

AN INDECENT AGREEMENT 2

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY
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CHAPTER THREE

The women's restroom was fairly large. The room housed a sink basin with two sinks and three toilet stalls, two regular and one handicapped which was quite a bit larger than the other two.

The two mothers had ushered Robin and Eddie both into the room and had remained standing at the door themselves, whispering quietly as Sondra searched to find a way to lock the door.

After several moments of searching for a lock, the woman gave up and turned her full attention to her friend as they continued to whisper.

Maureen eventually pointed toward Robin, standing across the room by the handicap stall.

"I'll stand out here," Sondra finally said loud enough that Robin could hear it, just as Maureen strolled forward toward her and the end stall.

"C'mon man-meat," Maureen said as she passed Eddie and snagged him by the collar. "Get in here and let's do this if we're doing it." She dragged him into the open handicap stall and then turned to motion for Robin to follow them into it.

Robin started to hesitate, but before she could make a run for it, Sondra was behind her and pushing her forward and then closing the door behind her. She twisted and looked through the crack of the door and realized to her dismay that the fatter woman was leaning against the stall

door, effectively locking her inside with the other woman and her young son.

By the time she turned around, Maureen had already pulled the boy's t-shirt off and was reaching for his pants. As she watched, the woman unbuttoned them and allowed them to fall to the floor. The bulge in the boy's underwear was ridiculously large. With adept movements, his mother straddled the toilet behind him and then snaked her arms around him and then dipped her fingers into the top of his waistband and with one single flick, dropped his underwear to his knees revealing a heavy looking cock that draped nearly to the boy's knee.

Robin gasped and had to cover her mouth to stifle a literal yelp of astonishment. She knew the boy's dick wasn't really that big, but hanging off his small torso, it looked immense and somehow just plain wrong...as if it were faked somehow.

His penis wasn't the only thing of note. His ball sack appeared to be far larger than it should have been too. And unlike most men's scrotums, his didn't hang down in two distinct sections. Eddie's testicles were high strung and knotted up in a fat, solid looking sack that looked like it was full and bloated. In fact, his dick actually draped over the top of them to some extent.

As she gawked in shock, his mother leaned over to where she'd sat her purse beside the toiler where she was now perched, and removed a tube of KY jelly. With obviously well-rehearsed movements, she squirted a glob into her right hand and then reached around the boy again

and scooped up his limp penis and began to fondle it, squishing the slippery goo all around its length...all the while making the boy grow hard. In mere heartbeats, his limp shaft was standing of its own accord and pointing outward at least six inches or more toward Robin.

"Might wanna slide to the side unless you want it all over you," Maureen advised her as she took herself a good grip on his erection and began to pump it.

The boy continued to smile stupidly just as he had done the whole time since she first laid eyes on him. He didn't even seem aware that his mother was jerking him off. He just stood there and allowed her to do it as if it had no effect on him at all. No heavy breathing, no twitching or even squirming. He just seemed happy and oblivious to her pumping motions.

"Alright now...I ain't got all day...so you put it out there and get on with it. I still got groceries to buy," his mother chided him from behind as she worked his cock in long, tightly gripped strokes.

Robin suddenly comprehended that she was in the presence of two totally sick bitches. Their sons, by some freak accident of pharmacology, were gifted with excessively large cocks and balls and these dirty whores were taking advantage of that. Was this not incest?

She looked at the boy...remembered him approaching her...talking to her...the slightly off-key comments about meat and sausage in particular.

No, this boy wasn't innocent by any means. He was no victim here. From the expression on his face...his very

body language, it was all too apparent that he was he who was in control. So was the mother the sick one...or was it the boy? Who had dominion in their relationship? The mother talked like she did, but then here she was servicing him as he stared at another woman!

Oh fuck! He's just creepy with that smile. It's like he can read my damn mind when he looks at me. It's like he knows exactly what I'm thinking right fucking now!

As she held his gaze, it was as if she suddenly knew what he was thinking as well...what he wanted from her.

Oh yeah...I know now! I know exactly what you were up to out there in the meat department! And your dirty little sick momma is giving it to you too, isn't she?

How many times had she watched Sammy jerk off and wanted to take him down? What about that time she snuck in after him and rubbed his thick cum load all over herself? Was she any less of a sick bitch than this boy's mother? Certainly she was a small bit less depraved. This wasn't her son at least. That whole bit still shocked her to a degree she couldn't fathom. But by this point, she was willing herself into acceptance of it...even perhaps to enjoying it. Second by second, she felt herself getting more and more aroused until finally she gave into her heated, sexual impulses.

Hesitantly, she reached for the tail of t-shirt and began to pull it upwards, little by little, until it was completely above her belly. Then her hands trailed downward and unbuttoned her high-waist jeans and pushed them down until the entire whole of her belly was exposed to him.

“There you go...now c’mon...my arm’s getting tired,” his mother chirped from behind him as she looked over his shoulder and smirked as she stared at Robin’s exposed stomach. “It’s as big as mine. You happy now? Cum and let’s move on, shall we?” She sounded tired and annoyed, but Robin noted her eyes remained locked on her body as she continued to pump her son’s cock.

All at once the boy’s smile quivered and his pelvis began to tremble and then jerk spastically as a long rope of semen erupted from the tip of his cock. It shot out and fell short of hitting Robin.

She knew what he wanted. She began to slide down the stall door upon which she leaned until she was squatting down in front of him, her belly held out on display for him.

His squirming grew into bucking and his mother began having a hard time holding onto him.

“Oh c’mon and give it up, you little asshole! Stop holding it and cum on her, dammit!”

“Cum on me,” she told him and he stopped bucking and released a massive ejaculation toward her, a good quarter of it actually reaching her belly and splattering all over it.

“Of fucking hell,” she gasped and leaned forward onto her knees just as another eruption from him spat out and splattered her stomach. She inched closer to him and a third volley exploded against the flabby flesh of her abdomen.

“Oh you like that, don’t you...yeah, you like cumming on big, fat bellies don’t you...you little shit! Momma’s belly not good enough for you? Hmmm? Well cum on it then! Don’t stop...dump them balls on her flabby gut! I know you got more than that in there! Give it to her and stop holding back!” his mother berated him as her hand intensified its pumping motions.

Robin slipped her hands down to her belly and raked up some of his cum and smeared it around on her skin.

How much had the boy already ejaculated? Most men shot maybe a teaspoon at most...and she knew, just from looking down at it, that this was far more than that. It had to be nearly two or three tablespoons worth of fluid and she hadn’t even caught the first blast.

“He need some more incentive in there?” Sondra called out from the other side of the door.

“Oh you just want to watch,” Maureen fired back at her. “But c’mon if you can get in here!”

The boy’s cock was starting to droop until Sondra opened the door behind her and pressed into the stall with them. She pulled the door closed behind her and clicked the latch into a locked position.

On her knees, Robin twisted and looked up to find Sondra towering over her...the woman’s behemoth belly sticking out over the literal top of her own head. It was in that moment that she realized the woman was completely topless. She scrunched down a bit more so that her head was touching the other woman’s belly and returned her

attention to Eddie...the boy who's cock was already erect once more!

"He's all about a big belly, huh?" she asked his mother as the woman squirted KY into her left hand and swapped off to continue jerking him off.

"Him and Sammy both," Sondra asserted from above her. "Why you think I let my get this big?"

"Do you fuck them?" The question had exploded from her mouth before she could silence the curiosity.

"What the hell do you think?" Maureen replied as she snaked her worn out right hand around him and gripped his fat ball sack...her fingers squeezing it tightly as she beat the fuck out of his dick with her left. "I fucking the ever-loving shit out of him...and Sammy! We both fuck them together sometimes. We let them fuck other bitches sometimes too! You can't keep this...this thing under control if you don't!"

"Oh fuck, Eddie...look how fat I'm getting, baby!" the voice was Sondra's from above and behind her.

Eddie's eyes ballooned as he stared over Robin's head at the other woman's massive and jiggling gut. She was pawing at it and hefting it...shaking it for him.

"Ahhh," he gasped without warning and an unexpectedly gargantuan load of semen exploded onto Robin's own belly with such force that some of the liquid squirted up under her shirt and even more rolled down her skin and dripped onto her the floor beneath her.

The boy groaned and another unbelievable amount of sperm erupted from his cock and splattered onto her. By

the time his mother stopped jerking on his dick, Robin's entire stomach was covered in thick, white man cream.

"It's what I do...thank you, thank you...I'll be here all week," Sondra said, mockingly as she opened the stall door and stepped back out with her t-shirt in hand.

As she moved, Robin turned and gazed over her shoulder in hopes of seeing the woman's bared breasts. She was not disappointed. They were huge and perfect sacks of milk flesh dangling over the top of her immense belly...crowned with slightly brownish areolas and hard nipples the size of her fingertips.

Robin had always been a bit of a boob lover. Her lack of tits had always made her envious of other women. Being fat and having no tits was like a sick joke to her. Over the years, the envy had become something more akin to obsession and lust. She wanted badly to stand up and play with the woman's titties. And had Eddie's mother not said they both took them at times? Were they lesbian together? Obviously they had no problems performing together or in front of one another.

The door shut and her view of the older woman's jugs was stifled. Disappointed, she turned back around and found herself staring at Eddie's dangling cock, still dripping semen onto the floor in front of him.

His mother was pawing at the toiler roller trying to grasp enough paper to wipe her hands off with.

"Fucking jelly...damn shit is like cooking oil," she grumbled as she fought with the paper. "C'mon Eddie...get some paper and clean up. We got to go."

Eddie just stood staring at her and she knew what he wanted. She backed up a tad on her knees and then leaned forward and sucked his dick into her mouth.

“Orrrr...I suppose you could let her suck you clean,” Maureen added when she realized her son’s cock was in the teacher’s mouth.

She dropped the paper she was wiping on and leaned around him to look at the other woman bobbing on Eddie’s limp cock...a cock that wasn’t quite as limp as it should have been.

Eddie leaned back against her and pulled him further until he was dropped back onto her lap and then she reached around him and pulled his legs up and spread them around her own knees. The teacher followed him, her mouth never letting go of his fat cock.

“Suck that cock you nasty bitch,” she muttered to her. “You suck his cock...suck my son’s cock till you make it cum again. And yeah...he can cum again. He can cum all fucking night if you know how to work him,” she added just to taunt the other woman.

Eddie’s hands reached out and caught the back of the teacher’s head and latched onto her hair as if he wanted to take control of her head, but the woman was firmly in power with this operation.

“Get his balls, dammit...squeeze’em and work’em!” she told her and the other woman’s hands came up and

grasped his fat sack. "Yeah...there you go. Suck that fat cock for him."

Eddie suddenly gasped and started bucking his hips and then the woman's face came up from his cock, semen spraying all over her face and down onto his legs and Maureen's.

The teacher leaned back and wiped at her face, raking the thick cream from her eyes and mouth.

"Oh fuck...how much cum does he fucking have?" she blurted as she flung goo from her cheek with one hand.

"How much do you want?" Maureen shot back at her, suddenly feeling a demanding lust for the first time since this foray began. The other woman hadn't been much to look at but watching her suck Eddie off had been hot. Very hot. And she noted how the woman had made it a point to turn around when Sondra had stepped out... taking an obvious opportunity to stare at the woman's bare chest.

Maureen pushed Eddie upright and off of her lap. Then she stood up, still straddling the toilet and began to unbutton her blouse.

The teacher stood stark still, staring unabashed at her as she let her blouse drop to the back of the toilet, revealing her naked 40" DD tits.

How far was she going to go in a grocery store bathroom? One that wasn't even locked off...one that any other woman could wander into at any moment?

Maureen reached for her pants and unbuttoned them and then began to work them down before she realized

she couldn't get them off while being astraddle of the toilet.

Clumsily, she stepped off the toilet and pushed her pants and then panties down and kicked out of them. Fully nude now, she re-straddled the toilet and spread her legs wide, revealing her shaven pussy for both her son and the teacher.

"You had your fun, mister...now you give me mine!"

Eddie had turned around moments before to see what his mother was doing.

"Here?" he asked, looking lost somewhat.

"Now!" she demanded.

"Oh man," he groaned and looked down at his dangling dick. "I'm not sure I ca---"

He was cut short by the sound of the teacher kicking her own jeans completely off onto the tile floor. Her hands were on his shoulder and then she was pushing him to the side and lowering herself between his mother's legs.

As he watched, the teacher buried her face in his mother's titties and within moments, she was responding to the other woman's actions.

They were going full lezbo while he stood there looking stupid. His mother did that a lot with Missus Hogan. Sometimes he really felt like they were hot for one another and that he was just their dildo of some sort.

There to fill their holes and to be pushed away when they were done with him.

He might accept that with Sammy's mom...but not with this bitch. He didn't even know her and he damn sure wasn't getting pushed out of the way.

His dick was already growing hard again as he watched the teacher sucking his mother's titties.

Robin felt a small hand on her shoulder and then she pulled back and the boy pressed himself in between her and Maureen.

"Fuck Momma," his mother whispered to him as he wiggled into position.

Robin slid to the side and noticed the boy was hard again just about the moment that he pushed into his mother's pussy.

"Oh shit...fuck her," she whispered. "Yeah, you fuck your fat momma! Fuck her hard!"

The boy was pounding it like there was no tomorrow and within moments, his mother was bucking in beat to him until she reached orgasm and began biting her index finger to prevent herself from shouting or worse.

"Yeah, you get it! Get that pussy you little bastard! Take that pussy and fuck it...fuck it till she screams your name, dammit!"

"What's my name, Momma?!" he blurted.

Maureen opened her eyes wide and glared at him and then glanced at Robin beside her.

“Say his name, dammit!” Robin demanded. “Say who fucking makes you cum!”

“Eddie,” his mother blurted, pulling her finger from her mouth and teeth.

“Who’s fucking the shit out of you,” Robin chided her again.

“Oh fuck...Eddie, dammit...Eddie’s fucking me!”

“Tell him to cum in you!”

“Fucking yes...cum in me...you cum in me right now!” Maureen demanded in gasping words as she began to buck her hips again...a tell-tale sign that she was about to orgasm for a second time.

“Fuck...look at her titties, boy...look at your momma’s big, fat motherfucking titties,” Robin goaded him and she leaned forward and starting playing with his mother’s tits again. Then she leaned further in and put her mouth on one and started sucking it.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck...too much...too much!” Maureen shouted loudly as she climaxed again. At the same moment, the boy erupted as well.

“For fuck’s sake...keep it down! Damn!” Sondra scolded them from the outside of the stall.

It was done though and Eddie pulled out of her, his semi-rigid cock dripping spooge like a soft-serve ice cream machine.

Robin abandoned Maureen’s tit and slid around her knee where she could lean down and suck the boy’s cock again.

“Oh that’s nasty...that’s fucking nasty,” his mother gasped as she watched her sucking him clean once more. “That’s my pussy on that cock, bitch...you sucking my pussy juice off my son’s cock. Yeah, you like that shit don’t you?! Well you keep sucking...’cause if it pops hard again you’re gonna fuck it!”

That said, Eddie started pulling up on her shirt and she released his cock and let him take it and then she reached behind and plucked at her bra clasps until they unlatched and then she tossed her bra.

Eddie dropped to his own knees in front of her and immediately latched his lips onto her left nipple.

She wrapped her arms around his head and pulled him in tightly.

“Oh baby...yes...you come take it...come fuck Missus Pike...come stick that fat cock in me,” and she pushed him back from her as she hefted herself up off her knees and into a squatting position. She leaned back against the wall and braced herself on the toilet paper rack. Her legs spread, she called to him, “Come get it!”

Maureen gasped as her son’s body moved forward and his erection sucked up into the teacher’s cunt. Somehow they were fucking standing up. She’d never been able to do that. Her legs always went mushy when she tried. But here this bitch was, leaned up against the damn wall with her legs spread, half squatting so the boy could reach her ...and they were going at it.

Damn, he's like a veritable sex machine. Does the boy even have a breaking a point? Does he ever run out of semen?

Just then she realized he was fucking her without any protection. Fumbling in a desperate rush, she reached for her purse and produced a condom.

"Eddie! Eddie! Hey, dammit! Rubber!" she blurted, eventually reaching out and pulling him bodily away from her. Haphazardly she slapped the condom onto the tip of his dick and then rolled it back along his length. "There, go!" she added, releasing him to plunge back into the other woman's pussy.

As she watched, the woman's face contorted and she bit down on her lip viciously...obviously trying to contain her desire to shout...much like Maureen had done by biting her own finger.

All at once the teacher's mouth opened and she began gasping and moaning like a dying cat.

"Cum in me...do it...do it baby," she called out to him as he pumped harder and deeper, bouncing her against the stall wall.

The boy complied and expelled himself inside of her and Maureen cringed, hoping the condom would hold. She'd been on the pill herself, so she'd never had to test a rubber with him...and so was Sondra, so before now no bitch had ever fucked him that wasn't safe.

Eddie finally stopped bucking his hips and as he backed away from the woman's pelvis, Maureen sighed a breath of relief. The condom was still on and the end of it was

ballooned with his cum load...massively ballooned. The weight of it, in fact, pulled his semi-rigid cock downward.

He immediately reached down and rolled the latex off of himself and as it dropped to the floor, it splashed semen everywhere at their feet.

The teacher stood upright and just looked like she was shell-shocked.

“And that’s what it’s like to be us,” Maureen remarked with a smirk. The teacher looked at her and smiled back.

“So what was this drug you two took?”

Bruce Farris stepped out of his bedroom and trudged down the hallway wearing nothing but his boxer shorts. It was Saturday morning...nearly nine o’clock. Wearily, he wiped at his eyes and then stroked his brown hair back, grimacing as always when he felt the edge of his receding hairline. He was getting close to his thirty eighth birthday and every day he felt older it seemed.

Fortunately middle-age spread had not made an appearance yet, but wrinkles and loss of muscle tone were slowly creeping up on him. He was also having to wear glasses to read now...something he’d never even imagined.

It seemed like only a short time before, he was graduating from college and having a gay-old time banging babes at Spring Break in Daytona. Somehow, he’d met

Anita and gotten married...and now had a daughter who was approaching the age of 11.

He staggered toward the bathroom at the end of the hall. He'd needed to pee and wash his face, but his wife had burrowed into the master bathroom for a big one and hadn't emerged for nearly ten minutes. And lately, her craps had been hellacious works of stink art.

Hell, she's getting old too, I suppose, he thought to himself as he made his way down the upstairs hall. *Can't expect her to look hot forever.*

Having realized that, he sort of felt bad for having berated his wife over her weight the night before. She'd been quickly packing it on for what must have been over a month now. At first he'd tried to just ignore it, thinking maybe she was just spreading out a bit...but during the last week or so, he'd been horrified at how huge her ass was getting. During the previous night, she'd actually tried to flirt with him somewhat and his eyes had become locked on her butt. She'd noticed and asked him what he thought about it. He started to lie, but then didn't. That had been a big mistake. She'd locked herself in the bathroom for nearly three hours and then had made him sleep on the floor all night...and even this morning she still wasn't talking to him.

He rubbed at his shoulder...trying to massage the kink out of it. Obviously he should have gone downstairs and slept on the couch...but he hated doing that because then Kerry always knew they'd been fighting and asked questions...questions he didn't want to have to answer.

The hall bathroom door was just beside his daughter's bedroom door, the two being on opposing walls of the same corner. As he stopped at the bathroom door, he turned his head noticed Kerry's bedroom door was slightly ajar.

He pushed on the door and peeked in to see if she was up yet. She was quite obviously up and in fact, was prancing around her room in her panties and nothing else. He started to pull the door closed, but then he realized she had her iPod in her hand and her ear-buds in. As she jigged, he also noticed she had her eyes closed. She had no clue he was there or that he was watching her.

Why he was watching her was probably the central question of the moment, and quite honestly he had no clue.

Holee crap, she's getting so fat! His daughter had been as petite as his wife until the last few months of school this past year...and he'd noticed her clothes getting a little tight and her belly starting to protrude a bit. He'd mentioned it to Anita more than once, but she'd insisted he not say anything and to just leave the girl alone. And then when school let out a month earlier, her weight had just skyrocketed.

Kerry had barely been seventy pounds while school was in...and now...now he wouldn't have been shocked to know she was into the triple digits on a scale.

Unlike Anita, who'd seemingly packed it all into her big, funky fat ass and thighs, his daughter seemed to be swelling up all over. Her arms and legs were thicker, her

face was rounder...and her belly was growing exponentially by the day. The girl literally had a potbelly at this point...big and round and getting heavy enough that it was starting to droop at the bottom. But none of this was really as much an issue for him as her breasts.

A month ago, the girl had been flat as a pancake save her overly pointy areolas and plump nipples. And now, now her tits were visibly larger. The bulge was no longer just puffy areolas...but consisted of real breast tissue that extended at least maybe two or more inches outward from her chest. Not enough to sag yet, but the rapid growth had disturbed him to say the least.

With every move she made as she pranced around her room, those small tits bounced and shook like small sacks of jello and he felt mesmerized by them.

Anita had tits, but they were small and droopy since she'd been pregnant with Kerry. So he hadn't really eyed a perky tit like his daughter's in so many years it was ridiculous. Again he felt the creep of age shadowing him.

He eventually pulled the door shut and staggered into the hall bathroom. After relieving himself, he stood at the toilet with his dick hanging out and thought about Anita's big fat ass.

She's your wife man...c'mon...what are you gonna do, divorce her because her butt swelled up? I mean look at yourself for crying out loud!

He turned and gazed at himself in the long mirror that was attached to back of the bathroom door. His once macho physique was gone. His hairline was receding and

his face skin was starting to sag and he was starting to get the slightest hint of man-boobs. To his horror, standing in profile, he also realized his belly was protruding a bit more than it used to. He forced himself to relax and realized he truly had a pot-gut. He sucked it in and tried to puff his chest out. It didn't help. He exhaled again and returned his attention to his dangling dick.

Yeah, I'm no catch anymore either. Hell I think I must have started going downhill before she did. I can't say I've got any room to be pointing at her, do I?

He shook his dick and tried to arouse himself somewhat. After a few shakes, he managed a half-erection and from there he began to jerk off while focusing his mind on his wife's big ass.

*It's a big, fat fucking ass! Black dudes are crazy for a white woman with a big ass! Why can't I get off on it? I can do this...I can do this---*he mentally coached himself as he forced himself to think about his wife's immense tush bouncing up and down while she rode his dick.

Things were going pretty well and he as getting close to ejaculating...when his mind shifted from his wife to his daughter. And as he erupted, it was Kerry's fluffy body that he imagined riding his dick...and rather than Anita's big bouncing ass, it was his daughter's jiggly tits and round belly that he focused on.

When it was over, he just stood there over the toilet in horror at what he'd just let himself do.

Oh man...oh man that was sick! Somebody fucking shoot me now...'cause I'm gonna be warped for life!

And despite his guilt, he cleaned himself and upon leaving the bathroom...he stopped at his daughter's door and started to peep in again. But as he reached for her doorknob, the door popped open and Kerry barged out, literally running into him.

He jumped back as she bumped into him.

"Oh whoa, sorry Dad," she blurted as she backed up herself and took stock of what had happened.

He looked down at her and realized, thankfully, she wasn't still topless. She had a t-shirt on at least, though no bra in sight...and had on a pair of senselessly too-small shorts. They were too tight to contain her belly obviously, so the girl had just pulled them down in the front and let her gut hang over the top...and the shirt was too tight and too short to extend down far enough to cover what the shorts didn't. The result was that at least the lower half of her stomach was hanging out and exposed. It had also made the most impact against him...and even now, it still sort of warbled with motion from the collision. His eyes were drawn to it and he seemed unable to divert his gaze.

"Nice underwear, Dad," she chirped with a smirk as she moved to go around him and head down the hallway. As she reached the top of the stairs, she twisted back around and smiled at him with an expression that relayed more than just innocence.

He looked down then and realized he had a boner that was poking through the front of his boxers. Had he not just jerked off? Embarrassed, he covered himself and quickly made his way back to the master bedroom.

Inside, he shut the door and sighed...but before he could relax, Anita strolled out of the master bath and scowled at him. He could almost hear monk's chanting ominously as she glided past him...her eyes shooting daggers in an unending barrage of anger.

"Alright, I'm sorry already...damn!" he blurted and she only squinted her eyes harder at him. "What do you want me to say? I mean I know I'm not exactly Studly-McMuffin myself these days. We're both getting old. So a big ass isn't my thing...but it doesn't mean I want a divorce or anything, damn!"

She glared at him in silence. He hated when she did that.

"Okay, it's not that big of a thing anyway...like, literally and shit, okay? You asked me if it turned me on and I answered you truthfully. Tell me...just tell me how I went wrong there, huh?"

"I'm your wife, asshole...I'm supposed to turn you on no matter what!"

"So I lose all the rest of my hair and grow me a big, fat beer belly and get hair coming out of my ears...you mean to tell me you're still gonna be hot for me?"

Anita glared at her husband.

"Of course I would," she lied like a dog. Hell, she hadn't ever really been attracted to him all that much. He'd be cute and even handsome when they met, but she'd married him for security more than love. She wasn't

even really sure she'd been in love with a man before. Lust, most assuredly, but never really love. She'd never felt that magic moment of connection with another person ...never experienced anything even close to it. Hell, she'd spent most of her life wondering if love was even real or just the imaginings of people who lied to themselves constantly.

"So I can go get me a six pack plant me some ear hair and you're cool with that?"

She sighed. He was undesirable enough as he was. Were he to change for the worse, she'd probably be completely grossed out by him.

"No," she finally admitted.

He stepped forward and made a clumsy attempt to embrace her. She sighed again and let him pull her into his chest. The hug wasn't bad, but she was still peeved at him over the whole ass thing the night before.

She'd caught him staring at it and for a brief moment had fooled herself into thinking maybe he was hot for it... and if he had been...how cool would that have been? But apparently and very obviously...he was not into it...and somehow, deep down, she knew he wouldn't be.

He had a point too. Her larding out was the equivalent of him doing the same. What right did she have to expect him to like it when she knew she wouldn't like it if he did the exact same thing?

"Sorry for blowing up at you. I just...well all at once I'm putting on weight and nothing seems to be stopping it. I've been battling with it for months now and I'm just tired

of trying. And honestly, Bruce...I sort of comfortable with it at this point. I'm tired stressing over the size of my ass."

He hugged her tighter and sighed himself.

"Pheff! We're both getting old. Sooner or later we're both going turn into middle aged dorks. We just have to accept who we are and keep it together. If you're okay with it and happy, then I am too. Just don't dog me out when I have to buy me a man-bra in a few more years."

She laughed, her face still pressed into his chest.

"Honestly, I think I might could get into the ass thing. But I also...well...I like boobs too, so tell your ass to give up some of the jiggle and share the wealth, huh?"

She snorted and laughed even harder...then pushed back from him and then playfully punched him in the belly.

"Douchebag...duh! I'd put it all in my tits if I had any say in the matter!"

"Speaking of...well...boobs," he began and then looked nervously back at their bedroom door as if he were checking to make sure it was closed before he continued speaking. "Is it just me...or are Kerry's buds starting to bloom a little?"

"Yeah, it's probably from her gaining weight. Don't you dare say a word to her. Puberty causes all sorts of weird hormonal changes...and in addition to fat and boobs, it also makes her extra-sensitive. So no staring or snarky jokes, got it?!"

"No, no...I'm not stupid ya'know. I got it...I know better than to stick my arm in a hornet's nest. I was just saying...that...well the last few weeks, it seems to be really

noticeable. And well, her clothes are getting really tight too which isn't doing much to hide anything. I mean... she's like...starting to bulge out of her stuff, ya'know?"

"School starts in seven weeks. Do you really wanna drop a boat-load of money on new clothes that she may not even be able to wear when school starts again?"

He looked like he was deep in thought for a moment before he replied.

"Good point I guess. But do you think she's gonna get any bigger?"

"I don't know," Anita lied like a dog. "She's put on nearly thirty pounds since school let out...so I don't even want to fathom what she might do in the next seven weeks."

"Thirty pounds?" he repeated with a look of shock.

She realized he was smart enough to eventually ask her how she knew that, so she scrambled mentally to come up with something plausible.

"When I realized she was gaining, I started doing a work-out with her and told her I needed her to help me keep going with it...so we weigh in and keep track of our shit, ya'know. Obviously it's not working for either of us, but at least she's doing something, same as me."

"I just don't think it's a great idea for her to get that fat, 'Nita...I mean do you know how hard it's gonna be for her to lose that?"

"Not as hard as it will be to forget the soul-crushing horror of her father's disapproval and ridicule, I imagine," she tacked on to silence his protest.

He sighed.

“Okay, alright. I get it. Just...just keep me in the loop with this. I want to know what’s going on with her...and...and you too for that matter. And if you need anything, you just tell me, okay?”

“Well I’m hoping she’ll lose it when school starts. I mean it’s terrible, but it’s better if she hears the bullshit comments from kids at school rather than us.”

“Yeah, but you know how they teach that acceptance crap in the schools now. They don’t allow bullying like they did back when we were in school.”

She stood up on her tip-toes and kissed him and then smiled. “Don’t stress over it. I went through a phase like this when I started puberty and I got stupid fat for a little while...and then I guess my hormones leveled out and I just dropped it all within a year’s time. My yearbook photos don’t even show a sign of it. Just don’t make a big deal of it, Bruce.”

Her yearbook photos didn’t show any differences in her weight because she’d never been fat until the past month or so...but Bruce was too dense to probably question that. He’d be the good guy and suck up as the truth and roll with it.

“Hey,” she said with a sudden idea in mind. “You want into the loop, right...so do you want to look over the records I’ve been keeping on me and her?”

“Why would I want to do that?” he asked with an odd expression as if she’d totally perplexed him.

“Well you’re the medically trained guru and all. I just thought maybe you might want to see the numbers. Maybe you can make some suggestions about things.”

“Yeah, maybe I guess,” he replied.

Moments later, she handed him her handy-dandy notebook full of size changes and weight notations. She knew it was useless, but part of her badly wanted to include Bruce in things. For weeks now she’d been secretly hiding things from him and it was starting to wear on her nerves at this point.

Oh why can’t you just be a fat freak like Sammy and Eddie? Were that the case, she could have the best of both worlds. She could get fatter and Bruce would love it and so would the boys and all would be awesome. But of course that wasn’t going to happen. To get the boys, she was going to have to push Bruce away. She just hoped he remained with her and didn’t eventually lose all interest and divorce her for greener pastures.

“Is...is this Kerry’s notes?” he asked, his attention just glossing over Anita’s and going straight to their daughter’s numbers.

DAY	WEIGHT	BREASTS	BELLY	WAIST	THIGH	HIPS
1	72	1.5"	20"	21"	13"	22"
7	80	1.85"	22"	22"	13.5"	23"
14	86	2.0"	23"	22.5"	14.25"	23.5"
21	94	2.25"	25"	23"	15"	24"
28	108	2.5"	28"	24"	16"	28"

“Yeah, that’s her figures,” Anita admitted.

“What are all these numbers out to the side here?” he asked when he noticed her math and doodles off to the back of the opposing page.

“Oh you know me...I’m a number freak,” she said with a forced smile. “I got a little freaked out by her weight so I was trying to figure out how much she was putting on weekly to see if it was increasing or decreasing. I was just trying to see how big she might get before school starts.”

Well at least that wasn’t a lie. Wasn’t it Dr. Goebbels the infamous Nazi propagandist who said the best lie was the truth twisted? Geez, had she actually been awake in history class at some point? Apparently so...at least enough to retain that tidbit of data.

“So the first week she gained eight pounds...that was like a twelve percent increase in her overall weight. Second week she gains six pounds...which is eight percent, so that was an improvement. But the third week she gains eight pounds...so that’s like nine percent...back up. And then she hits 108...when was this?”

“Yesterday...we weigh in once a week. Ya’know they tell you not to weigh every day and stuff.”

“Yeah, but she hit 108...that’s up fourteen freaking pounds! In one week? Two pounds a day? That’s fifteen percent! Maybe...maybe we should take her to the doctor and let them run a few tests. I mean that’s not--”

“BRUCE!” she blurted to cut him off. “Listen to me. You make a big deal out of this and you’re liable to make it worse. That’s why I’ve been monitoring this so tightly. I dogged on her a little that first week...and what

happened? She gained eight pounds...twelve percent. Well I left it alone...and she dropped...to six and I started praising her a little...making a big thing out of it...and the following week she gained eight...and I sort of nagged her a little about it...and this past week...fourteen fucking pounds. So no...definitely not a good idea. Praise only."

"So you think you caused this?"

"I don't know. It's happened twice, so I'm not doing it again and neither are you!" she whipped out a sharp and direct response to his question.

He sighed in defeat...but this he arched an eyebrow.

"Breasts? You measuring her boobs?"

"Well she does...I don't."

"That's weird," he commented nonchalantly.

"Well they tell you to measure all over and fat settles in your boobs too!" she blurted in defense of her records.

"What? No, I know that," he asserted. "I meant weird as in her size increases. She went from 1.5 to 2.5 in a month. Is that inches? How are you measuring that?" he inquired.

"Side to tip of nipple...it's how you measure yourself for a bra cup," she explained.

"So her boobs grew what...sixty...sixty five percent?!" He looked astonished and not in a bad way. "In a single month?"

"It's an inch, Bruce...damn...you act like she's turning into Dolly Parton or something," she insisted trying her best to poop on his sudden discovery.

She had gotten her delivery of FEM-32 two weeks earlier as scheduled and she and Kerry had both begun taking it immediately. The results were already starting to show on her daughter, quite obviously...but if Bruce ever found out, it would not go well for her.

"Oh it doesn't sound like much...but consider she's gained thirty six pounds in a month. Are her boobs part of that or is she just sprouting from the hormones? I mean if she's 2.5" now...in another month it's 4"...another month after that and it's over six and half inches! What size bra does that put her in by the time school starts?"

"Well I don't know. I mean her torso is way smaller than a grown woman's, Bruce. Adult sizing...well she's technically still in an A cup...maybe a B cup. I mean hell, I'm seven and a quarter myself. Why are you freaking out over this?"

Somehow she was getting something other than fear from him. If she didn't know better she'd almost say he was excited by it.

"Yeah, but she's just a girl, so...so her boobs would be a helluva lot bigger than that. So what, maybe a C-cup or something?"

"I guess...maybe," she admitted, not really sure how the brassiere sizes would have to be adjusted for her daughter's more petite frame. But Bruce did have a point and she realized that. And she wondered if the FEM-32 was already having an effect or whether it was just the weight gain. An inch in boob still wasn't saying much.

“So she goes back to school with a nice rack. Is that somehow a bad thing?” she asked him. “Maybe it’ll offset the fact that she got fatter too.”

“Yeah, well...just...just keep an eye on all this and let me know every week what’s happening.”

“Sure,” she agreed, but still felt something wasn’t right with the way Bruce had reacted. “You know...you’re all worried about tits...but if she continues to gain weight at the same rate,” and she pointed to her figures on the notebook he was holding, “She’s going to be so big that C-cups won’t likely be noticed at all.”

“What?” he muttered and then looked at where she’d done the math on the page.

28 days of gain had produced 36 extra pounds. She started out at 72 pounds total, so she’d packed on an increase of a solid 50% during that time. Following Anita’s numbers, Bruce looked to her notes for 56 days and 84 days...finding figures of 162 and 243.

“Holee shit...so you’re figuring she might gain a hundred and seventy pounds in three months? Two forty three minus seventy two...yeah, that’s one seventy one. That’s ludicrous!”

“Is it?” she prodded him.

He snatched the pen from the notebook’s spiral binding and clicked it. Scribbling furiously, he divided the number by 84 and was astonished to realize the figure was only putting her at about two pounds a day or a little more.

He glanced back at her original numbers and realized she'd gained 36 pounds in 28 days...meaning she'd already shown that she could add a pound and quarter a day. And having had medical training, he knew that the larger she got, the more weight she could pack on during a period of time. While it was shocking to have a ten year old gain a pound in one day...it was not over the top to have a hundred and fifty pound woman add two or even three pounds in a day.

Shocked, he tried to picture his daughter at four foot, nine inches...weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds. She'd be horribly obese! But then some tiny, twisted piece of him wondered how big her tits would be...and he suddenly imagined her with double DD cups.

Anita looked down and noticed his boxers were sticking out somewhat.

She swung and popped him in the shoulder with a slightly more than light weight punch.

"Ow! What the hell?" he blurted, rubbing his shoulder. He followed her steely gaze down to his crotch...and to the small white tent of fabric that his erection was holding up.

Hesitantly he raised his eyes back up to meet hers and then he looked for a moment as if he were going to try and defend himself...but at the last second abandoned the idea.

Was he really aroused by this? They were discussing Kerry...discussing her weight gain. Had this turned him on? Anita was dumbfounded...awe struck.

The boobs! He was focused so narrowly on her tits and that look he had...he wasn't worried...he was thoroughly excited by the prospect of her tits growing bigger!

Anita snatched her notebook from him and slung it to the top of the dresser beside them.

"You fucking look me dead in the eye and tell me her titties getting bigger doesn't turn you on," she demanded with a focused glare of faux fury.

He hesitated. He couldn't lie for shit...especially not to her...even when he should, like the night before when she asked him about her own ass.

"I can't...that's...she's---"

Anita knew in an instant she had him pegged. It made her decide to go for broke.

"It turns me on too," she blurted, cutting him off before he could fall into his own hole.

Bruce looked horrified. His face drained of blood and he looked like he might pass completely out. He wobbled for a second and then turned to drop down into a sitting position on the end of their bed.

"And not just her tits, Bruce," she added when he looked like he'd recovered a bit from the shock of her initial declaration. "I noticed her putting on weight a while back and I realized...for whatever reason that it was really erotic to me. But ya'know...I'm not a total worthless bitch so I actually sat down and talked with her about what was happening and she just basically informed me that she didn't care if she was getting fat. She liked the way it felt."

Bruce looked up at her...a bit of color finally returning to his cheeks...but he said nothing.

"So I just left it alone and she started getting a little thicker and thicker and one day me and her just sat down and pigged out together. A few days later, we did it again and then again. I've been getting fat on purpose to drag her along with me."

Bruce looked aghast, his mouth hanging open in utter shock at what he was hearing.

"And before you go off on me, dammit. You look me dead in the eye and tell me you aren't getting off to the fact that your daughter is swelling up like a balloon!"

Bruce finally closed his mouth, but try as he might, he couldn't locate any spit within it. His throat was parched and his mind was reeling. He was certain if he tried to stand, he'd probably fall out.

Was he hearing his wife correctly? Was he really hearing this from her? Would she seriously and intentionally get their daughter fat for her own perverse pleasure? That was incest, of a sort at least, he thought. He knew his wife had always been a bit of a dirty little bitch, but he couldn't fathom that she'd ever mess with their daughter like that.

And yet, not five minutes ago, he'd been in the hallway gawking at her dancing topless in her room and then he'd gone into the bathroom and yanked off to a mental image of her fattened up with big tits.

Was he as bad as Anita? Apparently he was. So what right did he have to look down on her for it. She was right. He couldn't look her in the eye and deny it and she damned well knew he couldn't. She'd never have told him if she didn't know for certain how he was going to react. The woman was far too smart for that. Her obsession with numbers was just a small part of her overall intellect. She could be downright ingenious when she set her mind to something.

So no wonder she hadn't wanted him to interfere or insert himself into the situation with Kerry gaining weight. She was getting fat herself to lead the girl along. She'd invested her own body in this deviant and depraved operation. She wasn't about to let her neurotic husband screw it up either. But at what point had he given himself away...and revealed that he was aroused by it too?

Dammit...the boobs! I went off about the boobs!

"So..." he began to speak but then lost his words.

"Talk to me, Bruce," she goaded him.

He sighed. "So you're telling me...you're admitting to me that you are sexually...stimulated...aroused...by seeing Kerry gain weight?"

"That's exactly what I'm telling you, Bruce. Now you tell me that the idea of her growing giant titties doesn't do it for you."

He looked down at the floor and sighed again.

"It's not just the tits," he confessed.

“What?” Anita stuttered. She hadn’t expected him to be into Kerry at all, so the titty thing had taken her off guard to begin with...but now...now he was insinuating more? “What do you mean?”

Bruce looked up at her and his face was beet red. He opened his mouth but nothing came out. Eventually he just shook his head and looked back down.

She dropped to her knees and scooted up in front of him. Reaching up and out, she scooped his face up in her hands and forced him to look at her.

“I told you because I got the feeling you were suppressing something too. I’m not going to point a finger at you, Bruce. Tell me about it.”

He shifted on the bed and for a minute acted like he might pull away from her, but at the last moment, he exhaled deeply and lifted his eyes to meet hers.

“I saw her in her room a little while ago. She had her iPod on and was dancing...in nothing but her panties and she had her eyes closed. So...so I watched her for a little bit...just a few minutes. She...she’s got these pointy tits now that just stand out and...and quiver when she moves and her damn nipples are so big and hard all the time.”

“What else, Bruce? Tell me, baby,” she coaxed him to reveal even more.

“Her belly is so fat...so round...her legs...her ass. She just sort of ripples all over when she moves. Watching her dance like that...I got...I got hard. I went in the bathroom and I jerked off, ‘Nita...I fucking beat off. I came thinking about her dancing like that.”

She reached down to the front of his boxers and fished his dick out through the fold pocket in the front of the garment and then immediately she started to jerk him off.

"She's not a virgin, Bruce," she told him as she began steadily pumping on his penis. "You know Maureen Parks across the street? Her little boy...the weird one that smiles all the time?" Bruce nodded. "She fucked him about a month ago over there when she was babysitting him. Maureen walked in on them and told me about it. Then she showed me something else."

"What?" Bruce asked in a breathy voice.

"She invited me over about a week after it happened and pulled the boy's pants down. She took a drug while she was pregnant with him and it caused him to have this ridiculously oversized dick. That little fucker is hung like a fucking moose."

"Holee shit," he gasped as her hand continued to stroke him faster and faster.

"Kerry went down on that thing, Bruce. I was furious when I found out...but the more I thought about it. Well it got me hot, okay. I got fucking keyed up from it. It wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't actually seen the boy's cock. I just lie around fantasizing about watching the two of them going at it almost constantly."

"Does she know you know?"

"Yeah, we talked about it eventually," she admitted, once more twisting the truth to fit her needs and desires.

"She's not pregnant is she?"

"No, but she found out the little bastard likes fat women, so I think that's what started her up on the fat thing to start with."

"What? To impress her little boyfriend? How old is that little twirp?"

"I don't think it has much to do with age, Bruce. He's got the equipment and he can use it already. That woman Maureen...she's nice and all, but her and her son are a little freaky and I mean that exactly how it sounds."

"What do you mean exactly?"

"She told me that she didn't care if Kerry continued to fuck him. She told me that she'd even watch and make sure they were safe with it. She said he needed an outlet to keep himself under control."

Bruce was starting to get off and she could feel his reaction starting to build with every stroke of her hand.

"And little Eddie isn't the only boy like that in our neighborhood, Bruce. Maureen is friends with Sondra Hogan down the street a few houses away from us. Her son is older...he's in the same grade with Kerry. Maureen told me Sondra took the same drug when she was pregnant too, and that Sammy, her son...had a huge dick too...even bigger than Eddie's." She intentionally began to jerk him off faster now as she brought her story to a climax. "Well he mows lawns for money...and a few weeks ago he comes here one afternoon and asks me if he can do our lawn, so I let him mow the backyard...and I was a dirty girl, Bruce...a nasty bad girl."

“What did you do?” he asked her amidst gasps of pleasure as she masturbated him.

“He wasn’t wearing a shirt...and he had on these cut-off jeans shorts and I could see it. I could see this big’ole bulge in his pants, Bruce. Baby, I was bad...I just wanted to see it, y’know...just to look at it...I wasn’t gonna do nothing with it...or with him. I put on my bikini and I went out to the pool and put on a little show of it to tease him. I just wanted to see if I could make him hard...just to see how big it was and...and things got crazy all at once. He was standing there and I bent over and then we were on the grass and his pants were down around his knees and he was just fucking me so hard, Bruce...so hard.”

“How big is he?” Bruce asked.

“Oh fuck, baby...he’s stupid sized. It’s got to be nine inches at least and as big around as my forearm.”

“Are you making this up?”

She looked up at him and stared him dead in the eye but said nothing in response.

“Oh fuck,” Bruce muttered. “You cheated on me?”

“I didn’t intend to, baby...I was just being stupid...being a stupid, dirty little whore. I just couldn’t get over these boys having such big dicks. I’d seen Eddie’s and I kept fantasizing about Kerry and him and it’s just been driving me crazy.”

She noticed his erection was dying any though he still hadn’t ejaculated...so she kept on pumping him.

“Is that the only time?”

"Yeah, but there's more to it...a lot more," she admitted, still twisting the truth to fit her needs. "Sammy went home and told his mother and she got pissed thinking I had seduced him. So I ended up having a long talk with her...and when it was over, she told me that she was having the same problem with Sammy as Maureen was having with Eddie. Their boys are like sex machines and they can't keep them under wraps. So she wants to get him a regular sex partner too. But this is the crazy part, see both these boys like fat women. Eddie likes big fat bellies and tits...and Sammy...he's got a thing for asses," she added, lying like a dirty dog.

"Your ass?" he grunted.

"You know my momma had a massive ass on her. So I started gaining weight about a month ago. I figured it would all go to my ass...and I was right, wasn't I?"

"You want him, don't you? More than me?" Bruce looked suddenly dejected and defeated.

"And you wanna stick this little cock of yours in Kerry don't you? You wanna fuck her fat little ass so bad you can taste it, don't you?"

"I can't!" he blurted but she sped up her hand to a speed that he couldn't resist.

"She's a little whore like her momma, Bruce," she asserted with a gaping mouth and wild look in her eyes. "Let's make her fat and then you can fuck her!"

Bruce suddenly erupted all over her chest. His load fired off in three distinct volleys, none of which was particularly large or in any way close to what Eddie or

Sammy could do, but she played her part and rubbed it around on her bare chest and pretended like it turned her on even though it didn't impress her in the least.

Bruce watched for a while and then sighed as he fished his five inch dick back inside his boxers.

"Are you just playing with me?"

"I didn't make that up if that's what you're asking me," she replied.

"So you cheated on me...with...with what...a ten year old boy from down the street?" His voice rose somewhat but he wasn't quite furious.

"I'm tired being the pretty little trophy wife, Bruce. I want to relax and eat a bon-bon without feeling guilty for it. I thought you didn't like fat women...fat girls... apparently a different story...but I didn't know that till now."

"Is his dick really that big?" Bruce asked, cutting her off. His question didn't seem tinged with hostility as she would have expected. His tone seemed more like when it was when they were discussing Kerry.

Holee fuck...I don't think he's really pissed. He's fucking hot for it! Oh man, this could not possibly have gone any better! How can I work this? How?!

"You're bored with me, aren't you, Bruce? Admit it. It's not gonna hurt my feelings. We're in the same boat, but we're married, ya'know? I'm not going anywhere, babe, but I would like to get my jollies off once in a while and even though I didn't expect to get pillaged in the backyard that afternoon...I didn't really fight him off

either.” She leaned back and sat down on the backs of her calves. “I’m gonna eventually tame that bull and ride him again. So you can be an asshole and go file for divorce, or you can cut me some slack and look the other way.”

“Or...” he muttered.

“Or what?”

“Or I can tell you to do it...and watch,” he stated as if it was nothing more than the weather they were discussing.

She looked at him with what had to be total dismay on her face. She couldn’t believe he’d just said that. Was this *her* Bruce? The same mild-mannered, timid and insecure fellow she’d married nearly twelve years ago? She couldn’t imagine him every saying something like that.

“If it were another man and there was a chance I’d lose you or something...this would be a different situation and I’d be calling the lawyer right now,” he explained. “But he’s ten...eleven? This...this is...I don’t know. Okay, you want the truth? I could strangle you for doing all this without telling me!”

“Well shit, I’d have told you if I knew you were as big’a freak as I am! I just figured you wouldn’t ever go for something like this. Not till now at least...and honestly I’m still reeling here. I still can’t believe you...you’re okay with it.”

She stood up and stepped to his side and then sat down on the bed beside him, wearing nothing but an over-stretched pair of jogging pants and his dried cum on her tits.

“The fact that it’s just a boy...boys...I don’t know. Am I wrong that I honestly sort of get off on the idea of you... well on the image of you...shit...what’s the word? Adulterating them? I guess that’s as good of a description as any. But anyway, do you get what I’m saying?”

“You don’t want another man handling up on me but me handling up on boys toots your man-flute. Did I get that right?” She smirked and arched her eyebrows at him briefly to lighten the load of the heavy statement she’d just laid on him. “So you’re okay with that?”

“I don’t know. It’s hot sounding, but they’re boys. I mean their mothers are bound to have some moral ground on which they stand. I doubt they’re going to ever let you do much. You OR Kerry for that matter.”

“Oh please, you have no clue about those two women, Bruce. They’re not normal in the least. I mean can you imagine for just a moment, what these women deal with on a daily basis? And both of them are single with no other children! I can’t speak much about Sondra. I mean she’s told me things, but I haven’t really seen her do anything, but Maureen...now Maureen has done shit with me watching.”

“Like what?” he asked, his eyes wide with curiosity.

“One night while I was over there, she paraded him out naked for me. She told me she got off on showing him off to other women. She said their lust for her son made her hot. So she wanted to show him off to me. I didn’t know at the time that it was all an actual show, so I went along with it. And she started playing with his dick right there in

front of me and then ended up jerking him off while I watched. I'm telling you...both of them are fucking their sons and probably sharing them. It's like a bad porn movie any time you're around them."

"Do you think they'd let me in on it?"

"I don't know. It might be better if I just tried to do whatever here at our house so you could hide and watch or maybe just record it for you. I don't trust them enough to really push them on things," she replied.

She stood up and started to walk off but Bruce's arm shot out and his hand snagged the back of her jogging pants and pulled them half way down her ass.

"Hey, let go!" she chirped, but he pulled her back towards him and then with a vicious yank, he ripped her pants all the way down so that her naked, fat rump was right in his face. "Whoa now...just what the fuck are you doing, Mister Farris?"

"Whatever the fuck I want," he asserted as he pulled her back onto his lap and made her sit down on his fresh and fully unexpected erection.

She felt her ass cheeks jiggle and bounce as she flopped down on top of him and then she felt him pressing inside of her pussy.

"Show me what you're gonna do to the boy," he told her with a manly tone...almost demanding. "Show me why he gets off on a fat fucking ass."

She giggled and began to pop her ass like when she danced and she immediately knew he was getting off to it.

"Holee shit, bitch...when did you learn to do that?!" he blurted in sheer amazement.

"I've always been able to do it," she retorted. "I just never had enough booty to make it work. Pretty hot, huh?"

He responded by shoving a finger into her tight asshole.

"Oh shit, Bruce!" she all but yelped in pleasure.

"You know what," he called out to her from behind. "For the first time in my life I wanna ass fuck a bitch."

"Say what?!" Before she could say anything else, he pushed her forward until she had to brace herself against the dresser. He was standing now and with his cock lathered up by her pussy, he drove the head of it into the eye of her ass. "BRUCE?!?" she blurted in awe as he rammed his shaft deep into her sphincter.

"Oh yeah...shake that fat ass now, bitch!" he barked at her as he began pile-driving her from behind.

"Oh fuck, you nasty bastard! You nasty motherfucker!"

She was slamming back and forth into the dresser as he nailed her hard and fast. Her voice was rising in pitch too, with each thrust.

"Oh you liking that fat ass now, ain't you? Oh, you all about it now, huh, motherfucker!"

He shot off inside her rectum and then popped out of her with no finesse, leaving her slumped against the dresser barely holding herself up.

"Please...your ass ain't all that, 'Nita! Come back and see me when you got a really fat fucking ass."

Her own cum was dripping down the insides of her thighs and she twisted around and glared at him. Was he fucking taunting her? Bruce? He hardly ever spoke during sex at all...ever! And now all at once he was bending her over the dresser and ass fucking her...and...and talking smack to her?

"Okay, motherfucker...I don't know who you are, but you are NOT my husband!" she said with a cat-like grin that told him she'd enjoyed the tryst they'd just had. "So was that a taunt? You telling me you want my ass to get fatter?"

He stepped back and dropped onto the bed again, leaning back and literally lying down before he answered her.

"I don't know, 'Nita," he finally said. "Somehow what we just did was some of the nastiest, hottest sex we've ever fucking had. I could learn to like being like this, I think."

She propped herself up against the dresser and then leaned sideways to open one of her drawers. Pulling out a white bottle with a red label, she flung it at him, hitting him square in the gut with it.

"Ow! What the fuck is this?" he asked once he retrieved the bottle and held it up to read it. "FEM-HANCE? What's this?"

"You're holding the medication that Sondra and Maureen took while they were pregnant. It was originally marketed as FEM-32, a supplement for pregnant women that was supposed to augment lactation in women who

had trouble breastfeeding or whose breasts weren't developing during pregnancy. They recalled it due to the side-effects it caused...most notably, it increased the likelihood of male children...and also it caused them to be born with magnificently massive cocks."

He sat upright suddenly and glared at the bottle intently and then up at her.

"What the fuck? Were you planning on getting pregnant while taking this? You trying to be like them?"

"Actually I got it for something else," she said with a smile that glossed over the truth so well that he didn't even notice. "If pubescent girls take it, it tends to cause them to develop something called virginal hypertrophy."

"What the fuck is that?" he asked with wide eyes.

"It's a type of gigantomastia...excessively large breasts," she informed him. "That's the condition they diagnose you with when your tits make up more than 3% of your total body weight."

Understanding finally dawned upon him and he raised his head to stare at her with unblinking eyes and an open, gaping mouth that showed his disbelief.

"Yeah, I figured you might like that," she added with a knowing smirk and wink. "And it wasn't my idea. Your lovely and innocent little daughter wanted them."

"What did you want them for, though?" he asked, a knowing look on his own face. Did he see through her ruse? Probably.

"Would you think I'm a sick whore if I told you I did get them for myself?" she asked.

"So were you just planning on getting pregnant by me or by your little lover boys?" His voice carried a hint of sarcastic tone.

"Would you be jealous if I got pregnant from one of them?"

He looked oddly at her for the longest time before commenting in response.

"Were you really going to try and have a boy and what? Start fucking him as soon as he was big enough to mount?"

"That's what they're doing," she retorted.

"No, not by me," he quickly blurted. "Not my son, no thank you. If you pull that shit...you...you go get it from one of them, not me."

Apparently the man had some bottom dwelling level of morality left to him. It was barely there, but she'd just seen it finally.

"Y'know...here's the thing though," she remarked. "I pissed Sondra off...the whole backyard thing...so me and her sort of cut this deal of sorts. And she won't let me fuck Sammy again until I reach two hundred and fifty pounds."

Bruce grinned. "Are you fucking serious?"

"Oh she thought it would be funny initially. She figured if I did it...she'd get to laugh at me for turning into a fatty...or if I didn't do it...then she'd have kept me off of him. But me and her have gotten passed the bullshit for the most part now...but she's still holding out on me with this weight thing. See she weighs like 230, so she's says

I've got to out-do her before she'll concede Sammy to me for...well, for insemination."

"Oh, so she knows you want to get pregnant then?"

She nodded to him.

"So you were just kind of stringing me along with all this then...little bit here...little bit there till you figured out if I'd go for it all, huh?"

She nodded again.

"I didn't want to drop it all on you...but it sort of seems that I have, I guess."

This time he nodded in response.

"So if they recalled this stuff...where'd you get it from?"

She grinned. "I'm resourceful when I want to be." When he smiled back, she added, "The drug also has another side effect if you take it as an adult but while you're not pregnant."

"And what would that be?" he inquired.

"It tends to cause weight gain...primarily to the torso," she informed him. "Next time you see Maureen or Sondra, take a long look at them. Huge tits and man-like pot bellies. Their faces and limbs have practically no blubber on them at all. They're really pretty peculiar looking. And those two boys of theirs just seem to get off on it. I'm still in awe that Sammy ever mounted me in the backyard that day to start with. From what Sondra told me, it literally traumatized him that he fucked a skinny woman. I guess I must have just took him off guard."

"Your hotness overwhelmed him," Bruce complimented her...something he hadn't done in a very long time. "Is she really gonna hold out on you to gain that much weight just to let her son impregnate you?"

"It's more than that. I don't think Sammy is gonna touch me unless I'm as fat as his momma. I sort of fibbed about the ass thing earlier. I'm apparently just an ass gainer, as your lovely daughter describes it."

"So you're getting fat for somebody else's dick? I should probably be insulted," he commented with a sneer. "I doubt you'd ever have gotten fat for mine, would you?"

"I'm with you because you're a man, Bruce...a good man and one that I love for all that you are," she complimented him back and part of her wanted to believe what she said to him was true. "Sammy is just a walking dildo for me. A literal boy-toy."

"So how long has our daughter been on this stuff?" he asked, rattling the bottle as he did so.

"Two weeks. From what I've read, it takes about that long to start showing any effects. But the articles and stuff that I've read also say that the macromastia can set in all at once. Some of the girls literally jumped multiple cup sizes in days...days," she repeated the word for emphasis. "They complained of skin tightening, stretching, and even moderate pain in some cases...caused from the erratic and spontaneous growth."

"You memorize that?"

"Huh? Yeah, sort of. I've read over this shit so many times I know it by heart," she conceded. "So anyway,

don't be alarmed if you wake up one morning and her tits are doing more than jiggling."

"So this shit...it isn't controlled? I mean, there's no way to tell how big she's gonna get? Can she stop taking it and stop any growth?"

"No. Once you take it, that's it. Apparently it jumpstarts some sort of hormonal thing within the body. Girls are already full of growth hormones during puberty and from what I understand, the drug amplifies it. One researcher stated that she saw greater growth in girls who'd been genetically predisposed to be large in the first place. So in Kerry's case, she probably won't end up with the ridiculous tits."

"Ridiculous tits? How big did these girls get?"

"Three percent body weight is considered macromastic for women, so from what I read, there were instances where some of the girls reached 20 percent."

"WHAT?!?" he blurted the word and looked like he might actually jump up from the bed.

"Ten pound titties," she confirmed for him. "Hundred pound girls. Do the math. The one girl I read about and actually saw pictures of was twelve and she had fucking double HH tits. I kid you not. She was cute and skinny as a rail, but her titties were fifteen inches long and nearly thirty five inches around...the tit was...not her chest. It looked like she had two basketballs for tits except they weren't perfectly round and they were more shaped like footballs and hung past her waist."

She figured she'd tell Bruce about that one and freak him out, but her husband looked more enthralled than ever.

"Oh c'mon...are you getting off to that? Do you really want her to have tits that fucking huge?!"

Bruce just sat there staring blankly at her.

"Don't tell her I know about any of this stuff," he finally said to her. "I'm not really sure I could ever actually touch her even if she wanted me to, which I'm sure she won't."

"Don't be so sure," she argued. "She's a little wild."

"No," he stated matter-of-factly. "Not with my own."

"So you could care less what I do with a son that's not yours then, right? Is that how your dirty little mind works, Bruce?"

He nodded. "That's exactly how it works."

She realized then and there that she wasn't probably ever going to be able to tell him that she and Kerry were already having an incestuous relationship. Then again, part of her wondered if he might not get off on it. Time would tell.

More to cum...

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