

AN INDECENT AGREEMENT 2

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY
THE MARQUIS FAÇADE

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CHAPTER TWO

Anita stared across the table at her naked daughter as she slurped on her goat milk and chocolate ice cream shake. Both of them had been guzzling goat milk now for over a week and the only way she'd found to knock the blinky taste of it down enough to stand it was to mix it with either way too much chocolate milk syrup or to physically blend it into ice cream with her mixer. Of course her ten year old daughter preferred the ice cream shake version and so every time they'd drank together, the blender had become involved.

As she sat naked in her own chair, she was uncomfortably aware of the fact that she could feel the edges of her seat on both sides...her growing ass cheeks easily spreading completely across the chair now, its sharp edges detectable. She'd never in her life been able to feel both sides of her chair at the same time.

Thirty nine inches. Her hips had measured thirty nine inches around. More than three feet. Her ass wasn't all that big. She knew that...at least not in comparison to other women's butts...and yet it still disturbed her that the circumference of her hips had grown seven inches in seven days. It seemed all the weight she was gaining, and so far it had been about sixteen pounds, had all gone straight to her ass cheeks. From the front, she didn't look all that much bigger, but when she turned sideways, her butt stuck out like she'd inflated her cheeks with helium. And when she had done her silly booty popping jig in the

bathroom earlier, she'd actually felt her heavier rump flopping up and down with each thrust of her hips. It had aroused her more than anything she'd ever experienced save perhaps riding Sammy's cock in the backyard. Had she not been acting stupid and had she not done her little dance bit, she'd probably still be petrified in horror at the increased size of her rear end. But that dance...the sensation it had given her...it had somehow changed her entire view of having a big ass.

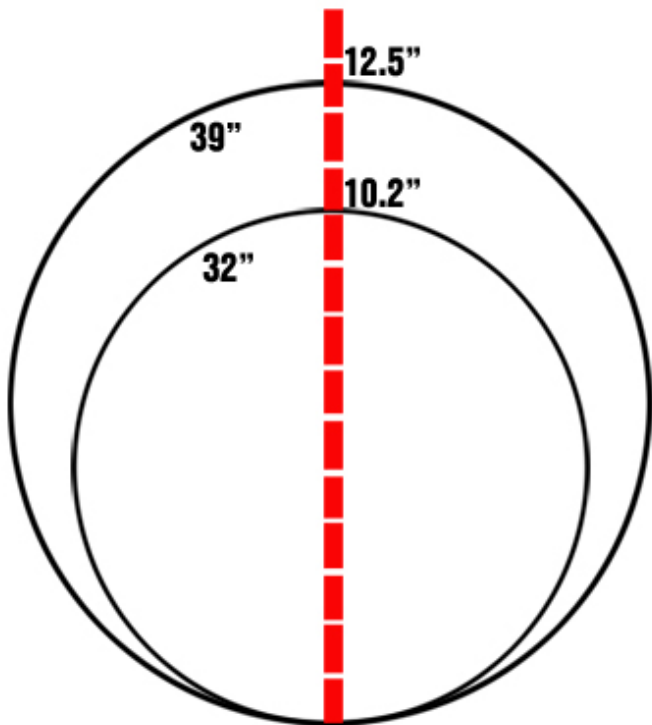
At this point, she wasn't even sure it was a bad thing at all that so much of her weight was migrating and settling in her hips. She wondered if it would continue to do so. Would she just turn into a gigantic fat ass with legs and a head? She'd seen women like that...skinny all over except for these gigantic, behemoth sized asses and upper thighs. She didn't want that, but having a big, bouncing ass suddenly wasn't such a negative thing for her to imagine herself with.

Her notepad...the one she kept her size and measurements in, sat next to her right hand on the table as did her tiny, solar powered calculator.

She picked up her pen and drew a circle on the pad and then began punching buttons on the adding device.

"What'choo doing, Mom?" Kerry asked from the opposing side of the table as she finished slurping down the last of her milkshake.

"Ah, just trying to see how much further my ass sticks out," she muttered as she ran the numbers and drew out the physical dimensions on the pad.

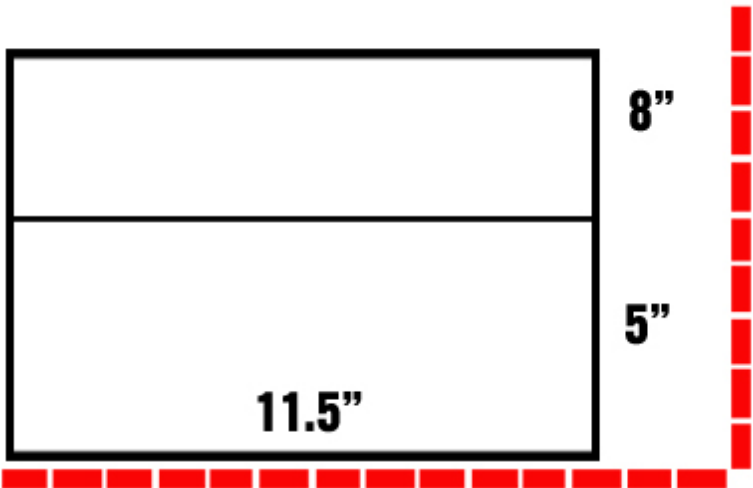


Unlike her diagram she'd doodled earlier based on her daughter's larger belly, the drawing this time didn't seem right. Her butt definitely stuck out further than what the drawing and math depicted. As she stared at the doodle, she realized what she'd done wrong. Recalling that she didn't look that different facing the mirror and that her ass only stuck out when she turned sideways, it occurred to her that rather than using circles, she needed to use squares to accurately diagram her body change.

She looked down at herself and then looked up at her daughter.

“Hand me that tape measure,” she said, pointing across the table to their flexible ruler. It and the notepad had somehow become all-important tools for the two of them in the last week or so. She handled the paper and pen and Kerry kept track of the tape.

Kerry complied and Anita strung it across the front of her lap and determined that her body was about eleven and a half inches across. So she drew a rectangle of sorts and began to doodle out a new diagram of her body.



Since her body width had remained neutral during the last week, all of her size increase, of which was about 25% or seven inches in diameter...had obviously been

compressed into an outward expansion. Basically, her size change had all been in depth rather than a uniform all-over expansion. So a rectangle rather than a circle better exemplified the change. Crunching the numbers, and then drawing out the results, she determined that her ass cheeks stuck out at least three inches further than they had seven days earlier. It didn't sound like much till she surveyed the doodle she'd made and realized that the three inches meant her profile or side was protruding 60% deeper than previously. To simply it...her ass was now sticking out a helluva lot further than it had been.

It still didn't seem right. Was she truly only 5" thick on the sides? She ran the tape measure along the side of her abdomen. Her thin frame was certainly smaller than she ever really noticed. Her twenty eight inch waist was only about four and three quarters in depth. She scooted her chair back and stood up and lowered the tape to her hips and then held the tip back to the approximate edge of her ass cheek.

Almost nine inches. Her math hadn't been off by much. So her ass and hips were truthfully much larger than her abdomen...and that was after she'd added two inches to her waist during the last week.

Two inches to my waist and seven to my ass. That's an odd ratio is it not?? She thought about it for a moment or so and figured out that if the ratio held, by the time her belly hit 40 inches, her ass would be over eighty inches... a literal doubling in size compared to her waist.

Her heart skipped a beat as she unfurled the tape measure all the way and realized that its last number was sixty. If she gained just enough to add twelve inches to her belly...she wouldn't be able to even wrap the tape measure around her ass at all. If the gain ratio remained steady...which she hoped it would not.

"You're doing math in your head again, aren't you?" Kerry commented as she stood up and walked to the sink with her empty glass. As the girl stood up, she noticed her belly stuck out considerably more than it had. Obviously her daughter had stuffed herself with the shake. Up until now, she'd been making her drink half of what she drank, but this time the girl had insisted on a full size shake and had drained the glass completely.

"Yeah, I am," she admitted.

Kerry rinsed her glass and left it in the sink before turning around to face her again. "So what did you figure out that's making you pull that face?"

"I'm gaining in my ass about three and half times more than I'm gaining in my belly."

"Okay...so?" Kerry looked unimpressed.

"By the time my waist is 40 inches...my ass will be over eighty!"

The girl's eyes bugged somewhat and both eyebrows arched.

"Say whut?" she blurted, dragging the final word out excessively.

"Yeah, well you hit it on the head when you said I was an ass gainer," Anita confirmed as she tossed the tape

measure to the table top without bothering to roll it back up. "That's not the real half of it. To get this big, I've added only about sixteen pounds in the last two weeks. So if you figure in that sixteen pounds equals two inches on my waist...then hypothetically I would have to gain about 96 pounds to get that 40" gut, right? So I would only be about 222 with an eighty inch ass. Still short by almost thirty pounds of reaching the 250 I shooting for."

"So with an ass that size...you wouldn't even be fat enough to get Sammy?" Her daughter looked shocked.

"Let's just hope my weight gain ratio of belly versus ass doesn't hold out...or I'm gonna look extremely odd by the time I hit 250."

"How do you think Dad's gonna react to this," Kerry asked, her expression one of actual concern.

"I don't know," Anita replied. "I'm hoping he doesn't nut up over it, but if he does...then whatever." She knew it probably wasn't what her daughter wanted to hear, but she didn't know what else to say.

"Are ya'll gonna get divorced?" she asked, prodding her for more information on the matter.

"I don't want to get divorced from your father," she said truthfully, "I love him, but I also have got to have a sexual outlet, you know? I need it or I'm gonna start to resent him. I don't want to talk bad about your father, Kerry. He's a damn good man and has always treated me like a queen."

“So why are you cheating on him?” The question wasn’t posed with any accusatory tone to it...but was more or less just asked with an innocent air to it.

“Do you want the truth, Kerry?”

“Yes,” she replied, leaning back against the sink counter. Her belly protruded even further as she arched her back over the edge of the counter’s edge.

Anita dropped her gaze to her daughter’s midsection and then she blinked before responding.

“Your father isn’t all that well endowed, if you know what I’m saying. I married him for reasons other than his sexual prowess.”

“So Dad’s no sex machine,” the girl blurted with a hint of a grin.

“Not even on a good day,” she answered. “I love him, but he has never gotten me off in all the years I’ve been married to him. That’s why...that’s why I want to get pregnant.”

“What?”

She’d told her daughter most of her plans with Sondra and Sammy, but she hadn’t really given her the whole nine yards on it. Maybe it was time she explained herself fully. After all, the girl was intelligent enough to figure it out on her own. Better to know her reaction now...*before* she did the deed.

“You know how I told you all about the FEM-32 drug and how it caused women to have super-hung sons? That’s what happened to Sondra and Maureen. They took that drug while they were pregnant and that’s how Sammy

and Eddie came out like that.” Her daughter nodded. “Well rather than continuing to carry on with Sammy...I sort of had a twisted idea that I might just get pregnant by him...and take the drug myself.”

Kerry’s eyes nearly bulged out of her skull and her mouth fell open in disbelief.

Anita didn’t know what else to say...or if she could say anything that would legitimize what she’d just insinuated. Either Kerry would freak out or she wouldn’t. From the looks of her expression, she feared she was going to nut up on her...but as she watched, the girl slowly closed her mouth and her look of shock, little by little, faded into a wide-eyed look of amazement.

“Are you telling me that...that you want to get pregnant on that drug...so...so **YOU** can have a son with a big dick?”

Anita tried her best to tell whether Kerry was intrigued or horrified by the prospect that her mother wanted to be an incestuous cow. From her tone and body language, she was leaning toward the first, but she wasn’t certain just yet...at least not enough to go crazy with it.

“He’d be here...your father wouldn’t be suspicious...and I wouldn’t have to share him with anyone,” she explained the best she could without making herself sound like the total sick whore that she knew she was.

Kerry stared back at her...her eyes still wide and glossy as if she were in awe at what her mother was telling her.

“Not even me?”

Anita wasn't sure for a moment whether her daughter had really said anything or not. Had she really asked that?

"What?"

"Not even me?" Kerry repeated, her mouth drawing into a deviant smirk.

Anita didn't know how to respond.

"Wait...I'm standing here worried you're gonna think I'm a demented sick fucking bitch...and...and you're over there...what...jealous?"

Kerry grinned fully now and Anita noticed her pointy nipples were billowing and becoming firm.

"Are you serious? So what? You'd want to have sex with him too?"

"Well you're planning on it," Kerry countered.

"Consider it payment for me not ratting you out to Dad over it, huh?"

"Oh blackmail huh? That's the whole reason I don't like messing with Eddie and Sammy. I don't want somebody holding it over my head!"

"Well I want some too!" Kerry chirped, her grin depicting humor, but Anita knew she was resolutely serious over the matter.

"Well get your own then," she declared, not realizing what she'd said till the words were already out of her mouth.

Kerry looked aghast but her grin resumed after a few moments of careful thought.

"Are you se--"

“NO!” Anita cut her off with a loud disclaimer. “I was just talking trash. I did not mean that literally.”

Several tense seconds ticked by as they glared at one another across the kitchen...each trying to gauge the mind of the other before speaking again.

Anita imagined her daughter nine months pregnant with huge breasts draped atop her massive and round belly. The image heated her face and then she distinctly felt moisture forming in her crotch...a sure sign that her vagina was engorging. There was no doubt that she was turned on by the idea, but was it a real scenario? How could she explain it to Bruce? He'd be furious and quite likely questions would be asked about how a ten year old girl got pregnant. Hell her daughter had only been menstruating for less than a year. She was almost eleven now. By the time she had a baby, she'd be nearly twelve most likely, but still...questions would get asked and things might unravel quickly.

“Would you?” she asked.

“What? Get pregnant to have my own stud-muffin?”

“Yeah?”

“I don't know,” the girl replied as she leaned forward and stood up straight. Her hands rose and rubbed across her protruding belly before she looked back at her mother. “I'm not sure I'd do that. It would be weird and a lot of people would probably ask questions.”

Kerry was far smarter than she gave her credit for.

“Good answer,” Anita stated nonchalantly as she moved to cross the space between them. Slapping her on

the arm, she added, "C'mon...I want to see this stair run you went on about."

She turned and walked toward the back of the kitchen where the basement door was located. Opening it, she flicked on the light and quickly disappeared down the long stairway.

Kerry remained standing by the sink...her mind running over what they'd just discussed. Why did her mother ask that? Was she really considering the idea of her getting pregnant too? No, not likely...not from the way her mother talked before disappearing down to the basement. No, her mother wouldn't go for that, but something was still there...something that made her wonder. Was her mother turned on by the idea of her getting pregnant? That was certainly a possibility. After all, the woman was already down in the basement waiting to watch her run naked up and down the stairs. And she wanted to get pregnant herself so she could fuck her own son. That was about as incestuous as it could get. So why would her mother being attracted to her be any different...any more out of the realm of believability? It wasn't. Her mother was a total sexual deviant of the highest order. She now knew that beyond a shadow of a doubt. Apparently she was no worse than the two women across the street, but then again those two hadn't gotten pregnant for the sole purpose of incestuous sex and her mother was planning it specifically for that purpose...and even apparently

fantasizing about her getting pregnant as well. Was it because she wanted her to be pregnant...or did she want them to be pregnant together...like a lesbian thing? Or was she imagining her fucking her own son while she watched?

From what she'd ascertained, her mother liked to watch. So could that be it? Her mother seemed enthralled with her growing little body as well. As much as she'd watched her mother's jiggling ass this morning...so too had her mother watched her nude frolicking.

Yeah, it was pretty certain that her mother had both lesbian and incestuous tendencies and that she was a bit of a voyeur as well. So in conclusion, Anita probably did have some sort of twisted desire to make it with her, pregnant or otherwise.

I wonder if she'd get off watching me fuck a guy? The idea had never crossed her mind before now, but suddenly she realized that she was a bit of an exhibitionist and that being watched having sex would probably thrill her to some degree. But would her mother go for that? What if she fucked Eddie again? Would her mother want to watch? Would she get off on it?

Her thoughts turned momentarily to Eddie. She hadn't seen him in weeks. School was out and she'd been staying in the house with her mother mostly. So what would the boy think of her when he saw her again? If he was fucking his own fat mother, who knew. Anita had told her that both the boys were screwing around with their mommies and that both had things for fat women. So since she was

getting fat herself, would Eddie be all up into it? Would he be all over her when he spied her chub? She hoped so. Hell, she *yearned* for it...for the feel of his fat cock pushing in and out of her, faster and faster till she screamed.

She wanted to have sex again badly! Once was not enough when it came to a big dick. She was ruined for any other man now unless he had an even bigger appendage.

At that moment her mind shifted to Sammy Hogan. He was certainly bigger than Eddie. She'd seen his limp cock dump out of his shorts at school earlier in the previous year. The sight had seemed humorous at the time. He'd represented nothing but a freak of nature to her... something to be laughed at and pointed at...a person to be made fun of. But now...now having ridden on a fat cock, she knew the boy was nothing to be ridiculed. The thing in his pants was something to be envied...to be lusted after. Perhaps she might set her sights higher than stupid Eddie. Maybe, like her mother, she should aim for Sammy. After all, he was sort of cute in a shy, awkward sort of way. But she suspected he hated her for fucking with him as school so many times. How stupid had she been? Poking fun at the very boy she should have been climbing on top of!

I wonder how Mom would react to me banging Sammy too? Would she watch that? I bet she'd watch me do Eddie, dammit!

She glanced down at her protruding belly. She'd forced herself to guzzle down the entire chocolate shake and now her stomach was bloated. She couldn't even suck it in if she wanted to. Rather than try, she instead

tightened her abdominal muscles and pressed her tummy out even further...and it relieved some of the strain on her innards. She strained harder and expelled her stomach as much as she could, holding it for several moments before relaxing her muscles again. She felt better, less bloated, but it seemed like her stomach stuck out even further now. Maybe it did.

“You coming?” her mother called from down in the basement.

“Not yet...I have to get warmed up for that,” she shouted back at her, knowing full well how it sounded.

“Pervert!” her mother chimed back.

As she walked toward the open basement door, she pawed at her stomach and realized that she looked a bit pregnant...maybe a few months along in fact.

I guess I could play around with that a little to see if Mom gets riled up over it.

But what if she did? What if her mother **did** make a move on her at some point? How would she respond to that? A week ago, she'd have puked probably. But after watching her mother's ass popping in the bathroom, she was dying to play with it. And the idea of it getting even bigger was more than just exciting. Hell, she got off on her own body getting bigger and jiggling...so obviously she got off on other women's bodies doing the same. So yes, if her mother made a move, she might very well go with it, if for no other reason than to get to play with her growing ass.

Downstairs in the basement, Anita sat atop a stool near the washing machine, staring upwards toward the entrance to the under-house room, waiting impatiently for her daughter to appear and descend the steps.

When the girl finally showed up, she went down the steps slowly, holding her belly and rubbing it.

“Man, I ate too much,” Kerry commented about half way down. Before reaching the bottom, she slid her hands around to her hips and arched her lower back, essentially thrusting her lower torso even more forward than it was already. “I look freaking pregnant, huh?”

Anita looked at her with one eyebrow arched as she stepped off onto the floor from the steps.

“Why don’t you be more blatant?” she asserted, more of a statement than a real question.

“What?” Kerry chirped, trying her best to look innocent.

“Pregnant, huh? I’m not stupid,” Anita remarked as she cracked a hint of a smirk.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Kerry insisted as she stepped closer to her mother.

“Don’t play games,” she told her with a bit more smile to her expression. “What we were talking about upstairs.”

“Huh? Oh,” Kerry diverted her eyes to avoid her mother’s gaze. “That,” she added, rubbing absently at her belly.

“I know you’re smart enough to catch it. So if you’re really wondering, then yes...yes I have imagined you

pregnant and yes, I will admit it turns me on. I will also admit to the fact that you getting fat is turning me on too.”

Kerry returned her eyes to Anita’s face and smiled, a red blush burning hotly on her face.

“What about me having sex with Eddie? Does that turn you on too?”

Now it was Anita who blushed.

“Hah!” the girl blurted before Anita could even answer. “I figured as much!”

“Well since we’re all being up front here,” Anita declared, “how about you tell me what turns you on about me?”

Her daughter’s face turned beet red.

“Oh c’mon...I saw you staring at my ass upstairs. We already been through this...and I know you get off on it and I know you get off on me seeing you naked too, don’t you?”

Kerry smiled but said nothing in response.

“I guess the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree, huh?” Anita inferred as she eyed her daughter for a response.

Kerry just laughed.

“I’m serious. I fully admit that I’m getting off on you and everything you’re doing. I’ve even rubbed one out thinking about you doing Eddie...Eddie and Sammy both at the same damn time, to be precise. And even though I know it’s not a smart idea by any means, I still can’t help but get hot thinking about you being pregnant with this huge belly and tits. I can hardly wait for the FEM-32 I

ordered to get here so you can start taking it. The idea of you having huge knockers is just crazy hot.”

Kerry looked at her mother with shiny eyes that almost glinted with innocent amazement before responding.

“I just get off on things that jiggle...mostly on me,” the girl admitted. “I never had anything that jiggled until recently and when I was running up and down the stairs the other day it just suddenly hit me that I liked it. I want big boobs...I want a big belly...and maybe even a big ass too!”

“So you’re just envious of my ass, then, huh?”

Kerry nodded.

“But...when I got caught the other day with Eddie, I mean even though it was scary as shit, ya’know...after I thought about it for a while and I realized she had stood out in that hall watching us till we were done. Well I sort of got off on that too. I liked knowing she was jealous of me...that she’d had to watch me doing him.”

“I like to watch,” Anita confessed. “And you like to be watched. Aren’t we a fine pair?”

“Do you want to have sex with me?” Kerry suddenly inquired with a meek expression that didn’t give Anita any idea of what kind of answer her daughter wanted.

“Damn, that’s a little bold,” she replied.

“I wasn’t exactly asking you to,” the girl reprimed her question. “I was more just kind of asking you if you wanted to. Dang...that still doesn’t make sense!”

“I know what you mean,” Anita assured her. “And no, I don’t think I’d be real comfortable doing that. But now if

you wanted to climb on Eddie again...well...I wouldn't rule out wanting to watch it."

"Oh," Kerry replied with a less than excited tone.

"What's wrong? Did you want me to have sex with you? Is that it? Tell me what you're thinking here," she insisted.

"No...I don't know. It's weird to think about doing it, but when I just think about it...maybe," she tried to explain. "Dang...that doesn't make sense either!"

Anita twisted on her stool and leaned back to the shelf above the washer. A small portable radio was there and she snatched it. Turning back around, she flicked it on and began to fiddle with the tuning knob until she finally found a rap station that was more than half static. She sat the radio on top of the washer and climbed off her stool.

"Oh no you're not," Kerry blurted, grinning as Anita stepped past her to the bottom of the stairs where she grabbed a hold onto one of the 4x4" support beams that ran from the ceiling to the concrete floor beneath them.

Anita lowered her body, squatting and then began to pop her booty in time to the thumping beat of the rap song that was playing.

Kerry watched in awe as her mother's ass cheeks gyrated in time to the musical rhythm that grated from the radio's tiny speaker.

Why was she doing this? She already knew it turned her on...so what was she doing? The answer was obvious

and not at the same time. Was she teasing her or was she trying to go somewhere with it? She just told her she didn't want to have sex with her, and yet here she was teasing her. Or had she just told her what she thought she wanted to hear? After she'd "Oh'd" her response, perhaps she'd assumed that she **did** want to have sex with her.

Her head was starting to hurt. Sexual business was way too damn complicated. Who wants what and how was just more than it needed to be. Thinking about sex was too much trouble. She just wanted to be able to be crazy like she'd been with Eddie...to let herself go and not worry about the consequences of her actions or what she said.

She looked down and her mother was still bouncing her ass. She knew her mother's ass really wasn't all that big, but on her tiny, petite frame, the excess fat made it look massive...and it was all jelly! Two big, fat fucking hunks of flesh jelly slapping up and down in time to the ridiculous beat of whatever rap song was pulsing from the radio behind her.

"Dammit," she cursed under her breath and she stepped forward and cupped Anita's butt cheeks with both her hands. And then she was closer, her mother's ass bouncing against her own pelvis...then she was dropping to her knees, her face hugging her mother's left cheek and still the woman continued to pop her booty.

She could smell Anita's pussy and she knew it was wet and all at once, she had the urge to reach for it and her right hand slithered down the older woman's flopping ass

and snaked its way to her mother's cunt. It was flared and open and her fingers pressed in without resistance.

Anita moaned, but continued to bounce her torso and somehow Kerry realized she wanted her to fuck her with her hand and so she stiffened her arm and held it tightly in an upward pointing direction and within seconds, her mother was pumping her hand like a cock...her whole hand. She drew her fingers into a fist and felt her mother's pussy grow tight around it.

Up and down, up and down, her mother bounced in time to the music until she began to hear Anita's voice cursing and panting over the sound of the rap song.

The girl ran her left hand up and around her mother's fat ass and squeezed and groped at it all the while as her mother began to rise toward climax.

"Lick my fucking asshole!" Anita blurted suddenly. "Or at least finger it!"

Kerry stared directly into her mother's orifice and cringed at the idea of licking it, but she let go of her ass cheek and slithered her free hand toward the woman's opening and then shoved her index finger into it. Almost immediately her mother climaxed, a blast of hot, clear fluid erupting from her vagina and pouring down her right arm all the way to the elbow.

The song ended almost at the perfect moment, and her mother stood up and pulled herself away from Kerry's hands.

Anita had a strange look on her face. It was an expression of dire lust...the kind that demanded service

and would force itself if it wasn't permitted. For a moment, it almost scared the girl, but she was determined to hold her ground in this tryst.

Her mother stepped forward and Kerry flopped backwards reflexively, landing on the bottom steps of the stairs in a sitting position.

"Get up and run those stairs!" her mother demanded as she extended a hand to pull her to her feet. "Go! Run, fat girl!"

She twisted and bolted up the stairs to the top and then turned and ran back down them.

"Again!" Anita barked at her.

The girl was sweating by the time she reached the top and turned around again. Her pace slowed as she descended once more and with each heavy step, she felt her tiny titties and belly jiggling. Her mother's eyes were locked on her torso and she knew she was watching her quivering body.

"You run too fast for a fat girl," Anita goaded her as she reached the bottom. "You don't jiggle enough for a fat girl," she added, reaching out to put her hand on her daughter's protruding belly. "That's just bloat...that ain't fat."

Anita's hand slid around on her sweaty stomach for a few moments and then made its way higher where her fingers snagged a tight grip on her right nipple. Then her other hand latched onto the left. Her mother pulled almost painfully on her tits.

“Fat girls have big tits and these are too tiny,” Anita asserted as she continued to tug back and forth on her daughter’s taught nipples.

“Momma,” she gasped and her own hands rose up and grabbed at Anita’s elbows. Part of her wanted her to stop and part of her didn’t.

“You’re so sweaty,” she cooed as her hands finally released the girl’s nipples and began to caress all around her torso...drawing eventually back down to her stomach.

Kerry thought she was going to play with her belly again, but her mother’s hands went lower and then she suddenly felt a finger prodding at her pussy.

“Momma—ohhhh!” she blurted, too late to prohibit her mother from fingering her. “Ahhh!”

The girl’s legs went limp and she almost fell back down onto the stairs. Grabbing at the stair railing, she fought to lower herself down. By the time she felt her ass settle onto a step, her mother was between her legs and pressing two...then three fingers into her tight pussy.

“Oh Momma...oh fuck...oh fuck!”

“You’re not fat...but I bet I can make you fat,” Anita whispered to her over the sound of a new rap song banging away behind them. “You like jiggling...well I bet I can make you jiggle,” she added. “I bet I can make you cum too!”

Anita’s hand began making sharp and quick movements, in and out...in and out until Kerry was panting and thrusting her hips to meet the penetrating ram of her fingers.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck yes...yes!”

“You wanna get fat with me?” Anita asked.

“Fuck yes...yes!”

“You wanna get fat and fuck that little bastard across the street some more? You want him to pump you full of cum and make you pregnant, don’t you? I bet you’d get pregnant just so you could tease me, wouldn’t you? I saw how you came down those stairs...belly all sticking out and talking smack.”

“Momma! Momma! Oh fuck...shit, Momma!” the girl blurted between gasps.

“I’m gonna make you so fat, both of those long dicked bastards are gonna want to cum in you...and then I’m gonna get both of them to fuck you at the same time. You’re gonna suck Eddie off while Sammy fucks you. I’m gonna make’em cum all over your fat ass body too...just smear their big, fat fucking cocks all over you. And if you get pregnant, that’s just too bad. And when I have my little bastard...I’m gonna make you suck him off too...and fuck him and maybe I’ll make you watch me fucking all three of them!”

Kerry’s pussy was wide now and sopping with vaginal juices and cum and Anita’s hand was working toward a fourth finger insertion. She’d never wanted a dildo worse in her life. She needed one...she wanted a big one...maybe even a strap-on! Oh fuck, that would be hot!

“Momma! Momma! Momma! Momma!” Kerry started shouting and squirming and then without much more warning, her pussy erupted with hot liquid spew that

splattered the stairs beneath her and ran down Anita's worn out arm.

Anita flicked the radio off and then turned and staggered back toward her stool...but at the last minute decided to pass it and drop onto the stairs beside her daughter.

Kerry was sitting there, legs now closed, looking shell-shocked for lack of a better term.

"You okay?" Anita asked her, nudging her with her elbow a little. "Talk to me."

"Was that wrong?"

"Probably...yeah...definitely," Anita replied, nodding her head as if in agreement with her own statement.

"Are we ever going to do it again?"

"I don't know," Anita answered. "I liked it."

"I did too," Kerry asserted and Anita breathed a quiet sigh of relief. "But people would think we're sick, huh?"

"We are fucking sick," Anita declared. "But I guess we're not alone. Look across the street. I mean...do you really know what goes on behind closed doors? I think most people got sick and twisted shit going on...you just never really know about it till it makes the evening news."

"So we're mental whack-jobs?"

"No, not like that," Anita disagreed. "The people you gotta watch out for are the weirdos that drive rape vans and serve popsicles and backrubs in their basements. In

comparison, I don't think you and me are really that bad just yet. I mean we both wanted to do that, right?"

Kerry nodded her head slowly but said nothing in response to her mother's comments for a time.

"But what if you have a baby and he grows up and doesn't want to mess with you?" Kerry finally asked, breaking the long silence.

"Then I won't mess with him," she answered quickly and matter-of-factly. "I'm twisted, but I'm not into that shit. When he was old enough, I'd shake it and see if he bit and if he did, then good and if don't then I'm screwed I guess. But judging from Sammy and Eddie, I doubt that's going to be an issue."

"How do you know how it happened for sure with them?" Kerry inquired, turning to look her dead in the eye.

"I guess I don't. Maybe those bitches did instigate it, but they aren't forcing them now, so I have to give them the benefit of a doubt I guess. I mean as young as Eddie is, even...you said he was giving it as well as he was getting it that night with you in the tub."

"Were you talking shit with me a minute ago?"

"What part?"

"All of it...any of it?"

"I was just saying shit that turned me on. It doesn't mean I'd do it or have you do it." Anita sighed. "Why, was it scaring you?"

Kerry shook her head. "No, Momma...it was turning me on bad like."

"Exactly what part?"

“All of it...the making me fat...the making me fuck both boys...all of it.”

“I was just harassing you about the fat stuff. I was teasing you because you act like you’re all fluffed up already and you’re barely even pudgy. It seemed hot. I don’t know. I was probably just talking smack there for your benefit.”

“I used to make fun of fat girls at school. They would cry and stuff. I’ve been a mean ass bitch.”

“Well then you need to apologize to them and try to make it right when you have the chance. Walking in somebody else’s shoes can change your view on things, huh?”

Kerry shrugged.

“That’s just the thing, Momma...!...I was thinking about it and...and, oh I know this sounds weird, but I swear I think I might get off on being taunted about getting fat!”

Anita blinked blankly at her.

“Is that weird?”

“I don’t know, really,” she answered with a dumbfounded expression. “I know there’s such thing as a submissive...that’s the type person a dominatrix controls. Do you know anything about that sort of stuff?”

“Is that like the whips and chains crap?”

Anita nodded. “When I first started reading online about gaining weight, I ran across several forums where there were people called feedees and feeders. Some people like to be forced to get fat...they get off on it. They apparently like to be teased about it. And from some of

the stuff I read...a lot of the feedees were thin in the beginning. So...so maybe that's what you are."

"So there's other people that think like me?" the girl asked, her eyebrows raised.

"So you think you'd really like that? I mean me like making you get fat and then teasing you about it?"

"I also liked when you made me run up and down the stairs and then pulled on my nipples...and...and when you pushed me down on the stairs and did that to me. It...it was almost as awesome as doing it with Eddie was."

Somewhere inside her mind, Anita felt her own mean ass self rising to meet this new and unforeseen challenge. She'd always been the prissy bitch back in school herself...the one who dogged out the other girls...the one who was the cheerleader and prom queen...the one who the other girls hated and despised. She was a full fledged cunt and she knew it. As an adult, she'd toned it down, kicked her mean streak back down into the darkness where she'd harnessed it for over a decade. But now...now here was the opportunity to unleash it once again and on someone who would enjoy it for whatever weird reason.

"I thought you didn't want to gain that much before going back to school," Anita asserted.

"I don't...I do...I don't know," she rambled. "I can't help myself. I've been having dreams where I'm fat and having sex with every man I come into contact with...even...even Dad! And yeah I know how sick that is, but I have these dreams like every single night. I cum in my sleep, Momma!"

“What happens in your dreams, exactly?”

“I don’t know...it’s stupid. Most times I’m just super fat and everyone is making fun of me and then the men are all jerking off to me and then fucking me and I wake up to a wet sheet!” The girl sounded verbally fatigued by the time she got the last few words out...as if she’d been straining to recite the imagined events.

“And...and you want to do this for real?”

“I want to get fatter...I want to get teased...but...but I want to know it’s not real...I want to know you’re really getting off on it too,” she explained.

“I...I’ll do it if you want me to,” Anita agreed. “But you realize you’re probably gonna gain more than you would have on your own, right?”

“Two months till school starts,” she stated. “Do whatever to me till then.”

Anita leaned over and caressed her poochy little belly and said, “You look hungry.”

“What?”

“Get back up in that kitchen, Tubby...I’m fixing to feed your pudgy little ass and I’m gonna keep slopping you till you look like a jiggly little piggy that quivers when she walks!”

The girl’s eyes practically began to glow with enthusiasm as her mother’s hand dipped lower and encircled her engorged clitoris.

“I’m gonna buy a strap-on dildo,” Anita declared as she began to press on her daughter’s love button. “And we’re gonna fuck each other with it.”

“Ungh! Momma!” Kerry blurted as she spread her legs wide. “Oh fuck, do it again!”

“No!” Anita spouted and jerked her hand back. “Only fat little piggies get fucked. And you ain’t even just about plump enough.”

“I’m fat...look how fat I am,” Kerry purred, leaning back on the stairs and shaking her pudgy little belly.

“That’s not fat,” Anita quipped. “This is fat,” she added as she stood up and directed her big ass over the top of Kerry.

The girl lay back on the stairs and just gazed up at her mother’s ass as it towered over her. Her hand rose up and tapped the edges of Anita’s pussy and then pried forward into it.

“No food for you till you make me cum again, Pudgy!”

“I don’t hear any music this time!”

Anita quickly stepped over to the radio and flicked it back on and returned to the stairs.

It would be another thirty minutes before the two finally emerged from the basement on wobbly legs and sought out their refrigerator and pantry.

TWO WEEKS LATER...

Maureen and Sondra both sauntered along in the supermarket, talking and occasionally stopping to fill their separate carts with odds and ends.

“So she wants to get pregnant by Sammy...for what reason?”

Sondra smirked.

“Why do you think? She wants to join the FEM-32 Mom’s Club I guess.”

“Twisted bitch,” Maureen hissed as she reached for a box of cereal. “No worse than us I guess.”

“Yeah, except that you and me didn’t...well we didn’t ask for them,” Sondra countered, inferring their sons.

“Well that’s true...but looking back. If you knew, wouldn’t you have jumped all over it?”

Sondra sighed. “Dammit, I was trying to make myself look better than that slut...and there you go just rubbing my face all up in it.”

Maureen giggled. “Sorry...but it’s the truth.”

“Yeah I know...it just galls me to think she’s one of us. Part of me wants to just hate the fuck out of her...and yet since all of this crap started...I’m really beginning to think of her differently.”

“Speaking of her being different, have you seen her lately?”

Sondra looked odd for a moment as if she were in deep thought, then answered, “No.”

“I saw her yesterday out in her yard checking her mail and I’m telling you her ass looked as wide as this cart I’m pushing.”

“WHUT?!?”

“I’m not kidding. I’m like right across the street from her, ya’know! I’m looking straight out my front window in

the living room and boom-shaka-laka...here she comes across her lawn towards me and I'm thinking she looks a little odd in her jogging pants...and then she turns at the mailbox and I get this side view of her and I'm telling you her fucking ass was sticking out like I don't know what!"

"Was she fat all over or just her ass?"

"Well I wasn't that close to her...so it just looked like her ass was bigger. I mean it was sticking out so much it looked fucking fake!"

Sondra looked perplexed for a moment and then she burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?"

"Holee shit...she wanted to get fat like us...and it's all going to her fucking ass!"

"Oh man...that's kinda wrong, huh?"

"Wrong maybe...but it's still fucking hilarious!"

"Oh, you're still just pissed 'cause she climbed on Sammy without your permission!" Maureen asserted.

"Well it's probably still well deserved. And you know Sammy and Eddie are all into bellies and tits...so I'm not so certain she's gonna get anywhere even if she does make it to two fifty."

Maureen shook her head. "Are you really gonna make her do two fifty? That's messed up!"

"How much do you weigh now?"

Maureen looked taken aback by the question.

"Oh c'mon...I know you been at it. I can tell. The baggy blouse and jogging pants aren't doing all that much to hide it," Sondra insisted.

Maureen smirked.

"I'm still not comfortable dressing like you do in public," she said, nodding at her friend's body and clothing.

Sondra wore a tight t-shirt and no bra above a pair of low cut, hipless jeans that let her belly hang out and her lovehandles overlap the waistband. For extra effect, she'd put on a small leather belt and girted it tightly to hold the pants up. She'd topped off her ensemble with flip-flops and a ponytail. The shirt tail didn't even reach her belly button so the whole bottom half of her immense gut hung completely out and exposed for all the world to look at. With every step the woman took, her ridiculously oversized stomach shook like a giant bag of jello. And to top matters off, it was not just big...but big and round! When she stood up straight, she literally appeared to be pregnant. Had her navel been distended, she could have pulled it off. But instead, her navel was a deep and cavernous pit that delved far up into her belly.

"How much do *you* fucking weight?" Maureen demanded before giving up her own secret measurements.

Sondra, who had been leaning forward on her shopping cart all this while, now stood up and slapped her belly for effect.

"Two thirty five," she announced. "And this bitch is officially fifty six inches around!" Her hands then rose and cupped her free-dangling ladies and lifted them somewhat

for emphasis before she added, "And I'm wearing a forty two double D now too!"

"Or a lack of one," Maureen corrected her with a snort of faux disgust. In truth, her friend's slutty method of dress turned her on, but she had issues with donning the same attitude. She also knew it turned on her son, and so at home, she dressed the same...but going out into public was a little too embarrassing for her to deal with. And during the last few weeks, people had started to ask Sondra when she was due, as if the woman was pregnant. And her friend would just laugh and say she had four months left...which usually left the rude assholes standing with their eyes bugged and their mouths agape in shock.

"Ha, ha," Sondra snapped back with an air of sarcasm. "So out with it. I know you've been putting my goat milk thing to use. I saw two cartons in your fridge, babe!"

"What are you doing snooping in my ice-box?"

"C'mon...spill it. Gimme' a number!"

Maureen sighed.

"Two oh-five," she revealed.

"Your bra looks tight...even through your shirt," Sondra commented, reaching over to finger snap her strap through the fabric of her blouse.

"Ow!" she blurted. "Maybe it's a little tight."

"What are you wearing now?"

"Forty double D," she answered.

"And the belly?"

She sighed again. "Forty six inches."

Sondra snickered. "I still got ten inches on you!"

"I can see that...in fact...everybody can see that," she added with more than just a touch of sarcasm.

"Okay...that's it," Sondra blurted without warning. "It's time for you to loosen up some."

"Uh-uhh, we been through this...I'm not that wild!" Maureen resisted. "Don't you dare try to make me slut myself out, dammit!"

"Oh take it easy...I'm just saying loosen up. I mean take it slow. You don't have to strip down and run through the store yelling, 'look at me, bitches!'"

"Define taking it easy."

"Well for starters, take your fucking too-tight bra off before your tits explode. Just try that."

"Okay...maybe," she replied, nodding slightly.

"Well?"

"Well what? Oh crap...what you mean like right now?!" Maureen looked horrified.

"Why not? The store's not even very busy. We haven't passed anyone in like--- hey, wasn't Eddie supposed to be back by now?"

Sammy had lawns to mow...but Eddie had tagged along with them on their shopping trip. Moments earlier, he'd begged to go look at the comic book rack and so Maureen had let him on the express promise that he'd be back in five minutes.

Just about that moment, a woman rounded the far end of their isle pushing a buggy and Eddie, comics in hand, appeared to be following her.

"Oh great...he does this now, ya'know."

“What?” Sondra inquired.

“He follows women...fat women...it’s disturbing. He’s like...like some sort of mini-stalker. It’s embarrassing.”

“C’mon...let’s go reel him in. The bathroom is that way anyways...so you can go lose the bra and I’ll save the fat bitch from him.”

As they rolled off at a quickened pace, Sondra laughed and continued, “What you afraid he’s gonna really jump on one or something? They’d probably just knock him out and laugh. He’s not really big enough to be a serious threat.”

Maureen snorted.

“It’s not him jumping on them that I’m worried about. It’s them jumping on *HIM* that keeps me awake at night.”

“Well I wouldn’t worry too much at least till he’s Sammy’s age,” Sondra tried to reassure her.

“Right...so I imagined the little bitch from across the street huh?”

“Mother like daughter I guess,” Sondra acknowledged. “Speaking of...you seen the little huzzy lately?”

“Nah, it’s like both of them have holed up in their house. I’ve only seen Anita that one time.”

About then they rounded the end of the isle and found Eddie talking to the fat woman by the end of the meat freezers that ran along the back wall of the store.

As Maureen cruised around the woman and turned to enter the hall just past the meat freezers that led back to the restrooms. As she went around the fat woman, she glared menacingly at her son with a heated stare that

could have easily melted the entire freezer section behind him.

“Hey there...I’m guessing you’ve met Eddie already, eh?” Sondra said as she approached the woman the boy was talking to.

“Missus Hogan?” the other woman countered with a look of sudden shock and recognition, reaching absently to push up the nose of her glasses.

Sondra stared at the woman for a moment, searching for her own lost element of recognition. Suddenly, it hit her who the woman was.

“Coach Pike?”

Robin Pike, the plumpish, butchy woman who’d been the first to reveal to her that her son had the hots for her some months back. Her information had led Sondra into the deviant relationship that she now had with Sammy.

“Well I was only a coach for this past year...they’ve promised me no more whistles and basketballs,” the woman replied with a grin. “So is this young gentleman yours as well?”

“Actually no, he’s my friend’s son...the one that just disappeared in the bathroom hall back there. She gets embarrassed when he stalks a woman and does this.”

“Does what? Starts himself a conversation?”

Eddie looked stupid and smiled. It was obvious that he knew what he was doing and why and he knew Sondra knew it too. Part of her wanted to reach down and smack

him in the face hard enough to knock him into the meat freezer behind him.

“Well he’s a little randy with the ladies if you know what I mean, so she had to keep him on a leash.”

Robin Pike’s expression suddenly faded from amusement to concern. Her eyes darted down to Eddie and she visibly stepped back from him, her head tilting sideways as she blatantly glared down at his crotch.

“Er-hrm!” Sondra cleared her throat and the woman looked up suddenly, obviously startled.

“Is...is he like Sammy?”

Damn, bitch...you bold, ain’t you!?

Sondra wasn’t sure how to respond, but she’d known or at least *suspected*, that the woman had had her eye on Sammy. She’d seemed far too concerned about matters and far too *interested* in things between herself and Sammy for her liking or comfort.

The boxy shaped woman was no hottie by any means. She wasn’t ugly, but she was certainly drab and nerdish in appearance. She never wore makeup and sported wire-frame glasses, neither of which helped her overall appearance. And she had practically no tits...maybe B cups or C’s if she was pushing it. The only thing the woman had going was a bulbous belly that pressed out over the top of her pants and bulged through the bottom of her t-shirt. It was her stomach that made her worry about Sammy being in her class. He had such a thing for the bellies and apparently so did Eddie...as he’d zoned in on the same woman here in the store. And the woman was far younger

than she was too...probably no more than twenty five if even, so her skin was a lot nicer and her shit probably didn't dangle nearly as low as her own, especially now that she was lugging around double D cups and going without a bra.

"I'm just like Sammy," Eddie suddenly blurted, that stupid grin widening. "Have you seen Sammy's?"

The other woman looked horrified as she glanced back at Eddie and then returned her gaze to Sondra. Before she could say anything though, the woman's eyes lowered to her torso...to her own bulbous stomach.

Oh I bet I know what's going through your mind right now, bitch! You're wondering how a single mom got knocked up, huh? You're wondering if I done went and banged my own son, huh?

"Are you...umm...wuh---"

"I'm not pregnant," Sondra answered, cutting her off before she could fumble the question. "Just fat."

"Oh shit, I'm sorry," Robin blurted apologetically. "Man I feel stupid. Ya'know I get asked that myself all the damned time and now here I am doing it to somebody else. I'm sorry...really I am."

"Don't worry about it. I usually just screw with whoever asks. Sometimes I just tell them yeah and when they ask when I'm due I tell them I got another four or five months to go. That usually blows their minds sufficiently to make them go away."

"I try to hide mine most of the time," she replied, pawing at her torso beneath her shirt. It was about that

moment that she realized Eddie was staring at her stomach. "Wow...like Sammy indeed," she stuttered. "Are they cousins or something?"

Sondra smirked. "No...she and I took the same medication while we were pregnant and voila! Over-endowed man-child!"

About that time, Maureen emerged from the hall leaning forward and pushing her buggy, doing her best to conceal the fact that she was now braless beneath her thick blouse.

"Oh," she blurted when she realized Sondra and Eddie were still with the other woman.

"Hi, I'm Robin Pike...I'm one of Sammy's teachers, or I was last year. How do you do?" the woman asked, extending her hand like a man.

Maureen shook her hand hesitantly, and then glared at Sondra.

"This is Missus Pike...the coach I told you about. The one who told me about Sammy and the poster of me," Sondra explained with an odd look on her face.

Sudden understanding dawned on Maureen and she turned to face the woman fully.

"Oh, so you know about Sammy's...well...yeah," she began and then stuttered off into silence.

"Yes...yes, well not by intent...but he was in my PE class, so there were a few times...er-hrm...things got out of hand...or out of pants, I guess," she added, trying to make light of the tense situation. "Sorry, bad joke I guess." She was flanked in by the two women, so it was difficult to

make a run for it. She was trapped till they broke off the grouping.

“She also knows about Eddie here...as Mister Edward decided to notify her of the matter without my direction,” Sondra stated with a nonchalant, though disapproving tone as she reached over and thumped the boy on the back of his head lightly.

“Oh damn, I’m sorry. I let him go look at the comic books over by the magazine and I just didn’t think he’d go woman hunting on me. He...he hasn’t...well he didn’t do or say anything I need to beat him over, huh?” Maureen asked nervously of the younger woman.

“What? Oh no...no he...we were just talking about the meat---OHHH...oh, wow...he’s smooth,” she stopped herself mid-reply when she realized the boy had walked up and started a conversation with her about sausage.

Maureen dropped her head into one hand and shook it as if she was ashamed of the boy.

Robin glanced down at the boy again and couldn’t fathom the fact that he might actually be sexually active. Sammy was well into puberty...but this boy...wow...he wasn’t there yet by any means. Were these two women screwing with her? All the facts said no. But she wondered still.

She noticed the boy looking over his shoulder at Sondra’s huge belly just inches from him. As she dropped

her eyes lower she realized something in his pants was pressing down his pants leg rapidly.

Holee fuck! They're not kidding. He's hung like a moose too...and hard for Sondra's ridiculous belly! Look at him...just gawking at it!

She realized about then just how gaudily the woman was dressed...her too tight and too short t-shirt and low riding pants. And she wasn't wearing a sign of a bra either! She just had her shit on pure display and didn't seem concerned that the boy was eyeing her either.

She glanced over at his mother, who'd finally stood up straight, and realized she wasn't wearing a brassiere either. Both of them sported immense tits and it made her suddenly aware of her own inadequacy in the chest range.

She suddenly felt the need to be bold...to insert herself into the center of things. Maybe if she freaked them out or pissed them off they'd let her escape this uncomfortable gathering at least.

"So how goes things with Sammy? Has he ever...I mean is he still...doing his thing?"

Sondra's eyes bugged, as did her friend's. Then the two women turned and stared at each other as if they were communicating telepathically.

"It's got to be difficult being a single mom and living in the same house with the guys, huh?" There, she'd said something overtly obnoxious. *That should piss them off!*

“I’m pretty sure she’s cool,” Sondra blurted without preamble to her friend. Her comment took Robin by surprise.

Had her attempt at insult somehow back-fired? *What just happened here?* she wondered.

Sondra turned her attention back to her and smiled.

“We don’t talk about any of this sort of thing to people we don’t trust. It’s not the sort of thing you want the wrong people knowing about.”

“Ohhh-kaaay,” Robin commented, not really sure what was going on still.

“I’m gonna go out on a limb here and guess that you had a little more going on with Sammy than you let on... am I right?”

Robin suddenly looked horrified...all the color in her face fading to paleness. She gulped and looked nervously from her to Maureen and then back to Sondra.

“It’s okay, Robin...I could care less, okay. You know what he’s like...you know what the deal is. Sammy is not your typical boy by any means. So if you and him were getting freaky at some point, I’m not gonna point a finger or say a word. But I am curious.”

Robin gulped again, beads of sweat suddenly popping out on her forehead as she stared blankly back at her.

“You’re not the first woman he’s up and slammed it to, trust me. Wouldn’t be the oldest either,” she added,

tossing a knowing nod to Maureen who smiled in response.

“I...I never touched him,” Robin finally stated. “I...well he used to stay in the dressing room a little longer than everybody else...and...and I walked in on him once and that’s when I saw him...er-hrm...masturbating to the big picture of you.”

Sondra stared at her...and could tell she was holding something back still.

“Oh c’mon...really? You know I’m just gonna ask him when I get home and he’ll tell me everything.”

Robin leaned for support on the meat freezer’s edge.

“I swear I never touched him,” she reiterated. “But he used to beat it every single afternoon in there. Some... sometimes I would...would watch him from the weight-room where he couldn’t see me.”

Oh shit! Why did I just tell her that?!? What the fuck?!? I’m totally screwed now! She’s got a witness and everything! There goes my teaching license! Shit! Why?! Why did I tell her that?!!

Robin’s mind raced in circles. Why had she admitted that? In the months since it happened, she’d told not a single soul. No one knew and no one ever would know. So why had she just confessed, voluntarily to it...and to his mother of all people?!

She expected the woman to punch her in the face, but instead, the old woman just smirked and tossed another

knowing look at her friend who actually snickered out loud...apparently amused at the secret.

“Why...why is that funny?”

“So...so all that time...the whole year...you were just hiding and watching him?”

“Well I’m not stupid!” she chirped defensively for some damned strange reason.

“So you never tried anything with him?” It was Maureen who tossed her a question this time.

“Nooo,” she denied with a deadpan expression.

“Did you want to?” Sondra asked.

Robin didn’t know how to respond. This had gone all wrong way too fast for her to compensate or adjust her course. How had all this happened to her in the middle of the grocery store?!

When Robin didn’t answer, Sondra smiled widely.

“You know...after you told me about the picture, I confronted him about it. Turns out it wasn’t just the only porn he could get. He really has a thing for me.”

Robin sighed. Suddenly she realized what she’d suspected...maybe even fantasized about, was probably true. The woman had indeed had something deviant going on with her over-endowed son. And from the way these two women acted together, she was now highly suspicious that her friend probably also had some serious weirdy-weird going on with her son too.

“He doesn’t need the picture anymore,” Sondra asserted with an unconcerned expression.

“Oh shit,” Robin gasped more than blurted. “Are...are you really pregnant for him then?!”

Maureen snorted and then busted out laughing.

“Nooo,” Sondra replied and leaned over to punch the other woman in the shoulder to shut her up. “He’s got a thing for fatties...so I fattened up for him.”

“Does he...him...I mean, does he have--” she stuttered off into silence again, unable to complete her question.

“Yes!” it was Maureen who answered. “Don’t be embarrassed, hun...being fat and frumpy is a good thing when it comes to those two.”

Suddenly Robin was all too well aware of her own fatness and abdominal girth. *So he was looking at my belly a minute ago...and apparently Sondra’s too! Not that I could run that bitch a race at all. She looks positively pregnant. Damn!*

Why were they telling her all of this? What was their game here? Were they about to try and entice her into something...with who? The boy...or maybe Sammy? And if so, what choice would she now have to turn them down? If she didn’t go along with whatever and it offended them, would they rat her out for her admission about Sammy? Probably. Better to play along and try to slide out of it gracefully.

“You know...I almost feel bad for her. I mean she’s been looking at it for half a year and never had the audacity to mess with it. I gotta say I have massive respect

for her on that. I mean I held off of him for years myself, but c'mon...she's got nothing holding her back. Fucking Anita jumped all over him right off the bat. You know what I'm saying?" Sondra rattled off to Maureen as if the other woman wasn't standing right there by them.

Maureen looked at the nervous teacher and then looked down at Eddie who was grinning stupidly as usual and glaring directly at the woman's body...her belly about eye-level for him. From her best assessment, the woman looked like her gut might very well rival her own. It was nowhere near Sondra's size...but with smaller tits, the teacher's belly actually looked larger than her own...and it was apparently driving Eddie nuts.

"Robin...right?"

The teacher nodded.

"My son there seems to be impressed with you to some obvious degree. But I don't let him really mess around with other women. I mean there's obvious reasons for that. But I do let him...well...show it off sometimes with women I trust. And since Sondra obviously seems to think you're trustworthy...well...if you want, we can sneak him back into the bathroom there."

The teacher looked horrified again...but forced herself to smile a bit and then nod.

"Sure...sure...okay I guess, but I mean...I don't...I mean this isn't something that I'd," she began but then her voice trailed off again. She did that a lot.

"Oh don't be a denier, woman!" Sondra mockingly scolded her. "You don't have to act like that around me

and her. And I know you want to. So just turn around and let's go have some fun with him."

Robin nodded, sweat rolling down her forehead as they all turned and rolled their buggies down to the end of the freezers and made the corner down the hall leading to the restrooms.

More to cum...

*This book is published in serial format.
Subsequent chapters have been added in order.*