

THE LUST

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CHAPTER 1

AN EBOOK SERIAL

THE LUST

A STORY OF INCEST AND DEPRAVITY

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 5

"Carmen...CARMEN! Slow down with that damn buggy and wait for me, dammit," Crystal shouted at her young daughter as the two of them crossed the mini-mall shopping center's parking lot. The girl walked as if she had a fire in her shoes and it pissed Crystal off to no end. *Walks just like her father...fast and furious...not much different from the way he fucks too*, she thought to herself as she allowed a mischievous smirk to crease her lips. "Carmen, I mean it...slow down!"

"Well c'mon with your old fat butt," the girl replied with a snort of disgust and attitude that on more than one occasion got her face popped for her.

"My old fat butt is gonna stomp a mudhole in yours and walk it dry if you don't do what I said you scrawny little runt!"

Carmen just rolled her eyes, but she slowed down with the buggy somewhat...at least enough for her frumpy mother to catch up to her.

As the two neared their mini-van on the outskirts of the parking lot, both seemed to let their attention wander to the bright red convertible parked directly next to their van.

Holding out the keychain, Crystal pressed the rear door lock release button but nothing happened.

"Dammit...I told Ronald to get a new battery for this thing...crap," she grumbled to herself as she passed Carmen and walked up to the passenger side of the van and put the key into the door lock to manually open the doors. A double twist popped all the locks and before she could remove the key, she heard Carmen opening the back hatch to load up their shopping bounty.

As she turned to go back and help her daughter with the loading, she happened to glance over into the red convertible and noticed, to her dismay, a young boy piled out in the backseat asleep. This alone wasn't much cause for much notice, but as she began to walk back to the rear of her own vehicle she noticed something else peculiar about the boy... or rather his jeans.

A massively long "something" bulged up from his pants leg. It had to be a foot long...nearly snaking down to where his knee was and it lifted up against the denim fabric like it was trying to rip free of it.

Oh holee shit...there's no fucking way that's his dick, she insisted to herself, but try as she might, she couldn't seem to remove her eyes from whatever it was in his pants. It was massive. *Well what the hell else would it be??* she wondered with widening eyes as she stopped and just stared over at him.

"Something wrong, mom?" Carmen called out as she stepped around the corner of the van and stared at her mother.

"NOOO!" Crystal blurted a little too loud. "Just load the van...and hurry up with it."

The girl looked at her oddly with one arched eyebrow but stepped

reluctantly around to the rear of the van again and continued loading.

Crystal was relieved the girl hadn't noticed the boy in the back of the car...but unfortunately her loud response had inadvertently woke him.

"Oh, umm," he sputtered as he sat upright in the backseat. Her staring down at him had obviously startled him, but it was too late for her to run away or pretend she hadn't been staring. As he sat up, he realized his penis or whatever it was...was erect and it obviously shot a flame of embarrassment through him...as he jerked both hands in front of himself in an attempt to conceal the ridiculous bulge.

"Uhhh, sorry...didn't mean to startle you," she said with a tinge of embarrassment burning at her own cheeks.

"Alright, we're loaded...OHH...hey," Carmen said as she slammed the hatch door down and stepped around the corner of the van and realized her mother was talking to some cute dude in the backseat of the convertible.

"Get in the van, Carmen...let's go," her mother hissed through a blatantly fake smile. With both hands, she snatched at her and shoved her quickly around her to the passenger door and roughly pushed at her to get in.

Once her daughter was inside the van, she slammed the door closed and turned to look back at the boy with the bulge. Still faking her smile, she nodded at him and went around the vehicle to get in the driver's seat. Shutting her door, she crammed the key into the ignition and cranked the engine...but then...she went motionless.

"What's the deal...why are you acting so weird," Carmen questioned her from the passenger seat.

"Shut up, I'm thinking," she barked at her.

Crystal...if you don't fucking find out you're gonna wonder about this for the rest of your stupid life. What could possibly happen? He's like what, maybe twelve? Just get out and fucking ask him. There's nobody around and Carmen won't hear a thing. The possibility of that bulge being an actual penis was just too enticing. She had to fucking find out. *With my luck it's probably one of those hidden camera shows and they're gonna stick me out like a dog,* she considered...but it was still far too unbelievable not to at least ask him.

"Stay in the car...I'll be back," she said as she opened her door and got out. Making her way around the van, she approached the side of the little red sports car and smiled at the boy in the backseat, who was now stretching and yawning.

"Okay, look...I know this is stupid and probably a little crude...but a minute ago when you were asleep...I saw your...well...was that what I think it was?" she asked with little to no shame.

Billy's yawning mouth refused to close. He couldn't believe the woman had the gall to just up and ask him like that. He'd had women and girls be curious about it, but most of the time they were discreet about it...or at least a little more indirect in their asking. He wasn't sure if

he wanted to just be honest and answer or actually take some manner of offense at her boldness.

*Okay...don't be too dicky here...she's not all that, but she's got a nice rack of tits there...maybe if she's **this** bold with asking...she might be even bolder with getting it on.* The logic held merit, but then he remembered her young daughter who she'd shooshed off into the van before even speaking to him...and he realized she wasn't likely to really just climb into the backseat with him right there in the convertible. No, she was probably just curious...so there was no reason to play her.

"It's my dick," he finally replied. "Sorry...hope I didn't embarrass you or er-hrm...cause a problem there," and he tilted his head toward Carmen in the van. "It just does that when I'm sleeping."

The older woman's eyes just sort of bugged out of her skull. She had big ass eyeballs to start with, and now she looked as if they were going to roll completely out of her face at any moment.

Again, he surveyed her...taking in the fact that she was obviously a mother and probably at least in her late thirties. She had thick, and shoulder length brown hair that was pushed back with a hair band. And as previously noted, she had quite a nice rack of tits bundled up inside a really tight blouse that showed the impressions of her bra straps bulging through it. Double DD's he figured...not bad. Below the chest she was sort of pudgy and her hips were wider than even his Aunt Dana's. This woman had some serious middle-age spread going on and her tight slacks did little to conceal the wideness of her ass. Her face wasn't much to talk about but she wasn't exactly what he'd call ugly. She was definitely faceable to say the least...especially with that set of ta-tas she sported.

"You don't believe me do you?" he asked after she stood there speechless for several uncomfortable seconds. "You wanna see it?"

He'd only thought the woman had buggy eyes before. Now they were the size of softballs and her mouth dropped open in shock...and still, she said nothing in response to him.

Oh this is gonna be fun, he thought to himself when he realized the woman wasn't going to run away screaming. *Damn, maybe I misjudged her frumpy ass. Maybe she is a straight-up freak...daughter or not.*

"Well if you wanna see...c'mere...I'm not gonna whip it out in the middle of the parking lot for the whole world to see." And with that said, he sat upright and scooted over the side of the car closest to the van so that the woman's daughter wouldn't be able to see...and he noted the girl was glaring at him using the rear-view mirror in the van.

For a moment or two he thought the woman might turn and get back in the van...but eventually she moved...and moved *towards* him. As she stepped up to the car, her head whipped back and forth as if she were surveying the entire parking lot to make sure they weren't being watched by anyone. By the time she reached him, he'd already unbuttoned his jeans and fished his dick out for her to see.

OHHHH...OH HOLEE SHIT...HOLEE SHIT, Crystal thought to herself...more or less mentally screaming in both shock and awe at the incredible size of the boy's cock. *No way...no fuck'in way is his dick that fuck'in huge...that's ridiculous...that's just...it's just...it can't possibly be REAL!!* And it couldn't possibly **be** real...and yet there it was...hanging out of his pants daring her to deny it's reality.

Suddenly Crystal couldn't think of what to do. Somehow she'd let her curiosity get the better of her and now she was in a peculiar predicament. She was standing out in broad daylight staring at some boy's penis. The logical part of her mind told her to thank him and then get in her van and speed away. Certainly that was the smartest thing for her to do. But some other deviant little part of her brain was chiming in and declaring that she should do something else...something she would normally have never even thought of outside of a sick sexual fantasy.

"So is that all it does," she said with a half smile. *Oh you fucking pervert...what the fuck are you doing? Why on earth did you just say that to him?* And the truth was...she really didn't know why. Somehow she'd just acted without really being in control of herself...or without thinking the matter through.

Obviously this wasn't his car. Hell he was in the backseat. And that meant an older person was with him...probably his mother and if she should happen to pop out from whatever store she was in...and find her messing with her son...fur would fly and it would likely end with her big fat ass getting kicked with her luck. Not to mention there were obvious legal implications of messing with him. But worst of all in her mind was the fact that her ten year old daughter was just mere feet away in the van... probably watching her every move and straining herself to hear what was being said. All of these very good reasons to walk away seemed to have no affect on her feet...and they remained in place, next to the car.

"What'd'ya mean by that?" Billy asked with a smirk of his own. His question was intentionally sarcastic and she knew it. And as she watched in pure awe, his fat and dangly appendage began to balloon... making his sarcasm all that more punctuated. Obviously he knew exactly what she'd meant and was giving her a show to prove it.

Right before her disbelieving eyes, what had been at least eight inches of floppy man-flesh, expanded into a stiff and bloated shaft of no less than a foot in length. Despite it's clearly rigid form, his penis remained somewhat droopy in it's shape...as if it's size was too much for it to stand upright like a normal erection would have.

Oh fuck me...I bet he can dick you from any position he wants with that thing. DAMN! What a fucking cock...never seen one that size in my entire life! And she'd seen quite a number over the years. Her and Ronald like to watch porn movies to get in the mood and so she'd witnessed more than just a few big dicks among the hundreds of fuck flicks she'd watched. And out of all of them, never, ever, had she seen

one **this** massive. No this boy was just beyond what she'd call normal. A dick that size on a grown man would have been incredible...but on this scrawny scrap of a boy it just looked ridiculous...almost humorous.

"Well apparently you know exactly what I was talking about," she finally responded to him. Her smirk was now becoming a full grin and the fact that her daughter was spying on them was somehow becoming less of an worrying factor in the situation.

Crystal...what are you doing, woman? You know damn well Carmen is gonna tell Ronald if you go any further with this punk. I mean, what the fuck are you really gonna do anyway? Fuck him? Carmen is right there. It's not like you can do anything...and besides you can't leave with him either. It was killing her. There was no way she'd ever come across a cock this big again and she just couldn't stand to let him get away. Hell he was kinda cute and quite honestly she was really imagining what it might be like to fuck him. *Just get his number or something. Obviously he's interested or he wouldn't have a hard-on, right? Oh please, Crystal ...get a grip! You're old enough to be his fucking mother and your ass is wider than his mama's little sports car... do you really think he's gonna wanna fuck you?*

"You umm...waiting on something?" he asked with a humorous tone.

"I...I don't know really," she muttered truthfully. "I should probably go," she added and finally forced herself to take a step back from the car. His movements caught her attention though and she froze in place. It only took her a second to recognize what he up to, but she found herself asking him the stupidest question anyway.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

"What's it look like," he replied.

"Oh shit," she blurted as she stepped back forward and leaned over on the edge of the car in hopes of cutting off her daughter's view of things. She hadn't really looked herself to be sure, but she was pretty certain Carmen was trying to watch them from inside the van. "You are a nasty little pervert."

"A nasty little pervert with a really big cock, huh?"

"Oh shit," she sputtered again, but this time with a half-nervous giggle added on for emphasis. "You are seriously **not** normal...and I'm not just talking about the size of that thing."

"I notice you're still standing there watching...so maybe I am weird, but what does that make you, huh?"

He had a point. Maybe he was a perverted little bastard with a massive schlong...but here she was...a grown woman...a mother herself with her ten year old daughter in the van behind her...standing here watching him jerk off in the middle of a parking lot in the backseat of a fucking convertible.

What the fuck am I doing? The question was heavy like lead and it was weighing her mind down trying to figure out a proper answer. The truth was though, that she **knew** what she was doing...but it was just too

embarrassing to admit.

"I'm...I'm a nasty MILF is what I am," she said in a low and raspy voice barely loud enough for him to hear. She'd have died a little if her daughter had heard her say such a thing. "You know what that means?"

"Mother I'd like to fuck...yeah...and you are," he answered with a devious grin on his face. "And I bet you wanna fuck me too, don't you?"

Fuck, he's bad, she realized with a sudden epiphany. *And he's right...he's so fucking right*, she admitted. She was quickly becoming overwhelmed with a desirous need to climb into the backseat with him... her daughter watching or not.

Carmen couldn't for the life of her, figure out what the fuck was going on. Her mother had been acting weird ever since they got back to the van. At first she'd just figured the boy in the car was weird or creepy or something and that's why she'd practically crammed her into the car... but then her mother had gotten back out and for the last five minutes she'd just been leaned up against the little red convertible apparently talking to the dude. But with the van running, she didn't have a hope in hell of hearing anything they were saying. She'd thought about cracking the window but figured the noise would alert her mother.

She wondered if she might crawl out the opposite side of the van without being heard. With the van's engine running, it might conceal noise somewhat...maybe at least the clicking of the driver's side latch. About then an eighteen wheeler raced by on the interstate next to the mall parking lot and the noise was excessively loud to her, even inside the vehicle.

That's it...I'll just wait till another truck is coming...and I'll pop the latch...sneak around to the back of the van and listen in. It was killing her not knowing what they were talking about. Why would her mother be talking to some boy anyway? That was just weird. She'd known her to flirt from time to time with grown men...so if it'd been a dude her own age or even a teenager...she could have just assumed her mother was working it...but this guy wasn't much older than her. And then it hit her---

Oh, I bet she knows his dad...probably waiting for him to come out of the store so she can flirt. Man, she's such a slut sometimes! Dad would kill her if he knew half the crap I've seen. Then again, she'd kill him if she knew a third of the shit I've seen him doing.

She sighed and shook her head. Both her parents were bad at times and ratting on one to the other would just be instigating hypocrisy. She had never ratted one of them out and probably never would. Not because they didn't deserve to be told on...but because she didn't want them to end up getting divorced.

Her mother suddenly leaned over against the car and cut off her view of the boy through the rearview mirror.

"Aw c'mon...that was intentional, dammit," she muttered out loud to herself when she realized how specific the movement was. *Why*

doesn't she want me to see him? she wondered now. It was about then that she decided she was definitely going to crash her mother's party and find out what the fuck was going on.

With careful and slow movements, she inched her way over to the driver's seat and prepared to pop the latch open.

"Are you seriously going to just keep at it till you...you--"

"You got something better for me to do?" Billy countered.

"So you're just gonna sit there and jerk off for me?"

"That's what it looks like," he asserted, "unless you want me to do something else, that is."

"Such as?" she inquired with an arched eyebrow and a sly smile.

"I could climb into the back of your van there...maybe fuck the crap out of you if you want. I'm dying to get a hold of your big titties there."

Suddenly she was all too well aware of how tight her blouse was and the fact that her nipples were hard as hell and probably sticking out like sore thumbs through the front of the thin fabric. She was also well aware of how badly she wanted to drag him into the back of said van and *let* him fuck the crap out of her.

"Sorry stud...my daughter is in there."

"I could fuck her too, if you want," he suggested nonchalantly.

"Oh I know you didn't just say that!"

"She's cute...nice little titties too."

"I should slap the fuck out of you," she blurted, suddenly feeling red heat flooding into her cheeks.

"You could...but you won't... 'cause right now you wanna fuck me so bad you'd probably *let* me fuck her just so you could ride me too, huh?"

She was suddenly furious at him...arrogant little bastard. She wanted to really reach out and pop him one for saying such a thing to her and quite honestly the only thing keeping her from it...was the fact that it was the truth. And that fact alone made her even more furious at him.

"You're a little bastard ain't you?"

"With a big fat fucking cock...that you can have if you want it," he added as he worked himself into a good rhythm of pumping. He was about to ejaculate and he wanted to time it just right to get the optimal affect on her. He knew when he shot off it was a sight to behold and he wanted her worked up before she saw it.

"I are'ta beat your little ass," she barked at him, but her eyes were glued to his jerking motions and his red and bloated shaft.

"You are'ta climb in this car and let me fuck your big fat ass," he again countered her with more dirt talk. "Get in here and let me cum all over those double DD's you got crammed in that tight ass blouse."

"Your mama is gonna walk out here any minute and kill both of us."

"My mama is in Arizona having a baby...which may or may not be mine...so no, I don't think she is."

"Say what?" Crystal's expression of agitation and anger instantly

converted into something more akin to disgust and disbelief.

"Oh c'mon...look at my dick, lady...you think my mama was gonna leave it alone? Ain't no woman I ever met that can leave me alone."

"You're a sick little twist sunavabitch," she spouted and her look of hostility returned.

"Maybe I am...but I notice you're still not walking away, are you?"

Crystal was so mad now she really was considering reaching over the edge of the car and clipping him one...but again...again he was right. She wasn't walking away. In fact, the nastier he talked to her...the more riled and horny she was getting. She wanted to just jump on him right then and there in front of anybody who wanted to watch...even Carmen.

How can he repulse me and turn me on at the same damn time??

That's just ludicrous! But then she remembered how seeing Ronald dirty and sweaty would sometimes rile her up. He'd smell terrible from working and he'd be dirty and filthy...and yet she'd still get so turned on she'd fuck him, filth and all. *Women are just weird*, she admitted to herself. *Damn this little fucker...he knows just how to push my buttons!*

Just about then he popped off a gob of cum big enough to fill her entire hand with and it splattered off the back of the driver's seat. Before she could process what was happening, he blew out two and three and then a fourth gigantic splurt of semen...all of it painting the back of the car seat.

Oh holee shit...he cums like a fucking horse!

She wasn't sure what happened at just that moment. All she could recall was watching the jizz shoot out of his dick...and then the next thing she remembered was leaning down into the car and having her hand on his cock, jerking on it to milk out the remaining spooage.

"Mom?!"

Crystal looked up and then to her right...toward the rear of the van...and there she was...CARMEN! And here she was...leaning over the edge of a car jerking on some little boy's massive cock...cum all over the car seat...cum on her hand---

"Mom...what are you doing?"

She was about to yell at her to get back in the car, but the girl had already walked up to the car and could see down into the backseat...see her hand...and the boy's over-sized cock...all the cum splattered on the back of the convertible's front seat. How could she deny anything? How could she justify what was happening? She couldn't. It was just too late. She prepared for the worst...for Carmen to vomit...and jump back into the van or race off on foot...disgusted at her...furious at her for cheating on her father...or even for her to attack her...hit her in blind rage.

But none of that happened.

"Oh whoa," Carmen gasped as she stepped even closer to the side of the convertible and stared over and down at the boy's lap and to his penis which Crystal held firmly with one hand. The girl's eyes were

glazed over and wide with undeniable awe.

Oh good grief...she's a worse slut than me! The fact slapped Crystal like a sock full of pennies. But after the initial shock of it, she realized that fact might save her ass and quite possibly her marriage.

She can't rat me out to Ronald if...if she does something too, right? And he already said he'd fuck her. She wanted to puke for even thinking such a thought, but it was the boy's fault...he'd already planted the seed intentionally. It'd probably been his dirty little plan all along...to fuck both of them. He was a definite little "player" and she knew it. But with a dick that size he'd probably been tagging pussy for years. It would probably horrify her to know how many bitches he'd actually fucked. But right now she honestly didn't care...because all she wanted in life...was to be the **next** bitch that he fucked. And to her absolute delight, she felt his dick getting hard again in her hand.

"Get in the van, Carmen," she said with a commanding tone.

"Aw mom...what the--"

"GET IN THE DAMN VAN," she bellowed at her.

"But I don't --"

"THE BACK, Carmen...get in the back of the fucking van," she cut her off and turned to glare at her.

"What?" the girl blurted and stared at her mother with a cross between horror and confusion.

"Get in the back of the fucking van...and take your clothes off...damn, do I need to draw you a picture?"

Carmen's expression faded into pure confusion. She stared at her mother for a second or so and then glanced back down at the boy's erection in her mother's hand.

"Are you a virgin?" he asked her with a look of nonchalance.

The girl then glared at him with a look of confusion.

"Well stand there and look stupid...but me...I'm getting in the back of the van with him." And with that said, Crystal released his massive penis and reached for the sliding side door on the van. Clicking the latch, she jerked and slid it completely open. Before she could climb inside herself though, her daughter pushed past her and barreled inside...already pulling at her jeans to get them off. *Okay, she did that a little too fast. I'm not sure that's a good sign,* she thought to herself as she turned to see if the boy was coming.

Without even bothering to put his dick up, he'd climbed out of the car and was stepping over past her and into the van. His foot long erection swinging from side to side as he moved...his pants nearly down to his knees. In the blink of an eye, he was kicking off his shoes and wiggling out of his jeans...and her daughter was already completely naked, piled up on the bench seat in the back waiting for him.

No, this was definitely not a good sign. Suddenly it occurred to her that Carmen might not actually **be** a virgin. She'd never really thought about before now...but then again, like the boy's dick...it was just there

and staring her in the face. Denying it wasn't really an option.

Fuck this is worse than a bad porn movie. Mother-daughter tag-team shit in the back of a van in a mini-mall parking lot. Dear Hustler...a funny thing happened to me the other day...blah, blah, blah! No one would believe her even if she tried to tell this to them. No one but her daughter who was apparently not just going to stand by and be a witness. *Fuck, look at that shit would you?!* The boy was already on the bench seat with her...and she was already climbing on top of him.

She turned her back...suddenly not sure she wanted to watch...but then she looked across the parking lot and saw that no one was really around to witness her atrocity...and so she twisted back and stole a glance inside the van...at the boy...at Carmen...at the both of them naked and making out in the backseat of her mini-van.

Sighing, she climbed in and slid the door shut.

"What the are we doing?" Bobby asked with a look of genuine curiosity as Dana pressed her topless torso up against him, pushing him back against the cold mirror on the back wall of the dressing stall.

"I don't know," she answered him truthfully. She wasn't even altogether sure how she'd arrived at this point, much less where she was headed from here. *You're topless in a public dressing room with your ten year old nephew...* the bizarre circumstances seemed to be inexcusable, and at the same time, also seemed to have been unavoidable. And from what the boy had told her, apparently his mother hadn't strayed too far from the same path she was now on with him. *Well at least I'm not the only dirty whore in the family,* she thought as she let her hand slip down and grasp his erection that was hanging out of his too-tight thong.

"Your Mom does both of you...at the same time?"

Bobby sort of snorted before he answered. "Yeah...I think she gets off on being double-teamed by us."

"So umm...I know YOU like me...but does Billy maybe--"

Bobby snorted again and it became clear it was a sort of habitual method of him showing his appreciation of irony or sarcasm.

"Are you kidding me...you have like the most titanic tits I've ever seen! I wouldn't be surprised if he isn't out in the car wanking off to you right now."

"Damn...he's got it bad for big titties then, huh?"

"Bad...bad would be an understatement. He ain't real particular about what size they are...as long as a woman **has** titties, he'll fuck her. But the bigger the tits are, the more crazy he gets for them. He's got a serious boob thing...bad like."

"And you got a serious fat bitch thing apparently," Dana mentioned nonchalantly to him as she rubbed her big belly against his bare chest.

"Nah...mostly I got a belly thing, y'know...I just like a big round belly

on a woman...I think it's cause of my Mom's friend...the pregnant one I told you about...she was huge...and she jacked me off on her belly so I just kind of associate sex with big bellies now...that's weird I know," he admitted as his hands rose up and began to caress Dana's overhanging rolls of fat that bulged over the sides of her too-tight jeans.

"I never had a guy who thought that sort of thing was hot," Dana commented as she started to tug on his fat cock, pulling at the loose skin on it...essentially beginning to jack him off herself. "I still can't believe your Mom got fat...she was always such a cheerleader sort, y'know?"

"Oh please...I could tell you shit about her. She's a total foodee freak."

"A what?" she asked with a strange expression.

"A foodee or feedee...whatever the heck they call them," he replied.

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"She likes to be force fed...she gets off on being made fat I guess, hell I don't know...she's kind of weird like that. Probably where me and Billy get our weird shit from."

"What? You mean she liked you to tie her up and feed her or something?" Dana still had a bizarre and disbelieving expression on her face, but her mind was reeling with a new found sexual possibility.

"Something like that, yeah."

She giggled and twisted from side to side to make her gigantic tits slap his upper chest and neck. "C'mon...you gonna ignore these big bitches all day or what?"

The boy dropped down a bit and latched his mouth onto her left nipple and began to suckle it for all it was worth, while both of his hands worked it, kneading it like he was a professional bread maker.

"Oh fuck...oh shit," she cursed. It'd been so long since a man's mouth was on her tit and she'd almost forgotten how awesome it felt.

Shit, if getting my titty sucked feels this great...what's actual sex gonna be like? she wondered quietly as she leaned into him and forced him to press his face roughly into her massive breast. It had literally been years since she'd done anything sexual with someone.

Masturbation hadn't even really been much for her...and so strangely, she felt like it was her first time again...the thrill...the excitement...and what seemed like totally new sensations.

What are you gonna do? Fuck him right here in the store? The idea had already crossed her mind more than once, but she couldn't seem to bring herself to be quite that bold. Instead she leaning more towards just making out with him...and maybe...well, maybe even sucking him off. She was dying to find out how much shit he could shoot. With balls the size of his, she was certain it was going to be a goo-fest and it sort of thrilled her to think of leaving this tiny dressing stall painted down with cum. She secretly wanted the goth skank of a sales clerk to come walk in on them and catch her sucking off Billy's over-sized hunk of man cock. *Bet she wouldn't be eyeing me any more after that. Bitch would be too*

jealous to do anything but bow down and pay me homage.

Unintentionally she let her mind wander and she conjured up the sick fantasy of tying up the woman and jerking Billy off in her face...maybe making her suck her big fat titties. *That's right...suck my titties you filthy little bitch...I know you're jealous of me because mine are so big!*

She snapped abruptly out of her daydream when she realized Billy was moving against her hand. He was bucking his hips and squeezing the crap out of her tit.

Oh shit...he's about to cum!

She stepped back away from him and leaned back against the side wall and slid down it...into a squatting position...before pulling him forward towards her. His big cock was flexible, even when it was hard, so she was able to bow it downward...pointing it toward her boobs and big round belly.

"Oh fuck yes...man I wanna cum on your belly," he muttered to her as she began to pump his bloated cock with both of her hands.

"Then do it...cum all over it...show me how much fucking cum you got in these big fat balls," she added as she slid one hand down into his thong and grabbed one of his golf-ball sized testicles.

"Pull my balls...pull'em!" he urged her.

With more urgency than she intended, she jerked the thong down to his knees and wrapped her hand around the top of his ball sack...and pulled downward on his testicles.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck...don't let go...don't---"

Dana felt his dick jerk spasmodically and then a massive eruption of semen exploded from the head and splattered down onto her jugs. The warm goo immediately poured off and down onto her belly. More semen than any man had a right to expel...coated her chest...and this was just his first blast. As her hand continued to pump, he constricted his penile muscle again...and again...and again...each time, shooting another ridiculously huge gob of cum out and onto her torso. She lost track of the eruptions after the fourth one and simply gave in to her desire to bask in his seedy coating.

"Oh fuck...oh holee fucking shit, Billy...so much...so much cum," she said louder than she probably should have. Her hands were on her own body now...smearing the sticky thick liquid around. It was insane. It was also impossible to wipe off. This was nothing like what Carlton used to do. Oh hell no...no, stupid Carlton could erupt on you and you could wipe away with one hand and never know he'd done anything. But this... this was inhuman. No amount of tissue was going to clean this up. It was as if someone had poured a literal glass of semen on her. Her entire belly was coated...and most of her tits!

"Oh hell yeah...rub that shit in...rub it in," the boy urged her as he backed up and slung his limpish cock to knock the last remains of a big goop of cum from the tip. The glob popped off and spatted on the carpet beneath him in a puddle the size of what most normal men produced.

Oh fuck...his residue is more than most guys shoot at all! Oh man he's a freak! You are seriously gonna have to get some condoms or you're gonna end up like his mother, she realized as she stared in disbelief at the unmanageable amount of sperm dumped on her. *Fuck... they don't even **make** rubbers that big...I bet!* She'd never had to really shop around for sizes. Carlton did good to fill out the average size condoms. She knew they made big ones...but she wondered whether they had one really big enough to encompass Bobby's piece. And then there was still Billy, whom he claimed was even bigger than him.

Great! That's about right. Two massive cocks right here for the taking and I can't straddle them for fear of getting pregnant. And then she realized she could get birth control...but then that took a month to kick in...and wasn't always real protective. The truth was that unless she found some mammoth sized condoms, she was just gonna have to ride these boys bare-back and hope for the best.

I know they've got to be fertile as fuck though...this much cum can't be anything but! I could open a fucking sperm bank with these two freaks!

Again she let her mind wander, and imagined the boys strapped down on tables and her dressed like some sort of medical professional in scrubs and rubber gloves...jacking them off into large glass beakers.

Her fantasy was abruptly interrupted by the stall door opening.

"Oh...oh shit," the goth girl stood there looking in at them...her bugged out eyes flicking from Dana's immense cum coated tits over to Bobby's exposed and drooping uber-cock.

"Umm...this is...**exactly** what it looks like...sorry," she blurted, hoping her fake arrogance would just dumbfound the woman into shutting the door and not bothering to make a scene.

"I...I didn't realize anyone was...the door was open...I thought...I thought you'd left---OH SHIT," the clerk finally just gasped and looked for a moment like she might actually faint.

"Shut the door," Dana demanded in a raspy tone as she stood up and tried her best to rake some of the sticky semen off of her belly.

The woman blinked and then glanced down at Dana's fat gut hanging out over the top of her jeans...and more specifically at the unnatural amount of obvious semen that was covering it and dripping down in long, grotesque strings onto the carpet below her.

Bobby stepped forward and swung his now limp dick upwards and slapped the side of Dana's gooey belly with it...making it undulate and quiver.

"I did that...you want some? If not...close the door," he said with an air of arrogance so severe that it even took Dana by surprise.

The clerk stared at her belly as if she was awaiting it to stop jiggling and then she raised her gaze to Bobby just before stepping back and shutting the door.

"We better go before she gets a manager," he whispered to Dana just

before reaching for his pants and shirt hanging from a hook on the opposite wall.

"Well what am I supposed to do here," she hissed back at him and motioned at her goo-coated torso. "I need a towel or a shower...or both maybe."

"Sorry I jizz a lot," he apologized as he kicked the thong off onto the sticky carpet and made efforts to put his jeans on.

Dana took note of the fact that he had no underwear. For some strange reason this seemed to tell her a lot about the boy. Apparently he was quite comfortable with his body and had no real qualms about letting his shit dangle free. "Confidence" was the term that came to mind. It was odd to have such a term applied to a ten year old...and yet at the same time, it turned her on.

Back in the mini-van, Crystal found herself kneeling uncomfortably on the floor of the vehicle...staring at one of the most lewd things she'd ever in her life witnessed. Of all the pornographic movies she'd watched over the years with her husband, Ronald...she'd never seen anything more sexual deviant...more debauched or crude than what she was witnessing on the back bench seat of her own van.

Her ten year old daughter was spread-eagle on the long seat, taking in the biggest cock she'd ever imagined...much less actually seen. The boy himself couldn't be over twelve and his dick was at least a foot long or maybe even longer. But the length wasn't the issue...it's incredible girth was what made it so unimaginably massive in appearance. And the little fucker was driving at least half of it in and out of her daughter's tight twat with a repetitive motion that was so fast and furious that it appeared to blur his body somewhat as she watched.

His stupendously massive sack of nuts were slapping Carmen's ass so hard that her ass cheeks were beginning to turn slightly red from the continual smacking. *Fuck, that's got to hurt him some...that's crazy*, she thought as she stared unabatedly at the scandalous scene. *Oh shit, why am I even watching this...I wanna go puke!*

And she did want to wretch...but part of her also was enjoying the lascivious and vulgar display of carnal lechery. *It's two kids...and they're fucking like maniacs in the back end of my fucking van?!?* She was beginning to get a little more than just uncomfortable with the situation. But instead of reaching for the door latch...she was reaching for something else.

Billy was giving it to the girl hard. And she was maybe the tightest piece of pussy he'd ever tagged. He was actually surprised at how easy it was to get his dick into her, quite honestly. He'd also noticed how quickly she'd taken to the situation...and how a lack of broken hymen blood probably was a good indication she wasn't a virgin. It never failed to amaze him how young some girls got started. It always seemed to

him that even he and Bobby were still too young to be tagging anything... and yet they'd been at it for years with their mother and with any other bitch that would hold still long enough. But apparently the days of remaining chaste till marriage were dead and gone...and sweet sixteen was apparently just a myth of the past, long ignored and let out to pasture.

How he'd gone from being asleep in the back of his Aunt's car to being in some strange woman's mini-van...fucking her daughter while she watched was really beyond fathoming. He knew it'd happened, and even **how** it had happened, but as with so many of his brother and his conquests, this sexual encounter was a complete foray into unreality. It was something almost magical...what he could do with his dick. It was as if he could just expose it and women would do the unthinkable with him. Here he was...with the woman...this middle-aged, frumpy soccer-mom in her mini-van...piling it to her ten year old daughter while she watched. Was this woman always this deviant? This debauched? Was this the first guy she'd let fuck her daughter...was it the first time she'd watched it? Surely not...such things were just unheard of in the real world, but his magical penis seemed to be able to make this insane and impossible situations come to life...to assume a realness. Were women really so cock-crazy as to just let a big dick convince them to do anything? He wondered deeply about this on more than just a few occasions. He also wondered just how far he could make a woman go by using his dick to control her. Was that wrong? To push someone just to see how far you could go with them? Somehow it seemed bad to him, but the tantalizing urge to try it always teased him into at least, thinking about it, even if he'd never really gone forward with it.

And the kicker here was, he had no clue what this woman's name was...much less her daughter's. And here he was, fucking the shit out of her and hovering on the verge of cumming inside of her tight little twat.

He looked over toward the mom and noticed her face was an expression of cold and utter terror. Her complexion, pink with embarrassment only moments earlier when she was outside flirting with him...was now a pasty shade of white that indicated she was shocked and possibly on the verge of passing out as she watched him thrusting his giant cock in and out of her young daughter.

Oddly, he noticed her eyes were glued to them though...unflinching and unwavering in their attention. And slowly, her right hand was making it's way towards her crotch.

Was she really about to start touching herself? The concept wasn't unrealistic, but the sickly expression on her face said everything but arousal to him. He wondered if she was really getting off on this. He figured it was probably too much for her...especially if this was the first time she'd seen her daughter like this. Hell, it was probably freaking her out and he could feel some sympathy for her in that matter...but yet, there her hand was...rubbing lightly at the camel toe bulging through her

tight white pants. The slacks were tight to begin with, and with sitting on her knees in the floor of the van like she was, they were cinched up even tighter...the center zipper seam indenting and separating the fluffy sides of her pelvic mound, making them bulge out around it. And in between flicks of her fingers, he could swear there was a moist wet stain beginning to appear.

Her hand and crotch weren't the only indicators of her hidden arousal. The tight blouse she was wearing was displaying more than just bulging bra straps now. Her nipples were hard as rocks and were doing their best to rip through the blouse's fabric.

Oh, she's gone to the dark side, man...just tease her a bit further with it and she'll do some nasty freak-shit like your Mama does!

"I'm fix'in to cum in her," he blurted over the grunts and squeals of the gyrating daughter beneath him. He couldn't hold it much more anyway. His balls were starting to ache from slapping the back of the girl's ass so much and if he'd didn't let it out soon he was gonna explode.

"Tell her...tell I'm gonna cum in you," he told the girl. "Tell her!"

"Oh...oh Mama, he's...he's gonna cum in me, Mama," the girl exclaimed in short, breathy bursts in between grunts and out-right moans. "Gonna cum...gonna cum in me," she continued to mutter as she lay her head back on the seat and rolled her eyes back. "Ohhhh, oh fuck me, motherfucker...you fuck me...FUCK ME!"

The sudden outburst took him by surprise. Thus far the girl had been mostly groans and wordless, unrecognizable muttering throughout their coitus...but apparently she'd just entered into orgasm and let herself go. He figured she might have been restraining her vocals in order to not piss off her mother...or embarrass herself...but with her orgasm in control, all rules of proper behavior went out the window.

"Aahhh...OH SHIT, OH SHIT...DON'T STOP...DON'T STOP!!" the girl shrieked at him as she began to buck viciously beneath him. Her hands grasped him with a dangerously, almost painful grip...her nails digging into his upper back.

He stole a quick glance over at the mother and was shocked to see her face wet with sweat...and her pants totally soaked in the crotch. Her hand was actually *in* her tight pants now and the top was unbuttoned and unzipped. Her other hand had rose up and was rubbing at her breasts through the fabric of her blouse. Her face was no longer pale...but now it was reddening again and she look flustered...like a woman about ready to rip her clothes off.

Oh it's on now...I'm tagging both of them!

He worried about how long Aunt Dana was gonna be in the store...or for that matter which store she was even in. If it was the grocery store, she might be coming out at any time. If it was a clothing store...well, then maybe she'd be a while. He also wondered exactly how she'd react if she caught him in the van with these two. Had his mother told her about them...about their dicks? He had no clue. She seemed kinda

freaky though...with her low-rider jeans and her braless mondo-titties. Oh, how he wanted to get a good look at those huge ass jugs of hers. And more if he could swing it. She was fat as hell, but she was also kind of cute. He figured Bobby would be all over her before long...especially with that big rotund gut she had. Why he as all about that shit, he had no clue. Bobby could have her flabby belly if he wanted it...but her tits were all for him...or at least he hoped they would be.

Pull out...and don't mess her up, he thought to himself as he reached the final moments before his load of semen was about to launch. With quick movements, he fished his cock out of her and began to jerk off with one hand. He'd stroked less than five times before his first ejaculation exploded all over the girl's lower stomach and thighs. He lifted it up some and let the next blasts paint her tiny little perky tits white with sticky mess.

Climbing up from between her legs, he sat back in the corner of the bench seat and reached out to the girl's hand. Grabbing it, he pulled her upright on the seat and then reached for her head and pulled her further over till her head was going down into his lap.

"Oh yeah...yeah she's gonna suck my cock, Mama...you gonna watch that too...or you wanna come over here and get some yourself?" His tone was almost intentionally mean...a sort of taunting. He knew it angered women...especially older women when he talked to them like that...but he also knew that anger tended to make them horny as hell and that ended up making them do things they'd normally not do. It made them even more irrational. To be horny and angry at the same time. It was a typical turn-on for women. Why they were aroused by men they hated was just something total feminine...and he assumed they were just wired that way for whatever reason. It didn't really matter to him though, because it worked...and right now that's all he was really concerned with.

"Oh Carmen...Carmen...don't---" the older woman pulled a slightly disgusted face as her words clipped off. It was obvious she didn't want the girl to suck his dick, but Carmen evidently had other plans...plans that involved sucking his cock into her mouth like a Hoover on high power. And she wasn't just sucking...both her hands were wrapped around his shaft tightly and she was stroking him with furious jerks as she tried her best to suction another load of cum from his balls.

"Look at that...look what I did," he further taunted the mother as he pointed down at the girl's crotch. With one hand he pulled her legs apart and exposed her gaping pussy. It was stretched beyond normal and her vaginal lips simply hung out like some sort of roast beef slices. It was really pretty gross, he realized, but it was typical for what any woman he fucked ended up looking like. Humorously he wondered how many women he and his brother had actually "ruined" over the years. He knew his own mother's shit was permanently wore out. They'd done some crazy shit to her before and there wasn't a single man alive who'd ever

be able to rub the sides of her cunt at the same time...ever again.

"You make me sick," the woman hissed at him.

"Then take your hand out of your pants and quit rubbing that fat pussy," he retorted. "Or shut the fuck up and c'mere and let me stick my cock in it for you."

Her sudden movement almost frightened Billy. He wasn't expecting her to do anything at all, especially so suddenly and for a split second, he feared she might be about to attack him...and she was...but not in a bad way.

The woman's hands shot up to her blouse and literally ripped it open, sending buttons flying all over the back of the van and then she practically tore it off while scuffling to make her way to the back of the van where they were. In a flurry of movements, she got the tattered top off and then began fighting viciously with her brassiere. By the time she'd fumbled to the back of the vehicle, she'd managed to free her DD tits, and was working frantically to get her too-tight white pants off.

He was impressed to see that she wasn't wearing panties. The white pants would have been killer at showing a panty line though, and so it wasn't extraordinary for a woman to go commando in slacks like that, but it still made him wonder just how kinky this bitch might really be. And obviously he was about to find out.

Inside the store, Dana inadvertently realized she'd done something really stupid. Before considering the implications, she'd used her own t-shirt to wipe at the semen all over her torso...an irreversible act that all but rendered the garment unwearable.

"Oh that was stupid," she blurted more to herself than to Bobby.

"Here...just wipe it off and put mine on," he said and handed her his own t-shirt.

"Oh please...it's even smaller than mine," she replied and tried to shove it back to him as she continued to wipe with her own. "I'll just go get me something off the shelf...or...or you can get me something...it is a clothing store y'know."

"You wanna hang around long enough to shop?"

He had a point. She had no clue of the clerk had went on her way...or had gone off to call the cops. Either way, it was probably a good idea for the two of them to haul some ass.

"Okay...good point...gimme," and she snagged the shirt from him. She knew it was smaller than her own...and she wasn't wrong. She had to stretch it to the seams to get it down over her tits and it simply wasn't going to make it down over her belly. "Oh fuck I look stupid," she reluctantly admitted as she gazed down at her reflection in the mirror and surveyed her massive fat gut hanging out from under the shirt.

"Whatever...I'm out," Bobby said as he clapped his hands together twice and then held them up, palms out. "Hang if you want...but I'm making a break for it," he added as he popped open the stall door and

made a dash, wearing no shirt, out into the store and headed for the front doors.

"Little fucking turd," she grumbled out loud as she forced herself out of the stall and out into the store. "Be cool...be cool," she whispered aloud in an effort to reassure herself as she sauntered across the floor. Luckily the clothing racks were packed throughout the showroom and so it was easy to be concealed among them. Nobody could really see her unless she ran directly up on someone...at least until she reached the front of the store where the check-out desk was...and then it was open and she was going to have to expose herself.

Her fat gut was jiggling as she walked and the sensation of her bare skin touching the various garments on all the racks as she passed among them was almost erotic. It instantly reminded her of the people at the bus terminal...but now it was bare skin and it was really turning her on in a way she couldn't really understand or even describe. She liked it so much though, that she really thought about running through the store, but she figured her titanic jugs would likely knock her out if she actually tried it. So instead she walked casually through the multitude of clothes until she reached the entrance. With a further strain of her confidence, she kicked her feet forward and continued out into the open and waltzed right past the check-out desk and stepped quickly through the main doors and out into the sunlight.

She decided not to dally and headed immediately for the convertible out in the far corner of the parking lot. She could see Bobby was already there and was climbing into the car without using the door. It briefly annoyed her to think he was probably scuffing up her ride with his shoes climbing in like he was Bo Duke, but only for a moment...as her biggest concern at the moment was getting as far away from this store as she could before the cops showed up.

And as if to emphasize the need, she noticed a patrol car pulling in off the access road that ran in front of the mini-mall.

"Oh shit...oh hell no," she muttered out loud as she picked up her pace and practically began to sprint across the hot parking lot. At that point she didn't care if her fat belly was hanging out and jiggling or not. She had no desire to be arrested for public indecency and especially in regards to Bobby. Her mother rode her ass as it was and she didn't even dare to contemplate how bad it would get if she had to call her up to come post bail for her...not to mention the paparazzi would probably be all over it just because she was Carlton's ex-wife...it'd be a worse fiasco than George Michaels getting caught in the men's room.

Billy was sitting flat on his ass on the floor of the mini-van...the frumpy soccer mom was astraddle of him and she was taking the whole length of his dick as she bounced up and down atop him. Her DD's were rather saggy but still pretty sweet and they were flopping wildly in his

face with every bounce she made. Her weight was causing the van to buck as well, it's shocks squeaking with every plunge the woman made and he was all but certain anyone outside in the parking lot could probably ascertain with ease, what was taking place inside the vehicle.

The daughter was up behind him on the bench seat, sprawled out and practically purring like a fat cat that had just finished a bowl of warm milk. She was close to him and her legs were spread and he could even smell the sweaty tinge of her pussy wafting around his head.

The mother's sweat was dripping all over him and her hairy pussy was beginning to swell and tighten and he realized with certainty that she was about to leap into orgasm for a second time since she'd pilfered him.

With forceful arms, she reached around him and ground his face into her chest and then she just took over...crushing him with her weight, slamming herself harder and harder onto his cock as if the deeper it penetrated the better...but it was already burying completely up into her and her fatty pelvic mound was already grinding almost painfully into his own with each recoil...and now...now he could barely breath as she engulfed him with her breasts and clamped him against her with a death hug.

The van seemed to shake rather than bounce and the woman's voice was practically shouting.

"OH FUCK, OH FUCK, OH FUCK!!"

She was getting annoying. Her verbal outbursts were the same, over and over again...a lot of women did that. It was as if they got so wrapped up in their actual fucking that they just couldn't think of anything else to say and so they ended up repeating the same shit over and over till you were ready to smack them. He wondered if she did that with her husband or if it was just him and his super dick that was making her so useless at communication.

Suddenly he felt a flush of vaginal fluids engulf and saturate his lower body and he realized she was cumming for the second time in less than fifteen minutes. Her monotonous dialogue had finally ceased and unexpectedly, she slid off of him and flopped onto the floor of the van beside him, lodged between the rear bench seat and middle row captains chair on the driver's side.

Her hair band was gone and her hair was messy and going every which way. She was so covered in sweat that she glistened as if she'd just climbed out of a shower...and her skin was red everywhere as if said shower had the water turned up too hot. And as he surveyed her even lower, he noticed the unprecedented amount of his cum that coated the insides of her thighs and poured forth from her stretched out and gaping cunt. She'd taken his load directly in the hole somewhere between her two orgasms, and she'd been too heavy for him to get her off of him and so with hesitation he'd just had to let her have it. He couldn't hold it and she was fucking the absolute shit out of him.

She looked flustered but she was making eye contact and he knew

she was about to say something.

"What the fuck is your name?" she asked with a breathless, panting voice.

"Billy...what's yours?"

"Crystal...and she's Carmen," the woman replied and elbowed her spaced out daughter who still lounged up on the bench seat. "Do you live here...like nearby?"

"Nah...I'm just here for a few weeks staying with my Aunt Dana... that's her car...she'll probably be back out here in a few minutes...so I kinda gotta go." With a ridiculous amount of forced movement, he managed to lift himself up and prepared to fetch his pants, somewhere up near the front of the middle-row seats.

"So umm...I guess we'll never see you again?" Crystal asked with a look of actual disappointment.

"Oh hell no," the daughter piped up from the backseat. "Uh-uhh...that was fuckin' awesome...don't even tell me that was the only time, dude."

"Sorry...I don't live here," he replied as he managed to find his shirt... or at least he thought it was his. It turned out to be the girl's and he continued to rustle through the mish-mash of garments tossed around the van's floor.

"Oh c'mon," Carmen blurted as she sat upright on the seat and glared at him. "This was totally disgusting...and...and nasty...I fucked you in front of my own mother, you asshole...and you're just gonna take off and not even give us your number?"

"HEY...LANGUAGE, MISSY!" her mother blurted loudly and with an overtly angry tone. "I started it, alright...it was me, not him. Be glad you had the chance to ride that thing and shut the hell up."

"Oh fuck...I'll never cum like that again...he's like super-cock or something...c'mon...you gotta do us again...at least me, c'mon!" she continued to plead with almost demanding overtones.

Billy knew instantly that the situation was about to get rough and he knew also it was about time for him to make an exit, impromptu or not. About that moment, he glanced out the window and saw Bobby running like a bat out of hell towards the convertible with no shirt on. And that, was never a good sign.

"Aw shit," he grunted and reached for the sliding door latch. He knew when he saw his brother running half dressed it was generally an indication that he'd done something sexual that was not going to sit well with somebody...usually the father or mother that was chasing him. With a thrusting jerk, he popped the door open and slid it back. Naked, and without the desire to fetch his own clothing, the boy leapt out of the van and skipped directly over into the convertible's driver's seat. Luckily the keys were in the ignition. Apparently Dana had left them there since he was still in the car.

As he turned the key and cranked the little sports car, he heard the mother and daughter in the van begin shouting at one another and then a

rain of clothing began flying out the open door and out towards him. Some was his...the rest was not. He then realized the rain of garments was being tossed by the girl and the naked mother was barely holding her inside the van.

Billy had never drove stick before and getting the car into reverse was a bit of a task, but once he locked it in, the little car leapt backwards.

"Shit...clutch...the clutch!" he grumbled, remembering that standards had to have the clutch pressed when you shifted them. "Crap, crap, crap!" he cursed as he re-cranked the car and shifted into first. Finally he was rolling away from the van and down the row of parked cars towards his brother who was running with undue fury.

"Go, go, go!" Bobby bellowed as he hopped over into the car's backseat as Billy slowed to a stop. "Go get Aunt Dana...she's coming, look!"

"What the fuck?" Billy stared in shock across the parking lot at his fat aunt...wearing Bobby's ridiculously too small t-shirt...practically jogging her warbling, blubbery ass towards them.

"Why are you naked?" Bobby blurted when he realized his brother was completely nude.

"Why is she wearing your shirt?"

"Don't ask, moron...just go!"

The car hesitated and then jerked as Billy attempted to use the clutch and finally, he got the car moving forward toward Dana who was closing in at long last. With a screech of tires, he slammed the car to a halt and she smacked him in the back of the head.

"Get out, idiot! What the fuck are you doing driving my car! You're gonna burn the clutch out and fuck the transmission!"

"HEY! Can we go?!? COPS! HELLO!" Bobby complained loudly from the backseat. "COPS! Cops coming this way!" He pointed across the lot at the patrol car Dana had already seen.

Before she could warp him again, Billy dove over into the passenger seat and vacated the driver's position for her.

With haste, she opened the door and climbed and slammed it back shut. But despite both boy's excitement and desperation, Dana made no movements or actions to take off.

"Be cool...calm down...we're out shopping...we're just out shopping is all. Smile and wave...seatbelts on...NOW, dammit."

Instantly the boys acted and belts clicked almost in unison.

Slowly and with purposeful caution, Dana engaged the car's accelerator and pulled out and cruised right past the police car. As they passed the cops, she nodded and smiled at them and then came to a stop at the parking lot intersection. Looking both ways twice, she pulled out into traffic on the freeway access road and then sped off toward the entrance ramp.

"Okay...okay...enough with the bullshit," Dana said over the roar of the wind and the vehicles around them. "Why the fuck are you naked?"

Hesitantly she glanced over at Billy in the passenger seat beside her and surveyed with bulging eyes, his nude body covered only by a seatbelt. To her awe, she realized Bobby hadn't been exaggerating when he said his brother's dong was bigger than his own. And from the looks of the older boy's legs and belly, aside from the bloated redness of his huge cock...it was altogether far too obvious that he'd been fucking somebody, somewhere.

"Dude...she's cool...I told her about Mom...and well...she's wearing my shirt...put it together man," Bobby chimed in from the backseat.

Dana returned her eyes to the road before speaking again.

"Were you just fucking somebody?"

"Some woman and her daughter...mini-van that you parked by," Billy replied with a sigh. "The old lady was cool, but her daughter went a little nutzy on me when I started to leave, so I kinda took off...so that's why I'm naked...course that's about the time you two came running out so that's why I just jumped in and tried to drive off. Clutches suck, by the way."

"Well thanks for not wrecking it. Touch my steering wheel again and I'll rip your dick off and strangle you with it," Dana grumbled at him while she continued to stare purposely at the car ahead of them. "Don't you have something to put on...cover yourself...fuck!"

"In the trunk...my suitcase is in the trunk, you'll have to pull over."

"Dude...she's just pissed cause you fucked with her car...I doubt she really minds that you're naked," Bobby commented from the back with a bit of a laugh and his usual snort.

"Oh what's that supposed to mean?" Dana asked as she looked up and eyed the younger brother in the rearview mirror. "Just 'cause I messed around with you doesn't mean I'm ready for a threesome." Having said as much, she found herself glancing over at Billy again and then down at his red and grotesquely engorged penis.

Good grief it's so big it's almost gross...damn, he's a fucking donkey dick and a half! She just couldn't believe he'd up and fucked some bitches he met in the parking lot while she was inside with Bobby. Of course then again, she'd only known Bobby less than an hour and she'd already jacked him off on her belly in a public dressing room in the middle of a clothing store. She really didn't have a whole lot of room to talk truthfully and so she decided she might not ought to make a big deal out of the matter, lest she lose all credibility with the two of them.

"Did you say a mother and daughter?"

"Yeah," Billy answered her, though he was a bit surprised by her question. He half expected her to lean over and thump him in the back of the head again at any time. But apparently her anger was wearing off quickly and he wondered if it had anything to do with his red and raw cock laying across his lap.

"She jerked me off on her belly and tit-tays," Bobby declared without reason or provocation...apparently with the sole purpose of annoying his older brother.

Dana started to smack him down...but remembered that he'd told her that Billy had a super fetish for tits. Obviously he was more into taunting his brother more than trying to brag about his conquest of her.

"You suck, ass-wad...you totally suck," his older brother shot back from the passenger seat.

"They're mythical man...I'm talking straight up beautiful to behold!"

"I hate you and I'm going to fart in your face when you go to sleep tonight, asshole."

"I know you're not talking about my tits," Dana suddenly chirped.

"Oh just show'em to him...he's dying up there, dang," Bobby urged her. "C'mon...quit torturing him! Those puppies are like the greatest pair of ta-ta's to ever grace my eyeballs," he added as he unsnapped his seatbelt and leaned forward behind her. "C'mon Aunt Dana...he can practically see them through my shirt anyways."

"Hey, back up off of me dammit...and you sit back and put that belt back on!" she groused at him.

His hands shot forward around her so fast she had no time to react or to fend him off. With a quick movement and flash of arms and fingers, he snagged her t-shirt...or rather *his* t-shirt...and jerked it up, flopping her gargantuan breasts out into the open.

"Asshole!" she blurted at him and reached to swat at him, but he was already back in his seat and clicking his seatbelt back into place. She started to pull her shirt down, but then she figured he was right, it was all pretty senseless to keep playing games and trying to be up-tight about it. She wanted to fuck the crap out of both of them and they pretty much knew it...or at least Bobby knew it anyway.

"So are they mythical or what?" she asked as she glanced over at Billy. To her shock, his fat and floppy cock was swelling and growing longer by the second. "Oh fuck...how damn long is that thing?"

"You can measure it when we get to your house," he suggested with a sly grin. "But I'm not sure I'm up for any sex...those two in the van just about killed my ass. The mom was rough...and I mean like...when she snapped, it got ugly and nasty real bad like."

"How old was the daughter? I'm hoping you weren't doing some old granny, huh?" Dana asked.

"Oh nah...she was like maybe Bobby's age...the mom was like in her late thirties I guess...she had some big tits but they were kinda saggy."

Dana suddenly remembered her bizarre early morning fantasy or dream or whatever it was...about the fat boy and his teenie sister. She suddenly felt moist at the thought of watching either of these two fucking some little bitch and without intent, she pressed the accelerator.

"Crank it," she said and turned to look directly at Billy as she spoke.

"What?" he asked with a look of confusion.

“Crank your cock big boy...or I'll put the tits up.”

He smiled and twisted to put his left arm up on the seat.

“I will fucking cum on your tits from right here if you want me to.”

“I don't think you can,” she teased him with a devious grin. “Show me....prove it.”

“Dude...it's on, man,” Bobby popped off from the backseat.

TO BE CONTINUED

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