

THE LUST

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The seventh installment
in the monumental tale
of dark depravity and
carnal lust spanning over
four generations...

CHAPTER 7

AN EBOOK SERIAL



THE LUST

A STORY OF INCEST AND DEPRAVITY

FICTION BY
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CHAPTER 7

The year was 1977, and while the hippy generation was dying off and nearing it's radical end...the America that had existed before the love revolution would never be the same. In fact, the old America that Barbara's mother had grown up in and loved, was nothing more than a dream. While the hippies themselves were quickly beginning to cut their hair and dawn suits and ties in preparation for their takeover of society in the eighties, their lifestyle and choices during the sixties and seventies had forever altered America's perception about everything from sex to politics.

But it wasn't the hippies or the national attitude itself that shattered Connie Kramer's world in the end. Oh sure, she often times found herself blaming it all on the damn hippies and the liberals with their free-love crap...but ultimately she knew her world died the night she woke up and ventured into the tiny bedroom of her children and found them, well for lack of a better term...fucking around. And not in the sense you'd initially think...no, no...they were fucking around in the most literal sense imaginable.

Connie Kramer, mother of two, and Army housewife ... hadn't even finished high school. But she didn't need an Ivy League degree to know her life would never be the same. What she had no clue on, was exactly how crazy it would get and how her actions as well as theirs, would impact lives of their descendents three decades later.

Did I really do that, she wondered to herself as she sat up on her son and daughter's ridiculously narrow single bed and closed her thighs. She tossed her salami link down onto the shag carpet at her feet and stared disgustedly at it.

Not only had she masturbated yet again, with an oversized sausage...but this time she'd done it in her children's bed and worst of all...she'd thought about them while she'd done it.

"Dammit, Douglas," she cursed under her breath. "Why

did you have to have such a large fucking dick for?" The question was rhetorical and uttered to no one in particular, but it still sat large and obnoxiously within her own thoughts.

Would any of this have ever happened if his dick wasn't so big? She wondered for a while and then decided that no, it probably would not have. For starters, she might not even have married him had he not been so well endowed. Secondly, his son wouldn't have been so gifted as well and thus, her daughter, Barbara, probably would never have given a rat's ass about him. And ultimately, she, herself, wouldn't have been resorting to crude food items for pleasure nor would she be thinking even cruder thoughts about their son.

Just another year or so and Barb would have been off to college and it'd just have been me and him.

But now, the genie had been released from its bottle, so to speak, and there was no way possible to cram it back in there, no matter how hard she tried or how badly she wanted to. It was simply a done deal.

She'd realized that the night before when she'd stood there in the open doorway staring at the two of them here in this very bed. Her son buck naked, his mammoth erection in the hand of her sixteen year old daughter...his semen sprayed all over the bed sheets between his legs. One look and she knew her daughter would never let it go. She knew how she'd felt after her first time with Doug so many years ago. She'd have killed a bitch that got between her and his cock...and years later, she'd truthfully thought about it for a time to keep him from straying. But with a dick and libido like his, she didn't have a chance in hell of holding him down between her legs and to have tried would have pushed him away indefinitely. She'd eventually decided to simply look the other way...and let him have whatever women he wanted so long as he came home to her and fucked her whenever she wanted it.

Recalling the look on her daughter's face...she knew the girl wanted Preston's dick and she'd get it eventually whether her mother condoned it or not. To try and deny her was simply going to carve a chasm between them and divide

their small family. And with Doug always gone for months on end with the military...the kids were all she had. She wasn't about to let some sexual indiscretion on the part of her daughter rip what life she had away. Especially when she honestly couldn't blame her daughter for her actions.

Fuck...I just wonder how big he actually is now, she pondered as she thought about Preston's penis.

It'd looked huge in her daughter's hand the night before, but optical illusions and all...she really had no clue exactly how big it was from her brief survey of it.

"Apparently not too big," she admitted aloud as she bent over and picked up the condom she'd given them just hours earlier. It was completely unrolled and the inside was over-filled with semen...semen that was actually still liquified within it's tip, though now clear and far less gelatinous than it must have been initially. She tilted it upright and let the mess pour out of it and down on her naked, lower belly.

The condom was unrolled completely, meaning it was at least six inches long and judging from what she'd seen, she suspected highly, that it was even longer than that...and as she smeared the clearish liquid around on her belly, she realized that Preston was certainly able to ejaculate more than once and so his sexual stamina was probably equivalent to Doug's...even if his penis hadn't caught up to him in size just yet.

It was about that moment that she recalled seeing something in one of the dirty magazines Doug kept under their bed in a box. And without a second of hesitation, she stood up and heaved herself off the crusty sheets and headed down the hall to her own room.

As she rounded the edge of her bed, she caught a glimpse of herself in the full length mirror mounted on the door of her closet. Stopping for a few moments, she eyed herself from head to toe and sighed.

She'd been a pretty hot little blonde back in her heyday, but after two kids, her husband serving in Vietnam, and nearly fifteen years of being a housewife...time had taken a toll on her body. Her once perky B-cup breasts has grown into a D with her first pregnancy and then deflated back into

a saggy C after her daughter was born. But by the time she'd gotten pregnant with Preston, she'd already put on enough weight to swell them back into small D's. And with Preston in her belly, she'd ballooned into a double-EE cup, something she'd thought impossible. After his birth though, she'd again, dropped back down in size, ending up a double-DD at best.

Doug had reveled in her cleavage during her second pregnancy. He'd always had a thing for big titties and hers were gargantuan for a few months around there as Preston grew within her. But big tits weren't the only thing her husband adored. A big ass was also one of his preferences and hers had always been fairly small...till Preston came along anyway. She'd gained quite a bit of weight with him and most of it had not gone away after the pregnancy was over. And in fact...ten years hence, she was actually fatter now than she had been then.

Staring at her reflection, she glared with distaste at the size of her fat ass and it's dimpled cellulite surface and then her gaze lifted and moved forward to her belly, soft and draping down far enough to nearly cover her pubic region entirely. A fat ass and an even fatter belly. Her only point of self-interest was her drooping tits. She was amazed that she'd actually once more occupied a double-EE brassiere. Oh sure they sagged down to her belly button, but man, when she had on a girdle and had her ladies bound up and perched just right, she could still turn some heads on the street.

Lightly, she fingered her nipples until they perked up and began to stand out.

Oh I got the tits, dammit, she asserted mentally as she turned to step toward the bedside.

Squatting down, she reached under the bed and pulled out a cardboard box full of ragged and well-worn porn magazines. For nearly thirty minutes, she sat naked on the floor, pawing through the multitude of nude images and pages of filth until she finally found the one advertisement she'd been looking for.

"Pumpmaster 2000," she read aloud as she opened the

magazine fully and stared intently at the device it advertised. "By placing hard suction on your shaft, the Pumpmaster floods the chambers of your penis, forcing more blood to flow into it than normally, thus causing you to have a larger and more firm erection. Repeated use will result in the vascular chambers becoming permanently larger. Enlarged vascular chambers means a larger penis for you!"

"Yeah, I just bet," she hissed with a certain level of disbelief...but still, she eyed the device and wondered. And then her mind took a dramatically more perverse turn and she imagined herself pumping Preston's cock with it...then pulling it off and revealing a massive, vein bulging, bloated shaft that would be begging for sexual gratification.

Ripping the order form out, she stood up and sauntered off to find herself an envelope.

With her toy order mailed and her clothes finally back on, Connie found herself sitting alone in the living room watching soap operas. Glancing at the clock, she realized it was almost one o'clock. A few more hours and the kids would be home from school...and she wondered just how that was going to go. Would Barb waltz in with some new found attitude, or would she play it cool and try to pretend nothing was out of the ordinary? The question would plague her for the rest of the afternoon.

Just why had she given them the condom?

They were already going at it...it would have just been a matter of time till she straddled him...and at sixteen, I really don't want her getting pregnant...not like I did.

She knew her logic was sound, but it still didn't seem to take the edge off her decision. Most parents would have stoned her to death for such a thing. Certainly her own mother would have disowned her...but then again, none of them likely had to deal with a pubescent son wielding a huge dick and a horny teenage daughter...the two of them sleeping together in the same bed. There really wasn't much of an alternative. As with Doug's forays, she'd opted to look the other way. Better safe than sorry, she assumed.

But after she'd given them the condom, she'd gone back to her own room...just the other side of the wall from them... and within minutes, she'd heard them thumping the bed against the wall and then bouncing it so hard the legs were jumping up off the floor. And then she'd masturbated. And she'd masturbated hard. And unlike all the hundreds, if not thousands of times she'd done it before...this time she'd done it while listening to someone else have sex...and not just any couple...it'd been her young son and sixteen year old daughter. And she'd gotten off to it...harder and faster than anything other than Doug's dick could have accomplished.

And so now she wondered if her decision had been one of solid logic or something else...something more tainted with her own unacknowledged lust.

"Okay fine...I got off to it," she admitted aloud as she twisted uncomfortably in her chair. "Doesn't really mean that much," she lied.

But it did, and she damned well knew it. When she'd gone to get the condom that night, she'd been thinking of them fucking and not of protecting them.

Oh crap, she growled to herself mentally. I did do it because I wanted them to get it on, didn't I? She didn't have to answer herself...the response was obvious. *Is that messed the hell up or what?*

It was about that moment that the doorbell rang.

Getting up, she trod over to the door and opened it, finding Jane Turner, her only friend, standing there with an empty coffee cup in her hand and curlers in her hair.

"Well gee, don't get dressed up to come and see me," she muttered as her friend stepped past her...her housecoat her only apparent garment aside from the rollers.

"Ah, piss off," Jane blurted as she barged like a freight train toward the tiny kitchenette that dominated the far side of the living room area. "I'm out of coffee and I can't wake up, dammit."

"It's nearly one in the afternoon, woman!"

"And I sleep till noon...what's your fucking point?" Jane growled back at her as she bounded through the various

cabinets till she found the coffee package and filters.

Jane wasn't the prettiest woman on base and certainly not the greatest housewife, but once caffeinated, she was generally a pretty decent person to be friends with. She'd been married to the same man for nearly thirty five years and her husband was retiring in a few months. Her three children were already gone and she was, by all reports, already a grandmother by more than one count.

Across a vast ocean of silence dotted only by the perking of a Mr. Coffee machine and nearly fifteen minutes later, Jane finally began to talk as she sipped on her beverage.

"You look like hell...what's eating at you?"

Connie shrugged and sat down at the small table across from her friend. "I don't know...it's complicated."

"I'm stealing your coffee...the least I can do is listen...hit me with it already."

"Well you had three kids, right...two boys and a girl, right?" She waited for the older woman to nod and then continued. "When they were growing up...did they ever...y'know, do anything with each other?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well...sexually...I mean did you ever catch them doing anything with each other?"

"No...they all hated each other with a vengeance. I did good to get them to take family photos or eat dinner together. So no...no I never saw anything and I seriously doubt they could have stood one another long enough to do anything. Why? Do I wanna know?"

"Last night...I walked in and caught Barb...well...she was...er-hrm...she was jerking Preston off...in their bed."

Jane's lips suddenly exploded and coffee spewed across the small table. Coughing, she frantically dabbed at her mouth and at the table simultaneously. "Are you shit'in me?!"

"No, I'm not...I'm totally serious," Connie replied as she reached for a dish towel to aid in the cleanup.

"Well why in the hell would she do that? That girl's good looking as all heck...why mess with Preston?"

"Umm," Connie stuttered and then stalled before

answering. Sighing, she realized there was no way to sugar-coat her response and the lewd truth of the matter. “Jane, he’s got a really big dick.”

“Big? Oh please...how fucking old is he?” the older woman asked and arched an eyebrow as she did so.

“Jane...trust me when I tell you it’s big, okay...take my word on that...he gets it from Douglas...and he’s got over twelve inches, okay.”

Jane’s already bulging eyes bugged even further out of her head. “Are you shit’in me?”

“Noooo, I am not shit’in you, Jane...hell...it’s the only reason I married the man, for crying out loud!”

“Well how big is Preston’s then?”

“Well I haven’t exactly fucking measured it, Jane...damn, he’s my fucking son!”

“Good point...sorry...I’m just...I can’t imagine him with a big one...much less with Barbara’s wiry little ass jerking on it. That just sounds crazy!”

Connie sighed and closed her eyes. “Oh I’m well aware of how crazy it is...my question is what do I do about it, Jane? I mean, she said she was just showing him how to do it...but...well c’mon...I’m not stupid...I know she was getting off on it like all hell...I could tell from the look on her face.”

“It’s her brother...” Jane muttered and shook her head with a definitive look of disbelief.

“I didn’t know what to do when I walked in. I mean I thought, y’know...hey...they live in the same house...they share a bed...they’re gonna end up fucking no matter what I do, y’know.”

“Well I know you only got the two bedrooms, but why don’t you separate them...make one sleep in here in the living room or maybe in your room?”

“Oh we tried that when we first moved in...and Barbara finally just moved in with him and I don’t blame her...the couch is just a board with springs on it...horrible for sleeping ...and she’s absolutely never going to share a bed with me in my room.”

“So give her the bedroom and move him out...making him sleep with you, damn,” the older woman suggested.

"I don't think that would be a good idea either," Connie replied with an uncontrolled blush.

"Connie...you're blushing, girl...what's the deal?" Jane eyed her with curiosity as she sipped again at her coffee.

"Jane...I don't get it but for a few weeks a year when Doug is home...I stay so horny I could scream...and...and if Preston was in the bed with me...with a dick that big...well I don't wanna just say it...but fill in the blanks."

Jane's eyes once more bugged and she pursed her lips as if to say something but then didn't. Instead she looked down into her cup and concentrated on the steam rising from it.

"I know...I know...I'm just saying that idea won't work either. Not that I would, y'know...I'm just saying I don't want him in the bed with me to start with."

"So...ummm...did you beat her down last night or what?" Jane finally asked after several tense minutes of silence ...but her gaze remained focused on her cup and not at her friend.

"No...no, I didn't know what to do at all."

"Er-hrm..." the older woman cleared her throat. "Y'know I should probably tell you that one of my boys...Robert, actually...well I caught him jerking off once...to...to me. He was staring at me through the crack in the bathroom door while I was taking a bath and just beating his shit ninety to nothing. I kinda of punched me in the face...I didn't know whether I was mad at him or what. I finally just decided to pretend it didn't happen and he did the same."

"How'd it make you feel?"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't wanna sound crude here...but...did...well, did you actually think anything...y'know...sexual at the time?"

"No..." the woman's voice was barely audible and the syllable trailed off into a long silence.

"You did, didn't you?" Connie finally asserted when her friend never continued.

"Not at the time," she admitted reluctantly. But then suddenly she raised her gaze from the cup and locked eyes with Connie. "But later on...I used to have these dirty little

fantasies in my head...mostly when I was alone and horny... and I'd imagine what I might have done had I been a desperate and disturbed whore."

Connie smirked and then sighed a deep breath of relief.

"Am I guessing right...you're upset 'cause you had some dirty thoughts on the matter?" The older woman half-smiled herself as she spoke.

"A little bit...but I was worried I was the only twisted woman on base, y'know? It's kind of a relief to know I'm not crazy I guess."

"So what the hell happened? Did you kill her and bury in the backyard last night or what?"

"You promise not to ever telling a living soul if I tell you?"

Jane laughed out loud and then leaned back in her squeaky chair. "I've been married to a soldier for thirty five years and I've lived on a base full of horny housewives for just as long...trust me...you ain't gonna blow my mind with a damned thing nor will I ever feel the need to repeat it."

"I'm just dying...I gotta tell somebody, y'know...and it's bad, Jane...I'm not gonna lie about it."

"What did you do...have a threesome with'em?"

"Oh fuck no...crap...too far, too far, Jane...good grief, woman! No, it's just that...well like I said, I knew nothing I was gonna do at this point would prevent them from doing it with each other...I mean sooner or later, they're gonna be alone together, y'know? So I figured maybe it was a good idea to be safe than sorry."

"What'd'you do, Connie?" The older woman arched her big bushy eyebrow yet again and then leaned closer.

"I...I gave them a rubber."

"A rubber?"

"Y'know...a condom...a rubber."

"Well damn...you might as well have told her to climb on him and ride, woman!"

"She did."

Jane's face melted instantaneously into something akin to sheer awe, her big bulgy eyes swelling to overflow her sockets once more. Her lips fluttered but no words came out.

"I gave it to them...shut the door and went back to my room, Jane," she confessed. "And by the time I was back in bed myself, I could hear them going at it on the other side of the wall from me."

Jane said nothing but her stare spoke volumes.

"And...and that's when I started thinking dirty thoughts... about the two of them...well mostly Preston actually."

"How...how big is he?" Jane suddenly asked.

"Huh...oh...he's pretty big...I'm serious, Jane," Connie insisted as she waited for her friend's appraisal of her actions.

"Connie...the girl is sixteen...she could get it from a boy her age or even older...why would she be messing with Preston...I just can't wrap my head around that?"

"Jane...he's over six inches long...I'm guessing maybe seven or more...and it's fat like an overstuffed sausage... really fat and veiny like...you just wanna grab it when you look at it, y'know?"

"No...no I can't say I do know, Connie...I ain't never had the opportunity to see, much less grab one that size. So I'm kinda lost here on what could make you say that about Preston?"

"You think I'm a pervert, don't you?"

"No...no, I can't point a finger at you, hon...I'm a pervert myself if that's the case... 'cause I've rubbed out more than a few thinking about myself doing dirty shit to Robert over the years...and all of it spawning from one stupid incident that he probably don't even remember himself."

"Jane...I did it...I, y'know...I did it to myself while I was listening to them in there last night."

"Connie...he's your son...she's your daughter...the two of them should not be fucking and you giving them a rubber was like a green light for that...I mean you do realize that right?"

"I know, I know...but what else am I gonna do?"

"Get a bigger apartment...beat her ass...and keep him out of her room before she ends up pregnant...that's what!"

"I'm on the waiting list for a townhouse, but they tell you it's up to two years for that...so I'm stuck for now unless I

move off base and we can't afford that," she pleaded her case. "And you know damn well I can't keep the two of them apart all the time. And as for the pregnancy...that's why I gave them the condom."

"Did you?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Did you give it to them for that...or were you really trying to give them a green light?"

Suddenly Connie felt like a defendant on trial. "Well it's not like that...I mean, c'mon...I didn't want them to do it...I just knew there wasn't gonna be any way to stop them from it...that's all!"

"I think you better take a step back and look really closely at what you've done, Connie...I mean, you've let the cat out of the box and it damn sure ain't gonna go back in again ...ever!"

And she knew Jane was right. And she also knew her assumption about her reasoning, or lack thereof, was also correct. It was as if she just needed to hear it from an outside source to be sure she had it straight. The truth was simple and disturbing both. She'd walked in and see Preston's dick...and immediately felt a craving for it all of her own accord. And since she couldn't bring herself to go after it, then getting it vicariously through Barbara was good enough or at least good enough for last night.

"You know you're right...that was just stupid of me," she agreed with Jane. "Maybe I'll just get me a cot or something and start sleeping in the living room myself...that way if one of them gets up in the night, I'll hear them. I'll just move her into my room...it's bigger and she won't have any reason to complain about the move."

"That's better," Jane sighed with obvious relief. "That shit is a slippery slope, Connie...thinking it and doing it is two very different things. And you...well you might have crossed over it a little bit last night."

"I know...that's why I needed to talk about...get it out of my system and get an honest opinion," she replied. "It's hard to think straight with a dick that big in front of you."

"I wouldn't know," Jane added with an air of sarcasm.

Dinner was a case of silent chewing. No one spoke and no one had spoken in nearly two hours since getting home from school.

Preston sat spooning at his peas with disgust and Barb sat across from him, staring at her glass of tea, almost as if she were somewhere else, mentally at least.

Connie, herself, didn't know what to say and had opted for silence as well. Her food was gone now and she had no further reason to remain sitting at the table, but yet she couldn't bring herself to get up...not just yet.

She'd been mulling over things since Jane had left earlier that afternoon, and she'd come to a conclusion about several things, some of which she knew damned well, her older friend would not approve of nor condone. But she didn't really care. The old woman would be moving soon anyway when her husband finally retired...so what she thought of her was likely to be moot in the end anyway.

Number one on her conclusion list was that she had indeed, given them a condom the night before in hopes they'd have sex. She knew and accepted that as a fact now and was oddly comfortable with it.

The second concept she'd settled was that she didn't necessarily want to separate her kids. The idea of them fucking aroused her and again, she was comfortable with that idea. The third idea though, was something linked to the second one but on it's own level. She wanted to participate in things somehow. For the most part, she just wanted her hands on Preston's cock...and after hours of mental debate, she'd simply decided that she was going to do it one way or the other if he'd let her...and if he wouldn't, she was going to work through Barb to get her thrills.

"I've been thinking about what happened last night," she began without prelude and both kids dropped their utensils almost simultaneously, clanking them onto their plates, and in Preston's case...actually falling down onto the floor.

"Leave it," she said as he bent down to retrieve his fork. "I want your complete attention here." She glanced over at

Barbara and saw the girl's eyes were glued on her.

"Alright," she began again, "I know what happened and I know maybe it started innocently enough...I also know that it probably wouldn't have happened if I hadn't let the two of you share a bed and so in a way it's my fault as much as either of yours."

"And I know that after I gave you the condom last night, that the two of you screwed for about an hour...and I also know that was your first time, Barb." She looked at Barbara and realized her daughter was white as a sheet. "It's okay, and I'm not mad...hell I gave you a rubber, didn't I?"

Complete silence. Both of them continued to stare blankly at her...Barb pale and Preston turning redder by the second.

"I hoped that letting you do it would just get it out of your system maybe, and so I'm letting it go this time. But I think maybe it's better if the two of you don't share a room anymore okay. And to that extent, I'm giving Barb my room and I'm gonna start sleeping in the living room, okay?"

"Preston," she continued, "go to your room for a few minutes...I need to talk to Barb alone, okay?"

Without a word, Preston stood up and left the table, disappearing down the short hallway towards his room.

Connie waited for the clicking of the door latch before she began to speak.

"Look Barb...I'm gonna be blunt and I'm gonna be honest with you on this. You're sixteen and I know damn well you know all about sex and boys and dope and everything else under the sun, so I'm not gonna hold back here or try to sugar-coat anything."

The teen just sat there staring blankly...her mouth hanging open slightly.

"I saw Preston's dick, alright...I know it's big...he gets that from your father, okay. I'm being honest here. I love your father, but the first thing I ever loved about him was his big ass dick, okay...straight truth there. And so I know what kind of effect it can have on you. I saw your eyes last night and I knew you were dying to climb on top of him. And for what it's worth, I hope you enjoyed it...I hope it was all you imagined it to be...I do."

"W-why?" the girl stuttered suddenly.

"Why what?"

"Why do you hope that?"

"Because you can't keep having sex with him. You gotta leave it alone, alright. I've thought about it all day, and you're just gonna have to not do that with him again, okay?"

"B-but--"

"No buts...I know how awesome it feels to be crammed full of a big fat cock, okay...don't think I don't...'cause I do... I'm not stupid or back-woods...I was sixteen when your father knocked me up with you, so that's why I'm worried."

"We used the rubber," Barbara blurted in defense.

"I know you did," her mother replied. "And I'm glad you did, but right now he's at that age that he'll fuck anything he can stick his pecker into...sisters...mothers...and things you probably don't even want to imagine. So don't think of him as...y'know...liking you like that. He don't...he's just so over-run by his hormones and stuff that he doesn't see you as a sister...he's seeing you as a girl that will fuck him."

"Mom...I am a girl that will fuck him."

She stared at Barb for several seconds trying to take in and process what her daughter had just said.

"He's your brother, Barbara...it's not right."

"You let us do it...and now you're saying we can't?" Her daughter's look of astonishment was fading into something more akin to anger.

She knew this was gonna happen.

"Alright...hold on, don't go busting out and screaming here, we can figure something out."

"I don't wanna figure anything out, Mom...I wanna fuck him...I haven't been able to think about anything all damn day except how good it felt last night!" The look in her daughter's eyes was fiery to say the least. Oh, how she was right...stopping her was going to be impossible...or was it?

Quietly...almost imperceptively a deviant little thought entered into her mind. *What if Preston didn't want to have sex with her?* The odds on that were astronomical, but maybe if he had another outlet other than his own sister...

then maybe he'd be less inclined to climb onto her.

Darkly, she wondered if he'd have sex with her...his own mother. *Oh I bet I could keep him occupied*, she thought but then stomped on and then buried the idea. *No, maybe I should give him some of Doug's magazines...maybe if he sees a real woman naked, then Barb's wirey ass won't seem so appealing.* The idea had merit...even Jane might have approved of it. *I'll try that with him...and as for Barb...*

"Alright," she finally spoke. "You leave him alone for one week...just a week, alright...and then we'll see how things are then. I mean it's not just you, here...okay...it's Preston too. I mean if the two of you go back to being normal brother and sister again, he may not want to do anything with you, have you even considered that?"

The fire in Barb's eyes subsided almost instantly as her mother's words sank in and she realized the truth of the matter. Maybe her mother was right...maybe he'd only done it last night because she was all up on him and he was all worked up from his dream...it was possible. It wasn't like he'd ever showed any real affection for her over the years. They fought almost daily and she'd beat his ass more than once.

"A week?"

"A week," her mother agreed with a nod.

"And if he still wants me," she prodded.

"I'll get the rubbers for you I guess," she decided.

It was well after ten o'clock and both kids were in bed or at least in their rooms...Preston in his...and Barb now in Connie's old room. Uncomfortably, she shifted on the couch and tried to pay attention to the television which was barely audible.

Letting her eyes stray, she peered down the hall behind her and noticed the light in Preston's room was still on.

Three guesses what he's doing in there, she thought to herself as she twisted on the couch again.

His eyes had lit up like search lights when she'd given him the box of dirty magazines an hour earlier. He hadn't said

much but he'd grabbed the box like it was filled with gold and every time she'd passed by his door during the last hour, she'd heard the flipping and fluttering sound of pages being turned.

Bet he figures I'm already asleep by now. I bet he's in there jerking his dick raw to those magazines.

Oddly she recalled Jane telling her earlier in the day about her own son spying on her through the door crack while she'd taken a bath once. And the idea of spying on Preston suddenly took her by surprise and dragged her to her feet and down the hallway towards him room.

Quietly she put her ear to Barb's door and tried to see if she could hear anything inside. *Nothing*...nothing but silence and darkness. Her daughter was apparently already asleep for the night. Ever-cautiously, she stepped down to Preston's door and listened in. Instead of rustling paper, she now heard what could only be described as ragged and gasping breath.

Oh yeah, he's jerking off in there, alright, she surmised without much effort. *Oh fuck...I could just walk in right now and see him...see it...see him beating it off...wow!* She leaned up against the door and tried to find a crack big enough to see through but failed. *Dammit!*

Fuck it...I wanna see him do it...I wanna see him cum all over everything like Doug does. Damn when I was pregnant with Preston, that sunuvabitch used to cum all over me like I was his personal cum rag...and damn I loved it!

She let her mind drift back in time...back to being pregnant with Preston...her belly so big and round and her titties so huge and full...hanging out to the sides, draping atop her belly and Doug beating his big, fat fucking cock like a well-oiled machine of some sort until his balls exploded and he hosed her whole body down with thick, hot jizz.

Oh fuck...that was the hottest, nastiest sex I ever had with him...I think I got off being his cum rag more than having him actually fuck me! The she realized how stupid that thought was. *Yeah, as if*...nothing could ever beat the sensation of having an orgasm while Doug fucked her hard...but she still held that having him cum on her was

extremely fucking hot...coming in a solid second place behind fucking him at the very least.

It was about then that she fully realized how truly horny she was and that she'd subconsciously already put her hand on the doorknob. Twisting it wasn't even an after-thought.

She took a deep breath and twisted the metal knob and pushed the door open. Stepping around the door, she spied her son leaned over his bed, buck naked, and surveying a variety of open porn magazines that he'd arrayed across his bed...both his hands wrapped around his girthy cock, stroking it fervently with a sock pulled down over the end of it...an apparent attempt to prevent his load from blowing all over the bed as he had the night before.

The second the door opened, he'd frozen in position and he remained stuck in time as she made eye contact with him and then surveyed the room and bed.

"That couch is awful," she said after a few long moments of pause. "Are you almost done...I think I'm gonna bunk with you for tonight."

The boy's eyes lit up with a brightness she didn't expect.

Well now...I guess he already thinks I'm gonna be Barbara part two, apparently! Just like his father...no doubt about that one, she mused as she lowered her gaze from his eyes down to his sock-clad penis. *Nope...no way to deny who his old man is by any means.*

"Are you almost done?" she asked again, this time with a bit of emphasis.

"N-noo," he stuttered.

"Well hurry up already," she urged him. "Do it and get it over with, I wanna get to bed."

"I...I already did do it...twice," he admitted as he pointed to a pile of soggy socks near the foot of his bed. "It won't go down...I just keep having to do it. It goes soft for a few minutes and then gets hard again."

Oh hell...the seed of his father without doubt, she thought to herself as she looked down at the soggy socks and then back up to him and his bed full of porn magazines.

Quietly and expertly, she leaned back and closed the door behind her. When the latch connected, she leaned forward

and smiled at him.

"Your father has that trouble a lot," she informed him. "He goes sometimes four or five times before he's finished. I guess you're just gonna have to build up some arm muscles, mister...or stop looking at naked women so much." That said, she glanced over at the bed and noticed a certain similarity in the women he had arranged there. It seemed every magazine displayed a woman with huge titties.

So he thumbed through them till he found women he liked and then arrayed them out on the bed and commenced to jerking off for them...and obviously he's all about the titties, from the looks of it.

Still trying to smile, she stepped forward and stopped at the corner of the bed where she could see the magazines better.

"Your father likes the big boobs too...obviously," she added and made a motion with her hand to indicate herself and more directly her own breasts. Suddenly she realized her nipples were hard as rocks and undoubtedly he could probably see them bulging through the thin fabric of her house-coat...especially considering she had nothing on under the garment.

The boy stood stark still, erection in hand, and said nothing as she leaned over the bed and scooped up one of the magazines. She lingered for a moment or so, leaning over, knowing full well her wrap around gown was drooping in the front and he could probably see straight down the top of it. When she finally leaned back upright with the selected magazine, she feigned interest in it and thumbed through its pages for a while.

"Oh, sorry...go ahead and do whatever," she asserted and then pretended to be more interested in the magazine than in her naked son. After another moment or two of him not doing anything, she glanced back at him. "Well it's not like I haven't seen it before...go on...finish up and clear the bed off."

She returned her attention to the magazine and intentionally ignored him.

He's so horny he can't stand it...if he's like Doug...he's

gonna hold out as long as he can and then he'll start beating off like a mad man and not give a damn who's watching him.

True to her prediction, Preston began to slowly pump his right hand on his shaft once more and after several moments of staring at her, he returned his gaze to the assorted magazines and his arm movement escalated in both speed and intensity.

Wait for it, Connie...be patient...just keep thumbing through the magazine...and wait for just the right moment.

She glanced up and over at him and realized he was using both hands to stroke himself and his sock was slowly starting to slip off the end of his engorged cock.

Oh please...don't stop and tug it...no, no, no...just keep beating and let it shoot out...just let it shoot out all over the place. Fuck, I bet he can coat down that whole bed. Look at those balls on him! Her eyes wandered past his hands and shaft to his testicles, swinging back and forth furiously in time with his pumping motions. *Damn, he's got a big pair of balls...how did I not notice that before. Where's he been hiding his shit all this time...or has he just sprouted all that in the last few weeks??*

All at once, the sock slipped off and he fumbled to try and stop to grab at it. He's frantic movements and facial expression indicated he was about to cum and she knew now was the time to make a move if ever there was one.

"You don't need a sock, son," she blurted to his dismay. "If you want a cum catcher, just use these," she added as she pulled the top of her gown open and plopped her massive E-cups out for him to see.

His semen exploded out across the bed between them and totally saturated the magazine closest to him. One, two, and then three more violent eruptions of thick, white goo shot out from his shaft and soaked the pages and bed cover.

"Is that all you got," she asked him as she leaned forward and let her tits dangle down over the bed...mere inches from him enraged penis. She bounced her upper torso a bit and made her udders jiggle and slap each other and the boy's face turned red and he gripped at his cock and began to jerk on it violently once more.

Oh shit...he's jerking off to my titties...oh fuck...I really didn't expect him to just do this," she realized with a sudden spasm of regret and disbelief.

"To hell with that sock...do you wanna cum on Momma?" she asked him, while making her tits slap together even harder. "Momma's got some big titties, huh? And you like big titties don't you? Well guess what...Momma likes big, fat cocks...and baby, you got a real big, fat fucking cock."

Preston erupted without warning and this time the explosion and force was enough to catapult his semen all the way across the bed onto her warbling tits.

Oh shit...oh shit...he just came on my tits...oh fuck, he's cumming on me...oh yes...oh fuck yes!

Things became a bit of a blur at that point, but from what she could recall later, Preston literally climbed up onto the bed and reached out for her, grabbing at her flailing tits and then his face was between them, and she was pulling her robe completely open.

"Suck my titties, Preston...suck Momma's fat titties, you nasty little bastard...oh yeah, you suck'em!"

She wasn't even sure of what she was saying at that point, but it was nasty and vile and it seemed to drive the boy even wilder. His hands seemed like they were everywhere at once...roughly and almost violently squeezing her tits and then...her ass? His hands were on her ass, pulling her into him while he buried his face between her tits.

Oh shit...he wants to fuck me...he really just wants to fuck my fat ass, don't he?! The idea wasn't repulsive as she knew it should have been. And maybe it would have been more distasteful to her had he not been jabbing his erection directly into the crevice between her thighs. It was impossible to think with him all over her.

Suddenly she was pushing him back, grabbing his groping hands and shoving him back from her...until at some point, she literally knocked him off balance and laid him out across the bed on his back.

FUCK! FUCK! What in the hell am I doing?!? she screamed mentally...but then she looked down at his genitals...at his immense set of balls and his even more

massive cock...it's head so swollen it was purplish and shiny ...various veins bulging all over it. It was dribbling out cum and was horridly red from all his intense and vicious masturbation. *Oh hell no...I'm not doing without while that thing is right here in front of me...fuck that!*

Preston lay on his back, staring up at her with a look of both dejection and fear on his face. Had he offended her? Did he go to far? Why had he done that? He felt stupid...at least until he noticed his mother was shrugging off her robe and climbing on top of him.

The bed was squeaking like a dying rat and the legs were beginning to bounce up off the floor, making dastardly thumping noises...all of which she was certain Barbara could hear. Hell, the neighbors could probably hear it even! And Connie didn't care. She had a thick and long cock in her for the first time in months and it felt good and while it wasn't nearly as big as Doug's...it was still fat enough to touch the sides and bury up in her till it hit her cum button.

Beneath her, Preston was awe struck. The night before had been his first sexual experience...and it'd been with his scrawny sister, Barbara. And now, less than 24 hours later, he was under his own mother...a thirty three year old woman who had tits larger than his head and she was dangling them down into his face as she rode him harder than he ever imagined she could. He'd always looked at her as a frumpy, and fat housewife who cooked for him and washed his clothes and occasionally yelled at him to clean up his own room or pick his coat up and hang it. Never before had he looked at her as a sexual object in any form...and yet here she had walked in on him and just popped her monster tits out and told him to cum on them...which he'd done without control or actual intention. They were just so big...so big and white and jiggly just hanging there and then she'd bent over and started bouncing them, making them slap each other and the intensity of the moment had just gotten the better of him. He wasn't even sure what happened other than he'd lunged forward and then he'd been knocked flat on

his back and now she was on top of him...and he was inside of her...and he was about to unleash another load of cum.

She was muttering to him, saying nasty things...things that didn't even half make sense to him, but it was obvious that she was as crazy as he was...just as out of control...and undoubtedly as intent on cumming as he was.

Without warning, she moaned and starting humping so hard that it hurt and then she collapsed atop of him and covered him completely with her bigger body. He didn't mind though...she was soft and her tits were all up in his face, but he was still not quite there and so he wiggled beneath her till he got his hands free and wrapped them around to her big, dimpled ass, where he grabbed both cheeks and began to push himself deep inside of her as far as he could go and then he began to hump as much as he could.

"Oh fuck...oh baby...fuck...cum in me...cum in Momma, baby...cum in Momma...work my big, fat ass, baby...get what you want from Momma," she whispered in his ear as she half-heartedly hefted her pelvis up somewhat to give him some room to buck beneath her.

And then he erupted within her and then he felt as if his dick literally melted before slipping out of her.

She used her arms to lift herself up and then she leaned back and sat down on his lower legs. Her hands moved forward and encompassed his now soft and bloated cock. Gently she pumped on it, forcing the last of his semen load out of the tip. Then she inched back further away from him and leaned forward again...her face now coming down onto his shaft and her mouth opening to take it in. And suddenly she was sucking on it and he could feel cum leaking out into her mouth and she was swallowing it...and even more mind blowing...was that he felt as if his dick might get hard again. And frighteningly, he realized after a few moments, that it truly was growing in size again...right there within her hungry lips and hot mouth.

Oh man...she's doing that on purpose...she wants me to get hard again...she's gonna fuck me some more...what do I do...what the hell??!

Suddenly she popped her mouth off his shaft and began

to beat it hard with one hand.

"Oh yeah...oh fuck yeah...Momma wants more cock... and Momma knows how to get it, don't I...oh yeah, baby....look how fat Momma made it grow...fuck, yes...I'm gonna make it stay hard and fat, baby...ohhhh---" and she was on it again, sucking it with a vengeance and fury.

Her eyes had a wild look in them when she'd glance up at him and after a time of sucking, she turned lose of him and rolled to one side of him on the narrow bed, knocking magazines off as she did so.

"You get up here and fuck me...come fuck Momma as hard as you can, baby...come fuck Momma's pussy!" she practically demanded. And without further prompting, he was up and between her spread thighs and jamming his dick back inside her.

As he began to pound her, he noticed her gigantic tits were all draped out under her arms. *Damn, her tits are so big they just lay out to her sides...that's weird!*

Almost as if she could read his mind, she scooped both her jugs up and pushed them forward and back atop her chest and then locked her arms across her plump belly to hold them in place there. Now, with each rocking thrust, her oversized tits warbled and sloshed upwards till they hit her in the face before flopping back downward.

"Suck'em," he muttered under his breath.

She heard him and her eyes suddenly raged with an unnatural sexual desire...and she grabbed at her enormous udders and rolled them upwards and into her own face. Instantly she began to lick and bite at her own nipples. Her hands mashed roughly and massaged her fun bags as she did so and it took less than a minute more for Preston to explode inside her again.

On the other side of the wall, in the dark, Barbara lay wide awake. She'd heard her mother walking down the hall... heard her going into Preston's room...shutting the door and then she'd heard them talking. It didn't take a brain surgeon to figure out what her mother was doing in there.

“You don’t need a sock,” she’d said...or something like that. *No, obviously you don’t when you got a fat, whore of a mother who’ll fuck your brains out while your father is gone.*

Until that night, she’d always respected her mother...but not now. Not ever again. She’d separated them only so she could have him for herself!

And as angry as she was at her mother...she found herself masturbating beneath her sheet as she listened to them banging away in the bed.

That should be me...me...not her...he’s mine, dammit!

TO BE CONTINUED

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