

# AN INDECENT AGREEMENT 2

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY  
**THE MARQUIS FAÇADE**

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## CHAPTER SIX

Maureen sat at the bar in Sondra's kitchen staring with horrified eyes at her fat and frumpy friend who stood leaning forward, braced on her elbows, across the counter from her. Her friend's eyes depicted an almost similar expression.

"He's what?"

"You heard me, bitch! He's eight and half inches long and two and half wide...wide, not around...but wide!" Maureen reiterated for the third time since arriving.

"Well shit, Sammy is only nine inches. What the fuck?"

"I am aware...and I'm also aware that he didn't grow that fast over-fucking-night either. But I'm telling you right here...right now...that my son's dick has gone from six to eight inches in under a fucking week!"

"That's crazy," Sondra muttered, her mouth remaining open as if she wanted to say more but had no words.

"And...and that's not all of it," she continued. "Last night I just...well...I got on him. I fucked the shit out of him and I let him cum in me and I'm not on anything."

Sondra shifted a bit and her tits warbled within her shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra and her v-neck t-shirt did little to conceal her jugs as she leaned down onto the counter top. Maureen tried not to stare down into her cleavage, but she didn't seem able to resist. The woman's tits were huge...though still not quite as large as her own. Part of her yearned to get naked with her friend and rub

tits together...but the discussion at hand was still of paramount importance to her.

“Wait...as big as he is...did...did you use a rubber?” Sondra asked.

“Tried,” she replied. “Split...and I didn’t have anything bigger. I wasn’t going to...but then he was touching me... and all I knew was that we were fucking. Sondra, it was insane. Like the hottest fucking sex I’ve ever had in my fucking life!”

“Yeah, but what if you get pregnant? You said his balls were getting bigger too, right? Girl, you playing with some fire there!”

“Well I know that, duh! Don’t get me wrong, I found me some fucking morning after pills this morning...got my boss to call them in...but seriously...I’m really more concerned over his size. What if he keeps getting bigger?”

Sondra squinted and then pursed her lips as if she were entering deep thought for a few minutes before finally replying.

“Has he done anything weird lately? Like vitamins or foods or...or maybe used some sort of penis enlargement shit...ya’know...like those pills you see on TV all the time... fucking Smiling Bob guy?”

“Nooooo, nothing...nothing new at all,” Maureen contended. But then she realized something she hadn’t thought about previously. “Wait...I had Anita watch him for me three days ago. I had to go to work and you weren’t---YOU DON’T THINK SHE DID SOMETHING TO HIM,

HUH?!?" Horror and exasperation blatantly obvious in her expression.

"Oh c'mon...seriously? What could she have possibly done to him other than fuck him? Now that...that I wouldn't put past her, but if her pussy made men's dicks bigger, I doubt she'd be living on the same block as us, right?" Sondra was quick to counter her concerns. "So I doubt that highly. Maybe...maybe he's just taking a growth spurt. I mean he's at that age, right...puberty kicking in and all."

"Puberty? Really?" Maureen mocked her comment.

"He ain't got a sign of pubic hair, woman...I'm serious," Sondra shot back. "Maybe his hormones are kicking in all at once. I wouldn't freak out--"

"DON'T FREAK OUT?!? ARE YOU SERIOUS?!? Sondra! His dick is the size of Sammy's! You know how freakish Sam looks...picture that thing dangling from Eddie's crotch, would you?"

Sondra furrowed her brow and then suddenly smirked as if amused.

"What the fuck is so humorous?" Maureen demanded when she realized her friend was smiling.

"Well I did...I just imagined it...and it's kinda kinky to my notion," she explained, her grin widening. "Like an elephant trunk, huh?"

"Shut up!" Maureen blurted at her...but the ludicrous idea of it finally penetrated her own shield of seriousness and she found herself chortling. "This is fucking serious, bitch! My son's a mutant!"

“So he still doesn’t have any pubic hair sprouting or nothing? Just a monster dong dangling between his legs?” Sondra asked, one eyebrow arched.

“Oh you just wanna see it, don’t you?”

Her friend didn’t respond verbally but just grinned and blushed as she stood upright. Through her shirt, Maureen could now see her nipples bulging...perhaps an indication of her arousal over the discussion they were having?

“I’m too tired for anything tonight. They’re killing me at work and my pussy is still sore from last night. Maybe this weekend I’ll come over or something,” she stated as she pushed back on the stool that she sat upon. Standing up, she started to turn to head for the back door, but her friend’s words stopped her dead in her tracks.

“Hey, tubby...are you still gaining?”

Maureen turned back to face her friend.

“It’s that obvious, huh? Nah, I’m actually not doing it on purpose, but I’m still packing it on.”

“How much?”

“Two nineteen last time I got on the scales,” she replied, blushing slightly. Up about fourteen pounds since I stopped gaining on purpose...what...’bout two weeks ago?”

“Pound a day still? Damn!” Sondra quipped with her bushy eyebrows both rising to help indicate her bemusement with her friend’s impressive weight gaining abilities.

“Yes...and shut up! I’m annoyed enough that my fucking clothes don’t fit and I haven’t had time to go shopping.”

“I was about to say...those scrubs you’re wearing are looking a little tight on you. Say...are your tits getting bigger too? They look huge...or is it just that top?”

“Forty two E-cup,” she replied with a look that seemed more one of woe than brag. “I’m wearing a DD and it’s eating into me as I stand here. Probably one reason I’m so damned crabby today.”

“Well take it off...you’re not gonna offend me of all people,” Sondra told her as she sauntered around the bar with her own unbound ladies swaying back and forth within her t-shirt.

“I gotta go anyway. I left elephant boy by himself and that probably wasn’t a smart thing to do. I’ll call you tomorrow or something,” she added as she stepped to the garage entrance and walked out.

“Later then,” Sondra replied as she locked the door behind her.

The big retracting garage door was open but as Maureen walked towards it, she hear the motor begin to hum and she had to sprint to get out of the garage before it closed. Once she was clear, she turned to look back inside and saw her friend pointing and laughing at her from the window in the backdoor.

“Bitch! Make me run my fat ass...go fuck yourself!” she muttered out loud as she flipped her off just before the rolling door cut them off from one another.

The sprint reminded her of her too-tight brassiere and as she walked in the semi-darkness of their cul-de-sac street toward her own house, she reached around and ran her hands up under her top and unhitched her bra clasps. With a few practiced movements, she managed to get the garment off and pull it out from under her shirt. Looking around to make sure no one had noticed, she quickly stuffed the silky binder down into her pants pocket...a task that was no easy matter considering how tight her pants were now days.

She was nearly to her own yard when a car turned down the street and quickly sped towards her. When it began to slow as it approached her, she tensed, wondering if it was a visitor for her.

"Who the--" she whispered to herself as the car slowed and pulled alongside of her on the sidewalk.

"Hey, hey...you're out late," the driver said as he rolled his window down. "How you doing?"

Maureen relaxed a bit as she recognized that it was Bruce Farris...Anita's husband. The man was six foot tall with a chiseled jaw and muscular physique and at thirty eight years old, still had a full head of thick, impressive black hair. His blue eyes shined despite the darkness of the street and the interior of his car. He was a total hunk and it bothered her that his wife was a slutty skank whore.

"Pretty good, how are you?" she replied as she attempted to cross her arms and conceal her braless and bulging titties.

“Well I’m a little better now,” he quipped back with a sexy grin.

“Oh really, and why’s that?” she asked, knowing full well the man was about to flirt with her. The question was why? Why was this fine ass motherfucker even giving her the time of day...much less flirting with her directly across the street from his own house where his whore of a wife was likely able to see?

“Well I was having a bad day and then I turned down our street here...and wowzers...two lovely things just made me smile,” he asserted with a wink.

*Oh man...he’s a player, ain’t he?* She realized that he was just working her, but he was so hot, she couldn’t help herself but to play along with it.

“Not the sort of thing you find at home, huh?” she chided him, letting him know she damn well knew he was married and was playing her.

“Not gonna make it easy on me, are you?” he added, his smile waning somewhat. “I’m a flirt, guilty as charged.” She hated Anita. She really hated Anita.

“I wasn’t trying to bust your balls,” she lied. “I was just making a straight-forward observation.”

His grin dissipated and his eyes widened.

“Think Anita can see us out here?”

His eyes grew even larger as he sputtered and then turned to look across the street at his own house. The curtains and blinds were all down and darkness had all but completely fallen. The area where they were at in front of Maureen’s house was mostly devoid of light save that



coming from her front window and the headlights of his car.

“Ummm...probably not, why?”

“How bad was your day, Bruce?” she asked him with a lascivious smile as she leaned up against the side of his car, her elbows going up onto the roof and her torso pressing through the open window into his personal space.

“Oh hell,” he gasped. “It was bad...terrible...most horrible fucking day ever!”

She shuddered slightly as his hands pushed up under her tight scrub top and groped at her dangling tits. His fingers quickly found her erect nipples and began to tug at them...and then he had her shirt rolled completely up and over her breasts.

She leaned forward and to the left and was relieved to note he'd switched off the interior light inside his car so that only the lights from the dashboard were illuminating anything.

*Maybe having E-cups ain't so bad*, she thought to herself just as his hands slid from them and went lower.

“Bruce?” she purred. “I don't think your day was quite that bad.” His hands continued to move along the edge of her tight waistband despite her assertion but she suddenly realized he wasn't working them down inside...but was working to pull something inside them out.

“Oh fuck,” he muttered from within the car as his hands pulled the bottom half of her belly up and over the waistband of her pants.

She quivered when she felt the bare skin of her gut plop out onto the edge of his car window...and then she moaned when he pressed his face into her stomach, his tongue flicking into and around her deep navel.

"Bruce...shit...oh fuck," she hissed at him, but his hands were back on her tits and his face felt so good burying into her flabby gut.

*Oh shit...he likes fat bitches*, she realized suddenly. How long had this been an issue? Had she just now gotten fat enough to garner his attention? Does he do this all the time? *Oh of course he does...he's a hot ass bastard and he's way too smooth at this. He's a ladies man...a player!*

Her pants were wiggling down now and she realized her upper pubic mound was bare against the edge of his car door and she didn't care.

"You fucker...I'm about to climb into the car with you," she groaned at him, trying her best to keep her voice down. Just then, she heard the door latch click...his back door.

What happened next was a blur, but she'd remembered opening the back door and diving into the backseat...followed by him...followed by her pants getting ripped down and then his face between her legs...his tongue licking deeply into her pussy, his lips sucking hard on her clitoris.

"The wife ain't got it, does she, Bruce?" she blurted to him amidst gasps and moans as he ate her out. "Brucey likes'em big and fat and soft! Oh yeah...yeah, you lick that fat fucking pussy...eat my fucking pussy!"

Their romp in the dark recesses of his backseat eventually led to Bruce's dick finding its way to her vagina and then amidst an exchange of grunts and curses, the whole of the vehicle began to rock violently.

Forty minutes later, Maureen stumbled into her house and shut the door behind her. Her hair was a mess and her scrubs had been pulled back on haphazardly at best. To her dismay, she realized her pants were on backwards as she turned to lock the door.

"Mom?" Eddie's voice called out from the doorway leading into the living room.

She sighed and leaned her head forward, resting it against the door, not wanting to turn around. She feared her son might know she'd had sex with another man.

*Another man?* The idea seemed almost ludicrous. Her son was far from being anything close to a man at all and as his mother, she certainly should never have felt guilty in any regards about doing it with another male. But hers was not a normal relationship by any means. Just the night before she'd had sex with her son and now...now she felt as if she'd cheated on a husband and been caught in the aftermath of it. Would he care? Would he even have the intelligence to know or realize what she'd been up to?

She lifted her head and turned slowly to face him.

*Another man...*

The idea, again, struck her as ironic. Bruce was indeed a man and one her own age...and despite his lack of cock

size, he certainly knew what the fuck he was doing with his tongue and hands...and holee shit, was he awesome to look at! Yes, Bruce was an actual man...and a catch at that! And if he was into fat bitches then she surely had no problem spreading her pudgy thighs for him whether he was married or not. And besides, it wasn't like Anita wasn't cheating on him. Hell, that cunt was doing Sammy and quite likely had a woodie for her own son as well! Who knew how many dicks that bitch had rode?!

"Sorry I took so long," she said as she finished turning around. "I ended up talking to Mister Farris from across the street for a while. What's up?"

"I think you need to see this," he said and immediately pulled the tail of his t-shirt up and then rolled the top of his shorts down until his fat corpulent cock plopped out and dangled down between his legs.

She gasped as her eyes locked onto her son's appendage. It was about the same length as it had been the day before...but now...now it was...thicker?? In fact, it was *much* thicker! As she stared at it, she realized its girth was quite obviously larger than it had been the night before when she'd let him cram it inside of her. She glanced from it to his arms and realized the monstrous appendage was thicker than the boy's forearms.

"Holee shit, Eddie," she blurted, unsure of what else to say about the matter. She stepped toward him and then dropped to her knees and grabbed at his dick. Once it was in her hand, she squeezed it and hefted it up to look more closely at it.

As best she could tell, it seemed okay. It wasn't red or purple nor did it look bloated or in any way physically damaged...but it did feel meaty and as she played with it, she discovered that it wasn't swollen...but had somehow become more fleshy...almost fat-like.

*Dicks don't get fat*, she thought to herself as she continued to examine his genital. *How is this possible?*

Shifting his dick to one side, she realized his dangling ball sack was different as well. The night before, his nuts had been hanging down several inches beneath his cock in an almost deflated sack...but now...now his scrotum was bloated, almost inflated in appearance. With her free hand, she reached down and scooped them up and squeezed. She was disturbed to find that his sack resisted her compression...as if it were full...*overly* full.

As an after-thought, she leaned forward and examined his pubic area for hair.

Nothing...

She looked up at his face and found him staring at her with the same look of astonishment that she, herself, had.

"Does it hurt?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "But my balls have been getting bigger all day. My pants are starting to bind me."

"Take'em off then," she blurted and reached to jerk them down to his knees. As he wiggled and moved to help her remove them, his cock waved back and forth from thigh to thigh, its tip slapping her forearms as her hands tugged his shorts further down to his ankles.

By the time his pants were on the floor, his cock was at least one third erect. To her dismay, it didn't seem any longer that it had been the night before...growing outward to maybe eight inches or maybe a bit more...but its width seemed to expand like baking bread dough.

"Oh...holee...fuck," she gasped as she looked downward, gawking at his growing dick. One hand flew out and grasped his shaft and began to stroke it. In seconds, his rod was fully erect and pointing directly at her. She found herself breathless by this point...shocked that her hand would no longer wrap around his dick at all.

She lifted her other hand and encompassed his penis. It literally took both hands to encircle it. It looked now, like a gigantic over-filled sausage that someone had placed in a microwave. It was hard, but also squishy as if it were filled with fluid rather than anything solid. A normal cock was flooded with blood when erect...but the tissue in which the blood banked, generally felt hard during full arousal, so it seemed odd that his erection still felt pliable at such a state.

In awe, she let go of his penis and marveled at the fact that it no longer curved upward...but almost bowed downward...probably from its own weight, she imagined.

Her son reached down and wrapped both of his hands around it and his shorter palms and fingers could not quite encompass its girth.

"Well...wow...you're gonna have a problem jerking that thing off, aren't you?" she quipped, trying to make light of this weird development.

"Is this normal?" he asked, his eyes pleading for answers.

"Jerk it off for me," she said, her eyes hard-focused on his dick.

"Mom?!" he groaned.

"Jerk it off and see if it still works normal!" she blurted at him. "I'm assuming it won't work right if something is wrong with it, right?"

Her argument made some bit of sense, so the boy began to rub his bloated cock.

"Fuck that's stupid ridiculous," she muttered loud enough that he could hear. "That cock is just stupid!"

He was awkward with his movements as he tried to stroke himself...and somehow this seemed kinky to her. The very fact that his cock was so large that he had to use both hands to beat it off...just totally thrilled her.

"Yeah, you nasty little freak...you stroke that overgrown cock...stroke it for your momma," she hissed at him. "Who the hell can fuck that thing? Look at it!"

Why was she being so mean with her sex talk? For some reason she found herself getting off to taunting him about it. The way he was struggling with it...such a daunting task just to get off...the idea of it enraged her loins in a way that she'd never experienced. But why?

And could she fuck him? His cock was massive! The length she could handle...and had! But his girth was so immense now that couldn't fathom cramming it inside of herself. He'd been two and half inches wide the night before...and he had to be at least four now. It wouldn't

shock her to find later that his erection was ten inches in circumference. It seemed an impossible figure. It seemed all that more insane when attached to her son's boney physique. But she knew during birth, a woman could pop out a baby's head from her snatch...and the average size was fourteen inches in circumference...a good four to four and half inches wide...a truly gaping pussy size.

*I can take him still, I bet!*

"I bet you still wanna cram that thing in me, don't you, you little fucking bastard!?" In response to her question, he looked up at her face and his hands became more frantic and her libido engaged fully. "You can't get that thing in me! Fuck! It's just too damn fat now! Look at it! But I bet you'd try like hell, won't you?"

She pulled the tail of her blouse up and over her head, tossing it the carpet behind her. She then cupped her immense tits and began to massage them roughly.

"Cum on momma's titties and maybe I'll spread my legs for you, fat boy!"

Almost instantly he erupted on her, a spray of white goo exploding across her E-cups and hands. And this was no ordinary ejaculation by any means. Her son generally shot off a lot of cum...but this time he was like a fucking fire hose on full blast. Before she realized what was happening, her chest had possibly two ounces of spooge sprayed across it.

So enthralled by this point, she stood up and kicked her pants off and then tackled him right there on the floor in the foyer. It took a while and a lot of struggling, but at



some point, she managed to use her body weight to press down on his erection hard enough to cram him inside of her. It was an intense and overwhelming sensation to have so much girth pushing into her. She'd never felt such fulfillment in all her life. His dick was stiff enough to force its way in and yet soft enough to not hurt as it stretched her vaginal lips beyond the scope of normal penetration... and his eight inch length was just perfect for digging in deep enough to tap her inner happy button.

After a time, she tired and rolled over with him, still holding him inside of her. Now on top, the boy began humping her for all he was worth and he didn't stop until she felt his bloated ball sack...finally deflated...slapping the cheeks of her fat ass.

When he pulled out of her, she could tell, without looking, that her pussy was gaping...stretched out as if she'd just given birth to him. When she sat up, semen poured out of her opening and onto the carpet.

*Oh fuck, he's a freak! No other man will ever be able to hit the sides of my shit again as long as I live! Sammy is a fucking joke now! Bruce...pretty as he is...can't...can't do this to me!*

It was just then that she realized she'd let him cum in her *again* without protection of any nature. And as she leaned over and surveyed the sheer magnitude of semen that was oozing out of her over-stretched pussy, she very much doubted there was a condom anywhere on the planet that could contain him and his load...*or loads?*

Just how many times had he ejaculated inside of her? She had no clue. She'd lost count. She honestly didn't care at this point. She was so high on hormonal bliss at that moment, she didn't care if he had impregnated her or fucking not.

Sickly, as she rolled over and reached out to pull on his dick to milk out the last of his load, she found herself wondering if his dick was going to get bigger. Could it? Why had it done so all at once...overnight? That couldn't be normal...but yet she knew nothing about the FEM-32 kids was normal. They were altered by the drug. So who really knew what was normal for them? Was this the marker for the onset of puberty with Eddie? And if so, what other changes were coming and how fast would they develop? Part of her wanted to take him to a doctor to make sure everything was okay, but then part of her knew they'd turn him into a guinea pig of some sort...make a spectacle out of him and she didn't want him on display...at least not like that. She wanted him all to herself.

But something else gnawed at her. As much as she felt jealous of him, there was some disturbed part of her that wanted to show him off. Some part of her wanted to put him on a leash and parade him naked through the park in front of all the other fat and frumpy soccer moms. It was just like the night Anita came over and she played with him on the couch. She got off making other women freak out and green with envy.

*I can't parade him around naked like that...I'd end up under the jail somewhere, she realized. But I wonder what*

*he'd look like in a speedo or some skanky man-kini shit? Could I get away with that? Take him down to the public pool or something. It's not like anyone would know who I was there, right? And can I help it if my son has a blimp dick?*

She devised at that moment, the intent to do something dastardly and deviant with him just as soon as she had the time and opportunity.

Bruce, stinking of pussy and sweat, quietly crept into the house from his garage and into the kitchen. To his relief there was a note on the fridge for him:

*Went to Sue Franklin's house to help her daughter with some math. Be back by nine thirty. Kerry is upstairs...make sure she's in bed before then.*

Not an unusual thing for his wife. Despite never going to college, the woman was a mathematical freak. She almost obsessed over numbers at times...something most people never expected from a ditzy blonde type. It got on his nerves most times, but tonight it was a good thing. Anita tutored local kids in math a lot lately and she was getting paid for it, so who was he to complain. And tonight it paid off in more than just cash...as he now had

the chance to wash off the sex before his wife could smell it on him.

Out of the kitchen, he slithered up the stairs and headed down the hall toward his and Anita's room...but stopped short of going in.

He could smell Maureen's fat cunt juices on himself so he knew damned well Anita, with her super nose, would surely sniff it out if he put his clothes in the hamper. But he had no clue of how to wash his own shit...and if she happened to figure out that he'd run the washer, that'd be his ass too. It was best if he just trashed his clothes altogether.

Sniffing himself, he decided not to even go into his bedroom.

*Fuck that...I can shower in the hall bathroom!*

Passing his own bedroom, he made his way to the end of the hall and entered his daughter's bathroom there. Once inside, he peeled out of his stinky and sticky clothing and piled the articles in front of the sink on the floor.

One door down, Kerry stood in her room, spreading her boobs apart, pulling each to the sides of her body so that she could stare down at her belly.

Only three days earlier her stomach had been 32" around...but now...now she was quite certain it was bigger. She'd sort of been in denial for a couple of days...but her gut was literally starting to push upwards on her newly grown D-cups. What had only days earlier been a mere jiggle when she walked...was now an outright heavy ass

quiver and bounce. Her belly was like a huge bag of jello and with every move, she felt it shaking and undulating... and quite honestly, it was quickly swelling outwards to run her tits a competition for which stuck out furthest.

She'd become somewhat disturbed by it. She wanted to be fat...hell, had even made a deal with her mother to get fat...but the sudden ballooning of her belly had set her off a bit and somehow it didn't seem normal. Not that her gigantic rack of milky tits had been run-of-the-mill, but at least she knew taking the FEM-32 would cause that. But her belly growing bigger so suddenly didn't seem to be something she expected.

She'd actually been avoiding her mother for the last two days and had been sucking it in whenever she was around her. But now that the woman was out of the house and her father wasn't home yet...well, it was time to test things out.

Wearing nothing but a tight pair of bikini panties, she opened the door and stepped out into the hallway and then moved down to the bathroom door. Expecting that she was alone in the house, she pushed the door open and barged into the bathroom.

"AAHHH!" Bruce blurted as he jumped and then staggered back naked against the shower door.

Kerry was already inside...had been moving so swiftly that she had entered and shoved the door closed behind herself before her brain had even processed what she was seeing.

“OH SHIT, DAD!” she chirped loudly and stepped backwards plastering herself up against the already shut door. “Oh...oh crap! What are you doing in here?!”

“YOU EVER KNOCK?!” he growled at her as he tried to cover his genitals.

“It’s my bathroom,” she countered and made to cover her breasts...and not very effectively. Her thin arms had no chance of encompassing her rack of milk meat.

“Yeah, well...sorry...I figured you were asleep already,” he asserted as he flicked his head around searching for a towel but found none.

“What’s that smell?” Kerry asked, her nose sniffing. Then a sudden dawning of understanding plied across her expression as she gazed downwards at the pile of her father’s clothing near her feet. Then slowly her eyes rose and crossed to her naked father.

Bruce felt his stomach sink to the floor.

“It’s not what you think, Kerry,” he stammered, trying to collect his defense before the assault began but he knew his daughter already had his number. “Okay, look... your mother cheats on me too, okay...so don’t look at me like that, alright!”

“Who?” The word was simple and yet devastating as a question.

“Your mother doesn’t need to know,” he argued in an attempt to side-step the question.

“I’m not gonna tell her...if you tell me about it,” Kerry added the last bit while trying to stifle a smirk.

“What?” Bruce looked shocked. “Are you serious?”

"Yep," Kerry chirped. "That's my deal with Mom too!"

Suddenly he wondered just how much his daughter knew about all the shenanigans his slut of a wife had been up to. He knew she'd had sex with Maureen's son not too long before this, so the girl was no stranger to sexual happenings.

"Gimme a towel or something...or kick my pants here," he demanded but she merely giggled in response and reached out with her foot to scoot his clothes towards her and then kicked them behind her so that they would be out of reach. "Oh...oh, I see...okay. Fine then! How about I just beat your ass...how's that grab you?"

"Promise?" she quipped and giggled...her arms dropping now and revealing her huge tits.

His dick suddenly shot into hardness and he could do little to conceal the fact with nothing more than his hands.

"Kerry! Cover up or get out of here! Damn!"

"Nope," she popped back with another giggle. "Tell me who it was!"

"Maureen Parks, alright...the fat bitch across the damn street. Are you happy now?" he grumbled at her.

"Really? Wow...she's got huge boobs...and a big, round belly, don't she? Do you like that, Dad?"

"Maybe," he admitted begrudgingly. "Alright, fun's over, asshole. Get out!"

"Uh-uhh...details," she insisted. "Like...where, when, and how good?"

"I'm not telling you that!"

“Yeah, you are,” she popped back at him with a devious grin on her face. With a casual effort, she leaned back against the door and with both hands, began to play with her luscious tits. In seconds, milk was beading on the tips of her erect nipples. “You wanna watch me pump my boobs?”

Bruce was dumbfounded. He’d lusted for his daughter already...had peeped on her...had jerked off thinking about her and had even admitted to Anita all of the above, but despite his wife’s perverse ideas and prodding, he’d remained reluctant to really do anything with his daughter. Up until now he’d just assumed the girl would be grossed out by him and so no matter how many fantasies he’d played out in his head in recent weeks, he’d had no clue anything like what was happening now would ever really take place. And yet here he was...pinned in the bathroom with her...naked...and she was playing with her massive tits while he watched...and she was teasing him. This wasn’t peep and play...this was an outright sexual tease. The question was...was his daughter just trying to manipulate him to get what she wanted...or was she truly interested in something naughty with him?

“Are you pregnant?” he asked, suspecting what the answer was going to be. “Eddie Parks...I know about him and you. Are you--”

She laughed out loud, cutting him off mid-sentence.

“Nooo! Not yet, I guess,” she added, remembering what her and her mother had talked about and planned previously.



“What does that mean?” he blurted with a look of dismay. “Not yet??”

“I kinda look pregnant don’t I?” she asked as she turned sideways to him and hefted her tits up so he could see her big, round gut protruding and sagging downward. “Do I look a little like Maureen?”

In fact, she reminded him a lot of Maureen...only so very much more hotter!

“You’re getting fat on purpose, aren’t you?” he prodded her.

She giggled and let her tits drop back down atop her spare tire of a stomach. “Maybe,” she replied with a devious grin. “You got a problem with it?” Her expression confirmed the fact that she knew damned well he didn’t.

He didn’t know what to say, but he dropped his hands and let her have a full view of his erection.

She smiled and stepped over toward the toilet and slid the scales out from their hiding spot. Stepping up onto them, she leaned over and blinked in disbelief.

## **126**

She’d gained another seven pounds in the last three days. And without doubt, she knew exactly where all seven pounds had ended up.

“Are you bigger?” he asked from behind her.

“Seven more pounds,” she replied as she reached for the drawer beside the sink and pulled it open.

As she pulled out a tape measure, Bruce felt a demanding urge to stroke himself.

"How big is your belly?" he inquired as she slung the coil of tape out.

"Oh holee shit," she hissed when she managed to finally get the tape wrapped around her belly. "Thirty seven inches!"

"What? You've added five inches?!" Bruce blurted.

"Hey, how'd you know that?" Kerry demanded.

Bruce gulped.

"Mom's told you about everything, hasn't she?"

"Define everything," he asserted.

"Me and her gaining weight...Eddie...Sammy," she ticked off things and people.

"Yeah," he cut her off. "But...I got a feeling you and her might have been doing stuff...together," he added. It'd been a hunch he'd had, especially after Anita had revealed so much to him and even expressed a libidinous like of his obsession with Kerry. The woman had just responded to that all too well not to have something else up her sleeve.

"We mess around sometimes...sometimes with Eddie and sometimes just us," his daughter admitted. "Is that okay with you?"

He wasn't sure what to say. A deep seated part of his libido wanted him to tell her that not only was it okay, but that he wanted to watch...to join in. But he couldn't do that just yet...not yet.

"Do you think I'm hot?" Kerry asked as she turned to face him and then leaned back against the sink counter. Her nipples were still leaking milk and small white beads were trickling down the curves of her bloated tits.

“Yes,” his response was out of his mouth before he had time to think it through.

Without another word, she turned around and opened the cabinet door to the left side of the sink and pulled out a black satchel. With practiced movements, she opened the bag and removed all the various parts of her portable breast pump and then connected the clear plastic shields and catch basins to the hoses and then to the pump itself.

When she was done, she lifted the suction shields to her nipples and turned the pump on, cranking it up to number five on the dial with ten options. The resulting pressure was enough to make the shields remain stuck and in place without her having to hold them.

She turned around then and faced her father and leaned back against the counter once more in a calm show of sexual confidence.

With each pulse, her nipples expanded into the bell-shaped shields and spurted milk. The pump chugged and sighed with mechanical precision...its motor humming and milking his daughter's tits like a dairy cow.

“You know you want to,” she said to him with a smile.

“What?” he asked, startled by her sudden comment.

“Jerk it,” she asserted.

“No,” he muttered, but he couldn't take his eyes off of her bloated, pulsing tits.

She reached back behind her and turned the pump's control knob up to seven and the device began to chug harder and faster, each thump and sigh expressing even more milk from her nipples.

“Oh...oh fuck,” she moaned and began to arch her back. “It feels so good...it’s like...it’s like having two mouths on me at the same time!”

“No, Kerry,” he reiterated and more directly this time.

She gawked at him and reached back for the knob, turning it up to nine. The pump was grinding now, its pumping mechanism driving fast and deep.

Kerry began to gasp and her hands grabbed at her tits and began to squeeze them and then they were sliding lower and cupping the lower and sagging half of her big belly. She kneaded it for a few moments and then began to just literally shake it as if she were taunting him with it.

“Stop it, Kerry!” he blurted at her, but he didn’t really want her to.

“What’s wrong, Dad? You can go fuck Maureen Park’s nasty old ass, but I’m not good enough to even jerk off on?”

“KERRY!!” he bellowed, but she was already reaching back to turn the knob again...this time all the way to maximum power. “Oh shit!”

The catch basins beneath her pump shields were already nearly half full and when the pump kicked in to high gear, milk began to flow like a tap into them. Meanwhile, Kerry’s hands dipped beneath her belly and hefted it upward and it looked like she was pooking it out with all her might to make it look even bigger than it was.

“Just cum on me...shit...cum on me! I want you to! I want you to cum on me! It makes me feel so hot to be cum on!”

He'd tried to resist, but he couldn't. Dick in hand, he stepped forward and started jerking off.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck yes," she gasped. "Do it! Cum on my fat fucking belly!"

And he did. He'd never cum so fast in his life as he did at that very moment. He'd hardly begun to stroke when his dick erupted and squirted several blobs of semen out and onto her rotund tummy.

But he wasn't done. He couldn't be done yet. It was too fucking fast. He wanted more.

With furious movements, he grabbed at the breast pump shields and popped them free of her tits and flung them to the counter behind her.

Her nipples were still gushing with milk as he knelt down and scooped both of her tits together and then buried their ends in his mouth. Her tits were so big that he could literally suck both nipples at the same time by squishing them together...something he'd never been able to do with Anita.

"Oh fuck, Dad...fuck...suck'em...suck'em hard!"

For the longest time, he sucked and swallowed her milk, groping viciously at her tits while he did so...as if he could squeeze out more milk by compressing them. He worried he might hurt her but the rougher he was, the more she seemed to like it.

At some point, he realized he was hard again and he stood up and released her tits. He looked down into her face and knew she wanted him. With a swift twist, he grabbed her and turned her around to face the mirror and

wall and then he forced her forward, leaning her over the counter. And then with manly effort, he grabbed her thighs and picked her up off the ground and buried his dick inside her pussy.

To his dismay, she was far looser than he expected... probably a result of the long-donged Parks boy he was certain. But she was still tight enough to pork...and pork he did. Taking her from behind, he humped her for nearly ten minutes before letting loose with a load inside her.

When he was done, he set her down and backed up only enough to slide out of her and then he leaned forward so that he could wrap his arm around her shoulders and pull her upright.

Looking at their reflection in the mirror, she was barely as tall as his nipples. His hands moved around her and cupped her huge tits and then he leaned down and slid them lower to her belly, which he shook roughly as he whispered in her ear.

"You get fatter and I'm gonna keep fucking the shit out of you, ya' little piggy! And the next time you decide to get nasty with your Momma, you better damn well let me know so I can watch."

"Dad?" she muttered, a grin spreading across her lips.

"And I know your Momma is fucking with both of those boys...and I wanna watch that shit too!"

"Oh you nasty as she is, ain't you?"

"Maybe you shouldn't have opened the can if you didn't want what was inside," he asserted, winking at her in the mirrored reflection.

An hour earlier, Anita had gone out to the backyard and waited like the email she'd received had instructed her to do.

As she stood by the pool, she suddenly felt a presence behind her. Whipping around, she discovered the weird and pale man in the black suit whom she'd encountered some days earlier at the drugstore.

"How do you do that?"

"I do not understand the nature of your question," the man replied. "How do I do what?"

"Just appear and disappear like that. It's really kind of creepy, man!"

"Did you leave the note as instructed?" he asked, ignoring her question as she figured he would.

"I did...told him I was tutoring one of the neighbor kids," she replied.

The man produced a thick magic marker sized tube from the inside of his jacket and slung it, the six inch length of it then extended to at least four feet. He stepped beside her and stuck it into the ground then and pressed a button on the top of it. She heard a distinct beep sound and then all at once, there was complete silence...no wind...no birds...no cars...no air conditioning. There was a total absence of all sound.

It was then that she also noticed the trees in her backyard were not moving. Had the device frozen time?

"No, I have not stopped time. That is impossible."

"You're reading my mind again," she asserted.

“The device is a security mechanism. A cloaking system if you will. It emits a sound nullifying field around us for a certain distance and it also forms a photograph of the surroundings and then transmits it to the edges of the field where it is then projected. Essentially, it stops sound from getting in or out of our security bubble and it also makes us invisible to anyone on the outside. What you see around you now is the image being transmitted. It appears motionless to us...but on the outside it is mirroring the exterior of your property in perfect synchronization with nature.”

“So you don’t want us to be seen or heard. You know we could have just talked in the house.”

The man scoffed.

“The field cannot be perfected inside a dwelling. Metallic materials can alter its projection and nullifying properties.”

“Nails in the walls,” she muttered more to herself than to him. “I get it. Okay, so here I am. What’s up?”

“You’ve used the devices I gave you, but you’ve not yet set in motion our plans. I suspect that you have used the devices improperly and contrary to my instructions.”

Before she could respond...

“Yes, we do have the ability to monitor usage of the devices. Do you think we’d turn you loose with such technology with no means to monitor it or retrieve it if necessary? We can even shut it down or destroy it if we so desire...all remotely.”



“Okay, okay...I was going to try and use it on my daughter and she accidentally bumped into me and I tagged her belly instead of her ass, alright!? Not my fault. It was a complete accident.”

The man eyed her with no expression.

“Who else?”

“The Parks boy...I tapped his dick with one.”

“You’ve ruptured the plan,” he blurted.

“How?”

“By enlarging the Parks boy’s penis, you will increase the likelihood of him mating with his own mother by 82% and decrease the likelihood of her mating with the Hogan boy by 74%. And your enlargement of your daughter’s abdomen will increase the chances of your own husband mating with her by 97%.”

“Oh crap,” she said with a sigh.

“This cannot be undone,” the man insisted. “Matters are in motion even as we speak. We must adjust the plan accordingly in order to ensure some semblance of success.”

“What do you want me to do?” she asked, worried that her chances at the big money were now likely down the drain.

“Your payment shall be halved,” he stated as if reading her mind once more. “The chances of a successful mating experiment are now almost impossible.”

“What does that mean, exactly?”

The man looked directly at her with his creepy, unblinking eyes.

“We cannot prevent the Parks family situation. But we can still ensure a successful pairing between you and Sam and your daughter and Edward. And your actions have actually increased the chances of a pairing between Edward and Sondra Hogan. Therefore we still have a 75% success rate possible with this experiment.”

“Me and Sam make a boy...Kerry and Eddie make a boy and then Eddie and Sondra get a girl...that still leaves you with one boy who has no mate,” she asserted as she arranged the diagram in her head.

“Maureen Parks will be impregnated by her son and the resulting offspring will likely be another boy. He will also have redundant DNA...meaning a lessening of his abilities. Not acceptable for the purposes of our project. However, as said, three of four is not a failure. We will find others and produce a viable female for the extra male that we create here.”

“So you’re not firing me then, eh?”

“We knew there would be an 86% likelihood that you would either misuse the injectors or accidentally discharge one unintentionally. We planned for this. We are curious about what might happen with your family units were we to allow you to use the injectors however you want. You have proven our expectations to be accurate. I have now deactivated all of the injection devices.”

“Dammit,” she groaned.

“You have nearly rendered the Parks boy incapable of sexual copulation...are you aware of that?”

“No,” she replied, her eyes wide. “What—how big did he get?”

“You used an injector intended to add adipose tissue on his penis. A penis does contain adipose tissue. His penis now does. Rather than enlarging it as you intended, you’ve done nothing but make it hugely fat...so fat that he is nearly incapable of sexual penetration and I fear he may not be able to successfully inseminate your daughter at all.”

“Crap,” she muttered. “My bad.”

“Yes, you are very bad. But you will still endeavor to make this happen. She must become pregnant by him or we will dissolve our financial agreement with you entirely.”

“Okay, okay...I’ll get it done.”

“She will be fertile for twelve hours in two days from now. Ensure that she copulates with him and if he can achieve penetration, then use whatever means necessary to deliver his semen to her. Intervene yourself, physically, if necessary.”

“Your husband is now in the street in the front of your dwelling. He is having sexual relations with Maureen Parks inside his mode of transportation.”

“WHAT?!” Anita blurted and made as if to look over the fence in the direction of the street.

“STAY WITHIN THE FIELD!” the man demanded and she froze, unable to move at all. “We are not done, Anita Farris.”

She turned around to face him without having voluntary control of her own body. Once she'd turned fully, her legs carried her closer to the pale man until she was but a mere foot from him.

He pulled out a small pen-sized injector tube like the ones he'd given her earlier in the week. He clicked the tip and then shoved the end of it to her stomach. Then he forced her to turn herself around...and then he jabbed each of her ass cheeks with it.

*OH SHIT! What the fuck is he doing to me?! I already did this to myself once!*

"Yes, you did," he agreed, reading her mind. "But you must now distract your husband from your daughter as well as obtain the Hogan boy's favor. This requires drastic measures for you physically. You will be fertile at the same time as your daughter in two days. Ensure success for yourself as well as her."

Finally he released his mental control of her and she relaxed, sighed, and then spoke.

"You said Maureen was fucking my husband?! Well she must not be too up Eddie's ass then, huh?"

"The link between she and her son is hormonal at the most basic level. The urge she has for your husband is more natural and controlled. She cannot help her desires for her son...but she makes a conscious decision to copulate with your husband."

"Is she trying to steal him?"

"It has a 49% probability...which is to say it could go either way. I should say that your actions in maintaining a

positive sexual relationship with him will undoubtedly ensure he does not bond with her and abandon you. Confrontation with you over the matter will only serve to drive him to her. I advise avoiding that."

"Dammit," she groaned. "Well you said she's likely going to get pregnant by Eddie...so...so that's a sure thing then, right?"

"Most likely," the man assured her.

"So no hope of fixing that?"

"Not likely," he asserted. "Do not bother trying."

"Great...sorry about that. I got a little carried away with the boy and my daughter in the car the other day and I figured pricking him with the juice would help ensure him and her kept at it...'cause I mean honestly, his dick wasn't all that gigantic. I mean it looked huge on him, but it wasn't that big in comparison to say...a normal man dick."

"We understand this and that is the only reason why we have ended our cooperation with you. We realize you took what efforts you did in an honest attempt to maximize the success rate of the project. The accidental use on your daughter was a random and unpredictable incident."

"You said there was more of a chance of her and Bruce doing it? He's like totally against that...and...and I also thought he was pretty against fat bitches too, but I'm guessing he's been stringing me along, huh?"

"He is being affected by the hormonal emissions of the women involved in this project. All four of you are emitting high levels of a certain pheromones that induce

the urge to copulate with all males. So his sudden interest in fat women, as you say, is due to this. He is experiencing sexual arousal from the visual and physical presence of larger bodied females. That's why I've injected you again. You need to remain the largest in the group...to hold the interest of all males involved."

"Can...can I let him do it with Kerry?"

The man eyed her unblinkingly for several seconds before responding.

"For two days, but not during her fertility phase nor can he touch you during that time either. Afterwards, you may do as you please with whomever you please."

"Outstanding," she asserted with a grin. "But umm... about my ass and belly here...I'm already sporting 50 inches of ass...so what's this going to do to me?"

"We can undo the changes after the project is completed," he told her as he reached for the stick he'd stabbed into the ground. Pulling it up from the dirt, he flicked the top once more and the length retracted back into its original pen size.

Suddenly sound returned and she could feel the wind blowing against her body.

She looked out toward the street and then when she looked back, the man was gone. She looked at her watch and noted that only about fifteen minutes had passed and yet it was completely dark now.

Perplexed, she entered her house through the back door and made her way into the kitchen. The digital clock

on the microwave read 9:20 while her watch argued that it was still 6:34...nearly a three hour difference.

"Can't stop time," she muttered. "Didn't say anything about distorting it or speeding it up though, did he?"

She knew the man was an agent of some alien force. She wasn't stupid. His technology was far too advanced and creepy to be human. What she really wondered, was to what ends their project would go? What was the real purpose of it? If he would conceal something as simple as his ability to distort time, then what else was he concealing from her?

Another thought crossed her mind. If he could speed up time...could he also slow it down? She imagined him using that ability to disappear and reappear. His cloaking device seem far more feasible than evaporation or teleportation. So he wasn't disappearing...the son of a bitch was just hiding himself and walking away quickly, probably speeding up time for himself to do so.

Did they really need her to act as their agent? Or were they playing with her as much as the others? If they could do such feats, couldn't they just implement things on their own? Why use her? Especially when they already suspected she'd misuse their technology and fail at her assigned tasks?

They underestimated her. They assumed the human monkey would be too obsessed with shiny coins to pay attention to the big picture. But Anita wasn't stupid and she could see patterns where others did not. The numbers in this game just didn't add up right and she knew an

advanced alien race wouldn't be so stupid as to miss such things. In fact, she suspected they were running a true experiment but of a different nature.

If they wanted to test breeding patterns, why not simply abduct them and force them to copulate in a controlled environment? The results would be the same.

So this wasn't about the biology. So if it wasn't, then what was the purpose?

*Why do scientists study people in their natural environments? Because they want to learn from them without interfering with them. What kind of scientists study outside of controlled labs? Sociologists.*

Suddenly it was clear to her. The aliens weren't really concerned with the biological matters at all. They wanted to study the interaction of them while dealing with situations they created...aka-using her as an agent of change. She was a social catalyst for their experiment.

*They fully intended for me to muck this up! They could fucking care less who fucks who or who gets pregnant by who! They just want to see what happens when they toss us all into a stew pot of sexual debauchery! Abducting us and putting in a sterile environment would stunt our reactions and sexual desire. So they're studying our sexual responses for some reason. They want to know how to push our buttons sexually. They want to learn how to manipulate us sexually. That's got to be it!*

Would they be smart enough to know that she'd figure this out? And now that she had, what would she do? Stop the experiment? Rat them out? She could do all of the



above...but she wouldn't. And she knew that they had to know that. They had selected her not because of her intelligence or trustworthiness...but because they knew she was a bit of a nymphomaniac who wouldn't **want** to stop the project even if she did figure out its purpose.

She walked into the living room and sat down at her computer desk in the corner and immediately fired off an email to the pale man's address:

*I figured you assholes out. You don't care who fucks who. You don't care about the breeding aspects of this. You want to know if you can manipulate our breeding patterns. You want to see if you can get us to breed by direction.*

A response was almost immediate:

*We predicted an 87% likelihood that you would conclude this by this point. You are correct in your conclusions. The results of the pairings are not the determining factor in the success of the experiment. We want to learn if we can control and direct the actual breeding of the offspring and normal humans. We presume a 99% likelihood that*

*you will still continue on with the project due to your own desire to see it completed.*

“You guys suck,” she muttered to herself as she finished reading their response. They had, in fact, known she would figure it out and had planned for it. She was still their pawn of sorts...and they were right. She would move forward with it just because she was getting off on the whole mad game it had become. But part of her still didn't like being manipulated.

Just then, she heard a door shut upstairs. Quietly she climbed the steps to the second floor and made her way down the hall. She could hear voices coming from the bathroom at the end of the corridor.

She stepped close to the door and listened. It was Kerry and her husband talking. Her daughter was just on the opposite side of the door. After a time, she heard her step away from the door and so she reached carefully for the knob and turned it slowly, easing the door ajar ever-so-slightly to create a crack through which she could peer into the bathroom.

What she saw inside blew her mind and flushed her pussy with hot juices. When her husband finally gave in and reached for the breast pump shields and ripped them off of Kerry's tits, Anita nearly moaned out loud with ecstasy. And by the time he lifted her fat ass up off the ground and began packing it to her from behind, she just had to pull the door closed and retreat to her bedroom so

that she could masturbate and make noise without exposing herself.

*I knew he was gonna do it eventually! And I didn't need no alien freak to tell me that, dammit!*

Somewhere...

"Our human catalyst has set matters in motion, yes?"

"She has."

"What have we learned thus far?"

"Rather than increasing the length of the penis, it appears that increasing its girth and adding adipose tissue to it seems to raise the likelihood of sexual attraction among the humans. And by radically altering the sexual body parts of the females, we can engage the males to copulate with specific mates. We can also reduce the hesitance for incestuous relations by using all of these methods."

"How does this help us?"

"We can now implement a controlled breeding program for the humans. We can select subjects of better genetic quality and enrich them biologically to make them more successfully attracted to other individuals we wish them to mate with. And counter to that, we can diminish the sexual quality of those we deem unsuitable."

"So we can begin a breeding enrichment program without intervening directly?"

"I believe we can."

“How long till we theorize success?”

“There are far too many variables at play, but we believe that once implemented, the program will create a desirable result within one hundred generations.”

“And what is our final result?”

“We will have a genetically enriched race properly prepared to accept our colonization efforts.”

“And what happens if the standard populace discovers our efforts or the changes we are making in their biology?”

“A species war of annihilation will likely result. The length of time involved in the project at the time of discovery and many other variables will play into who might win such a conflict. It is in our best interests to ensure secrecy until such a time as it is assured that our enhanced humans would win.”

“Based on the results here, how long will it take to implement the project on a full size scale?”

“We project approximately five solar cycles. Arranging catalysts and locating active subjects is proving to be difficult.”

“Have we considered side-stepping the human created subjects and merely disseminating our own nanotech?”

“The Director has forbidden this. It is presumed that if the human governments discover freshly planted technology, then they will be alerted to our presence and will act against our interests. It is far more covert for us to continue utilizing existing human engineered subjects.”

“Then we need to accelerate our efforts with the Canadian human.”

“We have urged him to extend his distribution, but again, the Director urges us to be cautious. Forces among the humans still seek out our projects with the intent to eradicate our plans.”

“This must not happen. It is imperative that we ensure humanity’s survival for what is to come. If we cannot raise their abilities to stand alongside us, then we will have to hide them. They will be the key to our victory.”

“I understand and agree. But the Director holds back our speed.”

“I will speak with him regarding this. Keep me informed of your mission.”

**More to cum...**

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