

THE EYELAND PROJECT: FIRST CREW

By Otto Maddox

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IN SIMPLER TERMS, JUST BECAUSE YOU READ IT DOES NOT MAKE IT RIGHT. THE CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE SOME SERIOUSLY JACKED UP, MENTAL WHACK-JOBS WHO ARE NOT ONLY DEMENTED BUT REALLY SHOULD JUST BE TOOK OUT AND SHOT IF THEY WERE IN FACT, REAL PEOPLE. THIS STORY IS WRITTEN AS A FORM OF HORRIFIC FICTION AND NOT INTENDED TO DIGNIFY THE ACTS OF THE CHARACTERS OR TO INTENTIONALLY TITILLATE OR SEXUALLY GRATIFY THE READER.

Chapter 5

"In the end, we've all got it coming...some of us more than others, but without doubt, not a person alive, isn't owed for some misdeed or the other. The final test is whether you have the testicular fortitude to accept it without flinching or whether you go down screaming like a little wuss."

- O.Maddox 2012

THREE WEEKS SINCE THE BEGINNING:

Jill stood stark naked in the bathroom, much as she did every single day after showering. She'd given up on fear. Fear never got her anywhere. At this point it had almost become a game. *How much did I gain today?* It was a twisted game, but a game none the less. She'd started it about four or five days ago, right after she hit 135. It had been her 25 pound mark...with no sign of letting up. The doctor had told her to stop starving herself...to start eating normally and just avoid the fatty foods, but despite that, her gaining had not slowed any at all...and in fact, when she resumed normal eating, it has sped up, to say the least. Even her mother was becoming concerned...so much so that without her having said a word about it, Donna had just up and informed her that she was taking her to a different physician that was off-base...a civilian doctor...in a civilian clinic ...maybe one that had some ability to think outside the box. But the only problem was that the first available appointment wasn't for another two weeks and despite her mother's pleading, she was unable to convince the appointment clerk that her daughter's situation was urgent enough to warrant an earlier date. Apparently getting fat wasn't an emergency.

But to avoid her daily horror-fest at the hands or box of the scales, she'd decided to stop freaking out over it. What could she do anyway? She tried starving herself...and she still gained.

She tried eating normal, and she was still gaining...only faster now. Nothing she could do was going to make a difference apparently, until someone figured out what was wrong with her and fixed it. She'd read on line that birth control pills were often prescribed for situations like hers. According to the data, the pills regulated hormone levels in the female body...so if hormones were to blame for things like acne or weight-gain, then the pills often helped. But in some situations, they did just the opposite and could cause problems where there were none. But from all she'd read, she had a good idea that they were going to put her on the pill before they did anything else. But her mother had refused to get her a prescription for them until she saw a doctor...and so the waiting continued.

It was now day 21. She considered that her gain started when she moved into the new house, so she had begun counting forward from that date. The first 7 days, she wasn't sure what she'd gained, but around day 12, she had put on 13 pounds. By the fourteenth, she'd hit 126, meaning 16 pounds. She'd seen the base clinic doctor on the 15th day and that's when she'd started eating normal again. And now, it was day 21, seven days later...seven days of normal eating. How much had she put on? She'd been averaging a pound a day before, but she knew it'd increased since then.

She stepped up onto the scale and stared down at the orange digital numbers as they lit up.

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She didn't flinch, she didn't frown or glare in anger. She just stood there quietly and absorbed what she had learned. In the last week, she'd gained 25 pounds. Five days ago, she'd been 135...meaning her gain was rapidly increasing with each passing day. In roughly five days, she'd packed on an additional 16 pounds...meaning she was now up to about 3 pounds a day.

That was just insane, she realized. Who gains 3 pounds a day? *It's like my fat cells are absorbing every tiny bit of food I eat!* She'd been doing a lot of reading lately, and learned that a person is born with a set amount of fat cells. So fat people didn't have *more* fat cells...per say, but that their fat cells were merely larger than skinny peoples' cells. From what she'd understood, the cells absorbed proteins and converted them into fat molecules which they then stored within themselves like giant vacuum cleaners. And they could continue to expand indefinitely, meaning there was really no limit to how fat a person could potentially become. And while the average person's fat cells were lazy and only absorbed fatty-based proteins like sugars that were easy to metabolize into their cells, there were several types of biological problems which could cause the cells to go into overdrive...meaning, essentially, that the fat cells got active and could turn every protein in the body into fat molecules. She suspected this was what was happening to her. It would explain why she wasn't pooping much and also how she was managing to pack on so much in such a short time frame.

And from what else she'd read, it wasn't usual for these types of problems to kick off during puberty. And despite the fact that she thought the base doctor had been a bitch, the woman had been right about most of what she'd told her. Teenage girls often experienced spurts in which their bodies would try to pork out due to hormone imbalances, and in fact, over the last few decades, teen obesity rates had been increasing dramatically and also teenage girls were developing faster biologically. Cases of girls getting pregnant at ten and younger, once thought to be insane, was becoming more and more frequent. Girls were getting their periods earlier and developing breasts at younger ages...and apparently beginning

the transition into sexual persons at earlier and earlier ages. And the only thing the scientists could attribute to the changes was the environment and diet. Either all the chemicals we were ingesting were starting to take an effect on us...or mankind was slowly evolving into something new...something that matured faster and earlier. But whichever it was, one thing was certain...mankind was changing.

The real question was...was she part of that change? What was going on inside her body at this very moment? What kind of evolutionary change could be achieved by making her super fat? She had no clue. Maybe her hormones were just wonky...or maybe she was genetically predispositioned to be a fat ass. Her own mother wasn't skinny by any means. At barely over five feet tall, the short little woman had E-cup tits and weighed, or so she admitted, to being at least over 200 pounds...but she suspected her mother was a bit heavier than that. Hell, her tits alone, probably weighed five pounds apiece.

So maybe she was just destined to be porky. Maybe she'd level out when she reached her mother's size...but that was fifty pounds away...and her mother was two inches taller than her. And while the older woman at least had the benefit of big tits, Jill had nothing. Looking at herself in the mirror, she looked like a fat *boy* for the most part...all she needed was a dick dangling between her legs. Her long hair was about the only thing that identified her, sans removing her pants, as being female.

She stepped back off the scale and stared at herself in the big full length mirror on the back of the bathroom wall. Comparatively, her ass looked like it was twice the size it had been the first time she saw herself naked in this mirror some three weeks ago. Forty one pounds ago...three weeks and forty one pounds. What was happening to her.

She turned sideways and stared at her own profile, amazed and horrified at how her body had changed so rapidly. Her once flat abdomen now protruded at least five or six inches outward from her ribcage...and it was big and round like a pregnant belly. She placed both hands on the side of it and squeezed inward and then shook it...making the bulbous protrusion quiver like a big bag of jello. She let go and it continued to jiggle for several moments all on its own.

Probably about the closet I'm ever gonna get to a boob, she surmised with a depressed look on her face. *Might as well enjoy whatever jiggle I fucking got, huh?* And with that thought in mind, she bounced a bit, up and down on her toes, to make her belly move again. It felt weird, feeling the weight of her fat belly bouncing like that. She turned around and then twisted her head to one side so she could look over her shoulder and see her ass in the mirror.

Oh shit, I look like Mom from behind, she realized. No wonder her brothers made beeping noises every time they saw her backing up. Her ass was wider than she thought. She repeated her little bouncy-toe thing and then cringed as she watched her ass cheeks quiver as badly as her belly had.

Five foot tall and an hundred and fifty one pounds...no tits! She was shaped like a bowling pin...a flat fucking bowling pin.

She looked over at the hamper and realized a pair of her mother's size 22 jeans were hanging out of the top of it. Naked, she stepped over to the basket and fished the pants out. Out of blatant curiosity, she fluffed them out and stepped into them. They went up...which was more than her own pants were doing these days, and to her horror...they slid snugly over her ass. She gulped dryly and for a moment, hesitated before she pulled them all the way up and buttoned them. They were pretty lose and she felt good for a second, till she realized she'd gotten in

the habit of sucking her belly in any time she put pants on. She sighed and let her stomach muscles go...relaxing her belly and letting it sag out...filling her mother's pants fully.

OH SHIT...I can wear my momma's pants! That meant...that meant she was as fat as her mother was, sans her titties, right? No, it just meant she had a big fat ass...and apparently her belly was starting to run it a race to see who was biggest.

Frantic and upset, she kicked the pants off and replaced them in the hamper, doing her best to erase the memory of putting them on from her mind.

The door jerked and rattled, startling her. Then came a knock.

"Hey, I gotta pee," came the voice of Joel from out in the hallway. "You almost done in there?"

Her self-esteem was nothingness. The only thing she'd had make her feel good in the last three weeks had been the night, about a week ago, when she'd snuck into the boys' room and played with Joel's dick. He'd woke up in the middle of it and seen her and just told her not to stop as he shot off all over both of them. For that one moment in time, she'd felt sexual and sexy...and maybe even hot. But that had been twenty five pounds ago...and she hadn't had the balls to say shit to Joel since that night. He was her cousin after all...and what she'd done was a no-no from the get-go. Not to mention he wasn't all that great looking himself...pimply and skinny with messy hair and a long face and big mouth. He was never gonna win a hot-guy award by any means. The only thing he had going for him was his incredibly huge dick.

She stepped over to the door and just turned the lock, and then stepped backwards from it.

Joel heard the latch unlocking and opened the door on his own accord, probably assuming whoever was inside was done

and was coming out. When he got the door open though, it only took him a second to realize that he was looking at a very naked and very fat Jill...who was obviously *not* done nor coming out...so that meant...obviously...that she wanted *him* to come in.

Without a word, he stepped inside and shut the door back and on a second thought, clicked the lock to secure it.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied, not really certain herself, what the fuck she was doing or what the fuck she really wanted with him, if anything.

"You let me in...why?"

"Am I gross?"

The question caught him off-guard. He didn't know what to say exactly...so he said nothing.

"I keep getting fatter...and I can't stop...it's really freaking me the fuck out, Joel," she said with tears in her eyes.

He stepped forward and just hugged her, naked and all.

"It's okay, Jill...your mom got you an appointment with some kind of specialist, okay...they'll figure out what's up in a few weeks and fix it...quit freaking out."

"Joel, I'm so fat...I...I put on Mom's jeans and they actually fit me," and with that she broke into sobs and buried her face in his shoulder. "I'm so gross!"

"You're not gross...c'mon...crap...I...I let you jerk me off the other night...if you were gross, would I have done that?" he said with the intent of trying to make a solid point...though it came off sounding more arrogant and self-serving than it should have. "Okay, that didn't come out right...but you know what I'm saying...you're not gross, okay!?"

"I put on twenty five pounds this week...twenty five!" she cried out, sobbing into his shoulder. I weight a hundred and

fifty pounds...LOOK AT ME!" and she pushed back away from him and grabbed at her belly, jiggling it angrily. "LOOK AT ME!"

And he did...he looked directly at her belly as she jiggled it and it reminded him of Aunt Donna...except she was a little shorter and had no tits to speak of...she was like a titless version of her mother...it was odd to behold, but somehow it still managed to excite him a little. Not to mention, she'd snuck into his room a week earlier and jerked him off in the dark...it wasn't like she didn't like him or something, right?

"What...why...why are you looking at me like that," she asked him through teary eyes.

"Uhh...like how, what...I don't...crap," he muttered and realized there was really no reason to conceal the fact that she was turning him on. Fuck, it might even make her feel better, right? "Sorry...you just sort of turned me on when you did that with your belly."

She stood there and blinked at him several times as if she were in standby mode, trying to process what he'd just said.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" she finally blurted.

"Alright, dammit...you know I fucked your momma, alright...I'm not gonna deny that...but have you ever wondered *why*?"

She looked him dead in the eye as if she could suck the answer out of him telepathically through his corneas...but nothing came to her.

"Damn...I like fat women, okay?" he admitted finally, his face turning ten shades of red. "And don't laugh at me, dammit ...I can't help it...I don't know why...but I just do, okay."

"Wait...is...is that why you never had anything to do with me before...before now?" she asked with a look of perplexed curiosity on her face.

"Well yeah, you were all scrawny...but...but now you're all filled out, y'know...you got this big old ass and...and...and *that*," and he motioned with one hand at her belly.

"I thought you liked Mom 'cause of her titties?"

"Well I do," he admitted. "But I got it bad for her ass and belly too...but...but I just ain't never been able to tell a woman that, y'know? I mean how do you say that? Hey shake your belly for me...or jiggle your ass. It's kind of like just saying, *hey you're fat bitch*, and I've always been scared they'd take it the wrong way, y'know?"

"But you'll tell me?" she looked confused.

"You don't have no boobs, Jill...so if I tell you I'm hot for you, then you *know* why, don't you?"

"So Mom just thinks you've got it bad for her boobs?"

"Yes...at least I guess so. She's never really tried to work anything else with me...of course she's only done something like twice with me...and she ain't done shit with me since that escapade in the backyard with the wonder-twins."

"So I'm like...the first fat woman you've ever told this to?"

"Yes...yes you are," he confessed. "Well my Mom knows about it...she's caught me looking at porn before, so she knows, but she's not fat at all...you know that."

"You...you called out to her in your sleep that night in your room when I was...y'know...and---"

"Oh shit...what did I say?" he asked with a horrified look on his face.

"You said something like, *make me cum, Momma*, or something like that, I think," she replied. "Joel...have you...done it with your momma?"

He put his head down and slumped back against the locked door. He didn't want to say anything...he'd already told his cousin more than he'd admitted to any other woman other than

his mother. But somehow he felt a connection with her...one that he'd never had before. He felt like he could actually be a boyfriend to her of some sort. Every other woman he'd had contact with had always been older than him...old enough to be his mother in fact. This was the first girl even remotely close to his own age, that had ever even *seen* his dick, much less touched it to any degree.

"She started messing with me when I was younger...and she's always been like that with me...I never had a normal type of relationship, y'know," he began. "She's really dominating...almost sort of mean at times...she...Jill...she's loaned me out before."

"What?" Jill looked aghast.

"When I was younger...she would always show me off to her friends...like make me come into the room and pull my pants down...show me off like a prize pony or something. And then one day one of her fat, slut friends reached out and touched me and they were both drunk...and Mom thought it was funny and then she just watched while the fat bitch jerked me off."

"HOLEE SHIT, JOEL!"

"Oh it got worse...after that, she started letting her friends touch me every time...and then one day I came home and she had three of her whore friends over...and they were all drunk, and she made me fuck them...ALL of them in this big, nasty orgy like thing...I mean, it was...I didn't...they just sort of took turns with me."

"Have you ever told anyone?"

He looked up at her finally.

"No, Jill...I...it's not like that," he said. "I...I did it, y'know?"

"No, I don't know...what are you talking about?"

"Fat women make me hard, Jill...and all her friends were these fat, frumpy military wives...and I...I would just pop wood

and it would go from there. I mean it's not like they were making me do it...I came all over them and in them...every last time...every last one of them."

"Oh," she muttered, finally understanding that he wasn't complaining about his relationship with his mother...but only that he was explaining it to her. "So she likes to watch?"

"Oh know...she fucks me," he blurted. "She just figured out that I liked fat women and she wasn't about to get fat herself, so she just started out making me look at porn while she'd do it to me...then she let her fat friends get involved to keep me up."

"Oh man...so you got it so bad that you can look at a fat woman and fuck a skinny one?" The look on her face was somewhere between awe and amusement.

"That bad," he acknowledged.

"So if I do this," and she shook her belly again, "that makes you horny?"

His eyes bugged and he smirked, his face turning red again.

"Show me...prove it...c'mon, pull it out," she begged him. Her tear stained face was almost beaming with excitement. Her pity party was apparently over for the moment...and he felt good about that, at least.

Unzipping his jeans, he fished his half-erect dick out and draped it outside his pants.

She shook her belly some more and then started slapping it rather hard to make it jiggle even more. Then she began to bounce her entire body in a silly little dance of sorts, turning around in a circle so he could see her fat ass quivering with each step...and by the time she'd made a full 360, he had a full erection throbbing for her.

"Oh shit...for real...that's awesome," she blurted. "You like me 'cause I'm fat!"

"Can I go pee now?"

“Oh...well...” and she made a *murphing* grunt sound at him. “Knock yourself out, I guess.”

Well what the fuck...I thought it was going somewhere for a minute there, she thought to herself as she watched him take a position in front of the toilet and raise the seat to pee.

She heard urine hitting the water and was shocked that he actually had the gall to just pee with her in the room. Or was he peeing first...so he could do something else?

Quietly, she stepped up behind him and as soon as the tinkling sound stopped, she reached around his waist and grabbed his dangling cock...he let go of it and flinched, as if he hadn't expected her to do that.

“I know you like fat chicks,” she cooed to him from behind his left shoulder as she squeezed on his dick and pulled at it. “I'm a little fatty and I like that you like fat chicks.”

“Don't start it if you're not gonna finish it, Jill,” he told her with a matter-of-fact tone of voice.

“Fat Jill will start whatever her big, fat ass wants,” she whispered to him. “You want to fuck me? You wanna fuck my big fat pussy?”

He turned around with a force that she wasn't expecting and it caught her by surprise. Before she knew what was happening, he had pressed his mouth to hers and was kissing her with everything that he could muster...and his hands were all over her fat belly...pawing at it...kneading like bread dough and then his hands were behind her, doing the same to her fat ass cheeks and this his mammoth cock was between her legs...pressing at her crotch...and then they were on the floor, groping and gasping, clawing at each other like animals...and he was pressing his oversized cock into her tight vaginal opening.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck, Joel it---” and he cut her off by slapping his hand over her mouth to silence her shouting as he rammed

the end of his shaft inside of her. Her eyes bugged out and her hymen ruptured almost instantly as his bulbous penile head burrowed deep inside of her. He could tell he was hurting her, but she wasn't fighting back...she wasn't resisting.

He had to keep his right hand over her face, but his left hand trailed down to her belly and he began to knead it again, jiggling it and wiggling it, even as he pressed himself inside her deeper...and at some point he felt his dick hit the back of her orifice and he began to work it back out...and then the pumping motions began and the look of pain on her face faded into something more akin to ecstasy, as her eyes rolled back in her head. Minutes ticked by as he humped her...and after a time, she began to buck back, trying to work his cock in time with him, and then he felt her shudder and he knew she was having an orgasm...her hot pussy juices suddenly pouring out around his cock, lubricating their movements and letting him know it was time to go himself.

He released his grip on her mouth and raised up, pulling himself out of her, then he slid off to one side of her.

Her pelvis ached and she could tell her vagina was still gaping open and dripping with all manner of liquids. This must have been how her mother felt that day she walked in on her after she'd fucked him. She couldn't muster the ability to close her legs...it was too much. His dick was just too much...too fat to handle...but it had felt so good there at the last...after he'd stretched her the fuck out. She'd cum so hard on him...that she was still trembling.

"Roll over towards me," he said to her.

She turned her head and looked at him and then down at his dick that was so very apparently hard.

"Face me and let me jerk off on your belly...please," he said, asking with a sincere look of lust.

It took all the energy she had, but she rolled over onto her side to face him and then relaxed her belly...and then started jiggling it with her right hand for his amusement.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck,” he gasped as he jerked on his dick and erupted all over her fat gut. Suddenly with a bit more force than he intended, he slapped her butt cheek and forced her over onto her stomach on the floor and then continued to jerk off all over her fat ass, slapping it to make it jiggle the whole time. When he finished cumming, he started spanking her with his limp dick and then after a moment or so of that, he rolled her back over and pressed his dick to her face. “Suck it...suck my cock.”

And she did...she took it with both hands and began to milk it and lick it and then she gave it a go of sucking it, but it was too fat for her mouth, so she just continued to lap at it with her tongue and mouth the end of its bulbous and gooey knob.

A short time later, she was in the shower with him, the water running. She had not said much to him since they’d climbed up off the floor together, but now she wanted to talk to communicate with him about what had happened.

“So,” she said as he handed her the soap bar. To her dismay, rather than washing himself with the rag he’d lathered up, he instead began to wash her belly for her, taking extra time while poking around in her navel...and for a moment she felt like he was trying to literally finger it in a sexual manner. “You enjoying yourself there?”

“Yeah, I am,” he admitted. “I’ve been with so many fat women and I’ve never been able to just...y’know...play with their fat,” and he sulled up suddenly, realizing he might have

insulted her. He pulled back with his hand and she caught him with her own...and tugged him back to her belly and her navel.

"I don't think it's clean just yet," she said with a quirky little smile.

"I didn't mean to say that you were---"

"Fat?" she finished for him. "Joel, I'm a fucking porker!"

"Doesn't mean you want to hear that," he asserted.

"Not from anybody else," she admitted. "But from you... it's different...it's kind of sexy I guess."

"You were a virgin, huh?"

"Yes," she confessed. "I was up until a few minutes ago."

"I felt your hymen go...I've read about it, but I never been with a virgin before."

"I'm glad you covered my mouth...I was trying hard to scream there for a while...it hurt bad when you first went in, man...that thing is stupid big," she said, eyeing his soapy cock dangling between his legs, hanging halfway to his knees. "You're like a beanpole with a donkey dick, you know that huh?"

"My Mom calls me elephant boy," he remarked and grinned.

"So do you and her still...y'know---"

"Yeah...but...I don't want to any more I don't think," he answered.

"Why not?" she asked, curious as to why.

"Well one, she's not fat...and I fucking love this shit," he said as he pulled her into him and hugged her, groping her fat ass as he did so. Just for funzies, he hefted her cheeks and jiggled them a bit. "And...and I doubt you're gonna like me doing that sort of thing."

He released her and took a step back so he could gauge the expression on her face.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"Well was this a one-time thing?"

She hadn't had time to think about that. *Was it?* Joel was her first cousin...they were related...marrying him was illegal in most states...but...there was no law against having him for a boyfriend, was there?

"I hope not," she asserted as she moved in close to him again and this time, it was she, who grabbed for ass cheeks. Her heart palpitated, skipping a beat, when she felt his dangling cock slapping side to side between them. Every time that he moved, his dick would swing like a pendulum on a clock.

He's got a cock clock! The thought was funny and she had to fight hard not to laugh, lest she have to explain what was so funny to him.

"So where are we then," he asked her, whispering in her ear as they embraced. "Cause I want to be your boyfriend."

No guy had ever told her that before...not in all her fourteen years...never once had she had an actual boyfriend. Of course, in all that time she'd never had a single bit of jiggle on her body either and maybe that was the problem.

"Are you serious, Joel?"

"I can do all the stuff I dream about with you, Jill...you let me cum on your belly and your butt...fuck you let finger your belly button for crying out loud...you don't even care if I say you're fat, do you?"

And it was true, she didn't. When he said it, it seemed so sexy, like he was paying her a compliment. If he'd told he to shake her fat fucking ass, it would turn her on. Knowing that he was hot for her fatness somehow made it okay for him to say or do whatever he wanted. And what he lacked in looks, he more than made up for in dick. He was so good with his dick...and when he told her to suck it and he shoved it in her face, she

almost died...it was so hot...his big, fat fucking slimy cock all rubbing in her face...on her mouth...her licking it. He was so nasty with that giant cock...that she could easily get back his looks without a lick of problem.

"I don't think we can be like that," she admitted. "Not till we're older...maybe out of school," she added. "We're gonna have to keep it quiet...just between us or people are gonna freak out...and Mom already threatened to make you go live with Granny if she found out we were messing around."

"You're right...it's never gonna be normal, is it?"

"Who said abnormal was a bad thing?" she chirped with a sarcastic little smirk.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well look at us...you got an abnormally huge fucking wiener and I'm abnormally fucking fat...and we're cousins...so I mean...there's nothing really normal about us...and I'm okay with that...in fact, I love it," she said and slithered her hands down onto his cock where she began to stroke it with wet and soapy hands. "Fuck I wish I could suck it...it's just too fat," she commented as she felt him getting hard again.

"Y'know...your mom left to go to the store like thirty minutes before I came up here," he stated nonchalantly.

"I wondered why you were all so wild with it," she stated as she snuggled up against him and his erection and kissed him again. "She's probably gonna be gone for a while...she usually takes at least a couple of hours to shop."

"Yeah, I know...but the wonder-twins are still here and one needs the bathroom, well...y'know---"

"We can go in my room...turn the stereo on and lock the door," she suggested with a wry grin as she kissed him again. "I wanna fuck on a bed, dammit...so I can get some bounce going."

"Oh fuck, just get on the bed and bounce around...and let me watch...'cause I will so jerk off to you doing that," he pleaded with a look of sheer awe on his face.

"Oh man you got it bad...you'd probably get off just hearing me talk about being fat, wouldn't you?" She giggled, thinking she'd made a smartass remark, and never dreaming he might take it seriously.

"Oh hell yeah I would," he insisted with a look of lust in his eyes. "Do it...talk nasty about it...being...y'know...tell me about being fat or something."

"What?!" she giggled and looked at him like he was crazy. "Are you serious---of course you are...damn...okay...alright, I can do that...sure...what you want me to say?"

"I don't know...just talk to me about it...I'll let you know if you hit on something kinky...trust me." He grinned. "How much do you weigh?"

She blushed...but then realized the evil numbers would probably turn his freaky ass on.

"A hundred and fifty one pounds," she told him with as straight of a face as she could muster. "I weighed a hundred and ten when we moved in three weeks ago."

"Oh man...that's like---"

"Forty one pounds," she finished for him. "And it's all right here in my belly and ass," she added, slapping her wet and soapy ass for emphasis. "Can you tell?"

"Oh fuck yeah I can tell...I been watching you like a hawk," he confessed. "When your jeans started getting tight I started thinking about you when I'd jerk off at night...did you know that?"

"No I did not," she giggled. "Pervert!"

"Hey, you snuck in my room and sleep molested me like a week ago...so who's the pervert, huh?"

"Don't have such a big, fat cock and maybe I won't wanna mess with it," she retorted.

"You didn't hear me complain did you?"

She giggled and kissed him again. He wasn't a bad kisser, not that she'd had a lot of experience...okay, actually none, but he seemed to be doing it right nonetheless.

"So are you gonna lose it all when you go to the doctor or what?" he asked, and suddenly the space between them got serious.

"Well I was going to," she replied. But now there was Joel and Joel's big dick...and she sort of had a boyfriend because of her fatness. If she lost the weight, she'd lose him too, probably.

"I think you look awesome just like you are," he offered.

"I know you do," she said with a slight smile. "And if you did your math a minute ago, you know I'm getting fatter by the fucking day, huh?"

"Three weeks, forty one pounds...what's that...like two pounds a day...right?"

"The first two weeks I was keeping it to a pound or two a day...but this past week, I've gained three pounds a day...I've put on twenty five pounds just since I snuck into your room the other night," she explained.

"When is your appointment with the other doctor?"

"In two weeks...sixteen days from now," she said with a sigh. "So I'm thinking...at three pounds a day...I'll be like---"

"Whoa...almost two hundred pounds," he finished her sentence with a look of awe on his face. No repulsion...just sheer awe as if the idea impressed him.

"Perv...that gets you off, don't it?"

He smiled and blushed.

"I bet if you had your way, you turned me into a fucking beached well, wouldn't you?"

"I would feed you and fuck you every single day," he added with a devious grin.

"You don't want me to lose it, do you?" she asserted.

"You want me to lie or tell you the truth?"

"The truth."

"I never liked you till you started getting fat, Jill...and I honestly wouldn't find you hot if you got skinny again," he confessed, hoping the fact wouldn't piss her off. "And honestly, it's been turning me on...watching you gain. I think it would be the hottest thing in the world to watch you swell up to 200."

"You would get off on that?" she asked, but looking down she saw he was already playing with himself just talking to her about it. "Oh Joel...that's...oh man...that's---"

"That's what?" he asked.

"Get out...get out of the shower right now...and...and go downstairs to the kitchen and you find the nastiest junk food you can round up and then you come back up to my room, asshole and you're gonna feed me...and...and---"

"And what?" he prodded her.

She remembered watching a video on the strange porn site she found...in the HUMILIATION category...in which a bunch of well hung black men had stood around a fat woman that was tied up...and they'd called her every fat insult in the book, even slapped her around a bit and made her suck their cocks and then in the end, they'd let her down and fucked her...gang-banging her fat ass...and she'd gotten off on it. Remembering it now, she'd masturbated to it...replayed it several times. Somehow it had been a relief to her to see some other fat bitch insulted and not her. But now it seemed to take on a whole new perspective to her. She felt so horny for Joel...and she knew her getting fatter would drive him crazy for her. She wanted to do it now...she absolutely wanted to get fatter if it

meant he'd keep fucking the shit out of her. Who cared what her stupid brothers thought...or what anybody else thought. The only reason she needed to look good was to get a man, right? And here was Joel with this awesome dick...and he liked her the way she was...in fact, he wanted her to get fatter for him. So why not? Why not just do it?

"I want you to feed me, Joel...feed me and make me fatter," she insisted. "I wanna be your little piggy, Joel...if you want me to get fat, you *make me fatter!*"

Joel stepped back and just ejaculated all over her right there on the spot. He'd been playing with himself the whole time and obviously she'd hit some sort of nerve, talking smack to him.

"Oh fuck...oh shit, Jill...shit," he blurted as he pumped his dick off all over her belly as she stood there in the shower with him. He slumped back against the rear wall of the tub enclosure and slid down onto his ass on the back shelf...and she stepped forward and put her arms out, braced herself against the wall behind him, and then she leaned in over him and pressed her fat, wet belly against his face and just began smearing it all over his face.

"You gonna make me fatter, Joel...you gonna make me fatter than my Momma...you gonna make me bust out of my pants...make my shirts not fit...you gonna slap my ass and cum all over my big, fat belly, Joel...awww...you already did that, huh?"

Beneath her, he was jerking off still...and she felt more cum splattering the fronts of her thighs and even the bottom of her belly. Then she felt his mouth on her belly...his tongue in her navel and his hands...both of them squeezing at her belly so hard and manly like and then she was on him...his dick inside of her and they were fucking...her above him...but his cock was so big she couldn't stand while doing it and she collapsed down

onto his lap, but the shower shelf wasn't enough to hold them both and he slid down into the tub, her on top of him and then they just fucked...fucked and cum with each other in the mist of the hot water and soap suds. The tub was squeaking and the bumps and thuds were loud and obvious and both of them knew if the boys were in the house, they could surely hear them, but for some reason neither seemed to give a shit.

In the grocery store, Donna pushed her buggy along as she glared at the myriad of cereal boxes. *Why do they constantly move shit? So annoying!* She'd spent the last ten minutes going up and down the aisle, looking for Fruit Loops. *It's a bright fucking red box...how can---* And just then she spotted it on the top shelf, just above her five foot two eye level. She walked right past it at least three times.

Straining, she reached up for it and realized her brassiere was poking at her in the tits. Nabbing the box of cereal and tossing it into her buggy, she looked around and when no one was looking at her, she pillaged the underwire and tried to situate herself.

Fucking bras...whoever invented them should be beaten and shot and tied up with stiff wire and then beaten some more! Or maybe they should tie him up and let women parade around him and poke him with tiny pieces of wire just for fun. And she knew it had to be a man who invented the contraptions... 'cause surely no woman in her right mind would have created such an uncomfortable garment, right? And if it was a woman, she must not have had any sizeable tits to speak of!

She looked down and pulled at her t-shirt to pop a fold loose from under her bra. Apparently she'd gotten some fabric caught under it when she'd jabbed at her underwire.

Her hand brushed the front of her boob though and she felt something wet.

“Ewww,” she muttered and tried to look out at her tits, but as usual, they stuck out too far to see the bottom edge of them. Looking around she, noted that no one was on the aisle with her and so she just hefted her jugs up and gazed down at the front of them and to her shock, a large wet spot was right dead top of her right nipple.

It wasn’t the first time she’d dragged her tits through something and probably wouldn’t be the last. Hell they were practically a table attached to her chest when she wore a bra. She’d drop food down into her cleavage constantly. Nope, food never hit the floor when she wore a brassiere.

She rubbed at the spot and then smelled her fingers, but couldn’t determine what it was by its smell or lack of one. *Gross, I hope that’s not like meat juice or something...nasty fucking stores.* And then she realized her tits mostly hung right above the top of her buggy handle. Stepping back she surveyed the handle thinking something might have been on it, but nothing was.

“Helluva a place to smear something,” she grumbled as she leaned forward to conceal the spot. She wheeled her buggy around and headed for the public bathroom at the rear of the store.

Someone was in the single stall women’s room, and she had to wait for five minutes till the old bitch finally come crawling out, leaving her stinky wake behind.

Fighting the urge to gag, she entered the restroom and shut the door and latched it. With quick movements, she carefully peeled her t-shirt over and off herself, doing her best to avoid letting the wet spot touch her face. As she eyed the shirt

though, she noticed her black brassiere cup was also wet, spying its extra darkness in the mirror above the sink.

“Oh c’mon...for real?” She tossed her shirt to the sink counter and reached behind her back to unsnap her bra clasps. As she fought with them though, she noticed how plump and billowy her breasts looked...and it caught her so off-guard that she let go of her bra clasps entirely and stepped closer to the mirror behind the sink. As she surveyed her chest, she realized that her tits were literally bubbling up out of her cups.

“I’m an E-cup...no way...no fucking way,” she muttered to herself as she analyzed what she was seeing. And it was just then that she noticed a tiny drop drip down from the black spot on her over-filled bra cup. No sooner had the tiny drop struck the counter top, than she was jerking her cups up and let her tits drop out the bottom.

“Oh fuck...oh holee fuck,” she gasped as she hefted her right breast and smelled of it. It smelled off...like...bad milk? *Uh-uhh, no fucking way!* But when she squeezed it, tiny little yellowy cream bubbles formed on the end of her nipple. She was lactating. She dropped her tit and immediately grabbed at her fat belly and pawed at it, glaring at herself in the mirror. Surely she couldn’t be pregnant, right? But she had to know for sure!

Moments later, her arms crossed to conceal the wet spot on her chest, she was all short of trotting through the store heading towards the pharmaceutical section with the intent of getting a pregnancy test. Five minutes later, she was back in the restroom, stick in hand, peeing on it with absolute horror pecking at her like a vulture waiting for a turtle to cross the road.

Tick-tock, tick-tock...she tapped her foot waiting and watching the pink lines on the test...but after three minutes,

only one line remained visible. She waited till five minutes and still only one line remained visible.

“Well what the fuck...if I’m not pregnant...why the hell am I dribbling milk like a cow?”

In a panic, she stood up from the toilet, pulled her pants up and then took her shirt and bra off and held them under the hand dryer to dry them out. Then with distaste, she packed toilet paper into her bra cup to pad the nipple against further leakage.

Pulling herself together, she managed to finish her shopping and head home, but on the way, she used her cell phone to call the base clinic and get an appointment.

2 DAYS LATER:

“Well Donna, I don’t know what to tell you really. You’re not pregnant, dear.”

She sat quietly, eyeing the woman physician that she’d brought Jill to see a week earlier. It annoyed her the way the woman pretended as if she knew her...calling her by her first name and referring to her as “dear” and whatnot. She knew it was just protocol...procedure...an attempt by the doctor to make the visit seem more personal, but all it did was make it that much more awkward.

“So why am I lactating?”

“Well honestly any number of things can trigger it, Donna,” the woman explained. “Has anyone close to you...relative or a friend, recently had a baby? Wet-nurses...not just a myth you know...not too many years back, nannies actually breast-fed the children they cared for...so it’s not uncommon for women to begin lactating if they feel in a position of care-giver for an infant.”

“Well I don’t know anybody with a baby, so that’s not it,” she replied, refuting the theory. “Could it have something to do with my daughter gaining weight?” She asked because she was thinking somehow her daughter’s hormone imbalance might be related to her own, but the doctor took another route with it.

“Well it’s entirely possible that you may be feeling sympathetic towards her...reviving feelings of being a mother and that could trigger it, I suppose.”

“I don’t think so,” she insisted. “I was thinking more of whatever is causing her to get fat might be causing me to lactate, y’know?”

The bitch doctor laughed. “Well Donna, dear...those are two very different biological functions, so I don’t think any contaminate or whatever, would cause that. I mean if you were both lactating or both gaining weight, then maybe, but in most cases like this, the lactation is almost always attributed to psychological causes if it’s not related to hormones.”

“Well did you check all of mine?”

“Surely, and your progestin levels are extremely high, along with a few others which is causing the lactation, but now as to what’s causing the elevation, being it’s not pregnancy, I don’t have a clue. Like I said, it’s usually psychological...and it could just be stress related to your daughter or your husband being away...any number of things that you may not be realizing yourself even.”

“Well can you give me something to dry it up?”

“I can...but it’s hormonal in and of itself, and if I try to halt the hormone surges, it could end up making it worse...as the glands may try to counter my counter, if you follow what I’m saying.”

She sighed and stared at the woman.

"So it's like when you told Jill that dieting could actually be making her gain weight?"

"Exactly," the doctor replied. "Sometimes the best course is to just ride these things out."

"Yeah, well...my daughter has put on 25 pounds in the last fucking week," she snapped with more than a bit of agitation. "So you'll pardon me if I'm not taking too much stock in your diagnosis for me."

"Twenty five pounds in a week? Really?" The woman looked somewhat disturbed. "She's probably adjusting...going back to a regular diet and all...I warned you that the dieting was not a good idea. She'll settle in a week or so and if she doesn't start dropping some pounds, we'll take a look at her again."

"No, you won't...because I've already made her appointment with a doctor who maybe does something... thanks but no thanks." Angrily, she stood up from the exam table and ripped her paper gown off, revealing her topless body to the doctor as she stepped over to the waiting chair and snatched up her bra.

The physician watched in awe as she fought to put the undergarment on.

"You a lesbian...you gonna stand there and watch me jiggle my tits or what?"

"Sorry," the woman blurted. "You'll pardon my asking, but have they always been that big?"

"My tits...yeah, I've had double-DD's since my last pregnancy...umm...12...13 years ago, why?"

"Uhh...you're way bigger than just double-DD, honey."

"Well yeah, I've been an E-cup for a while...I just meant my boobs blown up during my last pregnancy and I've been big since then," she admitted as she pulled the straps up on her

brassiere and then began to tug at her cups to situate her massive udders.

The doctor stared unabatedly at Donna's undulating cleavage...practically bubbling out over the tops of her bra cups.

"Your bra is way too small," she commented.

"Well it wasn't last week," she barked, with a snarky tone.

"Do you have anything constructive to say, or are you just standing there to enjoy the show?"

"Honestly, it could be your bra causing the problem," the doctor stated with an arched brow. "That's why I was looking ...sorry if I made you uncomfortable. I just feel bad that I don't have the answers you want...and it occurred to me that I had read before about ill-fitting brassieres causing everything from lumps and bruising...to lactation."

"Why the fuck would a tight bra do that?"

"No clue, dear," the doctor replied. "I just remember reading it...so it might not hurt to go a few days without one and see if it improves the problem. But either way, you're gonna need a bigger bra, sweetie."

"Yeah well...a double-EE is gonna be a special order, and there's no sense buying one if I'm gonna balloon out of it in another fucking week, is there?"

"Well if lactating, I don't think you're likely to get much bigger, Donna...seriously."

"Really? Well I was a C-cup before I got pregnant with my boys...and I swelled up to an E before they were born...then I dropped back to droopy double-DD's...so from C to E...no, don't tell me I ain't gonna get any bigger."

"Well I doubt the Lieutenant will complain much," the doctor asserted with a smirk as she reached for the door knob to exit the room.

"How do you know my husband's rank?"

The woman stopped dead in her tracks and turned her head to look at Donna. Her expression was reminiscent of a deer in headlights.

"I honestly don't know...it's probably in your chart somewhere...isn't his name Peter? Peter Mason?"

"Paul...Lieutenant Paul Mason," she corrected her.

"All the military records are in our database...I probably read it somewhere," she reiterated as she pretended to thumb through Donna's file chart that she held. "Well anyway, I'm sorry I haven't got anything solid for you. Try losing the wire rig for a week and if it doesn't improve, come back and we can certainly give you something to dry it up, okay?" And with that said, she exited and shut the door.

Donna groaned and looked down at her immense cleavage. She sighed deeply and it was enough movement to make her bubbling excess of breasts start to quiver. Her bra was literally overflowing with titties. The woman was right about that at least...she certainly needed a double-EE to even hope to contain her tits. But they'd ballooned up this big in a matter of days and she'd meant what she said...she wasn't spending sixty fucking dollars on a bra that would do her no good in another week.

Fuck...what even comes after double-EE? An F-cup? It disturbed her to think about it. She didn't even know anybody who had been bigger than an E-cup. She'd seen big, fat black women who had obviously probably been pushing F's or bigger, but they were usually five times her size...no less than four hundred pounds at least...and here she was at 210...with titties that, sans a bra, were hanging down past her navel. It was unsettling to say the very least.

Maybe the doctor was right though. Maybe she should just lose the bra for a few days and see what happened before she made her give her the hormones. She certainly didn't want to

dry her tits up into deflated sacks like they had been after the twins were born. That had just been gross. Nope, she wasn't going to ask for the hormones unless her boobs reached her hips at least. The stupid bitch had a point...her husband probably wouldn't fucking complain if her tits were bigger when he came home.

And speaking of which...how had she known her husband's rank? That was very odd. The Navy did keep all records connected, and since she was on her husband's dependents list, it was likely his name and rank was attached to her file somewhere...so maybe she was telling the truth. She'd have had no reason to lie, right?

Uneasy, she pulled her baggy sweater over her head and then down over her gargantuan chest.

Donna walked into the house and turned to shut the front door back. After securing it, she turned and found herself looking at Jill as she stepped down off the last steps of the stairs directly in front of her. As the girl's foot dropped down onto the floor, her massive belly flopped and then quivered within the excessively tight confines of her t-shirt. The shirt was hers, but it hadn't fit her for at least a month and it was doing nothing to conceal anything about the girl's growing shape. In fact, the lower part of her gut was hanging out from the bottom of it.

Seeing her daughter so fat was disturbing. Just weeks earlier when they'd moved into this house, her daughter had been a beanpole, barely a hundred pounds maybe...and not quite five foot tall. And now...she was...at last count, a 150 pounds...all of the gain apparently in her belly and hips and

upper legs. She was a total pear shape...and to make matters worse, she hadn't put on hardly anything in the tits...and she remained flat as a board...or she had been. As Jill turned to move into the living room, seen from profile, Donna realized she was projecting some bubbly bulges of fat now where her breasts should have been.

Oh good grief...it ain't titties...it's just fat! She sighed and followed behind the girl through the living room and into the kitchen.

"So where you been?" Jill asked as she opened the refrigerator and pulled out a Mountain Dew for herself.

"You abandon the diet soda?"

Jill popped the can open and then looked at her mother with a single arched eyebrow. "Well why not...it wasn't apparently making much of a difference."

"I'm not sure that doctor isn't a useless quack, Jill... so don't just start eating like a horse, okay...I mean...I'm not dogging you out or nothing, but twenty five pounds in a week...you...I just don't want you to give up, okay?" She felt like an ass for even saying anything to her. "I'll try to call again tomorrow and harass Doctor Elvin's office...see if I can get them move your appointment up some."

"I'm just not worrying about it anymore, Mom...it doesn't help and honestly I think it was making me eat more anyway, so I'm just gonna roll with it till then, okay?"

Her daughter's attitude had changed dramatically in the last few days. Up until recently, she walked around moping and taking fits of crying about her weight...and begging her to do something. And now that she'd finally found a specialist to take her to, the girl suddenly seemed unconcerned about it. And the strangest thing was that she seemed to be getting fatter by the day...so much so that it was disturbing her...and she would catch

herself just blatantly staring at Jill...as if it wasn't her daughter but somebody else standing in for her. Her real daughter was a skinny, prissy little bitch...not this...lard-assed, happy-go-lucky chicken that stood in the kitchen guzzling Mountain Dew.

"How much?"

Jill set her half-empty can down on the table and looked oddly at her mother. "How much? What are you talking about?"

"How much do you weigh, Jill?"

"Why?"

It was she who was curious, but she felt it better not to make that a point. "Doctor Gordon...I saw her today and she asked about it...and I wasn't sure what to tell her."

"Oh...a hundred fifty three pounds," she lied.

"So...well that's just three pounds...in what...two days?"

She felt somewhat relieved. "It's slacking off then, right?"

"Yeah, maybe...I'm just not worrying with...so please...Mom, just drop it, okay?"

"Sure, sure...sorry," she agreed.

"So what were you doing at the clinic?"

Donna knew the question was coming, but she still wasn't sure she wanted to answer it. For several seconds, she considered lying about it, but then she'd trusted Jill with worse shit than this...so why bother?

"A couple of days ago...I started lactating," she stated as she opened the refrigerator to get herself something cold to drink.

"What?"

"My boobs are leaking," she blurted and rolled her eyes.

"Well I know what it means, Mom...but...doesn't that mean you're...you're--"

"NOOOO, I'm NOT pregnant!" she blurted a little louder than she intended to. Nervous, she glanced off into the living

room to make sure none of the boys were within hearing distance.

“None of them are home...don’t spaz,” Jill said, noticing that her mother was looking around as if she might get caught doing something she wasn’t supposed to be doing. “But if you’re not pregnant then what the hell?”

“I don’t know...and the doctor didn’t know either...stupid bitch didn’t tell me nothing but stress and tight bras...she told me to go home and don’t wear a bra for a week and then come back if it wasn’t better.”

“Well don’t they have a medicine to stop that?”

“Yeah...and she said she’d give it to me when I come back.”

“So is it stress?”

“I don’t think so...I mean...look,” and she pulled her sweater up and over her head and then tossed it onto the counter behind her. “What’s wrong with this picture?” she asked as she motioned at her breasts trying to over-flow her brassier cups.

“HOLEE CRAP!” the girl all but yelped...her eyes bugging out of her head. “Yeah buddy...that is one tight freaking bra, Mom!”

“Well it wasn’t a week ago,” she insisted. “I’m already wearing an E-cup...I think I might be a *double-EE* now.”

“Whoa...that’s...” Jill began but then stammered...unsure of what to really say about the matter. “Hey...you don’t think it’s something...like...whatever is making me fat, huh?”

“Exactly...that’s what the fuck I said,” Donna exclaimed, pointing at her daughter for emphasis. “I asked her that point-blank and she told me that the two were completely different and that she couldn’t possibly see a relation.” She didn’t want to mention the part about her stressing over Jill’s weight-gain being a potential cause...after all, the girl had enough to worry

with without knowing she might be causing her mother's tits to leak milk.

"It's still weird though, don't you think?"

"Yeah, it's a little odd," she agreed but then felt like she should play it down so as not to worry her daughter. "But I got a feeling it's just me needing a bigger bra," she added while tugging at the sides of the undergarment. "So I guess I'm gonna be swinging free for a week."

"Umm, are you wearing pads?" Jill asked and pointed at her mother's boobs.

"Oh, yeah," she replied, tapping the fronts of her brassiere as if she needed to make sure the nursing pads were still there in front of her nipples.

"How you gonna wear those without a bra?" Jill inquired.

It was a good question and one she hadn't thought of.

Oh fan-fucking-tastic...she's absolutely right! I can't...well I guess I could just tape them on...but then that's gonna look just as dorky as having wet spots on my shirt. Crap...they're all gonna have to look at my double-EE's swinging anyway...I guess seeing milky spots ain't gonna be much worse. Maybe it'll discourage the three dick-a-teers from staring at me like a piece of meat.

Not that she really minded if they stared at her. Thinking about it now, she wondered if her hormones were out of whack badly. Maybe that's why she went all super-freak with the twins two weeks earlier in the backyard. Could that have had something to do with her lactation now? She still couldn't squash the notion that she'd been high that day. No matter how much she tried to rationalize events, to look at it logically, there was just simply no direct explanation for what she did that day. She just got super-horny beyond anything she'd ever experienced in her life...aside from the one time she did ecstasy

with her friend so many years ago. She wasn't crazy...she didn't have a split personality...no...no somehow she was sure she'd gotten some sort of drug. Something weird had happened.

Of course, since then, she'd developed a relationship with Ed that once a week had bloomed and then returned to normalcy. And why Edward and not Alvin? She wasn't sure herself. Al just seemed more animalistic...more manly...more of a pervert than Ed did. She felt more comfortable with Ed than Al, and that was about the whole of it.

Thinking about, she realized she'd missed her Wednesday night rendezvous with him. That had been the day she leaked all over herself at the grocery store...and she'd just completely forgotten all about him and his...growing...penis...

Growing penis? Jill's getting fatter...Ed and Al's dicks are getting bigger...and now my tits are swelling up and lactating...and this all started when we moved into this house!

Was something wrong with the house? Some sort of chemical or contaminant? That was crazy! Right? Sure houses could have mold and contaminants...hell they could even be haunted...but what the fuck could possibly cause what was happening to them all?

The boys...that could be natural, she realized...being as their cousin, Joel was so huge and was huge long before they moved in here. Maybe they were just hitting puberty hard and it was affecting them. And maybe...maybe Jill was having weight problems because of...well...the stress of knowing about her mother and Joel...and the twins now. She started gaining almost immediately after learning about her and Joel. And of course, maybe she, herself, was stressing over Jill now.

Oh fuck...what a mess I've made...should have never messed with Joel...should have never done anything with any of them!

“So when are you casting off the shackles of womanhood?” Jill asked, trying to sound aristocratic.

“Whut?” her mother responded, dragging the word out.

“You said she told you to lose the bra for a week, but you still standing there with one on,” she explained, pointing at her mother.

Jill was being far too pointed...and Donna immediately recognized it for what it was.

“You just wanna look at my titties, don’t you?”

Jill blushed. “They’re huge, Mom!”

Reaching behind her back, she unsnapped the clasps and shucked the garment, tossing it over on top of her shirt on the counter beside her. Swing freely now, her jugs drooped down to her waist...her nipples literally in line horizontally with her fat and protruding navel.

“Enjoy the freak show,” she proclaimed, arms up in the air.

“I hate you so bad,” Jill muttered, smirking. “I wish I had just a fraction of those.”

“I would gladly hand them to you at this point,” Donna replied. “They are literally aching the last day or so.”

“They hurt?”

With her hand, she absently rubbed at her right breast and said, “Nah, it’s just a dull ache...it happens when the milk builds up and you don’t nurse...they literally swell, as you can see.”

“Is that what breast pumps are for?”

“Well yeah, sort of...most women use them to get milk so they can bottle it...in case they can’t nurse...but yeah, it relieves the pressure and ache to...to milk yourself,” she finished her sentence trying hard not to giggle about it. “Of course, I’d need one of those industrial moo-cow size pumps,” she added with a fully intentional grunt of laughter.

“Yeah, little bit,” Jill agreed.

“Ohh,” Donna yelped as a tiny spray of milk erupted from her right breast. She’d been rubbing at it...trying to dull the ache some and had apparently pressed a little hard. Her face turned ten shades of red as she snatched up her discarded bra to dab at her boob.

When she looked up at her daughter finally, the girl’s expression was one of unfettered awe.

“Damn, Momma...I don’t think you need a pump,” Jill finally commented. “Why don’t you just squeeze’em and get it out?”

Donna looked at her as if she’d lost her mind.

“You just wanna watch don’t you?”

Jill was obviously embarrassed but she held her mother’s gaze intently...despite the redness flushing her face. She couldn’t bring herself to say anything in response to the accusation though.

She used to actually suck your titties, Donna...it’s not like it’s that fucking weird...and one of these days she’s probably gonna have a baby of her own to nurse...so she’s probably just curious about it...don’t make it into something dirty or sexual! It sounded good in her head at least, but whether or not it was sexual for Jill wasn’t really the concern for her. It was mostly her own feelings that made it feel dirty to her. Maybe she should just avoid it...

“Well the only problem with that...is if you milk’em...they just make more milk. It’s like the saying, use it or lose it...well in the case of titties, it’s *don’t* use it and lose it. But as long as you use the milk...or siphon’em...you just keep on tanking up.” It was the truth too, and she knew that all too well. “When I was pregnant with your brothers...I ballooned up from a C-cup to a double-DD...and after they were born, I started nursing them both and I got even bigger...ended up being an E-cup...and I could barely keep up with them. After about a month, I

couldn't and had to start giving them formula...and then my tits dried up and literally deflated...they were nasty looking."

"So if you milk them, you'll get bigger?" Jill looked shocked.

"Probably...and they likely won't stop producing either," she added. But man, her tits really ached...squeezing them...would be so damned easy...and the relief from the pressure would be so very welcome...but of course, she wasn't lying...if she were bold enough to drain them, she would just be asking for more milk and bigger tits. The best thing to do was wrap them up with some warm towels and take some aspirin.

She looked at Jill again and the girl's expression. Her eyes remained locked on her mother's bare breasts.

"You're dripping," she blurted.

"Oh fuck," Donna groaned as she turned and scooted down to the kitchen sink. Quickly she leaned over the sink and shook her boob...and it all but sloshed. She wanted to squeeze it so badly...and then she did...she just compressed it between her palms and milk shot out in a tiny geyser, spraying in all directions from the tip of her brownish and full erect nipple.

"Are you doing it?" Jill asked and Donna heard her walking up behind her...and then the girl was beside her, gawking at her as she pressed her breast repeatedly.

"Yeah, screw it...I'm not gonna walk around with achy tits that drip for a week...I'll just make the bitch gimme the medicine when I go back in there."

"Oh wow," Jill giggled. "It's like a real cow...I mean not like that...but it...I mean you boob sprays like--"

"Like a cow's udder," Donna finished it for her. "I am aware," she acknowledged with a sarcastic undertone.

The pressure was slowly decreasing, but not fast enough to suit her and so rather than just compressing her tit, she began to compress and pull it away from herself...both hands wrapped

around it, she would tug and pull as if she were milking an actual cow teat...and suddenly the light mist of yellowish clear liquid became a dribbling mist dabbled with thicker spurts of actual whitish colored cream.

Oh shit, it's not even just pre-milk...I'm actually making full blown milk here, she realized as she surveyed the thicker white liquid squirting out of her nipple. She tugged again and her breast spilled out another large expulsion of cream and it felt so good...so...delicious!

Oh fuck...I don't wanna me get off on this...not right in front of Jill...this is supposed to be a show-n-tell thing for her...not some twisted sexual tryst! I've already screwed around with my sons and my nephew...I don't want to mess my daughter up to!

But she couldn't help what she was feeling. She wanted to stop and just go upstairs to finish, but when she glanced over at her daughter, the fat little bitch was ogling her in a most disturbing manner...as if *she* might be getting off on it as much, if not more, than Donna herself was.

Jill looked up and they locked eyes and instead of feeling motherly tenderness, she felt dirty lust towards her daughter and from the look in the girl's eyes, she was feeling the same towards her.

"You wanna help me?" she whispered and then felt ashamed that she'd said it...asked it of her daughter...but before her face could flush with embarrassment, Jill's smaller hands reached out and cupped her left breast and squeezed and tugged forward, losing a spray of white mist from its nipple.

"Oh fuck...harder," Donna gasped. "Work it like this," and she squeezed hard on her right tight and pulled it out at least a foot from her ribcage and milk squirted all over the back of the sink and all across the wall.

Jill complied and pulled hard on her left jug and cream exploded in a sticky mess from her nipple.

She was so engorged...how much milk did she have in her tits? She stared at them as she and her daughter pumped at them, and she realized her jugs were huge...mammoth in proportion to most women...and undoubtedly she had the capacity to produce an incredible amount of milk. She could remember nursing the twins for nearly an hour at a time and still having milk available. The assholes would suckle her and suckle her and then she'd still end up pumping to relieve the pressure in her tits...for at least the first few weeks...and then the assholes started managing to suck her dry...one mouth on each tit...she's nurse them at the same time just to get it over with... 'cause they were always hungry at the same time anyway.

She twisted and turned to face Jill...forcing her daughter to turn loose of her titty. What was she doing? What was she wanting to do? She looked hard into the eyes of her young daughter and she knew what the girl was thinking...what she was undoubtedly wondering...and it turned on so bad she wanted to scream.

"You want to taste it?" she asked, hefting up her right breast to her own mouth and then sucking it...biting at the nipple and pulling at it. It smelled weird...but the liquid came out easy and tasted like sugary cream of some sort. It wasn't the first time she'd sucked her own titty...she'd done it many times before...especially right before the twins were born. Her tits had started leaking bad her last month or so of her pregnancy and they were so swollen and almost hard from milk buildup...and the nursing pump didn't feel as good as her own mouth did on her nipple...and so she'd suckled her own so many times she couldn't even begin to recount it.

Her daughter's hands played around her left breast once more and then she opened her eyes and watched as her daughter hefted her gigantic and wobbly udder up to her mouth and sucked the nipple into her warm and wet mouth.

"Oh baby...oh baby, suck Momma's titty," she groaned, dropping her right breast and reaching out to pull Jill's pudgy face into her chest. The girl's hands clenched and clawed at her tit as she suckled and it was driving her mad with sexual ecstasy.

Suddenly her hands were pulling at Jill's shirt, tugging roughly at it...she wanted it off of her...she wanted to feel her fat skin...her pudgy rolls...she wanted to squeeze her plump little body like Jill was squeezing hers.

"Momma?" the girl gasped as she let go of the titty and tried to step back away from her mother, but the older woman didn't turn loose of her shirt...and as she pulled back, Donna pulled her shirt upwards and before she realized what was happening, her t-shirt was off and dropping to the floor...and her mother was pressing up against her, both their fat bellies rubbing against each other...the sticky milk from her momma's titties smearing across her own flat chest. And then her mother was pinching her nipples, tugging on them and it felt amazing and she put her hands on her mom's bare sides...her love-handles...and squeezed and they were soft and jiggly like her own and then she concentrated on the fact that their fat bellies were so soft and gelatinous...compressing against each other and then she felt herself impact the wall at the end of the counter and her mother's giant udders were in her face and she was pawing at them, suckling them.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck...fuck, fuck, fuck," Donna was frantically repeating herself, unable to conjure a cohesive sentence amidst the sexual debauchery that was overtaking them both. "You're so fat like me...so soft," she whispered as

her hands slithered down to her daughter's hips and then to the lower sag of her belly. She leaned in on her, squishing the slightly shorter girl with her immense breasts. "Suck me...suck my titties!" She looked down and the girl's face was buried in her right jug, sucking like a hoover on it. It felt incredible...so good and so hot. "Suck Momma dry, baby...fatten you up for real," she added, not sure why or where the idea came from, but her daughter didn't flinch...didn't act as if her words meant anything at all and she wondered if she'd heard her or not.

Watch what you say, dammit...you're already playing with fire here, Donna...shit! And she knew it was much worse than fire, but she didn't care. All she wanted was to pilfer her daughter...she wanted to rub her hands all over her fat little body and then maybe sink her fingers into her pussy while she made her suck her milk.

And then the front door slammed.

"SHIT!" Donna blurted and jerked back from Jill.

Footsteps...two sets...the twins!

Donna grabbed Jill by the arm and literally swung her around toward the laundry room and shoved inside, pulling the door shut just as her sons barged into the kitchen.

"Holee crap!" Al, of course, was the first to say something as they entered and realized their mother was topless in the kitchen. "Should we--" and he thumbed back over his shoulder as if she might want them to leave.

"Little late now," she grumbled. She looked over at the floor beside the kitchen sink...and further over toward the wall where she'd pinned Jill. Puddles of sticky milk covered the floor and most of the counter. "I had a fight with...with a...uh...well let's just say I didn't win and let it go at that."

"I'll get a towel," Ed said as he stepped toward the laundry room door at the back of the kitchen.

“Umm, NOOO...no...go...get one from upstairs,” she said, knowing full well she was giving herself away. “Both of you...out...go...I got it...just get out!”

Ed stopped dead in his tracks and turned to retreat from the kitchen, but his brother stood a bit too long, leering at Donna.

“Are your boobs getting bigger, Mom?” he asked pointedly.

“Out!” she barked at him.

As soon as she heard them mounting the stairs, she made a dive for Jill’s t-shirt and then delivered it to the laundry room.

“Oh crap that was close,” Jill said as she stepped out, topless and greasy looking from the back room. With a few quick moves, she had her shirt back on, but Donna’s milk was so smeared all over her that it was soaking through the fabric of the top, meaning she was still just as nasty looking even with the shirt on.

“Jill...I don’t know what to say...that just...it---”

“It’s okay Mom...just...I didn’t mind at all,” she cut her off and smiled as she tried to unstick some of her hair from the side of her face. “It was a little nasty...but,” and she giggled.

“Get out of here...upstairs and go shower...you’re stickier than I am...GO!” and she slapped her on the shoulder to usher her off. As the girl trotted off across the kitchen though, she realized she recognized her pants...they were her own.

“HEY!” she blurted. “Are those *my* pants??”

Jill stopped at the doorway leading into the living room and turned to face her mother with wide eyes and a half-grin on her face.

“Umm...yes they are, actually,” she admitted with a blush.

“Sweet peas and pie, child,” she exclaimed with disbelief that her fourteen year old was able to wear her jeans. The legs were baggy, but she had the ass filled out...and her belly was hanging over the top of the waistband...so obviously she had

the waist filled up as well. *Hundred and fifty three, my ass!* She was 210 and those pants were tight on her...so there was no way, all ass or not, that Jill was holding those bitches up at a hundred and fifty.

Could it be that she wasn't fighting the fat anymore? She hadn't seem too shy about playing with her love-handles during their foray...nor had she seemed to mind with Donna man-handled her fat belly and hips...and surely she had to have heard her make the remark about fattening her up, but the girl hadn't showed the slightest concern with it.

She, herself, had just grown accustomed to being plump years back. She'd never been able to shed the excess baggage after the twins...and so rather than remain stretched out and saggy, she'd just let herself go for a while till she packed on about thirty five pounds or so...and filled herself out. And she'd hovered around 210 for nearly 10 years now without much in the way of fluctuation...and she'd found that she was not only comfortable with her size...but that Paul was happy with it as well. Essentially, she liked being fat. She liked having E-cup titties...and in all honesty, she liked having milk squirting from them as well...and if she was going to be totally up front with herself on matters...she might as well admit that she liked Jill being fat as well. When the girl was skinny as a rail, she always made her feel self-conscious of her own size...made her feel fat, but now that she was a little lard ass...it sort of made her feel good about herself...and the two or three minutes that she had her hands on Jill during their milking fiasco had been hotter than hell.

"Umm, if you need any more help with your...*problem*, there, you let me know, okay, Mom?" Jill declared as she turned to continue on out of the kitchen.

“Breast milk is really fattening, y’know,” she called out to her as she waltzed across the living room. She side-stepped out around the table so she could see her as she headed for the stairs...and as she figured, her daughter stopped at the foot of the case and looked back at her.

“I thought you wanted to fatten me up...and yeah, I heard that, Mother,” she replied, dragging out the last word for emphasis.

“You get any bigger and you’re gonna have to steal somebody else’s pants,” she shot back at her. Obviously Jill had gotten over her fear of being fat...and it was a relief to be able to banter with her about sizes.

“Maybe I just won’t wear any,” she chirped and started up the stairs with a devious grin on her face.

What the fuck has gotten into her? She’s acting like she’s almost getting off on being fat! Not that it was all that impossible. The girl had never had anything on her body that jiggled, and all at once she was soft and quivering all over and while her brothers were usually picking on her...they were at least noticing her...and sometimes any attention was good attention. It was all too feasible that she might truly be getting off on her weight-gain. There was another possibility as well, and she hadn’t thought about it till just now.

She remembered the day she had sex with Joel...how she’d found his stash of porn on his laptop...all the fat middle-aged women. She’d assumed his thing was older women...but what if it hadn’t been? She looked at the women on his computer and saw older women with big tits...but what did he see when he looked at them? Maybe...just maybe he was only seeing fat bitches...and if that was his thing...then Jill might be right up his proverbial alley. She remembered too, how hot Paul had been when he came home after the boys were born and found her

plumped up...how he'd been when she was pregnant...feeding her and apparently taking delight in her growing body...how he'd often stare at her while she struggled into clothing...and how he loved to see her wear shit that was way too tight for her. The more she bulged out of something, the better the idiot liked it. Could Joel have inherited the same sexual preference?

No wonder he hasn't been doing anything...not trying to get with me...he was eyeing me like a piece of fresh meat in the lion's cage for a week after we moved in here...and ever since Jill started gaining weight...he's been dead to me.

Then she had another disturbing thought. What if Jill was gaining weight on purpose...because of Joel? Had she and him done something...had she discovered his obsession with fat bitches and decided to claim him for herself? Not that it really made her jealous...she really hadn't thought much about Joel in the last three weeks. In fact, his dick was really too big for her to enjoy...fuck...she couldn't even suck it! He was hot to watch, but near impossible to do much else with...not that she hadn't and not that she wouldn't again if she got the chance, but somehow, it was far more exciting to hump around with Ed than to mess with Joel...though she still fantasized about Ed and Al together with her at the same time...and sometimes, in her dreams, she would imagine herself with all three boys. But in every dream she had, Joel was always connected with Jill. In some manner, her daughter was always working the boy's gigantic cock...every single time...and it always seemed to arouse her. The idea of her daughter's tiny frame in conjunction with Joel's donkey dong...just did it for her...sent her over the edge. She'd wake up wet every time she had the dream. But now that Jill was fat, it was different...but not in a bad way, really. Now it was as much Jill as Joel who turned her on when she thought about the orgy-fest fantasy.

An orgy...what a wild concept...but truthfully things weren't far off of it. She'd already had sex with Joel...already had a threesome with the twins...and now...now she'd even messed around with Jill. And now she had a sneaking suspicion that Jill was messing with Joel...so what the fuck was left?

The boys fucking her, she no sooner thought the matter than she regretted it. In the depraved depths of her mind she formulated a fantastical image...a running mental video of Jill, even fatter, tied up with the twins harassing her...insulting her and taking turns making her suck their swollen cocks.

Oh I'm so fucking sick-minded...why do I even conceive these things? Conceiving them wasn't the problem though...it was when she turned them into reality...like she'd done with Joel and like she'd done with the boys in the shed out back.

Had she really been drugged up or fucked up? Had she really? Or did she just do it all of her own accord...just like she'd done with Jill right here in the kitchen moments earlier? Was she just looking for an excuse...some way of explaining her actions? Was she just too embarrassed to admit that she was a sexual deviant capable of having sex with her own offspring? Yeah, truth be told, she was just in denial about it all. She remembered everything about the out-building incident and she remembered exactly how hot and nasty it had been and how much she enjoyed being in control of her sons like that. And she knew damned well she'd do it again at some point in the future if the situation presented itself just right.

She stood topless in the kitchen, alone...and suddenly she realized she was still afire with arousal. *Oh fuck, I'm dying here*, she realized as she played with her tits. To her amazement, she could still squeeze milk from them. She looked down at the mess she'd just made across the top of the table.

Go take a shower...take care of some finger fucking...and then come back down and clean this nasty shit up. At least that was her plan as she strolled, still topless, out of the kitchen and into the living room. *Fuck it...everybody has done seen my titties anyway!*

At the top of the stairs, she stepped out into the narrow ass hallway and headed for her own bedroom door, but she noticed the door to Jill's room was open. Deviating from her path, she walked into the girl's room and expected to find her, but she didn't. There was no sign of her at all...but about then she heard the shower kicking on in the bathroom across the hall.

She's in the shower, she assumed and so she closed the door and stepped over to Jill's bed. She pulled the covers back and began to feel around for wet or crusty spots...then she pulled up the sheet and smelled of it. *Smells like fabric softener,* she realized immediately...strongly in fact...like freshly washed clothing. *She's been washing her sheets!* And that was something the girl had never done...ever!

Stirring around in the room, she poked and lifted and found nothing directly indicative of sexual activity...but then she looked directly at the closet door and felt the urge to open it up and look inside.

Stepping forward, she pulled the handle and looked inside and was immediately assailed by a rather odd smell...something close to...garbage?

Looking down beneath the hanging clothes rack, she noticed a large black trash bag pushed down behind some shoe boxes and old board game boxes. She slid the stack of boxes over to one side and slid the big bag forward and noticed the stench got stronger.

“What the fuck?” she muttered to herself as she opened the top of the bag and realized that it was indeed full of garbage...discarded food containers of every nature...cookies, soda, candy wrappers and chips. “Holee shit!”

That little huzzy is getting fat on purpose! And all that after begging and bitching to go see a doctor. Was it all just a show to get attention? No, not likely...she knew Jill well enough to know she wasn't a brat of that caliber. So what was this?

Maybe...maybe she started gaining weight...and Joel took notice...and now they're an item...and now she doesn't care if she'd getting fat because it's getting her laid? Was that a feasible scenario? It made sense and it explained so much about the situation...including Joel.

Oh hell...is she really riding that monster?! She tried to imagine her pudgy little daughter atop Joel, riding his mammoth cock like a professional whore. *No way...hell, I barely managed to handle that thing the one time...no...there's no way she's having full out sex with him!* But it was possible, she had to admit that to herself...it was most certainly possible. And a dick that size could certainly make a woman or a teenage girl do crazy fucking shit...including getting fat as a prize hog.

She closed the bag up and replaced it in the closet...slid the boxes back into place and closed the closet door. Quietly she crept back to the bedroom door and opened it. The hall was empty and so she walked across the hall and rapped on the bathroom door.

The water had stopped running, but the door was still locked.

“It's me...open up,” she called out through the crack between the door and the frame, loud enough to be heard but not loud enough to alert the boys who were most assuredly down the hall in their own room.

The lock clicked and the door opened and Donna just pushed on inside the bathroom without waiting. Once she was around the edge of the door, she closed it behind her and locked it again...then she stepped around Jill, who had wrapped a towel around herself, and turned the shower back on to make some noise in case the boys got snoopy out in the hall.

"What's wrong...why are you still...not wearing a shirt?" Jill asked, eyeing her mother strangely as if the woman were doing something odd...which she was, in fact.

Without uttering a word, Donna reached out with her foot and dragged the electronic scales out from the nook between the sink counter and the wall and then scooted it with the same foot towards Jill.

"Get on it," Donna commanded as she pointed down at the flat box shaped device. "I'm serious...get on it...right now."

Jill looked nervous but she took a step forward and hesitantly stepped up onto the scale.

Donna stepped up behind her and looked around her head and over her shoulder...down at the digital display on the scale.

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"Holee fuck, Jill!" Donna barked practically in the girl's ear.

She sighed and put her head down...refusing even to get off the scale or to turn and face her mother...distracted that she'd been busted lying to her mother...and how had she figured it out? Was she really looking that fat?

"You told me you weighed 150 two days ago, did you not?"

Jill sighed and thought it over. There was no reason to deny it...so she might as well just admit to it. Her mother didn't sound mad...just more or less stunned.

"I usually weigh at night after I shower...so technically it was three days ago...and I did weigh 150 then," she replied.

"You told me you were 153 downstairs a while ago," her mother added with a distinctly agitated tone. "Big difference between 153 and 162, hun!"

"Nine pounds--"

"OH I KNOW," she blurted a little more hateful than she intended to. She stopped herself and sighed...pausing to calm down before she continued talking for the most part to the back of the girl's head...as she still hadn't turned around or stepped off the scales. She looked around her and realized Jill was glaring at her via the reflection in the mirror behind the counter which they both faced. "So you're telling me you've gained twelve fucking pounds in three days?"

Jill didn't say a word but just nodded.

Donna stepped up behind her daughter put her mouth closely to her ear and whispered, "I found your little bag of trash in the closet...ah-ah-ah!" she added, cutting Jill off before she could start pleading her case...leaving the girl standing with her mouth open. "I know you really started gaining unintentionally...or at least that what I suspect," she continued. "But I'm betting sometime during the last week...you and Joel have hooked up haven't you?"

She glanced up at the mirror and saw that her daughter's face was bright red and horrified...her eyes the size of plates...her mouth still hanging open in shock.

"I thought his thing was boobs...y'know...but I got a feeling it's really fat girls now that I'm putting things together...and that's why he hit on me at first...I mean I thought it was my boobs like I said, but it wasn't...he liked me 'cause I got a fat ass and belly I'm guessing."

Jill looked like she was about to cry but was holding it in.

"But as soon as you started porking out, he just didn't give a shit about me anymore at all," she added, still whispering in

Jill's ear and staring at her over her shoulder via the mirror. "Not that I care...I mean honestly...his dick is just too much. I mean I enjoyed it, don't get me wrong...but it wasn't something I'd go after, y'know?"

"What...what are you saying, Momma?" she stammered through quivering lips.

"Are you having sex with him?"

She knew her mother might send him away if she admitted to it, but she also knew her mother had been messing with Ed and Al and even *her* now as well...all of which she certainly wouldn't ever want Jill to tell, so she knew she had some amount of leverage on her mother, but as to whether it was enough remained to be seen yet.

Jill nodded and bit her bottom lip to prevent herself from crying. She did her best to stare her mother in the eye...or at least her mother's reflection.

And then she felt a tug behind her and at first it startled her but then she immediately realized it was her mother's hands...pulling at the towel she had wrapped around her. She raised her arms up and let her pull the towel down so that she was completely naked atop the scale.

"Do you see yourself, Jill...do you see what you're doing to your body, girl?" Donna said to her in a monotone voice. It didn't seem that she was scolding her or even trying to humiliate her...more that she was just wanting her to pay attention and really understand what she was doing. "Is the dick worth what you're doing?"

"I gained forty pounds without trying, Momma," she answered. "I'm not really doing it on account of him...I'm just not fighting it anymore is all."

Donna moved up closer to her and she could feel her gigantic jugs pressing up against her back as her momma's arms

snaked around her waist and her hands cupped her fat belly and began to jiggle it around...bouncing it and then kneading it like a big wad of fleshy dough. And it felt good...just like when Joel did it to her. She knew now for certain that her mother was excited by her fatness as much as Joel maybe...so much that she too was putting moves on her...playing with her fat.

Suddenly her fear and her anxiety and even her tears began to fade away as something else...some other emotion crept into their places...and it only took a moment to realize it was arousal.

"I thought I had him made...with my big titties," Donna whispered into her ear again. Her hands slid upwards and cupped the fatty bubbles of flesh that Jill's nipples were mounted on. Her index finger and thumb plucked at Jill's areola and continued to pinch at them until her nipples grew outward, hard and erect...and then she began to tease them and twist at them. "And all you needed was a fat ass and belly to take him," she continued, looking up with a nasty little deviant grin on her face.

"Your tits are so awesome," Jill muttered, leaning back against her Momma's massive rack of sweater meat. "I wanna suck them again."

"What kind of nasty shit are you two doing?" she inquired as she slid her hands back down to her daughter's stomach. "Does he watch you eat...is he feeding you...hmmm? Is his stuffing this fat little belly of yours?" she asked, shaking her fat gut for emphasis. "Does he hold you down and feed you till that belly is hard and sticking out?"

"Every night...the last two nights," Jill confessed. "He comes to my room and won't fuck me till I eat whatever he brings me." She gulped and gasped as her mother's hands plied slightly south of her belly and touched her pubic hair. "He...he makes

me eat till my belly is so full...I looked pregnant last night...I'm not joking...and then he sticks it in me...OH MOMMA, IT'S SO BIG!" she blurted the last part as Donna's fingers found her clitoris and began to rub it. Her other hand rose back up and cupped her stomach again.

"Show me...stick it out...pook it for me," she cooed in her ear and Jill complied, pushing her belly muscles outward till her stomach protruded a good six inches outward, hard and round, or so she thought...till her momma shook it roughly and she realized tensing her abdominal muscles no longer made her belly completely hard like it used to. "Oh you a fatty now," she commented with a nasty grin. "Are you still wanting to see a doctor or are you just gonna turn into Jabba the Butt?"

"No...no, I don't wanna get that huge...I just...it's...I got two weeks till we go see Doctor Elvin...so I told him I would...y'know ...not fight it till then," Jill admitted between moans as Donna continued to rub her clitoris.

"Fourteen days...at what...three pounds a day, babe?" Donna said as she rattled the numbers around in her head. "That's a good forty more pounds, cracker jack...you're gonna be heavier than me...and I'm taller than you!"

"That's not so big," she countered, snaking her own hands around behind her back to pull at her mother's elbows.

"I got huge tits...my boobs alone make up probably ten pounds, runt...and you're not even five foot tall yet."

"Thanks to your genetics...no, I'm still short as shit," she asserted as she forced Donna's hands up to her tiny tits once more. "I just want to know where *my titties* are, dammit!"

"I want to watch," Donna whispered to her as she twisted the girl around to face her and pressed her back off the scale and up against the counter. "We're all into this shit...aren't we? I don't want to fuck him no more, Jill...you can have him...but..."

but I want to watch him fuck you...I want to...can I feed you and tease you?"

"You want to split me with him, don't you?" she asked with a bewildered look. "Oh shit...that's like a threesome."

"Tie me up in a chair...and...and milk me...milk me like a fucking cow...and then make him jerk off on me...and then I want you to fuck him right in front of me, Jill...I want to watch you cram that crazy cock of his into your pussy!"

Jill was all up into her titties now and she was squeezing them and all at once she dove forward and started sucking on the left one like a hungry little whore. Donna reached out and pulled her face into her breast and squeezed it into herself...and she felt milk running down her fat belly beneath.

"I'm gonna dig my breast pump out of my closet...see if it still works...and I'm gonna keep pumping these bitches...I'm gonna pump'em till they're huge...fucking giant, you hear me?"

Jill raised up from her drenched tit and Donna leaned forward and french-kissed her and her daughter didn't resist. It was nasty and wrong...and she didn't care.

At some juncture, Jill slid up onto the counter top next to the sink and leaned back and Donna pressed her hand into Jill's vagina...two fingers at first but then she instantly realized it had far more room than that...and she pushed in all four of the fingers on her right hand and her daughter's cunt swallowed them.

"You nasty little fat whore...you *have been* riding that huge ass dick, ain't you?" Jill's juices were saturating her hand now and she knew she could get by with more...and she pressed her thumb into her palm and drilled forward and popped her whole hand inside the girl.

"Ahh, Momma...oh fuck, Momma," she moaned loudly and she began to buck her fat jiggly hips against Donna's hand till

she was pushing it in past her wrist bone. It was tight in there, but she was literally fisting her daughter.

“Is this what it feels like when you ride that cock, Jill, hmmm? It’s so big and thick, ain’t it? I bet you let him cum in you too, don’t you? Are you letting him cum his balls out in your pussy, Jill...you letting him pump this fat little pussy full of hot fucking cum?”

“Ohhhh, Momma...Momma,” she groaned and clear fluid expelled from her vagina and sprayed Donna’s arm down with stickiness.

She grabbed at Jill’s fat belly with her free hand and began to knead it and fondle it.

“That belly’s gonna get big and pregnant on top of fat, you dirty little whore...you know that?” She shook it hard for emphasis. “Poke it out, dammit...stick that fat belly out and stop sucking it in...what you think I don’t know how fat you are?”

“Oh fuck, talk mean to me...do it...so mean,” Jill begged her.

Deep inside her orifice, Donna spread her fingers a bit and twisted her forearm around side to side while she pulled it in and out of her daughter.

“AAAHHHH!” Jill practically screamed in ecstasy.

“So you wanna get fat, do you...you wanna fatten up like a roly-poly little sausage...okay...then we’re gonna do it right... Momma’s gonna fatten you up like a little pig...I’m gonna swell you up so fat you jiggle just from breathing!”

“Oh fuck...meaner...be mean to me, bitch!” she snapped at her mother. “AAAHHHH...oh fuck, oh fuck, fuck, fuck!” and she creamed all over Donna’s arm again.

“You fat little slut...you can’t even wear your own clothes any more can you? Bet those tight little panties you used to wear would look like a thong...like fucking floss up in your big fat

ass now, don't they? Can you even pull'em up anymore? Fuck, you're so fat...look at this flabby belly," she said, shaking it again just because she could. "You couldn't even get in in *my jeans* could you...you had to hang it out over the fucking top, didn't you? You can't even get fat well...I mean where's your titties? Look at me...look how big and fat my titties are...and all your shit is in your fucking ass...look at yourself...you're covering up half the fucking counter with it...and quit sucking that gut in...pook it the fuck out or I'm gonna go downstairs and get some food and come back up here *and make it stick out!*"

Jill's vagina locked down on her hand like a vice and the girl bucked back against the mirror hard as her clear cum ejaculated once more onto Donna's forearm.

Donna feared the girl might have cracked the glass, and with the intensity of the moment lost, she pulled her hand out of her and pushed her slumping form to one side...but the glass was still perfect behind her.

"Damn...are you okay...you really kinda jumped there...and I thought you might have cracked the damn mirror," she said as she backed up from the counter. Looking down as she did so, she stared in amazement at her daughter's cunt...hanging open and gaping like some giant mouth. *Holee shit, she's got a giant fucking pussy...how in the hell...shit!* She looked down at her soaked and sticky hand and then reached for a towel, but Jill's own hand shot out and grabbed her sticky arm before she reached the towel. Stunned, she turned and looked the girl in the eye.

"Do it," she said. "Go get some food and come stuff me in my room and then do that to me some more!" Her face was stone cold and sure. "And hurry up...Joel's gonna be home in about an hour and I want a big bloated belly to meet him with."

Down inside her pants, Donna felt herself shooting off, discharging her own sexual juices. *She's insatiable...she's a little fucking nymphomaniac, I swear! It's gonna take somebody like Joel to ever keep her satisfied!*

TO BE CONTINUED...