitches made no dent in her ability to move. It was disturbing just to see her running like she was...and when she closed in on him, he just clamped his eyes shut and swung as hard as he could, but he missed and she tackled him at the waist, knocking him down to the ground. He hadn't been hit that hard since high school football. She literally knocked the wind out of him.

Black spots starting growing in his vision and then sparkly lights began to dance around as he stared up into the dark clouds above him...the rain drops stung as they plastered his face. He wanted to get up...to move...to run again, but he couldn't catch his breath...all he could do was try to scream as she pulled his pants the rest of the way off.

Just before he passed out, he felt her bouncing on top of him...slap, slap, slap...she was fucking him...he was lying there dying...and somehow his dick was hard enough for her to fuck him...how was that possible?

A half mile down the road, an old station wagon door popped open and Joanne Stiles emerged from inside. Standing upright, she staggered and then collapsed against the open car door. Exhausted, she drop to the asphalt, her naked ass scraping roughly on it as she impacted.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck," she gasped through dry lips as she spread her thighs to accommodate the ridiculously oversized girth of her mammoth belly. "Ohhhh...oh fuck," her gasping increased into a near scream...and that, in turn, roared into a full fledged shriek as fluid burst from her pussy and spilled out onto the roadway beneath her.

"Noooo...get out...get out of me...NOOOOOO!" her words exploded into a horrifying scream once more as she leaned back and involuntarily thrust her hips upward...and a movement of some nature erupted from her vagina. It felt as though something were snaking out of her...something long and hideous...something not human.

At least it was coming out, right? When her throat gave

up screaming...when her wind ceased and she could no longer wail, she gripped the door handle and squeezed. It was coming out whatever it was...all she had to do was bear the agony of it's birth...and then she'd be okay. But then she felt it stop...and then slide back inward. Then it stopped and headed out again. After a few painful seconds, he stopped and repeated the process.

Only then, did she realize it wasn't done with her. It wasn't enough that she was giving birth to it...no...no the thing was fucking her...fucking her while it was still inside her womb. How fucking sick...how crude...how...how...

She couldn't fathom a thought to describe what it was. It was just not human...not of this Earth and she knew it would kill her before it was done. She knew it owned her...she was it's toy and there was no escape...no mercy...no quick end for her. This was her own hell...

Her son, Jimmy, the last to fuck her, climbed out of the opposite side of the car and walked around to look at her. As he watched, the leg sized cock, slimy and wart covered, slid in and out of her over-stretched pussy. In and out it went, spooing massive loads of black semen each time it stopped.

"Fuck her...fuck her some more...yeah, yeah," he cackled with a crazy glee as his own gigantic penis rose into erection once more. Giggling madly, he approached her in a hurry and straddled her giant pregnant belly and pushed her head back against the car seat. With inhuman force, he rammed his cock into her mouth and began to hump her until she ceased to breath at all...and then climaxed within her so hard that black mess erupted from her nose. He pulled out and slapped her face to resuscitate her.

"Breathe whore...we ain't done with you yet!"

Tapping the car window, he called out to his brother.

"C'mon Ricky...she's still alive...and her mouth is pretty awesome!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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