

THE LUST

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CHAPTER

AN EBOOK SERIAL

THE LUST

A STORY OF INCEST AND DEPRAVITY

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 3

The strip mall was fairly good sized and had a number of chain stores, but Dana picked the locally owned *Sexy Fashions*. She had no intention of buying anything for herself, but she knew they had swimsuits for men...freaky little thong style ones and while she didn't expect Bobby would go for it...she rather hoped to get him to at least try one on.

"Sexy Fashions?" he asked as she pulled the car into a parking spot far out on the edge of the lot. "There's an Old Navy over there," he added, pointing across the street.

"I like this store...c'mon."

"What about Billy...he's--"

"Ah, don't wake him up...he's actually snoring...look," she cut him off and pointed at the older boy lying in the back seat with hissing lips and fluttering eyelids. "C'mon...we'll just get him one size bigger than you."

The two of them got some strange looks upon immediately entering the store...mostly from other patrons rather than the cashier who was the only employee to be seen. It was California after all...and they had to have a crazy clientele with the sorts of clothing they sold here. Most of the other customers seemed to be younger and after their initial gawk of interest, they tended to carry on shopping and ignore her and Bobby.

"What kind of stuff do they sell here?" he asked with a bewildered look on his face as they passed a torso mannequin wearing what looked like a leather bondage outfit.

"Oh they got stuff," she replied, nonchalantly skirting his question.

As they made their way to the back of the store, she pointed out the dressing stalls on the back wall, of which, there were three, all of which were open.

"Pick one...and I'll go find you some suits to try on."

The boy looked at her oddly and cut his eyes as if he wasn't sure he liked that plan but wasn't quite going to make a fuss yet. Without saying a word, he stepped over into the middle stall and closed the door.

"Can I help you?" a feminine voice called out from behind Dana.

"Oh, yeah...men's swimsuits...er, actually boys' really," she replied, as she turned to look at the scrawny goth girl who stood there with a tape measure around her neck and a ring through both sides of her nose.

The girl, a teenager obviously, had a name...TRINA, or so her name tag claimed...and she appeared to be suddenly stricken with shock as she dropped her gaze from Dana's face to her breasts.

"B-boy's?" she sputtered. Then, all at once her surprise melted into something more akin to devious mirth. "Sure you don't want a bra maybe?" A wry and sarcastic smirk creased one side of her mouth.

"No bitch...I said a boy's swimsuit...maybe if you'd get your face out from between my titties you could hear what I was saying."

OH! Eat that bitch...feel the burn you sarcastic cunt!

Dana hadn't smoked anybody in what seemed like years. And boy howdy, had she just laid a zinger on this uppity little twat. The more she faked her attitude, the more she was beginning to like it...hell, to ENJOY it for that matter. *Perhaps*, she thought, *being a stuck-up bitch isn't all that bad.*

Trina just laughed.

"Ow! Okay, I had that coming I guess...but umm...we don't really have a whole lot of kid's clothing, y'know."

"Well just show me where the smallest men's suits you have are at."

What the fuck is up with this crazy shit?!?

Bobby wondered to himself as he unsnapped his jeans and unzipped them. Dropping them to the floor he stepped out of the legs and then bent over to pick them up.

She shows me her tits...I mean straight the fuck up...shows me her titties just like that...and then she just puts'em up and whips over into this place and now she's picking out my swimsuit---

And then it suddenly occurred to him what she was up to. Why he hadn't figured it out sooner was the question.

Granny or Mom must have told her about us...and she's want'in to know if it's true or not...she wants to see how big my dick is.

His original estimate of her was apparently pretty much on track. He was beginning to wonder if all women weren't like his mother to some degree. It seemed even the women who weren't interested in fucking him...at least always wanted to see his dick.

Looking down at the sag in his underwear, he sighed and realized that he was a sexual oddity...him and his brother both were. He imagined somehow that had they been born back at the turn of the century, they'd have been carnival show exhibits for certain. Hell, knowing their mother like he did, she'd probably have been the carnival ringmaster.

When was it exactly, that he realized his mother was a serious pervert anyway? Actually he knew...he could remember plain as if it were yesterday...and in fact, it had been the very same day Liz had shown him her tits...not long after...not long at all.

He heard his mother saying her goodbyes to his father and then he heard the blip of the portable phone as she hung up...and he heard her walking back towards the kitchen, but for the life of him, he couldn't find the will to move. Instead, he simply remained standing in the kitchen chair where Liz had left him...no pants...and penis beaten raw. At least it wasn't hard anymore, but it was certainly red and swollen.

His mother walked in and at first didn't appear to notice him still standing there in the chair...but then she stopped abruptly and wheeled around to look at him with a bewildered expression.

"Why are you still up there?" she asked...and then her eyes dropped lower to his bare pelvis and apparently his bloated and raw penis. Her bewilderment faded quickly into a look of concern and one eyebrow arched as if she found the situation curious enough to investigate.

Hesitantly she stepped toward him and continued to eye his genitals with suspicion. When she stopped directly beside him, her face lifted to meet his awkward stare. She said nothing...and then she lowered her gaze again to his crotch and reached out to it. Pinching the head with her thumb and finger, she lifted it's length and pulled it out away from him somewhat as if she wanted to survey it for some reason.

"Were you doing something to yourself?" she finally asked.

"Uh-uhh," he replied, not really lying.

"Why is it all red and...and...swollen?" she continued her questioning.

"I don't know," he lied that time.

His mother's eyes darted to the back door and then to the vacant chair across the table where Liz had been sitting when she left the kitchen earlier. Her mental addition was swift and sure.

"Did Liz do something to you?"

"Nooo," he lied again, but he knew his eyes and expression were probably giving him away. He'd never been real great at lying. Now Billy...Billy could lie his way out of anything...but not him...no, he was a terrible and pathetic liar...and he knew his mother was seeing right through his attempt.

The tape measure was still lying on the table where his mother had discarded it and with a swift snatch, she grabbed it and again ran it down the length of his shaft. This time the numbers were different...much different.

His penis tip fell just short of six and half inches and when she wrapped the tape around it, the number was close to five inches.

Suddenly nervous and shaking, his mother simply dropped the tape measure to the floor and backed up while glaring with wild eyes at his dangling and angry genital. She'd turned loose abruptly and it was swinging back and forth now between his legs and he felt strangely like some sort of human clock.

"Do..." his mother began but her voice cracked. Clearing her throat, she looked up at his face and steeled her expression. "Do you have erections, Bobby...does it get hard?"

He didn't know what to say. It never had until a few minutes before that and he still wasn't sure what the fuck it was all about or even how it worked. He knew Liz's titties had something to do with it, but why that had made it hard, he had no clue. And most shocking of all, had been the weird sticky white mess that had shot out everywhere and eventually

all over Liz herself. Looking back, he realized just how naive he was at the time about sexual biology. He wondered how differently he might have acted had he known half of what he knew now.

"Well answer me," his mother demanded. "Do you or not?"

"I...uhh," he stuttered but couldn't find the words to answer her.

"Did she do something to you?" she asked again. "Just tell me...I'm not mad...I just wanna know what she did."

"Nooo...no she didn't do anything," he lied and tried his best to maintain a straight face.

"Did you get hard...is that why she left?" Her expression looked a bit agitated now. "I guess that would have done it," she admitted. "Well get down from there...damn."

Relieved, he put his hand on the chair back and started to get down.

"No...no wait a minute," she said, stopping him in his tracks. With a determined look on her face, she stepped back up to him as he straightened back into a standing position in the chair. "You look here, mister...I'm not stupid...I know what it looks like after it's been hard...now you tell me the truth...did you get a hard on while Liz was here?"

"N-noo," he lied and did so quite poorly.

"So you're standing here with a swollen dick and telling me you don't get erections?" She glared at him and then looked down at his penis. "I know what does that," she added, pointing at his plumped up member.

Somehow he felt like she was convinced it was *him* that had done something wrong. In hindsight, he knew his mother had feared that he and his brother would have uncontrollable libidos and that essentially, they were going to be sex-crazed, walking fuck toys. Her worst fear was that they would start having sex early and start knocking up girls of all ages. She feared they would be sexual monsters of some sort. And so looking back at that incident now, he realized why she'd jumped to that conclusion, but at the time, it had made him feel really ashamed and somehow guilty over what had happened even though it really hadn't been his fault at all.

"Answer me!" she demanded in a hostile tone. "Do you even know what the hell I'm talking about?"

"N-nooo," he lied once more, hoping against the odds, that she'd feel bad and just leave him alone...but his response had just the opposite affect. Perhaps he'd have done better that day to have just told her the truth...and perhaps it wouldn't have gone as weirdly as it had or as viciously.

"Oh fuck," his mother grumbled as she reached out and latched on to his penis with her right hand. She immediately began to pump on it like Liz had and almost instantly, it began to swell and grow hard again. "Oh holee shit," she sputtered as she turned loose and took a single step back from him. "Oh holee fucking shit," she repeated...her voice dropping to more of a whisper as she watched his dick elongate from the

six and half inches it was...to something more akin to eight inches. Her eyes dilated and widened as they stared with disbelief at his growth.

Breathe...breathe, Tonya! The voice in her head was getting insistent that she take in some air. Finally, she forced herself to inhale, but she still felt light headed and somewhat loopy. Her feet stepped backwards and she realized she needed to sit down quickly before she fell down. Grasping with desperation, she jerked out the chair nearest her and dropped down into it.

He's a freak...he's a total freak...look at that thing! How can he have a cock that big...and how can it be hard...look at that!

Her mind scrambled to cope with what she was seeing, but all she could focus on was the size...the sheer size of her son's penis. The implications of the fact...were too much to deal with all at once.

Ever since the first moment she'd realized Billy had a larger than normal penis, she'd wondered just what would come of it. When Bobby was born a year and a half later...she realized something was off or at least not quite right with her boys. Over the next years, she watched as their genitals continued to grow larger and she worried...worried and wondered what kind of sexual problems were going to result from their abnormal sizes.

Two days ago, her fears had started to culminate in reality. A phone call from the school nurse informed her that Billy had a run in with a bully who'd thought it would be funny to jerk his pants down in front of everyone. The other urchins had all laughed at him...and she was sure that was humiliating enough...but his teacher had seen him and had a bit of a spaz-out over his size...ending up sending him to the nurse. The final verdict had been that they insisted he not wear shorts to school anymore and that she take him to the doctor immediately.

That visit had been nearly as bad as the phone call. I mean, how exactly do you tell you doctor that you think your son's dick is too big? And to make matters worse, at the base clinic, you never got to pick which doctor you saw...and as luck would have it, she got a female doctor...and to her disgust, the woman appeared to be more *impressed* by his size rather than concerned. She'd examined him a while and told her she had nothing to worry about...patted her on the back and left the exam room saying, "He'll make some lucky lady very happy one day."

She'd wanted to smack the bitch in the face with her fist so badly it hurt...but reluctantly she'd bitten her tongue and simply left.

Oh, how she'd worried their dicks were going to be trouble. She'd even gotten the courage to talk to Brent about it...but he'd just laughed and told her to quit worrying about it. Brent himself, wasn't much to talk about in the size department and she'd wondered just how in the hell the boys had inherited such large appendages to begin with. Nobody on her side of the family had similar mammoth proportions...none of her

brothers and certainly not her father. And so she'd eventually mustered the balls to ask Brent's mother about his side of the family and she'd learned the old hag's father had been reputedly endowed quite well. From that point on, she'd assumed the genetics must have come from their great grandfather, but it did little to deter the coming trouble...trouble that was now here...staring her in the face.

Bobby's diminutive stature and size did little to help. Instead, the optical illusion simply made his dick look even larger than it actually was. Eight inches was big on any full-grown man...and would get some serious stares...but slap that same size appendage on Bobby and it looked like it was twice that size...so big it didn't even look real. And how could it be? It was ridiculous. And yet there it was, standing out hard as a rock and daring her to deny its existence.

And to make matters worse...she'd been moronic enough to show him off to Liz in order to prove her point about Billy...and then she'd wandered off into the living room to talk to Brent...and who the fuck knew what must have transpired.

She wondered if he'd popped wood while she was out of the room. Liz probably had to go chuck...hence why she'd took off without prelude.

Oh please...Liz?? You are talking about Liz here, moron!

Her friend wasn't just a friend and neighbor...she was also a Grade-A certified slut when it came to men and the fact that she was married made her no difference at all. She liked anything with a dick...anything...

You don't think maybe she---noooo, surely not, right?

She looked up at Bobby's face...then back down at his erection. There was white goo bubbling out the end of his penis head. And as she stared a bit closer at it, she realized it looked like there might have been residue drying on it...semen residue.

What the fuck...did he jack off in front of---NOOO...and she immediately shot that idea down. There was no way in hell he would know how to jack off. No, certainly not. So when you alleviate the impossible, whatever else remained had to be the truth...and that meant only one thing...

"Did Liz mess with your wiener, Bobby?"

Her son just stood there and stared at her with a blank expression on his face. He was a horrible liar. Billy...now that boy could lie like a bitch and get away with it most of the time...but Bobby just sucked at it. She'd been able to read him since he was big enough to even try and lie. And apparently he realized she was seeing through his denials. Instead of putting up more verbal sparring, he was instead, just opting to remain silent and say nothing at all.

"Did she touch you like I did just now...the hand thing, huh?"

The boy remained quiet and stared blankly at her. But his eyes seemed to drift...downward for some reason...and it caught her attention. She glanced down at herself and realized she wasn't wearing a bra

beneath her over-sized t-shirt. It was one of Brent's army under-shirts and she liked to wear them when he was away. His smell always permeated them and it reminded her of him anytime that she put one on and wore it. But this morning, she'd crawled out of bed and just pulled on her jogging pants. She'd been awake half the night wondering what would happen when Billy went back to school that morning and when Liz had woke her up rapping on the back door, she'd just crawled out of her bed and staggered around most of the morning dressed in her rags and night shirt. Liz didn't own a brassiere it seemed, so she figured she probably wouldn't offend the slut if she didn't have one either. But in hindsight now, she wondered if that might not have been a mistake.

She hadn't really considered the fact that she might excite the boys by dressing loosely. Up until now, she had no clue that they could even experience an erection...but quite obviously Bobby could and was...and that meant most likely that Billy not only could too...but probably had been for some time.

He's staring at my tits, she realized with discomfort.

Tonya had been a cheerleader in high school...one of the popular girls and she'd always prided herself in having been a hottie. But when she got pregnant with Billy, her hips had spread and never gone back to their petite and previous size. Brent didn't seem to mind and so she had just bought wider pants and ignored the issue. But when Bobby came around, her ass wasn't the only thing that had gotten bigger. Her tits, C-cups at best, had ballooned into double DD's by the time she delivered and even after her pregnancy, they had hardly shrunk much at all. She was still uncomfortable in a D but not quite hefty enough to fill out the DD. And her belly had gotten huge with Bobby...and of course, had never quite gotten back to normal size.

Immediately after Bobby was born, Brent had been shipped off on a tour to Iraq and she'd been desperately worried about his safety. That worry along with two babies and alone on a military base, had sent her into a bit of depression...depression that led her to eating. By the time Brent had gotten to come home, some eleven months later, he'd found Billy walking and talking...and his wife about fifty pounds heavier.

She'd been 125 pounds before Billy...and by the time Brent came home from that first tour, she was tipping the scales at 180 and bulging out of everything she owned including the infamous DD bra.

After his return, she'd gotten her act together and started exercising and had succeeded in dropping some of the weight...managing at one point to get back down to 160...but no matter what she did or how she ate, her belly had simply refused to go away.

"It's just a convenient and close location for weight to be stored, Tonya...it's perfectly normal for women to gain weight in the belly and it's always the last place to lose it," the base doctor she'd asked about it had explained to her. Despite the simplicity of the reason why, she was still

annoyed by the fact that her belly was plump and round and when she looked at herself in the mirror...she couldn't help but think that she looked pregnant. It was annoying to say the least.

Sit-ups didn't help. Exercise devices didn't help...and dieting did nothing. Her hips were permanently wide and her gut was apparently determined to remain pudgy. Two years passed and she never got below the 160 mark. She'd practically given up by the time Brent got called up again.

Distraught, she'd had to say her goodbyes to him as he shipped off for Iraq again. This time his deployment lasted 18 months. By the time he'd gotten back, both boys were in school and she'd gained all her weight back and was again tipping the scales at 180. To her horror, all of the weight seemed to locate itself in her belly.

She'd taken to wearing girdles and high waist jeans that she could pull up over the bottom of her stomach to compress it. Getting into said jeans was a battle every time, and she still looked fat in them, but at least the waist bands cinched in her middle and kept her belly from appearing pregnant.

She remembered nearly dying a little when she'd gone out to the park one day with the boys and some woman had asked her when she was due. She tried to play it off to the fact that she was wearing an old maternity blouse at the time...but she knew it was more or less the size and roundness of her gut that had made the woman think she was pregnant. The incident had embarrassed her so badly though that she'd started her dieting again in a desperate bid to get rid of her gut.

By the time Brent got home, she'd gotten back down to 170 or so, and she was ashamed for him to know she'd gained all her weight back in his absence. One night she'd cried and told him about how she felt and he'd told her that he didn't care at all...that he actually liked her a little heavier.

It had never occurred to her before that...that he actually might like her body. She knew he really liked it when her tits had ballooned up after Bobby was born, but she never suspected he'd enjoyed everything else being larger to. She suspected he was just being nice...until he started teasing her with food and fattening crap.

Reluctantly she'd began accepting his teases...let him feed her. It'd become almost some sort of foreplay for them. He'd come home with cake or cookies...sometimes chocolate and cherries and then he'd tease her and feed her and then they'd fuck. It was awesome and they'd gotten back into having regular sex for a long time there...and her weight had escalated back up to 180...and she'd started hesitating when he'd bring home junk food for her...and their sexcapades began to die off somewhat and he began to act unimpressed with her.

"If the motherfucker wants to make you fat and fuck you...well fuck'in go for it...most assholes bitch about it when you get fat," Liz had told her

one day when she mentioned her troubles to her. "I wish my husband would tell me I was too damn skinny...shit."

Liz's comments had got her to thinking and eventually one evening she'd met Brent at the front door with nothing on but a thong...and licking a spoon full of cookie dough.

He'd fucked her on the floor right there without even bothering to close the front door. Luckily she'd had the good sense to send the boys off to play upstairs before he got home.

A week later, she'd put on another five pounds and Brent found out he was getting deployed again.

She promised him she'd wait till he got back so he could fatten her up some more...but a year later, when he'd come home, he was different. Apparently three tours in Iraq had done something to him that couldn't be undone. He'd seen serious combat on that tour and he just seemed uninterested in her or anything else after coming home. They had sex maybe twice...and then nothing.

Months passed and he came home one afternoon and informed her he was volunteering for Afghanistan deployment. He used the excuse that the combat pay was higher and that they needed the money, but she knew there was more to it than that. Combat addiction, was the under-the-table term the military psychiatrists used to describe it. Men saw death and committed acts in the name of a mission...and then the mission was not completed. It compelled many of them to keep going back and fighting until they felt some sort of finality or victory. Some felt exhilaration while in combat...to them, the violence became a drug...a narcotic of sorts. To others, they simply couldn't let go of the war until it was done and won. With Brent, she suspected it was the latter. He'd never been exceptionally gung-ho with fighting, but he despised leaving anything unfinished. It annoyed him.

When he left, she found herself seriously depressed and without any company in the house at all. After a few months, she'd started drinking and masturbating. It had helped her mood some. And then Brent had started calling her more and more frequently and she realized he had started to miss her and the boys and it helped her state of mind dramatically. During one phone call, he'd asked her to masturbate for him and she'd ended up eating while doing it to tease him a bit.

They'd both gotten off on it...and now they routinely carried on with it whenever possible. The only thing was, she'd developed an odd necessity to eat whenever she was horny...a peculiar and rather embarrassing fact that had resulted in her gaining upwards to 195 where she was currently.

And so, as she sat there, slumped in the chair, staring at Bobby's erection...while he stared at her tits...it occurred to her that she probably reminded him of Liz with her braless titties and her big round belly.

Good grief...maybe he's like Brent and fucking likes the big titties.

She had to admit, she had an awful big pair these days. She was definitely able to fill out her DD cup without problem anymore.

Oh shit! Suddenly she realized her nipples were getting hard. *Crap! Of all times for you bitches to go poking out.* Self conscious of the matter, she raised and crossed her arms to conceal them.

"So you just gonna stand there all day with a hard on...or are you gonna admit to me that she did something to you?"

Nothing. He just remained standing stock-still and refusing to speak.

"Fine...so did you like it or not?" She figured maybe taking a different tact might get him to let something slide out.

Bobby's eyes suddenly began to glow and a smile almost twitched at the edge of his cheeks...and Tonya realized he was forcing himself not to show any emotional or physical response...but his eyes couldn't lie and the fact that he almost smiled, told tales all of it's own.

Little bastard DID...little fucking asshole...she did him something and he obviously fucking liked it! She wasn't sure whether she wanted to smack him in the face...or go next door and smack Liz in the face. *Didn't she ask me if they ever got boners? Yeah, she did...dirty slut...I guess she knows now, don't she? Wonder what the fuck she did to him?? And his ass ain't never gonna tell me either...look at him!*

Standing up, she walked over to the wall mounted kitchen phone and picked up the portable receiver. Desperately she dialed the doctor's office and asked for the female physician she'd spoken to the day before about Billy. The receptionist wanted to know what the matter was before she'd transfer her, but she couldn't quite bring herself to explain the problem in detail to some faceless phone bitch.

"Oh just never fucking mind," she exclaimed and hung up. She was frantic to have someone to talk to about the situation...but Liz was obviously no longer an option since she'd contributed to the predicament and maybe even been the source of it.

Finally, she decided to call Brent's mother. She was the only other person she'd ever talked to about it and she'd been somewhat sympathetic...enough so that she didn't at least act perturbed by discussion of it.

"Hello," her mother-in-law said from the other end of the line.

"Barbara...it's Tonya...I got a little problem I need to discuss with you if you've got time to listen."

"About?"

"What else...the boys," she replied hesitantly.

Quickly, she explained about what had happened with Billy at school two days before...and then skirted around the matter with Bobby, not telling her mother-in-law the part about her pulling Bobby's pants down to show him off to her friend while they were having a few beers.

"So do you think she did anything with him?"

"Oh I'm sure she did," she answered.

"How can you be sure if he won't tell you?"

"Barbara...I walked in and his...his wiener was red and swollen and he had y'know...there was sperm."

"Well..." and the older woman said nothing else for several moments.

"Are you sure *he* wasn't the one responsible? I mean...well, I'll be blunt, Tonya...are you sure he wasn't showing himself off to her? I just can't imagine her doing anything with him without him at least...y'know..."

"Honestly she's a slut, Barbara...she might," she admitted.

"Well I wouldn't go calling the cops unless you're sure, y'know."

"Well I'm not...I mean I'm kinda mad...but honestly Barb...I don't know what to do with him."

"Tonya...just between you and me...as big as the two of them are...it was inevitable that they're going to start at it early. If it wasn't this Liz woman...then it would have been someone else. And honestly it's better in a weird way if it is with an older woman...one who's responsible, y'know...I mean you don't want them tinkering around with girls their own ages! I think what you need to do is teach them control, y'know...you've got to get Brent to show them how to handle that matter...so they're not walking around ready to go on a moment's notice, y'know what I mean?"

"Well Brent isn't here...and he's not gonna be for a few more months ...so what am I supposed to do in the meantime?"

Her mother-in-law remained silent.

"Barb? Talk to me here..."

The voice on the other end sighed heavily.

"Maybe then you should...y'know...try it yourself. I mean just show them the way it works...explain everything biology wise...and well...just hope the hell they don't get frisky with the girls at school I guess. Maybe threaten them with death or worse if they do...I don't know."

"Fantastic...sounds like great fun," she remarked, "Right before I vomit."

Barbara actually laughed on the other end.

"Sorry babe...I never dealt with anything like that...and back in my father's day...I guess they didn't make such a big deal about it. Sorry he got the old man's genetics I guess. They'll eventually make some women happy though...let's just hope that's *all* they make them."

Barbara's words reminded her of the doctor's...and it turned her stomach a bit. As she thanked her for the advice and hung up, she turned back around to face Bobby, who'd sat down in the chair during her conversation.

What should she say? What could she say?

He just sat there, pants-less, with his oversized dick dangling over the edge of the chair...staring back at her...or was he?

Damn it...he's looking at my tits again, isn't he?! And he was too... quite blatantly.

She wasn't sure which disturbed her the most...the fact that he had such a massive penis...or the fact that he was looking at her boobs. Sighing, she glanced over at the empty beer bottles on the dining table beside Bobby and realized she was about as buzzed as she could get and still be functional.

You already touched it...hell you pulled on it to make him hard. There's not much more to it than that...might as well do it now and get it over with...maybe you can even get him to show Billy so you don't have to mess with him too. For crying out loud, there's no telling how big Billy's boner will be...and I don't want to have to play with his too!

It occurred to her as soon as she thought that...that perhaps she should just talk to Liz...see if Liz would do it for her. Hell, for all she knew, the bitch may have already done it for Bobby.

Oh c'mon...do you really want that huzzy touching your sons? No telling what kind of diseases she's got...always humping anything that will have something to do with her...apparently even your own son...right underneath your nose.

She considered that for a few moments before ruling that at entirely as an option. She was damned if that slut was getting any further involved in this than she already was. Part of her still wanted to go over and kill the bitch...and if she hadn't been pregnant...she damn well might have at least beaten the snot out of her.

No, Tonya...you're gonna have to do this yourself. Stop being a pussy about it. Just deal with it. Hell most women would fucking kill to wrap their hands around a cock that size...

The thought had no more than formed in her head...than it repulsed her. And with reluctant honesty...she admitted to herself that she could understand Liz's fascination with Bobby's dick...maybe even understand her urge to see it in action. Had the roles been reversed...and especially as sexually deprived as she was lately...she could certainly see herself pulling her shirt up or something just to see if she could get a rise out of him...just to see for herself how big it could get. It was a childish and purely deviant thought, but she had to admit if it wasn't her own Bobby, she probably would have done the same thing Liz probably did.

"We need to talk," she finally said to him.

After about twenty minutes of "sperm" and "pregnant" and "in and out" talk, his mother finally shut up about sex. He'd learned more about fucking in that span of time than he'd cared to. It all sounded boring and mechanical and totally uninteresting to him. He'd managed to stay awake and attentive looking through the spill...only by continuing to stare at her titties.

He'd never really paid attention to how big they were...but his mother's were definitely a lot larger than Liz's were and they looked softer too...fatter, he imagined. He'd never seen her without a shirt on,

but as she sat there in the chair talking to him, he realized he could just about make out all the parts of her chest through the fabric of his father's t-shirt. Her nipples were hard and she had plump areola...very plump areola that bulged all on their own through the shirt around her nipples. He'd learned later on...they were called "puppy noses" when women had puffy tips like hers. He also had developed an affinity for them...probably related back to his experience with his mother's.

She'd gotten fat during the last couple of years too. He remembered her being thin when he was younger...but during the last two years specifically, she'd really packed on some weight and it all looked like it was settling in her belly. At times he could swear her stomach was as round and poochy as Liz's pregnant belly. But unlike hers, his mother's midsection compressed into two thick rolls when she'd sit down and she had a tendency to wear her pants really high and girt herself up in them so that she had a half-moon bulge in the front of her pants and a big fat roll that bubbled up out of and over the tops of her pants.

"You look like a two pound sausage in a one pound case," he'd remembered hearing Liz tell her once when they were going somewhere together.

And in truth, most of the time his mother did dress in too-tight pants and very baggy shirts. But today, she was slacking...wearing really baggy jogging pants and a thin and old t-shirt of his father's...a shirt that fit him better than it did her. Once upon a time he was sure his father's shirts were probably big on her...but now...now she filled them out and every curve of her torso stretched the sand colored fabric to it's very seams and the color of the shirt was close to flesh tone...and it made Bobby imagine her topless.

"And so you see that's how babies are made, okay?" Tonya finished her lecture and sat staring at the table top, reluctant to look over at her son...the same son that she just now remembered was still sitting beside her with no pants on.

Oh crap...stupid bitch...give him his pants!

She leaned over to reach the area behind her chair where his pants were discarded and as she raised up with them in her hand, her eyes wandered over to him...and his rising erection.

What the fuck?!?

She dropped the pants and jerked upright.

"Okay for real, son...what the hell?!?"

Bobby's expression was one of horror and embarrassment and his hands immediately jumped to cover his genitalia...but it was a bit of a lost cause considering the absolute size and bulk of his penis. His hands simply didn't have enough mass to hide it...so he ended up grabbing at it and attempting to get up from the chair.

"Sorry...I'm sorry...look, I didn't mean to freak out...you're just kinda freaking me the fuck out alright...why...why are you hard?"

"I don't know," he lied and she knew it.

"Is it my boobs?" she asked and then regretted having done so.

His face turned bright red and his penis immediately began to drop...drooping in his hands.

"Okay...look...I don't know what else to tell you...you're gonna have this problem," and she motioned at his penis, "from now on and you're gonna have to learn to deal with it. And you do that by masturbating. Do you remember me mentioning that a while ago?"

He nodded as his face turned even darker red.

"Do you know how to do that? Does Billy ever do it?"

He shook his head side to side. "I don't think so."

She sighed and rolled her eyes. *Of course not...I'd never get that fucking lucky*, she thought.

"Alright...c'mon...we're going to the bathroom and I'm gonna show you what to do...okay?"

As he stood up and began to walk toward the doorway, she followed him, stopping only to grab one last swig from one of the beer bottles on the table.

It was nearly 4 pm, she realized as she passed the VCR clock display in the living room, and she figured Billy would be home soon. And that, in and of itself, was going to be a whole other ordeal. So Tonya wanted to take care of Bobby as quickly as possible.

How long can this possibly take? she wondered as she followed him toward the stairs.

"Hey...hang a left...go to the bathroom in my room," she called out to him. There was more room in there and she could sit on the edge of her bed by the bathroom door. She didn't really want to go in with him and have to watch him doing it...but she realized she might almost have to in order to instruct him on it.

Oh shit...I'm gonna have to watch him spanking off...could this get any more gross?! Ironically, she realized once more that some women would probably pay money to see him beat off, sick and sad as that was.

"Alright," she began as he stood at the edge of the toilet with the lid up. "All you have to do is take it in your hand...just like I did in the kitchen...and stroke it...just like I did...and you keep doing it till...well till-"

"The white stuff comes out?" he finished her sentence for her.

"Yeah...umm...you've done this before haven't you?"

"Not really."

"Oh c'mon, Bobby...tell me what the fuck happened, would you?"

She sat down on the edge of the bed right in the bathroom door and about a foot from him and the toilet. The master bedroom was small and she and Brent had a king size bed...so the one side of it literally stuck out

into the walk way and almost out into the bathroom doorway itself. Only the wall itself separated the head of her bed from the toilet.

"I know you were lying...I'm gonna find out...so just come clean dammit...I'm not gonna tell her I know...and I won't kill her...I just want to know what happened in the kitchen, alright?"

"She pulled her shirt up," he whispered.

"You saw her boobs...is that all?"

"No...she...umm...I kinda...it got hard while I was looking at her and some of the stuff came out...and then...then she got up and came over and then she sort of...she put her mouth on it...and she...and I did it in her mouth and then...and then she put her hands on it and did that thing and made me do it all over her belly and then...and then she just left." By the time he'd finished, he was almost out of breath and looking flustered and pale and his heart felt like it was beating a thousand miles an hour.

"Holee shit," she gasped when she'd had a moment to suck it all in and process what he'd said. At first, her heart skipped a few beats...and then she felt nauseous...but then something else happened. When he had mentioned her beating him off on her belly it reminded her of being pregnant herself...and of Brent jerking off on her a few times and her rubbing his cum in. "It's great for stretch marks," she'd told him...but the truth was...she just liked having him jerk off on her belly and during the last few months, sex had been generally difficult, especially with Bobby because her belly had been so huge. So she'd suck on him for a while and then jerk him off all over her pregnant stomach...not so much for him but for herself.

Recalling this brought back a flood of sexual memories for her...made her miss Brent...made her horny...made her want sex so bad...made her think about jerking Bobby off on her belly.

OH CRAP!! What the fuck...oh that's gross...that's so gross, bitch!

She fought down the rogue idea and did her best to kick it in the head and bury it...to deny she ever had it...but the truth was, she had...and it wasn't going away as she'd hoped.

She remembered only a short time earlier...in the kitchen...when she'd had him in her hand...when she'd stroked him into erection...the feel of his cock in her hand...the weight of it...the girth...the pure meat of his shaft. He dwarfed Brent...he put Brent to shame.

Oh yeah...he's gonna make some bitch very happy one day...happy and probably bow-legged and ruined for all other men. He's probably going to leave a long string of bitches that way I bet...him and his brother both!

She was so horny she could bite a nail in half. It was killing her. She couldn't even remember the last time she'd fucked Brent. She had a rubber, battery powered dildo...but it was six inches long and hardly realistic. It got the job done...but not like a real cock did. And right now

she wanted some real cock...some real big, fat, juicy cock...and she couldn't help staring at the one right in front of her.

Bobby stood there feeling stupid. He knew what he was supposed to do...just pump on his dick till some goop came out...and that was it. But his mother was sitting right there in the doorway staring at him and he couldn't bring himself to just *do it* while she was watching him.

And now...now she had a weird look in her eye as she stared at him. It was the same look Liz had in the kitchen about an hour earlier...right before she pulled her shirt up...right before she started messing with him.

"So you gonna get on with it there or not?" she asked with an arched eyebrow and a sarcastic expression.

Hesitantly he gripped his penis with both hands and began to tug on it, stroking his hands back and forth on it...and it immediately sprang to life and began to swell into erection once more. He turned his head and stared down at the toilet...determined not to look at her. This whole thing was making him uneasy and it was horribly embarrassing. But apparently his mother wasn't going to let him out of it until he showed her he knew what he was doing...so he stroked away.

As he masturbated, he found his mind wandering...to crazy things...his teacher Miss Bingham...her boobs...the older girl he didn't know the name of, that lived down the street from them...she had nice boobs too...and to Liz and her big boobs...all naked...and her mouth on him...her hands...her pregnant belly all coated with his white gunk...and last but not least...to his own mother...and her big, fat titties...just right there...right the other side of the door frame from him. He knew if he just glanced off to his right...she was there...sitting right there with her big titties plopped atop her fat belly...watching him...watching him just like Liz had. He wondered whether she was enjoying it like Liz apparently had...and he let it get the better of him until he could resist the urge to look no longer.

Turning his head, he found her staring directly at his hands and penis and as he'd hoped...she had an enthused expression on her face...certainly it was far more than just satisfaction that he was masturbating properly and for that matter, shouldn't she have already gone on and left him alone? Why was she continuing to watch him?

About then, she looked up and busted him staring at her...and for a second or so their eyes locked...and he felt that there was something else going on...something he was not in control of...and he felt much as he had in the kitchen with Liz.

"Are you looking at my boobs?"

He continued to stroke and refused to answer the question.

"Did you like looking at Liz's tits?" Her question took a suddenly different tone and she used a dirty word instead of saying boobs. It took

him by surprise and he nodded yes before he realized what he was doing.

"Did you like it when she sucked on it?" she asked.

His hands picked up speed and he began to beat his penis faster and harder without really intending to. He was staring dead on at his mother now, unblinking...and switching from her face to her breasts...back and forth as he wanked.

She noticed the speed and physical change in his movements and the glint in her eyes grew ten fold.

"Did you like it when she made you cum on her big belly?"

Her language continued to deteriorate into dirty talk and oddly, it didn't seem to bother him...in fact...he liked it for some unexplainable reason. He also liked the way she was staring at him.

In hindsight, he knew now that he'd been turning her on, though he had no concept or clue at that particular moment. If only he'd have known then...how differently would he have acted? Would he have put the move on her? No, probably not...because had he acted with confidence, he probably would have scared her off. Knowing her as he did now...he knew she enjoyed the control she had over him and his brother and part of that was what made her addicted to them sexually. They were her sexual pawns...her play toys.

Oh fuck...look how big it is...so big...oh shit...look at him beating the shit out of it...gotta have both fucking hands on it!

Tonya stared unabatedly and without fear of embarrassment now. She'd passed the point of no return somehow. She had slipped up...slipped and let herself feel something she wasn't supposed to feel...something arousing...something sexual. She let herself think of Bobby just one single time as something other than, "just her son"...and now she was obsessing over his dick...and not in the way she'd previously done so. No, no. Not now. Now she wasn't worried about him impregnating some prissy ass little huzzy...or some teacher taking advantage of him...no...no now she was obsessing over her urge to touch it herself.

Oh fuck no, Tonya...just stop...don't you dare touch him! The voice of reason in the back of her mind pleaded with her to stop what she was doing...to turn off the road she was traveling, but she couldn't help herself.

He's just like Brent...he's got it bad for the big tits and apparently bellies too...just look at him...he's ogling you while he's jerking off! He wants to jerk off on you and you know he does...just look at the expression on his face...his eyes...he's beating off to you, dummy!

And he was too...and she fully realized that...and the mother within her told her to get up and leave the room...to stop him from doing it...but the needy woman within her vagina was creaming herself watching him

do it. The needy bitch was gaining ground too, in the war within her head...and the demanding cunt was using the truth to influence her. So yes, he was jerking off to her...and hell yes, she was enjoying it, despite the fact that she knew it was wrong.

"Do you like looking at Momma's titties," she whispered to him so low that he barely heard her. His eyes flicked up to meet her gaze and she realized he didn't hear her. "My titties...you like looking at my titties?"

He glazed over somewhat...his eyes wide beyond normal capacity and his mouth hanging open in awe.

When she made the decision to pull her shirt off, she wasn't sure. For that matter...*WHY* she pulled it off was the real question she couldn't answer. It was filthy and disgusting and...and plainly incestuous. What a dirty word...what a vile concept. And yet it's exactly what she was doing and she knew that...accepted it...and couldn't help herself. Some uncontrollable desire was driving her actions and her mind was only along for the ride.

"Oh shit...oh shit, come beat off on Momma, baby...come beat your cock on Momma's belly," she called out to him as she pulled the t-shirt over her head and tossed it behind her atop the bed. "Now dammit...c'mere dammit...NOW!"

He stopped stroking entirely and stepped around the doorframe to where she sat on the bed. Her hands met him, grasping wildly at his shirt and pulling it up and over his head. By the time the shirt was off, her hands were pulling her jogging pants down...down in the front so her belly could hang out over the top.

She spread her legs and reached out for him...pulling him by the wrists closer to her...between her spread legs. Before he could do anything else or say a word, her hands were on his dick...pumping far harder and with a tighter gripper than Liz had. Her hands were shaking and rough and she could tell he wasn't really taking to it as well as she'd hoped, but she couldn't control herself...she couldn't slow down...couldn't make herself stop whatever it was that she was doing to him.

She wanted his cum...she wanted it so bad. How or when her mouth became involved, she wasn't certain...but what she was sure of, was that she'd never had such a fat cock in her mouth before and she loved it and she was sucking it and jerking it off just as nastily as she could. At some point one of her hands made its way to his balls and began to massage them and work them. She was getting a cum shot out of him if she had to hold him down and *make* him do it. If he could cum all over that slut, Liz...he could surely cum for her too!.

As she worked his cock with her mouth and his balls with her fingers, she heard him beginning to moan out loud. His sounds were almost desperate and animalistic. And he was starting to jerk back and forth as if he was trying to fuck her mouth. She tightened her grip on his cock and released him from her mouth.

"Oh you wanna fuck...you wanna fuck little boy...Momma can make you fuck," she asserted as she began to jerk his dick fast and furious. "Momma can make you cum...oh yes I can, little boy...oh yes I can!"

His hips began to buck in unison with her tugging hands and within seconds he groaned and literally exploded all over her belly.

"Oh baby...yeah...oh fuck...yes...you cum on Momma's big fat belly...cum on it for Momma...oh...oh fuck!"

She'd never seen such a gob of semen in all her life. He ejaculated at least a handful of cum all over her belly in one massive blast...and as her hand continued to beat on his shaft, even more was spurting out...all of it launching onto her fat belly and tits...and she was so engulfed with the sheer erotic ecstasy of it that she became completely oblivious to the fact that it was her own son who was cumming all over her.

About that moment, the door to her bedroom opened and Billy looked in...and a suddenly distraught look overtook his face. It was all too apparent that the scene he saw was too much for him and he simply turned and ran off upstairs to his room.

The shock of the sudden interruption gave her pause...made her stop what she was doing...but then she looked down at the huge dripping penis in her hand and she didn't care any more. She didn't care about shit...she didn't care if Billy knew she was fucking Bobby or not...and from the look on Bobby's face...he wanted it...he wanted it as bad as she did if not more so.

She turned loose of him and pushed him back some...enough so that she could stand up from the bed.

He looked oddly at her for a moment...a sadness...disappointment evident in his eyes and she knew he figured she was about to quit...to run after Billy...but she wasn't stupid.

Instead, she reached for the tops of her jogging pants and rolled them down. As she bent over to step out of them, sperm rolled off her belly and dripped down to the carpet...and she could have cared less. She was totally lost in the wild sexuality she was experiencing. She'd never before been this horny...this worked up...this out of control with a man.

As soon as her last foot emerged from the pants, she grabbed Bobby by the wrist and jerked him around her and pushed him down on top of the bed.

Bobby could remember being pretty much thrown onto the bed...and then his mother's nakedness...her warm skin touching him. He'd never experienced skin on skin before and it was freaky. And she was so much bigger than him...both height and obviously weight. He was almost scared by what she was doing...but another part of him wanted her to do it...whatever it was that she was doing.

She was astraddle of him...walking on her hands and knees up the length of his body...and her tits...her tits and her belly both were dragging

across him as she did so. He could feel her nipples caressing him from his knees all the way up to his face.

"Suck Momma's titties, baby...suck on'em...you know you wanna do it...just do it...suck my big fat titties...I need you to...I need my titties sucked so bad, baby."

Somehow his mouth found it's way to her left nipple and he started to suck on it and he heard her moan. It whiggged him out a bit, as it was a sound he'd never heard her make before and he knew it was something sexual...something dirty and bad...but he liked the way it sounded...he liked the way she was acting with him...the way she was taking him. It reminded him of Liz...and at that second he realized her fat belly was draping down onto his own...the weight of it was pinning him to the bed and again, she reminded him of Liz.

What was she doing down below...he could feel her hand on his dick doing something...and she was moving oddly.

"Let Momma do it...I got it...I got it...ohhhh yeah, baby...Momma's got it...yeah," she cooed to him as he felt something hot and wet settle on the end of his penis...and then slowly he felt the heat engulf his rod and he gasped as he realized she was sinking his dick deep into the wet fire.

Then she was rocking atop him...rocking and then she leaned back...sat up on top of him and pulled her tits away from his face. He could look down now and see what was happening and it shocked him.

He was inside of her...his penis was buried up inside the opening between her legs...her...her vagina, she'd called it during her sex talk earlier in the kitchen. She'd put him inside of her...so this meant...they were having sex. Or rather *she* was...she was in charge of it...in control of it and he was just pinned to the bed beneath her, taking all the weight of her rocking and swaying.

As she sat upright on him, she began to pull hard at the ends of her breasts, tugging her tits outward from her chest and twisting her nipples viciously.

"Oh fuck...shit, yes...it's so big," she muttered as she thrust her pelvis forward and then rocked back again. She continued to repeat this process until her muttering became nothing but a series of unintelligible grunts and groans.

Within minutes, her rocking increased until she was no longer just bumping and grinding on him...but was bouncing up and down on him, ramming his penis deep inside of her, further and further, though it felt like he was already hitting bottom within her hole.

Eventually she even abandoned the torture of her tits and leaned back even further, bracing herself on the bed beside his legs. By that point her up and down motions had become wild bucking and she reminded him of a bull rider in a rodeo...with the exception that she was naked and her tits were bouncing every which way as was her fat belly...the three appendages meeting at times in a slapping, jiggle

collision that made the muscle under his dick kick with extraordinary force.

"Oh fuck baby...make Momma cum...make Momma cum," she shouted loudly at him amid pants and long groans of pleasure.

And then all at once the heat and wetness on his pelvis increased ten fold and it felt like someone lit a fire around his penis. At first he thought she'd peed on him, but then she stopped bouncing on him and just sat still...moaning and cursing without rhyme or reason...and he figured out quickly that apparently women released some kind of fluid of their own when they reached whatever climax it was they had...and quite apparently his mother had just reached hers'.

With sluggish movements, she climbed off of him and collapsed on the bed beside him.

Reaching down, he felt of his lower torso and thighs and realized he was coated in stickiness...some sort of clear fluid that smelled raunchy like his Dad's armpits in the summer time...but not quite.

Tonya finally mustered enough energy and stamina to sit up on the bed and take in what she'd done. It was so unspeakable...so...so filthy and yet instead of feeling guilty as she suspected she would...she felt exhilarated...renewed...alive!

Climbing off the bed, she stood up and surveyed the dried semen all over her pudgy, plump gut...and then looked down at Bobby...but mostly at his red and raw cock draped over his left thigh.

I just fucked my own son. How the hell did that happen?

She knew...she damn well knew exactly how it had happened but she couldn't believe she'd done it.

Shit...I threw him on the bed and I just flat fucked the shit out of him, didn't I? Oh hell, I'm trash...I am so fucking white trash...I should just up and move to Alabama right now. 'Cause there ain't no coming back from this shit...you can't undo that, Tonya...he's gonna remember this the rest of his fucking life. She thought about that for a moment. Him and me both...fuck...I ain't never cum like that before.

Somewhere along that time, she remembered Billy and his having walked in on them...his running off upstairs.

Oh shit...what if he tells it on me...oh fuck.

Her mind reeled trying to find a solution to solve that dilemma...but all she could think of...was how awesome it would be to have both boys at the same time.

Oh fuck...a big fat cock in each hand...one in my mouth...one in my pussy...one feeding me while the other fucks me!

It was then that she made up her mind to do the unthinkable.

She turned to look at Bobby.

"Go take a shower...get cleaned up...and then go watch TV or something...I'm gonna go talk to Billy." She started walking toward the

door and stopped. "Don't come upstairs...I want to talk to him alone for a little while," she added...making it plain that she didn't want him coming upstairs under any circumstances.

Walking naked and covered in her son's semen...she made her way across the living room and to the end of the stairs...where she stopped. Turning around, she headed for the kitchen and retrieved a beer from the refrigerator...popped the lid off and chugged it like a thirsty man in the desert. When she'd drained the last bit of it...she sat the bottle down on the table and started to walk away...when she noticed the tape measure lying on the floor.

Fuck it...I'll use that as my reason for getting him naked...and then I'll get the rest of it the old fashioned way dammit.

Opening the door, she found him sitting on his bed with a look of shock on his face...a look that only grew more confused and bewildered...nay, perhaps even horrified...as he looked up and realized she was naked in his doorway.

"Take your pants off...take all your clothes off," she commanded him.

"Why?"

"Just do what I told you," she replied as she fidgeted with the tape measure that she held. "I wanna see how big you are."

"They did that at the doctor's office yesterday," he snapped back defensively.

"She measured it limp."

"I don't understand what--"

"Oh yeah you do...yeah...yeah you do," she cut him off as she stepped towards him with the tape in her hands. As she got closer he could smell the alcohol on her breath. She'd been drinking again.

"What were you doing to Bobby?"

"I was seeing how big he could get...but he...he got a little carried away and well...it's alright...he wasn't complaining, was he?"

"What are you gonna do?"

"I'm gonna make you hard...that's what I'm gonna do...now take your pants off, Billy."

He didn't like the way she was acting...but she was naked...so very fucking naked and he felt like she was going to touch him...touch him like she was touching Bobby...and she was right...he wasn't complaining...he was getting right on along with it from what he saw.

She was beating him off...he knew that...he'd found a DVD in the garage...in a box...that he figured was his Dad's...and he'd watched it several times...and he knew what sex was...he'd made his dick hard before by stroking it like the dudes in the video did and he'd made white crap come out of it...just like the dudes in the video had. He also had a pretty good idea what was coming when a naked woman cornered you in a bedroom and said she was gonna make you hard. He'd fantasized a

lot about such things...but never had he ever imagined it would be his mother who cornered him the first time.

Reluctantly he pulled his shirt off and then kicked his shoes off. He hesitated then, not wanting to drop his pants. He feared once he did, there would be no stopping matters. His mother was stepping closer to him now and she had the measuring tape around her neck now...sliding it back and forth with her hands. And then she hooked the tape under her fat tits and lifted them with it...jiggling them to tease him.

She spread her feet apart and arched her back...pooked her belly out so far that she looked pregnant and then jerked on the tape again, making her tits flop and slap the top of her big round gut.

He felt his penis hardening and he knew there was simply no use in trying to conceal the thing...not once he became hard. In defeat, he just closed his eyes because he didn't want to see her reaction.

Tonya worried when Billy closed his eyes.

Oh shit...maybe he's not into me like Bobby is...dammit...he don't wanna look at my fat fucking ass...shit, shit, shit---

And then she noticed the expanding bulge in the front of his jeans...the jeans he didn't want to remove...the same jeans that now had something snaking up the front toward the waistband.

Her eyes nearly bugged out of her head when the reddened tip of his penis head first appeared, pushing its way up out of his pants toward his navel. As she watched, the bulge continue to grow and more and more of his penis climbed up and out of his jeans until the head of his cock was even with his belly button...and still it extended.

He closed his eyes to try and NOT let me make him horny...oh hell yes...fuck'in hell yes...he's got it too...he's got it bad for me too!

She dropped to her knees and reached out for his pants, grabbing with such force that she literally popped the button loose and then she did her best to jerk them down in one move.

OH FUCK ME!! It's absolutely massive!

The doctor had measured him the day before...and it had been six and half inches long...and that was limp. What she saw standing in front of her now...was at least ten inches long...and so big around that she couldn't touch her thumb and forefinger together around it's girth...

Oh shit...I've got my hand on it...I'm already doing it!

She lifted the tape measure with a trembling hand...and ran it up the height of his erection...and from the top of his ball sack to the tip, it was just over 10 inches long...she was right in her estimate of it's length. She didn't even care about the girth...it was fatter than any dick she'd ever seen and that was all she needed to know. She marveled at it...the head was actually standing higher than his belly button...nearly an entire foot of hard man-meat that had, as far as she knew...never been touched by another woman...save the doctor who examined him the day before.

Oh fuck...it's mine...I can take it...I can take it right fucking now, she realized and she stood up and pulled him by the dick over to his bed where she pushed him down and straddled him.

He said not a word...he put up no resistance...but when she was done and she attempted to slide off of him, she ended up collapsing to the floor beside his bed. There simply wasn't enough room on the narrow bed to accommodate her lying beside him...and after two consecutive orgasms, she was unable to stand up or to even to stop herself from ending up on the carpet.

She managed to right herself into a sitting position with her back leaning against the bedside. She was sweating...having trouble catching her breath and she felt like she'd just finished running a marathon. And worst of all...or perhaps best of all...was how raw and sore her pussy was. She'd never been crammed full of so much cock in her life. She couldn't even get him all the way in. She'd had hell getting him in to start with...being as she was already swollen from fucking Bobby...but where there was lust, there was a way...and she'd finally jammed him in and rode him all the way to orgasm.

The problem was that she wasn't sure he'd cum himself. She worried somehow he hadn't liked it...and the guilt of that possibility was already setting in...haunting her.

And then she heard him raise up on the bed. Scooting to the edge beside her, he stood up and stepped around so that he could face her. She was looking up at him now...him and his still raging erection.

No...he hadn't cum yet...but not because he didn't like what she'd done to him...no...no it was just because he wasn't finished with her yet.

"Oh Billy...you're such a bad boy...teasing Momma with that big fat cock yesterday in the doctor's office...did you think I wasn't gonna come get some of that shit...fuck...I bet that bitch doctor wanted to suck you off right there on that table...I bet she would have if I hadn't been standing there watching her, huh?"

Her son just stood there blankly...staring down at her. He was so close to her face that she could smell the stink of her own pussy on his balls as they hung there just inches from her face.

"I might have let her...I might have watched...oh shit, Billy...I can't help it...ya'll got huge cocks, baby...they're huge...and Momma ain't never had no fat fucking cocks like that...it's so good," she explained. She felt like she was on trial...like he was looking down on her in judgment some how, and she didn't care for it much.

"Oh stop glaring at me, you little shit...you know you liked it...your fuck'in cock was climbing out of your pants the minute I walked in here. Fuck, you're probably just mad cause I fucked your bother first instead of you, huh? Is that it?"

The two of them were notoriously competitive about everything and the idea probably wasn't too far fetched and she knew it.

"Are you mad at Momma...is that it? You pissed off at me? Well why don't you show me...show Momma who's got the big cock and balls in this house...show me why I should have fucked you first!"

Without a word, he gripped his cock with both hands and began jerking off to her.

"Oh baby...I know you...I know what you want...you want Momma's big titties...just like Bobby, huh?"

And with a tremendous effort, she raised her hands and hefted her jugs up for him. She was so tired...but she still managed to lift one up high enough to lick it and suck it...and that was apparently all it took.

The first blast went straight up in the air and rained down all over her, but by the time the second blast emerged from his dick, he'd directed its trajectory downward to her tits? No...no not her tits...her fucking face!

He continued to unload his balls onto her face until she couldn't even open her eyes or mouth without cum getting in. It was hot and salty and so thick...so fucking thick. She couldn't see anything and she didn't care because she knew he'd gotten off on her.

Dropping her tits, she started wiping her eyes to get the jizz out and about the time she cleared her vision, she felt the first slap...not of his hand...but of his flaccid and bloated cock. He was popping her in the face with it.

"Suck it...suck it like you sucked his, you fat whore," he blurted loudly and it caught her off guard. So off guard that she did it without stopping to think about it. "Don't touch it...you suck it...you suck my fat cock, whore...suck it good!"

And she did...she took it in her mouth and sucked it like an overgrown straw till every drop of cum was drained from it...and he pulled it out of her mouth.

Where did he learn that from...oh fuck...fuck that's hot!

And then she remembered the video that Brent had bought and brought home once...the one with the chunky chicks in it. They'd watched it and then fucked themselves. One of the guys had said that to one of the pudgy porn whores at some point...she distinctly remembered it for some reason...maybe because it had turned her on.

Oh crap...he must have found it out in the garage...damn...I thought I had it hidden in that box up on the top shelf! Shit...oh shit...he knows what the fuck he's doing now...damn!

Bobby couldn't believe how his brother was talking to their mother...but obviously she didn't mind it as she was sucking his cock like he guessed a dirty fat whore was supposed to. And now, years later, he stood naked in the store dressing room remembering that day...and how that had been the definitive turning point in his life...the very moment at which he realized his own mother was a filthy whore...and that he really, really

liked filthy whores...as did his brother. It was an epiphany that would lead the two of them down a long and disturbing road of sexual conquest and submission.

And now, with their mother finally out of the picture...it appeared that their Aunt Dana was about to assume her vacated role.

TO BE CONTINUED

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