

This story is completely fictional, all characters, names and scenarios are completely fabricated. Everyone is 18+

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"Fuck that loser, stop worrying about some worthless retard that everyone laughs at."

"Uugh, but he's my son."

Marcy grunted again as her pussy was stretched to its limit, the brash jerk treating her body like a cheap whore. No matter how many times they had sex, Kevin always brought up her son, berating and insulting him as worse he could, repeatedly adding that she shouldn't care about him.

"He's worthless," Kevin huffed, squeezing her hips as he continued thrusting.

"Mmm .. but my husband-"

"Your husband is dead, slut. Maggots are shitting in his brain, and your son needs to join him."

Moaning without concern of volume, another string of drool leaked from Marcy's lips as her body pulsed and shook with pleasure. Part of her always felt guilty for enjoying Kevin's cruel and upsetting sex talk, but it never failed to leave her brain fuzzy and pussy soaked.

"Oh god," she groaned, nearing another climax.

"We're gonna have a party," Kevin huffed, giving her ass a stinging slap, "and I'm going to invite all my friends."

Suddenly riding an orgasm, Marcy could only listen as her body shook and began pulsing with pleasure. Dick drunk, he could say anything now and she wouldn't resist, exactly what he had planned for.

"We'll even invite his friends, just to prove they don't really care about him."

The only noise from Marcy was a guttural moan, primal satisfaction flowing through her brain as he fucked her without stopping. Her face had fallen into the pillow, but she could still hear him above the hum of pleasure, each word only adding to her rapture.

"I'm going to take your son, and I'm going to stuff him in a trash can where he fucking belongs."

"Hhhnnngggg-"

"And while everyone enjoys themselves, we'll dump all our garbage on the worthless faggot."

Marcy could already picture it, and the images only intensified her orgasm. It was a horrible, shocking and appalling idea. Any decent mother would be revolted by such an idea, and yet she couldn't stop the giant waves of pleasure from crashing into her. Kevin wasn't finished though, he had more mental images to assault her with.

"Everyone will piss on him," he grunted, his voice cracking as his own orgasm grew near.
"Drunks will puke on him, his friend's will spit on him and laugh about it."

"Fhhuuuaaa-" Marcy wailed with pleasure, her voice muffled by the pillow.

"Mmm, fuck it ... if we're lucky, a few might even shit on him."

With a few final thrusts Kevin released his load into the barely solid condom, pump after pump stretching and filling the the rubber. Under him the mother continued groaning, her mind flooded with terrible thoughts and cruel people who would berate her son.

"Your garbage husband gave you a garbage child ... time to move on with your life and put him where belongs."

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Marcy wasn't given much choice when time for the party came. Kevin was serious about everything he had said, and while she would have objected, he made sure to keep her in constant stimulation. Her son, the mentally challenged teen that he was, had been forced into a dog crate and shoved into the corner of the kitchen with little regard.

It was cruel, but Marcy couldn't bring herself to stop him. Vibrator humming away inside her pussy, she struggled to stand as Kevin openly mocked and degraded her son. Worse was how much more it turned her on, knowing things would only get crazier as the party goes arrived.

"Once enough of them are here," he explained, fingering her asshole beside her son's crate, "we'll take him out and stuff him in the big trashcan."

"Okay," she breathed lustfully, only arousal in her tone of voice.

Over the next hour people arrived at a steady rate, many bringing booze or even drugs for the party. Marcy watched in a constant state of arousal as each and every one of them eventually found her son, and laughed at him. Kevin of course had informed them ahead of time, but it was still surprising to see so many horny teenagers be completely fine with abusing her mentally handicapped son. Most surprising being just how much pleasure they derived from it.

"Fuck yeah, look at that," said one of her son's own friends as he smiled, "about time the fag was put down."

"Totally," said another, "I hated pretending I cared about him."

Marcy could feel her pussy ache as one of her son's former friends now spit on him, laughing as they left him to find booze. This was really happening, and with Kevin nearby, she knew it wouldn't be long before things ramped into a full out party.

Once enough people had arrived, it was finally time to free her son from his cage, and with plenty of people watching, Kevin unlocked and dragged her son out, slapping, hitting and abusing him while the crowd laughed and cheered. Having the large trashcan prepared, he and several others quickly hoisted her son before dumping him into the can. He crashed with a heavy thump after falling head first, and much to their delight he became stuck as he tried to right himself.

Now on his back with his legs over his head, her son groaned and made unintelligible noises that the crowd laughed at. Already someone was groping her, and she couldn't stop them if she wanted, not with how much pleasure the scene was giving.

"Perfect," said Kevin, spitting on her son as he made retarded noises, "alright everyone, you know what to do."

With that, the party went from dancing and fun, to an orgy of cruelty and sex. Marcy stayed near the trashcan at all times, never missing a moment when someone would come up and throw trash atop her son. Empty beer cans, cigarette butts, half eaten food, anything and everything that had no more use, all tossed into the garbage just like her son.

"Look at that stupid fag," said a random party goer as he spiked a half full beer can into her son's face.

"Yo watch out," said someone beside him, "I gotta piss."

Marcy couldn't help but step up beside the random teen, watching as he grinned and began soaking her son in hot golden piss. Her son groaned stupidly, causing the teen to laugh as he directed his stream into her son's eyes.

"He makes a good urinal," chuckled the teen.

"Thank you," breathed Marcy, "thank you for pissing on my retarded son."

With a big grin, the teen continued pissing as the milf leaned in and kissed him. Seeing her excitement, there was suddenly a group of teens who were willing to piss on her son. Kevin had been right about everything, with some teens willing to do much more than just piss on the loser.

Before she knew it several teens were pissing on her son, while several others began feeling her up, groping her body and carefully stripping away her of clothes. Surrounded by teenage cocks, they all crowded around the trashcan as she stroked and touched them all, watching her son's face grimace as he struggled to breath until several streams of piss.

"We don't really care if he dies," one of them said, slipping a finger into her ass crack, "but you don't either right?"

Marcy's hands shook as she stroked two different cocks. "Right ... the sooner he dies ... the happier we'll all be."

"Fuck yeah," laughed another, "good riddance to the loser."

Getting light headed from the situation, before she knew it a teen had bent her over the trashcan and started probing at her pussy. Rubbing his cock up and down her entrance, she couldn't help but look down at her son as some drunken teen raced toward her.

"Oh fuck yeah," said one of the nearby perverts, "the trash is right there, bro."

Feeling the teen's cock push into her, she watched in amazement as a drunken party goer reached the trashcan just in time before he erupted across her son, puking into his eyes, mouth and up his nose. Gush after gush, Marcy nearly came from the sight, rocking the trash can as she was fucked.

"Oohohoho nasty! Get fucked, retard, cry harder for us!"

Getting fucked, Marcy finally noticed Kevin off the side and watching her, grinning as she was passed around the teenagers. Her son's position in the trashcan meant he'd have no chance of escaping, especially with people throwing more and more garbage on him.

Making her enjoyment of the situation even better, several teens began pouring alcohol down her throat as she took a different cock every few minutes. Her son was quiet now, seemingly accepting his predicament, unable to do anything as his mother moaned above him.

Getting drunk rather fast, it wasn't long before Marcy herself had to piss, and with the help of several teens, they lifted her above the can so she could empty her bladder into the garbage like everyone else had.

"Oh god this is so good," she moaned, losing herself to the debauchery.

More garbage, beer cans, glass bottles, cigarettes' ash and drunks puking atop her son; finally after an hour someone approached with something new to add, something Marcy had been hoping for.

"Nhhnnn ... hey, ya'll mind if I stink it up? Really need to take a big dump ... and I figured-"

"Yes," Marcy moaned, fingering herself as she leaned against the trash can, "please shit on my son."

"Mm, well fuck you don't have to ask me twice."

Watching with gleeful excitement, Marcy was taken from behind once again as she watched the young man step up on a chair before bending over and spreading his cheeks over the garbage can. The crowd cheered, while raunchy and lewd noises flooded the room. The disgusting volume and stench quickly ran off anyone too weak stomached to watch, but Marcy had leaned even closer, watching as her son's face was splattered and covered in the teen's rotten waste.

The teen fucking her did his best to cum before leaving, and with no one else around except them, Marcy cleared her throat several times in order to spit into the trash, huffing the odors as the last bits of waste fell onto her son.

"Fuck that's rank," came Kevin's voice as he stepped into the room, "think it's about time to take out the trash, don't you?"

Marcy was too horny to argue, her pussy throbbing as her son gagged and choked below.

"Yes ... let's do it."

Helped by a bunch of teens, the garbage can was pulled and carried out of the house and into their large back yard. Owning a property that covered more than a dozen acres, Marcy had ordered a local company to come drop off a large trash compactor, which the teens were how hyped to use.

Loading the trashcan up and setting it in the center of the compactor, Marcy's pussy was soaked. Away from the stench the teens resumed using her, fondling her tits, hotdogging her ass with their dicks, getting her to jerk them off and of course fucking her when they could.

"Say goodbye and good riddance to the retard you call a son," Kevin shouted, standing at the button to start the machine.

Overcome with bliss and an oncoming orgasm, Marcy let her son know how she felt before his final moments. Her shouts were met with cheers and teens laughing, all in agreement with her.

"Goodbye you retarded faggot! Mommy never loved you! Now please die so we can all forget about you and move on with our lives!"

With that said Kevin pressed the button, and they all watched as the large wall slowly pushed against the trashcan until it was pinned against the other side. Thousands of pounds of pressure squeezed the can like it was nothing, and for a brief moment her stupid son cried out, before a series of loud crunches silenced him forever.

Still crushing the can and her son, piss, shit and other liquids now leaked out around the edges of the press until it finally stopped. Cheers deafened her, and as the partygoers went wild with excitement, Marcy nearly passed out from the force of her orgasm.

Her son was finally gone, just like his father, and now she would be free to make a new family, a better one without needing some stupid kid to look after. The teens crowded around her as he spasmed in pleasure on the grass, all aiming their cocks at her, and ready to baptize her new life in a shower of piss.

It was the happiest moment of her life.