

THE LUST

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2



CHAPTER

AN EBOOK SERIAL

THE LUST

A STORY OF INCEST AND DEPRAVITY

FICTION BY
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CHAPTER 2

Dana literally took the entrance ramp on two wheels. She'd heard that analogy a lot over the years but never considered it was referencing an actuality. As she did her best to hold the bright red Miata convertible into the curve though, she realized not only was it based in fact...but the off-handed comment was altogether literal. Tires squalled as she hugged the inside line near the concrete barrier and just the very second that she straightened up the front wheels, she gunned the accelerator and plowed into afternoon traffic on the Morgan Expressway. As expected, the cars were packed, but for once, and perhaps by stroke of sheer luck, there was no actual jam.

Weaving in and out of the six lanes, and working her brakes and gas pedal like she was bicycling, she managed to navigate her way through the endless lines of cars until she was within sight of her intended exit. As she barged her way into the outside lane a pickup truck honked at her and some guy with a beard flipped her off.

"Learn to drive douchebag!" she bellowed as she continued with cutting him off to make her exit. As she sped off the freeway and slowed into the piddling traffic on the service road, she took a moment to glance at the dashboard clock.

"Four fifty two," she muttered under her breath as she honked viciously at the cell-phone bitch that was idly sitting in front of her for no discernible reason long after the traffic light had turned green. "Stop talking and drive you stupid cunt!" she yelled over the sound of other people adding their honks to her own. "Go bitch...FINALLY! Thank you...hope you enjoyed that conversation!"

Stomping the gas, she gunned her little convertible out into the passing lane and overtook the cell-phone queen and left her in the dust. By 4:55, she was two blocks from the bus station and finally starting to breathe a little easier...figuratively but *not* literally. The bra she was wearing was akin to elastic razor blades, tightening a bit more with every breath and it was getting nearly to the point she was actually considering taking it off despite the crazy looks she knew she would get for doing so. But at some point, breathing surely would become more important than appearances.

"Yes...that's right bee-yotches! Four fifty seven, motherfuckers!" she shouted aloud to no one but the wind as she pulled into the station's parking lot and veered off into the vacant parking slot on the back row. She could have parked closer, but she had a severe penchant for avoiding other people's vehicles. Her housekeeping skills were somewhat slack these days, but her little red Miata maintained the same slick shine that it had when Carlton bought it for her on her twenty third birthday three years before. If she had to walk a few extra yards to prevent a ding on her toy...then so be it.

The inside of the bus station was absolutely dead. Some old Hispanic guy was mopping the floor down on the far end of the terminal where the main doors for arriving passengers was located.

Well that's an odd time to be mopping, she thought as she considered the fact that the five o'clock bus would be arriving at any time. Then of course, she pondered the possibility that the bus might be late, so she made her way across the terminal to the only occupied ticket booth.

"Excuse me, is the five o'clock bus from Arizona delayed?" she asked the chubby black lady sitting behind the booth's counter and glass panel.

"Six o'clock bus from Arizona...is on time...ain't no five," the woman replied without bothering to look up from her copy of People magazine.

"Six? Whu--" and then it hit her...there was a time change between there and California...and as usual her ignorant mother had figured the time wrong. The same thing had happened a few years before when her mother flew out for her wedding with everyone...she'd tried to figure the arrival time herself and screwed it to hell and gone. She'd ended up doing the same thing...sitting in the airport terminal for a damn hour with nothing to do. "Never mind...thanks," she added with a snort at the inattentive clerk.

Great, what the fuck am I gonna do for an hour...no wonder this place is deserted...and to top it all off I could have been killed or gotten a ticket for driving crazy all the way here...and let's not forget I'm dressed like a five dollar hooker! She played all the reasons to kill her mother around in her head just for fun. *I really do hate that woman...really, really I do!*

Surprisingly she was starting to really like her jeans though. She'd never really worn a pair of hip-huggers...at least not since she'd started gaining weight and certainly not since her belly had gotten so huge...but as she walked around in this pair, she had to admit that they were a hell of a lot more comfortable than her high-waist jeans that encompassed the whole lower half of her stomach and cinched her up like an over-filled trash bag. The only thing she couldn't quite get used to, was the way her belly jiggled when she walked. She was used to her belly being bound up in her pants and with these...it was just *out there*...hanging out for all it was worth, free as a bird. And it was being kept good company by her love-handles...two things she'd never really paid much attention to.

Just for kicks, she started to sway her hips as she walked and she could feel the fat rolls on her sides bunching up and bulging out over the sides of the low cut pants. *Oohhh, that's so nasty*, she thought to herself as she pondered how fat she'd gotten...but honestly it was kind of nice to be moving freely in her pants for a change. The downside was that her t-shirt was so tight it was hugging every curve of her torso...meaning those newly discovered love-handles were bulging out for everyone to enjoy...as were her belly and tits...and she wasn't quite sure which of those two were the worst. Her tits obviously were the biggest...but the damn t-shirt kept riding up and exposing the bottom swell of her belly

and so she either had to keep tugging it down...or just let everybody see a half-moon of belly flesh hanging out. There seemed to be no middle ground with it.

On a brighter note, other than the janitor and the world's most attentive clerk, the whole terminal appeared to be deserted. So at least if her belly and fat rolls were hanging out...at least no one was there to see it.

If a tree falls in the woods and there's no one there to hear it...does it actually make a sound? For some odd reason she remembered that old paradox and snickered. *If there's no one in the terminal to see me...am I still a fat cow?*

"Mooooo," she made a quiet cow noise as she flopped down in one of the waiting chairs. Normally she'd have felt her tits jostle but they didn't move this time. *Speaking of moo cows...my udders are so strapped down they don't even jiggle!* And as if on cue, she received a pinching bit of pain from her too-tight brassiere. "Dammit," she blurted and fidgeted with the binding garment through the fabric of her shirt...for the most part to no avail. No amount of adjustments seem to loosen it up and it was just really getting to be too much. *And now I gotta sit here for an hour with it...damn, I hate my mother.*

She considered going back home, but figured if she did the bus would arrive early and she wouldn't get back in time. As it stood, she got here before the boys and her mother gave her the wrong time...and with enough effort, she could beat her mother down with those facts...but not if she left and fucked it all up. No, there were far too few instances in her life where she had one up on her mother and she wasn't going to screw this one up...even if it meant sitting there in a tight bra till her tits exploded.

She exhaled and realized her breath smelled like alcohol.

"Crap!"

Twisting in her seat, she scanned the terminal for a vending machine and finally located one on the far side by the bathrooms.

"Here's hoping they got gum," she commented out loud as she stood up and headed toward the dispenser. Only when she reached it, did she realize these were new pants and she had no change in them. "Shit," she cursed quietly before sighing and turning to storm off into the restroom.

The restroom was what she expected...more dirty than clean and a total lack of toilet seat covers.

"Fuck," she grumbled as she unrolled toilet paper and began to fold up a seat cover of her own making. Still paranoid, she did her best to hover over the seat while she peed. Halfway through the release though, her legs began to quiver and she had to drop down onto the toilet anyway. "Dammit!"

She grunted and exhaled heavily...letting the anxiety and pressure of the last hour dissolve somewhat. Relaxing wasn't really an option, but at least she could maybe take a few minutes and gather her wits. At least she wasn't battling time any more and had apparently won, even if was due to her mother's moronic attempts to configure bus schedules.

Her brassiere was getting in the way of her attempts to chill. It's binding elastic was all too painful and annoying. Obviously it needed to go...or at least her tits needed to come out for a few minutes. Rolling the tail of her t-shirt up, she fished up under it and then jerked upward on her bra cups and released her massive breasts.

"Oh fucking hell yes," she sighed as the uncomfortable pressure subsided. *I'm so setting this thing on fire when I get home...never thought I'd be into bra burning but I think I can make an exception for this motherfucker.* She smirked...remembering all the hippy related news reels she'd watched on TV over the years...stupid hippies burning their bras and protesting for free love and an end to war. Most of them went on to become the bankers, lawyers, and computer gurus who made up the decadent 80's and 90's. *If I was back in the day man I could just whip this puppy off and streak free man...feel the love...see my big titties bouncing. Stupid hippy shit...*

She recalled going out to the Burning Man festival with Carlton right after they had hooked up. That had been interesting to say the least. There had been actual nudists out there...and well...some people who just got stoned and went naked for the hell of it. It was weird to walk around out in the middle of the desert and have people walking around you who were everything from topless to straight up naked. It was like a cross between a porn convention and a hippy tree-hugging festival...tossed in with some weed loving.

As she went to wipe herself, she remembered her panties being wet right before she'd left the house and subsequently recalled bits and pieces of the alcohol induced dream she'd been having...a dream that had obviously been wet, to say the least.

What the fuck was up with that shit...man...little pudgy dude with a big ding dong...what the crap? Why the hell would that even come up in my dream...I mean...why not Brad Pitt or Gerard Butler...fuck...any dude...any grown man could have filled that position!

But obviously none had. No, instead of the usual sexy man of the year she *should* have been dreaming about...she ended up with some random punk off the street who was staring at her boobs.

Well at least he had a big dick, I guess, she admitted to herself. I just feel so damned nasty for having such a fucked up dream. I mean I've never even considered something like that...never even thought about it...and yet I was really getting off on it in that dream!

She knew sometimes the mind could concoct some outrageous scenarios...sometimes inspired by real events and feelings and other

times dreams had nothing to them at all except absolute chaos and unexplainable situations. The problem was, she couldn't shake the feeling that this particular dream somehow touched on something real she felt inside.

The control maybe, she speculated. It was completely crazy. With Carlton she'd been the pawn...in both sex and in their marriage. She'd never really had control of her own life.

From the time she'd arrived in California she'd been hooked up and connected to Carlton. And here she was now...divorced and pretty well off financially...and no need to even work...and what had she been doing? Taking charge of her life? Doing anything she wanted? No...no, not even just about. In fact, she'd been sitting at home...eating and getting fatter and feeling sorry for herself for some reason or the other. The question was why?

'Cause I'm stupid, she confessed mentally. *I could be skiing in Aspen right now...or vacationing in Europe...hell I could probably be in some stupid reality show on TV considering who I was married to...but no...no I'm sitting at home doing nothing except waiting for my bitch of a mother to turn me into a no-charge babysitter.*

So in all honesty, she had to admit the dream was probably more about control than it was sex. The thing was...that "control" seemed to be what turned her on the most. Somehow the fact that she was lusted for and that she had the power to give it or not...or even to *take* something she wasn't supposed to...well...it just made her feel freaky inside...as deviant and disturbing as that was, she knew it was the truth.

Good grief, I've got all the classic makings of a fucking sexual predator, she realized with a tiny bit of horror. *Could I really do something like that? I mean with a boy?* She recalled her dream...and Toby's massive and bloated cock, in her mouth...cumming all over her and then---

"Oh yeah...I could," she admitted out loud.

It was just then that she noticed she was rubbing her clitoris instead of wiping.

Oh gross...I'm masturbating in a public bathroom...how grand!

As disgusting as the act surely was, nothing seemed to be distracting her from the act. In fact, her fingers inched lower and actually inserted themselves into her feminine crevice.

It took less than a minute or so of stimulation and rubbing before she was amply excited and verging on orgasm. As the edge of ecstasy began to tease her, she let her mind run wild in a thousand directions...almost all of them sexual in nature.

I'm gonna have two boys in the house with me...two...

The mental image of Toby...the one she'd dreamed about...faded almost instantly into images of her with Billy and Bobby. The instant it happened, she almost pulled back from the fantasy...nearly even

stopped masturbating...but it was too good...too hot...and the fact that it was her nephews somehow made the nastiness of it even more intense and in the blink of an eye she went from surprise and hesitation to the depths of full blown orgasm.

When it was over with...she couldn't for the life of her figure out how she'd gone from reliving a dream to fantasizing about Billy and Bobby. It was crazy and yet incredibly exciting. It was just a fantasy though, right? Surely it wasn't more than that, right?

Oh shit...am I THAT deprived...am I really that dirty minded and lewd that I can get off thinking about my own nephews that I haven't even seen in years? She worried on the matter for a while as she finished wiping and pulled her jeans up. *It's just masturbation, Dana...your mind just wandered...that's all...don't read more into it than there is.*

But still...she let the concept plague her thoughts. How could she have done that...and for that matter how stupid was it anyway? Boys with cocks that big? The very notion was ludicrous and her fantasies, be they with the imaginary Toby and his sister or her nephews...well, they were just fantasies and as such...were absurd to begin with.

I'm just being stupid. Quit worrying about it. Maybe if you'd get your act together and get out of the house once in a while...go fuck a real live man...well maybe you wouldn't be fantasizing about weird shit.

She knew she was probably right. But she continued to argue the matter in her head for a while longer till she'd flushed and was ready to walk back out of the stall.

"Dammit," she cursed when she realized her tits were still hanging out of her bra. "Oh you know what...fuck it...ain't nobody in this damn terminal anyways...and I'll be damned if I'm wearing a bra in my own house for the next few weeks...fuck that...the boys are gonna see my shit hanging anyway at some point. Might as well give them something else to rat me out to my mother about." And with that decided, she pulled her shirt off and removed the restrictive garment and tossed it to the floor.

With a sigh of satisfaction, she put her skin-tight t-shirt back on and exited the stall. Stepping out, she caught her reflection in the mirrors above the sinks on the opposite wall.

"White trash score...a perfect 10," she muttered and shook her head in both disbelief and disgust. "Not only am I a fat cow with tits bigger than my head...but I'm dressed like a fucking tramp...go me!"

Ah fuck it, Dana...learn to be crazy once in a while...you got money...you got a house and a car. Why the fuck are you still worrying about what other people think? Do whatever the hell you want to for a change...trashy or not...crazy or not. Who cares if they stare? You still got more money in the bank than most of these bitches see in a lifetime!

Somehow she managed to talk herself into it. Lifting her chin just a bit higher than it had been...she smirked and opened the restroom door. "Here goes nothing..."

As the bus began to slow and change lanes, Billy realized they must be preparing to exit the freeway.

"Finally," he muttered to himself, but apparently his younger brother heard him.

"Are we there yet," he asked from a half-sleep. Blinking, he sat upright and peered out the window. "Hey hey...they got trees here."

"Real funny...no shit...like we don't have trees in Arizona, dummy."

"Not natural ones, we don't...freaking desert sucks," Bobby replied with a disgusted look on his face. "Hey, what'choo think Aunt Dana is gonna look like?"

Neither of them had seen her since they were little...and Bobby didn't even remember her at all. And nobody seemed to have any recent pictures of her either, so both of them had been wondering what she'd look like and if they'd even recognize her.

"She was kinda hot in the photos Granny has of her...but they were really old I think...I don't know," he admitted.

Suddenly brakes shooshed and the bus began to turn and within a few more moments they were stopped and positioned in front of the bus terminal main doors.

"Thanks for traveling Trailways...we'll have the luggage compartments opened in a few minutes and you can retrieve your bags," the driver announced over his loudspeaker.

Everyone immediately stood up and began filing out of the bus, the boys included.

"You think she's gonna be like Mom?" Bobby asked from behind his brother as they bumped and nudged their way down the line toward the door.

"What do you mean?"

"You know...like Mom," he repeated and gave Billy an odd look.

"Oh...I don't know...crap...how the hell should I know," he answered.

After his brother's odd look...he'd known exactly what he was talking about. The situation with their mother was why they were being sent out to California to begin with. And their Granny knew a bit about what was going on...enough to know she was washing her hands of it...and that's why they had ended up getting dumped off on Aunt Dana apparently.

By that point, they'd reached the bus door and were stepping down out of the transport. They were no sooner out into the crowd of people than a woman caught both their eyes...

By the time Dana had emerged from the restroom, the terminal had begun to fill up with people. At least fifteen to twenty assorted persons all hovered around the main doors on the far end of the building.

"Great...just wonder how many are gonna be gawking at me in a minute?" Stoning herself, she forced her feet into motion and with an intentional air of superiority, she marched down the hall and out into the

terminal waiting area. Just as she emerged into the crowd though, the bus pulled up to the main doors and everyone's attention automatically turned to the arriving vehicle.

To Dana's dismay, no one even glanced at her. Sadly, she was almost a little disappointed. She'd half assed been hoping that she'd get some stares and glares.

That's about right...the first time I grow balls enough to actually pull something crazy...and nobody notices or even cares. Just my luck.

"Oh well...boys, boys, boys," she muttered to herself as she navigated through the crowd and out the doors to where the bus was unloading.

Oh damn, she thought to herself as she realized her massive tits were warbling and jostling with every step she took and every time she bumped into someone they literally did a jello-like shimmy. The sensation was really freaky. It was almost like being naked in public. She'd never been bra-less in public before...especially not since her tits had gotten so huge.

Unintentionally she bumped into a fat guy from behind. Her left titty pressed straight into his back and she had to push a woman behind her back just to move away from him. He glanced back over his shoulder at her and then returned his attention to the bus passengers now pouring out of the vehicle's door.

Her nipples were harder than rocks now and she had really gotten a good rub from the fat guy...so good that she was now considering just rubbing up on people for the hell of it.

Do it, freako...like anybody is really gonna complain...I mean what are they gonna do, yell "Get your big tits off of me?" She deliberated the idea for a few seconds and then decided she might should stick to bumping and grinding only on men. She'd known a few women before who really would say something rude like that in public.

For a moment she just closed her eyes and stood stark still...concentrating on the noise and movement all around her...on the little bumps and touches of the anonymous people in the crowd around her...a crowd that was now swelling to about fifty or sixty people with the addition of the bus passengers.

Her tits...everyone kept bumping into her tits...it was fantastic...with her eyes closed, she couldn't see them coming...it was erotic to say the least. She just had to stand there and wait for the next sexual stroke on them. Someone even rubbed her ass once.

Oh fuck...I think I'm gonna cum right here!

Billy's eyes were glued to the woman in the pink t-shirt.

"My eyes are up here," the shirt read...but it wasn't her eyes he wanted to look at.

"Dude...check out that chick...look at her, man," he elbowed his younger brother and pointed towards the woman with a tilt of his head. "Look at her fuck'in titties, man," he hissed through clenched teeth.

"Whoa..." and that was about all Bobby could say as he too, locked his eyes onto the woman's unbelievable body.

"She's kinda fat...but man...what are those...like triple DDD's or something?"

"Dude...is that...nooooo," Bobby started but then his voice trickled off.

"What??" Billy replied, but then on a second glance at the woman...and this time more at her face than her breasts...he realized exactly what his brother had started to insinuate. "Holee shit...there's no fucking way...that can't be...she's too fat...she's got...they're...huge..." and his voice faded out as well.

"Why is she just standing there with her eyes closed?" Bobby finally asked after a few silent seconds.

"I don't know...but I guess there's one way to find out who she is," he added and without further adieu, he shouted out to the woman over the crowd of people.

"Aunt Dana!" the voice called out and snapped Dana out of her sexual trance. Looking around, she desperately tried to locate the source of the call. "Aunt Dana...over here," the same voice cried out again and this time she located the source...two boys...obviously Billy and Bobby.

Without more thought, she immediately started walking towards them. The crowd had thinned out now and for the most part and begun to dissipate. As she walked, she felt her massive tits rolling and jiggling beneath her too tight t-shirt...and as she approached the boys, she knew without doubt their eyes were watching every quiver and jiggle her jugs were making.

Well you wanted some attention...I guess you got it now, big dog!

The problem was, it wasn't two little boys she wanted it from...or was it? Admittedly, she'd just had a dirty fantasy about fucking them back in the terminal restroom. And so maybe their attention wasn't necessarily a bad thing.

They're your nephews, huzzy! she heard a voice in her head say...a voice that sounded a lot like her mother's. Rather than deter her thoughts of perversion though, the nagging voice just made her all that more determined to enjoy their attention.

When she reached them, she stopped, and popped both hands up on her hips and thrust her chest forward in a pissy little stance...her best attempt to make her tits stick out even further for their gazing pleasure. The problem was, when she put her shoulders back, it tugged her t-shirt up a bit in the front and she felt the sensation of cool air caress the

bottom part of her belly...and she knew the shirt had come up high enough to expose the lower curve of her fat gut.

Crap...of course...nothing ever works right, she moaned inside her head. *Just be cool, Dana...they're still staring at your tits...let'em suck it in...and don't be all, "Don't look at my belly" and shit...just be cool...so what if you got a gut...you still got double EE's baby...so show'em off.*

"Aunt Dana?" the tallest boy asked with an odd expression as his eyes slowly rose from her tits up to her face. "Are you Aunt Dana?"

"I am...they aren't," she replied with a forced smirk. "Read the shirt."

"Oh...sorry," he said and his face flushed bright red...as did his younger brother's.

You're a young California babe...you got money...a house...a bright red sports-car...and you were actually married to a famous actor. Act like it Dana...don't be embarrassed of yourself...make a good first impression and they'll like you.

"Don't worry about it...you've gotten bigger since I seen you last too," she stated with an actual smile. In truth, Billy was nearly as tall as her and that somewhat blew her mind. "Of course I'm growing out instead of up," she added, trying to be funny about the situation.

She thought about apologizing for the way she was dressed...but then she realized that would infer that she was embarrassed about matters...about herself and the way she looked. No...no that wasn't what she wanted to do. She wanted to be confident...she wanted to at least pretend to be the person she wanted to be...for at least as long as the boys were here. She could go back to being depressive and lonely after they left in a few weeks if she wanted to. But if anything would gall her mother...it would be for the boys to return to Arizona singing her praises and saying how cool Aunt Dana was.

"Well don't just stand there...grab your bags and let's go." That said, she stepped past them and headed off into the parking lot toward the back row.

Billy turned to look at his brother and found him already staring at him with bugged out eyes.

"Don't look at me dude...I got no clue," he said in answer to his younger brother's unspoken question.

"Boobs...she has monster boobs," Bobby gasped as he turned to retrieve his suitcase.

"Keep it in your pants, moron...we're already in enough trouble as it is...so don't go being stupid while we're here," Billy warned him.

"But she wasn't even wearing a bra...that shirt was so tight you could crack walnuts under it," he pleaded the case a bit more.

"She's our Aunt, dickweed...put it out of your mind," Billy warned him once more as they snagged their cases and shuffled to catch up with Dana, crossing the parking lot.

As the red sports-car pulled out of the parking lot, Dana glanced in the rear-view mirror at Billy in the backseat. He looked tired and beat down. Apparently the long bus trip hadn't been all that great.

"You guys wanna take a scenic tour or just go straight back to my house?" she asked them.

"Doesn't matter to me...I'm taking a nap," Billy replied first and sank back down into the back seat of the little sports-car, lying completely down and out of Dana's line of sight.

"Well," she asked towards Bobby who sat shotgun next to her.

"Scenic is cool," he answered with a slight smile.

She glanced over at him as she changed lanes and realized he was doing his best to stare at her tits without her knowing it.

Good grief! He's gonna get eye cramp staring to the side like that!

"Okay...well...scenic it is then," she said as she gunned the little car up onto the freeway.

Bobby couldn't help himself. Aunt Dana's tits were just fucking massive and her t-shirt did absolutely nothing to contain them. Her big, fat nipples were erect and poking through the overstretched fabric just taunting him. So tight was the shirt that he could make out her areola through it's material. And every time she made the slightest movement, the big bitches would just shimmy and jiggle like two giant sacks of jello. It was a boob man's fantasy come true and it was just killing him to NOT look at them.

Positioning his head to point directly at the dashboard, he twisted his eyes as far to the left as he could...an attempt to stare at her tits without necessarily letting her know he was looking.

The problem was looking at her without his fucking dick getting involved and embarrassing him as it had so many times before.

Down...lay down, dammit, he cursed it inside his head. Reluctantly he admitted he couldn't control it and he was either going to have to stop looking at her boobs or he was going to have to let the bulge in his pants be seen. With inhuman determination, he finally managed to turn his eyes away from her chest and stare out the right side of the car.

Catching his own reflection in the side-mirror, he suddenly found himself remembering the first time he'd seen a pair of exposed breasts.

He'd just started getting over the flu...and was at home, alone, with his mother while Billy was off at school. He wasn't sure what day it was exactly, but he could still remember the phone ringing and his mother getting a strange look on her face as she spoke to the school nurse. What the conversation has truly consisted of, he wasn't sure...but apparently it had something to do with Billy and his shorts being jerked down in class or something and that had something, he suspected, to do

with his mother taking Billy to the doctor the following afternoon. He'd gotten left out in the waiting room and Billy never would tell him what happened. It was the following day after that...that he had gotten to see his first pair of naked boobs.

"I'm telling you Liz...I don't care what the doctor says...it's just not normal for him to be that big...stupid military doctors are all half-ass anyway...stupid bitch just looked at me like I was stupid when I told her what happened and then she said there was nothing wrong with him and suggested I just do what the school said...and not let him wear shorts anymore."

Liz, his mother's friend and next-door neighbor on the base, was a bit of a tramp in hindsight. He was too young to realize that at the time...hell he didn't even know what sex was at that point or for that matter what the hubbub between the two of them was even about. It had something to do with his brother, he knew, and something with his shorts and his mother had ended up taking him to the doctor the day before...but beyond that, he was still clueless.

Liz, a military wife as well, was a nineteen year old, standing about five seven and weighing maybe a hundred and twenty pounds, if even. She didn't even look old enough to be married. Her makeup was too thick when she wore it and her hair was always messy looking and he didn't ever remember seeing her wear anything but a tight skirt and tank-top...usually with no sign of a bra. A total white-trash floozy who probably spent most of her spare time picking up other soldiers while her husband was away on deployment. She'd gotten pregnant recently though, while her husband was home...luckily for her...and during the last few months leading up to that day, he'd watched as her flat belly inflated into a round orb about the size of a volley ball. Her boobs, barely there to begin with, had also enlarged into some serious D-cups...but she'd apparently refused to start wearing a bra and it was for that reason that Bobby had started hanging around when she'd come over.

"Well is it really *that* big, Tonya?"

"YES...yes it is...and I just...I don't know what to do about it."

The two of them sat at the kitchen table drinking something that smelled horrible. And the more of it they drank, the louder they were getting.

Bobby sat watching TV near the kitchen doorway...sniffing every so often and coughing...just to pretend he was still ailing... while listening to their conversation...and peering in every so often to look at Liz's boobs busting out of her tank-top. He remembered not knowing *why* he liked looking at them...but he did. These days, he knew exactly why he liked big boobs. But then...then he was just stupid he guessed.

"Well why do you *need* to do anything...I mean...what's the deal?"

His mother sighed and downed another slug of whatever it was she was drinking.

"I'll tell you...because apparently he was at school and some little jerkwad decided it would be funny to pull his shorts down in front of everybody and apparently it gave his teacher a coronary."

Liz busted out laughing and nearly spit out her own drink.

"What the fuck is so funny?"

Liz finally curtailed her mirth and sat snorting for a moment or two before she finally mustered the control to respond.

"I'm just picturing some old crone of a teacher bugging her eyes out when his dong come flopping out."

His mother snickered herself somewhat.

"Yeah, I guess it's kind of funny...but it's not so much now that I'm worried about...I mean if he's this big now...how big is it gonna be in a few more years...it's just crazy."

"Well c'mon, Tonya...how fuck'in big is it?" Liz stared at her with big eyes and arched brows. "I'm having trouble here...I've never exactly seen it so I'm have'in trouble really accepting that it's all that massive."

"Fine...you wanna know," and his mother turned to face him in the doorway. "Bobby...c'mere a minute."

As he stood up and approached her, he noticed Liz's eyes bulging out of her skull. When he arrived at the table, his mother reached out and jerked his own shorts and underwear down.

He'd only *thought* Liz's eyes were bulging before that moment. Now...now her eyes were popping out of her head...and her mouth hung open in total astonishment at what she stared at...which hung between his legs.

"See...that's what I'm talking about. And Billy is even bigger than him," his mother explained after raising back up from pulling his pants down to his knees.

He wasn't sure what to do. He just stood there rather frozen and in shock. He could recall wondering why the woman was staring at him...or at *it*, rather. These days he knew precisely why she gawked at him and he also had a good idea about what she was thinking at that time too, but then...then he knew nothing of women or penises or abnormal sizes...all he knew was his mother was stressed and her friend was in shock...and both emotions had something to do with his brother and him and what apparently hung between their legs.

The silence strained on for what seemed like minutes instead of seconds, until Liz finally closed her mouth and spoke.

"Uhh...wow...I mean...whoa...okay, that's big." She was matter-of-fact and obviously trying not to continue glaring at him...but every few seconds, he noticed her eyes darting back down to his naked lower body. "Most dudes are like five...six...maybe seven inches...I mean I seen a guy with eight once and he was likely totally useless...it was too

long and way too skinny...I'm talking serious pencil dick." Again, she glanced back at his genitals. "Maybe it just looks bigger...like an optical illusion, y'know...I mean---"

"Nooo...no it don't...that's what I thought, y'know...but I measured Billy's and it's like already six inches long."

"He catches wood?"

His mother looked at her strangely and scrunched her eyebrows before answering.

"Noooo...no that's fucking limp, dingleberry...LIMP...el, eye, em, pee!"

Suddenly Liz's eyes were bugging out again and her jaw was creeping back into an open position.

"No fucking way..."

"Well look at that...he's at least five right there...I mean c'mon...I'm not exaggerating at all here."

"No...no it can't be that big...there's just no way," Liz denied.

"Well you're looking at it...fuck, hold on...I'll prove it." With a quick jerk of movement his mother stood up and headed off to the kitchen counter.

"Take your pants off and get up in my chair, Bobby," she instructed him as she rummaged around in a counter drawer.

Nervously, he'd complied, kicking his shorts off and climbing up into her chair. Standing now, his genitals were eye-level for Liz who sat just a short ways away on the opposite side of the small, four seat dining table. His movements in climbing had made his wiener start to swing back and forth and now that he was looking at Liz again, he realized she was watching his penis like a hungry cat would watch a tasty mouse being dangled in front of it. Her eyes were darting side to side in sync with the pendulous movement of his member.

His mother drew his attention away from Liz's gaze when she approached and reached out for his penis. Without a word, she pulled it out and placed a cloth tape measure to the base of it...and ran it along the length of it. The tip stopped just short of the number five.

"See...I told you...think I'm crazy now," she said as she held him out to one side so Liz could see the tape measure reading.

"Holee shit, Tonya...holee fucking shit!"

"And look at this," she added and pulled the tape around the girth of his penis. "Four inches...*around*...around, woman...and believe me, Billy's is a lot fatter than this...he's almost six around...he makes Brent look fuck'in pathetic I tell you."

Liz just sat there, eyes wide and shaking her head side to side slightly...her mouth agape in total shock.

"Can you imagine how big it's gonna be when it gets hard? He's never gonna be able to keep it in his pants...him OR Bobby...it's ridiculous!"

Liz's eyes narrowed somewhat and she pursed her lips as she glanced up to meet his mother's gaze.

"Do they *get* boners yet?"

He remembered his mother looking perplexed...almost disturbed by the question. She looked down at her hand...holding his penis and then back at her friend across the table.

"I honestly don't know...I've never seen them with one."

About that moment, the phone rang and his mother turned loose of him to go answer it.

"Crap...that's probably Brent...I'll gotta go talk to him...he only gets to use the phone once a day...I'll be back," she said as she grabbed the portable phone off the kitchen wall and stormed off quickly into the living room to talk to his father...leaving him standing on display with no pants.

"Wow...you...you really got a nice one there, buddy," Liz said in a low voice and with a devious sort of smile. He remembered specifically the look on her face...the glint in her mischievous eyes. Now days he knew what that look meant...but back then, it caught him completely unaware.

Liz leaned forward and peered out the kitchen doorway into the living room and watched as his mother sat down on the couch with her back to them and the kitchen. When the pregnant woman leaned back in her chair her smile had grown into a creepy grin.

With practiced movements, she slowly pulled her tank-top upward until her D-cups were fully exposed. Her hands then slowly slid forward and cupped her bloated breasts and began to caress them...massaging them...and then...then she began to pull and pinch on her nipples. She was rolling her eyes around and making an "O" shape with her puffy lips.

He recalled feeling weird as he watched her...part of him nauseous and the other part of him wanting to climb down and go over and touch her big boobs. He remembered distinctly feeling something...wrong...or something different in his penis...it almost ached...like a light itch that needed to be scratched. His hands drifted down to it instinctively and the weird sensation suddenly grew into something more...something that made him want to...to clench...clench some muscle or the other low down beneath his penis. He wanted to clench it badly...and he strained and finally something beneath his balls but not quite to his buttohole... jerked as if it had some sort of bizarre spasm and his penis moved. It was then that he realized the muscle was attached to it somehow.

Looking down, he realized his penis was moving still...and...and the achy feeling was growing stronger until the same weird muscle kicked again beneath it. His penis was standing out straight...something it had never, ever done before.

Embarrassed, he attempted to cover it.

"Uh-uhh," Liz blurted from across the table. "No, no ...oh hell no...let me see that bad boy...don't hide it."

He looked at her and realized she was tugging her big nipples harder now and her demeanor was somehow different in a way he couldn't quite

describe. She looked flushed...like she was hot...and she was talking oddly...sort of in a gasping way, like she'd been running or something.

From her, he looked out into the living room and saw his mother, her back still to them...still yapping obliviously on the phone to his father.

"C'mon now...let me see what you got going on, big boy," Liz cooed to him as she jiggled her titties for him. "You like that...you like looking at my big boobies?"

The weird muscle contracted again...and then again...and he looked down in shock to see that his penis wasn't even soft anymore...it looked completely different. Now...now it was rigid and red and it bowed upright, nearly twice it's normal size...and it pulsed...pulsed with the pumping thump of his own heartbeat. He felt light-headed and really wanted to get down out of the chair...but before he could move to do so, he looked once more at Liz and her bare breasts.

Having cupped her breasts and hefting them up, she was taking turns licking the nipples of both. Her eyes however, were glued to him...or more specifically to his newly discovered erection.

He felt queasy and out of breath...and he wanted down out of the chair badly, but before he could get down, his penis muscle kicked again...and again...and again, and he felt an odd surge of something down low and for a split second he thought he was going to pee on himself...but instead of urine...something else spurted out of his penis and splattered atop the dining table.

"Oh holee shit!" Liz blurted and jumped up from her chair.

"Something wrong?" his mother called out from the living room.

"No, no...no...nothing...I just spilled some beer...I got it," Liz lied like a dog as she quickly jerked her shirt down and covered her breasts and round belly.

"There's a rag on the bar by the sink," his mother replied.

"Got it...no problem," Liz called back to her as she nervously stepped over to the sink and then back to the table.

Bobby wasn't sure what had happened...but there was a serious ache now in the sack beneath his penis...and it felt like he needed to get something out...more of the white stuff, he assumed...but he didn't quite know how to do that...especially now with Liz's shirt down. He'd put two and two together and realized seeing her boobs had caused the problem to start with...and now...now his penis was hard as a rock and his balls were killing him. Fidgeting, he rubbed at them...trying to massage them in hopes it would help with the ache.

Absently, he looked over at Liz as she reached out with the towel to wipe up his mess on the table...and wondered why she was hesitating. Just before she was about to sweep it up...she halted and leaned back to look out into the living room as if to check the status of his mother. When she looked back, she directed her attention to the white gobs on the table top. And without prelude or reason, she leaned down and

licked the table top and she continued to lick it until she'd cleaned up all of his ejaculation.

He wondered why on earth she'd do that. When she raised up, she had it smeared around her mouth on her cheeks and she didn't seem to care...because her attention now, shifted back to his penis. She reached out and put her hand over his mouth...and with the other hand she encompassed his engorged dick and began to pump on it till more of the white stuff glurped out...and then she leaned down and put the end of his penis into her mouth.

The feeling of her mouth was intense...hot and wet...and then the sucking sensation began and she was doing something with her tongue he thought. Then he felt that strange muscle kicking again beneath it...and a weird quiver began that made him shake all over and he knew instinctively that he was doing it again...the white stuff was coming out and this woman was sucking it down her throat and it felt good...really good.

Though more of the white crap had come out, his balls continued to ache and his penis still stood rigid and hard. When Liz had gulped down her last bit and came up from his penis, she had a wild look in her eye that almost frightened him somewhat. He'd never seen that look before, though he'd seen it many times since. It was a look of sexual arousal that was nearing the point of unfettered...uncontrollable lust.

The chair he stood in was pushed away from the table somewhat...at least enough that Liz could now ease in between him and the table. As she did so, she leaned back and sat down on the edge of the table and pulled her shirt up once more, but this time she didn't stop there. With nervous and shaking hands, she rolled her shorts down and revealed the full round orb of her pregnant belly.

He thought she looked weird...her belly button was distended...and she had a dark line running from it down the bottom of her stomach. It looked like she had three tits...two smaller ones sitting atop a big third one. Somehow that made him feel crazy again...queasy and yet excited all at the same time.

She wrapped her fingers around his erection and began to pump on it like she'd done moments before...but this time her movements were faster and her grip much tighter. Her movements were furious and it knocked him off balance a bit. He reached back and grabbed the top of the chair back to steady himself as she beat him off with feverish jerks.

"Cum on my belly," she whispered to him. "Cum on it baby...I want it all over my belly."

He'd since learned that pregnant women liked that for some odd reason. He hadn't ever put much thought into it...because he liked doing it whether they were pregnant or not...but his favorite was to shoot it on their tits...and watch them lick it off. At that point in time though, he would have done anything she told him so long as she didn't stop beating

him off. It was almost too rough and she was on the verge of clamping his dick a little too hard...but the feeling of being stimulated like that was far more intense than the pinching, raw hand movements. After a few seconds, her grip intensified though and her stroking became an almost desperate motion for her...her breathing became gasping and almost panting as she beat faster and faster on it.

His penile muscle began to kick again and this time rather than spurting and blurping out, the white stuff erupted, spewing out all over her belly and breasts. The mess was ten times the amount he'd dribbled out the first time...and he was pretty sure way more than the second time in Liz's mouth. The amount was so massive that even Liz seemed shocked by it...but her hand continued to pump until the last drops had emerged from his finally shriveling shaft.

When it was finished, she let go of him and just sat there on the edge of the table, staring in disbelief at all the white goo that dripped down the round curve of her belly. She was coated in it.

"Oh shit...oh holee shit I never seen so much..." she muttered in a whispered voice more to herself than him.

Looking up at him finally, she displayed an expression of worry.

"Did you like that?" she asked.

He nodded his affirmation.

"Don't dare tell your mother...don't ever tell anybody I did that, okay...nobody...got it?" Her eyes were wide and unblinking.

He nodded in agreement.

"I gotta go...I gotta go now before I do something worse," she said to him as she pulled her shirt down over the immense amount of semen. Her shirt immediately soaked it up and darkened with the sticky moisture.

"Tonya...I gotta run...I'll call you later, babe," she yelled out to his mother in the living room.

"Get down...put your pants on, dammit...we never did this...you hear me...it didn't happen."

"But," he blurted just before she covered his mouth with her hand again.

"No buts...keep it a secret and maybe...maybe I'll do it again, okay...promise me you won't tell anybody."

He nodded because her hand still covered his mouth.

She turned him loose and made a hasty retreat out the back door, leaving him standing in the chair with a limp and sticky penis.

"So how was the bus trip? Smelly and crowded huh?" Dana asked from the driver's seat. "You ever try to pee in the bathroom on those things...I hate buses."

Her voice pulled him out of his reverie. "Huh? Oh...nah, it wasn't that bad...I slept most of the way here," he replied.

"Bet you were expecting some scrawny bitch to pick you up, huh?"

Her comment caught him off guard somewhat and he turned to look at her...and at the same moment she did the same. Their eyes met and he saw that weird glint in her eye...the same one Liz had the moment she saw his penis the first time.

Oh dude...Aunt Dana is a freak!

The way she was dressed...the hot sports-car...no bra...huge ass titties just swinging free for all the world to see...single...cute in the face...blonde and apparently kind of sassy and obviously uncaring of what other people thought of her. He liked her immediately...but he also suspected she was wild...maybe even a straight up slut like Liz.

"Sorry I haven't been out to see ya'll in a while. I just been kind of busy with my divorce and all and stuff, y'know," she lied. "I was scrawny as crap the last time you saw me. Do you even remember me?"

"No...no not really...Billy does though."

"Yeah, he was bigger than you," she agreed and the comment struck home with Bobby in a different manner than what she'd intended it to.

"So what you think of your big, fat Auntie?"

Another odd question...and one that just furthered his realization that she was freaky in a sexual way. Was she just making conversation or was she fishing for compliments? He knew women did that a lot. Sometimes they wanted it for sexual reasons...and other times they just liked to know they could steal your attention. He wasn't sure what her intentions were yet. Did she maybe know about their dicks? Maybe Granny had let it slip or something...hell maybe even their mother had told her about it. Was she dressed like that on purpose...to tease them right off the bat?

The questions were too deep and numerous and he didn't feel like fighting his way through them just yet. He decided to just play it safe with his response.

"You're pretty cool...I like your car."

"Aahh," she said with a tone of slight disappointment. "Thanks."

He knew then she'd been fishing for something else. Maybe he should try staring at her tits again...to see if she'd say something like she did at the bus. If she didn't...then she obviously liked it. If she did say something, then he'd know she wasn't messing with him.

Twisting in his seat slightly, as much as the seatbelt would allow at any rate, he turned to look at her...or her tits more precisely.

She was watching the road and couldn't really look at him, so he knew she wouldn't be able to tell he was gawking...so he made good on his observation while the getting was good.

Her shirt was still hiked up in the front and her belly bulged out beneath it. In the sitting position, its round shape had compressed into two thick rolls of fat...the lower one almost completely exposed and hanging over the top of her lap. She was wearing lowriders, so

apparently she didn't mind her belly hanging out. That was cool. It reminded him of Liz...and his mother...both of whom had nice big bellies. For that matter, most of the women he'd messed with over the years had been pudgy or outright fat to some degree. It seemed the fat ones were always the freakiest. Men didn't seem interested in them...so they were always willing to take any dick they were offered...especially his and Billy's. Hell, he'd almost developed a real preference for the bigger women...mostly because they always had the most massive tits.

And speaking of tits...Dana's were the biggest he'd ever seen. They were at least the size of her head. It looked like she had two footballs stashed under her shirt.

Those have got to be bigger than D's...what's above that...E's?? He wondered in absolute awe as he absorbed their visual hugeness.

She hit a pothole in the road and everything on her torso bounced. Her tits flopped up and then slapped back down atop her fat belly and all three quivered with a jiggly motion. To his liking...her shirt also rode up a bit higher and exposed the bottom of her top fat roll. Her love handles had also popped into view now on the sides...and as the car rattled along the bumpy freeway her newly exposed overhang vibrated and shimmied right before his eyes and only inches away...so close that he could just reach out and touch it.

I bet she jiggles all over when she's fucking...

The all too familiar kick of his penis let him know he was getting aroused watching her.

Down man...down...sit dog...good boy...don't go embarrassing me just yet, dammit.

It was about then that she turned her head and glanced at him as she reached for the gearshift. Turning loose of the floor shifter, her hand moved to pull her shirt down, but her eyes had already settled on Bobby and she'd obviously realized that he was staring at her...and for some reason her hand hesitated and then abandoned the effort entirely...resuming its position on the steering wheel.

She smiled at him and returned her attention to the road.

Great...he's staring at my love-handles...fantastic. I figured he'd at least be staring at my titties.

Dana leaned forward and lifted herself slightly as she looked into the rearview mirror to check on Billy in the backseat. He was, as she suspected, passed completely out and from the looks of his mouth...might even be snoring, though she couldn't hear him over the sound of the wind whipping all around them. No one ever accused a convertible of being quiet...especially on the freeway.

Relaxing in her seat again, she stole another glance at Bobby and saw that his gaze had left her side and moved forward...either to her boobs or her belly...one of the two.

"So how old are you now?" she asked, making small talk.

"Ten...I'll be eleven in two months," he replied.

"Wow...I thought you were like eight or something...time flies I guess."

"Yeah," he agreed.

"So you got a girlfriend?"

She turned to look at him...to try and gauge his expression and response to that question. She felt stupid...like a junior high girl trying to flirt with a high school jock and having no clue what to say or do.

Why am I messing with him anyway? She pondered the question for a moment in her head and finally concluded she was just excited by the attention he was displaying for her. It'd been so damn long since a guy had noticed her or paid any attention to her...it felt like it had been forever since a man had even had a hand on her body. *He's your nephew, Dana...that's pretty crude. Then again, he's awful cute and not as young as I thought. Wait...where are you going with this? Are you trying to bed him or something? You're nuts. You're still living in your dreamland where him and Billy have big dicks and take you down at the same time. It's not real...and it's not happening. Forget about it. And stop teasing him for crying out loud.*

The voice of reason in her head was starting to gain some ground...but then some other voice chimed in and kicked reason in the nut sack.

But it feels so good...

And that it made it okay...vile, dirty, and downright lewd too...but still okay...or at least that's what the dark little voice in her head told her as it whispered for her to push further.

"Umm...no...I don't really have one," he finally answered her question.

"Oh," she chirped in response. "You do like girls though, right?"

"Well yeah," he blurted. "No doubt."

"There's a lot of hot girls down on the beach...I live right on the beach you know...I'll have to take you guys down there this afternoon...if you want to."

"Sure," he nodded. "Oh crap...we don't have swimsuits."

"You came to California with no swimsuits?"

"We live in the desert...we really don't go swimming a lot," he informed her with a slightly sarcastic tone.

"Oooo...burn...yeah, good point I guess," she concurred. "No biggie...I'll stop on the way and you guys can get one...I'm buying."

"So you hang out on the beach a lot," he asked.

She laughed.

"Not so much...I haven't exactly got a beach body these days."

"I'm not going unless you go with us," he insisted.

"You really wanna see this," and she reached and tugged her shirt up high enough to expose her entire belly, "in a swimsuit for real?"

She half expected him to divert his gaze...to stutter...to do anything or say anything...but what he did.

"Don't bother me none."

Quickly she glanced at him and realized he was smiling and looking directly at her bared midsection.

"Oh-hoe...a boob man, huh?" she said with a snort of humor.

His face flushed bright red with embarrassment and she knew she'd nailed him to the wall.

"I would have worn a bra today...but it's just really hot...and they sweat like you can't imagine," she half-lied. Her tits did sweat like dirty bitches, but it'd had nothing to do with her lack of breast restraint. "Guys like you don't seem to mind much though...do you?"

She turned to look at him and his face was no longer red...no longer expressing nervousness at all for that matter. In fact, he looked downright confident and calm.

"Doesn't bother me in the least," he agreed and smiled at her.

"Want me to let you in on a little secret about me," she asked him.

"Sure...what?"

"I dress like this because I like to have men looking at me...y'know what I mean?" She wondered if her talk was going over his head...but from her stolen glances at him...it didn't appear to be.

"Any man," she added with an obvious intent to make her point known without spelling it out to him.

"I'm not a virgin," he said nonchalantly...and it took a few seconds for his statement to sink in.

"What?"

"I'm not a virgin...I've had sex before," he reiterated.

She giggled for some reason.

"Er-hrm," she stifled her outburst and attempted to continue talking.

"Are you serious? Why would you say that?"

"I'm just saying," he replied.

Suddenly she felt like she was the prey and he was the hunter. The excitement of her tease dissipated. She was nervous now and unsure of whom was playing whom. He'd seen right through her silly little flirt...and jumped right to the point, letting her know he could and quite well *would* play. That was the response of a man...a man who'd slept with more than just one woman...it was the response of a man who'd had what he wanted and knew how to get it.

She now felt vulnerable...her belly exposed...him staring at her like a piece of meat...and it reminded her of Carlton. He was always in control of their sex and she didn't like it. She wanted to be in control. The control is what turned her on. And now, with Bobby...it was gone somehow...and she desperately wanted it back...but how? He was somehow apparently more experienced than even she was at this debauched little game and there was quite obviously only one way to

retrieve her control and that was simply to stun him more so than he had stunned her.

Alright, I got this, little boy...I can show you who your mamma is...

And with that nasty thought in mind, she let go of the wheel with her right hand and reached out for the gearshift. Working the clutch and then stomping the gas, she accelerated out into the fast lane. As the car sped up dramatically, her shifting hand moved back...but not to the wheel. Instead, it reached for the bottom of her shirt and tugged up the tail until it rolled up over her mammoth titties, exposing them completely.

"What were you saying now?"

The boy was stunned into complete silence. When she glanced over at him, his eyes were bulging out of his head and had his jaw dropped any further...it would have dislocated from his skull and dropped into his lap.

"Careful how you play, little boy...'cause Aunt Dana is a little crazy like that," she announced with as much faked confidence as she could muster.

As if to emphasize her point, she bottomed out in a pothole about that moment and the car bounced riotously and sent her freed tits into a floppy wrestling match with her belly. The sensation of her breasts bouncing so wildly and the cool air on them...hell, the very exposure of them right there on the freeway was almost sexually intoxicating all to itself. But the addition of Bobby staring at her and obviously enjoying the view was plain exhilarating to say the least.

She glanced down to the speedometer and her heart jumped a beat as she realized she was doing nearly ninety miles an hour.

Oh shit...what the fuck am I doing...I just plopped my tits out to my own nephew and now I'm driving crazier than I was on my way to the damn bus station!

"I'm your nephew..." he said to her with a slightly less bewildered look on his face.

"And I'm your aunt," she replied. "It don't make my tits less gigantic, now does it?"

He shook his head side to side but said nothing.

"You want me to put my shirt down?"

He still said nothing.

"Just say the word and I'll put it down, big boy..."

She looked over at him and saw a distinctive bulge in his pants that was pretty damn big from what she could tell.

Reaching for the shifter, she slowed the car down and then pulled her shirt down...covering everything, including her fat belly. Whipping off the freeway, she steered off into a parking lot with a strip mall surrounding it.

"What--" he muttered.

"Swimsuit...beach...remember?"

"Oh..."

It was obvious he was disturbed by the sudden change in situation. And unless she missed her guess...he was also disappointed by it...but she wasn't. She had very ulterior motives for wanting to get him in a swimsuit. She wanted to find what he was packing before she messed around any further with him...and getting him to try on a speedo was about the most sure-fire way she could conceive to find that out.

TO BE CONTINUED

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