

AN INDECENT AGREEMENT

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY
THE MARQUIS FAÇADE

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Maureen heard the doorbell ring again and she called out, "Hold on...be there in a second." Quickly she dashed down the hall to her bedroom and snagged a long t-shirt that she slept in and pulled it on to cover her nakedness, then she returned to the living room and opened the front door.

Anita Farris stood there looking nervous in a tank top and baggy jogging pants. It was the most non-sexual appearance the woman had ever had.

"Can I come in for a minute?"

"Sure," Maureen replied and let her in. Once the other woman was inside, she closed the front door back and turned to motion toward the couch.

Both of them moved in that direction, but Anita perched on the arm of her matching chair so that she could face Maureen when she dropped down onto the fluffy couch opposite her.

"I won't stay long. I just was sort of concerned about something. And please don't take this the wrong way, but I sort of heard my daughter commenting about Eddie in a way that made me a little weirded out."

Maureen, curious now, cocked her head and decided to go along with whatever crap the scrawny woman was about to toss her way.

"Umm...okay. So what did she say?"

"Well, she sort of said he had a really big penis," Anita revealed. "And I mean, I know it's none of my business. I was just worried that maybe she might have been...what's the word I'm looking for...*inappropriate* with him while she was babysitting last night."

Maureen sat there, astounded and without a clue as to how to respond to this situation. Despite Sondra's efforts, she'd sort of decided that she wasn't all that opposed to Kerry having sex with Eddie now. She just wanted to fatten the little bitch up before she let them go at it again. She had no idea why, but it just seemed to be something that made her really horny when she thought about it.

And now, here was Anita, Kerry's mother...apparently so disturbed by matters that she was bringing it to her attention. And she knew if she didn't head it off somehow, the woman would never let her daughter around her son again. But how?

She thought over what Sondra had told her about how Anita had responded to her dropping insinuations that she teased Sammy to keep him away from other women...how the woman had seemed somewhat thrilled with the concept. So was Anita Farris a pervert to that degree? Maybe with other women's kids, but apparently not her own, it seemed. But would she be as entranced with Eddie as she was Sammy? And might that interest transfer to her daughter? Could the woman be infected with her and Sondra's deviant lifestyle? She was already a slut. That much was well known. And she'd already pounced on Sammy.

Analyzing it all, she thought she might be able to work this in such a way as to ensure Kerry's continued presence...as well as plump the little huzzy up for her own perverted joy.

Would using the same plan that Sondra used on Anita, work for Kerry? Would the little bitch be so hot for Eddie that she'd get fat on her own? Probably not. Eddie was big for his age and size, but he wasn't anything she couldn't get elsewhere. No, no, she was going to have to find some other way to make it happen. Sondra was getting her fatty...and Maureen wanted hers too!

"I freaked you out, didn't I?" Anita blurted, blushing and looking like she might bolt for the door.

"No, no...no sorry," Maureen assured her. "I was just a little taken aback by that. I'm sorry...that's probably all my fault. I told her to get him ready for bed last night before I came home and she gave him a bath. And I wasn't thinking. I mean it's kind of hard to miss," she added with a smirk. "Is that all she said?"

Anita looked taken aback by the question, as if she hadn't prepared for this sort of a response.

"Umm, well pretty much."

"Sorry about that. I probably shouldn't have had her do that. That's on me. She did a great job."

"Oh, so you don't think she was...y'know...messing around with him or something?" Anita looked perplexed.

"Eddie?!? Are you serious? He'd run screaming."

"So...so you trust her with him?"

"Should I not?"

Anita looked like she'd been smacked in the face. "Well no, I guess not. I was just...y'know...weirded out by it. It's not something you expect to hear from your twelve year old daughter."

"Well, like I said...it's hard to miss. I mean he's not like a mutant, but it's really ridiculous on his body. He's the size of a grown man, so to me it's not all that impressive...but when you hang it on him, it sort of looks freakish." There, she threw it out there. A little something that insinuated she looked at him in a way that wasn't quite motherly. So would the bitch bite on it or not?

Anita slid off the chair arm and dropped down into the chair fully as if she was suddenly comfortable and not so nervous.

"Have you seen Sammy? Sondra's boy?"

Maureen grinned. *Here we go...pervert mode engaged.*

"Yeah, me and her have had quite a few conversations since she moved in a few months ago. Turns out me and her took the same drug while were pregnant...and apparently it caused our boys to be a little more endowed than normal. Not really such a terrible side-effect I guess, right?" and she added a short chuckle to the end of her sentence as if she were a bit nervous to discuss it.

Anita's air of nervousness was completely gone now and it was as if they were just having a normal conversation about the weather.

"That has to be weird though, right? I mean, that boy is a freak of nature below the waist. And she's single and he's at that age...and how do you think she stands being in the same house with him?"

"Well it's her son I guess," she said, implying that she had no real idea about Sondra and Sammy.

"Well, yeah, I mean like Eddie isn't really old enough to be into that sort of thing...but Sammy is," she insisted, getting bolder by the minute. "I mean if it were me...and I was single and had something like that just dangling around me all the time...well, y'know she's got to look at it once in a while and just think, damn..." and she let herself run silent, realizing all at once that she might have said too much.

"Yeah, I guess probably," she admitted. "I look at Eddie sometimes and I wonder how it's gonna be in another few years. I mean he's big now...but when he's got a lot of growing yet to do...and if that thing grows along with the rest of him, he's gonna end up putting Sammy to shame."

"So you seen it?"

"What? Sammy's wiener?"

Anita's eyes lit up and locked with her own.

"Yeah, I seen it," she confessed. *Quick...lie...come up with a reasonable story for that, dummy!* "Our boys don't get along very well and they got in a scuffle one day and Sammy's shorts sort of came down during the throw-down. And I just about pooped myself."

"How big do you think it is?" Anita looked suddenly embarrassed and blushed. "Sorry, perverted question I know. I just like...noticed he has this crazy size bulge in his pants and I was like...whoa...and well...my husband isn't all that in the man category if you know what I'm saying, so it's sort of shocking to me."

"Can you keep a secret?"

Anita stared at her with unblinking eyes, but said nothing.

"I will tell you something but you gotta swear not to tell a living soul or I'll kill you in your sleep."

"Sure," Anita chirped, her head nodding slightly.

"Sondra told me he has this thing for fat women. And I've literally seen him staring at her...at his own mother. And I mean like...**staring**...y'know that look guys get...that 'I'd tap that' look? And you know how big she is. I mean Sondra's huge, especially in the belly. And she just walks around oblivious to it with her flab all hanging out half the time and he just freaking ogles her constantly...and I swear I've seen him half hard before. I mean you can tell...it's so big...there's no hiding it."

Anita nodded, lapping it up like a hungry dog.

"I haven't said anything to her. I mean, I'm not sure if she realizes it...I mean she told me he likes fat women, so I'm pretty sure she knows it...but I'm not sure if she realizes that he looks at her like that. I think maybe she just ignores it. But then she dresses all skanka-licious sometimes. And I wonder if maybe she doesn't do it to tease him."

"I know...I've seen it too," she agreed, still nodding. "Was that your big secret?"

"No," she replied. "I just been getting curious about him, y'know...and last night, while I was there helping her paint, I was rolling high up on the wall, and my shirt kept popping up, and I got a little belly too...and I caught him eyeing me. So today, I decided to be a stupid whore and I dressed all skanky with my belly hanging out just to see if he'd...well...react."

"Ohhh...so earlier...the getup...that was...ahhhh," Anita was nodding vigorously now and smirking. "Dirty dog...you were trying to make him pop wood!"

"I know...I'm a total slut-whore...but I was folding clothes this morning and saw this shirt of Eddie's...and I just suddenly had this dirty thought...I'm terrible I know."

"Please, girl," Anita blurted. "I paid him to come cut my lawn and it wasn't even long, just to watch him doing it. At least I'm not the only dirty bird on the block."

Just then, Maureen heard a creak behind her and turned to find Eddie standing in the hall, buck naked, rubbing his eyes.

"Mom...I'm hungry," he said and then focused his eyes on the fact that he could see another person beyond her in the chair. "Uh-ohh..."

"Well it's a little late now, bucko!" Anita popped off before Maureen could say anything. "Wow...thanks for the show."

Maureen's eyes bugged and she jumped up from the couch. "Get in your room and put some clothes on. Damn, boy!" Turning around after he scurried off, she faced Anita and shrugged.

Anita mouthed the word, "WHOA" at her with an astounded look on her face.

"Kitchen," Maureen whispered and motioned for Anita to follow her out of the living room.

Once they were out of hearing range, Anita blurted, "Holee shit, Maureen! Not all that impressive, huh?"

"You just kind of get used to it after a while," she lied in response to the woman's shock.

"He's bigger than my husband!" Anita insisted, still exhibiting signs of disbelief.

"Really?"

"Yeah, really!"

"Eddie's dad wasn't all that big either," she lied some more. It was getting easy by this point and she was enjoying playing this bitch. Her and Sondra were gonna have fun with her ass.

"Does he ever get...y'know...hard?"

Maureen looked at her, faking some form of shock with her expression. She held the pose and waited for Anita to respond.

"Oh crap...he does, don't he?!" Her scrawny face looked like a Mister Potato Head...all eyes and gaping mouth. "Whoa!"

"Keep it to yourself, okay," she insisted as she looked around the corner into the living room as if she were worried he might be listening to them. "I don't know how long he's been able to do it. But when I came into the house this morning after I talked to you...well when I came in, y'know I got my shit all hanging out over my shorts...and I never thought anything about it. But he had woke up and come strolling out...LIKE THAT," and she thumbed back over her shoulder toward the living room to emphasize that she meant he was naked. "He sleeps like that. I gave up trying to keep pants on him. I think his underwear bind him. I don't know. Anyway, he strolled into the living room and started staring at me and I looked down... and he was hard as a frick'in rock, Anita!"

"So he's like Sammy, you think?" she asked as she leaned out and looked around the corner herself. "You think he likes ...y'know...bigger women?"

"I don't know," she lied. "I'm guessing so."

"Wow," Anita said with an almost gasp. She glanced back around the corner again and Maureen wondered if the bitch was intentionally hoping to scope a peak at him naked again. "Maybe I should keep Kerry away from him. Just between you and me, she's a horny little bitch."

"Well unless she porks out any time soon, I'm pretty sure she's safe with him. He's apparently got a thing for the pudgy pudgy, if you know what I mean," and she waved her hands along her own body draped beneath her over-sized t-shirt.

"Wow, I just keep imagining him...oh man, that sounded perverted," Anita cut herself off and blushed. "What I meant to say was...oh man...I don't even know what I was saying."

Maureen giggled and peeked around the corner again. Then smiled and leaned in to whisper, "I know what you mean. Trust me, I been imagining it myself all day long. I just can't see him like...pounding some ass, though. Is it messed up that it doesn't gross me out to think about it though?"

"How big is he?"

"Huh? Oh you mean like...his thing?"

"Yeah," Anita chirped back. "It looks monstrous but it's not that big...is it?"

"Well I haven't ever measured it," she replied but then forced herself to blush. Anita didn't miss it and her eyes widened in expectation. "Okay, that's a lie. I have."

Anita covered her mouth and glared at her, but she could see the woman was grinning behind her hand.

"Did you?"

"A little over four inches long...like an inch wide."

"LIMP?!"

"Well duh...I haven't ever seen it hard till this morning!" she popped back at her and they both giggled like horny school girls.

"Crap! He is bigger than Bruce! That's just sad!"

"Yeah, but Bruce buys the house and SUV, right?"

"Yeah, it's gonna be a while before Eddie will be much of a boyfriend, huh?" Anita agreed.

"Depends on your requirements," Maureen replied with a snort of humor and a wide grin flanked by blushing cheeks.

The both suddenly giggled again.

"Is it wrong...that I'm curious how big he is hard?" Maureen said, tossing out some bait for the other woman when their mirth subsided.

Anita's expression of laughter faded abruptly and she was suddenly dead serious in appearance. Again, she glanced around the corner before answering. This time it was her that leaned in and whispered. "I am a slut, Maureen. Probably not the best person to ask. Hell, if I was Sondra, I'd probably have been all over Sammy by now."

Maureen smirked inside her mind. *Oh like you haven't already been all over him bitch! If you only knew a fraction of what I know, you'd pass out where you stand!*

"I know...me too," she mockingly confessed. "I'm a total dirty little whore at heart too. Why you think I was trying to make Sammy stand up this morning? I'd have died if his dick had popped out of those shorts when he went by."

"Well you apparently inflamed somebody's dick with your goodies this morning," and she pointed out toward the living room. "And me...I always have this idea that if they can point it at you, they're old enough to use it."

Maureen faked shock and covered her mouth. Then she leaned in and smacked Anita in the arm with her fist.

"He's my son, you pervert!" she blurted but she was all smiles and giggles as if she wasn't really disturbed by the comment.

"Captive audience...personal pointer...private dancer," Anita announced, rattling off various perverted phrases that might have been applicable. "I'm just saying. You ever wonder what goes on with Sondra and Sammy? I mean c'mon...think about it! I mean, maybe it's not that bad of a deal. It's not like you're making him do anything. I say if he likes what he sees and it doesn't make you puke...then enjoy it. That's all I'm saying."

"Well I never said I enjoyed it," Maureen insisted.

"You didn't say otherwise either," Anita argued. "Don't lie woman. You know why I'm a slut? I like making men horny. I never had much of a body...no ass...no boobs...and so I had to **do stuff** to get their attention. And I really like their attention."

Maureen blushed, and not completely by intent either.

"Yeah, you know you did," Anita stated without even a hint of a smile. "Admit it...you liked it when he did it, didn't you?"

Maureen blushed harder. Who was in charge of this thing at this point? How had Anita turned the tables on her? When did she stop leading the conversation? Part of her was dismayed at how quickly the other woman had monopolized what was being discussed and she was quickly feeling more and more like her management of the situation was slipping. It was like when Sondra had revealed everything to her the day before. It was like she got inside her head. And now it was as if Anita was getting inside her brain and pushing buttons. And just as with Sondra...part of her liked it...wanted to run with it.

"I walked around the rest of the day dressed like that," she whispered, lying like a dog. "And I haven't made him get dressed either. He's...he's been hard all fucking day long. Every time I'm in the room with him...up it shoots and he just stares at me like he's oblivious to what's going on between his legs."

"Oh fuck," Anita muttered. It wasn't the response Maureen had expected in the least. It was as if Anita was turned on by it.

"I'm sick, huh?"

Anita stepped back, covered her mouth and shook her head side to side. After a moment, she stepped forward and whispered as she gazed around the corner again.

"My husband is a fucking joke in bed, Maureen. And I have this guy...he's hung like a moose...that I have...made contact with but he's sort of unavailable for a while. Like a long while. And I'm not an internet porn kinda girl, if you know what I mean."

Maureen looked at her as if she'd suddenly lost her mind. *Where the fuck are you going with this, bitch? What the hell are you up to??*

"I like real stuff. I have always liked watching...y'know like other people. And...and don't freak out when I say this, but...I would totally pay you...if you let me watch you...and him."

Maureen gasped and slugged her in the arm again, nearly reeling her over. She had a good seventy pounds and at least two or three inches in height on her...and it didn't take a lot of effort to knock her off balance.

"Are you fucking serious?! What the fuck, woman?!"

Rubbing her shoulder, "No...I didn't mean like that...like doing something! Damn! I just meant like what you did today and stuff, that's all."

"Oh," she muttered. *You lie like a dog, bitch! Had I said I'd whore us out for you, you'd have been all over it. But wow... this might be kind of interesting.* She hadn't known how well it would go with Sondra till she'd tried it. And this bitch was gross as hell and she knew she wouldn't get into it if she involved her in anything. But...the woman was apparently going to get fat in the near future, so how would she look?

Maureen gazed at the other woman's body, or lack of one. Where would it go? Would she be an all over smoo type...

would it all go to her ass, turning her into a pear? Would she get the doughy pudgy face and a double chin? Or would she end up being a belly gainer like Sondra? And her tits...what would go with those? Anything? Time would tell. Maybe she'd end up being kind of hot.

And then there was the Kerry element. How would she react to Kerry becoming involved? If she did something for her with Eddie...then she might have her over a barrel like Sondra did. She might be able to force her into something. Like fattening the little bitch up! *Ohhh, so fucking hot! I would die happy if I got to see Eddie or Sammy pumping that little bitch after she got super fat!* Why, she had no idea, but the idea of it would not go away. She was almost to the point of being obsessed with it.

"Hey, just forget I said anything," Anita blurted suddenly. "I'm just a slut with no dick to ride and I'm thinking crazy shit." She turned and made as if to head for the front door.

"Wait," Maureen caught her by the arm and stopped her. "Were you serious?"

"Hell yes," she whispered back to her. "I would not tell a fucking soul either, I swear it!" Her eyes were practically ablaze with enthusiasm.

"I don't want your money," Maureen asserted. "That's a little skeezy. I mean it's all skeezy, but that's just...not necessary." She sighed and still gripping Anita's arm, pulled her to her a little bit closer. "I have always got off on being watched. That's why I was letting him watch me today."

"Go fucking make him hard, Maureen," Anita hissed to her as she pulled loose from her grip and then latched onto her arm and pulled her toward the living room. "Should I hide?" she asked as they entered the living room.

"No," she answered. "I want to see you watching me."

“What are you gonna do?”

She turned around and her face was right up in Anita’s and they were really feeling each other’s heat. Anita was about to explode and it was pushing Maureen’s excitement as well.

“You wanna see him...naked again?”

“Yeeesss,” Anita replied, her voice barely a whisper but carrying all the weight and baggage of a sick and twisted slut in dire desire for a big cock.

“Sit down in that chair. And...and no matter what, just pretend like nothing is happening out of the ordinary, okay? I don’t want to freak him out.”

Anita moved to the chair and plopped down in it. As Maureen walked past, she glanced back at her and noticed the woman’s huge nipples were trying to bust out of her tank top.

Damn, she’s got big ass nipples. No tits...just nipples! Weird, weird bitch. And yet here I am whoring myself and my son out for her. How did this happen? Cause I’m a dirty, nasty, twisted fucking cunt, that’s how. And apparently I’m living on a whole damn street full of other nasty, sick whores.

Maureen opened the door to Eddie’s room and barged in, nearly slamming the door behind herself.

Her son stood a few feet from her wearing only a pair of briefs that did little to contain the enormity of his miss-sized penis. He had a pair of shorts in his hand and looked as if he’d been startled...perhaps even interrupted in the process of putting them on.

“Hey,” she whispered barely loud enough for him to hear her. “I need you to do something for me.”

He remained motionless and staring blankly at her.

“We’re gonna mess around with Miss Farris.”

His eyes swelled to the size of saucers and then he blurted, "Does she know about Kerry last night?!" He truly looked horrified about the matter.

"No," she informed him with furrowed brows. "She doesn't know anything about it, but she's like Sondra...she thinks you're super cute and wants to see you being bad. Okay?"

"She's gross!" he popped and screwed his face up. "Uh-uhh! She's too skinny! She's worse than Kerry. At least Kerry sort of has a little pooky belly and boobs! Her mom is gross!"

"Nooo, we're not gonna mess *with her*...just sort of in front of her. Do you understand?"

"No," he stated bluntly.

"We're gonna do stuff...you and me...in front of her. She just wants to watch," she explained and he appeared about to protest again, so she spoke quickly to cut him off. "If you do this, it's gonna get us two things. One, she's about to start gaining weight...a LOT of weight...really fat. And two, if you want to mess with your precious little Kerry again, then we need to do this. Got it?"

He glared at her with a disapproving look.

"If you want ME to get fatter, then you'll do this! How's that for an offer? Huh?"

His face morphed into shock.

"Sondra weighs two hundred and ten pounds. I'll get that fat...but you gotta do this for me and go along with it. Okay?"

He nodded.

"Alright. Good. Now she has no idea that you and me are messing around already. She thinks I've never done anything at all with you before now. And she is to continue thinking that."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because...just shut up and go with it. When I get naked, you just act normal and if I start doing anything to you, then you

just go along with it, but don't act like it's happened before. Can you do that? Can you pretend?"

He nodded.

"Alright, so take those underwear off and just go back into the living room and sit down on the couch. I gotta go change and get something."

Moments later, Maureen was in her own room across the hall and was cramming herself into an old pair of jeans that were almost impossible to button. She finally got them on and then pulled her belly up and freed it from the binding pants. She tugged again and let it go...letting it hang out over the top of the waistband. She stepped over to the mirror that hung on the back of her closet door and crammed her thumbs down into the sides of the jeans and began pressing down and wiggling until she managed to work them down below her hips. Now her thick love-handles bulged over the top of the pants as well as her big belly.

"Outstanding," she said aloud to no one but herself. She started to grab a shirt, but then thought differently. Closing her closet door, she strolled topless toward the hallway, her 36-D's jostling with each step accompanied by the sweet sensation of her ample and protruding belly undulating in rhythm with them.

Anita sat expectantly in the living room.

What the fuck am I doing?

She nervously flicked her bleach blonde shoulder length hair back out of her face, then phoofed at it when it fell back across her eye. Agitated, she swiped with her fingers and pinned it the uncooperative sprig back behind her ear.

What the fuck am I doing?

The same question kept rolling over and over inside her brain and she had no adequate answer. The situation was just

as crazy as the fiasco she got into hours earlier with Sammy Hogan. She saw something that riled her up and before she could stop herself she was doing something stupid. She'd done things like that her entire life. A penis could make her more moronic than she was normally. And if said penis was the size of her arm, it was too much to resist. It was useless to resist. Of course, Eddie wasn't anything to write home about. He was no Sammy Hogan by any means...but his fat ass mother was part of the picture. It had started earlier in the day when she figured out that Sondra and Sammy had something going on behind closed doors. She wasn't stupid. They had something cooking. How much or how bad, she could only guess. And rather than repulse her, it had in fact, turned her on. So badly that she wanted in on it. She knew Sondra was fucking with her. That bitch just wanted her to get fat so she could laugh at her probably. She didn't think she'd do it. Not gain a hundred and fifty pounds. No, she knew she'd fall short and she wouldn't have to honor her deal to let her have Sammy. But if that fat gut cunt was able to keep him tied to the bedpost, she knew damn well if she got fat herself, she could just as easily untie the boy and drag him off to her own bedroom.

And then there was Bruce. She had four and half days left till he came home from his fishing trip and she was so disgusted with him at this point that she would puke if she had to diddle with his puny dick. So getting fat like a hog would get her some super cock *and* keep Bruce off of her. It was a win-win for her.

So she'd raided the local grocery store for every ounce of super-fattening food she could scavenge from their shelves. She was going to have to work it hard if she wanted to pack on enough to gross Bruce out in less than five days. She'd read online that two to three pounds a day could be attainable, and so she was shooting for fifteen pounds by the time Bruce got

home. If he was drunk and passed out, she might even gain another day before he took a good look at her. But her metabolism was hyper-active. She'd never been able to put on weight, not even while she was pregnant, so she knew it was going to be a battle. But with giant cock at the finish line, she was going to give it her all.

But as she'd sat cramming twinkies into her mouth in the kitchen, she started thinking more about Kerry and Eddie. And after seeing Sammy, she was super curious. She wondered if Sondra had been yanking her chain about it. So after obtaining a sugar rush, she'd pulled on her sweatpants and crossed the street. And now, here she was.

When Eddie had strolled out naked with his wanker swinging, she'd almost fainted. Obviously at that point, she'd realized that Sondra hadn't been shitting her. No, apparently these two women had taken a drug that made their sons have huge dicks. Of that, she had no doubt. She'd even looked it up and found out that there had been a major class-action lawsuit against NOW Pharmaceuticals by a bunch of women claiming that FEM-32 had caused irreparable harm to their children's sexuality and mental state. A little more digging revealed some whacky shit about the whole case. One conspiracy site she found had even claimed that NOW was experimenting with human evolution...that they knew the drug would cause the effects it did...that it was part of some secret plan they had to alter mankind. She also read that it caused remarkably large penis and testicles in the boys and enormous breasts with girls. And there had been some insinuations that there had been a few cases of incest involved between mothers and sons.

All in all, Sondra's claims seemed to have merit and it also explained possibly what was up with her and Sammy. It had just been a theory...a guess until now...now that she had discovered

Maureen was just as freaky with Eddie apparently. Was this normal? Did all the women who took that drug...screw around with their overly endowed sons? The concept just enraged her hormones. It was so fucking nasty that it was just unbearable. She'd began fantasizing about Sondra and Sammy fucking as soon as the fat bitch had left her backyard...but it had just been day-dreaming...wishful thinking, until she came to Maureen's house hours later.

Maureen was only a bit less fat than Sondra was. And at least she packed more in her ass than Sondra did. Sammy's mother was all gut like a pregnant woman. It was disturbing to see her stomach bared. And yet, she found herself fantasizing about watching Sammy jerk off on his mother rotund tummy. And as soon as she'd witnessed Eddie's dick in person, she'd switched in her mind from Sondra to Maureen. Now she was pensively imagining Maureen and her son engaging in the dirty deeds.

And how the hell had it escalated. One minute they were in the kitchen and she was sticking her foot in her mouth...and the next they were breathing on one another...entirely too close to each other...and then the other woman was off to fetch her son.

Anita sighed and fidgeted with her hair again. She noticed movement and turned her head to look at Eddie as he walked out of the darkness of the hallway and pranced into the living room.

He was stark naked. With each step he took, his dick swung from side to side, slapping his upper thighs. His cock was truly bigger than her full grown husband's. And the boy was fucking limp!

She smiled at him and he just stared back. Seconds and steps ticked by and he was plopping down on the couch across from her. She inadvertently realized the windows behind her

were open and that anyone on the street could probably see in and see them. Jumping up, she went around her own chair and quickly flicked the shades closed and then tugged at the curtains till she got them fully down and covering the window.

She turned once more and looked over at him on the couch and then she glanced down the hall. The light from one of the doors brightened the hallway floor and she noticed shadowy movement in it. Maureen must be in her own room getting dressed or undressed or whatever she was up to. Confident that the woman wouldn't come barging out without warning, she returned her attention to the boy on the sofa.

Stepping quietly, she went around the chair and dropped back into it, facing him. She smiled again and then let her eyes drift down to his genitals. He had his legs together and his thighs were clamped over his goodies.

Her eyes rose, disappointed, and met his. They locked gazes and she smiled once more trying to break the ice. He didn't seem to respond emotionally, but all at once, he spread his legs and just looked off toward the kitchen...as if he sensed she wanted to ogle him. Was he giving her the opportunity? She took it.

With nothing impeding her gaze, she would now more easily tell that his balls were also big and not just his penis. They were a large sack of skin filled with two round shapes that had to be the size of silver dollars in comparable circumference.

Good grief, his balls are even bigger than Bruce's! How could a boy this age...this size...be so much bigger than her husband? She knew how. Modern science had obviously made it happen. *Better living through chemistry*, she thought to herself and then smirked at her own humor.

I wonder if she's just gonna show off or what? Anita found herself imagining Maureen strolling in buck naked and then just

taking the boy right there on the couch while she watched. Could the fat tramp be that nasty? Maybe not this time. But if this went well...or bad, however you wanted to perceive it...she wondered if eventually she might do something extreme.

About then, the boy turned back and looked at her and then spun his head the opposite direction toward the hall as the door down it opened and his mother emerged.

As Maureen appeared, Anita gasped. The woman was completely topless and wearing only a pair of super tight jeans that look like they were cutting her in half. Her belly and her hip handles bubbled out over the top of them like huge waves of flesh and with every step she took towards them, her big, fat titties bounced and her gut jiggled.

She bit her lip to prevent a verbal outburst.

When she finally managed to pull her gaze away from Maureen and return it to Eddie, she was astonished to see his cock lengthening and raising up slightly. By the time his mother reached the couch, he was half hard.

"You think these pants are too tight? They just make my fat bulge out, see," and the fat woman started fondling her flabby folds, both hips and then her hanging belly. "I mean they fit, right, but I don't know. I just feel so fat when I'm wearing them." That said, she popped up on her toes and bounced up and down a few times, sending her breasts and stomach to flopping and quivering. Then she slapped her fat gut and flopped down on the couch beside Eddie. RIGHT beside him... as in right up against him, elbow to elbow.

The boy's cock was fully erect now and just standing straight up into the air. As Anita stared, she could swear it was pulsing somewhat...his heartbeat thumping through the myriad of vessels that filled his penis.

"Oh c'mon, Eddie...put that away boy or go put some pants on...we've got company!" she told him with a grin and obvious air of humor. "What'choo think about that, huh?" she added, sending her commentary to Anita. She tilted her head to indicate she was talking about his dick and said, "Bold with it ain't he? He are'ta be ashamed that his flabby momma does that to him, but obviously he's not."

"I see that," she replied as her eyes locked with Maureen's. "Maybe you should teach him a lesson about pointing guns. Of course, maybe if you let him shoot it off once in a while, he wouldn't be playing with it so much."

Maureen's eyes glittered and then somehow it was as if they were able to read each other's thoughts.

Maureen blinked and stared dead at Anita's glowing eyes. Had she really just said that? Yeah, she did. Could she have figured out what was going on? Was this bitch smarter than she and Sondra thought? Was the whole bimbo blonde thing just some sort of show or front?

From the one verbal exchange and the single look she'd given her, Maureen knew exactly what the bitch wanted her to do. And now it was as if she were daring her to do it.

"I see you closed the shades," she commented and then smiled. "You're a bad woman."

"Not as bad as you," Anita snapped back, her voracious grin amply conveying her horny and deviant desires.

"Eddie, baby...you want momma to fix that for you?"

Eddie, looking stupid and blank as ever, turned his head and looked up at his mother. "I guess so."

Maureen stood up and headed off toward the dark hallway again and disappeared.

Once she was out of sight, Anita turned her attention back to Eddie and as she watched him, and he watched her...his erection began to slowly droop.

Wow...tell me what you really think! Anita thought to herself as she watched the boy's boner deplete. Obviously he wasn't aroused by her in the fucking least. *Bet if I was fat as butter your cock would be all over me wouldn't it? Yeah, it would, you little freak!*

Just then, Maureen strolled back in with a jar of Vaseline in her hand. Plopping back down on the couch beside her son, she popped the lid off and scooped out a handful of the greasy mess with her right hand. Then she squeezed it in her palm and worked it out until her entire hand was shiny and greased.

The boy's cock had returned to full salute by then and Maureen casually reached out and grabbed it with her hand and began sliding it up and down on his engorged rod.

Eddie sat back against the couch cushions and flinched and she just smiled down at him and tightened her grip even more. Then with suddenly deliberate and brisk pumping movements, she began to stroke him off.

For several long moments, the only sound in the house was the smacking noise of her greased up hand siphoning off his man tube. Slowly, another sound began to join in though. It was the sound of Eddie's rapid and stunted breathing.

"You like that, Eddie...hmmm? You like that? Feels good, huh? Yeah it does. Want Momma to do it faster?"

She was talking to him. When did that start?

Oh, you dirty whore! She's gonna fucking go full freak on me here, isn't she? Yeah she is! Oh fuck yes...fuck yes! Jerk that little bastard off. Make him cum!

Maureen sped up her pumping motion and Eddie started grunting and squirming. His cock was bright red now and so hard...so very fucking hard. The head of his dick was almost purple and it look like the top of a mushroom, solid and shiny. The Vaseline had spread all over his shaft and the whole of his penis was just as shiny as his glans was. Veins were rippling just beneath the skin on it and his balls were starting to jiggle under the force of his mother's pounding hand.

"You know what's fixing to happen? Momma's gonna make you cum. Momma's gonna show Miss Farris how big of a man you are. You wanna do that? You wanna show Miss Farris how much a big, hard...man you are, baby? Relax...relax and let Momma do all the work. I got this."

Anita couldn't say a word, but she badly wanted to touch her pussy. She could feel the heat between her legs building along with moisture and ache for penetration.

"Ohh...oh, here we go," Maureen announced as Eddie bucked and began squirming erratically.

Without much more warning, a squirt of semen ejected from the tip of his cock and shot up into the air about a foot and then splattered back down onto his chest.

"Uh-ohh!" she blurted with a giggle and pulled his cock towards herself so that the next expulsion blasted out onto her chest and upper belly roll. "Oh nooo...all over Mommy!"

He tried to squirm out of her grip, but she held onto his cock like a vise grip, her hand continuing to jerk him off until he'd unloaded at least four or five eruptions all over her torso.

Anita stood up and gasped.

"I...I gotta go...I gotta---" and she darted off toward the front door before she could finish her sentence. Her pussy was screaming and she couldn't take it. If she stayed, she end up

throwing herself onto the couch with them. She stopped at the door and turned back to look at Maureen who had stood up.

Semen dripped down her flabby belly and one long gooey gob strung from her left nipple down to her lower belly. So much cum! It was too much...too much to resist.

"I gotta go take care of something...really bad like," she muttered and tried to smile. "I WILL CALL YOU!" she blurted a little too loudly as she jerked the door open and catapulted herself across the street.

"That was freaking weird," Eddie commented nonchalantly from the couch.

"You did good, baby," Maureen said to him as she shut the front door and turned around to face him. "That was fucking awesome. C'mon...you wanna watch me stuff my face?"

No more had she said it, than the boy was on his feet and his dick rising again.

"Holee crap, Eddie! Damn, son...already?!"

"Fat, fat, fat, fat!" he muttered as he ran past her into the kitchen.

"No...you're the freaking weirdo around here!" she popped off at him as his naked ass rounded the corner into the kitchen.

THREE DAYS LATER...

Kerry Farris wandered out of her room and down the hall to the bathroom. As she reached for the doorknob, the door popped open and her mother barged out wearing a pair of jogging pants and a tight tank top.

"Why you using *my* bathroom?" she all but demanded.

"It was closer, that's why," her mother snapped back. "And I wouldn't go in there for a little while either."

By that point the smell had already hit her and she had to fight hard not to gag. "Gross, Mom!"

For the last few days her mother had been constantly in the bathroom either hers or the master one off the back of her parent's bedroom. And when she wasn't in there, she was down in the basement doing something.

When Anita just ignored her insult, she glared at her and turned to watch her walk down the hall. To her dismay, it really looked as if her mother's body was slightly...*bigger*? How was that possible? She stared harder with more intent and realized the illusion was originating with Anita's ass.

Jogging pants. Nobody looks hot in them, she guessed as her mother turned the corner.

"Oh, hey...I'm fixing to head out to the store for a little while. If you need something, I got my cell phone," her mother shouted from the kitchen.

"Can I go with you?"

"No." The answer was quick and decisive, leaving no room for argument.

Holding her nose, she forced her way into the stinky bathroom and shut the door. By the time she emerged a few minutes later, she could hear the grinding noise of the garage door closing. Glancing out the window, she saw her mother's SUV backing out into the street.

"Home alone," she muttered to herself aloud as she walked into the kitchen wearing nothing but her tiny panties and an old spaghetti strap night shirt that had gotten too small for her several years before. Now it didn't even hang down to her belly button, but it was her favorite and so she refused to give it up. And the only time she could get away with wearing it anymore

was when her father was away. He'd bitch when she wore it, but her mother didn't seem to give a shit if her nipples poked through the over-stretched and worn out fabric...or if didn't cover her belly at all.

Her dad was kind of a dick. He seemed to assume that she was a total whore of some nature. She liked when he took his long fishing trips. It was the only time she could run around in her panties without fear of being berated for it. Why he fucking cared anyway, she had no clue.

Walking was still a bit touchy. She'd been sore for the last three days, ever since she screwed the boy from across the street. Eddie was a little dirty freak and his mother was a big fat bitch and a half. It wasn't the first time she'd had a cock put to her, but it had been by far, the best and nastiest...and without doubt, *the biggest!* Anyway, her legs were still sore from it and her pussy still seemed to be sort of...*bigger* than it had been.

Even as she walked, she felt like the bottom crotch of her bikini panties were riding up inside her opening. That used to never happen. She'd always had this tight little crevice. But ever since the night at the Parks' house, her narrow crevice seemed to flare open and her vaginal lips were visible within it. It was disturbing to say the least. Had the boy really stretched her out? Apparently so...or at least it seemed that way.

In the kitchen she rummaged around for something to eat, but kept coming up empty handed. The pantry was even devoid of so much as a twinkie. Her dad always kept junk-food stashed, but she could find nothing. It had been this way for days. Ever since her father left on his fishing trip, it seemed she'd been hungry.

Emerging from the pantry disappointed, she looked around to the basement door off the back of the kitchen. Before you reached the backdoor, you had to walk through a small foyer

which had their washer and dryer in it. The basement door was positioned in this small foyer. She was disturbed by the fact that the door was open slightly. It was never open. But then again her mother had been down there doing something for the last three days...with said door locked. And now here it was open.

She made her way across the kitchen the washer foyer and pulled on the door. It squeaked and opened fully. She glanced down at the inside of the door and noted that the handle was in a locked position.

She locked it and must not have pushed it to, all the way. The assumption was a solid one. Her mother had left out in a hurry. *What the fuck has she been up to down there, I wonder?*

She flicked the light switch on and began her descent down the stairs. At the bottom, she found herself in total and utter shock at what awaited her.

Her father had a work bench that ran some six foot down the back wall and a work table that was probably five by five feet in size that sat out in the middle of the basement. Atop the bench sat an assortment of empty junk-food containers and various drinks. Several trash bags were tied up and leaning against the bench on the floor. She counted at least four empty gallon size containers of milk. Among them were various two liter soda bottles and what looked like chocolate milk cartons. Beyond the drinks, there were literally stacked cookie packages of every type she could think of. The one end of the bench was a stack of empty candy boxes...the expensive, rich and awesome tasting kind that you usually only got on Valentine's day.

"What...the...fuck??"

As she stepped off the stairs onto the basement floor and moved toward the bench, she realized the trash bags held even more empty containers.

She reached out and opened a few of the cookie boxes and bags and was astonished to find none of them had any contents left within. Turning around, she stared at the large work table and realized it had her mother's lap top computer sitting on it. Next to it was a piece of paper that looked like a printed out calendar. She stepped up to the table and raised the laptop's screen. It was on and a Boogle search results page was displayed in the browser window.

HOW DO YOU GET FAT FAST

"What the fucking hell?" she blurted. What was her mother doing down here? She glanced back behind her at all the empty containers and various bottles and jugs...the trash bags filled with refuse and then she looked back at the computer screen.

Two and two made four.

"HOLEE SHIT!! Mom's trying to get fat!!"

It was obvious, but the real question was why. Why was her mother trying to get fat? And why was she hiding it? If nothing else, it certainly explained why she'd been in the bathroom so much the last few days.

She looked at the printed out page next to the laptop and slid it towards herself. It was indeed a calendar. Three days earlier, it had a big black circle around the date box.

DAY ONE – BACKYARD ACTION

"Backyard action? What the hell does that mean?" she asked aloud to no one in particular.

Her mother had been writing notes in black ink. Next to the first day, she had also written the number 105. The second

block had 107 scrawled in it, and the third had 110. And today's block had 113 in it.

"Holee shit...is that her weight?"

Looking over at the computer, she noticed an icon at the bottom of the screen indicating the digital note pad program was running. She used her finger to mouse down and click it...and the program quickly overtook the browser window.

Her mother had been typing notes.

DAY TWO – 1.9 POUNDS

DAY THREE – 3.2 POUNDS

DAY FOUR – 2.9 POUNDS

MANAGING TO HOLD TO THE 3 POUND NUMBER TODAY. IF I CAN KEEP THIS UP, WHEN BRUCE GETS HOME TOMORROW NIGHT, I SHOULD WEIGH 115 OR 116. BUT THAT'S ONLY 10 POUNDS AND I DON'T THINK IT'S ENOUGH. I DON'T EVEN LOOK LIKE I'VE GAINED ANYTHING. JEANS WERE A LITTLE TIGHT THIS MORNING BUT THAT'S ALL. HOPING I CAN KEEP HIM OFF OF ME TILL THE END OF THE WEEK. BY THE WEEKEND, I'M HOPING TO HAVE MADE IT TO 120 AT LEAST...BUT AT SEVEN DAYS, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE 125. THAT WOULD BE 15 POUNDS AND THAT SHOULD DAMN WELL BE SHOWING.

What the fuck was going on? Keep Bruce off of her? Was her mother intentionally getting fat so her father wouldn't want anything to do with her? Why would she do that? Was she cheating on him? Surely not, because unless her boyfriend liked fat women, she'd be screwing herself over. It didn't make sense at all.

She clicked the FILE menu and noted there was another recently used file...named JOURNAL. She selected it and a

secondary typed page appeared with Saturday's date at the top of it.

SATURDAY

CAN'T BELIEVE I DID IT. SAMMY IS A FUCKING FREAK! WHAT I SAW BULGING THROUGH HIS SHORTS THIS MORNING WAS JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG! IT'S GOT TO BE EIGHT OR NINE INCHES LONG! IT WAS SO FUCKING GOOD! I CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S GOT SO A HUGE COCK! AND HE LIKES FAT WOMEN! I JUST CAN'T WRAP MY HEAD AROUND THAT. AND I KNOW DAMNED WELL THAT HE'S SCREWING AROUND WITH HIS MOTHER. WHAT A PAIR OF FREAKS! AND HER BULLSHIT WITH I CAN'T FUCK HIM AGAIN UNLESS I HIT 250! OH WELL. I'M GONNA SHOW HER WHAT'S WHAT WITH THAT!

SUNDAY

CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT AT MAUREEN'S HOUSE. I ONLY THOUGHT SONDRAS WAS A PERVERTED FREAK, BUT MAUREEN HAS HER BEAT TO HELL. STILL CAN'T BELIEVE SHE JUST SAT THERE AND JERKED HIM WHILE I WATCHED! SO FUCKING HOT AND NASTY. I MUST HAVE CUM LIKE TEN TIMES LAST NIGHT THINKING ABOUT IT. MY PUSSY FUCKING HURTS FROM TOO MUCH VIBRATOR! GONNA HAVE TO GET A NEW ONE ANYWAY. MAYBE ONE OF THOSE GIANT DILDOS TOO. FUCKING BRUCE AIN'T NEVER GONNA HIT THE SIDES AGAIN AFTER SAMMY. AS TWISTED AS IT IS THOUGH, I'D ALMOST FUCK EDDIE TOO. IT WOULD BE NASTIER TO SEE HIM FUCK MAUREEN THOUGH. AND I THINK SHE MIGHT ACTUALLY DO IT TOO. PLAY IT BY EAR AND SEE. I STARTED EATING TODAY AND IT'S HARD. HARDER THAN I IMAGINED. I'VE ALREADY CRAPPED

LIKE THREE TIMES. I DON'T THINK MY BODY WANTS TO MAKE ANY FAT. IT'S RIDICULOUS.

MONDAY

WOW! I ACTUALLY GAINED ALMOST TWO POUNDS SINCE YESTERDAY MORNING. PROBABLY ALL POOP THOUGH. WITH MY LUCK I'LL CRAP IT ALL OUT THIS MORNING AND BE LESS THAN I WAS TO START WITH. READ SOME MORE ON THAT FEM-32 CRAP THAT MAUREEN AND SONDRRA TOOK WHILE THEY WERE PREGNANT. APPARENTLY THEY PULLED THE SHIT OFF THE MARKET ENTIRELY ABOUT SIX YEARS AGO. STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT'S WHAT CAUSED THE BOYS TO HAVE SUCH BIG DICKS. FUCK, THEY SHOULD GIVE THAT SHIT AWAY FOR FREE. ODDLY I ALSO READ THAT IT CAUSES WEIGHTGAIN IN ALMOST ALL OF THE WOMEN WHO TOOK IT. LIKE 95% OF THEM GOT FUCKING FAT, OR SO THE ARTICLE I READ SAID. ALMOST MAKES ME WANNA FIND SOME OF IT. IT MIGHT HELP. NOT TO MENTION IF I GOT PREGNANT WITH A BOY WHILE I'M ON IT. WHOA NELLY, HUH? I COULD JOIN THE FAT BITCHES WHO FUCK THEIR SONS WITH BIG DICKS CLUB THEN FOR SURE!

TUESDAY

HAVING TO HIDE IN THE BASEMENT TO EAT. KERRY HAS BEEN HOME ALL FUCKING DAY AND WON'T GO ANYWHERE NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY. IT'S REALLY ANNOYING. STILL WONDERING WHETHER SHE MIGHT HAVE MESSED AROUND WITH EDDIE THE OTHER NIGHT. MAUREEN DIDN'T SEEM TO THINK SO, BUT I DON'T KNOW. SHE'S A REAL FREAK HERSELF. WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF SHE DIDN'T FUCKING WATCH IF SHE CAUGHT THEM DOING SOMETHING. OR WORSE. SHE SEEMED

A LITTLE TOO QUICK TO JERK HIM OFF IN FRONT OF ME. MAKES ME THINK IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME SHE'D DONE SOMETHING LIKE THAT. AND IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF KERRY WOULD SIT AND WATCH THEM. CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER IF SHE'S A VIRGIN STILL. WOULD SHE FUCK THAT BOY IF SHE HAD THE CHANCE? PROBABLY. I'D HATE TO SEE WHAT SHE'D DO WITH FUCKING SAMMY. HE'D KILL HER WITH THAT COCK OF HIS! I'M UP TO 110 TODAY. A WHOLE FIVE POUNDS AND IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE FALLING OFF. CAN'T TELL NOTHING THOUGH. TIME TO EAT.

WEDNESDAY

I'M JUST A LITTLE OVER 113 TODAY AND MY JEANS ARE REALLY TIGHT WHEN I TRIED THEM ON. FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I HAD TO FIGHT WITH A BUTTON. GLAD TO BE BACK IN THE JOGGING PANTS, DAMMIT. BEING FAT IS UNCOMFORTABLE. OH WELL, I'VE GOT 8 POUNDS UNDER MY BELT SO FAR. MORE COMING WITH LUCK. OH, FOUND OUT SOME MORE ABOUT FEM-32. IT WAS NEVER APPROVED AS A PHARMACEUTICAL, SO IT'S NOT ILLEGAL TO POSSESS IT WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION. TURNS OUT IT WAS ONLY IN TRIALS...AND SOMEONE AT THE PLANT WHERE IT WAS MADE WAS DEALING IT ON THE STREET AS A BREAST ENHANCEMENT DRUG. I'M WONDERING IF I MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIND SOME OF IT. HAVE TO LOOK AROUND.

Kerry's mouth hung open in awe by the time she finished reading the most recent entry. Her mother had sex with Sammy Hogan and then watched Maureen Parks jerk off Eddie while she watched, the very day after she'd got busted having sex with him in the bathroom!

So her mother was cheating on her father. And with Sammy Hogan! He was such a nerd! But she had seen his dick that day in gym class several months ago. It was ridiculously huge and it just hung down and out his shorts leg like some kind of pale, one-eyed snake.

If she tried to fuck him with that thing, she wouldn't have a pussy left afterwards. Fucking Eddie had nearly broke her crotch. She was still walking funny from it.

No wonder Maureen got so pissed! That weird fat bitch is messing around with him too! Them nasty old bitches! And my own mother is right in there with them, evidently! And what the fuck was that about 250? Surely mom's not gonna get that fucking fat! Dad will spaz out! I think I might spaz out too!

And this drug that she was talking about...just what the hell was that all about? She intended to look it up herself. But for now, she was still trying to wrap her head around the fact that her mother was trying to get fat intentionally. And for what? Rather whom, actually. So Sammy and Eddie liked fat women? How weird was that? She wasn't fat and Eddie had fucked the living hell out of her.

She noticed about that point that her own reflection in an old antique mirror that sat in the far corner of the basement. Her parents had stored a lot of old furniture down here over the years since they moved in. The old mirror had belonged to her Great Aunt, if she recalled. She walked over towards the standup mirror and slid it out from behind the folding table that was in front of it. Then she backed up and looked at herself in it.

Turning sideways, she realized she did have a little bit of a pooch to her belly. Of course this old night shirt she wore was so tight that it did little help conceal anything. It sort of made her belly look bigger than it was. She inhaled deeply and put

her hands on her hips while extending her abdominal muscles as much as she could. Her tummy stuck out another couple of inches...enough to make her look slightly pregnant. After a second, she released her breath and sighed as her belly shrank back down.

*I gotta get back in there...and ask Eddie if he really likes fat bitches. That's so weird. Wonder what I'd look like fat? Sondra apparently told Mom she could fuck Sammy if she got fat. I wonder if Maureen would let me fuck Eddie if **I got fat?***

She pushed the mirror back into its original place and then went back to the table where the laptop was at. Carefully she reached to close the journal entry, but as she did so, her eyes locked on the last entry...where her mother had mentioned that FEM-32 had been marketed as a breast enhancement drug.

I wonder if it worked? Weird. Gonna have to read up on it. Wonder if Mom might actually find some of it? Hmm. She looked down at the tight shirt covering her chest and noted how her nipples were bulging through the fabric. If I just had half as much boob as I got nipples and areola...I'd be a C-cup at least!

Meticulously, she closed the journal file and then minimized the gain record page so that the internet browser was again on top. Then she closed the computer and headed back up the stairs.

As she stomped up the steps, she realized her tummy was jiggling slightly as were her puffy little tits. It felt wicked cool. Stopping about half way up, she took her shirt off and turned to jog back down the steps, this time intentionally jolting herself as much as possible. She could feel torso bouncing but she couldn't really see it because when she looked down her head bobbed as well from the steps.

When she reached the bottom, she tossed her shirt onto the table and ran back up the steps once more.

*Jiggle, jiggle, jiggle, jiggle...*all the way up the stairs. She giggled with joy when she made it to the top. She never ran much unless it was at school in gym class and she always had a bra on, so this was the first time she'd ever really felt her tits jostling when she ran. Walking didn't do it. Running wasn't much better, but she bounded up and down the stairs, the extra force was tilting her pointy tits up and down. They were more or less wiggling rather than really bouncing. It still felt awesome though. And her belly was doing it to...only to her horror, she could actually *watch* her belly moving up and down.

Am I really getting fat?! She poked at her belly and then with both hands, shook it. It didn't move all that much. Not really at all, but when she ran the staircase, it bounced lightly, but enough that she could feel it moving.

She ran down the stairs again. When she reached the bottom she was breathing in gasps. She sort of liked the belly bouncing as much as the boob wiggling.

On a lark, she stepped over and raised her mother's laptop screen again and eyed the Boogle entries for how to make yourself fat. She clicked to images, and was aghast at how many pictures of fat women and men suddenly filled the screen. One of the first was entitled, "My first bloat." Curious, she right clicked and opened the link in another window. It led to some woman's blog page.

Apparently the woman was just like her. She'd been flat chested her whole life and had become obsessed with her belly when it started getting plump. But she didn't want to be fat, but she loved the feel of her belly bouncing. So she'd begun bloating her belly by drinking water in large amounts. It was temporary weight that she peed off later.

Suddenly, Kerry was curious. She closed the new window and then reverted the Boogle search back to web from images and closed her mother's computer again.

Up the stairs she went wearing only her tiny and tight little panties. Once in the kitchen, she went to the pantry and grabbed three bottles of water. Popping one open, she began to guzzle it down. Minutes later, she emptied it and sat it down on the counter and then she reached for the second bottle. Halfway through it, she had to stop. She was already bloated. She waited a few moments and then turned the bottle up again with the determination to at least finish the second bottle.

When she sat the bottle down, it was nearly empty and when she looked down, her belly was protruding as far out as it had when she pooched it down in the basement. She tried then to stick it out and discovered it was already as distended as it could go. Bending over now wasn't much of an option.

She bounced up and down on her toes and could both feel and hear herself sloshing inside.

Giggling, she headed over to the basement door and then bolted down the stairs. Her belly sloshed and bounced and the extra weight of 40 ounces of water felt like a hundred pounds.

By the time she reached the bottom of the stairs, she was gasping and had to lean up against the work bench. She rubbed her bloated tummy and then her right hand slipped inside the front of her panties. She began to rub her clitoris and then she launched herself up the stairs again, her hand still in her underwear.

With her arm firmly against her side and her hand beneath the curve of her belly, she could definitely feel the weight of her distended stomach bouncing this time. And by the time she reached the top of the stairs, she was cumming all over her fingers.

Panting, she dropped onto her ass at the top of the steps and leaned against the basement door frame.

“Oh shit...oh shit, that’s so freaky!” she exclaimed aloud to no one but herself. Gasping and shivering from her orgasm, she began to tweak her pointy nipples, tugging firmly at them until it was almost painful. “Why...why can’t I have big tits yet?”

She thought about her scrawny mother and realized that she might *never* have any sizable amount of breasts if she took after her, but she was hoping she’d gotten a bit more of her genetics from her father’s side of the family. She looked like her mother without doubt, but some elements of her appearance rang of her father as well. And her paternal grandmother had a fairly large rack of hooters, though she was somewhat chubby as well.

Sitting like she was with her legs hiked up in front of her with her feet on the first step down the stairs...and leaning forward, her bloated belly was completely covering her panties and she couldn’t even see her crotch at all. Her stomach seemed huge now and she was amazed at it. Was she really getting pudgy? She accepted that most of what she was looking at was the result of her guzzling two bottles of water, but she also recognized the fact that her tummy wasn’t as flat as it used to be by any means. Was she going to take after her granny?

Her breathing had finally resumed a normal level and so she stood up and prepared to trot down the stairs once more, but as she shifted to descend, she had a brainstorm of sorts. Maybe she couldn’t sprout big titties overnight...but that didn’t mean she couldn’t pretend!

Sondra stood at the end of the kitchen bar and pointed down at the box of donuts and half gallon of milk that sat a foot before her atop the counter.

Her friend, Maureen sat in one of the high seat chairs that encircled the kitchen island bar. She was sitting there in a baggy t-shirt and shorts, glaring at the box and the jug.

"You gonna get going or what?" she asked her finally.

"I gotta eat the whole dozen? I mean...are you serious?"

"I already ate mine," and she thumbed over at the counter by the sink where an empty box and milk container sat.

"C'mon, are you gonna man-up or not?"

"Yeah, yeah," she replied though she pulled a disgusted face as she leaned back in the chair stool. "What's that for?" she asked when she noticed Sondra had placed a small notebook and pen along with a flexible fabric tape measure just off to one side of the donut box that sat before her.

"I keep a record of my body changes just for shits and giggles, so I thought maybe you might want to as well," Sondra explained as she stepped around the corner of the island counter and reached out to grasp the items and slide them to her.

"Holee crap...you like...*literally* measured yourself all over and charted it? That's...well, okay...admittedly, that's sort of fucking cool I guess," her friend commented once she began to thumb through Sondra's personal notations. "Okay...I wanna do this too," she added as she stood up from her high stool. "I want to measure everything *before* I start this though."

"Sure," Sondra agreed and lifted the tape measure up.

"Take your shirt off and drop the shorts."

"You just trying to get me naked again?"

"No, if I wanted to do that, I'd just call Sammy in," she assured her friend as she knelt down in front of her. Once Maureen had her shorts pulled down, she wrapped the tape around the circumference of her right thigh. "Write this down," she told her and Maureen reached for the pad and pen.

"Twenty three inches," she called out. Moving up to her hips, she added, "Thirty six inches." She moved higher and threaded the tape above her hips but under the curve of her belly. "Waist is thirty four inches." Now she stood up and wrapped the tape around Maureen's belly along her navel line. The metal tip touched the 38" mark. She sighed and looked in her friend's face. "You gonna stop sucking it in or what?"

Maureen sighed then and rolled her eyes.

"Waiting, tubby...c'mon with it," she added just to harass her pal. "Let it out...give it to me. There you go," she commented with a smirk when Maureen finally relaxed her stomach muscles and let her gut sag outward. "Yeah...belly is forty one inches, babe...'bout where I was three months ago." Rising higher, she shoved the metal "O" tip up nearly under Maureen's right armpit and then ran the length of the tape out and around to the tip of her nipple. "Breast, ten inches exactly." Then she ran the tape all the way around her chest just above the bulge of her breasts. "Thirty six inches for the chest. You got all of it?"

"Can I put my arms down now?" Maureen asked.

Sondra let the tape go and smirked. "Kinda hard to write like that, huh?"

"Little bit," her friend replied with a snort as she put pen to paper to record the numbers. "So do these numbers really change that much?"

"Flip back one page and read my figures from three months ago compared to last week."

Maureen flicked back in the notebook and began to read through the entries that Sondra had made about herself during the course of her three month gain.

The first entry read as:

WEIGHT	TITS + WEIGHT	BRA	PANTS	BELLY	WAIST	THIGH	HIPS
185	9" + 1.5 LBS	36"C	14	41"	31"	22"	34"

She moved down through a bevy of entries to the last one dated a week earlier, probably right before she'd gotten caught with Sammy in living room. The last set of numbers read:

WEIGHT	TITS + WEIGHT	BRA	PANTS	BELLY	WAIST	THIGH	HIPS
210	9.9" + 2 LBS	38"D	20	51"	34"	24"	37"

Maureen cocked her head and arched an eyebrow as she bent the paper so that she could compare her own stats:

WEIGHT	TITS + WEIGHT	BRA	PANTS	BELLY	WAIST	THIGH	HIPS
170	10"	36"D	16	41"	34"	23"	36"

In some regards, she was actually bigger than Sondra had been three months earlier, but to her shock, her belly was the exact same size. Looking forward, she realized that her friend had gained 10 inches in the belly while her waist had only enlarged 3 inches...and the same with her hips. Obviously Sondra was a belly gainer. She had put on three times the amount of weight there than any other place on her body.

Out to the side, Sondra had scribbled some math and circled the number 3.2 inches.

"What's this mean?"

"Huh? Oh that's how much further my belly sticks out than it did to start with. When I realized I was gaining the most in my stomach, I was curious just how far further it was poking out, so I was diddling the math there."

“Doesn’t sound like much,” Maureen commented as she eyed her pal’s protruding gut as it bulged out at her through the thin tank top she wore.

“Does it not?” Sondra lifted the tape measure and stuck the metal tip to Maureen’s navel and then pulled out, holding it at the three inch mark. “Not so small is it?”

Maureen glared downward at the three inch point beyond the curve of her abdomen and her eyes widened. “Okay, maybe not...damn.”

“Alright, tubby...donut fucking time!” Sondra said as she snatched the notebook and pen from her and tossed it back onto the counter. “How fast you think you can pack that forty pounds on?”

“I don’t know,” Maureen replied as she sat back down, in only her panties. “A pound a day, maybe...so like a month I guess?”

“Here’s some cool facts for you. Did you know that your body *does not* make fat cells? That’s right...your body always has a set amount of fat cells. When you gain weight, it’s because your body is channeling fat nutrients *into* those pre-existing cells. So you don’t make more cells, you just enlarge the ones you already have. And your body will almost always store the nutrients in the cells that are easiest to reach...which means the torso. Genetics, though, play a really big part in things as well as the types of food you eat. Some bitches gain in the thighs and ass...some all over...and some, like me, seem to focus it in the belly. I have read though, that rapid weight gains like due to drugs or hormonal stuff or stress or depression, tend to cause the weight to settle in the abdominal area, especially in regards to women. So I would imagine that intentional gains would also fall under that category...and looking at me,” and

she shook her belly through her shirt, "I'm guessing it's a pretty good assumption."

"So...so when I gain weight I'm just expanding my pre-existing fat cells?" Maureen asked with a dumbfounded expression on her face. "That's so weird. I always thought you were making more cells when you got fat. That's really weird."

"I thought so too, till I started researching all of this stuff and I've learned some very freaky stuff, let me tell you," Sondra continued. "For instance, eating a lot before bedtime helps. And junk-food isn't always the best gaining food. Believe it or not, the fattiest food in the word is a drink. Human breast milk!"

"What?" Maureen nearly spat out her donut.

"Human milk is twice as fattening as cow milk. And no, before you ask, I'm not drinking my own titty milk...not that I got any...but that look on your face...well, anyways," she said with a bit of a sneer. "Goat's milk...it's the closest to human milk, so I been drinking goat's milk for the last month and it's the freakiest fattener I've found."

Maureen arched a single eyebrow as she swallowed the last of her first donut. "What do you mean?"

Sondra turned and opened the refrigerator and pulled out a carton of goat's milk and stepped over to the bar with it and then sat it down beside her friend.

"In three months I've packed on twenty five pounds. The first month after me and Sammy go busy with it, I sort of just goofed around with it. I gained like five pounds the whole month. The second month, he sort of started pushing me a little and so I started eating heavier...more fatty shit...and I put on another eight pounds. Then I met Mister Goat's Best about three or four weeks ago...and I started drinking about two glasses a day. And I have added twelve pounds in the last

month because of it. Not even binging or anything. Nothing but my usual diet of garbage and two glasses a day of milk. And it doesn't even taste that bad. It's actually pretty good."

"Goat's milk," Maureen groaned and picked up the carton. "Are you serious?"

"Well if you think you can gain a pound a day, you're gonna have to get extreme, woman!" Sondra insisted.

"I put on more than just a pound in a day before. I've gotten up and weighed myself...and been five pounds heavier before I went to bed. Shouldn't be that hard," Maureen argued.

"Water weight and meals," Sondra countered. "You pee and poop it off on a daily basis. Weight shifts an average of three pounds per 24 hour period, but you're not adding fat. Real fat creeps up, little by little."

"So is a pound a day not feasible?"

"I didn't say that," Sondra replied with a grin. "I say we go for it...try it...why not? But it's gonna require some binging."

"Is that why we're scarfing donuts?"

"Yep," she replied with a grin. "And instead of a two glass a day thing...I'm thinking a whole carton."

"Yay," Maureen chirped, but the sarcasm was deep.

"Oh c'mon...we doing this or not? You wanna be able to walk in the room and make their dicks hard, or what?"

Maureen looked at her for a long second and then smiled as she reached for another donut with one hand and the milk with the other.

Kerry turned off the sink faucet and popped the balloon off. Carefully, she twisted it and tied the tip into a knot and then she shook it just to feel the weight of it pulling downward buoyantly. With a towel, she dried it off and sat it on the

kitchen counter next to the other one she'd filled with water moments earlier. Before she'd started her wet works, she'd pirated one of her mother's brassieres from the dryer and put it on. And now, with the utmost care, she crammed the two water balloons down into it. The cups were amazingly larger than her own bra, even though both of them were technically A-cups. Her bra was a 22-A and her mother's was a 30-A cup. Apparently that meant the tit covering needed to be larger for whatever reason. Conveniently it also meant she could stuff balloons down into it.

Once they were positioned, she bounced a little to see if they'd jiggle properly and to her delight, her fake boobs flopped like crazy. If she closed her eyes, it almost felt real...as the balloons were compressed against her actual breasts. Their movement very easily translated to her own chest. It was awesome. Why had she never done this before?

Walking back into the back foyer and then stepping through the basement entrance, she mounted the stairs and began to trot down them. With each step, her fake tits flopped extravagantly and it felt so erotic...so splendiferous. When she reached the bottom, her balloons continued to warble and jiggle and she wondered if real tits would do the same. Surely so. Oh what she wouldn't give for a rack of D-cups!

She turned and put her hand down her panties and started a stride up the stairs again, this time rubbing her clitoris as she went. She never made it to the top step. Three quarters of the way up, she had to drop to her knees and orgasm once more. It was a powerful and forceful explosion and she was totally unprepared for the gush of fluid that expelled suddenly from her vagina, soaking her panties. It felt so incredible though, that her rubbing fingers pressed further and entered her orifice. And then she rolled onto her back on the stairs and legs spread,

began fingering herself frantically as yet another orgasm began to build within her.

Even on her back, the water balloons were undulating and quivering and as she closed her eyes and leaned back, she allowed herself to imagine that this must be what it felt like to be a bitch with huge jugs. Her free hand rose and clasped one of the stuffed bra cups and squeezed it.

Oddly, her mind drifted back to a few nights before when she'd been having sex with Eddie in the bathtub. The recollection brought on her desire for a big dick inside her and suddenly her index finger wasn't enough...and so she pushed in her middle finger...and then...then she shoved her ring finger in and her pussy felt like it was going to rip...but with each subsequent pump, her vaginal opening relaxed more and more until just before she climaxed again, her fingers were practically slipping and sliding freely.

"Ohhhh fuck...fuck me...fuck me, Eddie!" she muttered to herself as her third orgasm crept ever closer to its apex. She wanted him again...badly! *I gotta have him...I gotta get it again! I'm gonna fuck that cock again and again! I don't care what his fat ass fucking momma says! She's fucking him! What business does she have telling me I can't! I could do like Mom...I could just pudge out a little bit...and I bet he'd fuck the shit out of me!*

She erupted into orgasm and clear fluids sprayed around the crotch of her already wet panties and glossed the stairs beneath her with stickiness. When it was over, she rose up on her elbows and looked down at her fake boobs.

"I wonder if my tits would get bigger if I got fatter?" she asked aloud to no one but herself. All the fat girls at school seemed to have boobs...so wouldn't it stand to reason that her own would get bigger? "Just...just a few pounds, maybe," she added in almost a whisper as her eyes panned down the stairs

to all the empty junk-food containers on her father's work bench. "Nobody has to know..."

Just then, she heard a noise. It was the garage door.

"Oh crap!" she blurted and jumped up. She ran down the stairs, her legs nearly cutting out from under her. They felt like jello, but she couldn't let them resist. She had to move fast!

At the bottom of the stairs, she quickly glanced around to make sure everything was in place. The computer screen was down...but did she close all the windows? She reached for it, but by that point the garage was closing and she had to go.

Growling, she twisted and bolted up the stairs, her balloon tits flopping so hard she worried they might pop out. She nearly slipped on the wet spot where she came. Regaining her balance, she burst through the basement doorway and slammed the door back behind her and then bolted through the house to her room.

Once safely there, she whipped her mother's brassiere off and tossed it, along with her water balloons under her bed and then realized, with absolute terror, that she'd left her tiny shirt down in the basement on the work table.

She reached for her doorknob, but heard her mother grumbling in the kitchen, slamming cabinets and dropping bags of groceries. It was too late.

Anita, jogging pants and tank top, shuffled into the living room from the garage and kicked the door shut behind her. She sighed, knowing this was her final trip out to the truck. She'd lost count on how many bags she'd already packed in to the kitchen.

Now she had to sort what was for the kitchen and what was for her secret hideaway down in the basement. And Bruce

would be home in two days, so she was going to have to find herself a new place to hide her grub. She glanced around the corner to the hallway as she hustled into the kitchen. Hopefully Kerry was outside or in her room. It would make it easier to get her shit hid without having to explain what all the junk food was for to her nosey daughter.

Luckily she did all the bills and so Bruce wouldn't likely notice the excess purchases...at least for a while. Eventually he wasn't going to notice a shortage in funds though, but hopefully by then she'd already be too big and it'd just be a moot argument. If he found out too soon, he might put his foot down and stop her from eating...and that just wasn't acceptable.

As she sorted bags, sitting most by the basement door, she thought over what was likely to happen when Bruce got home. Would he sneer at her or make insulting comments about her ass spreading? Or would he say nothing? He was a pretty decent guy, and she had to admit that much. He might not say a fucking word to her about it. But she'd heard him bad-mouthing fat women enough to know that he wasn't going to like it when she started fluffing out...and probably the first thing he was going to do is start clamping down on junk food throughout the house...and possibly insinuate she should hit the gym or something. He'd be nice at first...but it wouldn't last for long. Nope, he'd get around to being direct at some point.

Maybe I should start buying food on a credit card! He'd never know about that and she could slip payments to it much easier than trying to explain massive holes in their checking account from excessive grocery buying.

But where am I gonna hide my food? That was the main question she concerned herself with as she reached for the doorknob leading into the basement. As she twisted it, she realized she needed the key for it...but just as she started to pull

her hand back, she realized it wasn't locked. She turned it a bit further and pulled the door open.

Damn...I must have forgotten to lock it! Panic suddenly set in as she picked up a bunch of the bags and scurried down the stairs. Why was the light still on?? She didn't leave the light on!

At the bottom of the stairs, she dropped her bags and quickly surveyed the basement in a haze of fear and desperation. Nothing was out of place. She raised the lid of her laptop and the monitor lit up. The screen was the same as she'd left it. At least no one had seen her journal.

She sighed, assuming perhaps she'd just left the light on and the door open. Paranoia was taking hold of her apparently. She forced herself to relax a bit and as she turned to pick up one of her bags, she noticed Kerry's sleep shirt lying in a pile on the edge of the work table.

"That...that was **NOT** here," she hissed out loud. She reached and picked it up. Kerry had been wearing it the night before when she went to bed. Her snooping daughter might have been bold enough to creep down into the basement to see what was going on...but why on earth would she have left her shirt down here? Odd was not an adequate enough term for it.

She dropped the shirt and returned her hands to her computer and poked around for a few seconds until she realized her browser had been used after she left. Had her daughter been down there surfing porn? Her shirt was here...the lights were on. She'd left in a hurry, quite obviously! She couldn't find any cookies relating to porn though. Had she wiped it somehow without erasing her own? It was weird.

And how could the girl have not noticed all the bags of refuse and the multitude of empty food containers scattered around the basement? Oh, she knew. The little bitch knew. What was she going to do? What could she do? Nothing but

confront her. But she needed to make sure she kept her mouth shut about it...so she needed leverage...something she could hold over the girl's head to force her to keep quiet about what she'd seen in the basement.

Anita pushed the door to her daughter's room open and stepped inside. Kerry was not there. She looked back out into the hall and saw that the light in the bathroom was on and beaming out from under the crack at the base of the door.

Hastily she moved further into the room and gazed around, hoping against all odds to find something out of place...anything that she might find and hold against her daughter. Leverage. She needed leverage. Something...anything!

The corner of her bed was ruffled near the floor. On a lark, she stepped over to it and kicked her foot under the bed and to her shock, her bare toes struck something soft and buoyant. For a moment, she thought she'd kicked Kerry hiding under the bed. But when she bent down and peered underneath it, she found two fist-sized water balloons and...her own bra??

She pulled all three out and stared until it finally struck her what she was looking at. She'd done the same thing herself as a girl. Probably every girl had done it at some point. Put your mother's bra on and stuff it so you could pretend to have big boobs. Nothing too weird about that...but...

"Oh crap! I can explain!" a frightened voice blurted from behind her.

Anita twisted and found herself facing her daughter. The girl's face was stricken with horror...and for some reason she couldn't seem to resist laughing.

"Why are you laughing?!" Kerry demanded.

"This!" Anita replied and tossed her bra at the girl.

"You're not mad?!"

"Please...come up with something original," her mother asserted as she stood up and plopped down on the side of her bed. "I was doing this sort of thing when I was half your age."

Kerry stepped further into her room and pulled the door shut behind her. "So you're not pissed at me?"

"I found your shirt," Anita stated without any preamble and her expression of amusement suddenly faded. When Kerry didn't reply, she continued, "I'm guessing you found my dirty little secret down there, huh?"

"Are you trying to get fat on purpose?"

The question was asked with no warning and it took Anita off guard. She hadn't expected the tables to turn this quickly. Suddenly she was on the defensive instead of Kerry.

"It's a long story," she began.

"I read your journal," Kerry cut her off. Her expression didn't allude to any disgust or anger. Instead, it seemed honestly curious more than anything.

Anita had expected fury from her daughter. She now knew she was cheating on her father...and with a boy her own fucking age! How could she not be mad?

"All of it?"

Kerry nodded, but her expression remained calm.

"You know about--"

"Sammy Hogan...yeah!"

Anita sighed and lowered her eyes to the floor where the two water balloons lay. As she stared at them, something suddenly occurred to her.

"Did you read about the drug...FEM-32?"

"A little bit, why?"

"I found a woman online...she's got a full prescription of it. She found out about the recall before she took it. She said she'd sell it to me for \$500 if I wanted it."

“Why would you want it?” Kerry looked at her oddly as if she truly didn’t get it. And then all at once, her eyes bugged and her mouth fell open in shock.

“Don’t even say it! I know what you’re thinking! And that’s not it! From what I read, it caused weight gain in the women that took it,” she insisted, though she knew that she was denying a solid truth. It had crossed her mind far too many times to take it and get pregnant so that she too, could pop out a long donged sex toy of her own. But she couldn’t dare admit that her daughter. “I figured I could take it...maybe help boost myself up, y’know.”

“Why...why are you telling me about it?”

“Because I also read that *girls* who took it developed a rather interesting side effect,” she replied with a devious grin starting to crease her lips. The idea had come to her while she was staring at the balloons. She’d remembered reading it in several locations. There was certainly no guarantee that it would work...but the worst it could cause would be weight gain or...if she got pregnant, perhaps a big cocked son.

Oh my...there’s a dirty little thought! Anita stared at her daughter and imagined her pregnant...her belly huge...a pair of giant tits draping down atop the orb of her stomach...fat, erect nipples dripping milk...and down between her legs...a gaping pussy with a big, fat cock dangling down out of it.

Anita had to cross her legs to curtail her fantasy. She hoped her pussy wasn’t wet already. The jogging pants wouldn’t do much to conceal matters.

“What kind of side effects?”

Anita smiled widely now.

“In pubescent girls, it apparently caused very large breast growth. And the women who took it while pregnant...well if they had girls, the girls had breasts from the time they could

walk and from some of the photos I found, they were just immense by the time they actually hit puberty.”

Kerry’s eyes were the size of plates...and her mouth gaped even wider.

“I will make a deal with you,” she began. “You don’t tell your father about any of this...and...and you let me hide my food in your room,” she added, realizing this might solve another problem she was facing. “Keep your mouth shut, and I will let you have some of the pills when I get them.”

“Are you fucking serious?” she blurted, the obscene word bursting out of nowhere and catching Anita by surprise.

“Hey! Language!”

“Are you kidding me? You humping Sammy Hogan and you’re gonna dog me over the f-bomb?”

“Once! I did it once!”

“I read your journal, Mom...I know all about your weird deal with Sondra!”

“You read that?”

“Yes!”

Anita sighed. Time to play another card. She wasn’t sure about it, but after her play time with Maureen, she was pretty certain something was up...enough so to push a little.

“I went over and talked to Maureen Parks last night,” she announced with an arched brow and accusatory tone.

“Oh, I read...I know,” her daughter countered.

“She told me about you and Eddie and I know about the bath thing,” she explained. She really didn’t know much more than the woman had told her to put him to bed...and a bath had been involved. She’d heard the big dick part from Sondra. She’d only blamed it on Kerry when she’d talked to Maureen. It was all twisted up, but she knew if her daughter had given the boy a bath then she damned well had seen how big his dick was

and likely had at least put her hands on it. Would this be enough to blackmail her? She hoped.

Kerry suddenly turned pale and backed up against her door. The expression on her face was of absolute terror.

"She...she told you?" the girl stuttered, lips trembling.

Okay...now that doesn't look like a, "Oh I just touched it," kind of expression. What the fuck did she do??

Anita nodded and said, "Yeah, she did...the whole thing."

"Am...am I in trouble?" Kerry asked, still horrified.

"That depends on whether you're gonna keep my little secrets, I guess," Anita popped. "We got a deal?"

Kerry nodded abruptly and furiously.

"Now why don't you give me your version of events, hmm? I'm not real sure I trust Maureen's," she added as she leaned back on the bed as if to get comfortable.

"I...I was giving him a bath...and...and he like...started playing with it...and it got hard...and he started jerking off to me and then I don't know what happened...but it was like I was doing something one minute and then the next I was in the tub with him and he was doing it to me," she half lied and her mother could tell.

"And you expect me to buy into that?" Anita couldn't believe what she was hearing. Her daughter had literally fucked the little freak?? And she knew she was lying...or at least not giving her the full truth...and so that made it even more shocking, but she couldn't let on to her awe without letting the girl know she'd been playing a guess.

Kerry made a noise similar to a growl and threw her head back against the door, her eyes rolling up at the ceiling. Then she sighed heavily and closed her eyes.

"I had sex with him, Mother...okay? I fucked him. More than once...and Maureen Parks walked in and...and...well she

knows about it...obviously. And she told me I can't go over there anymore."

"Hrmph!" Anita blurted. "Well apparently she's changed her mind. She told me you did a great job with him. Said you could come back any time to babysit. In fact, she told me she didn't think you'd done anything with him."

Kerry flicked her head back down and glared, furiously at her mother who was now biting her lip to not laugh.

"BITCH!"

"Hey now...you better suck that one back up!" Anita barked at her...but then started laughing anyway. "I figured...and you just walked right on into it, didn't you? Well now I know about you and you know about me, so we're even. You keep my secrets and I'll keep yours."

She stood up and snagged her bra off the floor and started towards her daughter and the door to leave.

Kerry moved out of the way, but as her mother passed her, she asked, "So can I still have some of the pills?"

"Your boyfriend likes fat women...tits aren't going to do you much good, dear."

"I want them for me!" Kerry retorted with a slight air of hostility. "And he's not my boyfriend. She threatened to kill me if I came near him again."

"Yeah well, I've got a little something on her, now don't I?"

"What do you mean by that?"

Anita turned to face her daughter before responding.

"I honestly don't know."

"Do you think she might let me see him again?"

"You mean would she let you fuck him again?"

Kerry blushed.

"She would if I insisted, I bet," Anita stated. "But the question is whether I want you fucking that boy again. Do you

realize what you're asking me? You've barely got peach fuzz on your business and you're asking me to stick my ass out so you can get laid? And with a boy who doesn't even have that yet?"

Kerry blushed even harder and then lowered her eyes.

Anita looked down at her...at her chest...and imagined a pair of immense tits hanging from it. Then she pictured her daughter riding Eddie's cock...riding it hard...or maybe him on top and riding her hard. In a bathtub? Then that nasty image of her daughter pregnant popped into her mind again...the huge tits and the dangling cock. Then she imagined something so sick and disturbing that she wanted to stick a torch to her brain after she thought it: Kerry, with massive breasts...breastfeeding a boy...[her son?...]...and jerking him off at the same time. A big, fat and luscious cock sticking straight up and in her daughter's hand...cum shooting out while the boy suckled her titty.

She shook away the fantasy and focused on her daughter again. But as she stared down at her, she imagined her fat now. Imagined her waltzing around the house in her tiny bikini panties and too small night shirt...bloated like a doughboy, fat belly bulging outward and plump rolls everywhere else.

Anita blinked and forced the imagery away.

What the hell is the matter with me? Why am I suddenly thinking sexual shit about my own daughter? She realized then that before now, she'd never really known of her daughter to be sexually active. Now she knew that she was, it was almost hard to imagine her any other way. The most twisted thing was that she'd partook in the boy herself...the same boy.

And what about Maureen? This shed some serious new light on that bitch! So she walked in and caught Kerry with Eddie? And she did nothing more than threaten to beat Kerry down over it? Had she watched? And why hadn't she said anything to her about it? As nasty as the two had gotten

together, how come she hadn't let her in on that tidbit? Just what kind of a game was being played here? Oh well, whatever it was, Anita fully intended to win it...and on her own terms.

"Come help me move my stuff in here. We'll put it in your closet. Your father never looks in there," Anita commanded.

Kerry looked up with a grimace.

"I'll think about it," she added as she put a hand on her daughter's shoulder. "I've got to get over thinking of you as my little girl. I knew you'd probably done something over there the other night, but I had no idea you'd gotten that bold."

"Yeah, well same goes for you, I guess," Kerry snapped back. "Are all three of ya'll just perverted old hags? I mean...that's their sons?"

"And I'm your mother...and you're asking me to let you do the nasty too! You haven't got much ground to stand on yourself, y'know!" Anita argued.

Kerry's expression relaxed some. She knew her mother was right. She had no business pointing fingers when she, herself, was mucking around in the mud with them.

"I want him," Kerry said with a sudden and hard certainty in her voice. "I don't care if she likes it or not...or whether you like it or not."

Anita squeezed her shoulder.

"I know. You've got too much of me in you to give up on good dick that easy." Had she said that? To Kerry?? How lewd was that? Oh well, her daughter had already called her a bitch once tonight and dropped the f-bomb. "Alright. Fine. I'll help you get it, but you gotta back me up on whatever I say, got it?"

Kerry nodded.

"I won't tell Dad nothing," she added, but Anita could tell she wanted to say something more. "What you said...earlier...about him only liking fat women."

“Yeah?”

“I was thinking...that...maybe...I might gain a few pounds myself,” Kerry divulged with a slight blush to her cheeks. “And I want those pills bad!”

“Okay,” she conceded. But something was eating at her. She wanted to go further with it, but wasn’t sure how to broach the subject. Maybe it was best to be blunt...straight forward.

“What?” Kerry asked, apparently aware of her mother’s desire to say something else.

“You read about me going over to Maureen’s? About the shit with Eddie and her...and me?”

Kerry nodded.

“You know shit about me that I never wanted you to know,” she admitted. “Now you know I’m not this ideal mother you thought I was. And I’m kinda sad about that...but it’s also kind of a relief to know that you’re not freaked out by me...by the stuff I have done...and am doing.” She gulped. “What I’m getting at...is that I think you should know that I am a serious sexual pervert. Honey, I’m a fucking slut. Sammy isn’t the only dick I’ve rode over the years...and not the first one I’ve had since I married your father.”

“Please...like I didn’t know?” Kerry looked amused. “Try something shocking if you want to blow me over, Mom.”

“Really? You want me to shock you, huh?”

“Go for it, old lady!” Kerry snapped back with a grin.

“The next time you fuck that little freak...I wanna watch!”

Kerry’s grin drooped into a gaping mouth almost instantly.

“Yeah,” Anita said with a sly grin. “Your momma is a total fucking whore. Close your mouth...and c’mon. We got some junk food to eat up if we wanna get laid any time soon.”

She turned and walked out...but she heard her daughter’s feet trotting right behind her.

Yep, things were about to change. Kerry wasn't a little girl anymore by any means. And quite obviously she was as twisted, sexually, as her mother was. And Anita had to admit that it was nice to know she would have an ally in matters. Someone she could confide in...share dirty stories with...perhaps even share experiences with...and apparently, get fat with. The fact that the girl hadn't fell out...and had quickly followed her, was a strong indicator that she wasn't opposed to what her mother had suggested. She hadn't expected that. She had never even considered the matter herself until she'd stood there imagining Kerry pregnant. And deep down, some even more twisted part of her wanted her daughter to get pregnant. She wasn't sure why. Or was she? She knew, but she had suppress it. It was far too deviant to see the light of day...at least for now.

The end? Book 2 cumming soon...

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