

THE LUST

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CHAPTER 6

AN EBOOK SERIAL

THE LUST

A STORY OF INCEST AND DEPRAVITY

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 6

As the car sped down the freeway, Dana could feel more than just the acceleration of the convertible making her heart race. With a quick side-long glance, she eyed her young nephew sitting mere inches from her in the passenger seat. He was completely and totally naked...not even socks or shoes. Ten minutes ago he'd apparently been in the back end of a mini-van having sex with some unknown middle-aged woman and her teenage daughter in the parking lot of a mini-mall. The irony of that was more than enough to shock the average person. And had she not herself, been engaged in debauched activities with Bobby...she might have been inclined to scold the boy for doing such an insane and unprotected thing.

She wondered if he'd used protection at all, or just rode them bareback? The amount of sexually transmittable diseases roaming around and available in California these days was horrifying to say the least. Even middleclass housewives were liable to be carrying something.

As she stared downward at his engorged penis, she wondered furthermore, if it was even possible for him to use protection. *Do they even make condoms that big?* The idea hadn't really crossed her mind until just now. Bobby was big, but Billy was just stupid huge. *Oh good grief...I doubt a Magnum would even come close to encompassing that monstrosity,* she realized with concern as she surveyed the length of it. *I'm not even sure I can handle that thing. Bobby is maybe even too big for me.*

Again she found herself imagining him pounding some little teenie-bopper girl in the back seat of a mini-van. Pressing his mammoth cock in and out of her tight female opening, all the while her moaning and shouting and complaining about it being too big for her.

The twisted little fantasy was arousing but she realized it was probably grossly off and incorrect. She couldn't help but smile as she envisioned another scenario in which the same scrawny girl had him tied up with a seatbelt and was riding him hard as her fat and frumpy mother applauded from the sidelines.

You are truly twisted, Dana. She knew it was true too. She'd really been repressed sexually her entire life. As a girl she'd been scrawny and nerdy and never even had a boyfriend. When she was eighteen, she'd left home intent on seeing the world and making something of herself. What she'd actually done was take

a bus to California and met Carlton...whom she'd promptly fallen for and then married. He was the first man she'd ever slept with and quite honestly the ONLY man she'd ever slept with. It was crazy. Here she was, twenty six years old and for the most part still a virgin in relative comparison to most women.

And now...now she found herself in possession of two complete studs...young studs that found her attractive enough to fuck. The fact that they were her nephews was somewhat of a drawback, she knew, but apparently familiar relations was not deterrent for the two of them, considering what she now knew about their mother. At least now she didn't feel so guilty about lusting for them. Even their own mother hadn't been able to keep her hands off of their ridiculously gargantuan cocks. And apparently, now that she thought about it, safe sex was obviously not a possibility, considering that Tonya was pregnant and gone off to give birth for one of them. Surely had a condom been an option, she'd have had them wearing one at all times. But then again, maybe she was a bigger freak than Dana knew. Her entire view and perspective of her sister-in-law was quite plainly askew in a very bad way. She'd always assumed her to be the perfect Barbie type...but now...now she knew better...or worse, as it most probably would be considered. Tonya was no Barbie and certainly wasn't in the running for mother-of-the-year by any means and if Brent ever found out she'd had a baby for one of their own sons, he'd probably kill her.

And she was still in shock about her own mother. The old hag was a literal hell-horse of a woman and had never been one to cut either her or Brent any slack growing up. And she absolutely did not tolerate anyone messing with her family, let alone her children. And so here, now, she learns that her mother not only *knew* about the boys...but also was in the know concerning Tonya's pregnancy and was not only keeping it quiet and secret from everyone, but was actually *helping* Tonya.

It didn't make any sense. That was simply not something her mother would do...not unless...

No, surely the old hag hasn't done something with them too?! The thought was there and it was too late to deny it now. For a moment she wanted to pull over and hurl...wretch her guts up, but she knew the possibility was genuine. Her own father had been dead for years and she knew her mother hadn't been one for dating. Her parents had truly loved one another and she knew her mother was in no mood to replace her husband. The woman had

just resigned herself to being single and alone.

She wondered if her mother and her didn't have more in common than she thought. Perhaps that's why her mother had been so adamant about her getting out of the house and moving on after her divorce from Carlton. Maybe she didn't want her to go through the same thing she, herself, had gone through. She'd always taken her mother's lectures to be simple nagging...but now she considered the fact that it might have been something more... something serious and well intended. Maybe her mother wanted her to have more of a post-married life than she was having herself. Maybe her mother had been through the same type of funk and emerged on the other side of it.

Billy moaned somewhat and it drew her attention. He was turned now in the seat so that he was more or less facing her as he stroked his dick to her bare breasts.

No...there's just no way, she concluded. Her mother was far too uptight to have ever given in to sexuality with her own grandsons. It was just too far beyond her norm to accept. Surely there had to be a different explanation for why her mother was protecting Tonya and not telling Brent about everything. And right then and there, she made up her mind to find out.

"How's it going," Barbara asked as Tonya groaned with labor pains once more.

"How the fuck does it look like it's going," she hissed at her mother-in-law with a hideously angry expression. "I'm having a baby here, thanks...I'll get back to you when my vagina explodes."

"Apparently the drugs haven't kicked in yet," Barbara commented as she pulled up a chair beside the hospital bed. "Y'know back in the seventies...they didn't really give you much...I think I had laughing gas or some shit...nah, they just spread your legs and said, 'Push, bitch,' and that was about all."

"Barb...I love you for helping me out here...but if you don't shut up...I'm gonna ram my foot so far up your tight ass that you won't shit again till hell freezes over."

"Tough shit...consider listening to me blabber the price for my help," the older woman said with a devious bit of grin on her face. "I don't think that's asking too much considering..."

"Why are you doing this anyway...huh? You never said and I know you, Barb...you wouldn't do this...not unless you had a damn good reason. You tell me the truth...have you messed

around with my boys too?"

"Oh please, dear...I'm not so crude...not these days. Twenty years ago maybe...but I'm just an old woman now."

"Oh please...you're like what...fifty five? That wouldn't deter those two in the least and you know it."

"Oh I doubt they'd turn me down, don't get me wrong," Barbara admitted as she leaned back in the chair. "But I just don't have the libido I once had. Sex is just something I *used* to do, y'know."

"So then what's the deal? You're lying to your own son, Barb... to protect me...some screwy slut that has been fucking your own grandsons and got pregnant from one of'em...why are you helping me?"

"Because I don't want to see your marriage fall apart. I know Brent loves you and the boys need a father...when he's home anyway...and I'm...well...alright...fine, you got me."

"Got you what?" Tonya asked as she twisted her head to stare at the older woman with a look of sudden concern.

"You remember me telling you my father had a big one?"

"Yeah," she replied, still staring with a slightly fearful expression.

"Well when I was younger...I...he was...well I had a fascination with him and with *IT*, so to speak...so I understand what you must be going through having Brent away all the time and those two super perverts living in the house with you."

"Oh, do tell!"

"No...not even just about," the older woman said and leaned forward in her chair in preparation to stand. "Maybe one day I'll tell you about it, but not today. Suffice it to say I'd be the world's largest hypocrite if I pointed a finger at you, and while I admit I'm a bitch...I'm not *that* big of a bitch."

Dana hit a bump in the road and her bared breasts bounced and then undulated atop her potbelly. The movement was a surprise and she grunted aloud from the bucking motion. "Fuck!" she grumbled and jerked the steering wheel to correct the car's motion. "Stupid freeway is like a damn crater canyon!"

"It ain't bothering me none," Billy chirped from her right side.

"I'll bet it's not," she conceded as she turned her head to once more watch him as he masturbated to her. "You ever gonna get where you're going or what?"

"I told you they beat me down in that van...I'm pumping but I

ain't sure I got anything left in there."

"Oh I bet you do," she insisted. Turning lose of the steering wheel, she quickly worked her arms to pull the too-tight t-shirt up and over her head and then flung it into the backseat before frantically grabbing back at the wheel to correct the car's direction. "There, you got your shirt back," she added as Bobby snagged the garment from seat beside him.

"Dude...it smells like big boobs," the younger brother commented as he snorted the discarded shirt.

"Fuck you asshole," Billy blurted back at him.

"Hey if you notice any dried crust on them puppies up there ... that would be my stank on'em...heh!"

"Aunt Dana...would you mind pulling over so I can kill him?"

"If I pull over...it's not gonna be for a homicide," she asserted.

"You know people can see ya'll...this is a convertible, y'know... isn't it illegal to be naked like that?" Bobby questioned as he put his t-shirt back on.

"It's illegal for me to kill you...but it's not gonna stop me," Billy insisted as he twisted in the seat and slung a slap towards his little brother's head for which he ducked and then laughed.

"He's naked...I'm just topless," Dana announced. "And he's supposed to be putting his own stank on my tits...so why don't you leave him alone and let him work, huh?"

"Here...I'll take care of it since he's obviously too worn out," Bobby offered as he unhitched his seatbelt and undid the front of his jeans.

"Hey, hey...what are you doing, mister?"

"Well if you need some cum on your titties, Aunt Dana...I can take care of that for you," the younger boy replied as he stood up in the backseat and flopped his massive penis down over the top of her bare shoulder.

"Hey, sit down...NOW, asshole!"

"Nope, taking care of some business here...can't do it," he smarted off as he began stroking his dick into erection.

"Oh fuck that shit," Billy groused and unsnapped his own safety belt. "First one to cum gets to fuck her first!"

"Excuse me?!" Dana was suddenly dumbfounded by their actions and it was instantly recognizable that she was no longer in charge of them or the sexual action. It freaked her out a bit, but she was also turned on by it. The fact that she was driving eighty five down the freeway, topless and with two giant cocks beating off to her in plain sight was also a bit exhilarating to say the least.

The odd thing was, no one was really paying them any attention as they zoomed past car after car.

Just drive, Dana...last thing you wanna do is have a wreck while topless and getting spanked on by your nephews...that might be a little hard to explain to the traffic cop.

She looked up in the rearview mirror and could see only Bobby's swollen cock spurting semen...semen that she instantly felt splattering down onto her titties and belly, hot and sticky.

"Hah-ha!" he exclaimed. "Victory is mine!"

About that same moment, another wet eruption exploded against her right tit and then enveloped it. Twisting her head, she looked just in time to see the last blast of cum disgorging from Billy's immense shaft. Glancing down, she realized her entire torso was not drenched...but absolutely drowned in gooey white semen.

"Okay, okay...alright...seatbelts dammit...seatbelts!"

Both boys finally capitulated and sat back down and refastened their safety belts.

"Y'know...I'm not some prize for winning," she began. "I decided who I do and when I do them...and I would appreciate it if you two would not endanger yourselves in order to do battle over me. Not only that, but we could get stopped and arrested for that shit!"

"She says as she drives topless," Bobby added, interrupting her lecture.

"Hey! Show some respect...I'm still your Aunt and I'm still in charge here," she shouted back at him. She realized it probably seemed moronic coming from her as she sat there with their semen dripping down off her naked torso...but she also felt that she needed to reassert control somehow or they were going to just run out of control and she'd never be able to wrangle them and keep them under her foot and out of trouble.

"Not that I prefer taking his side here, but you weren't exactly complaining about us doing that, Aunt Dana," Billy added from the passenger seat.

Obviously physical assault nor verbal abuse was going to do the trick with these two. No, she certainly needed to try some different tactic.

"You two behave and do exactly what I say...for the duration of the time you're staying with me...or I will not spread my legs for either one of you," she proclaimed with a staunch look of defiance. "Furthermore, I'll tie your asses up in a closet and the only thing

you'll be seeing to spank to is the four walls...do I make myself clear?"

"Ouch...I think she's serious, dude," Bobby chirped from the backseat with an amused expression.

"Man I don't think she's playing...stop laughing," Billy scolded him. "Remember what Mom did that time."

The look of mirth on the younger boy's face suddenly faded to a look of total fear and he diverted his gaze from Dana's reflection in the rearview mirror.

Well damn...what the fuck? She wondered what the hell Tonya had done to them that put the fear in them. It had to be something akin to what she'd just said...something to do with tying them up maybe? Weird. Now she had something else that needed to be figured out. It was turning out that her mother and Tonya were two very, very interesting women.

"You're damn right I'm serious," she added. "Now I admit I'm hot for this crazy sex shit with you two and all...but no dangerous crap like that ever again...and I mean it. And as for you," and she looked directly over at Billy. "No more random sex with people you don't know. I'm not catching something from fucking your ass, got it? This ain't Arizona boy...California is the sexually transmitted disease capital of the world."

"Well it's kinda hard for me to fuck without doing it like...well I mean look at my dick, Aunt Dana...they make rubbers this big," Billy pointed out as he pleaded his case.

"Exactly...so stop fucking people all willy-nilly like, or you will not be sticking that thing in me...got it?"

"Yes m'am," he replied with a nod.

Good! It's working. I just gotta resist doing it with them. As soon as I fuck them, I'll lose control over them again. Right now they wanna fuck me so bad, they'll do anything I tell them. I got leverage on them...two levers right here, she thought to herself as she glanced down at her double-EE's jiggling with the vibration of the car's movement. *Okay, maybe three actually,* she admitted as she gazed a bit lower and remembered that Bobby had a thing for bellies.

The plan would work so long as she could keep them at bay. And she fully realized the trouble wasn't going to be preventing them from fucking her...but from preventing herself from *letting* them fuck her. The biggest struggle ahead was going to be controlling herself.

Barbara had taken a walk to get out of the room and away from Tonya. Her agitation and hostility had gotten a bit out of hand. Considering she was pushing a baby out of her pelvis, she figured that her daughter-in-law probably had a right to vent some...but just not on her. After all, it wasn't *her* fault she was pregnant to start with...not *her* fault that her grandsons were hung like a gang of mules...or was it?

She let her mind drift as she stared out of the windows into the hospital atrium. She'd intended on going out there to sit and get some fresh air, but it was raining and the atrium was open at the top. They'd built the building around the area, leaving native trees in place and then someone had come in and landscaped it. The atrium was a beautiful little enclosed world...a garden with oaks that could provide patients and their families with a brief respite from whatever troubles brought them here.

Of course, as said...it was raining.

Barbara sighed and leaned up against the glass and stared aimlessly out into the courtyard...watching the myriad of raindrops as they impacted and splattered on the concrete walk that snaked through the atrium.

"Fuck it," she whispered more or less to herself as she straightened up and walked toward the door leading into the open courtyard.

The rain was consistent but light and she didn't really get all that wet as she crossed over to a bench underneath one of the tall oaks in the center. Once under the tree, she was practically shielded from the damp barrage...only the occasional drop made it's way through the leafy canopy above her.

Inhaling, she sucked in the scent of wet air and plants. It was a thousand times better than the stench of the hospital itself. Nothing could ever tone down the stink of antiseptics and death that so permeated such places.

Her mind inadvertently made it's way to her dead husband, Gene. Gone some seven years now...killed in combat. She cringed to think about Brent being in the military. It was one of the reasons she actually felt so close to Tonya. Both of them were military wives and with the way Brent seemed obsessed with combat, she knew eventually he was going to get wounded or killed. Fucking Middle East had claimed the life of her husband and was probably going to get her son too. It was more than she could stand to deal with sometimes. She wanted to grab Brent by

the hair of the head and beat him...but she knew deep down that it would do no good...and she couldn't fault him for being like his father. They were soldiers to the core and she couldn't expect them stop doing what they did...the only thing they knew. At least Brent had went to college...he was an officer...he was less likely to be in the front line or at least killed...or at least that self-inflicted lie helped her sleep at night.

She knew part of Brent's obsession was related to Gene's death during the first invasion of Iraq. She knew he considered the war there personal because his father had died there. And she knew he'd keep going back until the war was officially over.

She remembered her own father...Douglas Kramer...also a military man and one of the hardest-core Marines that probably ever lived. A master sergeant just like her late husband, Gene. The two of them had gotten along great. The only disagreement they ever had was over whether the Marines or the Army was tops in defense. She'd been lucky that her choice in husband was approved by her father. So many girls didn't get that lucky.

Thinking about her father reminded her of the whole situation with Tonya again. In her mind, she somehow blamed him for the entire fiasco that was her daughter-in-law's life now.

Would she have ever messed with the boys if they didn't have such big ass peckers? That question had plagued her many a night and it still haunted her. She'd concluded that her daughter-in-law probably would not have...and it was for that simple reason that she was helping her through all of this. She knew what kind of fascination a huge penis could create...she knew all too well.

Again, she remembered her father...recalled as a little girl, seeing him emerge from the bathroom, naked...a massive, snake-like appendage dangling, nay, swinging between his legs as he walked past her. She'd been too young to appreciate what it was, but she knew it was odd and she'd been absolutely enthralled with it.

She remembered seeing it again some years later...maybe when she was eight or nine. He'd just gotten home from a tour in Vietnam and his homecoming party had ended...everyone going home and leaving their small house quiet and deserted. She'd been put to bed, but couldn't sleep. The house was quiet...too quiet, and then she'd heard them...her parents...fucking.

She'd crept out of her room and down the short hall to the master bedroom. The door was not closed all the way and she could see into their room...to the bed...to her naked mother

sucking on her father's penis. It filled her entire mouth. She couldn't believe her mother wasn't gagging on it. And unlike the times she'd seen it before, his penis was erect...hard and swollen and gigantic.

Her mother had both hands on it...jerking on it as she sucked and mouthed all over the end of it...and as she watched, her father erupted in her mouth and then her mother pulled him from her lips and continued to jerk him off all over her naked body.

Barbara had been nauseous from seeing it...but the sight was too much to ignore. Despite her urge to vomit, she remained motionless and continued to stare out into her parent's room as they copulated like horny rabbits.

She stared in awe as her mother lay back on the bed and spread her legs. *What is he doing?* She could remember wondering what the hell they were actually doing. She felt the familiar haze of nausea return...and for a moment she blinked out of her reverie and returned to the hospital courtyard.

"Fuck he had a big dick," she muttered to herself. She could still picture him humping her mother like a well-oiled piston, driving his over-sized manhood in and out of her for what seemed like hours that night.

The funny thing was...about a year later, her younger brother, Preston, had been born. Thinking back now, she fully realized she probably witnessed Preston's conception.

Preston...a story all to himself. Her little brother every bit the undeniable progeny of her father. From the earliest memories she had of him, he'd been the bearer of the male trademark of her family...a big dick.

Her father was a Marine though, and it was the early half of the 1960's and despite hippy love running rampant, her childhood had been repressed sexually. The only exposure she'd had to sex at all, had been her spying on her parents over the years. But beyond that, TV had been purely devoid of sex and school was even more tight zipped. Sex education was a wild notion and one still stomped on by the right wing majority that controlled the country in those days.

But despite the era and the repression, she managed to get a dick in her hand by the time she was fifteen. The source of the dick was nothing she was proud of though.

It was 1970 and her father had again been shipped off to Vietnam and the rest of her family had been left to fend for themselves during a relocation to new base housing. The public

schools had gotten a bit raunchy by that point, especially the high schools...drugs and hippies and sex...and her father had insisted that the family move back into military housing and that she and her brother, now 7, be enrolled in the military operated school that was located on base.

The problem was, the military housing was in short supply during those days and all they could get was a two bedroom town-house...and her mother wasn't about to share a room with them, so she and her brother had ended up bunking together in the same room.

And said room was small...very small. Too small to fit two separate beds in...and so she was given the option of sleeping on the couch in the living room or sharing a bed with Preston. She opted for the couch for nearly a week...but eventually the decrepit piece of furniture had gotten the better of her and she'd capitulated to sharing a room and bed with her brother.

At first it wasn't that bad. Preston usually passed out immediately and didn't wake up or move all night long. So at least she didn't have to fight with him for space on the regular size bed, nor put up with him touching her or snoring or any of the other things she suspected would be problematic. She even stopped complaining at some point about the matter and weeks turned into months and Preston rolled into his eighth birthday and she was nearing her sixteenth.

Barbara looked up and realized the rain was getting a bit harder and that more than just random drops were penetrating the tree above her. She wasn't moving though. She was going to sit right here till she damned well felt like moving. She didn't really have anywhere else to go anyways...except maybe back into the delivery room with Tonya and that was a sad and last ditch location to be. No, she wasn't moving...not yet.

It was a Tuesday night and it had been raining all day and thunder still rumbled outside. Preston was fast asleep though and she was lying wide awake...worrying about a test she'd forgotten to study for. The only light in the tiny bedroom was coming from a spotlight out front of the house that permeated through the curtain in the only window...a window that was within touching distance. So small was the room that the bed had to be pushed up against the back wall, just so they had enough room to walk in and for their small dresser to fit along the front wall by the door. Needless

to say it was more of a large closet rather than a bedroom. It might not have been so bad if it'd only had a small single mattress in it, but the regular was just under a queen and it sucked up nearly twice the space of the single without quite yielding the same amount of sleeping area.

Barbara sighed as she rolled over in the bed and realized she was touching her brother. He annoyed her beyond description. He was nosey and a nuisance and always ratting her out for everything and then some. He was a leech on her teenage ass. She couldn't even escape him to sleep.

And she badly wanted to get some sleep. She was gonna have to study for her test before getting to class and nothing she'd tried was shutting her brain down.

Crap...maybe I just need to rub one out...that usually wears me out anyway, the thought occurred to her as she noticed her vagina was tingling. She raised up in bed and contemplated trying to crawl out and over her brother and then sneaking down the hall to the bathroom without waking and pissing off her mother.

Ah, screw that...not worth the effort, she concluded after appraising the cost and benefits of the endeavor.

Flopping back down in the bed, she lay staring into the semi-darkness of the ceiling for a while and then inadvertently realized she was rubbing herself through the blanket. It felt good...really good and she slipped her arm beneath the covers and her fingers down into her panties.

Usually she just stimulated her clitoris till she reached orgasm, but tonight, she felt the urge to do more...and so hesitantly she slipped her middle finger into her actual vagina and it felt incredible. She began to wiggle it around and move it in and out and the sensation became intoxicating.

Despite her tight-knit upbringing, she knew what sex was and she'd long ago discovered the art of masturbation. She also knew from spying on her parents over the years, that a big penis was obviously needed in the sexual equation in order to get it right. But over the years, she'd never seen another guy who compared to her own father in the penis region. Growing up in the late sixties in a large public school had presented more than a few occasions and opportunities for her to see dicks and even a few times she'd been offered some. But she'd never been impressed enough to seize upon them. The boys and their miniscule dicks just seemed to be humorous to her. She pissed more than one off by laughing at him. And so her social life wasn't all that.

More than once she'd resorted to self-gratification to quell the need and desire for sex. And tonight was certainly nothing new, save the fact that she was penetrating herself.

As she lay there working her finger, she found herself recalling her many covert observations of her parents. Her father's monstrous dick. She wondered just how big it really was. It had to be over a foot long and it was so thick...she couldn't even imagine how her mother handled it.

No wonder Dad doesn't worry about her cheating on him while he's gone...she's ruined for any other man. She'd have to screw a donkey to even hit the sides probably!

She snickered a bit to herself as she pictured her mother, naked, chasing around a donkey. It seemed stupid and humorous but she knew it was probably just about the truth. Her mother probably would have the same reaction to normal men as she did. Once you'd seen a dick that big, all the rest just seemed lame and useless. And her mother had actually had the opportunity to ride to town on her donkey man, so the likelihood of another man coming along that could satisfy her was probably next to impossible.

I wish I could find a man like that...big fucking cock, she thought to herself as she imagined some random boy from school with a ridiculous cock, bedding her in the middle in gym class while everyone watched.

It was about that moment that Preston rolled over for some reason and hugged up against her. And as if that wasn't enough to disturb her carnal activities...she felt something distinctly hard pressing against her hip. With her free hand, she reached over and grabbed at the bulge, assuming it was his elbow. It took less than the space of heartbeat for her to realize it was *not* his elbow once her hand grasped it.

Preston groaned somewhat and twitched but didn't wake up.

Reflexively, she jerked her hand back and moved back away from him, pressing herself up against the back wall and the cold window.

Ewww! He's got a woodie!

She'd never noticed him ever having one before...but he was obviously getting to that age and she realized he was asleep and probably had no clue anything was even happening.

She also knew he took after their father and had always had a really big dick, even for a boy. Hell, what few times she'd seen him with it out, he was at least as big as most of the high school

guys she'd seen. And now as she lay pressed up against the wall, her masturbation interrupted, she found herself wondering just how big he was hard.

She eyed him the best she could in the half-haze of darkness that filled the room and from the best she could tell, he was still asleep. Quietly she scooted away from the wall and pulled the curtain back to let more light into the room. Now she could see him plainly, but the burst of brightness made him twitch, so she closed the curtain back just so the light wouldn't hit him in the face, but still illuminate the rest of him.

Ever carefully, she slid the blankets and sheet back till he was completely exposed.

Holee shit! She found herself gasping for breath as she gazed down at his underwear...and most specifically at the tubular appendage that was sticking up out of the waistband.

He was big...really big. Not nearly in comparison with their father, but Preston still had a huge dick, especially in it's current erect state.

Pull up the blanket and forget about it, a little voice inside her head told her...but she just couldn't take her eyes off of it. It was the biggest thing she'd seen other than her father's. *No, it's not... it's not all that big...it just looks that way 'cause he's so damn small. What do they call it...optical illusion or something?*

She argued with herself mentally, but ultimately her curiosity got the better of her and she reached out and poked Preston several times to see if it would wake him up. To her amusement, it did not.

Damn, he sleeps like a freaking log, man!

Before she realized what she was really doing, she had scooted down in the bed so that her head was more even with his pelvis and then she reached out and slowly pulled down on his briefs. As she tugged them downward, he shifted somewhat and rolled more onto his back. She froze and prepared to be caught... but when he began to breathe steadily again, she realized he'd actually made her work easier. Once more she began to tug at his underwear until she had worked them all the way down to where the waistband was at the base of his shaft.

With glowing eyes and a gaping mouth, she marveled at his erection. Holding her hand up beside it, she gauged it to be at least eight inches long...and probably too thick to wrap her hand completely around.

Where has he been hiding this thing? She realized she slept

with him every night in nothing but his underwear, and she had noticed on more than one occasion that the bulge in them was getting larger, but somehow she'd just ignored it. Somehow before tonight, she'd just not thought of him...or *IT* in that sort of sexual sense. But now that he was erect, it was rather hard *not* to think of him and his dick in a sexual manner.

She tugged down on his underwear a bit more and managed to get them down far enough to see his balls. The smooth chicken-skin of his scrotum sack did little to conceal the size of his nuts. They were big too, and at least the size of ping-pong balls or even bigger.

Just then a devious and salacious plot hatched within her brain.
He's so stupid, he'll probably never know the difference.

Carefully she slid back up in the bed and resumed her usual position. Fluffing her pillow and adjusting the covers back into place over her, she reached out with her right hand and wrapped it around her brother's exposed dick.

She braced for him to wake up...but after a moment or two, he was unmoved. Emboldened, she began to move her hand up and down on his shaft, essentially jacking him off.

Oh Barb...you're so bad...I can't believe I'm doing this!

But she was and she was thoroughly enjoying it as well. As the minutes ticked by, and she realized he wasn't going to wake up, she grew even more bold...so bold as to slip her left hand beneath the covers into her own underwear...where she pressed not just one...but two fingers into her vaginal opening.

She had to bite her lip to prevent herself from gasping out loud as she fucked herself and jerked him off at the same time. She ultimately ended up with three fingers inside herself...but it wasn't enough...it wasn't satisfying her and at some point, she realized she wanted to roll over and fuck Preston.

She twisted to her side in the bed and looked at him in the hazy light from the window and realized he was completely on his back now...his underwear somehow worked down to his thighs and he was writhing in the bed so much that he'd managed to kick all the covers off of himself.

She let go of his penis and sat upright in the bed and continued to fuck herself with three fingers. On her knees in the bed now, she reached back out for his dick once more, but before she could touch it, he muttered in his sleep and semen erupted from the head of his cock and squirted all over the lower half of his t-shirt.

Oh shit...oh fuck'in shit!

Semen was continuing to bubble out of his dick and every other second or so, it would erupt and eject a massive gush of the nasty goo in whatever direction his dick was pointing.

She watched in awe as he bucked his hips and grunted and each time he ejaculated. And each time, she waited for him to wake up and sit up and make a fuss or freak out...but he never did. Through the whole mess, he remained asleep and oblivious to all.

After the last dribble emerged from his dick, his movements slowed and then he was out cold once more. Barbara couldn't believe it. She could not fathom how he'd done that and not woke himself up at some point.

She couldn't resist the urge to touch him again though, and her hand reached out and rubbed his now flaccid penis. She squeezed it and stroked it and more semen splurged from the tip of it onto his already sticky belly and shirt. Gently she slipped her grip down to his testicles and she squeezed them firmly and played with them for a few moments...until, to her shock, his penis began to grow hard again...and she jerked her hand away just in time.

"Whuzzit??" he snorted and sat up in the bed. "Oh whoa," he sputtered as he gazed down at his own erection through blinking and sticky eyes. "Awe man...awe gross!" He pulled at his shirt and felt the sticky mess running down her belly and onto his legs and testicles. At some point he realized his older sister was sitting there staring at him. "Oh crap," he blurted and grabbed as the blanket to cover himself. "What? What?!"

Barbara sat there on her knees glaring at him and for some unknown deviant reason she decided to just go with it.

"Do you do that every night or what?"

"Do what?"

"Shoot all over yourself, moron...that's kinda gross."

"Once or twice...it does it sometimes when I'm dreaming."

"Well you were doing it up against my ass cheek, you freak," she said as if such a thing would really disgust her. In truth, had she not known his dick was so big, it probably would have disgusted her to no end.

"Sorry," he muttered and then sighed.

"You know if you'd spank it off, you wouldn't do that so much," she said, trying her best to sound grossed out.

"What'd'you mean?"

"Oh c'mon...you don't know how to spank it off? You're a

worse moron than I thought!" she asserted as she slid off of her knees and back onto her butt on the bed. Relaxing, she leaned back against the wall next to the window. "You want me to show you?" she asked.

Preston looked at her with widened eyes and a bizarre expression on his face.

"Oh don't look at me like that...I just don't wanna wake up with that shit all over ME...so yeah, I'll show you how to jerk it off, but you cannot...and I mean NEVER tell Mom about it, got it?"

He nodded.

"And I will kill you in a most gruesome way if you ever speak of this to anyone...EVER!"

He nodded again.

"C'mere," she said and motioned for him to move towards her. "Turn around...back to me...I'm not looking at your face during this...and don't you dare make any noise...'cause Mom will kill us both if she walks in."

Hesitantly, he slid out from under the blankets and moved in her direction.

"Take that nasty shirt off...you got goo all over it...and just lose the underwear too," she hissed at him.

"Umm...are you---"

"You want me to do this or not?!" she blurted at him, cutting him off mid-sentence.

"Yeah...I guess," he answered in a whispered voice.

"Then take'em off and let's get this over with."

Complying, he removed his shirt and his underwear and then slowly moved atop the bed towards her.

"Back to me," she instructed him as he got right up on her.

He twisted around till his back was to her and then sat down facing the door. He winced as she reached around him and pulled him backwards up against her. He could feel the heat of her body up against him and the feel of her legs out to his sides suddenly made him feel both queasy and excited all at the same time and when she pulled him backwards, she tightened her legs around him and he felt her breasts compress into his back. His hard penis was even harder now and he felt like he was going to explode.

It was just then, that her hands released his shoulders and slid downward. Reaching around him now, she moved her hands down onto his erection and grasped his shaft with both at the same time.

He gasped as she began to tug on his dick and when her hands reached a pumping rhythm, he couldn't help but twitch and squirm within her arms.

He erupted within moments and blew a hot load of sperm all over the top of the bed in several, massive streams, separated by blobs and sprays. His breathing was ragged and heavy and Barbara just couldn't let go of his fat cock. She was hornier than she'd ever been in her life and despite the fact that she'd intended to nothing more than beat him off...she was now dying to do more. She wanted to fuck and fuck really bad. She wanted to fuck *him*...of all people! Was she actually going to sacrifice her virginity to her little brother? It was crude...it was nasty...it was something she knew no one would accept. It was a dirty little deed that could never leave the confines of this tiny room if she did it. And somehow, that was okay with her.

"That's how you jack off, moron," she whispered in his ear. "And for what it's worth...you got a big, fat fucking cock, little brother...and I wanna fuck you so bad right now, you have no fucking idea."

And as she said it, she felt him tensing all over...and his drooping cock suddenly flourished once more within her hands and elongated back into full erection.

Without warning...the bedroom door opened and the hall light flicked on and flooded the room with brightness. Both of them blinked and tried to stare up into the luminous wall at whomever was standing there.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

It was their mother's voice.

Both of them froze in absolute terror. What could they say or do to conceal what was going on? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. And Barbara knew there was no way she was going to be able to deny this or lay it off on Preston. She had him between her legs, albeit with his back to her, but she had both hands on his erect cock and it was far too obvious from the wet gloops all over the top of the bed that she'd just jerked him off.

"Oh...oh shit...how...how long have you two...been..." and her mother's voice just trailed off as she stared down at the top of the bed and then glanced back upwards at her teenage daughter and her hands wrapped around her young son's penis.

With Doug gone so much...she grown use to no sex for literally

sometimes a year at a time. Masturbation was her most favored companion, but after fucking her husband for so many years and having had two children naturally, her pussy was like the grand canyon of vaginas and so it seemed that nothing save her husband's dick could ever properly pleasure her any more. But she fantasized...she fantasized a lot about a lot of different men and even on occasion, she would think about Preston. She knew his dick was big...knew it was getting bigger by the day...and she damn well was aware that he was old enough to be able to use it now...and that over the next few years, he was liable to get as huge as Doug and become a literal sex maniac. Her husband was wild. When they'd first met, she'd been enthralled with the fact that he could have sex anytime and anywhere, as many times as he wanted. She'd also been absolutely obsessed with the insane size of his cock. The first time she'd rode him, she swore she'd never want another man and she decided then and there that she'd do whatever it took to marry him and spend the rest of her life riding his dick.

But shortly after they'd gotten married, the sex became more of a chore. He'd want to fuck two and sometimes three times a day, every single day and before long she realized she was having trouble keeping up. She was pregnant within the first few weeks of their marriage, and as she progressed it became more and more difficult for her to perform with him.

At some point, he'd just started jerking off on her pregnant body and making her suck him off. Things were fine for a while but eventually she'd discovered he'd been fucking another woman. It infuriated her, and at seven months pregnant, she'd left him. Stayed gone for at least a week...until she could no longer fend off her pregnant hormones and the desire to fuck him. Somehow it'd ended up being her that came crawling back and begging for forgiveness. By the time it was over, she'd agreed he could fuck whoever he wanted so long as he didn't bring them home or leave her for them. She simply told him that she just didn't want to know about it.

That was some sixteen years ago, and true to his word, he'd never left her or brought anyone home with him. For all she knew, he'd never cheated on her again. But she suspected he had a line of ravaged pussies in his wake and was probably, and quite likely tearing up some Vietnamese whore as she stood there surveying her children's mess.

What could she say here? Could she point a finger at

Barbara? She was obsessed with Doug's dick...how could she be surprised that Barbara was taking advantage of Preston? He was, after all, just a miniature version of Doug. And it was, pretty much her doing, that they were sleeping in the same bed to start with... though she somehow suspected they'd have probably done something eventually anyway. She'd been secretly hoping Barb would be out of high school before he hit puberty...be off to college or married or something...and it wasn't so much because she wanted her daughter not to have sexual relations with him. No, it was more that she couldn't wait to be alone in the house with her son...when he *did* hit puberty.

Her husband kept her bow-legged when he was home, and she had no complaints...but being in the Marines meant he was deployed on ships sometimes for months...and now with him off in Vietnam, he was likely to be gone for an entire year. No phone calls...and maybe the occasional letter. It was getting hard to remain celibate these days and especially as she watched Preston parading around in his tidy-whities every night...coiled up cock swaying back and forth in them.

He wasn't all that big...not yet, she realized, but he was already probably bigger than any man-whore she was liable to pick up on base. He had become an object of her desires.

And now...here in their room...she found her daughter beating him off all over the bed...something she'd fantasized about herself. Were they fucking too? How long had they been doing this? How far had it gone? They had no protection...and she worried if Barb might be pregnant. It all fit now...it explained why Barb, despite being a cute and perky teenager, never seemed to have a boyfriend or ever want to go out on a date. She had all she wanted right here in her own bedroom.

"You...you can't undo this, Barb...you know that don't you?"

Her daughter looked up at her with wide eyes and said nothing.

"You can't take it back...you can't pretend," she whispered barely loud enough they could hear her. "Now tell me the truth... is this the first time or not?"

Both began to nod at the same time.

"Preston...Preston do...do you want her to do this?" she asked and braced herself for something terrible in response.

"She was showing me how to jerk it," he muttered in reply.

She sighed and looked at her daughter behind him and realized she had her shirt and panties on.

Oh they're not fucking...dammit...I don't know if I'm relieved or

disappointed...how sick is that? She moved a bit closer to the bed and stared down at all the semen sprayed across the top of the blankets...then back to them...taking in the fact that despite getting busted by them, both of them remained in the exact same position, and Barbara had not turned lose of his dick...nor had his dick drooped much from it's erect shape.

She was about to though...I can see it in her eyes. I had the same look the first time I climbed on top of Doug. There's no undoing this. She's had a piece of it. I could give them separate rooms and they'd still get back to it at some point. I could beat them and ground them and tie them up to the stair rails but eventually I'd have turn them lose and they'd go fuck. There's no way for me to fix this. What do I do?

There was no answer for this. It had to be the result of that crazy hippy shit and that drug smoking music they made. The country was going to hell in a hand basket and she couldn't protect her kids from sexual shit. It was everywhere. She'd talked to some mothers who'd just given up and gone out and got their daughters birth control pills. What more could you really do?

Sighing, she turned and headed toward the door.

"Gimme a minute," she said as she stepped out into the hallway and disappeared.

"What the fuck?" Barbara whispered in Preston's ear.

"She's going for the gun...she's gonna kill us," he hissed back at her without turning his head.

Suddenly their mother appeared again in the doorway and this time she had something in her hand...something that she tossed at them...something that fell short and landed atop the bed between Preston's legs. It was a condom wrapper...with a condom inside it.

"Don't you dare ask me why I have those...and don't you dare ever tell your Father about any of this," she scolded them. "Now...if you wanna fuck him...you put that on him and you do it. I don't want no more babies in my house."

Turning, she moved back into the hallway and shut the door.

"Am I crazy...or did she just give me permission to fuck you?"

"Are you going to?" Preston asked and twisted in her arms to look at her. The look in his eyes was of awe and hesitation.

"What exactly does fuck mean anyway?"

"Lay down and I'll show you moron," she told him as she

pushed him up and away from her.

He flopped down on his back, head on his pillow, and waited for her to take over whatever it was they were fixing to do. He looked up though when he heard the ripping noise as she opened the condom package. Before he could say anything, she already had it prepped and was rolling down his the length of his dick.

"Fuck...it almost don't fit," she murmured in awe more than anything else. And it didn't. The condom was about six inches long and it fell short of rolling all the way down his dick. She'd been right when she'd estimated it was nearly eight inches long.

It was about then that she pulled her own panties off and he saw her genitals for the first time ever. Her bush was all hairy and her pubic region was devoid of anything remotely male. Instead she had a fleshy mound that was creased in the center. As she straddled him, she spread her legs and he saw that the crevice contained an opening...a hole of sorts and he could smell an odd scent wafting from it.

In the blink of an eyes, she was pressing him inside of her... pushing his erection deep into her hot opening, enveloping it and encompassing his whole dick with her body. It felt so good and he couldn't imagine anything feeling better...until she started bouncing on him and then he entered into shear bliss.

He looked up and noticed her titties were bouncing inside her shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra and they were flopping every which way as she moved up and down on him. He wished she'd take her shirt off, but he was in too much shock to really ask her to. He was still in disbelief that she was actually doing this with him...and that his mother had told her she could.

The bed was squeaking loudly and he knew his mother could probably hear them down the hall, even with the door closed. And if that didn't give them away, the sounds of Barbara grunting and moaning and breathing surely would. Despite his mother giving them permission, he somehow felt like they weren't supposed to be doing this and he worried at some point she was going to walk back in and beat them down with something.

At some point, Barbara pulled her shirt off though, and the sight of her bare and buoyant bouncing titties drew his concerns away from everything else and within a matter of seconds he was spurting inside of her so hard that his balls were aching afterwards.

Down the hall, their mother lay in her own bed, naked and masturbating with a foot-long length of salami wrapped in a balloon. It was the closest she could get to a dildo the size of her own husband's dick. It smelled and the balloon cover made it hard to slide, but in the end, it did what it needed to do.

As she worked it within her, she could hear her kids down the hall humping like rabbits. The mattress squeaking and the sporadic blurts of ecstasy...moans and curses. Eventually the bed squeaking was joined by the thumping sounds of the bed's legs popping up off the floor and then dropping back down.

Well damn...she's tearing his ass up in there, she realized and it made her work her own phallic toy even harder and faster.

I can't believe I did that...I can't believe I gave them a rubber and told them to go at it! But she had and it wasn't all because she didn't know what else to do. No. No, she definitely had ulterior motives and thoughts behind it.

For one, she was getting off to it. She'd really wanted to stay in there and watch...but it was their first time and she figured it would weird them out if she did that. And two, she knew Barb would be gone in a couple of years...and she'd be alone with Preston...and by then he'd undoubtedly be a well trained sex toy deep into the throes of puberty and probably sporting a cock that was nearing the size of his father's.

As she lay there listening to them and getting off on her salami tube...she suddenly remembered seeing something that she'd forgotten about. Rolling over, she reached under her bed and pulled out a stack of dirty magazines that she let Doug keep. Flipping through them, she finally found what she'd been looking for.

"Make your cock bigger with the Pump Master 2000," she read the ad out loud. *I wonder if that actually works?*

She raised back up onto her bed and continued masturbating until she finally reached orgasm.

The next morning after the kids left, she ventured into their room to survey the remains of their sex-capades. From the moment she opened the door, she knew she was entering a den of perversion. The very air reeked of pussy and sweat and as she stepped over to the bed, she realized the sheets were soaked with every bodily fluid conceivable...including blood.

"Oh hell...she was a fucking virgin," she muttered to herself out loud as she examined the bloody spot on the mattress cover. "Lost it with her own brother...shit!"

She reached down to pull at the sheets with the intent of removing them from the mattress, but the stench of pussy was overwhelming and some of the gobs of semen were still wet. She got some on one of her hands and it was more than she was willing to resist.

Fluttering down the hall, she retrieved her sausage and returned to the tiny bedroom where she stripped in a frenzy and then crawled into the middle of their bed. There, wrapped in sheets and blankets covered and soaked in her children's sexual fluids, she masturbated more furiously than she had ever done so in her life. She came at least four times that morning before finally passing out completely.

Barbara snapped out of her reverie and realized the rain had finally stopped and that she was fairly soaked to the bone despite having been under the big oak tree.

"Good grief, Momma was a freak," she whispered to herself as she leaned forward and prepared to stand up. Thinking of such, she wondered if Tonya had squirted her third one out yet? "One way to find out I guess," she sighed and hefted herself up from the bench. "Need a towel anyway."

TO BE CONTINUED

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