

THE LUST

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8

CHAPTER
AN EBOOK SERIAL



THE LUST

A STORY OF INCEST AND DEPRAVITY

FICTION BY
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CHAPTER 8

The night had seemed to last forever and Barbara was sweating like a dog. With her bedroom door shut, the air conditioning seldom reached her. It was hot and it was humid and she'd been lying there on top of wet sheets in her bed for what felt like hours. Finally, unable to fall asleep, she'd rolled over and lifted herself out of bed and stepped quietly over to the bedroom door and eased it open. The hall outside her room was also dead and devoid of light. Feeling her way, she slipped out of her room and stepped cautiously in the direction of the kitchen.

CLICK!

The kitchen light flicked on before she reached for it and suddenly illuminated a good half of the tiny little house. After a few seconds her eyes adjusted and she found her mother staring at her...hand still on the light switch.

"Well at least you weren't headed to Preston's room," she muttered with groggy eyes and a frown.

"No I was not headed to Preston's room...you said one week...I agreed to that," she replied as she rubbed at her face with both hands and stepped toward the off-yellow colored refrigerator that dominated the back wall of the tiny kitchen.

"So why are you up?" her mother asked as she stepped forward and flopped down into one of the four squeaky chairs that encircled their small dining table.

"I couldn't sleep...it's too hot," she answered.

"Me neither...I had a bizarre dream," her mother muttered as she slumped forward on both elbows.

"Wanna talk about it?"

"Not really...no," she replied. "You could open your door to your room if you're all that hot in there, y'know."

"Ah, it's not just the heat," Barb asserted as she chugged some soda from the refrigerator door.

"So what is it then," her mother inquired a bit more

directly. "I'm gonna go out on a limb and say it's Preston, maybe, hmmm?"

Barb didn't answer immediately, but gulped loudly and set the bottle back in the fridge. Shutting the door, she turned and faced her mother.

"I dreamed you and him were doing it."

"What?" her mother nearly blurted. "Wow...so you dreamed I was having sex with him...with my own son?" Her expression was of dismay and slight shock. "It was just a dream...did it bother you *that* much...I mean c'mon, Barb...do you think I'd really DO that?"

Barbara didn't respond but instead just stood there leaning back against the refrigerator...eyeing her mother accusingly.

Their eyes were locked and Connie could tell her faked response wasn't being bought by the intended customer. Her brows finally lowered and her wide eyes tightened and she sighed loudly and heavily before dropping her eyes to the table top.

"Wanna know why I was awake?"

Barbara said nothing and when Connie looked up at her, the teenager was still eyeing her with a look of distrust.

"I had a dream too and I dreamed I went down to his room and went in and ended up doing him...okay...so I guess it's not too far fetched of an idea."

"Have you thought about it?"

"Have I thought about it?" Connie snorted as she repeated her daughter's words. "Please...I've done nothing BUT think about it since I walked in on you two last night. But I'm married and...and he's my son, y'know...I can't do that."

"I'm his sister...and I did it," Barb mentioned and almost immediately regretted it, as it sounded as if she might be trying to encourage her mother and that was absolutely the last thing she wanted to do...oh no...no she wanted Preston all to herself for certain.

"I know you're his sister...but you're also sixteen and stupid...and me...me I'm nearly thirty four...and...and I'm his damn mother...HIS MOTHER, for crying out loud...I mean he's part of me...HE CAME OUT OF ME...I can't just..."

y'know...let him back in!" Connie blurted and immediately regretted it, realizing afterwards how disgusting it must have sounded...especially to Barbara, her own daughter. But then she also realized that out of all the people on the face of the earth, Barb was probably more likely to understand her...hell to even sympathize with her ...than anyone else would.

"I've got the same type feelings here you do, Barbara... you DO realize that right?" she continued after a moment or two of silence.

Barb stepped away from the fridge and walked over to the small table and pulling out a chair, she dropped down into it directly across from her mother. Now it was her daughter's eyes that stared down at the tabletop.

"Did you separate us so you could have him to yourself," the teenager finally mustered...said barely above a whisper.

"No," Connie whispered back in response, knowing damn well it was a half lie. "I gave you the rubber so you'd do it with him last night though."

Barb's eyes lifted from the table and she stared in disbelief across the small expanse that separated her from her ragged and tired mother.

"You...you wanted us to have sex?"

The question hung between them like a piece of raw meat lying between two hungry dogs...each of them waiting with anticipation for the other to make the first move.

"I don't know," her mother finally admitted. "I thought maybe the condom would y'know...be safe...I mean I knew you were gonna do it anyway at some point...but there's this other part of me that's been forcing myself to ignore the bulge in his tidy-whities these last few months...and it's the same part of me that misses your Dad...misses a man...and misses having sex. And it don't work so well. I knew I'd been noticing him...so I knew it was only a matter of time till you did to. I just didn't expect to walk in one night and find you jerking him off like that. It caught me by surprise...and ...and I just sort of did something stupid I guess...I don't know...I'm not sure what I was thinking last night."

"I had sex with him," Barb reluctantly whispered, lowering

her eyes back to the table top.

"Oh I know you did...if the noise didn't make that clear, the nasty sheets I found this morning did. I knew what was going to happen. Hell I was just on the opposite side of the wall from you two. I heard everything, Barb."

"Did you...did you enjoy it?"

The girl's question caught her off guard. She hadn't expected her to ask that...not in a million years. She was bold...she got that from Doug, no doubt.

"I listened, yeah," she confessed. "I did *more* than just listen, Barb," she added in a hushed, barely audible voice.

"Are we messed up in the head?" Barbara asked with an air of true concern.

"I don't know. We're apparently just alike in certain ways and I guess a need for a man is one of them. You're sixteen now...practically a woman, Barb...these feelings don't get much less...they get much worse as you get older. I've heard women don't reach their sexual peak till their mid thirties...where I'm at right now. And where's your father right now...probably banging some prostitute he picked up off base in Germany, that's where...instead of in my bed taking care of my needs...and it's frustrating for me, really, really bad frustrating, Barb, do you understand."

Connie shifted in her chair and it squeaked loudly.

"I let it get the better of me last night and I let you two do something dirty so I could listen in and I shouldn't have...I should have beat the both of you and ended it...so tonight that's what I did...minus the beating."

"But you still liked it didn't you?"

Connie glanced across the table and met her daughter's eyes before nodding in response and looking away.

"It's like you said before...he don't care, Mom...he just wants a place to stick it...what's wrong if we give him one?"

"What?" Connie wasn't sure she'd heard right. "Did you say, WE...just now?"

Barb sat up suddenly in her chair and leaned back... apparently realizing herself that she'd said it. The look on her face was confused.

"Oh crap...I did," she admitted after several seconds of

deep thought about the matter.

“Barbara...it’s one thing for you...but it’s another for me. I can’t just...no...I can’t and I won’t...I’ve already done things I can’t admit to...things that are keeping me awake all night.”

“Tell me about’em,” the teenager prodded her with glittering eyes.

“No,” her mother’s answer was firm and direct, almost instantaneous, and she suspected was final...but then Connie leaned back in her own chair and sighed deeply.

“Alright...okay...I need to talk about it...and I tried talking to Jane today and I thought she was gonna have a fucking heart attack and throw holy water on me for a while there... so if you wanna hear my shit...well fine. It’s not like I don’t know all your shit, right?”

Without prelude or warning, the atmosphere in the small kitchen changed from one of a woman and her daughter to two women and it relaxed both of them visibly.

Fuck it...she’s fucked her own brother...it’s not like you’ve done any worse than her...and she’s likely the only person in the world who’s not gonna think you’re nuts, Connie reasoned within her own mind as she tried to determine where to start her admission...her tale of shame.

“I noticed the bulge in his pants several months back... and I had always suspected he was gonna be big...I mean your Father is huge, Barb...he’s got like a twelve inch thing ...it’s ridiculous really, but I love it.” She half expected Barbara to be gagging and vomiting by this point but the girl was glued to her...eyes wide and glinting. The girl was obviously infatuated with the concept of her mother sharing dirty stories with her.

“So anyway, like I said, I just figured once he hit puberty, y’know...he was gonna get big and so all this time I’ve been sort of expecting it and I’ll admit I’ve even been watching for it to happen...and when it started, it was like all at once. One day he was just a kid and the next he had that thing sticking out through the fabric of his jeans and the first time I noticed it, I nearly crapped myself. I got excited, Barb and I didn’t know at the time why, really. It fascinated me. I wanted to know how big it was...I was dying to know how big

he was gonna get and truthfully I've been sitting on pins and needles for the day he started to beat it off."

"Why, Mom?"

Connie's eyes winced slightly as if to indicate she was thinking deeply about Barb's question.

"Because I wanted to watch him, I think," she finally replied. "Right after I noticed him with an erection that first time...I...I walked in on him in the bathroom several times just so I could snag a look at it. I even stuck some gum up in the door lock so it wouldn't latch good...you remember that at the old house?"

"Crap...you did that on purpose?" Barbara grinned and then almost laughed. "I thought the lock was really just screwed up."

"No, I stuck a piece of gum up in it jam it. And I'd just barge in on him every time he was in there for longer than I figured it took to pee. I kept hoping I'd catch him with a woodie or...or jerking it off, y'know?"

"That's kind of crude, Mom," Barb commented with high eyebrows and a half smirk.

"Oh please...that's not the half of it," she asserted with a half smile of her own. "I never could get a decent look. I'd barge in and he'd be all shriveled or already have his pants up...so then I started walking in when he was bathing and of course...nothing...never caught him doing anything...never got a glimpse of a naked hard...just nothing. I swear I was really obsessive about it for a while around there, it was terrible but eventually I just gave up. Your Dad came home on leave for a few months and I got some and I was fine and I just forgot all about Preston. But then after your Dad left to go to Germany right before we moved, I actually walked in on him by sheer accident one night and he was getting up out of the tub and I looked and he had these big, bloated balls y'know...just huge...and I couldn't believe it...I thought, WOW...where did those come from?!"

"They're freaking huge, are they not?" Barb agreed.

"I know...I really think he's got bigger balls than Doug does...I mean I doubt you care how big your Father's balls are, but I'm telling you hun, he's got like egg-sized nuts and

your brother looks like he's at least that big or bigger."

"I don't know...maybe ping-pong balls...not eggs...maybe they just look bigger 'cause he's so scrawny and small," Barb suggested.

"Whatever," her mother said with elongated intonation on the word to stress her slight disagreement over the matter.

"Well go on...so what happened?" Barb urged her on.

"Well I was kind of shocked and I just stood there staring down at his balls like a moron...and all at once he shrivel started moving and growing and after a second or two I realized he was having an erection and I just couldn't move ...I couldn't say anything...I was just in shock. And while I stood there watching, he just popped the biggest wood ever and he didn't even attempt to hide it. The little fucker just stood there in the tub, dripping wet with this fucking hard-on and stared dead at me like he was just waiting for me to say something about it."

"So...well??"

Connie sighed.

"It scared the shit out of me, Barb...I finally managed to just turn around and barrel my fat ass out of there and slam the door."

"He's retarded...probably didn't even realize he had a hard to start with. He's a total idiot most of the time. He didn't even know how to jerk off...I had to show him...last night...that's what we were doing...well I mean that's what I started out doing," Barb added almost as an after-thought.

"Wow...you're serious...so you really were just showing him how to beat off last night?"

"Well yeah...he was having a dream and he was all hard and I sort of got tired of it sticking me in the back of the leg, so I..." and her voice tapered off. "Er-hrm," she cleared her throat and blushed. "I sort of pulled the covers back and started looking at it and then maybe I messed around with him a bit and he woke up and then we talked and I ended up showing him how to beat off, but he's such an idiot I had to actually like...*do it for him*...I mean not that I minded, I'm not gonna lie about that," she admitted without too much shame.

"Yeah...I bet you didn't mind," her mother smirked. "You

know...I went in the room this morning and pulled the sheets off and I found the rubber on the floor...and it was just *still* full of his stuff...it was all liquid like...it don't stay thick and white like when it comes out...after a while it just like...turns into this clear, sticky water."

"Ohhh-kay," Barb said, drawing out her syllables and looking at her mother oddly.

"I took my robe off and poured it all over my belly."

Barbara's eyes suddenly bugged and her mouth fell open in shock.

The silence that hung between them felt like a brick wall weighing down on Connie and she felt a desperate urge to say something to snap her daughter out of her disbelieving state. *Great...now I've gone and blown her mind...too much, Connie...you told her too much! Say something... anything...just say something!*

"When I was pregnant with Preston...you probably remember that...I got HUGE...really big and it was hard for me to...well, to *handle* your father's big dick and so for a while there at the last, he used to just jerk off on me...all over my belly, actually. Sometimes he'd jerk off for an hour till he'd cum on me like four or five times. He's an animal... I mean he's like a bottomless pit of man stuff, y'know and he'd just coat me down with it and it used to just make me so...so ..." and then she realized that she was talking to her sixteen year old daughter...and she decided to tone it down a bit.

"Well anyway, I liked it a lot and I'll leave it at that."

"Okay...okay," Barb blurted. "So you poured Preston's goo all over your belly 'cause you like a lot of goo on your belly...right?" Her expression of shock was beginning to fade somewhat.

"There's a lot more to sex than just getting poked by a wiener, Barbara...a LOT more," Connie insisted.

Barbara stared through the glass at Tonya's twins...both girls, thankfully. They were cute as buttons and she was proud to be their Grandmother. The delivery had gone well and Tonya was already up and walking around some. The

question now was what was she going to do or for that matter what was she going to tell Brent. She just couldn't conceive that Tonya was going to give them up for adoption but that was what she'd told her in the beginning.

Dammit...I can't let her do that...those are my grand-daughters...or...or great-grand-daughters...damn I'm not even sure how that would go. Well technically since I'm not blood relation to Tonya...I suppose they'd be related to me through the boys...so damn...I'm a great Grandma!

The revelation hit her humorously even if it was like a ton of bricks. How in the hell had this happened? It wasn't like she didn't know...but the question still kicked around inside her head because it was all too crazy to comprehend...to even process. Her daughter-in-law had fucked her grandsons until she'd gotten pregnant by them...at least by one of them...and during the time Brent, her son...was out of the country. When he came home and found two babies...he was gonna shit a proverbial brick and if Tonya had to tell him who the father or fathers were...well it was liable to go South very quickly. And honestly she couldn't blame Tonya for not wanting to lose her husband and family over it even if she probably *deserved* to do so.

She'd agreed to help her get through it because of her own history...because of her own indiscretions. She'd been lucky that Brent hadn't inherited her genetic legacy. She often wondered how things would have been if Brent had been endowed like his boys were. She certainly remembered how distraught Tonya was when they'd started growing and then popping wood and then ultimately the first time she admitted to her that she'd done something out of the way with them. It was then that she'd related her own story of her and her mother and her brother...just to put her daughter-in-law's mind at ease...and to apologize to her for having handed down a legacy of perversion and sexual abnormality to her and her sons.

Stepping back away from the nursery window, she moved across the hospital hallway and looked out the actual windows in the far wall that looked down on the courtyard below. The rain had stopped finally and she eyed the bench

and the tree beside it once more.

Sighing, she turned and headed off down the hallway toward the elevators, intent on returning to her bench and enjoying some fresh air that didn't stink of industrial cleaners. As she punched the buttons on the elevator control pad, a pudgy woman and her son came diving into the car with her.

"Second floor please," she'd blurted as she jerked the boy back with her too the back wall of the elevator.

The boy leaned up against her a little closer than would have been normal for his age and it reminded her of her mother and Preston.

"Are you really gonna sleep on the couch every night?" Barb asked her mother as they walked out of the kitchen and turned off the light.

Connie stopped at the end of the funky old couch and eyed it's lumps with a look of disgust.

"Well I could sleep in the bed with you I guess," she said with a continued look of dislike.

"Or you could sleep with Preston," her daughter added with a wry little smirk that betrayed her dirty thoughts to the world.

"No, I don't think so," she replied and rolled her eyes.

"Maybe...we could take turns in the big bed...alternate nights, y'know," Barbara suggested, still doing little in the way of concealing her perverted intentions.

"So you'd sleep on the couch every other night?" Connie asked with a single arched brow.

Barb blurted an uncontrolled giggle before answering.

"No...I was thinking more that maybe we could put Preston in your big bed...and swap off sleeping with him...and whoever's off night it is gets the small bed in the other bedroom."

Connie just stood there glaring at her for a moment before she could figure out just how to respond to her daughter's bold idea...bold *and* perverse idea...possibly even it would be better described as downright lewd. And despite what

she *knew* she should say...she found herself seriously considering the idea.

"Are you suggesting we *share* him like he's a piece of property or something?"

"Pretty much, yeah," Barb responded with a nod and pursing of her lips. Why the fuck not. She wanted him all to herself, but after hearing all of her mother's tales of nasty happenings, she knew her mother wanted as bad if not worse than she did...and in the end if her mother wasn't happy with things, she'd find a way to keep Preston and her apart as well. Basically she'd concluded that if she wanted Preston, she was probably going to have to make sure her mother got some too. Share and get some...or fight and get none...seemed to be the only viable options. *Besides, he's probably never gonna want to fuck her fat, nasty ass anyway, so I'll still probably be the only one he's tapping. But if she wants to slide into bed with him and play with his big balls...well more power to her.*

As if to reiterate her own secret thoughts, Connie suddenly spoke up and said, "I don't know, Barb...look at me...do you really even think he's gonna want to do it with me anyway? I'm his mother...his fat and frumpy momma, y'know? And I'm not gonna force myself on him...that's way too far over the edge, y'know what I mean?"

Dammit...I think I almost had her for a minute...but she's not gonna agree to it unless she thinks she's got a chance to get some.

"Y'know...you're never gonna know till you try something with him. I mean I had no clue till last night, right?" Barb remarked as she turned and glanced down the hall toward the small bedroom where Preston was sleeping. "Today is gonna be Saturday...we play it all cool today...and then tonight, just tell him he's sleeping with you in the big bed and once he goes to sleep...reach over and play with him some. That's all I did."

The sun rose eventually and the clocked ticked by slowly and the lazy Saturday afternoon finally arrived and for the

most part it was no different than any other Saturday at the Kramer house. Preston had gotten up and watched cartoons all morning in nothing but his briefs and Connie had strained her eyes ogling him while she made breakfast. And of course, Barb dragged of bed around one o'clock.

They ate...they watched TV...but no one really talked all day long. No one made much eye contact and Preston seemed oblivious to it all. He didn't even pay Barb any attention as she lounged around the house in her panties and a t-shirt all day in front of him. Never even popped wood or gave her a second glance.

Connie found herself wondering if he even remembered his sex-capade with his sister two nights before. *Maybe the moron thinks he dreamed it. Shouldn't he be gawking at her or something...it's disturbing...his total lack of interest in her. Damn, maybe I was right...maybe he did just take her as a piece of available ass. Maybe he doesn't even think of her as sexy. I know Doug's fucked a few women that he swore didn't even turn him on. "I just needed some pussy," he'd say ...yeah...right...whatever.* And it seemed he never got enough pussy either. But to his credit, he swore that he loved her and he'd never left her for another woman in nearly seventeen years of marriage. *Guess I can't fault him for that...he's faithful in his own twisted way I guess.*

She was sitting on the couch when the clock chimed and she noted it was ten o'clock.

"Well you guys ready for bed or what?"

Barb, sitting on the floor beside Preston turned around and sneered. "Oh please...it's only ten...and it's Saturday, I'm staying up to watch the late movie."

"Well I can't sleep on the couch if you two are in here watching TV, now can I?"

"Don't be an old fogey," Barb retorted with a giggle.

"Well I'm not leaving you two alone in here," Connie snapped back and stood up from the couch. "C'mon Preston...you're sleeping in the bedroom with me tonight."

"What?" he turned around and eyed her with look of irritation. "Oh c'mon...I wanna watch the movie too!"

"You don't even know what it's about, moron...go to bed!"

Barb blurted at him and shoved him roughly.

“Hey...cut it out, you two,” Connie scolded them half-arsed. “Maybe if you didn’t have sex with your sister the other night, I wouldn’t be worried about leaving you two alone, now would I?”

“Awww,” the boy grumped as he climbed up from the floor and trudged off toward the bedroom.

Once he was down the hall, Barb smiled and winked at her mother. “Good luck.”

Reluctantly, Connie trotted down the hall to catch up to her son as he meandered ahead of her wearing nothing but his man-panties.

“My room,” she called out to him as he passed the door to the master bedroom. “I’m not sleeping in your room on that tiny little excuse for a bed.”

Unfazed, he turned and opened her door and stepped off inside into the darkness. Behind him by several steps still, she entered as well and fumbled for the light switch. Flicking it on, she discovered him already piled up on top of the bed as if he was ready for sleep.

“Did you take a bath even?”

“Nope,” he replied without even bothering to raise his head or open his eyes.

“Oh for crying out loud...at least get up and put on some clean underwear.”

He grumbled but slowly slid out of the bed and made for the door, but she was still in the doorway and cut him off.

“There’s a basket over there with clean clothes...get a pair out of there,” she instructed him, pointing at the basket of clothes she’d intentionally placed there earlier. “Here, gimme those,” she added and pointed at his hips before he could even move toward the basket.

He looked up oddly at her but leaned forward and rolled his underwear off his hips and then down his thighs and all the way to his knees from whence they then fell to his ankles. When he rose back up, she could see all his goodies...giant balls and shriveled penis...all dangling side

to side as he moved. And even flaccid, his dick seemed massive...maybe five inches long, she guess-timated as she watched him turn and walk over to the basket.

She suppressed the urge to smile as she watched him rummage through the basket of clean clothes...knowing quite well he'd find no underwear in with them. She waited till she figured he was about to claim there were none...and she turned and stepped out the still open door into the hall and headed down toward the kitchen with his underwear in hand.

As she rounded the hall corner, she hear him yelling.

"Mom...I can't find any in here...I don't think there are any! I'm gonna go get some--"

"Like hell you will...keep your naked ass in that room...your sister can see down the hall, you pervert!"

By this point Barbara had turned from the TV and looked back at her mother...only to met with a pair of boy panties that slapped her in the face.

"EY!" she chirped as she pulled the underwear off her face and tossed them as if they disgusted her.

"Put those in the washer for me," Connie snickered as she turned and made her way back down the hall toward the bedroom.

"MOM! I need some--"

"Shut up...I'm going, I'm going..." she cut him off as she turned to enter the secondary bedroom where she only pretended to search through his closet drawers. "Well I don't know what to tell you...you ain't got none in here neither...they must all be dirty."

When she returned to her room empty handed he just stood there staring blankly at her in all his naked glory. She had to fight hard not to just stare directly at his genitals but every time he moved, the dangling toys just demanded her attention.

Saying nothing she crossed over to the bed and pulled the covers back as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"Well am I gonna just stand here naked all night?"

Fuck it...it's now or never. I've gotta do something to make him hard or this isn't gonna go nowhere, she thought

to herself as she turned to face him.

"Well no, I figured you was just gonna get in the bed and go to sleep...I can't help it if you ain't got any clean underwear...maybe you should put them in the hamper once in the while and they'd get washed."

"So...you...just want me to sleep naked?"

There it was...the opening she'd been planning all day for.

"Well it's not like you got anything there I haven't already seen, mister...but if it'll make you feel better, I'll sleep naked too, how about that?" And without waiting for an answer, she untied her robe and let it slide from her shoulder and drop to the floor at her feet...revealing her completely naked body.

There...I did it. If he gets hard, I know he'll play with me and if he don't...well I guess that's that, right?

The boy's mouth dropped agape...his chin nearly hitting the floor. As she turned slightly, her draping double EE's swayed and quivered atop her plump and sagging paunch.

"What's wrong...you act like you ain't never seen my fat ass before," she added and slapped the back of her right butt cheek, making it and her entire fat thigh undulate.

"C'mon and get your ass in bed."

Sliding in herself, she watched for any sign that his flaccid dick was responding to her body. To her dismay it did nothing much but dangle side to side as he slowly walked toward the bed himself.

With deliberate hesitation, he crept up to the opposite side of the bed from her and then stopped and simply stared down at her as she lay back on the pillows and let her massive tits slide out to their respective sides.

"What's wrong?" she asked...but no sooner were the words out of her mouth than she saw for herself the answer to her question.

Preston's penis moved of it's own accord and then suddenly, without warning, began to bud and then blossom into an erection which he made no attempt to conceal.

"Well hello," Connie gasped, trying to make light of the matter so as not to embarrass him or scare him off. "Can I help you," she asked directly to his genitals and then faked a tiny laugh.

He looked down at his privates and acted surprised as if he'd not known till that instant that he was getting a hard-on. By the time he moved to cover it with his hands, it was already raging full and standing straight up, bowed and rigid and it immediately resisted his efforts to control it.

"You know your Dad has a really big wiener too," Connie commented nonchalantly as she sat up on the bed and let her huge tits flop forward and down to cover nearly all of her pudgy gut. As she sat there slumped, her big brown areola literally lat atop her thighs. Her tits were nearly ridiculous, she knew...but she knew men were ga-ga over them, saggy or not. And quite obviously her own son was even hot for them. "His is over a foot long...no joke."

Preston looked nervous and damn near frantic as he glanced around for anything he could grab to conceal his erection with.

"Oh calm down, son...it's not like I haven't seen you hard before...or actually jerking off, for that matter. And I know damn well you were having sex with Barb the other night. I gave you a rubber if you remember. Just calm down and quite spazzing out. What happened...did I do that to you?"

He looked lost and then finally locked his eyes onto her jugs before nodding slowly and unsurely to her question.

"How big is it anyway?" she asked him, again trying to suppress the urge to smile as her dirty little plan came together perfectly.

"I don't know," he replied...finally giving up on covering himself and dropping his hands to his sides uselessly.

She twisted around to her nightstand and pulled the top drawer open to reveal a measuring tape she'd placed there earlier for just this purpose. Pulling it out, she twisted back around and slid over towards him.

Instinctively he back up as she swung her legs over the side of the bed and moved to within reaching distance to him.

"C'mere...I just wanna see how big it is," she coaxed as she reached out for his penis. "There now," she cooed gently as she touched the metal end of the fabric tape measure to the bottom base of his shaft and then ran it up

the length of it till she reached the top of his penile head. "Wow," she blurted. "Nine and a half inches."

She glanced upward at him and he was staring blankly at her as if he had no clue what to do or say. And without saying another word herself, she wrapped the tape around the circumference of his dick and fought the urge to say, "wow" once more as she surveyed the numbers and realized he was just over seven inches around in girth. She'd measured Doug's several times over the years just for kicks and he was just under 13 long and only six and half in roundness. Her son wasn't longer...but he was nearly an inch thicker in bulk.

Oh holee shit...the boy's hung like my fucking salami sausage...look at that would you...and if he's that fat now...what's he gonna be like in a few more years! He's gonna have Doug put to shame, I swear!

Somewhere deep inside her mind...at that very moment, she stomped down the last vestige of morality that kept her from sexualizing her son. A dick that big could not be ignored and surely could not be neglected. Soon he'd wise up and learn to control himself and he'd want hot, young girls like Barbara and an old saggy housewife like herself wouldn't stand a chance with him. So she knew if she wanted him at all, she was going to have to take it now while she could.

She dropped the tape measure to the floor and wrapped her hand around his dick with a slightly forceful squeeze. Without waiting for a reaction she began to pump on it...amazed that her fingers and thumb could not touch as they wrapped around it. Thinking of it, she reached out with her other hand and wrapped it around it as well...both hands now working his meat.

"I had a dream about you last night...I dreamed I went into your room and took my robe off and you got hard...just like this...and you started jerking off to me...and...and I let you do it 'cause I like having cum all over me...did you know that...did you know I like having cum all over me...mostly by titties and my belly...your Dad used to shoot all over me when I was pregnant with you...he'd just cum all over my big

ole'pregnant belly like I don't know what," her words were all running together as her hands continued to pump and Preston was suddenly overwhelmed with what was happening. He gasped and jerked as if to pull back from her but she gripped him tighter and began to jerk harder and faster as she praddled on with even nastier talk.

"So anyway, I'm letting you jerk off to me and then all of a sudden you're grabbing at my titties and then you're sucking them and then I just throw you back on the bed and then I'm fucking you...just fucking you so hard and my titties are all in your face and you're just saying---"

"Momma...Momma...what are you---AHHH!" And without any semblance of warning, he jettisoned a hot and thick load of cream out onto her tits. "Momma stop...stop...I can't---" and he ejaculated again onto her tits. He was wiggling now and attempting to get away from her but she again tightened her grip and accelerated her pumping motions till he erupted a third time and then a fourth.

"Get on the bed," she nearly growled at him and pulled him towards her, pushing him down onto the bed on his back.

He felt the soft impact of the pillows and mattress and then she was on him...her mouth...down...her hot breath on his lower stomach and then lower...down to his dick...and then he felt her tongue fluttering all over his shaft...it was too intense and he felt himself eject another spurt of semen onto his own chest. He heard her giggle and then her mouth was down further to his balls and he felt her sucking on them...literally sucking his balls with her mouth. Then her hand was up on his dick again...pumping...and before he could process it all, her lips abandoned his balls and rose up to encompass his cock. Her mouth was so tight it almost hurt as she crammed it inside her face. And then her tongue was fluttering on his dick head like some sort of butterfly and he could feel his penis growing hard again.

He could hear her breathing through her nose, loudly as she began to bob her mouth up and down on his growing erection. Faster and faster she was going. The initial tight fit of her mouth was growing even tighter and he looked down

to see her.

Connie's mouth was stretched ridiculously...the sides of her cheeks turning red from strain as his cock expanded inside her mouth, but she just slobbered and attempted to grease his shaft a bit...which helped some, but after a few more frantic bobs of her head, she knew she couldn't contain him and she popped up off of it. When she cleared it, she looked up at her son and met his gaze...her whole lower mouth covered in cum and dripping with drool...red from stretching and pumping.

"You don't have to fuck me, boy...but you gonna cum all over me one way or the other," she said with no room for argument. And before he could make an attempt to resist, she was latched on to his dick with her hands again and pumping him like some sort of crazed machine.

"Oh yea, boy...you gonna cum all over Momma tonight...all over me...give it to me, son...give Momma all you got in those big fat balls!"

"Momma...oh crap...Momma!" he gasped as she jerked him off fast and furious. He reached up and grabbed at the pillow behind his head and gripped it as if to brace himself somehow just as a volley of jizz erupted from his dick and sprayed down all around them.

Connie gasped loudly herself and pulled back on his bowed up erection so the next expulsion would shoot directly onto her already crusty jugs.

"C'mon you little bastard, give it to me...fucking cum on your Momma, dammit!" Her voice was suddenly loud and demanding and he cut lose with a slight whimper as cum exploded from his dick and splattered all over her jiggling tits. "Oh yeah...you give it to Momma...I know you got more, boy...let me have it...let me have it or I'll suck it out...I'll climb on you and milk this fucker with my pussy, little boy...you hear me...don't make Momma climb on top of you and fuck you...'cause I will...I'll fuck your damn cock off...I'll fuck you till you're raw...you hear me, Preston...you cum right now for Momma!"

And as if on cue, he exploded again onto her chest and he felt his balls lift and suck in towards the base of his dick,

straining, obviously to provide the eruptions his momma was demanding of him. A second release after that was heinous. It started and didn't feel like it was going to stop. Spurt after spurt after spurt. His cock was spitting and convulsing uncontrollably and he let loose with a loud groan and then twisted on the bed, gnarling the pillow up behind his head as his momma continued to pump him and direct his unending flow onto her body.

When the surge finally subsided, she let go of him and leaned back on the bed between his legs and began to rub his ejaculation all over her big, fat titties.

"Oh baby...Momma's so horny now...look what you did...you're so bad...you're such a bad, bad boy...Momma's all covered in cum 'cause you're a bad boy...yeah," she murmured as she hefted her giant jugs and smeared the creamy mess all over them. "Oh but Momma still needs some on her belly too," she added and shellacked a large gob down onto her plump belly. With her hands, she pulled her tits back to either side and pooked her round belly out as she massaged goo into her stomach. "You cum more than your Dad does...that's so wild!"

"Oh baby...do you wanna fuck Momma...hmmm?" she asked after a minute.

Preston lifted himself up on his elbows and eyed her with a look of shock. He still couldn't believe she'd just...well... *took him*...for lack of a better phrase. And now she was offering to fuck him...and not just talking shit either.

He thought about it and realized to an extent he liked what she'd just done to him. It was awesome the way she'd just controlled him...forced him...did whatever she wanted. He didn't want it to be like it was with Barbara...he liked what Mom had done.

"Uh-uhh...don't make me do it, Momma," he said, knowing full well he really did want her to do it. He wanted her to play the game though...he wanted her to force him to be mean to him and *make* him do it. Despite his words though, his dick began to rise again as he imagined her hands grabbing at him once more.

She looked into his eyes and knew instantly he was

fucking with her...she knew instantly what he wanted. She'd played the game with Doug so many times it was ridiculous. "No, no...don't make me do it, mister...it's so big...I can't handle it!" Her words seemed stupid now as she remembered all the countless times she'd role-played with her husband over the years. But this was different. This time it was *her* in control and the dick was hers for the taking if she wanted it...and from the look in her son's eyes...she knew he wanted it too.

She leaned forward and climbed astraddle of him and spread her legs wide and set herself down atop his pelvis. In seconds her gaping cunt was wrapping around his erection and she was filled like she'd never been filled before. His cock was so fat...that inch made an incredible difference and truthfully, Doug had been too damned long and he'd never been able to put it all inside of her. But nine inches...nine she could bury up like nothing...and she did.

"Stop it Momma...get off of me," he whimpered beneath her. "I don't wanna go in you!"

"Shut up and fuck me, you little brat...fuck your fat momma like a dirty whore...that's right...I'm a dirty whore and I do what I want with naughty little boys with big, fat, fucking cocks...you hear me...I do what I want...I fuck them and I suck them...and I make them cum all up in me, yeah!"

Leaning back now, she reached and slapped her own massive ass and made it jiggle like fleshy jello.

"Oh hell yes...I'm a dirty, fat whore...and I'm gonna fuck me a fat fuck cock!" Slapping her own ass again, she began to buck hard, grinding on his dick to the point of it almost hurting. "Yeah...oh fuck yeah," she shouted as her grinding morphed into bucking, hard and fast.

By now her tits were jostling to and fro like giant socks full of marbles that swung wildly with every thrust she made atop him. When they got too uncontrollable to deal with, she stopped slapping her ass and scooped them up in her arms and hefted them high enough to lick some of the crusty cum off of them before dropping them back down and cupping them with her hands...mashing and rubbing them almost violently then as she continued to bounce up and down on

Preston's shaft.

By now the bed was beginning to buck and squeak if the noise of it's movements wasn't enough to alert Barbara of what was happening, then her mother's loud and obscene outbursts surely did.

Quietly and with devious intent, the teenage girl crept down the hall to her mother's bedroom door. Carefully she turned the knob and inched the door open just enough to see inside at what was going on atop the bed.

"Aaahhh!" her mother was practically screaming, obviously in the throes of orgasm as she catapulted and flopped atop her own son.

Barbara clenched her teeth together and squinted her eyes...a look of obvious distaste for what she saw before her. Nothing could quite describe the sight...her frumpy mother's ass going up and down, it's fat hunks of flesh quivering and undulating like jello with each and every thrust ...the sound of flesh slapping and squishy suction noises, permeated with the repetitious grunts, groans, and outright shouts from her mother's sweating face and lips. And every so often the older woman would turn just enough that Barb could glimpse her over-sized tits flopping up and down within the grasp or rather clench, of her mother's hands. Periodically she tug outward on her own nipples and stretch the saggy double EE's outward from her body and the jarring and jiggling was almost grotesque to the sixteen year old... but obviously her little brother didn't mind...or did he?

"Momma no...no, please don't make me cum in you...I don't wanna do it...I don't wanna--"

Was he resisting her? What the hell was this? Barbara's repulsion suddenly turned into something else. Was it concern? She wasn't sure.

Connie's cavorting and jiggy antics seemed to increase in speed and intensity as her brother's protests blurted out. It was as if the woman was determined to have her way with him one way or the other.

The bed was literally lifting from the floor and moving, little by little across the floor from all the gyration atop it. Then it began to hit the wall and bang it's metallic headboard

against the paneling.

“Stop whining and cum in me you little bastard!” her mother bellowed at him. “You cum in me right now before I cum again myself...I want it...I need it...and I’m gonna take it if you don’t give it to me, little boy!”

“Ohhhh...oh, Momma!” Preston cried out as he apparently began to erupt inside of her. “Aaahhhh!”

“Yes...yes...oh fuck yes!” Connie shouted as her insane bodily antics began to subside down into a slow pumping motion. “Oh I knew you’d cum in Momma...you can’t help yourself can you...you gotta have the pussy don’t you my bad little boy...bad, bad, bad...you gotta cum in it don’t you?”

With practiced motion, she slid back off of him and back down onto his thighs and Preston’s flaccid and nasty, gooey and bright red cock spurted out of his mother’s stretched and dripping cunt.

The boy rose up on his elbows and looked downward at himself and was shocked to survey the condition of his penis. It was literally swollen...bloated from misuse and abuse by his mother. Though flaccid now, it was fat and slimy looking and must have been even larger now than it was when she originally climbed on top of it.

Connie was looking at it too...and with a glint of animalistic lust in her eye. She leaned over and bent down towards the floor to retrieve the discarded tape measure. Upon raising back up, she reached out and immediately wrapped it around her son’s turgid penis.

“Fuck...” the word was just a whisper...but even Barbara heard it from across the room. “Eight...eight and a half,” she added with gasping lips as she squeezed his bloated dick with one hand. Dropping the tape, she leaned down and immediately began to lick and slobber all over his genitals once more. She had no chance at all of managing to get his full shaft back inside her mouth, but it didn’t deter her from sucking as much of it as she could, or from sucking his entire nuts, one at a time, inside her mouth...anything and everything she could do to try and re-inflate his erection. Finally she resorted to pumping him manually by hand...by

both hands...his cock so fat now, it literally required the use of both.

"One more time, Preston...one more time...give Momma one more round of juicy hot cum, baby...Momma needs it...and Momma's gonna get it...you hear me...Momma's gonna get it...I'll fucking squeeze it out of your nuts if I have to!"

"Momma...Momma, no...it's really raw!"

She tightened her two fisted grip on his dick and began to jerk on it even harder and faster. Scooting forward, she nudged her wet and hot pussy up against his nut sack. She was literally crotch to crotch with him.

"Don't make me put it back in my pussy, boy... 'cause I will and I'll make you cum in me again...and what you gonna do when I get pregnant, huh? How you gonna tell your Dad that you humped Momma till she got pregnant?"

Preston's eyes lit up like flashlights and Connie noticed the sudden gleam. She wasn't even sure why she'd thought about the pregnancy thing. She hadn't even thought about it when she climbed on top of him...but now that her initial orgasm had been fulfilled...she was able to consider the potential repercussions of her unprotected sex.

Oh shit...oh fuck...I DIDN'T have anything...I'm not even taking birth control...and he came all up in me...what the fuck...what the fuck?? I could really get pregnant from this insane romp!

As she continued to jerk him off...she glanced down at her fat and saggy belly...already protruding nearly enough to be mistaken for pregnant. She inhaled and pooked it out even further and it literally extended enough to cover her view of his balls and touched her hands where she was pumping his penis.

"Oohhhh," Preston moaned loudly and it drew his mother's attention. Glancing up at him, she realized his glowing eyes were locked on the view her jacking hands...or were they?

Not my hands...it's my belly...he's looking at my belly, she suddenly realized. *Oh shit...he's just like Doug...he used to love jizzing all over my pregnant belly!*

"Oh baby...you wanna cum on Momma's big belly..."

hmm? You like that?" And with perverse intentions, she released her death grip on his bloated cock and mashed it back against her distended belly, holding it against her with both hands...while simultaneously leaning forward and thrusting slightly. The affect was that she was still jerking him off...but more so with her belly now rather than just with her hands.

"Aahhhh," Preston gasped and she knew instantly he was going to give her one last explosion before it was over with.

She began to bounce up and down, exaggerating the intensity of her belly stroking...and his face began to turn reddish in hue.

"You dirty little fuck...you WANT me to get pregnant don't you...you want Momma to have a big ole'belly don't you?" she asked him with a vicious smile that reminded him of a cat that had just cornered a rat. "Oh Momma likes that... Momma likes having a big pregnant belly...but you gonna have to cover it with cum EVERY night...every fucking night I gotta have it...'cause I'm so horny when I'm pregnant!"

And that was no exaggeration by any means. With both her pregnancies she'd been a total sex maniac. And during the last months when actual penetration became a serious issue for her, she'd nearly lost her mind. To be so horny and unable to find release was almost unbearable at times. And that's when she'd discovered the mental enjoyment of being cum on. She'd actually managed a few times to induce an orgasm just by rubbing her clit while Doug shot off on her.

Almost as if on cue, she felt Preston's cock began to pulse, jerk, and then convulse as it erupted semen all over her stomach.

"Oh fuck, baby...yeah...oh it's been so long since I had cum all over my belly, baby!"

Meanwhile at the door, Barbara was about to vomit... watching her brother ejaculating all over her nasty and saggy mother...THEIR nasty and saggy mother.

Oh that's so gross...is he really getting off on the idea of making her pregnant? Oh, I'm gonna be sick...I'm gonna puke I think! And she braced herself against the door frame to hold herself up. She was fighting a gag reflex...but for

some reason couldn't take her eyes off the scene within the bedroom.

On the bed, Connie had released Preston and had simply flopped backwards onto the bed and begun to rub the warm goo on her belly in...massaging the soft flab of her stomach with it, smearing it everywhere. As she lay there though, she felt the bed shifting...and opening her eyes, spied Preston, up on his knees between her spread legs, looking down at her with a nasty glint in his eyes.

Without hesitation, she let her hands smear his gooeey mess lower on her belly till she was combing it through her pubic hair and then she was pressing into her gaping pussy with both hands, pilfering herself rabidly.

"I need more cum...my pussy's so dry, baby...look how dry it is...can you make it better for Momma?" she cooed like a sex kitten just before inhaling deeply and forcing her stomach to inflate and protrude once more in a twisted imitation of pregnancy. "Momma can't get pregnant 'less she's got lots of cum in her pussy."

At the door, Barbara had to grasp at her mouth to suppress the urge to chuck. *Oh shit...he wasn't fighting her off...that little bastard was just playing with her! He's fixing to fuck her...he's really gonna do it!*

And to the teenager's horror, her little brother moved forward and began to kiss and lick all over their mother's distended stomach...mopping up his own semen as he did so. The thought of that was too much and Barbara urped a bit inside her mouth and had to look away. When she managed to recover her willpower, she forced herself to look in again at the scene, only to glimpse Preston raising back up with a monstrously fat erection. It was hard but somehow fluffy looking...like someone had inflated it. Red and bloated, it looked angry and abused. What the fuck had his mother done to it...to him? Whatever it was, it'd made the boy's dick swell up to a ridiculous size and now that he was hard again, it looked almost inhuman...not even standing upright as it normally did when he was hard. Now it more or less just stood outward and drooped down, but obviously it was erect enough for him to penetrate her...and he did so

without hesitation.

In and out, the boy pumped until his mother was literally screaming...demanding him to cum in her...and then eventually begging him...begging him to erupt inside of her ...which he finally did with a shockingly animalistic outburst of his own.

“Yeah, yeah, you fat whore!” he bellowed as he thrust one last time inside of her and semen exploded from around the base of his shaft where it met with her nasty cunt lips. Holding still and groaning, it was obvious he was continuing to ejaculate inside of her even though his thrusts had stopped. “Gonna make you pregnant...cum all over you!”

His mother was exhausted. She just lay there...panting and sweating, flat on her back...unable to move or say anything. It had been the most sexual activity she'd ever undertaken and had been far, far more nasty than anything she'd ever done with Doug. And to be honest, it's been far, far *better* than anything she'd ever done with Doug. Preston's cock was far superior and it filled her up so much more than Doug's did. Where his was a long pencil, Preston's was a fat salami sausage. She knew now without a doubt who she wanted to spend the rest of her days fucking...and it wasn't her husband.

Preston pulled out of her finally and then moved to the side of her, still walking on his knees, until he reached her head at the foot of the bed. Scooting close, he leaned forward and slapped her face with his flaccid and grossly bloated cock.

“You're not done, Momma,” he whispered to her. “Suck it some more...like you did a while ago.”

“Oh baby...oh you're so bad,” she gasped between pants as she reached up for it and immediately began to mouth all over it. Fat and soft now, she actually managed to suck it inside her mouth and for several minutes she suckled it deep and hard.

The inside of Connie's mouth was tight and hot and it reminded him of how Barb's pussy had felt two nights before. Somehow he found himself imagining both his sister and his mother in the bed with him...taking turns fucking both of

them. And then the fantasy turned somewhat more debauched and violent as he was tied to bed while his hugely pregnant mother whipped his sister with a belt as she forced her to suck his dick.

"Suck him hard, you filthy little bitch...make it hard so you can ride it...I want you pregnant by the end of the night, you dirty little, scrawny whore!"

His mother's sputtering yanked him from his mental fantasy and he looked down to find her gasping for air as she jerked his hardening dick from her mouth.

"Oh shit, Preston...you're get'in hard again, son!"

It was at that moment, he noticed the bedroom door was slightly cracked and he'd remembered his mother shutting it distinctly.

Barbara! He knew she was probably spying on them from out in the hallway. It was dark, but he suspected she was there in the shadows peeping through the door crack at them. *I'll show her something...*

Out in the hall, Barb's eyes bugged out of her head as her little brother looked up and directly at her from the bed.

Oh shit...can he see me?? Surely not...damn...did I make a noise...crap...he knows I'm here!

Purposely, the boy reached down and took his drooping erection in both hands and began to stroke it...slow at first, and then faster and faster until he erupted all over his mother's sweating face. She was too exhausted to care and just continued to lie there as the streams of white liquid splattered against her face.

When his ejaculation subsided, he began to smear the semen around on her face with his limp dick and she eventually ended up licking at it and sucking it back into her mouth.

It was more than Barbara could handle. She lurched from the door and barely made it to the bathroom before she launched the contents of her stomach into the toilet.

Never...never...oh fuck I will never touch him again...that was so gross...so fucking disgusting...how can she do that with him?!

Recalling it forced her down to the edge again and

another volley of vomit erupted into the toilet.

Oh gross...oh fucking gross...she's nasty...and he's just as nasty...I'm dying...I let him fuck me...I let him fuck me too...

And again she let loose with a barrage of stomach contents, this time draining all that she had left...leaving her feeling woozy and weak. Exhausted, she slumped beside the toilet and lay down on the floor till she passed completely out.

Two days later...she came home from school to find a note from her mother explaining that she'd left...with Preston and wouldn't be coming back...for her to call her Grandmother and she'd come get her.

Sitting under the oak tree in the hospital courtyard, the now 50 year old Barbara felt old and beat down. So many memories were starting to fade these days, but not the ones about her mother and Preston.

She wondered, off-handedly, if her mother ever got pregnant by him...and for that matter where they'd gone off to and what happened to them. She'd simply never heard from then again after they left. When her father returned from Germany, he'd had to file for divorce in absentia because he wife couldn't be found.

For years he'd begged her to tell him what happened...convinced there'd been another man, but Barbara was far too ashamed to ever tell him what really went on while he was away. It had been a dark secret she'd buried and kept locked away for decades until Tonya had come to her for advice on the boys. And like all horrible secrets, it had come out of her all at once in a desperate, explosive wave of carnal shame.

She was relieved though...because after so many years, she'd finally had another woman she could tell about it...one who wouldn't look down her nose at her...one that could certainly understand her issues.

But now, as she sat here thinking about it...she wondered if her story hadn't been what led Tonya down the road she'd taken to start with. Her daughter-in-law had essentially become exactly what her own mother had been...a cock obsessed whore...so desperate and demanding that she'd ended up fucking her own sons...and now the question was whether Tonya would end up continuing on with it... abandoning her husband and her newborn daughters?

"No, dammit," the old woman muttered through clenched teeth. "I'm not letting that happen again, dammit."

TO BE CONTINUED

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