

THE EYELAND PROJECT:

First Crew

By Otto Maddox

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Chapter 3

"We all have secrets that we harbor, be they dark deeds or embarrassing facts...knowledge of others or fear of others. To cast stones and judge others for keeping their own secrets is awfully close to hypocrisy. Prepare for your own openness before you shed light on others."

– O.Maddox 2012

"Those are some big cups to fill," a feminine voice called out from the top of the basement stairs.

Jill jumped and turned to look up at whoever it was.

"MOM?!?" she yelped and then felt totally naked, unsure of what to do. She was just standing there with her mother's baggy ass bra hanging from her shoulders. There wasn't much of a lie or excuse that could grease her out of this jam.

As she stood stark still, frozen in place with horror, her mother gently crept down the stairs towards her.

"Y'know I used to do the same thing back in the day," she said as she stepped down off the last plank and walked up to Jill. "Water balloons and all."

"I...am...so...embarrassed right now," she barely whispered.

"You caught me spread eagle on my bed with a dildo and a vibrator today...and you're embarrassed?" her mother asked, waiting to see if she'd catch the joke.

"What?" Jill screwed her face up. "Did you say dildo and vibrator? Ohhh...dildo...I get it," she sort of giggled...breaking the ice of the moment. "Joel...is a dildo...ha, ha."

"More or less...but anyway, don't be embarrassed about it, shit...big boobs are all the bomb till you have two and can't take'em off when you want. They get fucking heavy, y'know."

Jill didn't know what to say...it was still extremely awkward and she had no clue of how to move the moment forward.

"You're a little too skinny for my bra, dear...course from what I heard you say a minute ago, you're already aware of how fat my ass is."

"S-sorry," she muttered with a reddening face.

"I had the same problem...but I used to pin the bitch up," her mother commented. "Turn around...I got a safety pin right here on the dryer."

It was a weird moment, but she found herself complying. After she turned with her back to her mother, she felt the back of the bra cinch up tight against her and then her mother's fingers began working the safety pin into position to hold the bra's back strap bunched up and tight against her back.

"There...now get your big jugs over there and put'em in," she told her.

Part of her wanted to run screaming up the stairs, and part of her really wanted to play dress up. Her mom had not been intimidated or upset by the matter, so maybe it was cool. It still felt weird, but in the end, she decided to run with it.

Stepping up to the sink, she retrieved the water balloons, and one at a time, worked them down into the confining cups of the now-snug-fitting brassiere.

"Okay, wow...they are really heavy," she admitted as she turned around and faced her mother.

"Holee crap...they're as big as your damn head, girl," Donna commented with a grin as she surveyed her petite daughter's faux rack. "Alright...go ahead...just do it."

"Do what," she asked?

"Jump up and down...you know you want to," Donna explained while fighting the urge to bust out laughing.

Jill giggled and then bounced a bit and then burst out laughing. "Oh fuck that's so weird!"

"Put your shirt on and have fun," she said and then made for the stairs. "I'll lock the door so your brothers or dildo don't wander in on you like I did."

"Well wait," she blurted.

"What?"

"We never finished talking about...y'know...you and Joel earlier...and you said we'd talk later...and it's later now...so--"

Donna turned around completely and faced Jill before she responded. Her expression indicated she was suspicious of the girl's motives.

"Why do you want to know all this?"

"I don't know...just because," Jill answered...but not really.

"Are you just being nosey...or curious...or is it something else entirely, Jill?" Her mother was being direct...and she knew she wasn't going to be able to weasel out of giving her an answer of some nature.

"I was totally honest with you today...against my better judgment. Now you be honest with me. If I'm gonna start treating you like an adult, then you gotta act like one, alright?"

She had a point and Jill knew it. Her mother had spilled her guts about what was going on for the most part and she could have just told her to buzz off and mind her own business and denied everything. Her mom had trusted her and confided some serious sexual shit to her...so maybe it was only fair that she returned that trust and confided in her mother some of her own sexual thoughts and such.

"I...I wanted to know, 'cause it's kind of cool," she finally admitted in a slow and quiet voice. "I like hearing about sex stuff...but my friends...are full of shit most of the time...but you, well you weren't, y'know?"

Donna's eyes sort of bugged a bit, but she fought to keep herself from exuding too much visible shock at her daughter's admission.

"Are you telling me you...you get off to it?"

Jill's face turned ten shades of red, but she held her mother's gaze steadily...even though she didn't respond verbally.

"The tits...tonight...this...does this have to do with earlier today...are you...I mean you're not---"

"Jealous?" Jill finished her sentence for her. "Of Joel...no, but of the way guys always look at you...your boobs...yeah, I'm super jealous and I mean...Joel hasn't ever even so much as glanced at me...and you catch him peeping on you!"

Donna sighed and turned completely around to face her daughter again before she continued.

"Men just obsess about stupid things...some like legs, some like feet...some like boobs, y'know? Don't read so much into it. There's plenty of guys out there that have the hots for girls like you, believe me, dear."

Jill's reddened cheeks began to lighten some and she smiled. "Yeah, dirty old middle-aged perverts maybe."

"Well they're still men, ain't they?" her mother asked with an arched eyebrow.

"Ewww, yeah...I'm sure you wouldn't have a single problem with me bringing home some thirty year old guy as my boyfriend at all, huh?"

Donna had to laugh at that. She had a serious point. And teenage boys often had no interest in younger girls at all. Why that was, she had no clue. Very seldom did you ever hear of an underage teen boy taking advantage of an even younger girl. Nope, it always seemed to be middle-aged men doing it. It was kind of odd now that she thought about it. Of course, then

again, maybe the girls didn't complain unless it was old geezers that got up on them. Probably, that was more the case.

"Okay, okay...well I don't know what to tell you, I wasn't all that up top until after you were born...and I never got *this* big until after the twins came into the picture," and she motioned to her chest and thrust it out through the fabric of her robe to emphasize her point. "So unless you plan on dropping three kids anytime soon, I really wouldn't look to sprout super-boobs. So if you wanna play around with some water balloons, go ahead, just don't leave my bra lying around wet...toss it in the dryer when you're done. It's too hard to find one that fits me to let you ruin one with mildew."

"Yeah, okay," Jill muttered in response. "But ummm...you gonna finish telling me about Joel or what?"

Donna had already turned and was up on the second step before her daughter's question stopped her once more.

She really wanted to leave...to get out of the basement. For some strange reason, seeing her daughter standing there with her bra on, filled with two huge water balloons was making her horny. The idea of her daughter having huge tits, was disturbingly erotic for her and looking at her was becoming more and more of a distraction. And if she began to relate sexual exploits with Joel, she was afraid she might just start to get excited and spill more than she ought to...but apparently her daughter wasn't going to let her out of it without a fight.

Sighing yet again, she turned and then squatted so she could sit down on the staircase. To her discomfort, she was now about eye-level with her daughter faux tits...which jiggled and warbled much like real breasts...so much so that it zapped her train of thought.

"Well?" Jill asked after a few long seconds of silence.

"Alright, alright...where you want me to start?"

Jill started to tell her, “the part where you keep staring at my balloon boobs,” but the fact that her mother *did* keep staring at them was kind of interesting. For once it was *her* chest being ogled rather than her ogling her mother’s, and she didn’t want to draw the woman’s attention to it. One, she’d probably stop gawking, and two, it liable to make them both even more uncomfortable...and she wanted to hear this story of Joel and his super schlong badly, and embarrassing her mother probably wasn’t going to help her tell it any better.

“So was today the first time you ever caught him peeping at you?” she asked instead of her true thoughts.

Donna flinched then rolled her eyes off toward the washer and dryer before she answered.

“No...I’ve noticed him watching me a little too closely for a few years now, whenever he’s around, y’know?”

Now that she thought about it, Jill had to agree on that. She’d noticed Joel staring more than once herself over the years, but had just never thought much about it until today, of course.

“Did you know he had a thingie that big?” and the girl’s demeanor lost a bit of its adulthood as she fought hard not to giggle at her own question.

Her mother’s gaze drew back to her...and they locked eyes for a moment and she could feel that her mother was somehow about to lie to her. It was as if the older woman *willed* herself to look her in the eye before answering.

“No...I had no idea before he sprawled out on the carpet in my room,” Donna related to her daughter through as straight of an expression as she could muster.

“You’re lying.” Jill just decided to call her out on it.

Donna wasn’t sure what to say. She hadn’t counted on her ploy failing or the girl seeing through her denial. Obviously the

girl wasn't going to make this easy, but telling her everything, including the tawdry, embarrassing bits...was far better than her getting pissed and telling Paul about it all. Biting her lip, she made the decision to tell it all.

"I walked into your bathroom earlier today and he was in there...taking a shower, and I didn't do it on purpose. I mean I knocked...I called out...and got nothing. The door was open, so I looked in thinking maybe he'd just left the water running or something, y'know."

"And?" Jill prodded her further with a look of sheer glee.

"And I guess he just didn't hear me," she continued. "And he was in the shower...well...he was beating it off."

"And?"

Donna sighed and rolled her eyes.

"Alright, I watched him, okay? I admit it, I watched him spanking it off in there for a few minutes, but then I shut the door and I went on about my business."

"You ended up in the shower, Mom...and he was still wearing a towel from his own...so ummm...you have to go take you a cold shower after seeing him or what? C'mon...I want the dirty details!"

The girl's face was literally aglow with enthusiasm and what was undeniably sexual excitement.

"I...used...my vibrator, alright...then I took a shower and that's when I caught him in there."

"And then jerked him off again?"

"And I jerked him off again," she admitted, diverting her eyes from the girl.

"And then you did it with him?"

"Yeah, I did it with him...you know the rest," she grunted as if admitting such disgusted her.

"So he like...did it three times then...DANG!"

Donna tried to be cool and not give anything else away, even though she knew it'd been much more unbelievable than that. She was also rather disturbed by the fact that her daughter was informed enough to know how odd it was for a man to be able to climax three times in a row.

"Pardon me, but exactly what do you know about men and their ejaculation abilities?" *Fuck it...I can be direct and ask embarrassing questions too, little miss horny pants.*

Jill turned beet red and backed up into the washing machine, her face quickly starting to look horrified. With bugged out eyes, she replied, "I don't know...I just heard maybe."

"Now who's lying?" she asserted with a smirk and an arched up eyebrow. Looking dead into Jill's eyes, she demanded to know the truth. "Spill it sister...if we're gonna be all up-front and open with this shit...I'm not the only one that's gonna be throwing herself in the fire. C'mon...tell me."

"You'll kill me," she blurted with a quick and fearful bark.

"Please...as if I'd have any room to point fingers after what I did today...no...no don't think so. C'mon, out with it, babe."

"It's...it's worse, way worse," Jill pleaded.

Suddenly the tables seemed to turn and it was Donna who was now dying to know her daughter's exploits.

"Are you a virgin still?"

"Yeah," she chirped...the shocked expression on her face backing up her claim of innocence.

"Then how could it possibly be worse?" she asked. But then something perverse and dark occurred to her.

Paul? Oh surely not...surely the man hasn't...no...no I won't believe that, he's too into big tits to bother even paying her attention, much less...

"Jill...was it your father?" She had to ask. Paul would have probably said much the same about her before today.

"WHUT?!? Ewww..NOOOOO!" she practically exploded.

"Sorry...just asking," her mother tried to calm her. "Well then tell me how the hell you know about it."

Jill slumped back against the washer and glared at her mother with horrified eyes.

"You'll fucking kill me," she reiterated.

"No I won't, just tell me, dammit!"

"You promise...I mean...like swear it and shit," Jill demanded.

"You keep my secret and I'll keep yours...now tell me," she asserted once more.

"I...I saw Ed and Al...jerking off," she admitted through quivering lips.

"You say that like...what...at the *same time*...like together," she asked with a disturbed look creeping onto her face.

"Yeah," she answered, but didn't volunteer any further details.

Donna shifted uncomfortably on the stairs and steeled herself to get the rest of this story. *And there's more...I know there is...or she wouldn't be so damned freaked out about it!*

"Alright...I know there's more to it than that...so tell it!"

Jill sighed and looked down at the dirty concrete floor.

"I...I peep at them sometimes," she reluctantly confessed. "And I know they peep at me sometimes too."

"And you what...just *let* them?" Donna looked flustered.

"The first couple of times I got pissed off...y'know...it embarrassed me...so I started peeping back at them to teach them a lesson, but the douchebags just didn't care," she pleaded her case. "I'd pick the lock on the bathroom door and barge in, and they'd just laugh and throw water at me."

“What? Are they...do they still shower together?”

“Yeah, it’s a little weird...how did you not know that?”

Donna suddenly felt awkward. They were both 12...they took care of themselves. She never had any reason to be up their asses in the bathroom. She just assumed they’d gotten out of that by this point, but obviously they had not. It seemed kind of gay, to put it nicely, but then again those two were practically identical...like one person instead of two. Maybe they just didn’t feel odd with one another, or at least she hoped. Paul would spaz out if the two turned out to be flaming fairies.

“I don’t pick locks and barge in on them,” she quipped.

Jill rolled her eyes and then sneered without responding.

“So go on with it...how does this end up with beating off?”

“Well...like I said, I tried to embarrass them but it didn’t work, so I got my friend Rachel to barge in with me the next time---”

“Wait...Rachel? She had to have stayed the night...and she’s only stayed like once...that was like what...a month ago?” Donna looked shocked. How had all this gone on in the house with her and she not know about any of it?

“Yeah, well...anyway...they just laughed again and threw water at us.” She gulped and diverted her gaze from her mother before continuing. “But later that night, we decided to raid the fridge...and when we left my room, we noticed the dorks’ light was still on. So we decided to peep in and see what they were doing.”

“And?” It was Donna doing the prodding this time.

“They had a pillow on their bed...and they had gotten one of your bras and put on it...and like...stuffed it with socks I guess and they had put a pair of your granny panties on it too...and

they were both standing there naked, looking at it and just jerking off to it.”

Donna felt light headed. She wanted to say something but didn't what...or even *if*...

“Are you okay...you look weird?”

Donna looked at her daughter and tried to answer, but nothing came out of her mouth but air.

“Well anyway, we watched them and--”

“DID THEY JERK OFF ON MY UNDERWEAR?!” Donna blurted suddenly without restraint. The loudness of her voice startling Jill and herself both.

“Umm...yeah...mostly the bra,” Jill replied.

Donna looked down and pulled the top of her robe open and stared down at her breasts, or at least the upper section that was exposed.

“They were jerking off on my bra...the same bra that I wear,” and then she realized something else and looked up at her daughter. “The same *bra you're wearing* right now?”

“Well I don't know...it was *a* bra...all yours look the same,” Jill shot back.

How many times had she gone and dug one out of the hamper and put it on? How many times had she been walking around wearing her sons' jizz on her tits? How many pairs of her panties were crusty with their cum? Had she ever worn any that hadn't been washed? Part of her wanted to lean over and vomit. But then part of her remembered her sick little fantasy from earlier in the day, when she'd imagined them barging in and gang-banging her on her bed. Should she be horrified or horny? The jury was still out for the moment on it. It was one thing to fantasize about sick shit...and another thing all together to realize it was actually going on.

“Mom...Mom, I don’t think they’re doing it to...y’know I mean they don’t call it ‘Mom’ or nothing, y’know...I think they just use your underwear to make themselves a pillow woman,” Jill tried to explain when she realized her mother looked like she might slide off the stairs and melt into a puddle.

She was probably right. They saw the underwear as elements of womanhood and not necessarily their actual mother. They could have had plenty of photos of her if they were jerking off to her, right? Nah, they were probably just being dorks, like she said. The idea made her feel a little less nauseous, so she went with it.

“Okay...okay, weird...very weird...but tell me the rest.” And she knew there was more...somehow or the other. She just hoped she could handle it.

“Well, they’re not big like Joel, okay...but they’re...well me and Rachel kind of liked watching them.”

Donna stared at her daughter with a look of awe.

“Are you telling me you got off on it, Jill?”

The girl wouldn’t answer, but her face turned bright red again and she averted her eyes once more, refusing to look her mother in the face.

“So for the last month...you been spying on them?”

“I told you that you were gonna kill me,” she sighed and rolled her eyes. “I told you it was bad.”

“Well watching your gay ass brothers jerk off isn’t as bad as what I did with Joel today...so no, it’s still not death worthy, sorry,” she proclaimed, shaking her head. “Unless there’s still more to it than that?” She looked up and glared for a moment at her daughter. “There is ain’t there?”

“I’ve been...walking to the shower naked early in the mornings. They always have their door open...and I just pretend

like I don't notice...and...I leave my underwear in there...I mean in the bathroom, y'know."

"Hoping you'd find out they were using your clothes for spank fodder, I'm guessing?" Donna added with a peculiar expression on her face. "So have they?"

"Not yet," she answered and sounded almost hurt by the fact.

"Oh good grief, Jill...are you so neglected that you want your own dirty little brothers to hound dog you?"

"I would be happy with *any* man hounding me...I'm fourteen and I've never even had a boyfriend...not one...nothing...zero, zilch, nada!" She sighed heavily and then looked down at her huge warbling fake hooters. With both hands she reached up and jostled them. "Maybe if I had titanic tots, I wouldn't be so desperate!"

"Oh c'mon...you're not old enough to be that desperate, Jill. You're just craving attention and it's normal I guess. Okay maybe donating your panties to your perverted little brothers is a little out there, I gotta admit, but...but..." and at that point she realized she didn't really have a leg to stand on herself considering she'd boned Joel not six hours ago. Sighing, she continued, "but I gotta still say that it's no worse than what I did today."

They were both pretty damned lame and pretty damned desperate it seemed. Could she really be as pathetic as her teenage daughter? The answer was not only yes, but quite frankly it was worse. At least her daughter just wanted male attention. Her...well she was a dirty slut with a size queen complex apparently...and she cheated on her husband. Sure her daughter was playing tease with her own brothers, but she hadn't actually done anything with anybody and that was far more than she could say about herself.

"I have a question...and you keep this to yourself, got it, but I gotta ask something and you better not laugh at me," Donna finally said with an air of threat to her voice.

"Uh-ohh," Jill mumbled. "What?"

"The boys...umm...you said you and Rachel really...y'know...well you enjoyed the show, I guess," her mother began. "But why exactly was that? And don't feed me a line of shit. Are they...y'know...packing big guns or what? I mean I'm wondering if I'm gonna have double Joels on my hands here in a few years."

"Oh really?" Jill said with a shit eating grin. "Nephews aren't making the cut for you?"

"HEY!! THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT!" she blasted at her, but then realized it had sort of sounded bad considering what Jill already knew about her and Joel. "You know what I'm saying!"

"Well how big is normal?"

"About five to six inches long, I guess," she replied.

"Well they're about that probably," Jill asserted.

"They're twelve," Donna blurted without thinking about it.

"Oh...so...does that mean they'll get bigger?"

Donna looked disturbed.

"I don't know...maybe."

Standing up, she intended to go up the stairs and back to bed finally, but as before, her daughter said something that stopped her.

"So you not gonna tell me to leave them alone?"

Donna stopped dead in her tracks and turned to look at her daughter, not for the first time.

"Would you even if I did?"

Jill didn't answer, but just stared at her blankly as if she still expected her mother to tell her something. And that was the

problem. At this point she'd lost all credibility as the girl's mother, so telling her anything was just stupid in her mind.

"Leave Joel alone...he doesn't apparently take no for an answer and I don't want to have to kill him." She turned and walked half way up the stairs before she stopped again and added, "I'm not gonna tell you not to. Just don't let it go too far, if you know what I'm saying. I don't wanna walk in and find you on the bed with a pillow over your face and nasty sheets, got it?"

Jill didn't respond, but she knew she'd heard her. The fact that she didn't answer her made her a bit paranoid. Was her daughter thinking about gang-banging the twins? Not that she had any room to talk. And especially now that she knew they were actually as big as Paul. She had her doubts though, and figured Jill was probably exaggerating or didn't know her sizes by sight.

Deep in the recesses of her mind, she thought about finding out for herself, but seeing limp dicks was not necessarily an indication of how big they'd be hard. So the only way that was going to happen was for her to catch them jerking off...or...she could just do something that would make them pop wood.

As she shut the door to the basement and stepped across the darkened living room towards the main stairs, she recalled how Jill had told her about the boys using her bra and panties to make themselves a sex doll. That had to be one of the gayest things she'd ever heard of. No doubt a guy thing. She'd seen plenty of sex dolls for sell on the internet over the years, so it didn't surprise her much that they'd made themselves something like that. And Jill was probably right about them only using her undergarments as tools and not necessarily recreating their mother with them. But she wondered if seeing her in said underwear would tee them off or not. She figured it damned

well might, and as she mounted the stairs to the second floor, she began to formulate a plan to find out.

The webmaster watched with enthusiasm as the mother and daughter discussed the first's sexual foray.

"Leaving out a few details aren't we?" The webmaster grunted in satisfaction at well contrived wit and rolled back away from the main monitor, spinning, to face another computer console entirely.

"One day and they're moving too fast...this sucks. It's like a greased machine...one drop of lube and zoom!"

Another monitor screen lit up and it was the face of Doctor Bushe on it. A gangly looking man who one would never have imagined as a doctor of anything had they not been shown his multitude of degrees.

"I have gotten the materials you requested, but I need to work out a way to deliver them and a dosage that's reasonable."

"Excellent, Doctor," the webmaster replied. "I have a new question for you though. Can you create something that makes a person fat...rather rapidly, say within a few weeks time?"

"Fat?"

"That's what I asked, Doctor."

"Again, I'm guessing I don't wanna know, right?"

"Probably not, no."

"Yeah...dicking around with metabolism is easy enough. Leptin controls the appetite and fat production...any number of drug combinations can increase appetite and suppress it. I'm assuming you want the subject to gain all over?"

"That's a good question, actually...my customer did not specify exactly. Hold on and I'll get her on the line."

Moments ticked by and finally another screen lit up with the face of the unidentified older woman from earlier in the evening. She was haggard and looked as if she'd been woken from sleep.

"What the fuck do you want at this fucking hour, freak?"

"I have my associate on the line and we're discussing how to fatten up your favorite and I need to know if you want her fat all over or what, exactly?"

"What?"

"Fat all over or like a specific body part or parts?"

"Huh...can he do that?"

Turning to the other screen, the webmaster asked, "Can you?" to Doctor Bushe.

Well abdominal fat is a certain type of fat, not the same as the subcutaneous fat that covers the body. Abdominal fat is behind the stomach muscle and is comprised of a very special type of adipose tissue. It is the first to generally be utilized by the body and so it's also usually the first to be generated. However, in women, that's not the case. Women tend to gain in the thighs, legs and ass pretty much. Only after menopause do they generally shift to fat in the gut. Men...fat in the torso throughout life mostly. Exceptions apply on all fronts of course."

"Doctor...can you make a person gain in certain body zones or fucking not? I didn't want a fucking lecture."

"Possibly, but it would have to be an injection directly into the zone...very hard to deliver without their knowledge."

Turning back to the woman, "Was there some zone in particular you wanted, or just generally fat as a fritter?"

"I don't know," the woman answered.

"I'm sending you some new feed...watch it."

"Holee shit...are you kidding me?" the woman laughed.

"No, that happened about fifteen minutes ago, actually," the webmaster replied.

"Oh, too rich...okay, ask your associate if he can make her fat without her boobs getting bigger...wouldn't that be the ultimate punch in her snotty little face?"

"Can you fatten a girl without increasing her breast size, Doctor?"

"A girl?"

"You heard me...is there a problem with that?"

Bushe sighed and looked off monitor for a moment then glared back into it. "Is she going to be harmed in any way?"

"No, Doctor...merely playing with people for amusement, you have my absolute word no of your subjects will be harmed in any manner."

"How old?"

"Fourteen I believe."

"Does she have tits now?"

"Not really, no," the webmaster answered.

"If it's rapid, then yeah...but over long term, the body will do what it wants and breasts are a general receptor zone for adipose storage. Excessively rapid gains though will probably hang more to the lower torso, but I can't guarantee that."

"Did you hear that?"

The older woman smiled. "Indeed I did...splendid. Do it."

"Before you go, what do you think of the mother's tits getting even bigger?"

"Are you serious? She's got fucking watermelons as it is?" The woman looked taken aback.

"Well it would certainly humiliate the girl further and make the boys even more randy. And I heard her mention she had trouble finding brassieres that fit already...so anything more adventurous might result in her having to either wear no bra at

all or one that is too small. Either way, upping the ante, so to speak.”

The woman seemed to think it over some for a moment before responding. “It sounds interesting. But the girl is my primary focus.”

“Thank you...have a good night then,” and the webmaster disconnected her feed.

Back to Bushe:

“Can you make a woman’s tits bigger?”

“Very difficult question. As you know I was working--”

“No lectures, Doctor...straight answer please!”

“Is she fat?”

“Plump...about five foot three maybe...pretty short and maybe about 180 I think. She has E-cup tits already though.”

“She’s had kids I take it?”

“Three.”

“I’d classify her as a breast gainer then. Some women are genetically predispositioned to gain adipose in their breasts. All women do it after pregnancy, but some, like the one you’re talking about, gains excessively. It’s usually referred to as a form of macromastia. It’s usually easy for these women to get even bigger, so yes, we can probably do that.”

The webmaster smiled but Bushe couldn’t see it.

“Would it be possible for her to lactate?”

“Well if you want to induce lactation, the breasts will enlarge on their own. Artificial source of progesterone will cause that, but delivering on a regular basis without the subject’s knowledge will be difficult.”

“Work on this for me...a combination lactation and enlargement through fattening for the tit queen. I want it to go as fast as we can with it. Something to fatten the girl and also don’t forget about my schlongs.”

“What sick shit are you up to?”

“Money making kind, moron...mind your own business.”

“Adults are one thing but--”

“Shut up, Busheeeee,” the webmaster intentionally mispronounced the man’s name. “Unless you like begging on the street, shut the fuck up and do what I ask of you.”

“You will burn in hell one day.”

“Probably,” the webmaster admitted. “But I’ll have fun till then.” Before clicking off the Doctor’s monitor, he added, “Get me the drugs within 48 hours. This thing is moving insanely fast and I can’t control it fully.”

“Go fuck yourself,” Bushe responded and turned the transmission off from his own side.

Three days had passed since Donna had called the base housing office about the power surge that had fried the plug in Ed and Al’s room. And it had also toasted their TV, of which she had not heard the end of it. They didn’t give a damn that a wiring short was obviously present that could start a fire or blow something else up...nope...they just wanted a new TV in their room and that was the extent of their concern over the matter.

Donna was a bit more concerned with it though. And it still struck her odd that the problem happened at the exact same moment her cell phone had rang a few nights before...which had led to her going downstairs and catching Jill playing boob queen in the basement.

The more she thought about it, the stranger it seemed. She really normally wouldn’t have given it much thought had that cell call not had any number to it. Calls didn’t just go through with nothing on them. They would have a number or at least

say no number available...but that call was non-existent. She was so paranoid about it that she'd called her cell provider and made them try to trace the call, but they came up with nothing. They claimed they didn't even have a record of a call at that time and offered no explanation as to the possible source of the call. The only thing they had suggested was that she possibly called herself accidentally or the phone was simply malfunctioning somehow, and she suspected the latter idea was just to get the chance to sell her a new fucking phone, which didn't pan out as they had hoped.

She wondered if maybe Paul had tried to call her from somewhere on a super-secret Navy phone or something and perhaps the call had gotten cut off. He had called her before, unexpectedly, in the middle of the night like that before and they'd had horrible connections. Once he had called her a few years earlier and she could have sworn she heard shooting in the background but he'd denied being in combat at the time.

It worried her.

And especially considering what she'd been doing earlier that day, the mysterious phone call left her feeling very guilty. So guilty in fact, that she'd avoided even speaking to Joel at all for several days. She hadn't even looked at him. She couldn't get him out of the house...she was stuck with him. But she couldn't bring herself to be anything more than present. She couldn't act like nothing happened and she certainly didn't feel like acknowledging that something had either. It was a mental and emotional quagmire.

The base housing guy had finally shown up about a half hour earlier and had spent the past twenty minutes bent over in the corner of the boy's room with his ass crack bared to her.

"So what's the deal?"

"Well the plug's fried...that's probably what blew the TV, or maybe the TV blew and got the plug...hard to say," the grimy and seedy looking maintenance man...his name was Carl, she thought...said without turning around.

"Well I kind of figured that out for myself...and I'm guessing that's what caused the breaker to trip, right?"

"Yep," he agreed. "But that's not the real problem here."

"Huh?"

"Well I can replace the plug, but these houses were constructed in the sixties and most of the wall wiring is just going to shit at this point...it's old...and honestly it's not up to standard or code."

"So okay...what are you saying?"

The man finally stood up and turned around to face her.

"I really can't write this off...I'm gonna have to report it. My company just took over the housing maintenance contract a few days ago and we were told to report any substandard or non-code construction."

"Well it's not like it's my fault it's not up to code," she muttered with an air of slight hostility.

"Well no, I'm not saying that at all, I'm just saying that the housing management people are going to have to relocate you and your family to a newer dwelling. You can't reside in this house. I mean if a fire occurs and it's caused by the old wiring, then we'd be liable legally, so you and your kids are just gonna have to be prepared to pack up and go."

"GO?!" she blurted in disbelief. "Go fucking where?"

"Oh they'll assign you a new house...don't freak out. I think they have some new ones under construction over on the North side of the base...bout three or four miles from here."

"Oh," she added and then thought about it for a second. "A newer house?"

“Yes m’am...terrible thing huh?” He smiled and started picking up his tools.

The woman opened the door and Donna stepped inside.

“Holee crap...it smells like brand new carpet in here?”

“That’s because it is new carpet...this house was just completely renovated from top to bottom. The new maintenance company came in about two days ago and just assaulted this one house. I swear they have worked around the clock on it. It was like watching one of those TV shows where they redo a whole house in like...hours, y’know?”

“And it’s ours...I mean to live in...we’re not gonna have to move back to the other one when they’re done, right?”

“No...you’ll stay here unless there’s some kind of problem with it. And I’m not showing your old house on the schedule for work until October anyway.” The housing agent flipped through her clipboard for a few more seconds and then added, “Oh...um, you have only three children, right? You listed four...is that an error?”

“No, my nephew is staying with us temporarily.”

“Well this house is only a three bedroom, so are you okay with that?”

By that point they had walked into the kitchen and it had all brand new appliances in it and brand new countertops and cabinets...and it freaking smelled like a lumber yard.

Donna inhaled deeply and grinned.

“It could have just one bedroom and I’d take it!”

“Well, I need you to sign here and here...and here,” she added pulling up a third piece of paper from the clipboard. “Also this house is slightly smaller than your other one. Some of

the modifications have reduced the square footage of living space, so I hope you aren't going to be cramped. I'm showing that this is pretty much the only house we've got available right now with three bedrooms though."

"No, no, it's fine...really...it's great...fantastic," she nervously muttered as she signed her name the third time.

"Well here's the keys...you'll have two days to get moved out of the other house and I'll need the keys from it."

"No problem...I'll drop them off soon as we get everything moved out."

How had she lucked out like this? The house wasn't new, but on the inside it was practically new. In all the years she'd been married to Paul, they'd never gotten a new house before, not even one that had been less than twenty years old. So to get one that was at least renovated was an absolute treat. She wished Paul would call so she could tell him about it.

The agent was gone now and she was alone in the new house. She walked into the living room...and indeed it was smaller than the other house, but it had a fireplace and that was totally sweet.

Upstairs, she marveled at the narrowness of the hallway. It was so cramped she doubted two people could pass without having to turn sideways.

"Damn...what the fuck," she complained as she made her way to the door of a bedroom and opened it. "Holee crap, it's tiny," she groaned, starting to wonder if maybe she shouldn't have jumped on the house so quickly. Not that she really had much of a choice in the matter. Oh well, she could get bunkbeds for the boys...and that would solve the space problem.

Before shutting the door, she noticed the whole back wall was one long mirror. Approaching it, she noticed it was literally

framed into the wall and not just hanging like most mirrors. It seemed strange to her somehow, but she wasn't sure why.

Moments later, she noticed the master bedroom and the other bedroom had similar built in wall mirrors and both bathrooms as well. They appeared to be framed and hung, but they were attached to the wall solidly and could not be moved.

"It's mirrors, Donna...quit being weird," she told herself as she ran her fingers across the one in the master bathroom. *At least they won't fall off the fucking wall, right?*

Going back downstairs, she noticed a smaller mirror built in to the back wall of the living room, and in the kitchen...sure enough, she found one on the back side of the same wall as the one in the living room.

"Well at least they're not two way mirrors," she said aloud, sighing with a tiny bit of relief. Standing in the doorway between the kitchen and living room, she gauged the thickness of the wall that separated the two mirrors. It seemed a bit thicker than most walls, but maybe she was just being weird.

Giving up the curiosity of the mirrors, she ventured on into the kitchen and discovered a small back room off to the rear of it that housed the washer and dryer hookups and the back door exit for the home.

"No basement...just great...I'm gonna have to rent a fucking storage building," she grumbled out loud as she unlocked the back door and opened it, revealing a large backyard that was fenced in with a six foot privacy fence...and to her delight...what looked like a large storage shed. "Well fuck that...hello!"

The backyard was amazing and the houses to either side of hers were one story, so no one could see over into her backyard at all. Complete privacy!

“Hell, I could run naked back here and nobody would be the fucking wiser!” she noted out loud as she approached the storage building.

It was built like a miniature barn, complete with windows and barn style door. When she opened it, she found it to be quite spacious and much larger than her basement in the old house. In fact, it was about twice the size.

The only thing that disturbed her, was that it appeared to have a lot of attic space from looking at it outside, but on the inside, she could find absolutely no entrance to a crawl space in the ceiling. It bugged her somewhat, but like the mirrors, she couldn't explain why.

She walked back outside and latched the double doors back and that's when she realized there was a small window in the arch of the building's roof. An attic window...but no attic. It was really weird to her.

She backed up and tried to see through the window, but it seemed dark and maybe even tinted.

“Hrmph!” she grunted and eyed the window with suspicion. “Fuck...king...weird!” For some reason the window seemed ominous to her...like the window of a haunted house.

“It's an out-building, Donna...quit being stupid,” she told herself. “Probably just there for looks or ventilation or something...who knows?”

Two days later, she was alone in the new house, still trying to set things up. The twins, Ed and Al, were in the backyard playing something noisy and dangerous, no doubt...and Jill was downstairs setting up the kitchen.

So she was by herself in the boys' room, trying to assemble a new bunk-bed with only half the tools she needed probably...

when Joel walked in and sat down on the floor across the room from her.

He was wearing just a t-shirt and a rather snug pair of thin shorts which seemed to accentuate his crotch toys a bit more than she liked, especially after he sat down. He leaned back against the wall where the door was, and then pulled his knees up and spread his thighs. His sack of goodies look like it was about to explode through the confining fabric of his shorts...and she knew he was doing it on purpose.

The boy had kept to himself for almost a week now. Not more than ten words had been uttered between them in that time, or so it seemed. And he'd made no show of things or made any mention of their foray. For a while, she had begun to think that he was just going to pretend it never happened.

But now, it was obvious that he wasn't.

"Well thanks for the show, but I'm kind of busy," she remarked as she continued to tighten a bolt on the bed frame. "If you wanna screw something, how about you get a driver and come work on this fucking bed for me."

"Well soon as you get it put together, I guess we can," he retorted with a dirty little smirk.

She stopped and looked up at him.

"Ha, ha...very funny." She glared at him and returned her attention to her disobedient bolt. She continued to watch him out of the corner of her eye though. Or at least she watched his bulge!

Ever so slowly, the boy moved his right hand down to his shorts leg...and then fished his fingers up in the edge of it, then tugged and jiggled his dick out. It flopped out and hung nearly to the floor beneath him. It was already getting hard.

He knew she was watching and she knew that he knew. There was really no reason to pretend she didn't notice his ridiculously over-sized cock hanging out.

Looking up and over at him directly, she sneered and then lowered her gaze to his dick. "Better let the boys out or they're gonna pop in those tight ass shorts."

"Really?" He looked somewhat excited. "I kind of thought maybe you were pissed off at me."

"For what...making me cum too much?"

"I think it was me that came too much," he countered with a smile.

"I see mister man there has finally gotten back to normal size...or what passes for normal," she asserted, smiling herself.

By that point, his dick was three quarters erect and he was fishing his balls out the other shorts leg. To her utter shock, the balls popped out and draped down, settling flat on the floor between his thighs. She had seen them before...knew how big they were, but it just didn't seem right that they hung down far enough to literally just sit on the floor by themselves.

Something else she noticed, was that his balls weren't hairy. He'd apparently shaved his shit completely. Maybe that's what made them look so much bigger than what she recalled.

"You know we can't do anything right now," she commented off-handedly as she returned to tightening her bolt.

"Maybe *you* can't," he countered as he started to jerk off his fully erect cock. "But I can!"

"You better listen for Jill coming up those stairs...I will fucking kill you if she walks in and sees you!" she threatened him with a deadly look in her eye.

"Well it's not like she doesn't know," he argued. "She already caught us the first time, practically, anyway!"

"Yeah, well...I'm pretending it was a one time thing...and she's not ratting me out to your Uncle Paul...so like I fucking said, asshole...you better listen for her if you gonna sit there by the door like that."

"Y'know it would go faster if I had something to look at," he asserted and leaned back against the wall a little further, pointing his dick towards her as he continued to pump on it.

"You are so nasty," she remarked as she twisted on the floor so that she was facing him, and then leaned over so the top of her own v-neck t-shirt would open up and reveal her tits within.

"Oh c'mon...I can see that anywhere! Show me the goodies!" he nagged her.

Sighing, but by this point also getting into it...she pulled up the tail of her shirt and then sat back upright. Hands moving with precision, she fished her fingers under the metal support in the bottom of her bra and then jerked it up and over her mammoth titties, letting them flop out from under her raised shirt tail.

"That what you wanted to see?"

"Holee shit...you realize they sit in your lap?" he asked her, and motioned to them with a nod of his head.

Looking down, she realized, as she sat cross-legged, her tits did indeed, sit atop her thighs. She leaned back and they lifted up...then she slumped forward again and they drooped back to her legs once ore.

Damn, I really don't remember them doing that before. It felt weird to feel them sitting atop her bare thighs like that. Great, just great...they're getting saggier by the fucking day! Fan-fuck-ing-tastic, that is!

She glanced up and over at Joel who look like he was about to shoot his load off at any minute.

Wow...not that he apparently minds! She began to twist side to side, and her nipples dragged across the tops of her upper legs and it stimulated them. *Oh man...I might not mind it so bad myself!*

"Oh crap," he muttered, and she realized he was about to shoot off.

"Don't you dare do it on the carpet...that's brand new carpet you asshole!" she warned him with a dire tone to her voice.

"It's cumming...oh man," he muttered with an exasperated sound to her voice and she knew he was already too far gone to even stop and stifle the eruption.

Frantic, she looked around her and saw nothing...nothing...but her shirt...and with hectic and furious efforts, she peeled out of it and threw it directly at his crotch.

He looked at her, astonished that she'd suddenly pulled off her shirt and thrown it at him.

"Cum in it moron!" she barked at him a bit louder than she probably should have.

With his free hand, he moved the shirt into position in front of his dick and almost immediately exploded into it. Thick and goopy gobs of semen erupted into the fabric while he panted and grunted like a dog in heat...his eyes never leaving her exposed breasts.

"You better now?" she asked when it appeared he was finally done with his floor show.

"Much...thanks," he sighed and tried to move the shirt, but it was soaked and soggy with his ejaculation. "You...uhh...want this back or what?"

"No...no I'll pass...but you can take it down and put in the washer if you please...and while you're there...I've got another

t-shirt in the dryer...pink one...bring it back to me if you don't mind."

As she sat there with nothing on but a pair of tight shorts herself...and a bra that had no tits in it, she realized it felt sort of liberating. She used to not ever wear bras in the house till Joel moved in a few weeks before, and it was getting awfully tiring to not be able to let her ladies swing free.

She fished her arms out of the straps and threw it at him.

"Take that with you too," she chirped as she went back to tightening her bed bolt completely topless.

Joel was standing up now, trying to fold the shirt up to prevent any leakage when the flying bra smacked him in the chest and caught on his left arm.

"Ohhhh-kaaay," he said, dragging the word out for emphasis. "What's up with this?"

She looked up at him and sneered.

"I'm tired of wearing it in my own fucking house...not that I imagine you got a problem with it, huh?"

"No...no sir...no m'am...nay, I do certainly not," he replied with a grin stretching from ear to ear.

He watched her for a few seconds as she twisted on her socket wrench...crank, crank, crank...each time her gigantic jugs jiggling and jostling.

Oh fuck...if she'd just walk around topless all the time, he thought to himself as he turned to leave.

"Er-hrm," she cleared her throat to get his attention. "You gonna put your shit up or what?"

Looking down, he realized he hadn't pulled his dick and balls back up into his shorts and they dangled separately out each of his tight shorts legs.

"Well I kinda got my hands full here," he said, as he motioned at his wad of gooey t-shirt that was nearly dripping down on his Aunt's precious new carpet.

"C'mere then...fuck," she blurted at him.

He walked towards her and when she put her hands on his balls, he nearly erupted again.

Oh fuck...oh fuck, she's playing with my balls again! He'd been dying to have her do that thing to him again...the thing where she stuck her finger up his ass and jerked him off. It had been weird the first time...unexpected and sort of wrong feeling, but in all honesty, he'd never cum like that in his life. It had been a total rush.

She pushed them up into his shorts leg and then he heard her grunt.

"You're not wearing underwear?"

"Well no...I didn't figure they'd help with what I was doing," he replied, knowing full well that he'd went sans-undies so his junk would be fully visible inside the undersized shorts he was wearing.

"You look gay in these things...what are they...like from your junior high gym class days?"

"Umm...actually I think they're Al's," he admitted.

"You're wearing my son's shorts?"

For a moment he thought she might be pissed, but then she just continued to tuck his nuts back up into the shorts. When they were finally seated, she put her hand on his dangling cock and once more he felt like he might cum.

Jerk on it...please, please, please just jerk me off!

He looked down at her just in time to see her lift it up and suck it into her mouth. She worked it with her tongue for a moment and then pulled it slowly back out.

Smiling, she said, "You had a little jizz still on it."

“Heh!” he chirped. He couldn’t say anything else, he was too stunned that she’d just put it in her mouth.

As she began to tuck it into his shorts leg, it kicked and began to bone up and by the time she got it inside, the tip of it burrowed out the top of the waistband.

“Well that didn’t work too good,” she admitted with a humorous lilt to her voice. “Alright...am-scray...unless you want to build a bed, asshole.”

“You want me to go downstairs like this?” he asked, astonished that she was banishing him in his current state, knowing Jill was down in the kitchen.

“I’m not doing anything with the wild ones home...so forget about it,” she replied.

“No, I mean...I’m hard...hello? Jill’s in the kitchen.”

“Well then make sure it goes down before *you* go down there,” she asserted. “Of course it’s not like she hasn’t seen your equipment already.”

“I’ll go get some better pants,” he suggested as he turned to head for the door, dick still sticking up out of his shorts.

“Just go...damn...I ain’t waiting for you to sort outfits while I’m in here topless...the boys are liable to come raging up here at any minute and bust in on me...I mean this *is* their room, y’know.”

“Okay, okay...I’m going,” he muttered, and luckily he felt his dick slithering back down into his shorts as he stepped out into the hallway.

His aunt’s argument seemed sound, but he also wondered if she didn’t *want* Jill to see him. Could she be flaunting him? His mother did that a lot. “See what I got,” seemed to be the point they liked to make with other women. So he supposed it wouldn’t be out of the question that his aunt could have ulterior motives behind sending him downstairs.

As he walked down the stairs, each step seemed to jostle his gentlemen a little...and with each step more, they eased a little closer to dropping out the leg hole once more. With two hands full of semen filled shirt though, it was difficult to do much about the matter.

By the time he'd reached the bottom of the stairs, they were down the leg...but luckily the shorts were long enough to conceal them. He did feel a light breeze along the bottom of his sack though, so he knew they were likely, at least, partially visible. But that wasn't the worst. About the third step from the bottom, his dick had shifted and also dropped out the shorts leg on the opposite side. He'd stretched out the leg upstairs and it wasn't doing crap for support. And his limp cock dangled at least six or seven inches. It wasn't always that long limp, but having just jerked off, it was hanging heavy...and the shorts were a joke of a cover for that.

Fuck it...she wants to show me off...well whatever, I'm cool with it, he thought to himself as he sauntered across the living room and into the kitchen.

The girl was standing at the drawers next to the stove, sorting silverware and placing it into the top one. She didn't even appear to notice him as he waltzed past her.

He didn't much care for Jill. She was as scrawny as he was and she didn't have shit for tits...not even good size mosquito bites, as they said. And she always treated him like he was a bother of some sort...a burden in her house. She didn't care much for him and it was more than apparent. So the fact that she didn't notice his dangling dick didn't really upset him too much.

Jill placed another couple of forks into the drawer while doing her best not to look directly at Joel as he walked past her, but it was hard to keep her eyes off his swinging cock. It was just hanging down and out of his shorts leg...and it looked like, but she wasn't sure...that his ball sack was dangling out the other side.

Total freak show, she thought to herself. Those can't be his shorts...must be Ed or Al's...they're tight enough to---gross, he's not wearing underwear...nasty! She imagined he was probably grinding his funky butt crack into the backs of the shorts, not that it would be much worse than Ed or Al. She done enough laundry to know what sorts of things boys left in their pants.

Whatever! He's sure got some balls walking around with it hanging out like that in front of me...Mom's gonna beat him if she finds out he's trying to mess with me! Then she snickered at the fact that she'd thought the phrase "got some balls." Indeed, the boy had balls...big, fat ones, in fact...that apparently her mother had took a turn with.

Just then she realized that he'd been carrying a wadded up shirt...the same shirt that her mother had been wearing earlier. Turning to look at him as he stepped into the backroom where the washer and dryer were at, she noticed he had a bra slung over his shoulder as well...her mother's brassiere!

Well what the fuck?!

"Hey douchebag...you doing laundry today or what?"

He stopped dead in his tracks and turned around to face her, a smirk on his face. Obviously he'd been trying to get her attention and was happy to know he'd gotten it finally.

"Saw it when you first came in...and still not impressed," she asserted before he could say anything snarky of his own. "I am curious as to why you're packing around my momma's shirt and bra though."

He smirked and let the shirt un-wad. He popped it open and held it up...his jizz oozing off the bottom of it onto the linoleum tile beneath him.

"It sort of got messy," he said with an air of contention, as if he was wanting to provoke a response out of her.

"You...are...disgusting," she replied in slow motion. She screwed up her face in revulsion, but her eyes remained looking at the nasty shirt, watching as it continued to drip cum onto the floor. And then they slowly lowered to the dangling appendage that hung out of his shorts leg.

"Well?" he asked, as if he was expecting some comment from her.

"You're gross...and I'm not cleaning that up, asshole," she added and pointed at the floor. "And you better stop messing with me or I'm gonna tell Dad when he calls."

Having heard that threat, the boy quickly stepped into the backroom and tossed the shirt and bra into the washer. When he stepped back out into the kitchen, his dick and balls were tucked away and he had some cleaning wipes in hand to mop up the floor with.

Jill realized suddenly that she might have the upper hand and decided to push it a bit further.

"I know what you did...or *DO* with Mom...and that's her thing...whatever...but I'm not into you or your stupid, oversized equipment, asshole...so I don't wanna see it, get it?"

He looked up and nodded, eyes bulging, the size of saucers.

"I don't have to tell on Mom, to tell on you...get it?" she prodded him just a bit further.

"I got it," he said, acknowledging her threat.

About that moment, the twins burst in like a sudden hurricane and swept past Joel and rambled out of control into

the living room and then were practically heading up the stairs before anyone could say anything.

“Shit!” Joel blurted, a horrified look on his face.

“What?” Jill asked, bewildered by his expression. But then it hit her what was up. “Oh shit...did you leave Mom up there with no shirt on?”

Angry, she pushed him out of her way and barged into the laundry room, rifled through the dryer and produced a t-shirt and then took off in a break-neck run for the stairs.

“How’s the audio feed...did the crackle stop?” The question came from the face of a geeky looking fellow who appeared to the left of the webmaster on one of the many monitors that filled the room.

“Yeah, yeah...it’s good...fabulous in fact. I had to turn down the sensitivity some...I was picking up voices through walls and get echoes, but it’s good now.”

“Cameras working fine?”

“The one in the wall between the kitchen and living room is a little slow...hard to follow them from one room to the other, but I set cam-A to the kitchen and cam-B to the living room. It’s just easier to switch camera feeds than to wait for the motor to turn one.”

“Got anything good yet?” the geek asked.

“In progress...now shut up and get lost...I’m working here,” the webmaster ordered, turning attention to the upstairs monitor that depicted the inside of the boys’ room.

Donna had finally gotten the bed frame's bolt in place, finishing the bottom section. The top was gonna be a nightmare and she knew it.

"Take a break," she told herself as she stood up. Getting off the floor felt good. Her legs had been cramped for a while.

"What the fuck went with Joel," she wondered, realizing she was still topless. The weight and movement of her breasts had reminded her of the fact when she climbed up from the carpet.

That asshole soooooo better not have took off and left me in here with no fucking shirt, dammit! She walked across the room in a few steps and fully intended to step out into the hall and just cross over to her own room and get herself a shirt. It should have been a simple thing, but as she reached for the doorknob, the door jerked open and Al barged in, running smack into her, his head burying up in her monstrous tits, both of them flailing back and falling to the floor, him on top of her.

He floundered for several seconds and then managed to roll off of her and then get up, leaving her still on the floor.

"Holee crap, are you alright, Mom?" Ed asked, standing in the doorway. "Dang, moron...you almost killed Mom!" he added and punched his brother in the right arm.

"She run into me too," he argued, rubbing his arm.

She didn't know what to do. She was just lying there on her back on the floor, topless...and wheezing. *Do they not even notice that I have no shirt on?!*

She looked from one to the other...while both of them stared directly at her. Then she noticed bulges in both their shorts. Not excessive bulges, but definite bulges.

Suddenly she found the energy to propel herself up off the floor. Standing again, she wanted badly to bolt from the room, but both boys were standing directly in the door. Had she made

a break for it, she'd have had to pelt them with elbows and quite likely boobs in order to barge through them.

"Why are you--" Al was the one who finally mustered the courage to ask the unthinkable.

"Well you two sure don't mind looking do you?" she blurted a little more hostile than she felt was called for. "I got something on my shirt and...and--"

"Her, Mom!" it was Jill from the hall. She elbowed in through the door, knocking her brothers out of the way. She had a shirt in her hand and immediately passed it to her. "Get out ya' pervs!" she yelled at them, but they just started laughing. "Go!"

Donna turned her back to them and started to put the shirt on, but then as she ran her arms up into it, she realized it wasn't one of hers...but was one of Jill's. And what was baggy on her skinny daughter was not likely to be so on her. *Better than nothing*, she thought as she struggled to get it on. She pulled it down and then had to heft her tits up into like a sports bra. It had no chance in Hell of covering her belly though. *Great job, Jill...really!*

She turned around as Jill was shoving the boys out. They could still see in and both cackled as she slammed the door in their faces. Turning herself, she burst out laughing.

"Holee shit, Mom!"

"Well what the fuck...you brought me one of your shirts?" she blurted at her.

"I was in a hurry and moron was taking his time!" she replied, still laughing. "Sorry! I'll go get you another shirt from your room, hold on."

"No, fuck...Al done buried up in my titties...it ain't really worth hiding now," she said, sighing and fighting the embarrassment of the moment.

“What?”

“I was going out and they just blasted in and Al ran into me and knocked us both to the floor,” she explained. “And that’s not even the worst part.”

Jill’s laughter suddenly tapered and she developed a look of curiosity. “What?”

Donna stepped forward and leaned against the closed door to see if she could hear the assholes out in the hall. They were still hanging out in the narrow hallway laughing and punching one another.

Turning to face Jill, she whispered, “They both had boners!”

“OH GROSS!” Jill exclaimed and then started laughing again.

“I’m not kidding...I was lying there on the floor dying and I look up at them and they both got bulges in their fucking shorts!” she added with a look of mock horror on her face.

It had embarrassed her at the time, but now as she recounted the matter, it seemed to be a little more erotic to her...almost reminding her of her sick little fantasy she’d had about them for some time now.

It had started the day she fucked Joel, but ever since then, she’d been secretly thinking about them. It hadn’t helped when Jill had told her about her watching them jerking off and that their dicks were pretty decent sized. Ever since then, what had been a meager, though disturbingly twisted sex fantasy, had slowly developed into a dirty little obsession. With the chaos of the sudden house move, she’d forgotten about it, but now with the events of moments before still fresh, she realized the obsession had not abated any at all and was in fact, still nagging at her libido.

“What are you doing?” Jill asked, shocked by her mother opening the door.

“Fuck them little turds...it’s not like they apparently don’t enjoy the show,” she replied. “I’ll go get my own shirt, thank you.”

And with that said, she pulled the door open and strolled out into the narrow hall...a little extra bounce in her step, intentionally jostling her titanic tits within the tight t-shirt that bound them. She continued forth, barging right between the boys and then stepped into her own room, slamming the door behind her.

“C’mon...bedroom cam...pan you slow bitch,” the webmaster muttered, prodding the arrow key on the keyboard to make the hidden camera in Donna’s room pan to see the door to her room. “What the fuck are you up to?”

Inside her room, Donna slammed the door behind her and then collapsed back against it, finally letting the breath she held go free in a desperate and explosive whoosh.

OH SHIT, DONNA!! She couldn’t believe she’d done that. And her daughter was probably still in awe as much as the boys were. But it was exhilarating! She felt more alive than she had been years.

She cupped her titties with both hands through the restrictively tight t-shirt that she’d barely managed to put on. Her nipples were hard as rocks and not from being cold. She played with them for a few seconds and then began tweaking them and tugging on them. She was aroused and couldn’t deny it. She’d gotten off parading in front of her own sons and it was only made more electrifying by the fact that she knew it most likely made them both hard as rocks.

As if they weren't already, she thought to herself, remembering the bulges in their shorts as they gazed down at her topless form on the floor moments earlier.

Her hands were under the taut shirt now and her tits were hanging out the bottom of it. With a few moves, she had the shirt up and over her head and tossed it to the floor.

She wanted to masturbate so badly she could scream, but she knew if she remained in her room too long, her daughter would get suspicious...and the girl had seemingly come to grips with her messing around with Joel, but if she realized she was also aroused by the twins, it could easily freak her out.

Not that she's got much room to talk, considering her ass watches them beat off! She remembered her daughter confessing as much not too long ago in the basement of their old house.

In her closet, she found another shirt, one of her own, that was big enough to cover her decently, but she decided not to add a bra to her ensemble. In fact, she pulled her shorts up as high as she could tug them, so that her ass cheeks fully filled the rear of them. Glancing at herself in the mirror that lined the inner wall of her room, she realized she'd given herself a horrendous camel-toe as well, when she jerked the shorts up so high.

Well oh my, she thought to herself with a humorous aura about the matter. *Looks like mommy has got some junk in her trunk and under the hood!* It was about that moment that she decided her shirt selection was far too baggy for her liking. She took it off and raided her closet for something she hadn't worn in a long time...something older and most definitely tighter. She finally found an old white t-shirt and put it on. It snugged her like a rubber glove, conforming to the shape of her hanging

breasts and the fat roll that bulged over the top of her shorts band.

Okay, that's not so hot, she admitted to herself as she eyeballed the fat wave that overlapped the top of her shorts and protruded between her breasts. Normally a bra would hold her boobs forward and together, thus they formed a roof over the belly that kept it from being so noticeable. But, with no bra to restrain them, her jugs slid off to either side of her belly and the center part of her flab roll was more than obvious, competing with her breasts to see which could stick out further through the confining shirt fabric. The tits were still winning by a long distance, but the belly roll looked stupid to her sticking out as it did, between her boobs. It wouldn't have been so bad if the shorts hadn't been so tight. They sucked her lower belly in tightly and forced her gut up and over the top.

Well I suppose I can fucking fix that, she decided as she reached under the tail of the shirt and pulled down on her waist band and rolled it down several turns. Rolling down the top kept them hiked up high to preserve her ass and camel-toe while it also allowed her gut to pour out. When she was done, she pulled her shirt tail back down and stared at herself in the mirror. Turning to the side so she could view her own profile, she smirked and poked her belly out as far as she could.

"Good grief, I look pregnant," she whispered aloud as she played her hand over the front of her belly, her fingers caressing its girth through the constraining fabric that covered it.

She turned back to face the mirror and twisted side to side to see how bad her tits were going to jiggle and it was both horrifying and tantalizing at the same time. The white shirt was so old and worn thin that the brownish color of her nipples was practically visible through the fabric.

Oh fuck, I'm so horny! And why was she so damned horny? She felt almost drunk with sexual desire. Part of her wanted to go open her door and invite the whole family into her bedroom for a twisted orgy. Whatever was going on in her head, it was making her body feel incredible.

She walked over to the window and peered out at the backyard. It was getting late and dark.

She remembered once, as a girl, taking all her clothes off except for her shoes, sneaking out of her bedroom window, and running around in the night air naked. It had been exhilarating beyond all description. The sheer sexual electricity of being naked coupled with the fear of getting caught and the cold of the night air nipping at her body in places it never normally touched...had set her ablaze with sexual fire. That had been the first night she ever masturbated.

"Oh I'm doing it," she murmured to herself as she put her hand to the glass pane. "The backyard is gonna be my personal freak fest after it gets dark tonight."

Joel was sitting on the stairs, near the top, looking rather disturbed. He'd changed out of his tight shorts and was wearing a pair of super-baggy jogging pants now, and from the looks of it, had also donned a pair of underwear beneath them.

Other than him though, the upstairs appeared vacant when Donna emerged from her bedroom.

She'd pulled her hair back in a ponytail and had put on a new shirt, but it wasn't much bigger than Jill's...maybe a little longer, but definitely just as tight. Joel hadn't gotten to see her parade through the hall in the girl's mini-shirt, but he'd heard the brothers talking about it.

As she walked toward him, he stared openly at her torso. With every step she took, her E-cup breasts bustled within the restrictive confines of her overly tight t-shirt. But their two bulbous and shimmying shapes weren't the only thing bouncing within the garment. Her belly was hanging out. She'd apparently rolled the top of her shorts down and let it bulge out over the top of her waistband. And like with her tits, every step made it move...the tiniest of shifts in her body, causing it to quiver and jostle. It protruded so much that she almost could have passed for being pregnant, had her gut not bounced and quivered so much. Fat and round, it stuck out right between her tits.

He couldn't help himself. By the time she stepped passed him on the stairs, he had a raging erection and he wanted to pull her down onto him and fuck the living shit out of her. As she moved past him, he noticed her shorts had been jerked up higher than earlier, and the lower parts of her fat ass cheeks were visible.

What the hell was she doing? What happened to not doing anything in front of Jill or the boys? What the fuck had happened up here on the second floor? By the time he'd gotten upstairs, the boys were laughing and heading into their room and Jill just glared at him and stomped off back downstairs without so much as a word to him. Obviously something had changed and he wasn't sure what. All he knew was what little he'd heard the boys saying and all that consisted of was that their mother had been topless when they walked in on her in their room and that she had put on Jill's tiny shirt and strutted past them into her own room.

He'd felt like a douche for letting them get past him in the first place, knowing full well she was topless and stuck in their

room upstairs. Jill had made a run for it faster than he had, but apparently only armed with one of her own shirts.

He assumed she'd been terribly embarrassed and had probably locked herself away in her for the rest of the night, but he'd made a determination to sit there in the hall in order to apologize to her when she finally did decide to emerge. He'd never expected her to pop out less than fifteen minutes after he sat down though, and far less, did he expect her to come out wearing what she was wearing.

Was she doing this to tease him? When she stepped past him, she didn't even bother to glance down at him or even touch him. She acted like he wasn't even there and glided on down to the living room without ever even looking back at him.

She was dressed like that for a reason, and it could only be to tease...and if it wasn't her she was wanting to tease, then who was it?

Ed and Al?? Nooooo way! The concept of that was far to unacceptable to him. His aunt had only took up with him because he had a huge dick and they weren't related by anything but marriage. But Ed and Al were her literal sons!

The more he thought about it though, the more he realized it wasn't so far past believable. His own mother had been all too easily enthralled with him from a long time back...in fact, he'd been a lot younger than Edwin and Alvin.

He'd seen both naked and they weren't anything to get excited over, but maybe it wasn't so much about the dick with them...maybe it was the whole naughty mother thing.

Shocked, he decided to call it a night, and rather than follow her, he stood up and went into his and the boys' room and shut the door.

“Well that was odd...she just walked past him like he wasn’t even fucking there!” the webmaster noted out loud, switching from the overhead camera built into the light fixture above the stairs to the A-cam that was positioned in the wall between the kitchen and the living room.

“Damn she’s got a fat belly...look at that!” The camera control zoomed in and focused tightly on her jiggling fat gut as she walked towards the camera and the kitchen.

Donna had past Joel on the stairs and to her own consternation, had not been compelled to mess with him or even look at him for that matter. He ogled her from the second she emerged from her room and it turned her that he was obviously aroused by her appearance, but as she stepped past him on the stairs, she realized that what she’d told Jill a few nights back had been all too true: Joel was a living dildo...a toy.

She could take him or leave him. He would be good for actual fucking, but he wasn’t the thrill he had been a week earlier. Tonight she’d discovered a better thrill...definitely it was a sicker and more twisted kink, not to mention it was so much more nastier than what she did with Joel.

So she could turn on her disturbed nephew who had a thing for middle aged soccer moms. Whoopee, right? But to be able to turn your own sons on...well it made her feel super sexual, like the hottest piece of ass there was.

And to make it all worse, she couldn’t get the fantasy of them gang-banging her out of her head. When she had looked up at them and their woodies while she was lying there on the carpet...well that moment had just lodged in her mind. She imagined it more nasty though...perhaps with them naked and jerking off on her.

Oh fuck a gangbang, she rolled the idea around in her head, over and over. She'd never wanted more than one man before in her entire life. But now it was all she could think about. She wanted more than one dick doing more than one thing to her at one time. She wanted to be the pussy meat in a man sandwich ...or at least a boy sandwich. On a base full of soldiers, it wouldn't have been hard to find willing men to gang her, but somehow that didn't have the same spicy flavor to it that her fantasy about her sons did. She wanted to be the center of sexual attention...but in control as well. She wanted to dominate and direct their efforts and grown men wouldn't allow that.

As she thought about it though, maybe not being in control wouldn't be bad either. What if the boys tied her up and fucked her? What...what if Jill was in charge of it, telling them what to do and having them do it to her...while she fucked Joel? Oh, that tight ass pumping up and down on Joel's wicked fat cock, her pussy probably spread wide like an open purse!

FUCK! WHY AM I SO HORNY?!

She couldn't fathom what was causing her to be so wild and insatiable. She was starting to feel slightly out of control, like she might just do something crazy and not care about the consequences.

She could remember feeling like this once before in high school, nearly twenty years earlier. Her and a friend had gotten hold of some ecstasy and taken it. Thirty minutes in, she'd stripped down and was rubbing naked all over her female friend and they were eating out each other's pussies in a sixty-nine position. She didn't remember much after that, other than waking up with sticky residue all over her.

She and her friend, Melanie, had never spoken about it and just sort of drifted away from each other after that night.

Neither had been really lesbian nor had either been interested in the other sexually...but the drug had just set them afire with uncontrollable desire.

It had been her first and only time to use an illegal drug in her entire life. It had made her do things she didn't want. Or had it? Maybe it was just that the drug had *allowed* her to drop her inhibitions and do things that she thought about but never could bring herself to do. Or maybe the nasty shit just set her loins on fire and she couldn't control herself. Who knew?

As she jiggled past the mirror on the wall in the living room, she looked at herself and realized she was fat and old and had a pregnant looking pot-gut.

Man, I am sooooo NOT hot by any means, she realized, but she also knew what men found attractive wasn't always what women thought was all that. Joel found her hot...and apparently her boys did as well. And maybe, despite what Jill had said about them and their pillow babe...maybe, just maybe they *were* fantasizing it was her as they jacked off on it.

Maybe they need to quit wasting good cum on pillows, when Momma needs so much attention! The thought was dirty and vile but it made her so horny that she wanted to cream herself right there on the spot as she bopped on into the kitchen, her tits swinging and bouncing...her belly jiggling.

Subsequent chapters forthcoming!