

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 4

Dana eyed the garment with a look of disbelief and sheer mirth. Trying hard not to laugh, she held it up and stretched it out. The male thong was bright blue with a hint of metallic glimmer and it was made of some bizarre super stretchy spandex which she assumed was probably water-proof to some degree. It was basically nothing more than a draw-string sack with an elastic band to hold it up...possessing no ass in it whatsoever.

"Here," she muttered while still trying to resist the urge to laugh out loud as she handed it over the top of the dressing room door to Bobby.

"What the heck is this?" he asked in response.

"It's a swimsuit...try it on."

"You're joking right?"

She couldn't help but laugh at that point. "Well hey if you're too chicken...then I guess I can go get you a pair of those old pee-paw panties that cover everything from your knees to your nipples."

"Was that supposed to intimidate me? I'd rather have the pee-paw panties, thanks..." and with that, he tossed the thong back at her over the door.

"Oh c'mon...live a little...at least try it on...I double dare you!"

The thong mysteriously reappeared in the air above the stall and dropped down onto his shoulder.

"C'mon dammit...just let me see what it looks like!" she coaxed him.

Bobby wasn't falling for it though...he knew exactly why she wanted him to put the damn thing on. She wanted to check out his equipment. But two could certainly play that game.

"Fine," he suddenly agreed, "but if I put this thing on...you're putting on a suit that I pick out for you!"

Dammit, she thought to herself. He's way too good at this crap to be so damn young. He's freaking scary. I just walked right into that shit! And now I can't walk out of it without giving up on the thong. Dammit!

"Alright, fine then...deal...now put it on already!"

Less than a minute later, the stall door creaked open and Bobby, completely naked except for his shoes and socks and a thong...stepped out into the store.

Dana gasped and ended up covering her mouth to prevent herself from blurting anything aloud. The boy was a scrawny, bony beanpole till you reached his crotch. There, encompassed...barely...within the confines of the way, way over-stretched thong fabric...was the largest male sack of goodies she'd ever seen. So tight was the material, that she could easily make out the bulge of not only his testicles...but also the

shape of what looked literally like the coiled form of a short, fat snake. And there was no mistaking it for a sock...it was quite obviously ALL his penis. She could discern the head...the main tubular bulge beneath it...on no, it was most definitely a real penis and bizarrely it was attached to her young nephew...and all cinched up tight in a pretty package like a present for her...just begging to be unwrapped. And oh, how she wanted to tear into it right then and there!

"Alright, you got what you wanted. Are you happy now?"

"Not as happy as I *could* be," she retorted with just a little more than a shit-load of innuendo.

The boy smirked and gave a bit of half-hearted laughter and then turned to go back into the dressing room. As he moved though, his cinched up package jiggled and swung side to side like a clock pendulum, and it made her feminine parts quiver.

"Well wait...hold up," she called out to him as he stepped back into the shadows of the cubicle.

"What do you want from me? A freaking strip-tease?" he asked, sarcastically as he stopped and turned back to face her. "Fine...here you go!" And with that he put his hands behind his head and started to do some sort of corny male version of a belly dance in time to the cheesy music that was playing over the store's intercom.

"What the fuck is that supposed to be?" Dana blurted as she broke into uncontrolled laughter at his antics.

Realizing he had her attention, the boy slid into a hip thrusting, sex-like bucking motion that made his bag of goodies flop back and forth but after about the fifth swing, the weight of his genitals simply overwhelmed the elastic resistance of the thong's sack and his cock and left ball spilled out of the side. Immediately the fat snake uncoiled and slapped against his thigh...and continued to do so for at least two more thrusts until he realized what had happened and abruptly stopped his ridiculous dancing.

Dana's laughter ceased instantly and her open smile opened into a gaping, slack-jawed expression of complete and utter awe.

"Oh shit," she managed to whisper.

Bobby looked down and realized his shit was hanging out. There wasn't much he could really do now...she'd already seen it. And it wasn't like she didn't want to see it. This crazy getup was all her idea to start with, and he knew it. In fact, this was probably exactly what she'd been hoping for and so he'd given it to her. The question now, was whether she was going to do anything about it?

"Wow...okay...umm...yeah," Dana stammered, unsure of what to say or what to do. She'd really wanted to see what he was packing...and she'd suspected he was big...but *this*...this she was not expecting.

Oh hell...he's huge...no...no he's not huge...he's EPIC! He could be a fuck'in porn star with that thing...those...those things...holee shit, he's hung like a fuck'in moose or something...this is unreal! Her mind reeled

with the situation and try as she might, she couldn't find a way to accept what she was looking at. *He just can't be that fucking big...he just can't!* And yet there he was and there IT was...just hanging down like a third stubby leg. *Wow! Now I know why they refer to it as a third leg...and hung like a mule...and...and...*

Suddenly all the strange references to well endowed men she'd heard over the years seemed to make sense.

"And that's why I don't wear thongs," Bobby asserted with a smirk. Oddly though, he simply stood there with his dick and one ball hanging out as if he awaited her instructions.

"Okay...yeah...I can see that...kind of like me and a bikini," she reasoned as she attempted to regain her sense of composure. "Umm...you can put it up now I think," she added, even though she didn't really want him to put it up. In fact, she really wanted to push her way into the stall with him, shut the door, and just fuck the shit out of him...but somehow she doubted that was really an available option at this point.

"Oh...I was kind of figuring maybe this was the reason you wanted me to try this stupid thing on in the first place," he remarked as he finally made a move to reel in his dangling genitals.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked with an arched brow.

"Oh c'mon, Aunt Dana...Granny or Mom probably told you about us I'm sure...you just wanted to see for yourself, right?"

"What do you mean? No...what exactly are you talking about?"

"Mom never told you we're hung like freaks?"

Dana's brow arched another half inch higher and her eyes themselves, bugged somewhat.

"Whoa wait...are you telling me BOTH of you are...are...like that," and she pointed down at his still exposed penis.

This time it was Bobby who looked bewildered.

"Are you messing with me? You mean Mom or Granny never said nothing to you about us being...well...so big?"

"No...no, not at all," she replied honestly.

"So why...why the--" and his voice faltered as he half pointed to her chest and the indication that he was referring to her bra-less tits was all too obvious.

"What? Oh wait...you think...you actually think I knew about this and was just goading you two to check out your junk?"

"Well weren't you?"

She wasn't quite sure how to respond. Part of his insinuation was actually true...but the rest...well it wasn't to say the least.

"Well no...I actually just...well, no neither one of them ever said anything...I just...okay, the thong thing...well this was...okay so yeah, that was my intent with that, but no, I had no clue other than when you popped wood in the car earlier."

"Oh," he blurted with an even more confused expression. "Well sorry...I just assumed that...well I mean...okay most women are all about finding out and I just...well I didn't know if you were," and he just shut up at that point...totally lost in what he was actually trying to say.

"Oh wait," she exclaimed a little louder than she intended. Blushing, she realized she had to continue and say something. "Crap...I didn't mean to insinuate...y'know...that I wasn't...*interested*," she finally admitted.

He lifted his head somewhat and made eye contact with her...a slight smile creasing his cheeks.

"Oh, so you...so you really...well wait...how much did Granny tell you...y'know...about me and Billy?"

"Uhh...nothing...she said your mom was going out of town...and couldn't take you guys with her...and y'know...she said you two were too much for her to handle...not much else."

"Mom's having a baby," Bobby volunteered and the implications of his statement took a few seconds to sink in.

"WHAT?!?"

"She's pregnant...she's having a baby," he explained further.

"Okay...well wait a second...why wouldn't Mom tell me that--"

"It's NOT Dad's," he added as he finished putting his dick and wild ball back inside the thong's pouch.

"Well obviously...he's been out of the country for---WHOA!" and suddenly it hit her what her nephew was beating around the bush about.

"Oh man...Bobby...is...is it yours?"

"Don't know...me or Billy one...we don't know which."

"Bobby...you're...you're fucking your own mother?" The look on her face was beyond awe...and way past shock.

"Yeah...Granny knows...Dad doesn't."

"She knows....and hasn't told him?" Somehow she just couldn't grasp that her own mother wouldn't have blabbed that nasty tidbit to her son and Dana's brother. His wife is fucking their sons while he's away...and that was kind of beyond acceptable and she just couldn't imagine her Mother not ratting Tonya out...she'd always favored Brent and the fact that she would hold out such a secret to protect her daughter-in-law was just not in character for her.

"I don't know...her and Mom...I don't know...they got some sort of agreement or the other and we've all sworn not to tell Dad about it."

"Oh shit...I mean, oh holee fuck'in shit, Bobby." She just didn't know what else to say. It was too shocking...too unbelievable to accept. Or was it? She glanced down at the boy's package again and realized what she was thinking...and realized it wasn't so far-fetched for maybe Tonya to be thinking the same thing. And with her husband always gone...and these two dong masters living in the same house with her...well ...something was bound to snap at some point. Hell, she'd only been

around them for like an hour and she was already trying to get busy with at least one of them. So no...no it wasn't all that shocking after all.

"How...how long have you two...been...y'know..." she barely managed to ask.

"A while...a couple of years actually...she started at the same time with both of us and...and...well sometime last year she got pregnant and well...there's just not a lot to tell, I guess."

"Well at least that explains how come you're so...umm...I'm not sure what the word is...so good at playing games I guess." And he was too, and she'd known it from the moment he got in the car with her at the bus station. He was far in advance of what he should have been. Hell he was better at it than most grown men she knew. Simple flirting was a joke for him...it was like he could read her mind and he knew exactly what she wanted from the very instant they met.

"I'm not gonna lie...I suck at it anyway," he began. "It's not like she forced us to do anything with her, okay...it's not like that at all. In fact, we kind of...okay me and Billy sort of...well it started out with her telling us what to do and stuff...but now me and him sort of run the show, y'know?"

"Oh fuck...are you telling me you and him were still...while she's pregnant? Were ya'll BOTH doing her at the same--"

"Oh yeah...yeah she likes us to tag-team her...and yeah, we been fuck'in the shit out of her...right up till we had to leave yesterday. Big round belly don't bother me none...now Billy...he's all about the boobs mostly, but me...well the first woman ever messed with me was pregnant, so I kind of like it," he confessed with no sign of embarrassment.

"Oh...oh wow," she whispered more or less to herself as she realized now...why he had gotten excited by her bare belly earlier. All at once she understood what she was dealing with...and that her nephew wasn't grossed out or even opposed to sex with his relatives. If he'd fuck his own mother...he'd have no issue with fucking her...his aunt. And further more, apparently he had no problems with her fat ass...in fact he had just stated in plain terms, that he actually *liked* a woman with a belly.

Before she realized what was happening or what she was actually doing...she stepped forward into the cubicle with him and pulled the door closed behind her. For a second, she thought about locking it...but then decided not to. The idea of being caught fucking a guy was rather hot...the idea of being caught fucking a guy with a huge ass cock...was downright exhilarating to say the least...and so she neglected, purposely, to lock the door.

As she moved inside the stall, Bobby had stepped back somewhat and had ended up with his back completely against the mirror on the back wall. His eyes were big as saucers.

OH CRAP...this is some serious deja-vu, he thought to himself as he realized what his aunt was doing...or about to do.

"So you like a big belly, huh," she asked him with a wry and mischievous grin sliding across her lips. She giggled as she pulled the tail of her t-shirt up high enough to reveal her belly hanging out over the top of her jeans. Gently, she caressed both hands down across the large and round sphere of her plump belly and then grasped the bulk of it from below and jerked upward on it...making it jiggle...or more precisely...making it undulate and quiver. Then her hands slid up the sides and she gripped it and literally shook her belly for him.

Bobby's eyes were bulging out of his sockets...and that wasn't all that was expanding beyond the range of its container. As Dana's gaze dropped down to his lower torso, the boy's cock peeped out over the top of the thong sack and then, without warning, it climbed with sudden and forceful speed out of the garment's constraints and elongated to a ridiculous length right before her lustful stare. In the space of a heartbeat or three, his dick was fully erect and hanging out over the top of the swimsuit.

Oh shit...it's so big...it won't stand upright...look at that...it's hard but it's just kind of drooping! She'd seen dudes with dicks that didn't stand upright or curve upwards before...even heard of porn stars having their shit operated on surgically so that it would stick straight out...making it easier for them to fuck in whatever position...but never, ever before had she seen a dick so big that it drooped under its own weight...not till now.

Her hands slid higher up the sides of her fat gut and caught the tail of her shirt again...this time pulling it up and over her massive tits and then even further till the garment was completely past her shoulders and head. Dropping the shirt to the floor, she smiled broadly and took a step towards him...a step that made her now bare and titanic tits quiver atop her stupendously large belly.

Bobby sighed and realized he was about to get laid.

Tonya pushed the grocery cart through the store in a robotic mode, paying no attention to anyone around her and focused completely on the task at hand...shopping for food and assorted household necessities. Quietly her two sons followed behind her.

It had been nearly a week since her drunken foray with them and even though she remembered most of the eventful day, some of it, she'd convinced herself, had to be the ramblings of an intoxicated mind. It haunted her though and every single night she'd dreamed about the two of them and their ridiculously unnatural dongs.

She knew she'd had sex with them...knew she'd manhandled Bobby but she couldn't quite remember everything with Billy. She feared with great apprehension that she'd forced herself on them...that she'd done something to them that would warp them forever. For that matter, it had nearly warped her!

How the fuck could I have done that...how?? She'd asked herself that question at least a thousand times in the last few days and still no answer had presented itself other than the obvious...that she'd done it because she was just fucking horny. *I'm their mother...that's not something I should have ever even considered. In fact, shouldn't it have somehow repulsed me? Shouldn't it have disgusted me...even drunk?* She wondered about that...and realized, reluctantly, that even stone sober as she was at this very moment...that the thought...the memories of having fucked them did *nothing* to repulse her at all. In fact, the more she thought about it, the more lustful it made her. She got off on thinking about it. Even, sadly...she had to admit that she got off thinking about taking them against their will.

I'm fucked in the head...that's all there is to it! I need to be took out and fucking shot in the face and put out of my misery...out of their misery. And then the obvious struck her like a ton of bricks...a load of which had been landing on her every single time she thought about it all week long. She'd had unprotected sex with them! *Fuck...nothing ...total bare-back! And there was so much cum. How can they have such big ass balls...so damn fucking much spunk? What if I get pregnant from that shit? How could I ever explain that to Brent? It'd be bad enough to admit I fucked around on him...got knocked up...but what if he found out it was one of the boys? He'd kill me...they'd find me buried in the backyard in a shallow grave.*

Trying desperately to shrug off the cold streak that crawled down her spine, she unconsciously picked up her pace and turned down a new aisle, almost losing the boys.

When she realized they were no where to be seen, she sighed and just continued forward with her shopping.

Dammit...they never stay up with me...probably wandering half way across the store to the fucking toy section or the electronics, she surmised based on their previous grocery treks. *I'll just find them when I'm done shopping.*

"Where'd Mom go?" Bobby asked with a surprised look on his face.

"Baking aisle I think...over there...she just took off."

"Hey...you wanna go check out the flatscreen TV's?"

Billy just sneered and stared at his younger brother with a look of distaste. "Dude...you can only stare at those expensive TVs so many times...I can tell you the specs on them in my sleep. We're never getting one. We're doing good that we got a frick'in X-box...don't go pushing on no stupid flatscreen."

"I just wanna look at'em man...it's not like I'm gonna buy one!"

"Dude...you're gay...you're like a chick...you window shop."

"Whatever...I'm going to electronics," Bobby announced as he headed off in the opposite direction. He only got about two steps when he stopped dead still and froze in his tracks. "Dude...check it out!"

Billy turned to see what his younger brother was spazzing over. What his eyes locked on wasn't exactly what he was expecting.

Strolling towards them in the main aisle could only be described as pure white trash. The woman looked to be maybe in her late teens... maybe 18 or 19...certainly not nearly twenty yet. Her hair was blonde and long and stringy and it didn't appear to have been washed in quite a while. Her body wasn't much better, nor were her clothes. Her tits quivered around without a bra and her nipples were bulging through the tight fabric of her t-shirt like big fat finger tips, pointing, accusingly at any man who dared to gawk at them. Below the shirt, she wore a pair of faded cut-offs that were bordering on being Daisy Dukes...and her ensemble was topped off by a pair of grungy flip-flops that clapped loudly as she walked past them.

Billy stared at her titties like they were made of gold and he was a poor man headed for debtor's prison...while his younger brother set his sights lower...to the blubbery fat gut she sported that drooped out over the top of her shorts and peeked out from beneath the tight shirt. Both were instantly enthralled with this young woman, and as she passed them, both reeled around and followed behind her trying to look inconspicuous as they continued to scope her out.

Keeping their distance wasn't a problem. If she got out of sight, all they had to do was listen for the sound of her sliding feet and clapping shoes. For several minutes they tracked her until she darted down the last aisle in the back of the grocery section. As both boys closed in on the end of the aisle, the woman suddenly reappeared and pushed between them and clapped back toward the front of the store carrying a loaf of bread.

"Damn...well so much for that," Billy muttered quietly to his brother as they wheeled around and started off to following her again.

"Ooo! Look, she's stopping," Bobby noted and punched his brother in the ribs. "What's she doing?"

The woman had stopped at the end of the clothing section directly across the main aisle from the grocery side of the department store. Tossing her loaf of bread atop a shelf of clothing, she was sorting through a cheap men's t-shirt bin...looking at the sarcastic and humorous logos that adorned most of them.

"Dude...how much money you got?"

"What?"

"How much, douchebag?"

"I got like ten bucks, why?"

"Give it to me and watch me work..."

"Hi...what's your name?"

The blonde woman just looked up and eyed Billy with a look of annoyance.

"So you...uhh...gonna buy one of those shirts?"

The woman looked over at him again and just glared at him with total disgust.

"Isn't your mommy gonna wonder where you're at, little boy?"

The comment pissed him off and he realized instantly he wasn't going to get anywhere with her, no matter how nice he was.

"Gee...sorry...I was gonna offer to buy you one 'cause I thought you were pretty...but never mind," and with that said, he moved to walk away.

"Really...and what was the catch gonna be? You get to watch me try it on...or I give you my old one so you can go home and spank your lil' wiener all over it? Gimme a break...I grew up with three brothers, dork... I know what you little turds are all thinking about."

"Don't do it, dude," Bobby whispered to his older brother, but Billy had already turned back around to face the chunky bitch.

"Okay...for starters...I really was just gonna offer to buy you a stupid shirt 'cause I was hoping to...I don't know...get a girlfriend or something... but like I said...never mind. Oh and secondly, I'll have you know I don't have a little wiener and it's probably bigger than whatever stupid boyfriend you got has."

"Oh really...zat so?"

"Yeah, it is...me and my brother both got big dicks."

The woman smiled ruefully and turned to eye Bobby standing a foot or so behind Billy...and then she rolled her eyes in disgust.

"Yeah, okay...sure you do...whatever," and she picked up her loaf of bread to leave.

Her total disdain for them was more than Billy could tolerate. He hated her and wanted to make her eat her words...but how? And then he was talking before he could stop himself.

"You wanna make a bet on it?"

The woman kept walking.

"I got twenty bucks says I got the biggest one you ever seen."

The woman stopped dead in her tracks and turned slowly around to glare at him. "Twenty bucks huh?" She started walking back towards them. "Show me the money, smartass."

Billy immediately dug out twelve dollars from his own pocket and punched his brother to ante up the contents of his own pants...which yielded another nine dollars.

"Twenty one...twenty one bucks says I got the biggest one you ever seen, how's that?" he prodded her as he counted out the bills.

"Alright...twenty one dollars...I'll look for that...c'mon big man," and with that said, she clapped off into the clothing section and headed for the dressing rooms.

"Umm...one person per room," the old woman working the dressing rooms blurted as the blonde moved toward one of the open stall doors.

"They're my brothers...c'mon," she replied back.

"Well how many garments do you have?"

The old bag was asking too many questions and the white trash girl didn't care much for it. "None yet...I gotta see what sizes they're wearing...you think I keep up with what size drawers my stupid brothers wear?"

The old crone glared but turned her attention to rehangng clothing and pretended to ignore the trio as they piled into the back corner dressing stall.

"Alright half pint...let's see this thing," the blonde demanded as she pushed in the crappy door knob lock to secure it.

"Well can I at least know what your name is?"

"What's that got to do with anything?"

"I'm fixing to show you my dick...I'd at least like to know your name," he replied all innocently, "in case I have to tell the paramedics after you pass out from seeing how huge it is."

"Oh you're fuck'in funny, little boy...fuck'in hilarious...now shut up and gimme the money first...'cause I'm out of here as soon as I finish laughing."

"Here," Billy blurted as he handed her the wad of crinkled bills. "But you ain't gonna be laughing. And with a quick parlay of hands and fingers, he unzipped his jeans and dropped them to the floor and pulled his briefs down, allowing his cock to flop defiantly into full view.

The woman's face instantly changed from disgust and impatience to an expression of shock...complete and utter shock. The wad of cash in her hand simply fluttered loosely from her fingers and floated to the floor. She was oblivious to everything but the massive cock that hung before her in the cramped little dressing room.

"You got something to say now?" Billy questioned her.

"Uhhh...yeah...yeah," she whispered. "Trina...my name is Trina."

"Well look behind you Trina," he countered and pointed to his younger brother standing closely behind her near the door.

As she twisted to look, she immediately realized he too, was pants-less and as her eyes scanned down him, she was astonished to see that he also had a massive male organ.

"Oh holee shit," she gasped.

"So do we get to keep our twenty one dollars or what?"

"Yeah...yeah you do," she admitted with a slightly disturbed look on her face. "Alright...you win...you guys are fucking freaks...now I gotta go."

"Well wait now...this was a bet...and we won...so what do we get?"

Trina suddenly felt claustrophobic and pinned in by the boys and her uncomfortable feelings were growing by the second. And, to her horror, she realized she'd actually let them goad her into a private room with them...no cameras...and not really much she could say in her own defense if something happened since she was so much older than them.

They're little boys, dummy...what the fuck...you think they're gonna take you down or something? Hell, they wouldn't know what to do with it even if you let them try. Just tell them what they wanna hear and then get the fuck out of here before Jerry realizes you been in here too long, she thought to herself as she tried to analyze her situation. *Jerry will come looking for you if you don't go out soon,* she realized and she knew her big stupid boyfriend would indeed come searching for her as he always did when she was in a store too long or longer than he thought she should be. Of course he wouldn't be too impressed if he found her with two boys either, so his rescue might be worse than whatever these two morons had in mind.

"What do you want?" she finally asked with a feeling of dread.

"Take your shirt off," Bobby said from behind her.

"Oh hell no," she instantly blurted. "This is going way too far, guys... I'm not down with being freaky with you, okay...it's not happening." She turned to reach for the door, but the little one was standing directly in front of the knob. "Let me the fuck out or I'll fuck'in scream, you little shit."

"No you won't... 'cause then you gotta explain why you're in a dressing room with two little boys and our pants are down," Billy stated nonchalantly as he reached out and tugged at the bottom tail of her shirt.

Her slap was swift and well placed, knocking his hand off of her shirt.

"I mean what I said, you little fuck...touch me again and I'm gonna scream and then I'm gonna tie that oversized cock in a knot around your neck and choke you with it," she vowed and then she turned to Bobby. "And you...move away from the door before I walk *through* you."

It was about that moment that her eyes dropped lower and noticed he was erect...hugely erect...and his hands...were stroking...viciously.

"Show me your fat belly," he said to her in a raspy voice.

"Fuck you," she exclaimed. "Move!"

A hand caught her from behind and pulled at her shirt...a tug that succeeded in two things...one, pulling her off balance...and two, it caused her shirt tail to ride up and expose her flabby belly.

"Shit!" she barked as she fell backwards and caught herself on the flat bench built into the corner of the stall. She was practically seated on the floor though, having fallen almost all the way down. Using her elbows she tried to lift herself back up or at least up onto the bench...but she froze as she realized the boys had closed in on her.

What are they doing...what the fuck are they doing?!? Frantically she floundered trying to get up on the bench and at some point she

succeeded, but by then one of them had reached out and started grabbing at her shirt again and this time, it was pulled up high enough to reveal her saggy tits and puffy areola...and admittedly...her hard ass nipples.

She swung viciously at...the younger one...yes...it was him that was pulling on her shirt...and her hand caught him straight in the arm. The smack was loud and he immediately turned loose of her shirt.

"Look at us, bitch...tell me you don't want this," the older one said to her as both of them pressed in close to her with their huge and abnormal erections...jerking them as fast and hard as they could.

Oh fuck...oh holee fuck...they got big dicks! They were assaulting her ...and for some reason all she could think of was how big their penises were. It seemed messed up in her head...the whole situation...but it was real...it was happening to her and she didn't know what to do. They were right about screaming...cause nobody would believe her and she'd be the one getting carted off in cuffs...and if she hurt them to get out of the little room, the same was likely to happen.

Stupid bitch...you did this to yourself...you let them trick you into here...you did this...you let them do it...nobody to blame but yourself for being a dumb ass blonde! She felt guilty and sick to her stomach and at the same time, found herself mesmerized by the two huge dicks that were right there in front of her face...being stroked off...to her!

Oh shit...they're jacking off to me...that's fuck'in gross! The thought initially appalled her...even disgusted her...but as the seconds ticked by, her fear and guilt became less and less intense. They were honestly not big enough to over-power her or hurt her...they couldn't...and apparently weren't trying to...hell, maybe all they wanted was to jack off on her.

Well what the hell...do they really just wanna jerk off to me? She'd never had a guy want to do that before and it was a little unnerving but still a compliment she guessed. Stupid ass Jerry never jerked off to her. Hell, most of the time he wouldn't even fuck her with the lights on. Ever since she had his baby, he hadn't give a rat's ass about her sexually. Of course, now her titties were droopy and her nipples brown and her belly was all stretched out and still fat from the pregnancy and she couldn't for the life of her fit back in any of her old clothes which was why she was dressing the way she was of late...that and...well...that and part of her wanted to see if any other guys would notice her...and now two had...not two she wanted...but two none the less...and two with gargantuan cocks!

"Oh shit...oh shit...oh shit," she gasped as she sat on the corner bench seat and tried her best to melt into the wall. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Semen shot out of the shorter one's dick first and splattered all over her naked belly. She jerked spasmodically as it hit her...mostly from shock at the sudden explosion of fluid...but also from the unexpected contact with it on her bare skin. Her first reflex was to wipe at it, but it just

smeared and then another volley hit her hand as it was sliding across the first blob.

"Aahh...what'th--" and she never got her remark out fully because a third, fourth and fifth eruption of cum painted her whole belly and most of her hand and forearm.

He's cumming on me...all over me...ALL OVER ME!! She screamed mentally as she squirmed in the corner to avoid him...but the taller one...he began to ejaculate as well and his sperm was suddenly flying at her from the opposing side, but this time it was landing on her tits. Frantically, she tried to jerk her shirt down to cover herself, but the cum was already all over her torso and the tight fabric just smeared the sticky goo and soaked it up. She was coated in it and there was no reasonable way she was going to wipe it all away...but she tried anyway.

"Oh fuck...fuck'in hell," she muttered aloud as she lifted her hands and saw all of the semen on them...dripping down from her fingers and dropping down onto her saturated shirt and recovered belly beneath it.

Her eyes darted from her fingers to the drooping cocks just inches beyond them...then her gaze drifted up to the boy's faces.

"You nasty little shits," she growled at them, as her hands lunged out and latched onto their dicks. "Oh fuck me...just fuck me dammit!"

In a sudden flurry of motion, she felt one of her legs hefted up and a jerking on her pants. Another set of hands was pulling at her nasty wet shirt and then it was rising up over her head...cum getting in her hair...and then a hand on her titty...squeezing...groping at it and then she remembered she was still lactating and as she took over the fight to get her shirt off, she felt milk spray from her nipple.

"Oh fuck...oh damn you, you nasty little fucking bastards," she hissed as the shirt finally popped off. As she lowered her hands, she realized she had cum all over her body...her hair most notably. It disgusted her and somehow excited her but she wasn't sure why. As she looked down, she found the taller boy suckling her titty...sucking her nipple for all it was worth and she was certain milk was coming out into his mouth but it apparently made him no difference. She grabbed at his head with both arms and hugged him, pulling his face hard into her saggy tit and grinding it tightly against her chest. "Suck it you dirty lil'shit...oh fuck...oh fuck!" She wanted to curse him and slap him...but at the same time she wanted to fuck him...to fuck *both* of them...right there and then.

It was about that point that she realized the little one had gotten her shorts off...and probably realized that she wasn't wearing any panties...and that she hadn't bothered trimming since her baby was born. Not that he probably cared...considering how voraciously he was trying to spread her legs.

She closed her eyes and waited...and then she felt him pressing into her and it was big...no...no hell it was *fucking huge* and it wasn't working. Jerry had bitched about her twat being stretched out after the baby...said

he couldn't feel shit...and since then mostly all he'd wanted from her was blow jobs and the occasional ass fucking...and even then he'd turned the lights out. But this boy...this boy here was so big he was having trouble penetrating her...but he was determined...and after several painful shoves, he managed to get inside her...and the sensation was incredible as he filled her snatch with warm and fat cock flesh. And then he was humping her...hard and fast and she felt her juices spurting out all over him and with a horrible burst of guilt, she realized she was cumming... actually having a fucking orgasm for him.

I didn't want this...how did it happen...how...oh fuck I didn't want to! And she hadn't...not at first...but at some point she'd gotten turned on by them. When that was, she wasn't sure...but it had happened and she had to admit that to herself whether she wanted to or not.

As if to crush the guilt, she gripped the tall one's head even tighter and mashed him even harder into her chest.

"Aahhh!" she yelled a little too loudly, but she couldn't help herself. She was fucking two guys at once...and one's massive cock was driving in and out of her like a well-oiled piston. She feared the old crone outside would hear them and so she figured there was one sure-fire way of making sure she didn't blurt out anything else.

Trina's death-hug on his head finally relaxed and Billy pulled back from her flabby tit...only to have her hands reached down for his dick. The instant her fingers made contact, she pulled him up roughly and immediately sucked his dick into her mouth. With both hands pumping on it, she stroked his dick with her lips, essentially mouth fucking him. It was incredible...even better than his mother...and Trina's mouth was smaller and tighter. He wondered what her cunt felt like and he twisted to look to his side...to Bobby who was fucking the shit out her hairy-ass cunt.

About then, his younger brother came and jizz erupted from around his penis...shooting out from inside of her nasty looking pussy and splattering all over her thighs and his lower belly. The sensation must have been pleasant for her, because she began to writhe around and squirm as she sucked on his own cock. She was putting tongue into it now too and slurping on it...as if she wanted him to shoot off in her mouth...and it was too much...too much for him to hold back and with a hard shiver that made his whole body quiver, he erupted inside of her and cum overflowed her mouth and then spurting out from her lips around the sides of his shaft.

"YOU...fuck me now!" she demanded through semen dripping lips as Bobby pulled his drained cock from her mouth. "Fuck me with this fat fucker," she asserted as she pulled Billy's red and bloated cock down toward her crotch. "Move!" she blurted at Billy who wasn't moving out of the way fast enough to suit her.

"I...I don't think I can---" he started to protest, but she'd already pulled him between her legs and was poking his limp cock into her gaping hole...a hole left wide and dripping by his brother...but a hole that was still too small for his own ridiculous over-sized cock.

Bobby had moved out of the way now but he was still apparently fascinated with her belly and he had leaned over and placed both of his hands on it and was just jiggling her flabby, post-pregnancy gut like it was some strange bowl of jello there for his amusement. What his deal was with fat bellies, was anybody's guess. All Billy could think about was the sensation of heat emanating from the woman's abused crevice. He wanted badly to cum in her and the urge was somehow managing to harden his cock...well that and the fact that she had both hands on it trying to push it inside of her.

"Yes...yes...do it, motherfucker...get it in me...I want all of it...ALL OF IT, DAMMIT!!" she practically shouted at him.

He was hard now for certain...nothing like a demanding woman to make him perform! *Great...Bobby gets off on fat bitches and I get off on being told what to do...all we need is a bossy fat woman and we'll be in hog heaven*, he thought to himself...just before he realized that their own mother was in fact, a bossy fat woman. *Oh man...she really does make me want to fuck so bad. I hate her and I want to fuck her at the same time...how messed up is that??*

Erect now, he rammed his dick deep inside the woman until he felt the head of his cock press up against the soft wall at the bottom of her pussy. She moaned long and hard and writhed on the small corner bench. She was pulling at her titties now too...apparently something all women did when they were really turned on...and it was definitely something that turned him on too, he had to admit.

Within seconds, he was banging her hard against the back wall of the small dressing room while Bobby jacked off to them. A few weeks ago such a thing would have disgusted him...but now...now his brother was like a second half of himself...they were two of a kind and their sharing of a woman didn't bother him at all.

Trina reached out with one hand and began rubbing or trying to rub, the head of Bobby's penis...but Billy's hard pumping was knocking her around too much for her to maintain a good grip on his younger brother's shaft. But she tried...and it was obvious she wanted him to move closer and jack off on her...and the younger boy picked up on the insinuation. Taking a step or two closer, he placed his erection directly down into her face and continued his stroking...but her intentions weren't to have him jack off...her idea was to suck him off as she had Billy. Her hands immediately grasped his rod and she had him fed into her mouth before he realized what she was doing. And she didn't just suck him...she was jacking him off with both hands while Billy fucked her.

And both of them ended up cumming at nearly the same time.

The sound of the pounding on the stall door sent a cold chill down Bobby's back and he whipped around to stare at it...as did Billy who was just pulling out of the woman they were fucking. Somehow they both knew it was trouble...and Bobby suspected it was probably the old crone who was in charge of the dressing rooms. She'd probably heard the woman moaning and shouting and had come to investigate. And if she unlocked the door and found them...it was going to mean trouble for all three of them. To his horror, he heard a woman's voice shout through the door and then the lock began to turn and the button in the center of the knob popped out and then the hinges creaked.

"Oh for crying out loud...where the fuck have they gone off to?" Tonya grumbled to herself as she made her third round through electronics and headed once more toward the toy section. "Where the fuck did they go? I already checked the bathrooms!"

"Can I help you?" a voice called out to her. It was a young teenage boy wearing a store smock...obviously a floor clerk.

"Umm...maybe...have you seen two boys...yay high...running around here by any chance?" she asked, holding each of her hands a specific height to indicate how tall the two of them were.

"Blonde hair...uhh...blue t-shirts I think?"

"That's them...where'd you see them?"

"A while ago...they were talking to some woman over in the t-shirt section...men's wear...over there," he added and pointed off to the left.

"Thank you."

The old crone looked like she ate children for breakfast and small animals for snacks. If she'd have appeared any more grumpy or irritable, Tonya might have actually feared talking to her.

"Excuse me...have you see two boys--"

"In number three...back corner...end of the hall," the old hag spat out, cutting her off mid sentence. "They been back there with their sister for a while too...making a ruckus."

"Sister?" Tonya rolled that around for a moment and then decided to just go along with it. "Oh...darn kids...sorry...you don't suppose you could let me in back there...and let me get them out?"

"Here," the old woman blurted and handed her a key on a shoelace. "It fits all the doors...go get'em...and get'em out of here...I got no desire to see what they're doing in there...my shift ends in a hour."

"Thank you," she said as she seized the key and stomped off to the back of the dressing room hallway.

As she approached the door with the number three on it, she began to hear noises...noises that didn't sound like they should be coming from a dressing room...not one with her boys in it anyway.

"Yes...yes...do it, motherfucker...get it in me...I want all of it...ALL OF IT, DAMMIT!!" a distinctly feminine voice called out from inside the room...and as Tonya stepped close to the door, she could hear heavy breathing and then a rapid, steady thumping noise that seemed to be increasing in speed as she listened.

Oh but fucking hell no...them two are in there fucking some bitch!! How the fuck did that happen?? Is it somebody they know...or just some random tramp?? Great...I've created sexual monsters! Fuck them one time and now they're gonna start humping any bitch that holds still long enough and spreads her legs! Ohhhh...

She wanted to groan out loud. How could she have done that with them to start with? All of her guilt and fears were coming out in full force now and she couldn't contain the flood of emotions. Her eyes began to well up with tears...mostly of fury rather than concern. She was suddenly so angry at them...furious...she wanted to strangle both of them. But why? Why did she want to hurt them?? Was it...could it be...??

She suddenly felt sick to her stomach. She knew it was the truth... she was in fact...**jealous** of whoever the bitch in the stall was. And deny it as much as she liked...it was the truth. She was angry because she felt like they were in there cheating on her...but that didn't make sense... they weren't her husbands...*they were her sons*. That was crazy!

I've got to stop this...stop acting like a jealous lover and act like their mother...I mean crap...I'm their momma...not their girlfriend!

Her hand rapped on the door with a vengeful knock and then she inserted the key into the lock.

"I know you two are in there...and I'm coming in, dammit!" she called out as she turned the key and heard the lock pop open.

Oh shit...do I really wanna do this? Do I really want to open this door and see what's going on inside?

Silence.

Not a single sound other than the creak of the door hinges as it swung open...and then...then she saw them.

"Oh crap," the nasty, cum-covered fat whore on the corner bench with her legs spread and her hairy cunt flared, muttered under her breath as the door opened fully and Tonya appeared in the opening.

"PULL YOUR PANTS UP...BOTH OF YOU!!! NOW!!!" Tonya's voice was deadly sounding and the boys were jerking up their pants before they even thought about what she'd said. "NOW GET OUT...MOVE!!!"

Both boys scampered out the door around her girth and disappeared down the hallway behind her.

With a ten-mile stare in her eyes, Tonya stepped forward into the stall and closed the door behind her.

The pudgy blonde sat upright instantly on the corner bench and closed her thighs and then she glanced around frantically for her shirt.

Spying it on the floor, she lunged to grab it, but Tonya stepped out and placed her foot on it. Leaning downward, she lowered her face down to Trina's level and glared maniacally at her...so close that they could smell each other's breath.

"I don't know who the fuck you are...and I don't care who you are. But those boys belong to ME, bitch...ME...you got that? You don't touch them, you don't talk to them...you don't ever come near them again...you don't even fucking THINK about them...or so help me...I will track you down and fucking rip your droopy tits off and feed them to you...you got that, bitch?!"

"I...I'm sorry...I didn't...they...they started it...it just kind of--"

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!" Tonya yelled in her face. "I don't care who, what, when, or fucking how...you just do what I said of I'll fucking kill you... and I know how, too...my husband is Special Forces."

"Okay...fuck...back up out of my face lady," the blonde's attitude shifted somewhat now and it became obvious she was only going to take so much threatening before she decided to scuffle and throw down. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you were their girlfriend instead of their momma...damn!"

The smack was hard and swift and the blonde's head whipped around and her face popped the mirror on the wall behind her. Before she could respond, Tonya had her by the throat and pinned her to the now cracked mirror.

"I MEANT WHAT I SAID, YOU LITTLE FLABBY ASS WHITE TRASH CUNT...I WILL KILL YOU...DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?!"

The blonde nodded the best she could as her cum covered face began to turn reddish blue from lack of air.

"I got...a...baby," she gasped.

Tonya turned lose of her instantly and backed up. She was disgusted by the woman...so nasty...so obviously low-rent...and so...gross. Her twat was a mess of long pubic hair plastered full of her sons' semen and her chubby thighs were scratched and scarred from who knew what. How could they have found this woman attractive? And that wasn't all. She wasn't apparently lying about the baby...because judging from her flabby and jelly like belly...stained with the remains of stretch marks...she'd obviously been recently pregnant. And her tits...good grief, they were terrible...probably huge during her pregnancy...they were nothing but empty, deflated flesh sacks now...tipped by dark brown areola that were puffy and swollen.

Oh boys...why...why would you fuck her...why??

But it was obvious they had been...and evidently they had been at it for a while...as their semen was all over the woman...in ridiculous, inhuman quantities. She looked like someone had simply dumped a bucket of cum over her head. It was even all in her nasty blonde hair.

"Was it good?"

Trina glanced up...still rubbing her neck with one hand and her head with the other. "What?"

"You heard me," Tonya asserted.

"Why would you ask me that?"

"Answer me or I'll call the cops."

"You're fuck'in sick, bitch!"

"I'm serious...you answer me...WAS IT GOOD?"

"Whatever...yeah...it was fucking awesome...what the fuck do you want me to say, damn!"

"You couldn't help yourself...could you...it was just...their cocks are so fucking big...so---"

"Are you fucking them?"

The woman's question caught her off guard. Why was she even talking to this woman? Why did she ask what she did? And how should she answer this question? She wanted to answer it truthfully...to share her guilt somehow...but she knew better.

"No...no I'm not."

"But you want to...don't you?"

"Fuck you...and don't come near them again...EVER!" and with that, she turned and slammed the stall door behind her.

The ride home was like cruising in a hearse bound for a funeral...except the boys were the corpses and they knew it. Bobby couldn't even remember seeing his mother this pissed before. She had a look in her eye that simply reeked of evil and murder.

She hadn't said a single word to them since yelling at them to get out of the dressing room at the store...and smartly, they hadn't said anything to her or to each other since.

As she pulled the car into the garage and hit the remote to close the door behind them, she looked up in the rear-view mirror and glared at them with her dark, demeaning eyes.

"GET IN THE HOUSE...BATHROOM...SHOWER...NOW! BOTH OF YOU!" she yelled and hissed at them with an implied and hideous undertone of threat.

Both boys piled out of the car and headed directly for the door...but it was locked and they had to wait for Tonya to walk up and unlock it for them. As soon as the door swung open, she grabbed both of them by the backs of their shirt collars and stepped forward into the house, literally pushing them ahead of her as she went.

She continued to shove them forward until the trio reached her bedroom on the ground floor, through which they passed on their way to her bathroom. At the doorway, she shoved them both forward and finally let go of their shirts.

"CLOTHES...OFF...NOW!!!" she demanded, pointing at them.

The boys immediately began to shuck off their clothing in reaction to her order, but as they undressed, she began to smell the definite stench of pussy and sex wafting from them. When they were down to their underwear, both of them hesitated and stopped to stare at her as she pursed her lips and scrunched her nose from the odor.

"DON'T LOOK AT ME...I SAID STRIP...NOW DO IT!"

Quickly, the two boys dropped their briefs and stopped again to stare at their mother...awaiting further instructions.

Oh good grief...look at their cocks...oh fuck...this is the first time I've ever really seen them like this...completely sober, anyway. They're truly fucking porn stars in the making, aren't they? She eyed them up and down, unsure of why...but she was strangely enjoying the view of both of them naked with their swollen and bloated, raw and reddened cocks dangling between their legs. And Billy...Billy's balls were huge too. As she surveyed them, she was certain they had to be the size of golf balls...all tucked up in a big fat sack that bulged out so far that his limp dick had to drape over the top of them. *If those bitches ever drop down, and start to sag, he's gonna be banging them on everything...and I'd hate to see how he's gonna run with them. How they keep their cocks in their pants as it is, I got no clue.* And she truly didn't. How they had been dealing with their extraordinary genitals all this time was a mystery to her.

Oh shit...I know exactly how they been handling them, she realized as she remembered the nasty blonde slut in the store...her naked and cum covered body...literally soaked and dripping with their semen. *So filthy...so fucking nasty ass dirty...how could they...how could they fuck that nasty bitch?!*

"In the shower...both of you...now," she ordered them.

"At the same time?" Billy blurted.

"DO WHAT I SAID, BOY!" she bellowed at him as she reached forward and popped him in the side of his head.

Complying, both climbed into her big shower and Billy reached for the valve to turn the water on. In seconds, the two were soaking wet and steam was filling the entire room.

Tonya moved closer to the shower door and grabbed it as Bobby reached out to close it. "No...leave it open," she said as she snatched it from his grasp. "Get the soap...both of you...wash your nasty asses off and get that dirty bitch's stink off of you!"

Billy reached for the soap and lathered himself up and then handed it off to his younger brother who did the same. After a few minutes, both boys were relatively clean and rinsed off...but their mother was still standing in the open shower doorway, glaring at them.

Billy was worried that his mother was truly pissed off at them...but he couldn't help fantasizing about her fucking them again. She'd made them strip and now she was ogling them as they showered...and he just

couldn't help thinking about her making them jack off to her or something equally sexual. The thoughts wouldn't stop either...and before he realized what was happening, he was catching a boner.

Tonya's eyes ballooned when she noticed her oldest son's erection plumping up in the wall of steam that surrounded him.

Oh...oh fuck...no...don't you do it, Billy...don't you do that, you nasty little fucking...ohhhh...oh it's not him that's gonna do something...it's me...it's me that's about to lose control, she realized to her own horror.

She kicked off her shoes...and then pulled off her socks and then with an odd air of calmness, she stepped into the shower with them and pulled the glass door closed behind her. As the magnetic latch connected and snapped shut, the steam and heat doubled within the enclosure. The hot water spray hit her chest and saturated her clothing, soaking her clothing completely.

The shower was a huge enclosure and it had been one of the main selling points for their house when she and Brent had bought it...but never in a million years had she ever thought she'd be standing it with at the same time with her two naked sons...one of whom was hard as a rock.

"On your knees...both of you," she said to them as she turned and leaned back against the back wall of the shower.

Billy got down first...his raging cock already in hand, but Bobby wasn't far behind him and his own dick was beginning to expand. Their heads were barely reaching her waist now and she liked the feeling of being above them...being in control of them. She liked the way they responded when she yelled at them and made demands. Brent sure as hell never let her take control like that. Damned military training...he was all gung-ho and always had to be in charge of any sexual forays.

"Why did you fuck that nasty bitch...hmmm...was she just some random bitch...some target of opportunity...or do you two just have some kind of fetish for nasty tramps?" she asked them in a cool, monotone voice.

"I like...I like bellies," Bobby muttered, barely loud enough to be heard over the rushing flow of water cascading over all three of them.

"Really...well...hmmm...I kind of figured as much by this point...but what's your deal, mister?" and her question was directed at the silent Billy.

He looked up at her and opened his mouth to speak but nothing came out. The look in his eyes spoke volumes though and she felt that she just *had* to know.

"You tell me...and I'll take my shirt off," she offered.

The boy was already jerking on his dick. "I like it when you make me...make me do things...I like to be *taken*...I like it when you yell at me and I want you to do bad things to me like you did the other day...I want you to fuck me again and then I wanna rub my cock in your face and

make you suck it," he blabbered in one run-on sentence that left him nearly out of breath by the time he'd gotten it all out.

She looked at him and smiled and then a sudden movement of both her hands ripped her blouse open and at least four of the buttons exploded loose... shooting off in all directions. She wiggled her shoulders and let the wet and ruined blouse slip down off her torso and down into the water at her feet. Her bra was the only thing restraining her tits now and the water had all but made it transparent...her areola and erect nipples pressed through the front of the white linen garment.

Bobby was enthralled with her belly, as she expected. She was wearing high waist jeans and her belly was bubbling out over the top of it in one big muffin top...the bottom though, remained cinched down within the jeans. She knew what he wanted to see...she knew now exactly how to push their buttons and how to stay in control of them. With sure hands, she grasped the top of her jeans and pushed them down till her big round belly plopped out over the top.

"Oh yeah...Momma knows what you want...and I got it for you, baby," she cooed to him as she reached out and wiped the water spray from his face. "I'm so disappointed with you two...I mean if you want to fuck some fat, saggy old bitch...why didn't you just come get me?"

"Well we--" Billy began.

"Shut the fuck up...I wasn't talking to you," she growled at him.

"Does Momma's big boy wanna rub her tummy?" she asked, turning back to Bobby. She leaned towards him and pulled his face into her plump gut and rubbed him back and forth across it. "Isn't that so much better than that nasty little slut in the store...she didn't have nothing but a left-over pregnant gut...nothing like Momma's big, fat tummy, hmmm?"

Bobby was grunting...and panting...and without warning, he jettisoned a load of cum all over the legs of her jeans.

Oh, hell...it's so easy once you know what they like, she realized as she looked down over the mound of her belly and surveyed the gooeey load dripping down from her jeans into the water at her feet.

"And you," she began as she let go of Bobby and turned to face Billy. "I got something for you, you dirty little bastard!"

Billy tried to scoot away from her reflexively but on his knees in the shower...there was not far he could go...and she moved up into his face before he could do much else but brace himself.

"Stop jacking off, dammit...I didn't tell you to jack off, you little shit," she barked at him and he instantly let go of his cock. "How come you don't like your Momma's belly, hmmm? You too good to fuck your fat Momma...is that it? You wanna go hump some hairy, saggy, fucking trailer trash in the store dressing room...but you too good to fuck me?"

"No m'am...I...I just--"

"SHUT UP, BOY...don't talk shit to me...I talk shit to you!"

Billy just stared blankly at her and looked helpless and lost...but his cock was so hard that it was starting to turn purple and twitch of it's own accord.

"You too good to look at your Momma's titties, hmmm?" she asked as she reached and jerked her bra cups down and flopped her fat titties out over them. She leaned down and draped them into his face. "Don't touch that cock...that's MY COCK...I tell you when you can touch it...and I tell you when you can cum too," she added.

She leaned over further and lifted her arms out to brace herself on the side wall of the shower, so that she could literally hang over the boy. Her heavy jugs drooped down to his shoulders and she encompassed his entire face with her cleavage.

"Bobby...fuck Momma...come fuck me from behind!"

She felt his hands suddenly faltering around the bulk of her overly abundant belly...his fingers probing more her fat fluff than really searching for her jeans' zipper. But after a few seconds of random fondling, he made his way to her pants and pulled them down past her knees and she stepped out of them. She wondered if they thought much of the fact that she wasn't wearing panties.

Bobby was ready to go...how, she couldn't fathom...but his dick was primed and she could feel it tapping the backs of her thighs as he attempted to climb up on the sides of the shower tile that surrounded the lower rim of the enclosure...in an attempt to get tall enough to stick his cock in her pussy. His feet kept slipping though, and she finally noticed his predicament and bent her legs and spread them to lower her own body for him.

Her cunt was already wet...and not just from the hot water and steam...and her younger son's fat dick slipped instantly inside of her and he was pumping her almost instantly.

She raised up a bit and looked down at Billy below her.

"Don't touch my titties, little boy...my titties ain't good enough for you," she scolded him as he was about to latch on to them with both hands. "You beat off...you beat that cock to me while I fuck your little brother!" she demanded as her body began to sway with Bobby's motions.

Billy complied and began to jerk off viciously and rapidly.

"Oh fuck, Momma," he cursed Bobby breathlessly as her titties swayed back and forth above Billy's face. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

She relaxed her belly and let it's fat bulk droop down and hang. *I'm gonna make him learn to love some fat belly...I want him to have a fucking fetish for ME...like his brother does...I want him to be MINE...I want him to cater to my every little demand!*

Her whole body was flopping and swaying now in rhythmic time to Bobby's penetrating cock and humping hip swings...and below her she could tell that Billy was nearing his big blow point.

Time to switch and let him have it, she thought and without prelude, she pulled away from Bobby and hunched forward and flopped down atop Billy and wiggled her pussy down on his distended dick till it popped inside of her...and then she gasped as she rode it all the way down till it hit a wall within her that would allow it to go no further.

"Fuck your Momma, you little shit...you fuck your Momma's fat fucking pussy and you cum in me...you cum in me right fuck'in now!" she demanded and she felt him tremble all over as if he were trying hard not to explode. "You like that left-over prego bitch...well knock me up, big boy and you can fuck me after I have a baby too!"

Why she said that was beyond her...it just came out of nowhere, but she felt him release and squirt her cunt full and the feeling of being filled with semen suddenly excited her and the idea of getting pregnant didn't seem so insane...or so nasty.

"Yes...yes you fucking knock me up, you nasty little fucks...both of you...NOW...NOW, dammit...take me and do whatever you want to me!" she shouted to them amid the steam and raining hot water.

Billy immediately rose up and pushed her backwards down onto the floor of the big shower and amazingly, his cock never came out of her. What happened next was a blur, but somehow Bobby's cock ended up in her mouth while Billy fucked her on the floor of the shower.

"Make her pregnant, Billy...do it...do it...I want her belly to get fucking huge, man!" Bobby coached his brother amid their mother's yelps and moans...the only sounds she could manage to make with his inhuman cock crammed between her lips.

"Ahhh," Billy groaned and pulled out of her and then squirted a sack full of goopy cream all over her belly. Moments later he was completely on top of her, sucking her titties and groping them hard and almost painfully.

"I'm gonna fuck you so much...I'm gonna fuck you till you *do* get pregnant and then I'm gonna let Bobby shoot his stuff all over your big round belly." Billy was whispering to her while she sucked Bobby off.

The younger boy finally erupted in her mouth and she pulled him out and rubbed his spitting cock all over her face and then down onto her warbling, fat tits.

"Talk shit...talk shit to me...tell me what you're gonna do to me!"

"We could tie you up...in the bedroom...and...and do stuff to you!" Bobby blurted as he sank back away from her with his dick drooping.

"We could do anything we wanted to you...who'd know...who'd stop us, huh? We fucked that bitch in the store tonight...and she didn't want to...but we got it...and she liked it too!"

Had they forced her? No...no surely not, she realized...she had to have wanted it or she could have just kicked their bony white asses or screamed for help...hell the old crone of a clerk was only a little ways away. No...they couldn't have...but the idea of them taking *her*...of taking

any woman was suddenly a fantasy for her. She imagined them forcing her down into the bed and tying her up...and then taking turns fucking her and spanking her and...and...FEEDING HER!

Oh, it'd been so long since Brent and her had done that. She still loved to eat when she was horny and the thought of them making her eat while they fucked her was just too wild to even imagine. And Bobby...that little freak got off on her fat gut...and maybe...just maybe he would go for it...feeding her...fattening her up and then...and then----

"OH FUCK...OH HOLEE FUCK...SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!" She came harder than she'd ever cum in her entire life and for a moment she lost all sense of time and space...all sense of right and wrong...nearly lost consciousness entirely. She was cumming, but it wasn't stopping...it wasn't tapering off...it was like her orgasm was stuck in "go" mode and she couldn't find the brake. It was incredible and frightening at the same time. She almost couldn't stand it...couldn't handle it...and then...all at once it was over...finally...and when she opened her eyes...the boys were standing above her...rinsing off their cocks in the shower water directly above her...and then they were getting out...and then they were gone and she was alone...with the no longer quite hot water beating down on her exhausted body.

No, no, nooooo...I did it again...WHY? HOW? she screamed inside her head. As before, she couldn't fathom how she could let herself go with them and just do these nasty things with them. But at least this time, she could admit she would do it again at the first opportunity.

No, she wasn't going to try to forget it this time...not going to try and ignore what had happened and pretend it didn't. No, this time she was completely sober and had no excuses...and honestly, she didn't want an excuse. She liked fucking them and she was going to continue fucking them till she couldn't any more. It was just too good...too hot...too nasty...and their cocks were just too fucking massive to deny or refuse.

They're mine...I got them...I got them both now! And I'm gonna ride the fuck out of those two mammoth cocks...and you know what...if they knock me up...I don't even care...I just want their cocks...I just want them to keep fucking me like this!

TO BE CONTINUED

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