

THE EYELAND PROJECT: FIRST CREW

By Otto Maddox

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Chapter 4

“Somehow I don’t think anyone is above the law...but there are obviously those who believe their power and finances afford them the luxury of avoiding it...at least until the price of protecting them begins to outweigh the benefits.”

- **O.Maddox 2012**

Julian Bauers sat quietly in front of his computer, staring intently at the cellular telephone that lay directly in front of his keyboard. He knew it was going to ring in precisely two minutes. His master was never late.

His master? It sounded retarded to even say it like that, but it was the truth. The man...or woman...all but owned his ass. And the master always referred to itself as “the Webmaster.” So for short, he’d just begun thinking of the person as his master in general...more of a puppet master, pulling his strings to make him dance.

The phone rang, its musical chirping almost startling him.
“Hello?”

“As if you don’t know who it is,” the robotic sounding voice stated with a far too casual tone. “Did you take care of it?”

“Yes, I got everything figured out I think...all the stuff is working for now,” Julian replied.

“So explain it to me...some of my customers will be curious as to how we’re pulling it off.”

“I’ve placed a distribution canister in the basement, attached to the plumbing...the in-line water feed for the entire house. All cold water throughout will deliver a small dosage of the sexual stimulant.”

“They’re not all drinking water from the tap...who does that anyway...takes like ass,” the webmaster all but barked.

“Relax...I told you I got it figured out,” he countered. “The mother uses tap water for her coffee...and she hits the shit non-stop all day long, from the time she gets up till the time she conks out for the night. She’s getting the biggest dose. However, Bushe’ says the drug can be absorbed in moderate amounts from contact, so the rest are picking up smaller doses every time they shower, and the way the boys jerk off constantly in the showers, they’re getting larger doses than the girl is.”

“Alright, that makes sense...and from the way the mother is acting, I sort of tend to think it’s working, but what about the other drugs, how the hell are you delivering them?”

“The mother takes vitamins...once a day. I swapped them out with a special set that I had laced with the lactation drug.”

“What if she figures that out?”

“Please, she’s apparently been taking them for years, the same brand...the likelihood of that is slim, and even if she does stop taking them, I can just swap something else out...put it in her coffee containers or something...lots of possibilities.”

“Just make sure you keep it away from the girl...it’s absolutely imperative that she not come into contact with anything that might make her tits bigger.”

“Yeah, I know...I am aware...I read my instructions,” Julian popped back, somewhat annoyed that he was constantly second guessed by his master. “The girl has been the problem all along. I had to figure out a way to get her drug to her without getting anyone else.”

“Well, I’m assuming you figured something out?”

“Yeah, I did. Bushe’ said she only had to get a single dose once every few weeks, so I followed the mother to the grocery store the other day and slagged one of her diet soda six packs. The girl is the only one who drinks them.”

“What if the mother gets it...or one of the boys? This could ruin the whole thing, man!”

“Relax...this is what I do man...I plan these things. I’ve been watching them...the boys are addicted to Mountain Dew. They’d rather drink their own spit than a diet soda...and the mother drinks the caffeine-free version. She only had one six pack of the diets for the girl. I snuck in last night while they were out and added extra packs of the Dew and the CF soda. No way they’ll run out of their own and drink one of hers. It’s all good...trust me. I also marked the soda bottle, so I can verify when she drinks it. There’s a small red ink stain on the white lid, just keep an eye out for it.”

“You better hope so, or it’s your fucking ass, man!”

“Aren’t you gonna ask how I got the penile growth drug in?”

“The Dew, I’m guessing?”

“I thought about it...but the older boy...well if he gets any bigger, there’s gonna be no help for his ass, so I had to figure out something specific for the twins.”

“I’m listening...”

“They got nothing personal...nothing individual about them, so I was kinda stumped. I followed them for a couple of days before the move to the new house, and still I had nothing.”

“I don’t need the build-up...just get to the fucking point, man...did you manage it or not?” the webmaster blurted with more than a bit of agitation.

“I doped their toothbrushes. It was about the best I could come up with. I’ll keep an eye on the house during the next week or so, now that they’re moved in and I’ll continue to keep routinely hitting their brushes, ‘least once a week. It’s not a great delivery system, but maybe it’ll work. Sorry...I just ran out of time and did the best I could.”

“Well Bushe’ says it works fast...I guess we’ll know soon enough, won’t we?”

“So does this mean I get to continue watching?”

“Yes...for now,” the webmaster replied. “Good work, I suppose.”

Silence hung between them for a few moments.

“Anything else for me?” Julian asked.

“Not now,” the robotic voice stated flatly. “I’ll call when I need something. Goodbye.”

Donna waltzed into the kitchen with a total swagger to her walk like a rooster working the yard. With each step, her chubby ass cheeks jiggled and bounced, the lower halves of them literally hanging out of her tight shorts...the same shorts she’d hiked up as high as she could get them and then rolled the top waistband down so her belly could spill over the top. The crotch was so high and tight that she could feel the seam of the zipper digging into her female fold in the front.

Camel-toe, anyone? Why was that so funny? She had no clue, but this whole charade seemed to be fucking hilarious to her. With each step, her titties did a little swaying dance within her t-shirt and she could feel the cool breeze on the skin of her lower gut as it hung out from under the shirt’s tail.

The moment she entered the kitchen, the boys’ eyes were on her and they remained glued to her as she crossed the room and strolled out the back door and into the yard. Neither uttered a word though.

Jill, of course, stared at her with gawking eyes of a different sort, and she knew the girl was disapproving of her actions. But that was just too fucking bad, ‘cause Momma run this house and when Paul was away, Momma did what the fuck she

pleased...and right now, what Momma wanted to do was walk around with her shit hanging out to see how many dicks she could make hard.

"What the fuck?" It was Al who broke the silence with his poorly improvised impression of a black man.

"Oh shut up, freak!" Jill blurted at him as she stormed into the laundry room and stared out the back door at her mother. It was getting dark...and what the hell was she doing out in the yard, especially dressed like that! Had she lost her fucking mind?

"Okay...what the fuck happened upstairs a while ago?" she demanded, as she turned and walked back into the kitchen.

"Nothing...we just went in our room and Mom was in there with no shirt on," it was Ed who explained. "Then you showed up and ran us out."

"Has she been acting weird lately?"

"Well she was topless in our room," Al commented. "That's pretty fucking weird."

"Yeah, I know...but like just now...she never dresses like that...so what the fuck is going on?" Disturbed, she slapped at her hair to knock it out of her face. "This is just too weird for me, I'm going upstairs."

"S'knock yer'self out," Ed said as he opened the fridge and reached for a soda.

"Gimme one of mine," she told him as she passed him and the refrigerator.

"Here," he quipped as he physically tossed her a bottle.

“Zoom in...camera 2,” the webmaster ordered, and the camera controls responded quickly, panning and then following the motion of Jill as she stepped out of the kitchen. “Now 3...faster!”

The scene switched views and the living room camera caught a close-up of the girl’s soda bottle. A bright red mark on the lid identified the soda as the one that was doped.

“Kudos, Julian...kudos for you,” the webmaster smiled with a vicious grin.

“And from the looks of the mother, she’s getting a bit *too* much of the sex drug. Gonna have to have him turn it down I think.” About that moment it occurred to the webmaster that she’d gone outside and had been forgotten about. “Switch view, outside camera 8...execute!”

The view switched to the backyard and Donna staring up at the small and odd window in the top of the shed building.

“Why would they put a window in the attic space of an out-building...so weird,” Donna muttered out loud as she stood and stared at the dark little window. It was a cute design, but somehow it seemed out of place. And none of the other military housing had out-buildings...especially nothing that was this fancy. Maybe the previous tenants had bought it and then had to move...and couldn’t afford to move the building as well and just had to leave it. That had to be it. It was the only possible explanation.

But if that was the case, then did they seal that attic space up themselves? Secretly she wondered if perhaps there was more to the building than what she saw. And what with all the weird mirrors in the house...the lack of a basement, even

though the adjacent houses all had basements and were almost of precise design as theirs?

Why was she so giddy and horny...so...so flamboyant all at once with her body? She remembered once more, her stint with ecstasy with her friend...how it had made her feel.

Oh shit...did somebody slip me something? She thought about it for several moments, but couldn't see at any point in the day when someone could have done that. She'd been home all day working on the furniture...no fast food, no nothing. Everything she'd eaten had been packaged and sealed.

Maybe I'm just going crazy, she thought. Maybe her relationship with Joel was making her a little nuts. Whatever it was, it was pushing her horny buttons. But was it really Joel? Or was it something more than that...maybe someone else?

She turned around and looked back at the house, and saw instantly that both her twin sons were gawking at her from the back door window. Their eyes and faces belied their fascination with her. They saw her looking...they knew she knew they were there and watching her...so utterly in awe, that they apparently didn't care that she knew they were watching.

Oh that makes my head hurt, she realized as she thought about what she'd just thought. *If I'm not on drugs I sure feel like I am...shit...I feel dazed and confused...and so fucking horny.*

Again, she realized how libidinous she was feeling. She wanted to just take her clothes off...roll naked on the grass or something.

Looking around, she realized the high fence would block anyone's view of her. Looking back at her own house, she realized the only backyard facing windows on the second floor came from her own room and the boys' room. The only other view of the backyard came from the window in the back door where her sons were perched like sexual vultures.

To her left was a small shrub that looked thirsty. Glancing over at the out-building, she noticed there was a water hose coiled on a hook on the left side of the door. Recalling every sexy scene she'd ever seen in a movie, she decided she was gonna play with the water hose.

This are'ta give'em something better to jerk to than a pillow, dammit, she thought to herself as she stepped toward the hose.

"Dude...what the fuck is she doing?" Ed questioned his brother as they both leaned against the back door and stared out into the yard at their mother.

"Well it's hot...maybe she just dressed like that to stay cool or something...fuck, I don't know man," Al replied.

"What was she doing topless in our room?"

"I'm telling you she's messing around with Joel," Al answered.

"Bullshit man...that's Mom...she ain't gonna cheat on Dad like that...especially not with long-dong silver up there."

"Well she wasn't in there waiting on us, now was she?" Al said and his brother knew he had a point...or did he?

"What the hell...is she watering that bush?" Ed looked perplexed as he watched her turning on the faucet on the side of the out-building and then dragging the hose over to some scraggly looking bush.

Playfully and poorly acted, she "accidentally" allowed her shirt to get sprayed with water. Her faux fighting with the hose was almost comical, far more so than sexy...but it was serving its purpose without a doubt.

"Dude...is she doing that on purpose?"

"Oh c'mon...do you really have to ask?" Al popped back.

"Well she's got to know we're standing here watching her?"

“Well duh!”

“Why is she doing that?” Ed asked in near shock.

“Okay...I know I said she was messing with Joel and all...but,” and Al paused for a moment. “But what if she’s... y’know...I mean...is it us maybe?”

“What are you saying?” Ed demanded to know.

“I don’t know man...but you saw how she was staring up at us after we busted in on her in our room...and now...now she comes downstairs dressed...dressed LIKE THAT!” and he pointed out the window at her to emphasize his claim. “And now she’s out there DOING THAT!” and again he pointed out at his mother, who, by now, was completely soaked from her antics with the hose.

“Is she...is she sucking on the hose?” Ed’s eyes nearly bulged out of his head as he said it. “Oh shit...dude...what the fuck?!”

“Oh shit...is...is she fixing to---OH MAN SHE JUST TOOK HER FUCKING SHIRT OFF...DUDE, DUDE, DUDE?!!!” Al was nearly frantic with excitement.

Neither boy knew whether he wanted to run and scream or to stand in place and ogle her. By the time she had her shirt off though, both were glued to the back window.

Upstairs, Joel, disgusted and pissed, had returned to his and the brothers’ room. What the hell had gotten into Aunt Donna? Why had she just ignored him on the stairs? Was she really pissed off at him for not getting back up there with a shirt before Ed and Al burst in on her?

But if she was really pissed over that, then why the hell had she gone downstairs dressed like that, knowing damned full well that the boys were in the kitchen and would see her?

“Ahhh, I get it,” he whispered to himself. “Trying to make me jealous...to get back at me.” It was obvious. She’d never do anything with Ed and Al, but if she pretended she was strutting around for someone other than him, maybe it’d make him jealous or at least more crazy for her. His mother had done that more than once, and sadly it usually worked.

And Aunt Donna was certainly making him crazy. When she’d walked by dressed like a white-trash whore, it made him so horny he almost screamed.

About that moment he heard a playful yelp and he stepped across the room to the window. Looking out, he spied Donna out in the backyard screwing around with a garden hose as if she was really trying to water some lame looking little bush. She’d all but drenched herself and he could literally see right through her shirt...her big, brown areola blaringly visible through the overly tight and wet fabric.

“What the fuck?”

As he watched, she peeled out of the shirt and just tossed it onto the ground and continued to water the bush topless. Her nipples were so hard, he could see them sticking out from the second floor window from which he gawked.

“Oh holee shit!” he blurted and immediately tugged down his jogging pants. “Nasty...freaky, bitch!”

Donna glanced back at the door and saw that her sons were still watching her. Their eyes so wide and bulbous now, that it seemed all she could see was the whites of their eyeballs glaring back at her through the glass pane.

Something else caught her attention though. Movement from above the back door. Looking upward, she noticed Joel peering out at her from the boys’ room on the second floor.

Oh shit...Joel's watching me too!

Suddenly, her tryst got even more exciting and perverse.

Why are you playing around with this, Donna? You know they're watching you and you damn well know they know you know! Damn...there she went confusing herself again. Oh dammit, I just wanna be naked and fucked!

Before she realized what she was doing, she was pulling her wet t-shirt up and over her head, tossing it to the ground.

Oh shit...oh shit I just wanna fuck so bad...so bad!

She turned and looked directly at the back door and stared directly into the faces of her two sons. With an extended hand, she motioned for them with one finger, curling it repeatedly to indicate she wanted them to come outside. Their faces responded with shock and dismay and she didn't care.

Quit being pussies, you little bastards...Momma needs some dick, dammit! And with that thought in mind, she stuck the running hose down into the top of her shorts, and wet down the front of them, then pulled it out and licked the end of it. Damn thing tasted like metallic ass and tap water, but she didn't care. Tossing it to the ground, she stepped toward the out-building and opened its door. Again, she turned and motioned for them to come out.

Glancing upward at the window on the second floor, she saw Joel ejaculate against the window, gross gobs of goo splatting against the glass as he jerked off. She smiled and looked back toward the boys at the back door, but they hadn't moved.

"Dude...dude...what the fuck...what the fuck?!" Al blurted, as he freaked the fuck out beside his brother.

Ed didn't know what to say. Maybe his brother had been right. Their mother was working it like a bad porn actress right there in the backyard...and now she was motioning for them to come out and go into the out-building with her? It was crazy!

"It's Mom, man...what do we do?"

"Uh-uh man...no fucking way...she's tripping out on something," Ed asserted. "Maybe we should tell Jill."

"Maybe...maybe she's drunk," Al suggested.

"So what fucking difference does it make?" Ed asked.

"I'm just saying," he replied. "Cause like...if she is, she may not remember this later."

"So what the fuck are you getting at?" Ed demanded with a look of confusion.

"Okay...look...do you wanna jerk off to a flaming pillow again tonight...or do you wanna go out there," and he pointed out the window at the out-building where their mother had disappeared, "and maybe jerk off to the real thing?"

Ed looked like he might puke.

SMACK! Al slapped him in the face with a half-amount of force...intending to snap him out of his speechlessness.

"C'mon man...stay with me here...this could be a once in a lifetime opportunity, dude!"

Ed rubbed his face and looked out the window at the building again. "That hurt asshole."

"Answer me...c'mon dude...tell me you don't think about jerking off every time you see Mom's big ass titties?"

"Alright, alright, alright...maybe," Ed confessed.

"Dude...those titties are right out there...you saw them...she wants us to go out there. Maybe she's gone nuts or maybe she'd drunk...I don't know...but what I do know is that she ain't playing around."

"DUDE! DAD WILL KILL US!!" Ed blurted with horror.

"Dad ain't here...and that's probably why she's wanting us in the fucking out-house, ya'moron!" Al blasted back at him.

"Dude...she wants more than us to jerk off on her...you saw that shit...she just...she looked right at us and...and---"

"Are you seriously gonna go chicken-shit on me?" Al cut him off. "C'mon, Ed...man...this has been our thing for years...we was gonna tag-team a bitch...and now we got one!"

"DUDE! THAT'S OUR MOTHER!!"

"She's got super titties, man...I DO NOT CARE!!"

The two brothers stared at each other like mirror images until Al finally broke the silence.

"I know it's Mom, Ed...but c'mon...let's at least go out there and see what the fuck is up. You don't have to do nothing, but at least walk out there with me...let's at least go look at her tits."

"I don't know man...I think I might hurl," Ed muttered.

"TIT-EEEEES...say it man...TIT-EEEEES!"

"Titties?"

Al smiled. "Yes...say it...c'mon man...she's probably drunk or something...she won't even remember us looking at her!"

"Alright...I'll go...but I'm not...I mean...if she gets freaky or something, I'm out of there man...seriously!"

As the two stepped out the back door, Ed still looked like he was going to be sick...but the call of extra hormones was more than adequate to keep his feet moving in the direction of Donna.

"C'mon bitch...open it up and drink it!" the webmaster grumbled, staring at monitor two on the right side of the primary screen.

Jill was the focus of the secondary view and she was in her room, diddling around on the internet on her computer while her soda sat unopened on the desk beside her keyboard.

“Great, it’s gonna sit there, get hot, and then she’d not gonna drink it. Fantastic...just fan-fucking-tastic. So much for that fucking plan.”

Just then, a peculiar picture popped up on Jill’s screen that caught the webmaster’s attention. It was a search engine. Curious, the webmaster clacked a few keys and pulled up a duplicate of Jill’s screen on screen one, on the left side of the primary monitor.

“What the fuck are you searching for?”

DRUGS > ILLEGAL DRUGS > SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS OF USE

“Smart little bitch aren’t you,” the webmaster hissed.

Clicking a few strokes on the keyboard caused Jill’s web browser to suddenly shift to a website full of men with giant penises.

“Oh no...you got a virus, bitch...now go tell you mommy about it! Oh wait...it’s porn and she’ll think you been surfing porn sites and you’ll be in trouble...so what you gonna do?!”

The webmaster fully expected her to freak out and turn her computer off but she didn’t. Instead, she stared at her screen with wide eyes and absorbed the images.

Shifting in her chair, she leaned over and locked her door which was right beside her computer desk. As she repositioned herself back in the chair, she reached for her soda and cracked it open.

“Well you dirty little bitch...you’re as bad as your momma, aren’t you?” The webmaster wasn’t sure whether shock or amusement was the best choice for emotion over the matter.

Jill clicked on one of the images to pull up the full size version of the male model.

“Oh that is so fake...geez...total photoshop,” the girl whispered so low that the webmaster’s microphones barely picked it up. But despite her verbal bashing, she continued to look at the image while she slurped her laced soda.

“Hrmph...this could be a good thing...keep her preoccupied for a while.” With the clacking of a few more keyboard passes, Jill suddenly won free access to the porn site for a month.

“Holee crap...too sweet,” she muttered with delight as she clicked to accept the popup that appeared on her screen. “Hope this ain’t a trick to get me to download a fucking virus,” she added aloud as she clicked back through her history. “So much for the safe-search feature...still don’t get where this site popped up from.”

And obviously she didn’t care as she clicked again, on a thumbnail image of a man with a huge penis.

“Crap...where did I stash those files...dammit,” the webmaster grumbled while clicking through various files on primary system. “Ah-hah...there...this should blow her little teenage mind.”

Jill was inside the website now and was amazed at the amount of photo-enhanced imagery of men. It was kind of hot and she quickly made it a point to bookmark the website so she could come back again. Before long, she was actually selecting and saving photos to her hard drive.

“What’s this?” she said to herself as she noticed a small icon at the bottom of the webpage that said, “Additional content.” Clicking it took her to a completely different website...one that oddly, had no URL address at all. The screen went white.

“Great...should have known it was going to be viral,” she sighed and started to reach for her computer power button, but just before she reached it, the white screen flickered and an animated sequence flashed in the center of the screen.

Welcome to Eyeland...

The words scrolled across the scene and then a giant eyeball appeared and then faded to white again. Then a tiny flash menu of text faded into existence on the bottom of the screen.

Pick your poison...

Boys – Girls – Bondage – Rape – Snuff – Humiliation

Jill didn't know what the hell she was looking at. Obviously it was some sort of super-secret website. Hell, she'd never seen a site that had no URL before...how was that even possible?

She clicked her browser's back button, but the browser didn't respond. She click it repeatedly and then tried to close her browser entirely. Nothing happened.

"Oh fucking great...just great," and again she reached for the power button on her computer's case. But as before, just when she almost touched it, the computer screen flashed and caught her attention.

The line of words beneath the poison text each lit up one by one in sequence, glowing and growing slightly larger...and as each word lit up, a picture faded into view briefly, in the center of the screen. The first image was of a naked boy no more than twelve...followed by a girl...then some fat man bound up in leather and being whipped by a woman dressed all in shiny see-thru spandex or something. The next word was rape, and she squinted as the image for it lit up and showed a chubby white woman being held down and gang raped by black men. The next image was of a corpse...and the last of a fat woman covered in food...other women around her tossing it on her.

"Fuck it," she mumbled as she moved her mouse and clicked on "Boys." The white screen faded and became totally black before it opened into a huge thumbnail gallery of images of teenage boys...ranging from 10 to probably 16. All of them were naked and all of them were engaging in sexual acts of

some nature. One image caught her eye...the boy in it was abnormally endowed. And when she clicked on the image, rather than the photo opening up, her media player suddenly sprang to life and a video began to download.

"Oh holee shit, it's a movie!" she chirped, blown away that the gallery was apparently video rather than mere photos.

Suddenly the movie began to play and she clicked to make it full screen. The boy in it was maybe fourteen, not much younger than Joel...and his dick was maybe half Joel's size...or more, she realized as she stared at it. He was packing at least seven inches but it was really thin and skinny and his balls were small, and his sack didn't hang down much at all. He was reclining on a couch, talking to someone in what sounded like German.

Suddenly a woman walked into range of the camera and it became apparent that he was talking to her. She jabbered back to him in the same harsh tongue and then sat down beside him. She was older...at least in her late thirties...maybe even her forties and she was really thick, like her mother. She was wearing normal clothing...a white blouse with collar that buttoned up and a pair of way-too-tight jeans.

The boy was hard as a rock, and the woman immediately began to eye his boner. After talking a bit more, she reached over and began to play with his dick...and then the playing became jerking...and then he was shooting of all over her blouse, which of course led to her unbuttoning it and taking it off...yada, yada, yada...within minutes, he was fucking the shit out of her atop the ugly couch they'd been sitting on.

Jill was enthralled. She clicked to pause the video and stood up, pulling her shorts off...followed by her panties, and then she sat back down, legs spread, and clicked to restart the video.

The webmaster laughed and zoomed in with one of the hidden cameras in her room.

“Dammit...can’t get a shot of her pussy...fuck!” Agitated, the webmaster switched views between several cameras but still couldn’t get a view of her crotch. “Well you dirty little cunt ...you win this round...enjoy the show.”

The secondary monitor, number two on the right, suddenly blinked a warning alerting of movement in the out-building.

“System, continue recording area 5...also begin immediate recording area 21...now...NOW, dammit!”

The computer system finally responded and screen two opened up with a four camera view of the inside of the out-building.

“Go to camera one and up audio!”

The out-building door creaked loudly as Al pushed it open. Ed was right behind him, but both looked frightened to a great extent and neither would step forward into the building. They, instead, waited till the door was fully open and they could see their mother inside.

Donna was sitting on a stool inside the building amidst a bunch of cardboard boxes and assorted junk that they’d had in their basement at the old house. Things that hadn’t fit or had a place to go in the new house had simply been assigned to the out-building, and for the most part it was cluttered and junky, but the center of the building was open and clear and that’s where Donna had plopped down at, atop an old bar stool that had no matching partners or purpose for even being saved or stored.

“Well I was beginning to wonder about you two,” she said with a wild smile on her face that didn’t seem normal for her. “I

was really starting to think you two might be gay with each other or something...what with what I heard Jill telling me about ya'll jerking off to pillows wearing my bras."

"Oh crap...we're toast," Ed blurted and put his head down.

"We can explain," Al started to protest their defense, but she held up her hand in a stop motion...but then she motioned for them to come in with a repeated wave.

"Shut up and come inside...and close the door behind you," she added as an after-thought.

"Do you want your shirt," Ed asked. It was still outside on the ground, a few feet from him.

"No...no I don't," she answered him. "C'mon in here and shut the door like I said."

Slowly and with extreme reluctance, the two boys stepped up inside the building and Ed shut the door behind them.

"You fix'in to beat us?" Al asked with puppy dog eyes.

Donna burst out laughing almost hysterically...leaving the two brothers staring at each other, hoping the other had an explanation for what was going on, but neither did.

"Oh...oh...that's bad...that's so bad," she coughed between words, trying to fight down her laughter. "Sorry...just...that was an odd choice of words considering what I DID call you in here for."

"What...exactly...did you call us in here for, Mom?" Al inquired, still somewhat hopeful it wasn't for punishment of some sort. Donna was till topless, obviously, and it wasn't their mother's habit of whipping their asses while not wearing a shirt.

She leaned forward on the stool, and her fat belly bulged out and hung down over the front of her wet shorts, completely concealing her camel-toe...and her giant jugs spread out to the sides of her round gut.

"You guys are getting older now...and I know you jerk off and stuff and it's fine...I don't mind at all. But I wanna know something." She arched one eyebrow and eyed them with a curious expression. "You wanna keep pumping off your cum on a pillow, or would you rather cum on me?"

Both boys looked up at her at the exact same moment. Al's mouth fell open and he looked like he might go into shock... while his twin brother Ed, lost his legs and slumped back against the closed door behind him...barely catching himself before he dropped completely to the floor.

"Oh c'mon now...I saw you both had wood upstairs earlier when you were all up on me in your room...I know you like my big titties," she said with a devious smirk. "Ohmigosh...look at my nipples...they're hard as a rock...must be cold from not wearing a shirt, huh?" Smiling a dubious grin, she hefted one of her immense breasts and lifted it up to her face. "Maybe I better warm it up," she added and huffed on it...as if her breath might heat it up somehow. She glanced up at them and saw they were mesmerized, and then she sucked her nipple into her mouth and began to maul it.

The boys looked like they were going to explode. She had them and she knew it. She could tell them to stand on their heads right now and they'd do it.

Dropping her tit, she leaned back on the stool and eyed them. "Take your clothes off...NOW!"

Al looked excited, but Ed looked like he might vomit. So odd that the two were mirror images of each other and yet could be so vastly different in personality at times.

With hesitation, and to her dismay, Ed was the first to reach for his pants button. Moments would tick by as the two undressed down to their underwear...but by that point, it was obvious that they both had raging boners.

“C’mon...lose the man-panties,” she urged them on until they both kicked out of their tidy-whities and discarded them on the floor of the shed.

Oh wow...they’re bigger than I expected! They were nowhere near competition for Joel, but they both had at least six inch erections and they were both pretty girthy, definitely at least running a match for their father. *I never expected them to be this big this early on...wow...just WOW!*

“Now c’mere and lay down on the floor,” she instructed them...and forward they moved, following her directions and within seconds, they were both lying on their backs on the floor, one to either side of her.

She stood up then from the stool and looked down at them. Being above them felt right somehow...it made her feel powerful and in control. With quick movements, she removed her own shorts and kicked them across the shed to the pile of the boys’ clothing by the door.

“Jerk off for me, boys...jerk off for Momma,” she cooed to them as she began to wiggle her hips and play with her tits while standing over them.

Ed looked nervous, so she stepped over him...one foot to either side of his hips and she squatted down somewhat and she marveled at the expression on his face as he stared directly into the crevice of her pussy. As she leaned over him, her tits rolled forward and hung down like two huge torpedoes that were aimed at his head.

“Ahhh,” he yelped and semen erupted from his penis, painting the inside of one of her calves and his own belly.

“Ohh...that didn’t last long,” she said with a mock voice of concern and disappointment. “I’m coming back for you, Ed,” she added as she stepped from him over to Al.

Straddling him, she leaned forward and did almost the same thing but Al didn't give it up as quickly. His arm was furious though and it was exciting her to see him so riled up for her.

"Faster...faster, Al...beat it for Momma...cum for Momma," she coaxed him as she began to sway from hip to hip while playing with her tits.

Suddenly he erupted and spurted all over himself.

What am I doing...this is crazy...oh shit...oh shit, it can't be over this fast...I don't want it to stop yet!

Donna looked over at Ed who was now limp. He gazed back up at her and looked overwhelmed...as if he was unable to process any emotions at all...he was just blank and lost.

She stepped away from Al and stepped over the top of Ed again, but this time when she bent down, she squatted all the way down until her pussy touched his limp genitals...and then she wiggled her hips around to grind on his dick.

"C'mon baby...you got some more for Momma," and she'd no more than said than she felt his dick springing back to life. She moved forward and dropped off her feet onto her knees and was literally down on top of him now, rubbing back and forth on his privates with her own...and then suddenly his erection was pushing at her vagina...and then she just let it go in...she just up and grinded it inside of her.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck," she moaned as she began to rock back and forth on him. "Ahhh...oh fuck baby...fuck Momma...fuck Momma hard, baby," she almost pleaded.

Somehow she'd lost control of the situation. She'd started out as the dominating member of the trio...in charge and calling the shots, but when she'd started grinding on his dick, it's become something more primal and blunt...and when he'd entered her, it'd morphed from something playful into hard sex and now she found herself wanting to be taken...wanting to be

“had” as it were. Donna wanted to submit to them...both of them and have them do what they wanted with her. She needed their hands and mouths on her...their dicks *in her*...she wanted a three-way and she wanted it NOW!

“Al...Al, get up and c’mere,” she barked at him. He was up and on her in the space of a heartbeat, his cock already hard again and ready for action. “Oh fuck...so hard...you boys are so hard all the time...I love it...oh, Momma loves it,” and with that said, she reached out and pulled his dick to her...into her mouth and began to suck him off while she fucked Ed.

At some point she felt hands on her belly...it was Ed...and then a space of a second later, she felt Al’s hands on her tits, pawing and grasping, roughly and physically...at times almost hurting her.

She pulled Al out of her mouth and began to jerk him off violently...much like she’d done to Joel that first time.

“Ooohhhh, you cum for Momma...you cum for Momma!” she exclaimed as she beat his cock harder and harder...until semen erupted across her tits. “Ohh fuck...fuck...yes, you nasty little fucker...yes!” And at that exact moment she felt Ed squirting off inside of her...*inside of her!*

She leaned forward and started sucking Al’s dick again.

No, don’t you go limp again...no...no, no, no, NO!! I’m not done...I haven’t even cum yet!

She let his dick go and then she climbed up off of Ed and pushed Al backwards and then pressed him downward to make him get back down on the floor. Once he was on his back again, she straddled him and began grinding on his dick like she had on Ed...but nothing was happening. She leaned forward and dangled her tits in his face and he latched his lips onto one...her left one...his mouth so hot on her nipple!

“Bite it a little bit...nibble it...tug on---AHHHH!” she moaned as he got the idea. It was about then that she felt his penis hardening again beneath her. With one hand, she reached down and quickly fished his erection up into her gaping pussy.

“Ahh...fuck yes!” she all but shouted.

Beside her, Ed watched as she bucked back and forth on his brother as she’d done moments earlier with him. Her giant tits were jostling and jiggling all over the place as his brother fought to hold on to them. As her movement became more frenzied, it had become impossible to hold them down, much less suck on one...so his brother had opted for squeezing and groping.

“Oh fuck, I feel you cumming in me you little bastard,” she called out to Al. “Give it to me...blow them balls dry in me!”

The webmaster sat, mouth agape, staring at monitor number two...at the scene in the out-building. It was insane and far beyond where anyone could have expected the situation to be. It was obvious that Donna’s dosage would have to be adjusted. She was high as a kite and had already tossed it out to the twins...it was a done deal...and had gone down far too soon.

The original idea had been to conceive a soap opera of sex. To build up the situation and have it drag out...to have it go nasty over a slow period of time...but instead, it had blown up like a bad porn movie...ten minutes of stupid antics and then BAM! and straight into the fucking. Sure it was nasty and sure it was kinky, and yeah, it’d probably even sell, but it wasn’t what the webmaster had envisioned and it would surely not pay for itself.

Buttons on the computer keyboard number-pad began to beep as the webmaster played fingers across it.

"Hello?"

"Does anybody else ever call you on this fucking phone, moron?"

"Well it's just common courtesy to say hello, dammit!" Julian snapped back.

"How high did you set the dosage on the mother?"

"I can't really control it...I just dosed the tap water in minimal amounts...same limits Bushe' said to set them at."

"Well the mother just went full porno on me in the shed with the twins...like a bad porn movie...low budget, nasty fuck fest shit and she acts like she's high as a kite, dammit!"

"Sorry...I told you she hits the coffee hard...she's getting more of the drug than anybody else...how much she gets depends on how much coffee she drinks, y'know...I can't control that on a daily basis!"

"Well it's too much...you gotta pull the plug on it...tonight, dammit!"

"Well if I do that, it's not gonna have any effect on the others at all."

"Fuck it...I don't think this bunch really needs any sexual motivation...they all seem way too friendly as it is. Pull the drug out of the water lines tonight and flush the system...that crazy fat fucking bitch is gonna ruin my whole operation here."

"Alright, okay...I got it...I'll move in tonight and take care of it...no problem."

"Good...I'll call again later to check in with you."

ONE WEEK LATER:

Donna reached to turn the stove's control knob off, killing the heat beneath the pot in which she was stirring. Without saying a word and moving more robotically than normal, she

lifted the pot and began to distribute portions of its contents into four plates. When she'd finished, she picked up two of the plates and turned to face the small table that sat in the center of the kitchen. Silently, she slid them onto the table top in front of Al and Ed. Returning to the counter, she retrieved the remaining two plates and after circling the table, sat them down in front of Jill and Joel. And without further communication or acknowledgement, she disappeared out into the living room and slumped down atop the couch, facing a TV that wasn't even turned on.

"Why isn't she eating?" Joel asked in a hushed level of voice. "When's the last time she ate?"

Jill looked down at her own plate and frowned. She was so hungry herself, but even as she sat there, her belly straining against the too-tight cinch of her jeans waistband. She wanted to eat so badly, but lately her clothes were getting tighter and tighter and she had no clue as to why all at once she was gaining weight.

Probably stress from living with this bunch of circus freaks, she surmised, as she look from her brothers to her cousin...then craned her neck to see out into the living room where her zombie of a mother sat motionless on the couch.

"Alright, look'it...I know what's been going on," Jill finally said, speaking in a voice barely louder than a whisper. "Joel, I know you were messing around with her...and you two," and she shifted her gaze to Ed and Al, "I don't know what you two douchebags did to her, but she's been like that ever since, so now are you gonna spill it or what?"

Neither brother said a word...both immediately looked down at their plates and began to eat their hamburger helper as if nobody had said anything at all to them.

"Assholes...you could at least admit something happened," Jill hissed at them.

"I know what happened," Joel announced and both brothers stopped chewing and immediately glared at him. "About a week ago...the day Aunt Donna was wearing the t-shirt and shorty-shorts...remember...she was acting all weird...well she went out in the yard...took her shirt off, and then the brothers Dim there, went into the out-house with her for a while."

"You're dead...hope you don't plan on sleeping, long-dong," Al blurted a little louder than he intended.

Jill was shocked into silence. She sat stark still and glared with disbelief at her two brothers.

"HOLEE SHIT!" she mouthed, but practically no sound came out, but from the expression on her face, it was obvious she'd have shouted it if she could have without alerting their mother in the next room. "Did you two have sex with her?!" she hissed through clenched teeth.

Ed stood up suddenly and took off through the living room for the staircase, hand clamped over his mouth as if he were fighting the urge to vomit.

"Good job...he's gonna be chucking for the next day and a half...really...fine work," Al grumbled at Jill.

"I can't believe you two!!" Jill gasped.

"Well what the hell do you want me to say?" Al looked annoyed that she was even questioning him on the matter. "She took her clothes off...she made us take ours off...and then she just got freaky with us...it's not like we started it or something!"

"Not to defend them...but she was acting weird that day," Joel added.

"Have you messed with her too?" Jill asked, directing her question at Joel.

"No, not since before we moved, and it was just the one time. After that she really hasn't had much to do with me."

"You lie...you were upstairs with her that day...come down here with your shit hanging out---"

"Yeah, but I didn't **do** anything with her that day...and she was acting mostly normal before that...it was only after the wonder-twins barged in on her that she got freaky."

"Has she said anything to you two since that day?" Jill returned her interrogation to Al.

"No, she just put her clothes on that day and walked out of the out-house and hasn't spoken a word to either one of us since then...it's kinda weird."

Jill sighed. I'm gonna go talk to her...you two finish eating and then go upstairs, alright. And with that said, she pushed her plate away, untouched, and stood up from the table and headed into the living room.

Al stared across the small table at Joel.

"What?" Joel blurted at him. "Got something to say?"

"No...but...I do have a question...and it's gonna sound all gay and shit, but you're the only person I can ask, man."

"What?"

"Does having sex make your dick bigger?"

Joel furrowed his brows and cocked his head to one side, bewildered by his younger cousin's peculiar question.

"Nooo," he said, dragging the word out for emphasis. "Why would you think that?"

"I don't know man...it just seems since me and Ed messed with Mom...well...my wiener is like...*bigger*, y'know?"

Joel's eyes bulged somewhat, signifying even further disturbance at the exchange with Al. "What the fuck are you talking about man?"

"Nothing...nevermind," Al replied as he stood up and walked out of the kitchen.

Joel quickly scarfed down his food and followed suit.

Jill sat down on the coffee table directly in front of her mother and glared at her.

"Are you gonna keep on with this or what?"

Donna said nothing.

"Snap the fuck out of it!" she blurted and slapped her mother's leg. "Hey, I'm talking to you dammit! Don't make me go for the face, woman!" And with that, she raised her hand as if she might actually slap her in the face.

"It'll be the last thing you do," Donna growled and eyed her daughter's hand.

"Sorry...but you ain't talked to nobody in like a week."

Donna leaned forward and sighed.

"Y'know I could hear ya'll talking in there."

"Damn," Jill whispered. "You want to talk about it?"

"I don't know...I don't know what to say," Donna replied and then she slumped back on the couch again. "That wasn't me that day...it wasn't me."

"Mom...it was you," Jill insisted. "Are you doing drugs or something?"

"No...but I swear...that day...that day I really felt like I was on something...like I was high," she answered. "And don't ask me how I know how being high feels...just don't ask."

"Are you taking any weird medications?"

“Nothing but my freaking vitamin...and I been taking that for like ten years now!”

“Maybe you should go to the doctor,” Jill suggested.

“Oh yeah sure...and say what to him?” Donna sighed and put her hands to her head. “What’s wrong? Oh, nothing much Doc...I just suddenly had the uncontrollable urge to have sex and I ended up in the out-house with my two twin sons is all.”

“Well...maybe don’t tell him that...but tell him something,” Jill argued. “Get him to run some tests or something on you.”

“Sorry Miss Mason...we couldn’t find anything abnormal...you’re just apparently a big fat whore of a mother...here, have an aspirin and call us the next time you feel like humping,” Donna rattled off through her hands.

“Why are you so depressed over this?” Jill asked.

Donna slid her hands down the sides of her face and then dropped them into her lap before responding.

“Are you serious? Jill---” and she cut herself off as Joel trotted through the living room and made his way up the stairs. “Are you fucking serious?”

“Yes, I’m serious!”

“Jill...they’re barely thirteen...THIRTEEN...do you know what that fucking makes me?!”

“Well it’s not like you raped’em, Mom...it’s not like they were complaining over the matter, damn!”

“That’s not the point, Jill...that’s so not the fucking point!” She leaned forward again and scooted forward on the couch to get closer to Jill. “I seduced my own sons...and I don’t know why. Am I crazy? Is something wrong with me? I can’t sleep, and I can’t eat...I puke every time that I see myself naked. I haven’t taken a fucking shower in three days!”

Now that she was closer to her, Jill could tell that her mother hadn't showered in a while. Her hair was greasy and she smelled slightly of underarm.

"Mom...you gotta either get it together or go see a doctor. You can't keep on like this, alright?"

"Yeah, sure," she replied with a sarcastic tone.

"You didn't freak out when you did Joel," Jill noted.

Donna glared at her.

"I'm not biologically related to him...it's different!"

"Well are you still wanting to do it with them?"

"NOOOO," her mother blurted.

"Well then why don't you just go up there and talk to them ...tell them you don't know what happened...that you're gonna go see a doctor...and that it won't happen again," she suggested.

"And what...tell them to pretend it never happened?"

"Yeah, pretty much maybe...I don't know," Jill admitted.

"Ed would go with it...but Al...he's like Joel...he's just always eyeing me like a piece of meat he wants to jump on. I...I don't think it's ever gonna be normal with Al again," Donna confessed as she looked past Jill at the staircase.

"You gotta deal with this, Mom...and you need to go see a doctor, okay?"

"Alright...okay...fine...I'll figure something out," she agreed as she stood up and forced herself to walk toward the stairs.

Donna reached the top of the stairs and heard puking coming from the hall bathroom. Curious, she walked down to the open door and looked in and found Ed hunched over the toilet, retching his guts up.

She felt horrible. She'd heard the exchange in the kitchen that had sent the boy running upstairs. She'd already noted the way the boy refused to look at her and did his best to avoid her during the last week. So different from his twin...it was almost disturbing at times.

"Are you alright?" she asked him as she knelt down beside him at the toilet and put a hand on his back. Thinking about it, she reached back and pushed the door closed so that no one could see in.

Ed leaned back and looked at her for the first time in a week...his eyes all but empty.

"I'm sorry for what happened the other day in the backyard, okay...I don't know what was wrong with me...I just...I don't know what to say...it was like I wasn't in control of myself," she immediately began to explain. "I'm gonna go see a doctor, okay...see if they can figure out what the hell caused me to do that."

Ed watched her as she began to cry. It wasn't a hard sobbing cry, but both of her eyes were watering dramatically and he could tell that she was really disturbed and upset over the matter...and this...this was the mother he remembered, and not the big breasted slut that climbed on top of him in the fucking out-house a week earlier.

"Me and Al didn't have to go out there...you didn't make us," he admitted. "It's not all your fault."

Donna slumped back, sitting flat atop her calves and began wiping at her eyes as she continued to talk.

"I'm just...I'm so gross...I'm so fat and gross and you two... I just don't know what the fuck I was thinking...I can't explain it, I can't even fathom what the fuck I was doing when I did it!"

"You're not gross, Mom," Ed remarked as he put a hand on her shoulder. "Stop crying...it's not like we didn't want you to."

"Well why are you in here puking if you liked it?" she asked, thinking she was calling him out on the lie he was telling...not realizing that he really was telling the truth.

"I been upset because I didn't think you were gonna be Mom again, y'know...you haven't been the same since that day and it was really freaky...like you'd been replaced with zombie Mom or something...but...but now I know you're still okay," he muttered off in string of nearly incoherent words. He smiled half-heartedly and rubbed her shoulder.

"Okay...wait...so you're...I mean you've been upset because you thought you lost your mother...not because...not because I had sex with you?" Donna looked perplexed.

"Yeah," he admitted.

"So you don't care...like you aren't bothered at all...that...that I did that?" she asked with a look of disbelief.

"No...it was...it was cool," he replied. "But not cool enough to lose my mom over."

"Oh...oh crap," she muttered and then sighed. "Fuck...I been depressed for a week because I thought I'd messed you up somehow...and...and apparently it was me being depressed that was what messed you up," she said, mulling it over in her own head.

She looked at him and realized he had vomit all over the front of his shirt and his pants...and the smell was getting a bit over-powering.

"Oh gross! Get out of that shirt," she instructed him as she reached and started to pull his shirt off of him. "What did you do, puke before you made it to the toilet?"

"I caught it in my shirt tail," he replied through the fabric as it was pulled over his head.

"Stand up and get the pants off, I'll take them to the washer while you get a shower," she offered, but before she could get

up from the floor, the boy popped up and was already pulling his pants down. And despite her better judgment, she felt inclined to remain seated and watch him undress.

And sick as it was, she realized *why* she wanted to watch him. And as his jeans slid down his legs and he kicked them off, she knew something was odd.

Ed's underwear was more bulbous than she recalled. She'd watched him intently, along with his brother, a week prior, when they'd undressed for her in the shed, and his crotch fluff had *not* been that big by any means.

"Oh shit, Eddie," she gasped, not with intention.

"What, Mom?" he asked as he stepped over and turned the water in the shower on.

When he turned to look back at her, she realized again, that the bulge in his underwear seemed larger.

"C'mere," she said and he walked up to her. "Er-hrm," she cleared her throat. "Pull'em down a minute."

Ed looked awed by her comment.

"Nooo," she blurted, shooting down whatever sexual idea he was imagining. "I just want to look for a second."

"Oh...okay," he said, but she could tell he was apparently still thinking she was up to something sexual. As he pulled his underwear down though, her expression changed dramatically and he was suddenly unsure of what she was up to.

Holee shit...no way! She stared intently as her son's bared pubic region, but could not fathom how she was seeing what she was seeing. His dick was bigger...not massively bigger, but it was definitely larger than she remembered it being a week prior...and that didn't seem possible. She knew boys his age could go through growth spurts, no doubt, but in a single week? No something was off...something was weird with this.

Maybe it's swelled up or something, she thought. It did look puffy and thicker. *Maybe...maybe he's been jerking off a lot since I did it with him.* It was a possibility. She knew full well what man-handling a dick could do after what she'd done to Joel that first time in her room at the old house.

"Have you had...any...problems...with that," and she motioned at his dick with her eyes. "Burning or anything?"

"No," he replied. "But it sure seems like it's getting bigger, huh?" he commented as he reached down and lifted it up. "It usually stays shriveled up a lot...but the last few days it's been staying like this...kinda fat like."

"Have you been jerking off a lot?" she asked.

"NO!" he exclaimed a little more dramatically than she expected. "I haven't done nothing since the other day."

About that moment, she realized he was getting hard.

"Umm...you uhh...you're---" she started to say something, but he looked down and noticed it himself...but by that point, he was pretty much fully erect and it was definitely bigger than it had been. His dick looked wrong somehow...his wiry frame in comparison to his penis...well...it just looked like somebody had mismatched his parts.

"Is...is Al's like this?" she asked, knowing how deviant the question probably seemed.

"Yeah...we're both kinda swelled up," he admitted.

Had Joel's development been like this? She really was beginning to wonder if his genetic predisposition for a big dick was from Paul's side of the family. If it was, then maybe Ed and Al were going to end up just like him. The timing of the growth spurt was awful odd though...and even the boys were aware of it. It was highly strange, but for the life of her, she had no clue what could be the explanation behind it.

Still sitting on the floor...at eye-level with his erection, she decided she was curious enough to take a step forward. She turned and opened a drawer on the cabinet beside the toilet and dug around in it till she produced a tape measure.

"What are you gonna do with that?" he asked, but he already looked like he knew the answer.

"What do you think?" she replied with a question of her own. "Lem'me see it."

Running the tape from the bottom of his penis, near where his ball sack attached, she strung it forward to the tip of his erection...and read off **6.5** inches. Then she wrapped the tape around his shaft and found it was **5.5** inches in diameter.

"Well?" Ed asked, as if he were expecting some sort of verdict or the other.

"Well what?" she replied. "You have a big dick. Is that what you wanted to hear?"

"Yeah...actually," he admitted with a smirk.

"Well congratulations," she said. As she was about to roll the tape measure back up though, she noticed his balls seemed awfully bloated. Reaching out, she poked at them. "You might want to...maybe...do something there," she suggested. "I don't know that...that's an indication of anything, but your testicles look like they're bloated."

He looked blankly at her and then just started jerking on his dick right there on the spot, the tip of it pointing directly at her face.

"EDWARD!!!" she exclaimed as she jerked back from him. "I didn't mean right now, DAMN!"

"Oh sorry," he stammered as he ripped his hand away from his dick as if it was on fire.

Now his shaft was really engorged and hard. It was standing upright with a strong bow in it and it was jerking slightly, of its own accord.

Fuck, he's so hard...look at it! She marveled at the size of his shaft's head. His glans was shiny and purple...a giant fat knob of a cock tip. Then she looked down at his bloated balls and felt herself getting moist.

Oh no...this is not going to happen again, dammit! But it was and she knew it. She felt in control still, but she was certainly getting horny. Unlike before, though, she felt in control of herself, as if she could stop at any time and just walk away. A week before, she felt like she was floating and looking down at her body...no control to stop anything.

"Don't tell Al," she whispered and then she pulled her t-shirt up and popped her bra cups up to let her fat tits flop down, bare, over the top of her fat gut.

Ed looked shocked...and remained motionless...his only movement, the constant tiny pulsing of his dick.

"Jerk it off on me," she whispered to him.

As if she'd stuck an electric bolt to him, he jumped into action and started beating off with superhuman fury. In less than a minute, he was launching gobs of cum at her.

She bit her tongue to stay quiet as multiple blobs of semen splattered her bare breasts. Silently, she began to rub her tits together, smearing his load all over them...and to her deviant delight, he just kept on shooting off on her, like his cummer was stuck in launch mode.

"Shit, Ed!" she gasped. It seemed like he'd been spurting for several seconds...much longer than what would have been normal. Looking down, she realized her breasts were literally almost coated in sticky clear and white goo.

The boy sighed finally and stopped moving his hand and she realized he was done. His balls were sucked up high against the base of his dick, an indication that he'd been pumping out a hard load. As she watched his dick going limp, she noticed his testicles descending downward as well...drooping and no longer appearing to be bloated.

"Gimme that towel," she said to him, pointing at the one on the rack behind the sink. As she wiped, she added, "I meant what I said...not a word to anybody, got it?"

"Yes, m'am," he answered in agreement.

FOUR DAYS LATER:

Jill stepped up on the scales with her eyes closed. She was afraid to look down at the numbers on the sad little dollar store body meter. For the last week or so, she'd been living in fear of its numeric commentary on her weight.

Sighing heavily, she opened her eyes and looked down at the awful orange digital display.

123

"Fuck!" she blurted in both horror and shock. *One hundred and twenty three pounds?? For real!? How the fuck?!*

The day before, she'd weighed herself and been only 121 pounds. She'd all but starved herself as well. She'd eaten only a sandwich, a bowl of cereal, and had a granola bar before bed because her stomach was growling.

"This is nuts," she grumbled to herself as she stepped off the scale and then back up on it again. When the numbers popped up though, they again displayed 123. "Fucking piece of shit!"

She was naked, having just taken a shower, so when she looked toward the back wall of the bathroom at the full length built-in mirror, she could see her entire body in all its bloated glory.

I don't look that fat, she realized as she looked at her face, but as her eyes scanned lower, she noticed her once curveless torso was beginning to stick out in various places and none of it in the places she wanted. Her tits for instance, or lack thereof, were untouched and unaffected...but just below her ribs, her once straight hips seemed to be sticking out now so that her shape, rather than being a rectangle, was becoming more and more of a bowling pin shape. *What the fuck is with my ass?!*

Agitated, she slapped her hips on the sides. The sensation of her skin jiggling appalled her. And to her dismay and horror, it wasn't just her hips and legs that jostled. Turning to the side, and gazing at her own profile, she realized her belly was sticking out now. She bounced up and down on her toes and glared at the mirror as she watched her stomach move up and down, the fat within it wobbling with her movements.

"How...how can this be?" she muttered to herself. Not two weeks before...just before they moved into this new house, she'd only weighed a 109 pounds. And now...now, she was tipping it at 123 pounds...she'd put on 14 fucking pounds in probably as many days...two pounds just since the day before!

None of her pants fit anymore...she couldn't button or zip anything. She couldn't even get into her jeans at all. She was horrified. She even quite drinking sodas altogether. Not that she'd ever drank anything but diet in like three years, but even that had calories. Now it was water and the bare amount of food she had to eat to keep from passing out.

The only peculiar thing that kept bothering her was that when she'd poop...it was only a tiny bit and only every other day

did she even go. It was like her body was absorbing everything she was eating. Was it something wrong with her? She was going to have to talk to her mother about it. Her brothers had already noticed she was porking out and had started picking at her about it and her mother had already said something to her about always wearing jogging pants. Sooner or later she was going to have to tell her that she couldn't fit into anything *but* her joggers.

She groaned as she bent over and picked up her jogging pants and pulled them up. The elastic waistband was tight on her torso and cinched her belly more than what was comfortable. Sighing, she tugged the waist band down some to below her belly and then glanced at herself in the mirror.

"Holee crap, I've got love-handles," she moaned as she surveyed the small bulge of fat that poked over the tops of her pants. She pinched at them on both sides and sighed again.

"It's now or never I guess," she grumbled and reached for her t-shirt.

THREE DAYS LATER:

"ALRIGHT, ASSHOLES...and I mean it...not another word, not another jab...not the slightest crack or even looking like you're thinking something mean...or I will beat your asses within an inch of your life, got it?" Donna was pissed. She was tired of hearing the fat jokes and wide-load comments coming from the male trio that resided under her roof. "Jill can't help it...she's just going through a phase and I will not put up with the shit."

"Why don't she just go on a diet," Al asked, being the jerky smartass that he usually was.

"She is on a diet...but the doctor said that sometimes girls go through phases like this and they gain a lot of weight all at

once...then they sort of grow into it, so it's probably just hormones or something...and it'll probably stop in a few weeks or so...so ya'll just lay the fuck off of her...GOT IT?!"

Upstairs, Jill could hear her mother yelling at her brothers and cousin in the kitchen. The three of them had all but killed her self-esteem during the last few days. Her mother had taken her to the base physicians clinic and they'd run a bunch of tests on her, only to come back and tell her she was perfectly normal.

"You've always been skinny, honey...but when you head toward womanhood, your body starts to get curvy, okay...it's normal and it's natural, so don't panic over it," the female doctor had told her. "This is probably just a growth spurt is all, so stop spazzing out over it."

"I've been dieting though...no candy, no sodas, no nothing and I'm just getting fatter!"

"This is gonna sound weird, but you may be making the problem worse by dieting. The body perceives malnourishment as a problem, so it begins to store everything it gets in fear of starvation. So by not eating a normal amount of food, you may actually be causing your body to store more fat than it would normally. So again, Jill...stop freaking out and go have a sandwich, okay. Eat normally. Avoid the fatty stuff, candy and sodas and whatnot, but eat food and stop starving yourself."

The woman's explanation had made sense and she sort of wondered if maybe she *had* caused herself to gain even more weight by starving herself for the last two weeks.

It had been now, three days since she told her mother about her problem...and two days since she'd seen the doctor and two days since she'd been weighed. And since seeing the physician, she'd started eating when she was hungry again. And now, as she stood naked staring at the scales, she worried for what she was going to learn when she stepped up on them.

Eyes clenched tightly, she stepped up on the box and sighed. Looking down, she opened her eyes and stared, unblinkingly at the orange numbers: **1-2-6**.

Another three pounds! Three days...three pounds. What the fuck was her body doing to her??

"It may take a while for your body to level out...you could gain more weight, Jill...I'm not gonna tell you that you won't. Just grit your teeth and bear with it. If you're still gaining in a few months or so, we'll take a look at things again and go from there, but I don't want to do anything drastic right now because the imbalance may correct itself given enough time." The doctor patted her on the back and ushered her out into the hallway where her mother was waiting on her.

"Yay, bitch...thanks," she said aloud as she stepped off the scales. Her follow-up appointment wasn't for three months. At the rate she was going, she'd probably gain a hundred pounds by then...a little late to do anything to save her figure or her self-esteem. Her mother had agreed that if it didn't stop in a few weeks that she'd try to find her a different doctor. But how big would she get between now and then?

She looked at herself in the mirror and groaned. She was chubby enough now that three more pounds wasn't even detectable on her. Thirteen to sixteen pounds...no noticeable change. She sighed again, disheartened, and reached for her jogging pants.

Donna stood in the open doorway of her bedroom and waited. The light inside her room was off and so she stood in mostly darkness, illuminated only by the light coming up from the living room. Jill was still up and apparently watching TV

downstairs. It was 2:30 in the morning and the boys were all asleep in the one room at the end of the hall.

Quietly, she moved toward their bedroom door and carefully turned the knob to open it. Slight snoring was the only sound coming from within the room. Straining her eyes to see in the darkness, she spied Ed sleeping on the bottom bunk, lit up only by the glow of his alarm clock.

She tip-toed her way across the room and put her hand over his mouth and then shook him to wake him.

"It's Momma...shhhh!" she whispered in his ear. "Get up and come see," she added with a hiss.

The boy sat up and she removed her hand from his mouth and motioned for him to follow her.

Moments later, they were in the hall bathroom and after he walked in behind her, she shut the door and locked it, and flicked the light switch on, nearly blinding both of them.

"What's wrong?" he groaned, blinking his eyes.

"Nothing," she answered as she squinted herself. "I just wanted a minute or so with you...without everybody knowing about it."

"Oh," he smiled. "Are we---"

"Maybe," she blurted, cutting him off.

He could see her now and realized she was only wearing a pink night robe, and the top in the front was hanging open pretty widely, giving him a nice view of her cleavage as she bent over at the sink counter and opened a drawer...the drawer with the tape measure in it.

"You gonna measure me again," he asked as he started pulling his underwear down...which only took a second, since they were all he was wearing.

As she raised up from the drawer and turned to look at him, her mouth fell open in awe.

Ed grinned. "Yeah, Jill's butt ain't the only thing getting bigger, huh?"

SWOCK!

Donna clubbed him in the top of the head with a pretty severe slap.

"What I told you?!"

"Sorry," he moaned as he rubbed the top of his head.

"You stop making fun of her...it's not funny!"

"Yes, m'am."

Dropping down to her knees, she quickly ran the tape measure its previous route and to her amazement, the tip of his penis almost touched the 6 inch mark...and that was limp. It was a wild fact, but the length wasn't so much of what had shocked her when he pulled his underwear down. Wrapping the tape around his shaft, she quickly discovered he was now 6 ½ inches in diameter. He'd gained a full inch in girth and thickness...all in seven days.

"Is Al this big too?" she asked.

"Yeah," he replied. "It's kind of starting to get freaky a little bit," he added as he put on hand around the base. "See," he said, swinging it back and forth, causing it slap the tops of his thighs. "It never shrivels up any more...it just stays long like this all the time...it keeps falling down my underwear leg. His gyrations had excited him though, and his limpness quickly started inflating into an erection.

With the tape, she measured him again, and his dick was just shy of 7 ¼ inches in length. In one week, the boy's erection had grown three quarters of an inch in length.

This isn't normal, she realized, but a part of her didn't want to interfere with it. *I mean, how big is it gonna fucking get?* She thought about Joel...and wondered again if it was some genetic quirk that had just skipped her husband. *Well it's*

nothing I'm doing to it, she knew...so that must mean it's natural to some degree. She thought about taking him to the doctor...but then what would she say?

"Well I think something is wrong...my son's dick keeps growing bigger and bigger!" And then wait for the physician to throw her out and bar her from coming back? Or worse, she might think something else was at play and call the authorities on her. No, no, unless something went bad, she wasn't taking him to the doctor with this. As long as his dick continued to function properly, its size was irrelevant, right?

She leaned forward and sucked his dick into her mouth and began to bob on it, sucking it ravenously.

"Oh crap!" he grunted and leaned in to her, taking a step or so forward till he was up against her as she sat there on the floor on her knees. She had both of her hands gripping into his ass cheeks and she was all but burying his dick inside her mouth, deep-throating his cock like a professional whore.

Reaching down, he touched the back of her neck and then leaned over and ran his hands down the back of her robe collar and then spread them apart, forcing the top of her robe to pull away from her shoulders. She never missed a beat and just continued to suck up and down on his shaft as he rubbed her back and shoulders, now bare of robe coverage.

All at once, she leaned back and pulled him from her mouth. Her hands left his ass and reached for her robe...fingers quickly untying the sash and then the robe was sliding from her onto the tile floor and she was naked.

Her hand was on his dick and jerking him off, but she was moving to, pressing him back with her other hand so that he found himself falling back atop the toilet, which fortunately had the seat lid down. And in the space of a moment, she was atop him and riding his dick hard...so hard the toilet was squeaking

beneath them. Her massive titties were in his face and he was sucking and pawing at them...her big round gut was pressed against him, pushing him hard back into the toilet tank, but he didn't care...because she was milking his cock with her pussy in such a way that he was nearly about to shoot off and probably not for the last time, he suspected.

"OH FUCK...oh fu---" she clamped her own hand over her mouth to silence herself. Her son's dick was fat and it felt good as it plied its way in and out of her...and it'd been two weeks since she'd had any sex at all...and it felt better now because his dick was so much bigger. *Girth over length*, she realized...was her definite choice in male genitals. You could only do so much with length...after a certain size, like with Joel, you just couldn't put it in any further and it was just wasted. But with a fat dick, you could always stretch a little wider to take it in. Fat cock was the best.

Just then she realized he was cumming inside of her.

OH SHIT...what day of the month is it?!?! She hadn't had a thought in the world about whether she might be ovulating. Hell before two weeks ago, she hadn't had actual sex with anybody but her husband in years and years. And he always wore a rubber when they fucked. And now, in the space of two weeks, she'd had sex with Joel and both her sons...none with any sign of birth control. Well it's too late now, she realized as she felt another squirt inside of her.

"Suck Momma's titties, baby...oh shit...oh shit," she cooed to him as his mouth locked hard onto her left nipple. She fully expected him to be done, but to her astonishment, his cock never went limp within her...and even though she, herself, had stopped bouncing, she realized her son had not. Beneath her, he was doing his best to wiggle and thrust under her superior weight. *Oh fuck...he's still hard and going at it!*

With rejuvenated vigor and enthusiasm, she started bouncing atop him again, toilet squeak be damned. Reaching out, she wrapped her arms around his head and pulled him to her, burying it in her tits.

Downstairs, Jill sat on the couch, curled up in a blanket eating Cheetos with a Mountain Dew. The late movie was lame, but she didn't want to sleep. Sleeping meant waking up again and waking up again meant eventually she'd have to climb onto the scales and listen to her brothers tossing verbal jabs at her for a whole 'nuther day.

And then she heard it. What it was, she wasn't sure, but it sounded like a weird squeaking noise...repetitious and high pitched. A bed? No...it was something else.

She wiggled around on the couch till she managed to get up and then tossed her blanket to the floor and her Cheetos bag to the coffee table. Quietly, she made a move for the stairs and began to creep up them.

Her jogging pants had begun cutting into her days before, and so she'd started pulling them down to below her hips and belly...but now as she stepped up the stairs, she could feel her fat belly and love-handles jiggling with each kick. It was so gross or so it seemed like it should be...but in a weird way, it felt sort of good too, and she couldn't explain it.

Just wish my tits would balloon out half as much as my ass is, she thought to herself as she jiggled up the flight to the second floor. *As big as Mom's are, you'd think I'd have at least a B or C cup by now, right?* But she didn't. She'd had to get a bigger bra alright...bigger around, that is. From a 24-A, she was now wearing a 28-A. She seemed to have more flab than tits

and it was disturbing to say the least. *You'd think at least a little fat would form in my boobs, dammit...but Noooo...not for me!*

At the top of the stairs, she could hear the squeaking noise better and after a moment of listening, she pin-pointed where it was coming from...the hall bathroom.

She put her ear to the door and heard her mother inside... and she was talking to...to Eddie? Were they both in there, her brothers...going at it again? What happened? Her mother had nearly had a mental breakdown not a week earlier because of her shenanigans with the twins...and now...now she was up in the bathroom with one or both of them doing it again?

Turning, she looked down the hall at the boys' room and noticed the door was open. Walking down to the open door, she peered in and could see the bottom of the bunk beds was empty...meaning it was Ed in there with her. But to her dismay, she could make out Al's form on the upper bunk.

She stepped a bit closer to the door and pushed it open a bit more so that the light coming up the stairs illuminated the room a bit more. Immediately inside the room, to the left side of the door was the small bed that Joel slept in. After a moment or so, her eyes adjusted and she could see him almost clearly lying on his bed...his covers kicked off, his underwear on, but plainly useless...his ridiculously oversized cock hanging out one leg hole.

The teenager moved and shifted on the bed slightly and his limp cock moved of its own accord and then began to grow into an erection.

She gasped and covered her mouth to keep from making any further sounds.

Seeing his monstrous erection reminded her of the website she'd found...the weird one with the nasty shit on it...the one with no URL...no address...the one that was always available

through the free site she'd gotten membership to. The very site that she'd since, become all but addicted to. Every night she logged into it, found a new video, and masturbated to it. *Every fucking night!* And she'd not even just about managed to see a fraction of the content on it. She'd looked at every category on there, but her favorite was the boys section...so many videos of teenage boys with big dicks doing nasty things with middle-aged women and sometimes girls.

Looking at Joel's dick, she wondered how in the hell her mother had even managed to get him inside of her. He was just stupidly huge. She knew he probably had to use both hands on it just to jerk it off...and then she imagined herself jerking him off, both her hands wrapped around it, pumping it until it spurted white syrup everywhere.

Feeling mischievous, she stepped inside the room and pushed the door back closed some so that the room was so brightly lit...but left it open enough that she could still see his erection plainly.

Kneeling down on the floor in the darkness, she leaned across the side of his bed and wrapped her hands around his cock...very gently...and then slowly closed her fingers tightly around its circumference.

Joel moved on the bed and twisted completely onto his back, but didn't wake up...and she never let go of his dick. In his sleep, he sort of moaned and moved his hips in sort of a thrusting motion.

Fighting the urge to giggle, she moved her hands up and then down again...ever-so-slowly...so as not to wake him. But as she figured, the movement was enough to stimulate him and after a few more intensive strokes, semen started oozing from the fat tip of his dick...and she found herself wholly infatuated with the operation...unable to turn loose and walk away. She

wanted badly to see him ejaculate...to learn what it was about him and his massive schlong that had wrapped her own mother up in his pants.

He moaned again, this time a bit more verbally and his hips began to move with more fervor...but she refused to release his big, fat dick...and instead, continued to slowly pump it up and down, releasing ever-more amounts of sticky cum from the end of it.

Suddenly he pushed both arms up and slid his hands behind his head under his pillow and thrust his pelvis forward, literally lifting it off the bed and then he muttered something she didn't understand. He dropped his body back to the mattress and writhed a bit as she continued to pump his shaft.

"Momma...Momma...make it cum," he muttered in his sleep and thrust his pelvis again.

WHAT?!?! Momma?!? WHAT?!?! Had she really heard that? Momma, make it cum?! Oh holee crap, maybe that was why he had it so bad for her momma...maybe he had some kind of thing for older women? And had Aunt Connie been as crazy with him as her own momma had been?

Suddenly she realized she was pumping his dick harder than she had been initially and to her shock, his semen ooze violently erupted, spraying cum every direction.

She started to let go and run, but it was too late, and Joel was already awake and sitting up...staring down at her as she continued to jerk him off...cum raining down all over both of them and the bed.

"Jill?" he whispered and she stopped. "No...don't...don't stop," he called out to her in a low hiss. "Don't stop," and her hands started moving again and he flopped back down on his pillow and relaxed, allowing his orgasm to come flooding back into force. "Ahhh," he moaned through clenched lips as his full

load exploded up and out into the air above him. When he was done, he sat up again and reached out beside his bed to push the door open some...to let the light in to see for sure who was at the side of his bed.

As the light filtered in, it illuminated Jill, on her knees beside his bed...both of her arms out and her hands wrapped around his drooping, fat cock...cum all over it and her. Her eyes were the size of saucers and she looked like a deer in headlights.

She suddenly stood up and frantically wiped her hands on his blanket and then bolted out the door into the hall and slammed her bedroom door behind her.

“What the fuck was that?” he whispered to himself as he shut the door and flopped back on his bed. “Crazy bitches.”

TO BE CONTINUED...