

AN INDECENT AGREEMENT 2

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY
THE MARQUIS FAÇADE

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CHAPTER FOUR

The light from the window next to her bed woke Kerry sometime after seven ten on the 36th day of her weight gain odyssey. Grunting, she blinked her eyes and then squinted and rolled over and buried her face in her pillow to avoid the overly bright beams burning through the curtains.

“OW!” she blurted, her wakefulness suddenly fully engaged. “What the fuck?” The pain she’d felt was a sharp tweak that originated from her chest...both sides and in the vicinity of her tits. She grunted and then rolled over to her side and turned her back to the window. “Too fucking early,” she mumbled as she closed her eyes and tried to forget sunbeams and painful boobs.

As she lay there, her right hand rested on her right thigh and without conscious effort, she realized she was rubbing at it. It was so soft and pliable now. It felt smooth and cushy and she liked caressing her flab...especially the fat that was accumulating around her ass and belly.

The day before had been the 35th...the weigh-in day for her and her mother. Once a week, they’d both strip down in the bathroom and climb on the scales to see what damage their binging and gorging had accomplished.

Despite her intentions to return to sleep, she found herself mentally wandering over the figures from the previous morning.

In the last seven days, she’d gained an additional 11 pounds and her belly had blossomed nearly another four

inches according to her mother's diabolical tape measure. Her gut was almost 32 inches around now...almost seven more than her hips just below the curvature of her stomach. What did that mean in mathematical terms? Quite simply, it meant her belly stuck out some three inches further than the rest of her body did...tits included. Three inches didn't sound like much...but it was. Her belly was so big now, it was literally starting to droop when she was standing up. There was a crease line forming beneath the bottom of her stomach too, and with each day, the lower curve of her gut was dipping lower and lower. She could literally hang her stomach over the top of her pants now. And every step she took made it quiver like a bowl full of jello.

Her right hand slide forward from her hip and slithered down till her palm cupped her sagging belly. Lying on her side as she was, the bulk of it now leaned downward toward the mattress beneath her. She poked her index finger down into her navel and pressed inward for no particular reason and then pulled upward till her finger slid out...and her belly flopped back down under the weight of gravity. Her flabby abdomen jostled for a few seconds and joy filled her. Why getting so fat was making her feel so good was beyond her...but it was...it simply was, and there was no arguing against the fact.

She finally realized she wasn't going to be able to fall back asleep, so she rolled again, this time onto her back and stretched. When she lowered her arms again, she

bumped her chest buried beneath her blanket and the pain from earlier pricked her again.

"Oh what the hell?!" she growled as she pushed the blanket down to see why her chest was so touchy. What was revealed to her nearly made her faint.

Anita rolled over and stood up, completely naked and strolled around the bed toward the bathroom and Bruce, propped up on one arm, watched her ass jiggle all the way there.

"Hey, how much did you say you weighed yesterday?" he called out to her.

"One seventy two," she replied, speaking to him over the sound of her urine spraying into the toilet. "And before you ask...it's nineteen...nineteen pounds since last week."

"Your tits look bigger," he commented as he sat up in the bed and looked downward at the tent of sheet sticking up from his crotch.

"I'm pretty sure they actually are," she agreed. "I went to the store yesterday and I put my B-cup on and I had boobies bulging out over the top of it. I think I might actually be pushing a C-cup. Wild huh?"

"Ya'know...a week ago, I would have said that was the most awesome thing...but now...now I find myself admiring something else entirely," he admitted, smirking to himself. "So how much bigger is my favorite fat ass?"

"You really wanna know?"

“Hell yeah I do!” he popped back.

“Forty nine inches. I added three inches to the circumference of my fat fucking ass, man!” Her tone was one of dismay...but whether it was from shock at the gain or joy at it, Bruce couldn’t be sure. He guessed it was likely joy. To his own dismay, he realized he was getting a good deal of joy out of it as well...and not just from his wife’s increasing size.

His daughter, Kerry, had just ballooned during the past week. While Anita had packed on 19 pounds...his ten year old daughter had added 11 herself. His wife was five foot two...his daughter only four foot nine. Ten pounds on Kerry looked like five on his wife. So whereas his wife looked larger...Kerry looked *immensely* bigger by comparison in her gain.

The girl’s belly was what was astounding him the most. Anita had told him that the drug they were both taking was known to cause weight gain in the torso...and now there was no doubt about it. Kerry looked to be at least four or five months pregnant. Her face had grown a bit puffy, as had her arms and legs, but the bulk of her weight had been settling in her torso, primarily in her stomach. Her ass and hips were picking up some chunk as well, but it seemed to Bruce, that at least the whole of the eleven pounds she’d gained in the last week had all gone to her belly. It was now big and round and stuck out from her body, entering the room before she did. And he could tell it was starting to become heavier as well. The girl was starting to hang it out over the tops of her shorts and jeans

and her gut would literally drape down over the front of her pants. None of her shirts hung down far enough to conceal it and so she constantly had a half-moon of flabby flesh dangling out from beneath them.

He knew it shouldn't, but it turned him on. Admittedly not as much as if her tits were growing as much, but for whatever unknown reason, watching her belly grow was starting to unravel his sexual self-control. The day before, he'd actually jerked off three times...morning, noon, and late last night. Every time the girl passed him, the sight of her immense jiggling belly drove him crazy. It was almost to the point of him having to avoid her.

"What are you thinking about?" Anita asked him, leaning against the bathroom door frame. She was smirking and her eyes were pointing at the poofy sheet that covered his lower body.

"What the hell do you think?"

"Kerry?"

"Your ass...her belly...it's killing me," he admitted.

"I'm starting to get a belly too," she cooed as she stepped towards him, her hands rising to jiggle her own moderately bulging stomach. And she was quite right. Since she'd started gaining, her belly had inflated from a super ridiculous 26 inches to 35. He knew had her hips not been expanding as well, that her gut would have been protruding far more than it did...probably as far as Kerry's did...but it didn't because her ass was growing even faster than her stomach. In five weeks, she'd gone from 32 inch hips to 49. Her ass had increased in size by seventeen

inches...literally 50% larger than it had been a little over a month prior. He couldn't believe how much she'd grown in such a short time...and to his further disbelief, her ass hadn't really formed any cellulite or stretch marks even! It remained smooth and round and firm. She was a fucking marvel for an ass man.

Had he become an ass man? He wondered. Since the night one week ago when she'd revealed everything to him and he'd fucked her in her poop-chute...he'd seemingly been obsessed with anal sex. He loved watching her sit on his lap and pound his dick with her massive butt cheeks.

Anita dropped down onto the bed on his side and scooted up close to him...her hand reaching out and grasping his erection through the fabric that covered it.

"How fucked up is that all of this is actually improving our sex life, Bruce?" she asked him as her hand began to tease his cock.

"I don't know...pretty fucked up I think," he agreed.

"Have you noticed how big her belly is getting? I mean, have you seriously been paying attention? She just has to hang it over the top of her pants now...let it hang out. It looks so heavy! And it just jiggles constantly. And she don't give a damn that it's hanging out either. I catch her playing with it all the fucking time. I swear, I think she likes to finger fuck her navel!"

Bruce quivered uncontrollably and Anita sensed it. She smiled voraciously and then jerked the sheet back to reveal his engorged erection.

“You wanna fuck her soooo bad, don’t you?”

“Shut up...just shut up,” he groaned at her.

She twisted around and crawled up onto the foot of the bed and bent forward, pressing her face into the mattress near the bottom of the bed. Her back to Bruce, she pulled her legs up under her and spread her ass wide for him.

As he stared in shock, her right hand snaked down between her thighs and one, then two...then three fingers began to pry into her gaping pussy.

“See how big my pussy is now? Fuck, he wrecked it! The boy wrecked my pussy...shit...this isn’t even getting me off now...three fingers...fuck...four...look...probably get my whole hand in there,” she commented amid gasps of sexual arousal. “I can’t wait for it, Bruce...I got so far to go before I can fuck him again...what am I gonna do? I need to fill it up...I need something big, Bruce...fuck me, baby!”

Bruce crawled forward and slapped her hand out of the way and shoved his own fingers deep into her gaping snatch. It was hot and wet and slippery as shit. In a matter of seconds, he had all four of his fingers pumping inside of her.

Why was this so hot? His wife’s pussy was wrecked. He’d never touch the sides in it again if he lived to be a hundred. He’d never do her any good...ever again. She liked the ass sex and so did he...but her pussy was just a joke at this point...and part of him was pissed off about that.

He felt like letting that anger out a bit. Maybe...maybe he should see what he could do about wrecking that pussy for little mister-long-dong down the street.

Anita was gasping and moaning as he fingered her, lost in the moment...but she instantly realized when her husband pressed something more inside of her.

“Bruce...what...what the fuck...are...you—Aaahh!” she moaned long and hard as he pressed his entire hand into her vaginal opening. It almost hurt...but then it popped inside and she felt him draw his hand into a fist.

Oh fuck...oh holee fuck...he’s gonna fist me!!

She barely formed the thought before he starting jerking his arm in and out of her...doing his best to see how far in he could ram his fist.

At first she was horrified that he managed to get his whole hand and arm into her pussy...and then that horror had waned and was replaced by the discomfort of the act ...but that too, eventually faded and sexual pleasure began to grow in its place.

It was more than she’d felt with Sammy. Bruce’s forearm was big and meaty and far longer than Sammy’s cock could have ever been.

In moments, she shot sticky fluid all over her husband and an unashamed show of orgasm.

“Yeah...I can still make you cum, bitch,” he whispered to her as he slid his hand out of her aching and over-stretched pussy.

She smirked, knowing he was just talking trash. But she was wholly unprepared for him to push her forward and ram his cock into her asshole.

"Oh I wasn't done yet," he muttered to her from behind as he drove his cock rapidly in and out of her anus.

"You're so bad...fuck...where is my husband...who the fuck are you?! Nevermind...he can go to hell," she blurted amid gasps and thrusts.

Kerry stood in front of the wall-mounted mirror in the bathroom...unable to remove her gaze from her chest. She'd already fetched her mother's tape measure and had run the numbers. It was real...it wasn't an optical illusion of some sort.

She turned sideways and gawked at how far out her tits stuck. She bounced a little and watched them warble.

"How in the hell...OVERNIGHT?!"

She couldn't fathom how her breasts had grown so much in one single night. It was insane. She knew it was possible. She'd read the same information on FemHance that her mother had read. Cases of sudden, erratic breast enlargement was not only possible...but in most cases was common place. She'd been taking the pill for a while now and not much had gone on. Her tits had gained maybe an inch in side measurement...taking her from flat to a somewhat large AA-cup and that's where she'd remained until now.

She snatched the tape measure from the counter and ran it along the side of her left tit one more time just to see it again.

Her nipple touched the line just past the six and half inch mark. Her mouth gaped in awe once more.

“Unbelievable...just...fucking unreal!” she blurted to herself and the mirror as she lowered the tape measure.

She wasn't just amazed at the fact that her tits were four inches bigger, either. Despite their new size...her boobs were still sticking outward...buoyantly...firmly and proudly disputing the forces of gravity. She looked like she had cone-titties. Six and half inch long cone shaped tits! Fat cones, but still cone shaped. They looked fake and inflated. And for some reason her nipples were hard as rocks and at least twice their normal size. Each was at least the size of the last joint on her index finger.

“Well I'm just a freak now,” she muttered, bouncing on her toes once more so that she could watch her oddly huge tits wiggle and wave.

With both hands, she cupped the tops of them and pressed down in a bold effort to make them stop sticking outward, but as soon as she moved her hands, they popped back up and out as if she'd done nothing to them.

Just then she heard her parents' bedroom door squeak across the hallway.

Peeping out the crack between her door and its frame, she made out the distinct image of her mother's wide ass trudging down the hallway toward the stairs wearing what

looked like a pair of her father's pajama bottoms and tight tank-top.

She started to open the door and call out to her, but her parents' bedroom door directly across the narrow hall squeaked once more and realized that her father was standing in the doorway looking directly at her. It was more than obvious that he could see her peeking out. Before she could respond or shut the door, he stepped across the hall and pushed on her door.

"Hey, what-choo snooping on---" he began but as soon as the door was open, and he saw her standing topless, his voice trailed off and his eyes bugged. Quickly he whipped around so that his back was to her and he covered his eyes. "Holee shit...sorry...I didn't expect you to be naked!"

"I'm not, I've got shorts on," she blurted as she turned and snatched for a drawer in her dresser. Fumbling, she rummaged around in it for a t-shirt.

Bruce lowered his hand from his eyes and tried his best not to turn around and gawk. He really hadn't expected his daughter to be topless when he pushed her door open. Why it had struck him to barge over and into her room to start with was beyond him. He'd seen her peeking out the crack of her door and it just seemed like the thing to do.

The thing was, he'd seen more than just her boobies and fat belly this time. Something was off...he'd seen something different and he couldn't quite put his finger on it. He'd been so startled when he realized she was topless that he'd just whipped around and covered his eyes

without taking time to process what he was looking at. As he stood contemplating it, he realized her tits had looked bigger...a lot bigger. Was he imagining things?

"Okay, you can turn around now," her voice called out from behind him.

When he turned around, he knew he'd been right. Her breasts were pressing through the front of her tight t-shirt as if they were trying to rip through the over-stretched fabric.

"Holee hell," he muttered and her face turned bright red as she raised and crossed her arms to cover her chest.

"I was gonna catch Mom and show her, but I guess you got first look, huh?" she commented with an embarrassed smirk.

"Those...that's...what the hell?" he blabbered unable to really form a coherent sentence to question her about the matter.

"Guess I had a growth spurt," she said with a shrug. "Crazy, huh?"

Crazy my fucking ass! That's from that drug Anita got for her! It had to be. Hell, Anita had even explained how it supposedly worked to him after revealing all of her demented little schemes earlier. *Fuck! The shit actually works! Her tits are fucking huge!*

She smiled at him again and forced himself to divert his gaze from her chest...or her arms that were covering her chest. As his eyes dropped, they locked on her the bottom of her bulbous belly hanging out from beneath the tail of her t-shirt. When she'd crossed her arms to cover her tits,

she'd inadvertently pulled the tight garment higher and her stomach was now hanging out the bottom of it.

She must have realized what he was staring at, because she instantly released her cross-armed grip and shot both hands down to tug her shirt back over her belly.

He tried not to look, but his face rose and his eyes zoned in on her chest once more. Her nipples were rock hard and huge...poking out through the shirt like metal thimbles. Her tits were at least a solid handful in size...apples or baseballs if he had to form a comparison. The very day before she'd been maybe a big A or small B cup at best.

"Are they sore?" he asked, lacking anything more parental to say to her. He'd been dying to say something to break the uncomfortable silence between them.

She looked up at him and their eyes met for a second before she responded. "A little bit. I woke up 'cause I rolled over on them I think. They're kinda hard too...not as squishy as you'd expect."

"What? Squishy? What the hell does that mean?" he asked, truly disturbed by her comment and fighting hard to figure out what she was talking about.

She lifted her hands and cupped her tits then turned sideways to him so that he was looking at her profile. She pressed her boobs downward with her hands and then let them slide further down her torso until her tits popped loose from them and immediately sprang back into an outward standing position.

“See...they’re just sticking out. It’s weird. I don’t know. I just...well it seems like big boobs are’ta droop down some, huh? I look like I got fake boobs, right?”

He gawked in disbelief. She was right. Her jugs were probably C-cups and yet despite their size, they were just jutting outward like someone had inflated her old size tits with air. She had serious cone-shaped tits and it reminded him immediately of the old Madonna video where she’d been wearing the cone-shaped brassiere thing.

That thought, of course, gave rise to the Madonna song about *Papa Don’t Preach*...and he found himself contemplating the fact that his daughter was no longer a virgin at all. Oddly his mind wandered and he began to imagine his fat little daughter in a gondola singing *Like a Virgin*.

Kerry stared at her father and wondered what the hell was going through his mind as he stood there at her door gawking at her chest. Her own eyes wandered downward from his face and locked onto his boxer shorts where a puffy protrusion was pressing outward against the striped fabric.

Oh crap! He’s got a boner!

She gulped and for a second she felt like her head was swimming. She blinked and tried to clear her thoughts but the thing she was confronting was still boldly pointing at her. Was she going to be sick? For several seconds she wasn’t quite certain. But as she stared it his bulge, she recalled her tryst with Eddie...how he’d gotten hard for her

and it'd led to sex. Awesome...fantastic...delicious... tantalizing sex! Suddenly she was overwhelmed with arousal herself. Suddenly...she wanted to know what it was that had made him hard for her. Her tits? Or was it her belly? Both? Her mother had said more than once that he didn't like fat women, so she had to assume it was her titties.

My tits are so awesome...they just made my own father horny! If they could do that...what else could they do? And if she was able to do that with C-cups...what could she do with D's or maybe even E's?

"Hey Dad...do they look weird to you? I mean you've seen lots of boobs right? So are mine weird?" she asked him as she pulled the tail of her shirt up and over the tops of her breasts...revealing them fully to him.

For a moment she was certain his eyes were going to pop out of his skull.

"See how they stick out? And look," she added as she bounced on her toes to make them warble, "they just wiggle like...they don't droop or nothing. Weird huh?"

Bruce watched in awe as she bounced rapidly on her toes. Her titties quivered and shimmied, but as she'd claimed, they did not droop or fold. Beneath them her flabby and round belly did though. It shimmied like a huge bag of jello...continuing to undulate long after she stopped bouncing. Her corpulent and pliable stomach flesh stood in stark contrast to the taut and buoyant cones of her mammaries.

Why was she suddenly unashamed of him seeing her body? Why, all at once, had she gone from jerking her shirt down...to pulling it up and showing off her new jugs? She didn't really seem too concerned about the reported complaint of weirdness. In fact, had he not known better, he'd have sworn she was using it as an excuse to reveal herself to him. Had this been any other woman, he'd have known her motives instantly. But this was his daughter... his ten year old daughter.

He couldn't bring himself to form words...or to rip his gaze away from her nudity. And Kerry made no effort to pull her shirt down. She remained standing there with the tail of her shirt hiked up over her tits with some sort of weird smirk on her face as if she knew a secret but wasn't telling.

At some point, he noticed her eyes darting downward and it was then that he realized he had a hard-on and she could probably see it through the fabric of his boxers.

Oh shit! She saw my boner and then pulled her shit up?! Would she really do that? That's blatant flirtation! That's...that's something a slut does to a guy she just wants to pull a reaction from! He'd been around the block with enough women over the years prior to meeting Anita to know how women were...how they'd act and react. And he'd been teased by more than one in his day.

He wanted badly to pull his dick out and jack off, but he'd just pounded Anita...and probably couldn't muster another load even if he had to. And, atop that, this was his daughter...awesome tits or not...and he just couldn't bring

himself to instigate something sexual with her...not even if she were teasing him into it as she obviously was trying to do.

"You might...should show your mother," he finally managed to mutter to her as he stepped back and fumbled for the door behind him.

Her expression immediately turned to confusion.

"Are they weird?" she asked him again and he realized that his response might actually freak her out in a worse way than if he'd literally whipped his dick out. If he just turned and ran, he might traumatize her. She obviously was proud of her new boobs or she wouldn't have shown them off. But if she thought they were gross, it might have lasting effects on her psyche.

He forced himself to smile and arch his eyebrows.

"Heh! No...no they are definitely NOT weird, Hun," he replied with as non-creepy of a grin as he could manage. "They're actually a little too nice for me to be looking at," he added and winked as he slid out the door and closed it behind himself.

Anita was standing there staring at him with a pinched brow and a look of curiosity smeared across her face. Her eyes immediately drifted down to his boxers and then back up to his face. A hint of a grin started to crease her lips as she spoke in a hushed whisper.

"What's that all about?" she mouthed more than said, her finger pointing down to his crotch.

He rolled his eyes and then thumbed back over his shoulder, "Go see for yourself. Apparently your magic pills are working."

"You got toast on the table," she said as she shoved him out of her way and barged into Kerry's room.

He sighed in relief and made a run for the stairs ...happy to be out of a jam...but also shocked that his wife had been literally amused by the fact that he was admitting Kerry had caused him to get hard.

"Holee fuck!" Anita blurted as soon as she had the door closed behind her.

"I KNOW, RIGHT?!" Kerry blasted back at her from across her bedroom. Her shirt was still up and her tits and belly were still visible. "I just woke up like this!"

"How...how big? Have you---"

"Over six inches!" she all but shouted, cutting her mother off mid-sentence. "They grew almost four inches overnight!"

Anita couldn't believe what she was seeing. Her daughter's tits had been a little over two and half inches from side to nipple the day before when they'd conducted their weekly weigh-in and measuring. And now they were over six inches? Hell, after gaining nearly sixty pounds herself in the course of five weeks, her own tits had only grown from six inches to eight. She'd taken thirty five days to stretch from a B cup to a large C. Of course, her bras were now tight in the tits, so she might have been getting nearer to needing a D soon if not already. But here her

daughter was ballooning overnight to nearly three times her previous size. And as small as her overall chest was, even with six inches, she knew the girl was going to need no less than a C-cup now.

Damn! They're so pointy and perky! Look at that! It's like they defy gravity! They look swollen...like they're over-filled or something!

She locked the bedroom door and then stepped over to her daughter and reached out to cup her tits. They were rigid and tight. It felt as if they really were over-filled somehow.

"They're a little tender," Kerry stated as her mother groped her. "Take it easy on---ahhh!"

Anita plucked at both of her thimble sized nipples at the same time and her daughter cut loose with a moan, but it wasn't of pain.

Anita looked down and unclenched her nipples, revealing a yellowy and sticky liquid on her fingers and thumbs.

"Ewww," Kerry blurted when she noticed the liquid. "What the hell is that?"

"Pre-milk," she informed her. "I can't remember the name of it, but it's what you get before you start actually lactating...making milk."

"Milk?!" her daughter looked horrified. "Am I pregnant?!"

"I don't know," she answered truthfully. "You didn't use any protection with Eddie, did you?"

"Noooo," she moaned...her look of horror building.

"FEM-32 is a lactation aid," she said. "It's possible it's just the drug causing it. But...I'm gonna get you a pee-stick today just for the hell of it."

"Mom!!" Kerry whined.

"What?"

"I haven't really had a period! Can I get pregnant?"

"I don't know," she replied, truthfully unsure of the matter in question. "I really wouldn't think so, but I don't know."

"What am I gonna do?" she asked, as she stepped back and flopped down onto the foot of her bed.

"Well for starters, I'd work those titties of yours before they explode," she informed her. "If they ballooned up this big overnight, who knows how much bigger they're gonna get. They're tender now...let'em stretch a little bigger and you're gonna be dying with'em."

"What are you talking about?"

"Milk yourself, Kerry. Squeeze them and get the fluid out of them or it's gonna build up and they will literally get hard and painful."

Kerry gripped her tits and began to squeeze them but only a little bit of dribble was emerging from her nipples.

It was hot to watch her playing with them. Anita fought to compose herself but she was losing the battle to resist temptation. She was still wired from her ass fucking with Bruce and watching Kerry playing with her newly huge tits was bonified porn quality visuals.

"Here," she blurted and stepped over to the bed, sliding behind her smaller daughter where she sat. She

snaked her arms around her small chest and under her arms, gripping her bloated tits with both hands. With forceful squeezes and forward movements, she compressed her breasts and forced squirts of yellowish clear liquid to spurt from the girl's engorged nipples.

"Oh...oh fuck...ahhh...crap, Mom!" Kerry groaned, but the forceful milking was doing as much to enrage her loins as it was for relieving the pressure in her chest.

"Feels good, don't it?"

"Oh shit...it's gross...but it's...it's...ahhh," Kerry tried to convey her thoughts but the motions of Anita's hands were all too easily quieting her.

"I...I made Dad hard," she suddenly popped off. "I think he likes my boobs."

"He would cum on himself if he saw us doing this," she agreed and continued to express the pressure from her daughter's jugs.

"Is it freaky that I got off on it?" she asked.

"Is it freaky that you're getting off to your mother milking you?"

"About as freaky as you getting off on it," she snapped back with a giggle. "You know it's squirting all over the carpet, right?"

"Don't care," she countered. "And are you talking about the tits or your father?"

"Both I bet," she said with another giggle.

The squirts were beginning to taper off to nothing now and she finally stopped squeezing Kerry's tits. Her hands,

sticky with the wet mess, slithered down to grip her daughter's fat belly.

"Oh that's gross," Kerry commented as she looked down and realized her mother was smearing the yellowish nasty all over her round stomach.

"You know how big your belly is gonna get if you are pregnant?"

"Do you know how big my tits are gonna get?!" she chimed back with a tinge of excitement.

Anita imagined Bruce fucking her...and her being full term pregnant with gigantic tits the size of her head, milk literally leaking from her nipples as they warbled around under the impact and thrusts of her husband's body. Then she pictured her daughter with both Eddie and Sammy and then for shits and giggles she through in Bruce too. A three dick orgy with her bloated and horrifically pregnant daughter.

In her pajama pants she felt herself nearly about to squirt from excitement. Then she realized that if Kerry was in fact pregnant from Eddie...she was likely to have a boy...and a boy with a massive cock!

She pictured the same scene as before, but no men this time. Instead, her monstrously pregnant daughter was spread-eagle on her bed...her watermelon sized breasts splayed out to her sides...her hands squeezing at them forcing milk to spurt in great geysers...and down between her spread thighs, a thick, long, and veiny cock slithered its way out of her pussy lips until it coiled out onto the bed top at least a foot or more in length...and

then she imagined herself with both hands on it, jerking it off...sucking it...fucking it...her pregnant daughter fucking her with a big, fat mutant cock.

“Mom?”

Anita snapped out of her fantasy and realized her daughter had stood up and turned around to face her. She was grinning and pointing.

“Might want to go change your pants,” she said, her finger indicating the wet spot on the bed corner between her legs where she’d spooged herself during the course of her day-dreaming.

Ever since she’d started taking the FEMHANCE pills with her Kerry, she’d found herself wandering off mentally like this and then snapping back after having had a fully non-touching orgasm. It was like a sex drug of some sort. And the day-dreams were getting more and more realistic and more and more intense and pornographic...each one seemingly more nasty than the previous.

“Sorry...guess I got a little excited doing that,” she said as she stood up. “Pull your sheets off and bring them downstairs in a bit and I’ll wash them.”

She stepped around Kerry and patted her on the shoulder. “Maybe I should just get you a breast pump or something.”

“Really?”

Kerry looked enthused.

“Yeah,” she replied. “Might be fun to play with.”

Two hours later, Anita was cruising the aisles of the local drugstore, looking for pregnancy tests. How long had it been since she'd needed one of these things? Not since Kerry had come around, that was for certain.

As she came to a stop in front of the test strip shelf, she found herself plucking at her jogging pants...the ass of them to be precise. They were starting to hug her cheeks far too tightly for comfort.

Well...guess I know where I'm going after this, she thought to herself as she reached for a three pack of test strips. *Gonna have to buy myself some bigger pants...or maybe I should just go straight up trash and find me some gigantic yoga pants!* She smirked at her own joke and turned the box over to read the back of it.

It was about that moment she realized someone was standing beside her and she jumped, startled at the sudden presence far too near to her. Stepping back, she appraised the man and was disturbed at his appearance.

He stood about six foot tall, towering over her, and wore a solid black suit lacking in detail at all. He also wore a fedora style black hat that seemed oddly out of place for current times. His skin was ghostly pale, almost gray instead of flesh-tone peach and as she looked more closely she noticed he had no eyebrows at all, but despite her theory he might be albino, the man had dark, black eyes with no discernible color whatsoever.

The man smiled with effort and turned his attention back to the rack of condoms and pregnancy tests.

“My sincere apologies, Miss Farris. I did not intend to startle you with my sudden presence.”

“It’s okay...just didn’t realize you were there,” she replied with a forced smile of her own before realizing he knew her name. “Hey...how do you know my name?”

He twisted to face her again.

“I know many things,” he stated, once more flashing his forced and rather creepy smile. His movements and expressions reminded her of a human-like Japanese robot she’d seen on the internet once. Human-like, but no quite right. “Please don’t be alarmed. I intend you no harm,” he added as if he could read her mind...and see the fear that suddenly formed within it.

“I would merely like to talk to you about some things that are important,” he asserted before she could even ask him what he wanted...and again she was struck by the fact that he could read her mind.

He reached out and plucked the box of pregnancy tests from her hands and replaced it on the rack. She remained motionless as he did so, too shocked to really move on her own.

“She doesn’t need this. Purchasing it would be a waste of financial resources.” He smiled again and extended his hand to her. “Come with me and we can talk in the park across the street from this location.”

For some reason she no longer felt afraid of him. She reached out and took his hand and let him lead her out of the store and across the parking lot and street to the small

park beyond it. Once there, he sat down on a bench under a tree and motioned for her to sit beside him.

"I apologize for insinuating my will upon you, Miss Farris, but it is highly imperative that we talk about certain matters and that you not be afraid of me while we do so."

Suddenly she knew in her mind that he had been controlling her. She would never have remained still in the store...and certainly never have took his hand or followed him here of her own free will. And yet even as she realized these things, she continued to be calm and interested in what he had to tell her.

"You have recently obtained a certain medication from a supplier in Canada. The man who sold this medication to you works for the same people that I work for. We are part of the same company or business enterprise. I have selected you to speak with because I know that you have done much research on the medication in question and that you are aware of its properties and side-effects. Therefore, I assumed that you were interested in utilizing those properties and side-effects."

"Are you talking about the FEMHANCE?" she finally managed to blurt. "The FEM-32?!"

"Yes, I am, Miss Farris. The medication is not truly what you might think that it is. During your world's second war, a group known as the Nazis conducted experiments using technology that was not their own. Their intention was to produce better humans. You might call them super-humans, but that term is somewhat misleading and is often misconstrued. They wanted to

make their warriors more virile and their women more fertile. They succeeded, but it was far too late to help them win the war. After the war, the contents of their experiments and successes were confiscated by your nation's military and eventually the information was used to create the FEM-32 drug."

"Are you telling me Nazis made FEM-32?" she asked. She wanted badly to turn and face him, but for whatever reason, she kept her head forward, staring back across the street at the drugstore.

"Not completely. The American government turned the confiscated experimental materials over to a drug manufacturer here known as NOWPharmaceuticals."

"NOWPharm...I know about them," she blurted.

"Yes, well NOWPharm conducted experiments on their own in the 1960's on female inmates at various penal facilities and they learned that the drug the Nazis created would enlarge a woman's breasts in some cases and increase their ability to become pregnant. The inmates eventually developed other problems and the project was closed and the materials placed into storage. It was, for all intents and purposes, forgotten for many years."

"NOWPharm reintroduced the drug in 1980's with a severely reduced level of components in hopes of marketing the medication as a means of natural breast size enhancement, but it failed to produce any discernible affects and was again shelved."

"In 1993, the drug was again redesigned and an illegal distribution of it began. This became the source of the

lawsuits and investigations by the FDA department. I know that you are already familiar with the drug's history from that point forward."

"How do you know that? That I know that?" she demanded of him.

"You have used your computer for research. And now I am here with you and I know for certain that you do."

"How? How do you know that?" she barked, doing her best to resist the calm feeling she had.

The man did not respond, but suddenly she could twist and look at him. When she did, he smiled and stared across the road himself.

"My appearance makes you nervous, so I have prevented you from looking at me. If you promise to remain calm of your own free will, I shall release you from my direct control."

Before she could agree, he apparently released her and a flood of fear, horror, and absolute awe overwhelmed her. She gasped and slid down to the end of the bench as far as she could from him without getting up.

"I was protecting you, Miss Farris...protecting you from your own emotions and fear of the unknown. It was never my intent to harm you or force you to do anything you did not want to do."

She knew, somehow, that he was telling the truth and it calmed her fear some...at least enough that she was able to turn and look at him once more. She sighed and lifted her right leg up and turned ninety degrees on the bench to look at him fully.

“What do you want from me?”

He turned and met her gaze with his dark black eyes.

“The FEM-32 medication originally belonged to my company, Miss Farris. We were not happy when we discovered it being used by the Nazis, but we were too late to prevent it or to stop it from ending up in the hands of NOWPharm corporation. By the time we arrived and realized what was happening, we could not stop the tide of proliferation of the drug nor could we erase the effects caused by it. So in the end, our directors decided to observe the dissemination of the drug and to try and limit its misuse or further modification.”

“Oh shit...are...are you going to arrest me? Am I in trouble for getting it? I didn’t think it was illegal!” she blurted, her voice rising slightly as fear of handcuffs suddenly invaded her thoughts.

“No, Miss Farris. As I said, we observe the dissemination of the drug. The man you purchased it from works with us. We intended for you to have it. We are, however, very selective about whom we allow to have it. We only wish to allow those who understand it and whom truly want it, to use it. This is why I am visiting you today. I am here to explain things to you and then to make a determination of whether it is a good idea to allow you to continue having the drug.”

“Okay,” she nervously muttered.

“Now that you are in control of yourself, I am finding that your mind is a bit jumbled. Perhaps it would be easier

if you tell me what you think happens when you take this medication.”

“I have a question,” she blurted.

“I will not answer that,” he replied nonchalantly.

“What? You don’t even know what I was going--”

“—to ask you.” He finished her sentence and smiled with his creepy lips once more. “Some things emerge from your mind in bright, large letters for me to read. Other thoughts are a mix of letters and numbers that are difficult for me to make sense of. But I am forbidden from providing more information about myself or my company.”

“You’re not human are you?” she asked the question anyway despite his refusal to answer it.

His face remained blank...his eyes unblinking.

“Are you an alien? I’ve read shit about the Nazis and aliens before! You mentioned technology that wasn’t theirs. I caught that! You don’t blink...you don’t sweat, and you don’t have hair and your irises never dilate. You’re a robot or something else. Don’t fuck with me!”

His face continued to be emotionless but he finally blinked and then smirked.

“I forget sometimes,” he said and widened his smile. “You are adept, especially with numbers. We knew this and it was one of the reasons we allowed you to obtain the medication. But again, I must tell you that I cannot discuss the questions you ask. Suffice it to say, that I represent forces beyond what you know as the normal world and that we have no intention of harming you. Our

purposes are benevolent. We are scientists of a sort. Teachers in another way. Explorers without doubt. Should we wish your people harm, this world would cease to exist faster than I can blink my eyelids."

"So you're an alien?"

"I did not say that," he replied, turning and redirecting his gaze back out across the street. "Part of you fears me and the other part does not. It is understandable. Let us move forward. Tell me what you know of Fem-32."

"If it's taken by adult women it usually just results in rapid weight-gain. If you get pregnant while taking it, you're likely to have a male child and he's likely to have megalopenis and an extremely early puberty and an increased libido as he progresses through it. Girls who take it tend to develop exceptionally large breasts and they don't really know why since it doesn't work on adult women."

The man arched what should have been his left eyebrow but continued to stare across the street as he spoke to her.

"It is due to the hormonal levels in girls. If they begin to take it during the early stages of puberty it will cause the excessive mammary growth and milk production. If a woman taking FEM-32 happens to give birth to a female offspring, she will develop rapidly just as the male children do. It does not work in adult women due to the lack of pubescent hormone levels. This can be overcome by combining the drug with artificial hormones. NOWPharm discovered this during the inmate trials in the 1960's.

Because of its essential properties, the drug causes weight accumulation in almost all patients taking it. The version you have is based on the 1993 dosage which does not contain the hormonal cocktail. This is why it's causing size increase in your daughter and lactation and why it's only resulting in weight gain with you."

"How...how do you know about Kerry?" she asked, bewildered that he could have any knowledge of that which she'd only realized herself a few hours earlier.

"Your mind," he replied. "I can see all that you have seen. Do not fear this. I have no reason to report you to your authorities or to extort you with this knowledge."

She shifted uncomfortably on the bench.

"So you can read my mind?"

He smiled creepily again before answering, "Most of it. Fear and hostility tend to jumble things. But I had read most of these things before you even realized I was standing beside you in the retail location."

"What am I thinking right now?" she asked him.

"That I'm a fucking freak with no eyebrows and that I really creep you the fuck out," he replied with no emotion.

Anita's mouth dropped open. Literally every word she'd thought had emerged from the weird guy's lips.

"That is just freaky," he said, giving life to her new thoughts before she could say them herself.

"You gotta stop that...it's just too damned weird," she blurted and he was already smirking and nodding slightly.

"You are fascinated with me. This is good. Fear would have resulted in a failure of this test for you."

“So I’m being tested?” she asked, somewhat taken aback by this new information.

“As I explained earlier, I am here to determine whether you are a suitable recipient of the drug. If not, actions would be taken to correct matters. Beyond this point, matters will not be correctable. So as I told you earlier, it is highly imperative that we discuss things today and not later.”

“So I’m passing for now?” she inquired.

“For now, yes.” He turned his head to look at her before continuing. “I will now tell you some of the other things about the drug you may not be aware of.”

“Your daughter will soon become hyper-fertile. This means that, unlike regular adult women who release eggs routinely on a monthly schedule, Kerry will begin to retain her eggs indefinitely and will release them only when she is being inseminated. At such times, she may release multiple eggs. This means she will be fertile and can get pregnant at any time that she has sexual intercourse. She will not ovulate in the standard way nor will she have standard menstrual cycles. She may only have a menstrual cycle in the event that she has sex and somehow fails to get pregnant. If she gets pregnant, she will have an increased chance of having multiple offspring.”

“Holee shit...is that why you said we had to talk today? She hasn’t had sex since starting the drug...so now that she has--”

“Yes,” he confirmed for her. “Her proximity to the others and their own increased capabilities make it almost

a certainty that she will end up impregnated soon. I know this produces a certain level of sexual excitement for you, but you must understand the consequences of moving forward," he added, obviously warning her.

"She's ten...eleven in a few months. Can she even carry twins or--"

"Normally she could not. But the drug does not only alter her reproductive cycles. It will also alter the rest of her body to make reproduction more convenient and safe for her. She will gain weight and this will enable her smaller body to supply the nutrients for her offspring. Her breasts will enlarge to excessive levels so that she can nourish the offspring once born. And she will have an almost unnatural need to protect them. Most assuredly one of them will be male and in time, she will, like your neighbors, Hogan and Parks, eventually begin to interact sexually with the males until such time as they select a mate for themselves. Once that happens, she'll be ready to breed again. It is a disturbingly odd life she will have if you proceed with allowing her to take the drug."

"Can she stop now?" Anita asked.

"There is time to prevent more changes, yes. But if she continues after today, the changes will be permanent," he replied. "As for you, taking the drug is making you fat. You will begin to have sexual fantasies that become more and more realistic as time progresses. You have already begun to experience this to some degree. The drug is attempting to manifest the same hormonal levels found in Kerry. The longer you take it, the higher your own

hormonal levels will become. Eventually you may begin to suffer the same changes Kerry is experiencing. Taken long enough, the drug can induce identical responses. But the older the woman is, the longer it takes. In your particular case, it would likely take years to bring you the singular point that Kerry is at now. However, you will immediately be more fertile to some degree and you will experience the increased sexual libido as well. The weight changes occur because mass accumulation processes are vastly different than reproductive processes. It is easier to alter your fat storage ability than it is to change your physical reproductive functions. In Kerry, these functions are just now forming and as such, are far simpler to alter.”

“If you conceive a child, it will most likely be male. And yes, in response to the question I know you are forming, he will likely have a large penis and testicles. He will be, for the most part, identical to the same design as the Parks and Hogan boys. After his birth, your breasts may enlarge some. The size of your breasts before pregnancy is usually indicative of their size afterwards. Larger women will enlarge more...smaller women, less so. The Parks and Hogan woman were both moderately large beforehand. So do not expect a dramatic increase in breast size. You will continue to be obese. You will have uncontrollable sexual desires for your offspring beginning when he reaches his earliest stages of puberty. You will want have sex with him but you will not get pregnant by him. It can occur, but does not in most cases, so do not fear the sexual exchange. It will be your purpose to train him for

procreation. You will be both jealous and protective of him, but as he progresses, you will also want to push him off on other women you deem to be suitable mates.”

“This...this shit isn’t just a drug, is it?” she asked, cutting him off.

“It alters your biological makeup,” he answered with a blank stare from his unblinking eyes. “It evolves you. It enables your body to push the envelope of biological capacity. And as with all genetic aberrations, it is by nature, the preeminent purpose of the first generation to ensure the survival of itself and its next generation. We believe at some point in the future, those of you we provide the drug to, will over-take and replace the current version of your species. Your altered offspring will be faster, smarter, and far better than what you are now. Look at the Parks boy. No older than he is, should he really have any grasp or concept of sexual congress? He is not a normal boy, Miss Farris. He is evolved. He is what your species will eventually become. But for now, nature dictates that the altered offspring focus solely on propagation and secrecy. This is why the mothers step into the role of sexual partner. This is to prevent outsiders from learning of his alterations until such time as a suitable mate can be found for him.”

“We’re evolving? So...so Kerry is changing? It’s not just tits...but...but she’s becoming something more than an average human?” Anita couldn’t believe what she was hearing...and yet she had no doubt the man was telling her the whole unfettered truth.

“She is. She will not be fully evolved. Her offspring will be more advanced. If she mates with Hogan or Parks, her offspring will be almost fully evolved. Kerry is a primary level. Hogan and Parks are first generation. If she breeds with one of them, the offspring will be nearly complete but not fully,” he continued to explain.

“She’s a quarter...and they’re halves. So at best they can produce three quarters. So to reach full evolutionary level, you need a male and female first generation to mate,” she inserted herself into the discussion finally.

“Correct,” he agreed. “But the problem is that the males are predominant. It is problematic that we have so few female first generation offspring. So the experiment is proceeding slowly and faces a possible stall entirely. A dead-end, I believe, would be the term to describe it.”

“We never intended for your species to evolve yet. Were it not for the Nazi tampering and theft, such would not be the case now. But since matters have been instigated, we are doing our very best to ensure that the evolution does not lead to strife or destruction. When one species faces off against another, as you can imagine, only one can win and that one is usually the strongest one, the smartest one and the one capable of reproducing the best. To put it simply, we fear your species might be wiped out entirely by the offspring if we don’t interfere. Or, it could go the other way just as easily. To be blunt, our directors feel that we are responsible for this blunder and that it is our responsibility to ensure damage is kept to a minimum.”

“Okay, so tell me what you want from me,” she insisted.

“We are looking for candidates that are willing to help us achieve more female first generation offspring,” he replied as if they were discussing nothing more than the weather. “I have a different version of the FEM-32 drug...one which will improve the chances of conceiving female offspring for those who take it.”

“I...I sort of wanted a boy,” she inserted before he could continue, assuming he wanted her to volunteer for the drug.

“I am aware of this. We intend for you and your daughter to both conceive male offspring. We will season the Hogan and Parks women with the new drug. They will be unaware of this. They are unaware of our watching them or our existence for that matter. They are not as intelligent as you are, Anita. They would not respond as well to our interference as you have. They received the drug by normal means. We had no responsibility in their selection or lack of selection as recipients. But be that as it may, their boys are quickly approaching a procreative level and soon we suspect each boy will impregnate the other’s mother. This will result in two female offspring. These two will be mated with your and your daughter’s sons.”

“Second generation,” she muttered with wide eyes. “You’re asking me to be a willing participant in a breeding program to produce advanced beings. You realize how insane that sounds, right?”

“Your husband is problematic for the program. Men often pick up on the excessive hormonal levels in the women taking the medication. I can see from your own memories, that he is making steps to copulate with Kerry. This unacceptable. You will become pregnant by one of the boys, the choice is yours. Your daughter must do the same. But in-breeding will cause significant dulling of the evolutionary traits. The offspring would lack full second generation traits. Consider in-breeding to be a negative factor in the addition of the evolutionary levels.”

“To simplify the plan, Eddie will impregnate Sondra and their daughter will cross with your and Sammy’s son. Opposite to that, Sam will impregnate Maureen and their daughter will cross with Kerry and Eddie’s son. It all remains very tightly together, but no one in-breeds.”

“So I have to keep Bruce away from Kerry?” she asked, still trying to absorb the supposedly simple plan he’d just explained to her.

“This is correct. Any offspring conceived between she and him will be of no use to the plan...and will result in a significant delay. The problem may lie more with her than him. We have found that the girls often seek more mature mates as a sort of protective process. Just like how the women serve and protect their male offspring, so do the girls seek out mature male counterparts. So you must keep the two separated until such time as Kerry is at least already pregnant. And the sooner this occurs the better.”

“So what’s in this for me,” she prodded him. “I mean not to sound like a bitch here, but you’re asking me to do

some seriously weird shit...and shit that might very well result in the end of my own species. So why would I do that for you?"

He sighed. It was perhaps the most human thing she'd witnessed him do thus far since meeting him.

"Bargaining always seems to be a human method of accomplishing something. It bewilders me." He turned and stared at her with his dark eyes once more before speaking. "Financial compensation can be for you. But should you change your standard of living or location, the plan will be thrown into chaos. We have worked for a long period of time to arrange the Parks and Hogan woman to be in proximity to one another. Your interaction with them has been by pure chance and will be quite beneficial. But it is imperative that you remain with the exact same appearance that you have now for the plan to continue."

"I don't want money, really. Just set me up a trust fund of some sort that I can access if I need it. I think my husband may eventually fold on me if I go along with this. He's sort of intrigued by it right now, but if Kerry comes up pregnant, he's going to freak out on me," she explained. "Can you...fix things...if that happens?"

"If he becomes problematic, we can handle the situation, but we will need to be kept apprised of it and notified as quickly as possible. If at any point, he appears to be on the verge of no longer going along, you must contact us immediately."

"And how do I do that?" she asked.

"I will provide you with a cellular phone number. You will also have an email address through which you will supply us with daily updates on all matters. You will also need to infiltrate the Hogan and Parks households to a more definitive degree so that you can remain aware of what they are doing. You will also need to insinuate yourself into their relationship further so that you can more easily direct events if it becomes necessary. You must become a third party to their relationship."

"Okay, so you still haven't answered what's in it for me. I mean making sure I can do what needs to be done is one thing...but what is my motivation here?" She was damned if she was going to abandon her concept of payment in this operation.

"An account will be established for you to use if needed. Upon completion of the tasks and successful birth of at least one second generation offspring, we will provide you with a large monetary payment. Will one million dollars be sufficient?"

"Oh fuck yeah," she replied, her eyes wide with excitement. "But again, it's not money I'm talking about necessarily."

"Your thoughts are clouded to me," he stated with a slightly perplexed expression. "What is it that you want?"

"My son...from Sammy...will I be allowed to keep him after he's born? How is that going to work?"

"Your desires are carnal rather than financial. I understand now. You are an extremely perverse woman." He said it in such a way that it didn't seem quite insulting...

just more a statement of fact somehow. "Name your price in this regard, Miss Farris...and I shall debate the merit of it."

"I want to keep my son. I'm not turning him over to you or anything creepy like that," she insisted with a look of serious emotion.

"We do not steal children, Miss Farris. The offspring are to remain here. Their evolution must continue at its own speed and along its own path. We are not interfering in so much as we are guiding. We don't make anyone do anything that is detrimental or harmful to them. We will act against people only in order to preserve life. As you can imagine, from time to time, one person can endanger many. These people must be stopped. But are intention is always minimal interaction and minimal interference. You may keep your son, but you must not reveal to him or to anyone what you know of our existence or plan. To do so would place you in grave danger from outside parties."

"The government knows what you're doing, don't they?" she stated, already suspecting what his answer would be.

"They do. They do not approve. They will act to confiscate the offspring, by force if necessary. So it is imperative that no one learn of their existence. We have a physician who will assist you with all things regarding the offspring and yourself. He is like you...aware of our plan and assisting us in it. I will give you his information later."

"So...you guys don't care that we're having sex with our own children?" She tried to pose the question as

nonchalantly as possible, but she still felt dirty after having said it out loud for the first time.

“The sexual demands are hormonal and biologically required for the success of the plan. What you perceive as dark sexual desires is more or less an aberration of natural order for this evolutionary process. I’ve already explained it to you. So in simple terms, no...no we do not care what you do with the offspring so long as you do not harm them or force them to do anything they do not want to do. Harm one of them and you cannot fathom our outrage.”

She detected a distinct threat in his statement but his face and body language expressed nothing else to supplement it. Despite that, she gathered it held a deadly undertone and she had no doubt they would back it up... whoever or whatever “they” were.

“So truthfully, you want us doing all this shit with them then, right?”

He produced his creepy, forced smile once more and then made an effort to blink his eyes.

“Beyond being perverse and deviant by your species standards, it does serve an important purpose and that purpose is not directed by us. Nature does, quite often, exactly what the hell it wants to, Miss Farris. And when she deems to preserve a species, she will in fact, do all that she can to fulfill that purpose. Who are we to question this?”

“So I’m free to just go back and continue doing whatever I want then? And when it’s all done, I will be a

millionaire?" It seemed too good to be true. She had to outright ask him just to clarify it for herself.

"You are. But again I warn you against harming or forcing any of the offspring regarding any matters. I should also warn you that first generation possess capabilities that can be dangerous. They have speed and agility beyond normal humans in addition to being far smarter. Their brains do not even work in the same fashion as your own. Harming one of them is not in your best interests under any circumstances."

"And under no circumstances are you to reveal our existence or interaction. Do so and you will be removed from the plan entirely," he added and again she absorbed the deadly undertone of his statement.

"I have a problem," she blurted. "The boy...Sammy. He seems obsessed with bellies and tits. I have neither. His mother says he was literally traumatized by the one time that he had sex with me. I'll never get him to fuck me again until I look like what he wants."

The man nodded and leaned forward. Reaching inside of his suit jacket, he produced a small plastic box which he opened. Inside of it were a series of very strange looking syringes. Rather than being made of plastic, they appeared to be made of some sort of shiny metal that changed color depending on the angle the sunlight hit it. He removed one and then sat the box down on the bench beside him. After glancing around several times to make sure no one was really watching, he looked at her and said, "Raise your shirt, Miss Farris."

“Umm...what are you fixing to do?” she asked him, unsure of whether she wanted to comply or not.

“Perhaps not the best place for this,” he said as a man with a dog on a leash began to approach. “Here,” and he handed the small syringe to her. “When you are home, stick the needle into the center of your abdomen just below the navel and depress the button at the top. It will inject you with a small amount of serum. The serum will affect the nearest surrounding tissue only...generally no more than twelve inches from the site of injection. It will loosen the resistance of your adipose cells to protein invasion. Essentially it makes the affected fat tissue more susceptible to enlargement.”

“What about my tits?”

“You can use the same method but do not inject into the nipple or areola. Use it on the breast tissue itself. Upper or lower will not matter. Do not inject more than one does into each breast and no more than one into your abdomen. In one week, if the size is not enough, inject again. This device contains sufficient material to successfully inject a total of 5 times. After the fifth injection, it will melt and completely dissolve within twelve hours. Do not be alarmed by that. He picked up the box and replaced the syringe and then closed it. On the top of the box he touched a square and it lit up.

“Press your finger here,” he told her and she reached out hesitantly to put her right index finger on the lighted spot. It hummed for a second and then beeped. She moved her hand and he reopened the box. “Now the

syringe will dissolve if anyone other than you touches it. You may take the entire box," he added. "Keep it safe. The box will also dissolve if it is touched by anyone other than you as well," he continued as he closed the box and handed it to her.

She'd seen there were five injectors in the box, meaning he was giving her a total of twenty five doses.

"Why so many?" she asked, perplexed at why he was giving them to her.

"You may need them to produce the needed effect. Do what you need to in order to gain the boy's interest and retain it long enough to become pregnant. And should the need arise, you may use it on the others as well."

"Wait, the others?" she blurted. "And just how would I inject the others without them knowing? It's a needle for crying out loud!"

"Not like you would expect," he cut her off. "You will not feel it during penetration or during injection. The puncture device is nanoscopic in size." He realized the word went over her head. "Far smaller than anything you would find across the street," he added, nodding to the drugstore they'd met in. "You can depress the button and simple tap them with it. The injection is infinitesimal and instant."

"Why would I need to inject the others?"

"I have explained the various details of the evolutionary change, but there are some factors which remain elusive to us. One of these factors is the obsessive

nature of the male offspring with obese females. As far as we can understand, it is believed that this is a natural selection process. The males prefer women with large breasts and large abdomens as it tends to indicate they are capable of breeding successfully. The obesity indicates they are healthy and in possession of solid food supply. It seems to be something relative to this place and not found elsewhere. So after a time, should the males begin showing interest outside of the plan group, you may need to take action to ensure a return of their attention."

"So if Maureen isn't fat enough to get Sammy to fuck her, then I need to make her fatter, right?"

"Correct," he replied. "We can season them ourselves for female offspring, but since we are not always present and not always able to ascertain what is going on during a daily basis, it is imperative for us to have an agent in place who can watch and act if necessary. In this case, you are that agent for us."

"Question," she blurted. "What happens if you stick this somewhere other than boobs or bellies?"

"Same affect will occur," he replied. "About a twelve inch absorption circumference. I presume you are wondering about injecting it into your rectal cheeks?"

"That and what about a penis?"

"There is next to no adipose tissue in a penis," the man stated. "Little would occur."

"Do you have something for that?"

He reached out and took the box from her again. Opening it, he tapped one of the syringes and it changed

from a metallic chrome to shiny black color almost instantly. He closed the box again and handed it back to her.

"The black injector will provide a dose of serum that will relax the blood cells within a penis. This will allow the chambers to fill with more blood. Over a period of time, the tissue will remain stretched and the extra size will be permanent. You are not to use this on any person not associated with the plan."

"The boys only?" she asked looking somewhat defeated. "I was hoping my husband--"

"Not acceptable," he cut her off with a look of severity. "Such could increase his likelihood of copulation with your daughter or one of the other women involved. It would be advisable for you to take precautions against pregnancy when copulating with him as well."

"Okay, okay...I get it," she said, disturbed at his sudden display of emotion. "Nobody but the boys. I got it."

She held the box for a moment and then leaned over to place it in her purse. When she looked up again, the man was completely gone. She twisted rapidly side to side to try and see where he might have gone, but he was nowhere in sight for at least fifty yards in any direction.

"Oh hell no...there's no way he moved that fast!"

She stood up from the bench and looked upwards into the sky where only blue and clouds met her gaze. No aircraft no flying saucers...nothing. The man was just gone as if he'd not been there at all.

She quickly looked into her purse and sighed when she saw that the small black box was still there. She thumped it with her index finger as if to make sure it was real. It clicked and the white square on the top of it lit up briefly.

Okay, so he was real. He was actually here, so I didn't just imagine all that shit. For a short time she worried she might have been hallucinating...like she did earlier that morning with Kerry. Her day dreams were becoming more and more vivid, just as the man had told her they would. But obviously his visit had not been one of them.

I just wonder, and she stared across the street at the drugstore...

"You think someone picked your pocket?" the assistant manager asked her again as he sat down in the back office and began tinkering with the store's security feeds.

"I'm not sure. I may have dropped it, but a man got very close to me earlier in the store and I just wanted to see if maybe your camera caught something. I don't want to call the police if I just lost it or dropped it somewhere," Anita lied as she took up a position behind him so she could watch the various screens connected to the security feeds.

One of the small squares of video began to rewind quickly until she and the assistant both caught sight of her entering the store's front doors.

"Ten forty two...okay where did you go once you came in?" he asked her.

"I went to the back where the condoms and pregnancy tests are," she answered and he immediately switched to a different camera and reversed it to a time of 10:44 when she appeared walking up to the shelf.

At 10:46 the camera went to static.

"That's weird," he commented as he fiddled with the time controls. "Power surge maybe?" On that thought, he reversed all cameras to 10:46. Only the feed from the condom aisle showed static and no picture. Then as they watched, at 10:49, the picture returned and immediately every camera in the store subsequently blinked to static for several seconds. It was as if the cause of the static was moving through the store and every camera it encountered lost its feed in time with the movement. At 10:50, the last static cleared which was on the front door camera and the first image it returned afterwards was of her jogging pants wobbling out the front door, a shadowy black figure ahead of her...but she was not holding his hand as she knew she had been. Or had she?

"What the fuck is that?" the assistant manager asked out loud as he pointed at the black blur ahead of her just outside of the door in the frozen frame of video.

"Oh who knows," she said. "I probably walked through somebody's fart," she added, chuckling as if it was funny. "Oh well, guess I just dropped it somewhere. Probably get home and find it. Thank you for checking for me."

"Sure," the man said as he reset the security system to current displays.

Out in the parking lot, she climbed into her SUV and started the engine. Her heart was pounding like mad. What the hell was this man and what the fuck had he done to her in the store. Had he done anything? If he'd been intent on harming her, wouldn't he have done it?

It was also obvious that he and his comrades were able to tap her internet access...not that the government couldn't already do that too. What worried her was the fact that he seemed able to read her mind.

Just then her phone chimed. She leaned over and fished it out of her purse and realized it was an email. She opened it and was disturbed to realize the email had no sender's address.

I ASSUME YOU KNOW THAT WE ARE AWARE OF YOUR ACTIONS INSIDE THE RETAIL LOCATION. ALL EVIDENCE OF THE EVENT WILL BE ERASED. IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE PART OF OUR PLAN, PLEASE DECIDE NOW. AFTER THIS POINT, YOU CANNOT REVOKE YOUR PARTICIPATION.

She read and re-read the message several times. It was apparent that they, whoever or whatever they were, had the ability to monitor her whenever they chose. And what would happen if she did back out? Would they take her pills...erase her memories...shrink her fat ass?

She didn't want that. She wanted exactly what they were asking her to do. So why would she not cooperate? She had everything to gain from it and so very much to lose if she did not go along with it.

Another anonymous email popped up and it contained login information for a bank account and a link to the bank's website. She used her smart phone to surf to the site and login. Her name was on the account and it showed a balance of \$50,000 dollars. There was a button to request a debit card. She clicked it and provided her mailing address. She'd have to watch the mail for a few days till it arrived so that Bruce wouldn't notice it. Not that he ever checked the mail or opened it...but better to be safe than sorry.

So they weren't fucking around with the money. So if she went along she could get freaky and make herself a boy-toy...and get fucking rich. She felt that it was probably wrong, but she clicked reply on the first email.

**I'M IN. JUST CHECKING TO MAKE SURE I WASN'T CRAZY.
WILL START SENDING YOU EMAILS STARTING TOMORROW.
SOME BLURRED WEIRDNESS ON SECURITY CAMERAS IN
STORE. NEED TO FIX THAT FOR CERTAIN. DO NOT VISIT ME
IN PUBLIC LOCATIONS AGAIN FOR SECURITY REASONS.**

She sent the message and a response immediately popped up in her inbox.

AGREED. THANK YOU FOR THE ADDITIONAL INPUT.

The Other stood quietly looking at the window. The man who'd visited Anita appeared near him.

"What was your assessment of the Farris 1 subject?"

The man in black stood rigid as he gave his report.

"I believe she is an excellent candidate. Like Doctor Werner, she appears to be genuinely intrigued by our project. Unlike him, however, she is an extreme sexual deviant. This makes her somewhat more dubious to predict than the Doctor."

"Did you provide her with the serum injectors?"

"I did. She has been instructed in their use and she is aware of our terms of alliance and what will be expected of her. Her terms of payment were acceptable and I have made all arrangements with her."

The Other continued to stare out the window.

"She will misuse the injectors?"

"Probability is nearly absolute."

"Good. We need them to keep together. And you are certain that this reverse provisioning of their mental methods will be sufficient to warrant her desired actions?"

The man in black nodded.

"In my dealings with them, I have found that the easiest way to get them to do something is to tell them they cannot. Her deviant mind coupled with our regulations will spur her to commit the very things we've told her she cannot do."

"Is she aware that inner breeding increases the nano-integrity?"

"No. Just the opposite. I told her it would lessen the levels of change."

“And you think this will make her want to commit to our supposedly forbidden tasks?” the Other asked, turning slightly from the window.

“It will,” the man in black responded. “Probabilities are high that she will inject her husband and then he and the daughter will mate. Beyond that, she will become pregnant by him herself. When the resulting offspring appears, she will be disturbed at its lack of penile size and will use the injectors again on the boy. As a result, she will end up becoming pregnant by him then. The other women will also become pregnant by their sons and the entire propagation of nano-active subjects will triple.”

“I hope you are correct in your assessment. If I have learned anything of these creatures, they are highly unpredictable and hard to control. If ever we are to raise them from their social muck, we must tame this wildness they have. Order is the only path and they possess little.”

“We will have success. If we do not, we shall select others and learn from our mistakes. The evolution will proceed. Our learning will proceed. Success is assured no matter the amount of failures, so long as we are persistent with our actions.” The man in black nodded and disappeared leaving the Other alone again to look out the window.

More to cum...

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