

THE LUST

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A STORY OF INCEST AND DEPRAVITY

FICTION BY
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CHAPTER 1

The phone rang with the usual annoying beeping, not insistent or drawn out enough to startle you from sleep but yet having just enough sound to half rouse you into answering it without being quite awake enough to function or communicate properly with whoever was on the other end of the line.

"Huhh," Dana groaned as she engaged the green answer button. "What'd'ya want?" She glanced with sticky eyes at the digital alarm clock next to her bed and realized with dread that it was after nine in the morning.

"Still sleeping late, aren't you?" It was her mother's voice... annoying and accusing as always.

"Yes, Mother...still sleeping...what is it?"

"I'm sending the boys out to you for a little while...Tonya has to go out of town and your brother is in Afghanistan as you may or may not recall."

"What? Oh c'mon...why?"

"I just told you...Tonya has to go out of town and can't take them with her and they're just too much for me to handle...and she's gonna be gone for a couple of weeks at least...so I'm putting them on the bus this afternoon...they'll be in Crosby by five this afternoon." Her mother's tone was stiff and didn't really leave her any room to maneuver.

"Well gee...thanks for checking with me...how do you know I didn't have plans?"

"Oh please, Dana...you haven't had plans since the divorce was final...you've spent the last two years living in a post-marriage funk...it's high time to get off your pudgy ass and take charge of your life again...or at least take care of your nephews for a few weeks...it's not gonna kill you."

"Yay me," she muttered. "Fine...whatever..." and with a click of the phone she hung up on her mother. "Fuck'in bitch...hate her."

She hated her alright...but she knew deep down her mother was right. She'd spent forever trying to get over her failed marriage and had yet to truly do so.

She'd moved out to California at the ripe old age of 18...right out of High School and determined to escape her parent's overly restrictive household. On arrival she'd met Carlton, a half-assed thirty two year old actor struggling to make a name and reputation for himself in a town that laughed at you for such ploys.

Despite their age differences, she'd taken an immediate liking to him and their dating eventually led to fucking and then fucking to marriage. By nineteen she had a ring on her finger and was being dramatically referred to as "Mrs. Carlton Lemore." Which would have been more exciting if Carlton had actually been a successful actor...which he wasn't by any means. At least not until three years later when he scored a role in a major movie and was spotted by a talent agent intent on turning him into the next money-making headliner.

Two movies later, it was the grandest of events to be walking with Carlton down the red carpet at the Oscars. Within a matter of 36 months they'd gone from living in a three-room apartment on the sad side of town to owning a million dollar mansion and a beach house in Crosby and driving around in \$50,000 dollar convertibles for fun.

It was all like a fairy tale dream come true...till Carlton started leaving for months on end to film on location. That was really when all the trouble for the two of them began.

Carlton was suddenly a success...everyone wanted to know him...everyone wanted a piece of him and the power began to go to his head a bit. Couple that with the fact that he was now 35 and about to hit an early mid-life crisis and it was a mixture for marital disaster.

Add in the fact that Dana...a scrawny girl from Arizona who barely weighed 100 pounds, standing at a scant 5 foot 3...suddenly discovered she found solace in food when her husband was away...and things could only get worse.

Oh sure, she knew she was eating more than usual, but when the first pounds started to settle in, she told herself it was just water gain...even when her period was nowhere near. Then one morning she couldn't get her pants buttoned...no matter what she tried. At that moment she finally realized she was gaining weight.

It wasn't all that bad at first...her B-cups actually began to flourish somewhat and she was literally ecstatic when she had to buy her first C-cup brassiere...but unfortunately her weight didn't all settle in her tits.

When Carlton returned home from his first site shoot, he found her in the front door wearing a sexy nighty and little else...save an extra fifteen pounds from the last time he'd seen her.

He'd been nice and said nothing more than he liked the fact that her tits were bigger and she noticed him slapping her ass a bit

more here and there. She'd relaxed a bit about the matter and told herself a few pounds wouldn't hurt her.

When Carlton left again a few months later, her eating took off again and by the time he'd returned, she'd weighed in at 135 and was starting to pooch in the belly a bit. Carlton had laughed and jiggled her D-cups and they'd fucked wildly in the foyer of their new house.

Life was good despite where it was headed.

Shortly after her 24th birthday, Carlton told her he'd signed a new deal for a movie filming in Colorado...and he'd be gone nearly six months.

The day he left, she cried for hours...and then ordered pizza. After three weeks, she was weighing right at 150 and realized she was gonna have to stop what she was doing to herself.

"Maybe I should just go out and see him....surprise him on set," she decided and made plans to pack.

In hindsight, she wondered if that had been the smartest thing to do. The night she arrived on the set, a stagehand had directed her to his trailer. She'd gone in without knocking...I mean it WAS her husband, right?

She was right...it was her husband inside, but the two women in the bed with him were unknown to her...as were the lines of coke on the mirror by the bedside table.

It got ugly...real ugly. So ugly it ended with security dragging her off the set and the local police escorting her off the premises with promises of arrest if she returned.

By the time she arrived home, divorce papers were waiting on her. Apparently Carlton no longer needed the companionship of his fat ass wife who'd stood by him and supported him through the first broke ass three years of their marriage.

The divorce was fast and without the need for a court appearance. Carlton's publicist felt that a lengthy court battle would look bad on him, especially should the drugs and women come to light, and so they offered Dana a shit-load of cash and the beach house.

By the time she signed the papers, she was 185 and a DD-cup. Over the following year, she reached 225 and an E-cup...and when she hung up on her wretched mother...she was 235 and her titties were beginning to bulge up out of her bras.

"Get up off your pudgy ass," she snorted, mocking her mother as she rolled over in the bed and felt her breasts roll over as well... just slightly slower than the rest of her body. "If she only knew," she added, pulling the covers back and peering down at her naked and overweight body. "If she only knew," she repeated to herself as she raised up into a sitting position and felt the slight tug of weight pulling against her chest as her ridiculous boobs dropped downward with the strain of gravity. Her nipples pressed into the tops of her thighs, compressed under the weight of the mammoth flesh bags. The size of her breasts had been the only up-side to her gaining weight over the last two years...but recently they were so big they were honestly just starting to get in her fucking way.

Dana hadn't been home to Arizona in almost two years. The last time her mother had seen her was when she'd first found out Carlton was cheating...she'd been 150 or thereabouts...and now...now she was at least 85 pounds past that. The old hag would have passed out if she'd seen her in the shape she was now and she knew it. The idea of it somewhat amused her. It seemed that anything that infuriated her mother was somehow acceptable to her...at least to some degree. Her mother was also slight in build and she knew the site of her titties alone would make the old hag curl up and croak. She snickered aloud as she thought about rubbing her tits in her mother's face. "It'd be gross and well deserved at the same time," she thought to herself.

"My girls," she whispered as she glanced down at the swaying tits that hung down from her ribcage. She stared in a daze at them for several moments and then finally looked up only to find herself staring at her own reflection in the mirror above the sink. "Forget the girls...what about the boys?"

"Billy and Bobby...Brent's urchins," she grumbled as she soaked a washcloth in warm water. "This are'ta be funner than hell. I haven't seen them in like...forever...and I'm sure the first thing they're gonna do is run home and tell everybody in the family about how fucking fat Aunt Dana is."

Sighing, she washed her face and thought about it all...

Her brother Brent was in the Army...an officer no less. He'd enlisted right after graduating college when she was barely fourteen. He'd met Tonya soon after getting stationed in Texas and they'd gotten married as soon as they realized she was

pregnant with Billy. Despite the circumstances of their marriage, the two had held it together for nearly 11 years now and so she had to cut them a little bit of respect for that if nothing else. And despite her general dislike of Tonya...at least she hadn't turned into a beached whale every time Brent got sent off overseas.

She had only actually seen Tonya a handful of times over the years. She was always too prissy for her liking. She'd been one of those precious Barbie cheerleader types that made her want to puke a bit. Oh sure she was nice enough and apparently a good wife and mother...and maybe that too, made her dislike her just a bit more than she should.

Now that she thought about it, it's been a really long time since she'd seen her or the boys at all. Thinking back, it'd been right after she'd gotten married to Carlton...their wedding...like five, maybe six years ago. Billy had been four...Bobby maybe just started to walk...she couldn't quite remember.

"Y'know...honestly she wasn't all that," she recalled out loud to no one but herself as she squirted some toothpaste onto her brush. "She was looking kinda frumpy actually. I'm gonna have to dig my wedding album out and---," and then the idea died just quickly as she'd had it. The last thing she wanted to do was see Carlton and herself in wedding photos. It was definitely NOT worth the effort just to get a chance to poke fun at her sister-in-law...and besides that...she really didn't have any room to be poking fun at anybody...she realized, as she glanced down at her own naked body once more and surveyed the ridiculous size of her breasts and the almost pregnant-like round fullness of her belly as it poked out from under the two udders.

Yeah...definitely and probably should not be dogging her out, she decided after considering the fact that the woman had already had two children. Some women didn't even look like the same person after having kids...so the fact that Tonya could still at least pass for half-assed looking still had her sorry fat ass beat. *I'd trade bodies with her in a heartbeat,* she admitted grudgingly as she spat out the last of her minty foam and then rinsed.

Looking out the window she noticed her newspaper was at least thirty feet out on the sidewalk.

"Stupid paperboy...moron couldn't hit the porch if he had to," she grumbled out loud as she cracked the front door and peered around the neighborhood.

The beach house wasn't quite ON the beach as one might expect. It actually sat across the highway from the beach, and another row of *actual* beach houses blocked her view of the sand and surf. It wasn't a bad view and she was only about a hundred and fifty yards from the sand...but she had no actual backyard access or privacy for the beach itself...meaning she had to jaunt past other people's homes to make her way down to the ocean...something she hadn't done in nearly two years.

She wasn't quite in shape enough to flaunt a bikini any more and she was afraid she might cause a traffic accident if she were crazy enough to strut across the highway in one. The idea amused her somewhat and she giggled to herself.

If I were so bold as to try that...my titties alone would be enough to cause some commotion I'm sure! And she imagined herself wearing a two-sizes-too-small red bikini...jostling and jiggling across the street...and her massive tits popping out finally...piles of cars colliding as man after man gawked at her instead of the road ahead.

She glanced down at her body and sighed.

"Well maybe I'm not that bold yet...but maybe I could go grab my paper." Eyeing the neighboring yards and windows, she decided no one was really home in the area that might even see. "Fuck it...why not?"

With a shuddering determination, she opened the front door fully and let the sun beam in onto herself. Wearing only a pair of stretchy, oversized jogging pants and a way-too-small hole ridden tank-top, she marched out onto the porch and out into her small yard. Bending over, she grunted...the first time because her belly was inhibiting her movement...and then she grunted a second time as her huge tits draped down and then flopped forward against the already overstretched fabric of her shirt.

Grabbing her paper with a snatch, she immediately stood back up and slapped it against her leg to knock the dirt off of it. The swinging arm movements sent her tits to warbling and she immediately wanted to grab at them...to somehow hide them, but figured the action of doing so might draw even more attention to her...to *them*...and that's not what she wanted...or did she? *Fuck it...nobody around to see anyway*, she remembered.

Oh damn it feels good out here, she admitted to herself. The sun was warm and the air off the sea was cool this morning...cool

enough to harden her nipples...or had that just been from them jostling around in her shirt?

She closed her eyes and just stood there for a few moments, absorbing the penetrating orange light that burned through her clinched eyelids and feeling the warm sensations of the sun pouring down onto the rest of her body.

Fuck...it would feel so good to be completely naked right now...down on the beach...sand between my toes--- 'Course some jackass with PETA would probably come try to roll me back in the water...save the whales, man...save the whales.

Shaking her head at her own humorous thoughts, she opened her eyes and was shocked to realize that some boy was standing at the edge of her yard...on the sidewalk...staring at her with eyes the size of saucers. He couldn't have been more than 12...and he was kind of porky, she realized, as she surveyed him standing there in nothing but his swimming trunks and flip-flops. It was about then that she also realized he wasn't alone. A small girl was with him...his sister, she guessed...wearing a one piece and sporting ponytails...she looked maybe nine or so.

Both of them had stopped dead in their tracks. The boy more or less to stare at Dana...his sister stopping only because he had...though she too, now gawked at Dana from just beyond her hedges.

"Umm...hi," she managed to blurt. Fire flushed her face, as she knew she wasn't wearing a bra...and her nipples simply *had* to be bulging through the front of her crazy-tight tank top.

The boy continued to stare at her...or...her tits, actually. With a self-conscious epiphany, she concluded her boobs were the point of interest and nothing else. Typical boy...obsessed with some big tits...nothing new there. She was about to turn and walk back into her house when she let her own gaze wander and realized there was a serious bulge in the front of the boy's swimsuit.

Holee Crap! The little fucker's popped a woodie for me! The realization of this fact both appalled her...and yet somehow aroused her as well. Not so much that the chubby little dude was hot or anything...no, it was mostly just the fact that she had actually managed to make a guy horny...something she hadn't even *tried* to do in close to two years.

Fuck, I don't even leave the house more than once a week...much less date...or even flirt. Despite the size of the rest of her body, she knew there were guys out there who were

completely obsessed with big tits...and let's face it...she had some serious bra titans. Finding a guy probably wouldn't be as hard as she imagined...but in all honesty, she hadn't ever *been* with another man. Carlton had been her first and only in her whole twenty five years of life. In High School, she'd been too damn scrawny to attract much attention from the guys and now she feared she was too fat to get any. Somehow she'd missed out on the "perfect size" sometime while she was married to Carlton's cheating ass.

"Enjoy the beach," she suggested as she turned and walked back into her house and shut the door. Fearfully, she locked the door and peeped out through the window to see if the two had moved on or not. Luckily they had. The sister was dragging the boy down the sidewalk toward the intersection where the stairs down to the beach began.

"Okay...note to self...no such thing as a deserted street around here," she commented out loud as she double-checked the lock on her door. "Fuck I need a drink," she admitted and made a move for the kitchen to get one.

Moments later she was flopped atop her huge couch with a bottle of Wild Turkey half gone and a glass in her hand that wouldn't stay full.

Well at least it's not food, she thought as she hefted and drained another glass of the liquor.

A loud noise startled her...it was a rapping sound...knocking to be precise...and coming from her front door. Staggering, she clambered up from her oversized couch and stumbled over to the front wall. She remembered she'd been drinking...and obviously it'd been enough to affect her balance and perception.

Hesitantly she peered through the door's spy-hole but saw no one outside. Again the rapping sound assaulted her senses. Curious now, she opened the door and had to gaze down at her visitor...a girl...*the girl*...the sister that'd been with the boy a little while before.

"I'm Jenny...ummm...my brother likes you," she added with a half grin and blush...and then she turned to dart away.

"Hey wait...wait...seriously!" she called out after her and the girl finally stopped about the time she reached the end of the walk. "Did he put you up to telling me that or what?"

"Yeah, he's right here...he said he'd pay me a dollar," the little girl replied and pointed off to the left near the street where the hedges were.

"Stupid! I told you not to--" he began to bluster at her as he stood up from behind the bushes.

"Hey, hey...umm...come see, you," she said to him, catching him apparently off guard. "Seriously...I'm not gonna bite...c'mere a second...*both of you.*"

Reluctantly the two finally complied with her request and began to walk forward into her yard toward her house.

For some unknown reason she had the diabolical urge to mess with the boy somehow...but *how*...was the question. She thought it was kind of cute that he had put his sister up to telling her that. It was almost flattering...even if she did know it was only about her tits and little else.

Fuck it...at least I've got one admirer...might as well entertain him a bit I guess...may be the only one I ever have. Maybe in a few years he'll turn into some hottie-mc-hot with a long schlong and he'll come back to sweep me off my feet...the one true-love of his life...nice old Missus Lemore...the fat lady that leaved at the end of his street...you know...the one with the huge tits.

She smirked as she opened the door and motioned for the two to come in. Both were wet...though not dripping. Apparently they'd already been down to the beach and been in the water. The girl's ponytails were drenched and drooping...and her tight one-piece swimsuit was practically see-through...the wet fabric suctioned to her body, showing off every crevice she possessed.

You'd think her momma would make her wear a t-shirt...mom always made me wear one...course I always took it off too...hoping to show off my non-existent curves...then again I was a lot older than her before I started doing that sort of crap.

"What's your name?" she asked the girl.

"Jenny...I told you a while ago...so what'd you want?"

About that time the boy walked in and shuffled over beside the open door somewhat, looking nervous as hell. Dana glanced back at him and looked down at his swimsuit...also now wet and sticking to him like a vacuum-packed plastic bag. To her shock, she could make out the complete outline of his genitals bulging through the soggy fabric. And bulging might have been an understatement. In fact, the boy looked like he had a coiled up snake in his suit sitting atop two fat eggs.

"Sorry Ms. Lemoire...we didn't mean to make you mad," he said with a nervous tone as he leaned back against the door frame.

"You know who I am?"

"Sure...you were married to Carlton Lemoire...everybody knows who you are...we live down the street in 1241...we used to see you and him all the time," the boy replied. "I'm Toby."

"Oh well...my only claim to fame is that I used to be married to somebody famous...yay for me, huh," she remarked with a serious air of sarcasm. "Oh, I'm not mad...I think it's kinda cute, actually, but I think I'm a little too old for you, Tobe-ster."

Almost uncontrollably she glanced down at his crotch again and her eyes must have bugged a little because the sister noticed it.

"He's a big freak," she blurted all out of nowhere.

"What?!" Dana stuttered, stunned by the fact she'd been busted staring at the boy's junk.

"HIM! He's a freak...and he likes big boobies," Jenny added with a giggle.

"I'm gonna freaking kill you," Toby growled and made a lunge for the little girl. She stepped back and turned to run, but he was faster and grabbed her...the two of them ending up on the couch, wrestling for all it was worth.

Dana just stood there at the door and watched them tussle... listening to them insult each other amid grunts of "Ow" and the occasional smacking sound as a slap made it's way home. She wasn't sure whether she should break them up or just wait for somebody to cry uncle. They were drenching her couch with their wet bodies and she secretly thanked the salesman for talking her into buying the spill resistant fabric.

"Guys...guys...hey...break it up," she urged them more than commanded. With a blast of dismay, she noticed the boy was erect. The coiled mini-snake in his trunks was straight and hard as a rock and was pressing outward from his body, stretching the wet fabric to it's threshold. His sister seemed oblivious to it and simply continued to wrestle with him on the couch. At some point though, Jenny kicked her foot out trying to nail her brother's shins and instead hit the coffee table and knocked the half bottle of whiskey over...the contents spilling out all over the floor and before Dana could react, the two wild kids rolled off the couch and down onto the carpet and into the liquor puddle.

Oh good grief, they're gonna smell like a brewery!

"Okay, YO! That's enough of that crap...c'mon guys...break it up...you already spilled my stash, dammit...get up!" she ordered them after grabbing each of them by the arm and pulling them away from each other. "Hey, c'mon...get up!"

Glaring at each other, the two finally rolled apart and stood up. And almost simultaneously they both wrinkled their noses as they realized they smelled like over-priced alcohol.

"Crap...Mom's gonna kill us!" Jenny proclaimed.

"It's YOUR fault...you started it!" Toby retorted. "And you knocked the bottle over."

"Guys...guys...cut it out. It's probably my fault for letting the two of you in here to start with," Dana admitted and she knew she should never have done so. It would look bad enough that she was inviting kids into her house...dressed as she was...but to let them leave smelling like alcohol wasn't going to improve her reputation or defensible position much.

"Alright, look...you can't leave here smelling like that...so...so just gimme' your swimsuits...I'll toss them in the washer...no big deal, right?"

The two siblings looked at each other and shrugged...half nodding their heads in apparent agreement to the plan. And almost at the same time, both began to shuck their wet suits.

"Whoa...hey...ummm," Dana stammered and stuttered, unable to form words properly. *Oh shit...they're brother and sister... probably just used to each other...it's cool...don't say nothing... you'll just embarrass them,* she thought to herself. *Be cool, Dana!*

Her collected calm faded to dust as soon as the boy's trunks dropped down in the front and his erection and testicles plopped out into view. His pudgy physique wasn't much at all, but his man-parts were extreme.

"You're such a freak," the girl chirped again as she rolled her own suit off. Her words broke Dana's concentration on Toby and drew the older woman's attention over to her own bare and scrawny little frame. "Everything gives him wood...even me...it's gross!"

"Shut up," the boy barked back at her and glared at her as thought he wanted to snap her head off.

"And I don't even have any boobs...see," Jenny added, motioning to her totally flat and boyish chest. "If he was to touch real boobs, he's spaz out for sure."

"Shut up," the brother growled again at her as he attempted without much success, to conceal his erect penis with his hands. "Do you have something I can put on," he asked Dana with desperate eyes.

Hell yes...ME! she thought to herself as she again returned her attention and gaze to the boy and his raging boner that he was trying in vain to hide from her.

She realized with some due amount of guilt that she was aroused by the circumstances taking place there in her living room. She looked back and forth at the two and admitted with hesitance that if the two of them started to fuck right then and there she'd probably cream her own pants watching them.

Oh fuck...why am I so horny?! she asked herself...but ultimately she knew exactly why. For one, she'd been sexless for nearly two years now...maybe longer than that...hell, Carlton hadn't put the meat to her for a while before they got divorced...and well...on count two, there was a pubescent boy about five foot from her with a raging hardness between his legs, that, from her best guess, had to be at least ten inches long and she shivered at the thickness of it. She didn't even know they made them that big. And his ball sack was nothing to be overlooked. In fact, his two testicles hung down halfway to his knees and had to be at least the size of golf balls.

Okay...so I know why I'm so horny, she confessed. But she also knew she couldn't do much about it. Or could she. A nasty idea crept into her mind about that point and she couldn't shake it out for anything.

"Er-hrm," the boy cleared his throat. "Umm...Ms. Lemore...could I get something to wear please."

Toby's insistence broke Dana from her trance and she decided to just go through with her dirty little plan. *What's the worst that could happen...they run home and tell their momma...and the cops toss me in jail...woooo...I been locked up in this house for two years anyway...it's not like it'd be much of a change for me...hell I'd still have cable even.*

With a sick and twisting sensation within her, she reached both hands for the tail of her own shirt and pulled it up and off and then tossed it to Toby.

The shirt sailed through the air and came down at his feet. He'd made no attempt to catch it at all. His eyes...his attention...was completely locked on her...on her now bare torso.

"Oooo!," Jenny cooed with a childish air of trouble coming.

Toby's mouth began to move...but no sounds emerged. What *did* emerge, however, emanated from much lower on his body...most specifically the tip of his penis in the form of white goo.

"Ahhh," the boy groaned as semen glurped out from his dick and with frenzied groping, he grabbed at the base of his shaft to try and clench off the coming eruption.

"Oh gross...EWWWW!" Jenny blurted as she realized what her brother was doing.

Dana was aghast. She hadn't expected the boy to simply shoot off after seeing her tits. She knew young boys would do that...she'd read about it somewhere...but it never crossed her mind before she pulled her shirt off. Hell, she'd only intended to tease him a bit and give him something to remember her by...she'd never expected it to go this far...but here it was.

Oh shit...I'm going to jail for this...I am so in the shit...FUCK!

She panicked as she watched him fighting down his ejaculation...his hands cinching his cock so hard that it was starting to turn purple and droop under its own weight. The blood flow was getting in but not out...and it was swelling up even bigger than it had been to begin with.

Oh damn...look how big that fuck'in cock is...so huge...it's like a fuck'in horse dick...shit...he's gonna pass out in a minute from fuck'in blood loss if he doesn't let go of it!

His sister, naked and glaring, eyes bugged out of her head...remained standing, fixated on her brother and his penis...almost as in shock as Dana, herself was.

Fuck this...if I'm going up the river for it...I'm gonna at least enjoy the ride, Dana decided with a crazy glint in her eye.

With nervous movements, she stepped over to the boy and dropped down on her knees right in front of him and with shaking hands, she hefted her titanic tits and wrapped them around his bloated cock, encompassing its girth with their warm and soft flesh. With gentle movements, she began to stroke up and down on his cock with them.

"Let go," she whispered to him. "Let it go," she repeated until he finally released the death grip he had on his dick. Cum instantly oozed out of the tip of his penis and leaked out onto her stroking breasts...lubricating them. "Oh fuck, Toby...you got a hot fuck'in cock, baby...do my titties make you feel good...do they?"

Toby had put his hands up over his head...gripping his palms together behind his neck...an effort to keep himself from reaching out and touching her. His facial expressions strayed back and forth from pleasure to stress and it was obvious that he was still trying not to ejaculate.

"Oh stop holding back, Toby...you know you wanna cum all over my big fat titties, don't you...well do it...I want you to cum all over me...and then I'm gonna fuck y--"

She never got to finish the last part of her sentence because a blast of semen erupted from his cock and splattered her face.

"Oh fuck, YES!" she blurted as a second gob hit her neck. Her voice was no longer a whisper...but had exploded into loud and demanding tones. "C'mon baby...gimme all you got!"

Somehow she ended up on the floor with him...if they fell or what, she wasn't sure. There was cum and more cum and then he was flat on his back on the floor and she was sprawled atop his legs with both hands on his dick, licking and sucking at it. The taste of salty semen was almost gagging, but she couldn't help herself. His dick was almost too fat to suck into her mouth, but after several squeezes and forceful sucks, she managed to get the head into her mouth and she felt another spurt of cum go off inside her and flow down her throat. Popping it back out, she cupped her right hand around the head and began making quick stroking motions on the edges of his glans...doing her best to over-excite his ejaculation. He moaned and jerked and even more semen exited...this time in a pouring rather than splurting action. His dick was sticky and greasy with a combination of her spit and his jizz and her hands now, were coated and sticking to it in a white mess that she couldn't have conceived of in her dirtiest wet dream. With a lustful and deviant glint in her eye, she wrapped both gooey hands around his shaft and began to pump his cock until it began to go limp in her palms.

Wow his dick was huge...and it seemed even bigger than when she first saw it...can it actually BE bigger, she wondered for a moment? It couldn't be...surely...that was just crazy...and yet as she stroked it's fat length, she was almost certain it was bigger than it had been when he'd first took his swimsuit off. Oh shit...maybe it's swollen...mmm...maybe the more I work it the fatter it'll get!

Suddenly remembering Jenny, she whipped her head around and looked to see where the young girl had gone. To her relief,

the girl had gone nowhere. She remained standing stock-still in the same place she'd been standing moments before when the madness had begun. Her eyes were bugging out of her skull and her mouth hung open wide enough to park a truck in it...and glancing a bit lower, she noticed the girls nipples were hardened enough to cut glass. Dropping her gaze a bit further revealed a clear stream of liquid trailing down the insides of her scrawny thighs...the apparent reaction to both her hands touching her pubic mound...and even perhaps...yes...pressing at it.

She's getting off...she's fucking rubbing herself watching us!

Dana was out of control now. It was like a mad dream that she'd lost the power to direct...and things were spiraling around her. Her body was doing things she didn't want it to...and her mouth was saying things she didn't want to say...or did she...maybe she did. It wasn't events that were out of control...it was *her!* Maybe she'd been deprived too long...or maybe...just maybe she was a back-alley pervert all this time and just never had the opportunity to realize it until now. It really didn't matter at this point because she couldn't stop it even if she wanted to.

"Fuck him...you know you want to," she said out loud to the girl. "Have you ever touched it...I bet you have...I bet you've played with it before...you like it when you make him hard, don't you?"

The girl turned her head and stared directly into Dana's eyes. Her expression one of horror and shock...her face coursing red with embarrassment.

"I know baby...it's okay...come over here and do whatever you want...I'm gonna give him what he wants," and with that said, she crawled off of him and moved up towards his head where she leaned forward and dangled her massive tits down into his face.

"Suck'em...suck my fat titties you little chubby prick...you suck'em good too...hard...that's right...suck hard...oh yeah, you little fat bastard...you got it bad for Ms. Dana's titties, don't you?"

The boy's hands were reaching up for her breasts when she decided to be mean. With quick snatches, she grabbed both his arms and pinned them to the floor. "Uh-uh-uhh," she playfully scolded him.

Glancing up she realized the girl was kneeling down between the boy's legs. He was spread-eagle and his balls were literally resting on the floor between his thighs. His cock, however, was standing at full attention once more...and his sister's hands were reaching out for it.

"Jerk him off, Jenny...jerk that fat fuck'in cock off...I wanna watch you make him cum! Do it...make your fat brother cum for you...I won't tell nobody...I just wanna watch!"

The girl's hands were shaking, but determined when they latched onto her brother's bloated sex tube. The monstrous appendage looked even larger now...probably because the girl's hands were so much smaller than Dana's...or was it actually bigger still? Dana couldn't quite shake the idea that his dick was slowly growing larger by the moment. It seemed every time she looked at it, it was somewhat bigger than the last time.

Meantime, Toby was literally mauling Dana's tits. His tongue starting to swirl around her enraged nipples...his teeth lightly nibbling...plucking and biting.

Oh fuck that...this is on...this is so fuck'in on...I'm having a fuck'in threesome...shit!!

She pulled her breasts lose from his mouth and let go of his hands. Leaning back she began to push her jogging pants down. *Oh fuck I hope I don't gross him out too bad*, she worried as her waistband dipped down and her big belly rolled over the top of it. Before she could move further to take her pants off, she felt the boy's hands touching the lower roundness of her stomach. He was gripping and kneading it...and then...jiggling it? *What the fuck?* she wondered as she glanced down over the tops of her tits at him.

"That's not my titty, big boy," she stated matter-of-factly.

"I know," he replied nonchalantly and continued to play with it.

"You like fat bitches or what?" she asked him.

"You tell me," he answered and stuck his hand past the top of her joggers and deep between her legs...his fingers eventually finding her pussy and plunging up into it.

Oh it's too much...he fuck'in knows what he's doing...oh hell!

With a frustrated and desperate haste, she wiggled out of her jogging pants and straddled his head, settling her vagina over the top of his mouth and immediately his tongue was working her clitoris over...and over...and over. His movements were precision...his mouth was practiced. This was no ordinary boy. But with a cock the size of his...she was a fool to think she was the first woman to fling herself at it. And "woman" might be rating it too high.

When Dana pulled her attention away from her own genitals for a moment, she realized she was face to face with the sister.

Jenny had already straddled her brother and was riding him like a professional porn star. She gawked at the girl's movements... again too smooth and practiced to be a hesitant young girl caught up in a sexual tryst. And from the way she was ramming his massive cock in and out of her...Dana was suddenly certain this wasn't the first time the two of them had fucked. Not by a long shot.

The girl was moaning and bouncing up and down...her eyes clinched shut...her mouth a permanent "O" expression.

FUCK! Where in the hell is she putting it...look at that shit...she's taking the whole damn thing like it's nothing! Dana was in absolute awe at the girl's fluid and experienced movements.

"Give it to me, Toby...fuck me like you fuck Momma!"

The girl's words hit Dana like a bombshell...and instantly she knew why the two kids were such smooth players. Their momma was evidently already having her way with the boy...and she suspected the girl might be into it too...with or without the momma's knowledge. Hell, maybe they'd even played her...I mean after all...they just walked into her house and got naked...it was crazy insane...it made no sense...unless they'd planned it from the beginning.

The little turds knew how a big dick made grown women react and they'd probably learned it from their momma. And now...now the two of them were using it outside the home...to bed new conquests.

And no one would ever believe me if I even tried to tell it, she realized in no uncertain terms. I wonder what their momma looks like...if she's fat like me...big tits or not? Oh fuck it...just go with it, Dana...it's the wildest sex you've ever had...just lick it up!

"You lick your momma's pussy like that, Toby...I bet she likes get'in her fat pussy licked, don't she?" She obviously hit a chord she knew...because the boy's whole manner changed almost instantly. His practiced tongue flicking fluttered into something chaotic and uncontrolled...and she noticed his pelvis began to buck beneath his sister with a demanding need to go faster.

"Is your momma's titties as big as mine...hmmm?"

Just then she realized the girl's hands were grasping at her tits. With a firm grip, she reached out and pulled Jenny's hands in and pressed them into the fleshy jugs that hung so heavily from her chest. "You play with your momma's titties too, don't you?"

"I suck Momma's titties...she's pregnant again too...she can squeeze milk out...I suck'em...I suck her titties," the thin girl replied and leaned forward to bury her face between Dana's titans.

Her moving forward gave Toby some room to work below and he began to forcefully pound the girl's pussy like a powered piston. So hard were his thrusts that the impacts were traveling through Jenny and forcing her to slam her face into Dana's chest. Suddenly Dana's tits were ricocheting with every thrust the boy launched into his sister.

And then, without warning, the girl leaned away and arched her back, bowing herself away from Dana until she could plant both of her hands firmly on the floor to the sides of the boy.

Dana looked down and could plainly see Jenny's pussy and Toby's massive cock as it slid in and out of her. Suddenly...the girl screamed with a piercing pitch that nearly ruptured Dana's eardrums...and then her movements went almost spastic...her hips pounding her brother's dick like it was life or death.

She's cumming...holee shit...she's actually cumming!

Somewhere about that time, Toby erupted inside of her and semen exploded out the sides of vaginal lips, splattering both of their thighs.

"Do you cum in your momma like that, Toby...hmm?" she purred to him as she wiggled her ass side to side and forced him to dig his tongue deeper into her pussy. His chin was pressing into her clitoris and she was about to cum herself. "Did you wanna fuck me 'cause I remind you of your big, fat momma... hmmm, Toby...zat it, baby?"

Jenny was climbing off of him now and cum was running everywhere and when his dick slid out of her completely, it left her vaginal opening gaping wide and dripping with the remains of his apparently massive ejaculation.

Oh shit...he just came in her like it was nothing...he just shot a hot fucking load into his own fuck'in sister...how nasty is that shit? Dana couldn't believe the absolute perverseness of that act...let alone that she was participating in it.

Fuck me...I could put my fist in her and not touch the sides, she mused as she surveyed the girl's stretched out orifice.

Meanwhile, Toby's cock had flopped down across his left thigh and continued to ooze semen. It was a cross between purple and red...bloated and raw...and made her hornier than ever as she

stared at it just lying there so close to her own aching and needy hole.

It was about then that she came on his face...the release was like nothing she'd ever felt before...certainly nothing Carlton had ever provided her in all the years they'd fucked. Her own juices exploded forth and soaked the boy's lower face and neck and she thought for a moment she'd literally peed on him...only when she went to move off of him did she realize the fluid was sticky.

Oh fuck...I came on his face...I came all over him...

She was ashamed and aroused all at the same time. She wanted to run and hide from his devouring eyes and yet...she found herself crawling atop of him...dying to get him inside of her...not even caring that he'd just came in his own sister...not caring that the girl's own juices were still present all over his bloated and deflated cock. Dana had simply never felt sexual need like this...EVER!

Maybe some of it was the alcohol...maybe some of it was getting back at her ex-husband...or her mother...or maybe it was just her own need to be sexually pleased by someone who appreciated her body. Hell this kid didn't even look all that cute for crying out loud, but he had a cock to die for and he evidently had a thing for older fat women...

As she straddled him and lifted up his limp cock, she felt somewhat disappointed at its flaccid state. She wanted it hard again and she wanted it hard NOW...but how...what button to push to arouse him again...what??

And then she recalled Jenny saying their mother was pregnant ...that her tits were lactating...and she recalled how effortlessly and unconcerned Toby was as he came in his own little sister...and she *knew*...or at least damn well suspected what might be going on and it inspired her to use it to her own advantage.

She leaned back somewhat and began to massage her E-cups with both hands, hefting them...kneading and squeezing them... then eventually tugging at the nipples and pulling them outward... holding them up by the tips and jiggling them...all right above him where he could see.

Toby began to squirm a bit and his eyes were locked on her titties like lasers. His mouth hung open in sheer awe.

"I wish I had big ole'milky titties like your momma, Toby...I bet if I got pregnant I'd have even *bigger* titties...I mean damn...I'm an E-cup now...can you imagine how big I'd get if I was pregnant,"

she remarked in a sexy tone of voice. "Look how big my belly is already," she added and pulled his already groping hands up to her round potbelly. Intentionally she pushed inhaled deeply and inflated her diaphragm...pooching her belly out as far as she could stick it. "If I got pregnant, I'd be huge," she continued and made him jiggle her fat belly a little bit. "Can you make me pregnant, Toby...make me pregnant like your did your momma...hmmm?"

And that was all it took...he sat up and buried his face in her titties and she could feel his massive erection poking against her belly between them.

Oh yeah...he's the daddy alright...done fucking knocked your own momma up, didn't you Tobe-ster...you nasty little fuck...oh, he's so bad!

"Oh I'm gonna fuck you so hard," she whispered in his ear as she bit at it and then pulled his face down into her cleavage even further. With both hands, she hefted her tits and tried her best to just wrap them around his head. "Fuck me dammit...you so better fuck me, little boy! You better cram that fat fuck'in cock so far in me I fuck'in scream your name...you hear me...you make me fuck'in scream your name, you little fuck!"

The next she could recall she was on the couch...on her back and he was on top of her...in her...humping the hell out of her. He was so big...it felt like he was ripping her open...and yet she wanted him to...the pain was overwhelmed by pleasurable sensations...sensations she'd not ever truly felt before. Fullness was the most notable of these new feelings. She'd never really had her pussy filled completely with a dick before and it was incredible...and every single thrust felt like he was driving it further inside of her.

Fuck...I'm gonna be gaping like his sister when he's done...I'm gonna be ruined for all other men after this...dammit. The thought did little to deter her though...as she was already nearing the throes of another orgasm and from the way it felt building...she knew it was gonna to be extravagant in it's finale.

She felt hands on her tits again...but not his. She opened her eyes and found the girl rubbing her breasts again...and then...her face went down and she felt her lips locking on her left nipple and then she was sucking...sucking hard on it like a vacuum hose, her tongue doing things she couldn't imagine.

And then she was cumming and cumming hard...with a force and intensity she didn't think possible. She could feel liquid just

literally dumping out of her vagina...pouring down her ass crack and onto the couch...and still the boy humped. Her right tit was warbling around like a giant sack of jello and it kept rolling back and forth and slapping her in the chin. She realized with delight that the boy's face was staring directly at it...his head bobbing up and down, mimicking its jelly-jiggle motion as he rhythmically pumped her with his bloated and slippery cock.

"That's right baby...you fuck me hard...fuck me like I'm your nasty momma, boy...and you cum in me...you cum in me like I'm you dirty little sister...cum in me...cum in me like you cum in your momma," she coached him and he began to pound her even harder. "Oh look at little Jenny...sucking my big, fat titty...look at that...oh fuck...does your momma like watching you fuck her too...do all three of you fuck...hmmm?"

Toby's pounding had become wild and chaotic. His previous pulsing rhythm had melted into something animalistic and desperate and she knew he was getting close to another ejaculation. And she wanted him to cum in her badly...part of her wanting so defiantly to feel his hot jizz flow into her...and the more rational part of her mind denying it...too afraid of pregnancy.

"Pull it out and jerk it on me...jerk off on me...and make me lick your fat fuck'in cock little boy...make momma lick that fat juicy fuck'in cock."

Toby complied with an eager if not altogether desperate urgency and in a blink, he was out and stroking a massive load of cum all over her belly and titties...hell a few drops even ended up on the side of Jenny's face as she continued to suckle on Dana's left breast.

She rolled onto her left side and pushed the girl back from her with her left hand, while she pulled Toby up to her with her right hand. Suddenly her face was full of dangling, fleshy cock and she was lapping at it like a hungry dog on a floppy bone. She had semen all over her and she didn't care...it was so good...so fucking hot that she'd ceased trying to restrain herself. And then she realized hers wasn't the only mouth sucking at Toby's grossly distended cock. She was sharing it with Jenny...the both of them working it...pumping it and licking at it...and periodically their hands and tongues met in the process...and still...she did not care.

The beeping noise was annoying her...

Shut up! Noooo...

She sat up with a start...

Aw crap...I was dreaming...motherfuck!

And the ringing of the phone had woke her.

"Oh hold your pants...I'm coming...fuck...where the hell is the damn phone?" She stood up from the couch and knocked her own bottle of liquor over as she staggered to the table on the far wall where the phone was.

"Hello?"

"Sleeping again?" It was her mother's annoying voice.

"What do you want?"

"I would prefer you be at the bus station right now to pick up your nephews, dimwit...but apparently you decided to screw around some more."

"That's not till five, right?"

"What time is it, Dana?"

"Fuck, I don't know..." she fumbled and glanced around...finally saw the clock on the VCR displayed 4:15 and nearly vomited a little in her mouth. "Aw shit...I fell asleep on the couch...sorry...if they call, tell them I'm on my way."

Her mother didn't reply with anything save the click of her hanging up. The old hag was pissed and she honestly had reason to be.

"Fuck, fuck, and double fuck," she cursed, as she tossed the phone onto the couch and ran for her bedroom.

She was in the midst of pulling her jogging pants off when she first noticed they were wet. The source of the wetness became obvious once she had them pulled off and realized her panties were soaked as well.

What a fuck'in dream that was...never in my life had anything like that...it was so damn real...fuck'in Mother...waking me up...dammit I could strangle her!

"Hello, pants...anybody seen any pants," she grumbled aloud as she scoured her cluttered and piled bedroom for any sign of pants that fit. She had piles of clothing...most of it new and unused, littering the entire room. Every time she got a little bigger she'd went out shopping and bought new clothes...and a few weeks later none would fit and into a pile they'd go. Her closet was a fucking joke unto itself. *Go up in there and you'll never be seen again*, she admitted as she passed the closet door.

"Oh c'mon...pants, dammit!" In a furious haste, she glanced around the room and noticed the clock by the bed read 4:26 in bold red numbers. "Fuck...c'mon...it's pants for crying out loud."

Desperate, she decided to enter the closet. Fighting her way in, she managed to locate something that looked like jeans lying atop a large pile of sweaters. The tags were still attached to the ass pocket. "Whatever bitch...you're coming with me," and with that said, she snatched up the pants and dove back out of the closet.

Back out in the bedroom, she dashed out the door back into the living room and stopped to try and put the jeans on.

"Dammit...panties," she stopped dead in her tracks with one leg hiked and halfway into the pants leg. "Aw fuck that...I'm not even gonna try looking for any." And with a grunt, she rammed her leg down into the pants followed by the other one. Pulling them up didn't seem to be as big of a problem as she suspected...and for that matter, pulling them together for a buttoning wasn't all that bad of a task either. The problem...was how high they came up...or rather *didn't* come up.

"Hip-huggers? Oh c'mon...what the fuck kinda crack was I smoking?" The pants barely came up over her hipbones and the front dipped way down further than they should have.

Surprisingly, she was actually comfortable in them...mostly, she realized...because her belly just lapped over the top of them. She stepped quickly toward the bedroom door and kicked past more piles of fabric till she reached the bathroom. Barging in, she gawked at herself in the mirror. Pulling her shirt off and tossing it, she turned sideways and stared. *Oh good grief...I look fucking pregnant in these things...they let my belly just hang out...and pull my hips and ass in...damn! As if my gut didn't look big enough as it is...oh well...fuck it...maybe I can get away with parking in the expectant mother slot!*

"No time...gotta go...got to fuck'in go," she muttered to herself as she searched for her only decent fitting E-cup bra. "No, no, no...why, dammit, why?" It was nowhere to be found. "Who the fuck is stealing my clothes?!" she demanded of no one in particular as she kicked around the piles in her bathroom.

Finally she spied something white and elastic and grabbed at it. Pulling it free from the pile it was in, she sadly realized it was an older bra...and a single D-cup at that. She hadn't worn that thing since about a year and a half ago. "Fuck it," she grouched and

wrapped it around her self, pulling the fasteners together with a furious jerk and hook. Twisting it around to where the hooks were in the back and the cups in front, she lurched out of the bathroom, cramming and jostling to try and compress her tits into the ill-fitting undergarment.

"Oh this is ridiculous," she realized as she attempted to jiggle her tits down into the cups. By the time she reached the living room again, she had them in the bra and the straps up onto her shoulders, but her fatty jugs were bulging up out of the garment like two pound sausages in a one pound casing...and her shoulders and chest were being cut in half by the overstretched straps.

She was almost to the front door and looking for her car keys when she realized she didn't have a shirt on.

"Shit! 4:34, dammit!" she blurted as her eyes spied the VCR again. "Shirt...shirt...shirt...car...I bought one the other day...in the car...go, go!"

She jerked the door open and dashed out to the convertible, not caring a damn about who saw her fat belly flopping or her barely bra-ed titties bouncing. She'd rather be humiliated than have her mother breathing down her neck forever about not picking the boys up on time. *Bitch never forgets nothing!*

"Backseat...where...where the fuck...there you are bitch!" she growled as she jerked a plastic bag up from the floorboard and dug into it.

Indeed a t-shirt was in it...but she realized immediately that it had been longer than she thought since she'd bought the shirt. "My eyes are up here," its logo read along with a big arrow that pointed upwards. She'd bought it on a lark...a whim of amusement at some store in the mall...what may very well have been months ago...and not weeks as she originally recalled. "Oh shit...argh!" Angrily she ripped the tag off of it and hastily put it on. As she expected...it was tight...REALLY tight...and not just in the boobs...but the belly too...and worst of all it was short and she had to jerk on it's tight fabric to pull it down far enough to conceal the bottom swell of her bulging belly.

"Dammit this wouldn't happen if I didn't have on low riders...fuck," she steamed. Her eyes flicked to the dashboard clock and it read 4:39. "Crap...I got twenty minutes...shit! Go, go, go, Dana...fuck it!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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