

THE EYELAND PROJECT: FIRST CREW

By Otto Maddox

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Chapter 6

“Confronting reality is often the undoing of the stubborn. Some assholes just can’t handle being spanked with the facts...especially if they happen to contradict the dirt upon which they stand.”

- **O.Maddox 2012**

Wrapped in nothing but a towel, Jill unlocked the bathroom door and opened it. To her shock, Ed, her brother, was reaching for the knob on the other side from out in the hallway.

“AHH!” he blurted, shocked by the fact that the door had moved just as he reached for it. And then of course, the sight of his older sister in nothing but a towel blasted him with a secondary jolt of unexpectedness. “Sorry sis...I didn’t know you were in the--” he began, but his voice failed him just short of finishing his sentence the moment he realized his mother, topless, was standing just beyond his sister inside the bathroom. “Oh...ummm,” his face turned bright red and he immediately tried to avert his eyes and then turned as if to beat a hasty retreat back to his room.

Jill had already made to side-step him though and was already past him and going into her room on the other side of the narrow hall by the time he was able to snap out of his awe and make a move himself.

“C’mon in,” his mother called out to him just as he got turned.

“Umm,” he twisted and looked at her oddly and then glanced back across the hall only see his sister’s door slam shut. Looking back at his mother, who was now standing in the open doorway of the bathroom, he asked, “Do I want to know?”

“None of your business,” she replied. “But get in here ‘cause there *is* something in your pants that’s *my* business.”

He glanced down absently at her jiggling tits and noticed they looked wet and sticky...apparently she still hadn’t cleaned up from whatever she spilled on herself downstairs after he and Al had first gotten home.

Hesitantly, he stepped forward into the bathroom with her and she shut the door behind him, taking a second to lock it.

“Where’s Al at?” she inquired.

“In our room...video game...why?”

“I’m three days late in checking your stats,” she commented with a corny expression as she reached over and opened the drawer beside the sink where he knew she kept the tape measure that she had twice previously measured his dick with. As he suspected, she pulled the cord out and shook it to uncoil it. “Drop ‘em big man,” she instructed him.

As she did so, she looked down at his pants and realized instantly that she could see a tubular bulge running down the inside of his left thigh...a rather large bulge. As the boy reached for his pants button, she decided to see if the bulge was limp or erect.

“I didn’t spill anything on me downstairs,” she suddenly announced. “My tits are leaking milk...I’m lactating.”

Ed’s hands froze on his button and he looked up at her and then his head slowly panned back downward to her breasts...and then after a second, his eyes alone rolled back up to meet her gaze.

“I’m not pregnant,” she volunteered and he sighed with relief. “But I’m making milk like a fucking cow,” she added and with both hands, she compressed her left tit enough to make cream bubbled from the nipple. “See?”

Almost as if on cue, the tube shaped bulge in his pants leg lifted outward and strained against the tight denim fabric.

Oh shit...it is bigger...that bulge was just limpness!

"Well I guess that don't bother you none, does it?" and she pointed casually at the boner trying to get free in his jeans leg. "Probably won't bother you none that my tits have gotten bigger and will probably get even *bigger* in the next couple of weeks, huh?"

Ed said nothing...he just stood stark still and stared in amazement at her hanging mammaries. After a time, he finally moved his hands and continued to unbutton his pants. With a few practiced movements, he had the jeans dropping down to his knees, revealing a ridiculously long extension protruding outward from within his boxer brief style underwear.

"And when did you start wearing boxer shorts?" she asked, as she looked down and blinked in disbelief at her son's obviously raging erection concealed within the white fabric.

"I bought a pack a few days ago to see if they'd hold my dick in place any better," he admitted as he looked down at himself.

"I don't think they do," she commented with a slight smirk.

"Ya'think?" he popped back with sarcasm.

She dropped down on her knees in front of him and reached to roll his elastic waistband down, but it wouldn't stretch out far enough to pass over his erection and she literally had to reach down into his underwear and maneuver his penis out sideways from under the waistband.

"CRAP!" he muttered, practically dancing with nervous energy of some nature.

"You gotta pee or what?" she asked as she fished his snake of a dick out and into full view.

"NOOOO," he groaned. "I gotta jack off really bad, Mom!"

She finished pulling his underwear down to his knees and then she took immediate notice of his balls. His ball sack was tight and swollen and hugged up beneath his penis. It was huge...so big that it was round and she couldn't really make out the shape of either of his testicles within.

"Fuck, Ed...when's the last time you jerked it?"

"Last night," he moaned. "That's why I was coming in here, to the bathroom...I feel like I'm gonna just...just cum without even doing anything in a minute!"

"Well hold on...I wanna measure this thing," she insisted as she picked up her tape measure again and ran it down the length of his penis.

His shaft was a solid 8 inches in length...up another $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch since the previous week when she'd measured it...and fucked it. But the length, as before, wasn't what was astonishing to her. Wrapping the tape around his dick, she gasped as she read off 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches for its diameter. Even squeezing it, she couldn't wrap her hand all the way around it, not even close. The week before, it'd been 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ around and she could squeeze it tightly and touch her middle finger to the tip of her thumb...but not now...not even just-about! He still wasn't as fat around as Joel was, but he was getting closer by the day, or it appeared.

His dick has grown nearly two inches in length...and a solid two inches in girth...in less than two weeks! How was that possible? Is this how it happened to Joel? All at once? Was her little Ed going to keep swelling up till he was a fucking mule dick like his cousin?

Ed was nervously shifting from one leg to the other as if he was about to break out into a run and she again returned her attention to his bloated balls. The bag of testicles looked twice the size it had been the previous week. Curious, she reached

down and cupped them and squeezed them a tiny bit. Almost instantly, the boy moaned and semen began to dribble out the end of his penis. His anxious and restless movement shifted into uncontrolled reflexive movements and he grabbed violently for his dick with both hands and began to pump it viciously, which all but instantly unleashed a thick and goopy blast of semen out onto his mother's already sticky tits.

"OH SHIT, ED!" she yelped, taken aback by his sudden and visceral, brutish movements. "Oh shit...you're cumming so much!" she added, blurting it a little louder than she intended, but the sheer amount of semen that was erupting from her son was shocking...and to make it more disturbing, the boy was continuing to jack off as if he wasn't finished! And to her absolute shock, he wasn't...and even more cum erupted out of his cock, splattering her breasts and dripping down onto the top of her blubbery round belly that sat squashed between them and her lap.

Even on a good day, Paul, her husband would only shoot off a tablespoon of man-goo...maybe a little more...and she figured that was about average for most men. And the first time she had sex with Ed and Al, both of them shot off about the same amount. The week afterwards...when she'd sucked Ed off after noticing his growth spurt, he'd shot off about twice that...maybe two heaping tablespoons of semen. Then the following week when she'd had sex with him here in the bathroom, she really hadn't a clue how much he'd loosed inside of her, but it had been a lot...way more than two tablespoons, she was fairly certain. But on this day, the boy had already unleashed at least a handful of cum onto her torso...great white gobs, thicker and more globular than regular semen...clung to her tits and belly in great dollops of what she only compare to thick, white gravy.

By the time he stop beating off, she was certain he'd poured out a half-glass of jizz onto her body.

She scooped at a gob of it on her titty and lifted it up as high as her nose and it still strung gooey strings down to her breast. She'd never in her life seen semen so thick and gummy before... so tacky and adhering to itself. It wasn't normal by any means and she suddenly became concerned about it.

Oh holee fucking shit...he's cum all over me...all the fuck over me! Wiping it off wasn't even possible...her hands were just smearing it around...but to her relief, as she smeared, it was beginning to break up and turn to clear liquid like normal. About that point, she decided it was okay...that he'd apparently just blasted her with a built-up load of some nature...but if he had in fact jacked off the night before...this was still an unbelievable amount of semen.

As she continued to rub the goo around on herself, she glanced down at his testicles and noticed that his balls had dropped...dropped down heavily in their sack below his now limp cock. Reaching out, she cupped one and realized it was the size of a golf ball. Her hand, to her disbelief, apparently excited it though, and the testicle pulled upwards again with its companion in tow...and his dick began to rise once more.

Oh fuck, he's getting hard again!

"Are you still horny, Ed?" she asked, astonished at his fortitude after having unleashed so much cum already.

He didn't bother answering, but instead, put both hands to his fat dick and began to jerk on it again...and as he pumped up and down on it, its horizontal stiffness curled upward into a full erection...and within seconds, he was gasping and grunting until he exploded on her again. The second round wasn't nearly as massive as his first ejaculation, but it was definitely a large amount. It was thinner in consistency this time and rather than

blasting out and then splattering down on her...it shot more upward and jets of it actually reached her face, catching her off-guard and unprepared.

She jerked back at first, but then relaxed and just let him shoot it into her face. She closed her eyes and then her mouth came open as she gasped from the excitement of it...but apparently Ed took it to mean something else, and all at once she felt his cock head nudging her cum covered lips. Eyes still clenched, she reached up and nabbed his cock from him, pulling him into her with it and with both hands firmly squeezing, she continued to pump him and pushed his bulbous cock head into her mouth. It was a tight fit...but she managed to cram it in...and as his erection began to soften, she was able to actually suck on his dick, milking the rest of his load out and down her throat.

When he was completely limp, she pulled him from her mouth and began rubbing his cock all over her face, moaning and groaning for want of more. Then she felt Ed's hands pulling his dick from her own...and then the light tap of his cock against slapping the side of her cheek...then again on the opposite side.

"Oh fuck, Ed!" she lamented with sexual frustration. "Slap me with it...dick whip me you little nasty fucker!" And on her direct order, he began to slap her with his bloated cock, one pop after another until she opened her eyes and looked to see why he'd stopped...delighted to see he was growing too hard to sling it properly at her.

She reached out and pulled him down to the floor with her and then with frantic, animalistic movements, she all but tore her own jeans off in a rush to mount him on the cold tile floor.

His dick was bloated now from all the sucking and slapping and pumping and like Joel's, it was swollen and red and much larger than it normally was. As she straddled him and pressed

him inside herself, she realized it was so tight that it was hurting to insert him. She sighed and then cut loose with a groan of discomfort as she slid all the way down his eight inches of length. He'd been 7 ½ inches around when they'd started and she was certain beyond a shadow of a doubt, he was probably no less than 8 inches round now...and it was swollen and fatty feeling...no as hard as an erection usually was...and it felt incredible as she rode up and down on it...feeling the skin moving back and forth on his shaft as it grinded against the folds of her own vagina.

"Suck my titties," she hissed at him as she leaned forward just enough to drape them down into his face. He complied instantly and began to suckle on her left tit like a vacuum pump.

It took less than a handful of minutes for her to climax and wet his pelvis down beneath her. Exhausted, she slid off of him to one side and reclined back against the sink counter, her vagina gaping open and dripping with her own juices.

He sat up and looked at her. His brown hair was ruffled and matted...milk and semen both ground into it, and the rest of his body showed signs of sticky smears as well...that could have been cum or cream either one...or perhaps a mixture of both.

"Why are your tits doing that?" he asked with a bewildered look on his face...a hand rising to wipe stickiness from his lips.

"Don't know...they just started all at once a couple of days ago...but I'm not pregnant," she answered. "The doctor said it might be stress or just from wearing too small of a bra...she didn't really have a fucking clue."

"They look bigger," he remarked, eyeing them with wide eyes.

"They are...I'm flowing out the top of my E-cup this morning," she agreed. "I was milking myself in the kitchen when you two came home."

“What was up...in here,” he asked, “when I walked in...I mean with Jill?”

She smirked and locked eyes with him before replying.

“I needed a little help with my milking.”

“Holee crap...she was...I mean...you and her--”

“YES!” she cut him off. “And her and Joel are apparently fuck buddies now.”

“JOEL?!” the boy looked astonished. “Mom, he’s got like a foot long super dong!”

“Oh, I’m all too aware...and yeah, she’s doing that thing,” she added with a bewildered look of her own. “And I’m gonna watch it later tonight.”

Ed looked suddenly disturbed.

“You okay?” she asked, reaching out to touch his shoulder.

“I don’t know...it’s just so weird now...everybody is having sex with everybody...it’s just weird.”

“I know baby,” she agreed as she rubbed his upper arm. “It’s crazy, ain’t it?” He didn’t answer her and so she just decided to keep talking. “I freaked out at first, myself...you remember how I was for about a week there...but...I don’t know, I just sort of came to grips with it at some point.”

“We’re not supposed to be doing this, are we?” he asked with a sad expression.

“No,” she replied with an unequivocally blunt answer. “But we have...we are...and I don’t think anyone is complaining about it,” she added. “Are you?”

He looked deep into her eyes and shook his head side to side.

“But why are all doing weird stuff...except for Joel?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well like me and Al’s dicks keep getting bigger...Jill’s getting fatter...and now your boobs are getting bigger and milking.”

“It’s complicated...and it seems crazy, I know, but you know how big Joel is...and well...I kind of got a feeling you and Al are just following him, y’know?” she explained. “It’s probably hereditary...and you two are just now starting to develop, y’know?”

“Well what about you and Jill?”

She sighed. “I think Jill is just having hormone problems and I’m probably just stressing over her and...and your father not ever being home. It’s all got reasons for happening, is what I’m saying.” But even as she told that to him, she again, found herself questioning matters. Was it all just random events culminating all at once by sheer accident? She’d been telling herself that for a while now, but she really felt unsure about things in general. She still had a nagging doubt...and somehow it felt like she was missing something important...something that somehow was a point of cohesion...something that would make all the random events fit together.

“So you’re okay with all this?”

“Yeah,” she answered, “I think I am.”

“What happens when Dad comes home?” he asked and she realized it was a damn good question.

“We go back to normal...till he leaves again,” she replied. It was a short and simple answer. There was no reason Paul had to be dragged into it...and truthfully, if he found out, well, one, he’d kill her...and two, he’d never leave her alone with the kids ever again. If the man found out what was going on in his absence, it would destroy him and their family entirely. “Your father can NEVER know about any of this, Ed...it would be cruel to tell him. I love your father and I always will, but if he knew

you and Al and me were...well it would be more than he could handle, okay?"

"So what's up with you watching Jill and Joel?"

"Let me ask you some things first, mister," she insisted.

"First off, do you think I'm hot just because of my big boobs or do you like the fact that I'm fat?" He looked uncomfortable and so she decided to add, "I'm not gonna take it the wrong way, Ed ...just tell me...is it just the tits?"

"Yes m'am," he admitted with a reddening face.

"Well Joel is a fat lover," she informed him. "So now he's got it really bad for Jill instead of me."

"Ohhhh-kaaaay," he announced, dragging the word out far longer than was normal to emphasize his concealed disapproval of the fact.

"You don't like Jill that way, do you?"

Ed just glared at her like she'd asked him if I liked eating dooky. The boy wasn't even going to grant her question an actual response...but the expression on his face told her more than enough.

"Well good...so she's got him...and I got you and Al," she declared with satisfaction. "Everybody is happy."

"Was that your only question?"

"Whuh? Oh no...actually no it wasn't," she said, remembering that she was going elsewhere with her discussion. "Since we're all doing the nasty...there's really no reason to keep concealing all the time...not while we're at home."

"So we're not gonna hide in the bathroom no more?" inquired with a hopeful look. "This linoleum is starting to kill my butt," he added, thumping it with one hand.

"Actually I was thinking a bit more freaky," she confessed. "I was thinking maybe tonight...we...could all *DO* it...in the same room together...at the same time." She smiled and continued,

“In the old days...in Rome, they used to it like that...whole room full of people...having sex at the same time. They called it an orgy.”

He looked at her with his *you-want-me-to-eat-dooky* expression once more...his eyes bugging out of his skull.

“You want me to...to do this...with you...in the same room with Jill and Joel?” He looked totally horrified.

“I bet Al will do it,” she taunted him a bit. “I want both of you again...at the same time...I want ya’ll to see if you can out-do Joel...and I got some other stuff planned.”

“Like what?”

“I’m gonna...I’m gonna tie Jill up and make her eat a bunch of food...and then I’m gonna come get you two...and ya’ll are gonna come in and make fun of her and...but...she gets off on that, okay...she’s getting off on getting fat now, but she doesn’t know I’m gonna bring you two into it, okay...it’s gonna be a surprise for her, so don’t say shit to her about it.”

“You don’t want me to...to do it with her do you?” he asked her with a disgusted look on his face.

“Would you?” she asked just to see what he’d say. “If I told you it would get me off...maybe...just...make her suck your dick or something?”

His expression changed somewhat, moving from disgust to a sort of “maybe” look.

“I’m not saying anything...I’ve never been in an orgy before, so this is gonna be crazy, but I’ve been having dirty little fantasies about this for weeks, Eddie...and I wanna try it just once, okay...and see where it goes.”

“Okay...I’ll...I’ll do it,” he agreed.

“The orgy...or the sex with Jill?”

Twenty minutes later, Donna stepped out of the shower in her room and dried herself. She was so excited, she was giddy. An orgy...a total hot fucking orgy was coming and she knew it. She knew damned well the boys would get off on taunting Jill and probably feeding her too...and she knew they'd end up at least making their sister suck them off. It was going to be a night to remember

Naked, she dug into her closet and pulled out an old cardboard box that she hadn't looked in for nearly thirteen years. In it was her old maternity items...some blouses, some random junk and books...and her breast pump. As she pulled it out, she noticed there was an old bra in it...a black one that had zippered releases for the tits in the cups of it.

"Holee shit...it's a nursing bra," she muttered aloud as she pulled it free from the bottom of the box. "An E-cup too," she realized as she read the tag on the back strap. *Which means it'll probably fit me...tightly...but it'll fit me!*

Standing in front of the built-in mirror on her back wall, she put the bra on and barely...barely managed to poke her titties down into it...but huge bulges of chest meat still bubbled out the backs of the cups. She poked and tucked, but just couldn't sink her jugs completely within the cups.

"I can fix that," she grumbled, and with dual zipping action, she released the cups slots in it and the fronts of her breasts torpedoed out the openings...but only somewhat. Apparently they were too big to even work their way through the open holes. She pinched the nipple on her boob and pulled forward with one hand, wiggling her jug while pulling back on her brassiere with her other hand...and the affect was that her titty worked its way out through the too-small hole. She repeated the process with her other breast and worked it out through the

tiny hole as well. Snickering, she gazed at herself in the mirror and realized how ridiculous she looked...standing there with the constricting garment on and her gigantic udders pressed out through the small cup holes. The bra held them up and thrust them out...and the cups themselves, compressed the parts of her chest within them...forcing the fat and milk forward into the tips of her tits. They looked bloated, hard and shiny...veins easily visible in them...and even though their immense weight forced them to sag downward, the bra thrust them out far enough to give them a bizarre appearance.

"So wearing it...so gonna do it!" she whispered to herself as she hefted up the bulky pump and placed it on the bed. It was a heavy duty model...the base of it being the main pump and two separate feed lines running from it to two individual suction heads...all clear plastic. She remembered getting off to watching her nipples swell up inside the heads...then the machine would kick in and begin to pulsate, literally pumping her breasts...milk squirting out...and down the lines...and ending up in a baby bottle attached to the base.

She plugged the cord in and flicked the switch and the little motor sprang to life...vibrating and humming for a moment and then it started to pulsate, on and then off...signifying for her that it still worked.

Excited, she unplugged it, scooped up the various parts and all but ran to her bedroom door, opened it, and dashed down the hall to Jill's room wearing nothing but the bra with her tits bulging out of it. With each step, her constricted jugs bounced and shook and by the time she reached her daughter's door, she realized they were leaking milk again and that she was leaving a trail of sticky cream in her wake.

She pushed the door open and looked in, but Jill was not inside. Disturbed, she stepped back out into the hall and

drizzled down to her sons' room. She pushed their door open and both were lying on the bottom bunk playing a video game... but as the door swung open, she heard the distinct sounds of them each dying on screen...their attention immediately on her and not their game.

"OH FUCK," Al blurted without a thought. He was wearing only tidy-whities...and his dick was blatantly coiled up in the front with a fat package of balls. As she watched, the coil moved and rose up, slithering over the top of his waistband.

"Where is Jill?" she asked, smiling dirtily at both of them.

"I heard her downstairs...she's in the kitchen probably," Al was the one who answered. "Probably stuffing her fat ass again."

"Good," Donna asserted with a deviant grin. "You two keep your asses up here for a while...I'm gonna be busy down there with her and I don't want any interruptions, got it?"

"You still want us to...y'know...do that, later?" Ed asked, sitting up on the bed and shifting his leg so that his jeans weren't pinching his own obvious erection.

"Holee shit, Ed...are you for real?"

"What?" he asked, looking at her like she were crazy.

She pointed down at the tubular bulge in his pants leg. "It's only been like a half hour...and you're hard again?"

Al turned and looked at his brother.

"You douche...you been tagging her all this time, huh?"

"Maybe she likes me better," he popped back only to be slugged in the shoulder by Al.

"HEY-HEY! No sir...not happening," she bellowed at them. "No fighting over me...and if you want any of this," and she motioned to her body with the one hand she had free, "then you, ALVIN...are going to shut your fucking mouth and do what

you're told, or I'll cut you off and Ed will be the only dick I play with, got it?"

Al grimaced and flopped back on the bed and pulled his cock all the way out. Looking up at his mother, he began to pump on his dick.

"You see how fat my dick is, Momma...huh?"

"I'm gonna ride it later...I'm gonna ride both of you later," she assured him. "Bank on it, big boy!" And with that said, she closed the door and pranced down the stairs, her giant jugs flopping and slinging sprays of milk all the way to the ground floor.

As she strolled through the living room, she saw Jill sitting in the kitchen at the small table in the center of the room, soda on the table beside her and a sandwich in both hands, already missing a few bites.

Jill looked up, saw her mother approaching, and literally dropped her sandwich onto the tabletop.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING...what the hell are you wearing?!" she roared, astonished to see her mother wearing only the bizarre looking nursing bra with her tits pulled out the front of it...waltzing across the living room, compressed breasts slinging and flopping...milk sloshing off in every direction...to say nothing of the big breast pump that she was carrying under one arm.

Donna continued into the kitchen and sat the pump down on the table beside her daughter.

"I thought we were gonna play feed the fatty."

Jill looked up at her and grunted. "I got tired of waiting on you...especially after I heard the ruckus in the bathroom."

"Oh...yeah, sorry," she apologized, but didn't really mean it. "There's something about that I should probably tell you."

"I'm scared to ask...I mean I know you already did the nasty with them...so how much worse can it be? Or do I want to

know?" Jill commented as she picked up her sandwich and took another bite.

"You know how big Joel is," Donna began, "well Ed and Al are catching up with him...*really* fast."

Jill's eyes bulged and she nearly choked, suddenly spitting her mouthful of bread out onto the table. "WHAT?!"

"They're eight inches long...I'm not joking, Jill," her mother explained in detail. "Ed's just as big around as he is long...I don't know what's up...but in the last few weeks, their dicks are just more massive by the day. I'm guessing they inherited whatever the fuck Joel has...but apparently it skipped your Dad entirely."

Jill screwed her face up. "Thanks for that, Mom...really."

"Well it's true, Jill...I love your father...but the man is just average in the Johnson zone at best."

"Is that why you're messing with them now?"

Donna didn't want to sound like a slut...but then she was sitting there naked, talking to her teenage daughter about her sons' dicks. It was sort of past that point already.

"Yeah...yes it is," she admitted. "So you hungry there, fatty?"

"You wanna feed me?"

Donna stood up and walked back into the laundry room and came back with a pillow case.

"Stick your arms through the chair back," she said as she wound the case into a rope-like twist.

"You're gonna tie me up...seriously?"

"Yes," she replied.

Jill laughed, but leaned forward a bit and stuck her wrists through the wide-spaced wooden posts in the chair back.

Behind her, Donna tied her wrists together tightly but not excessively tight, with the pillow case. "That too tight?"

“Well I can still feel my fingers...but I’m pretty stuck,” the girl revealed as she twisted side to side to see if she could get her hands free.

“Good, now lean back,” Donna told her as she reached with both hands and pulled her back against the chair. “If fatty is hungry then fatty needs to eat,” and with that said, she snatched the remains of her sandwich off the table and looked at it. Tisking, she added, “What is this shit...a ham sandwich? Fatty can’t get fatter on this!”

Walking over to the trash can beside the refrigerator, she lifted the lid and tossed the sandwich inside. Then she walked around the front of the fridge and opened up both of the side-by-side upper doors.

“Hmmm,” she said as she surveyed the contents of the appliance. There was a whole six-pack of chocolate pudding cups in the left door. She pulled them out and sat them on the table in front of Jill. “You want some pudding, piggy?”

“Heck yeah, I’ll eat one,” she said. “Maybe even two...get a spoon.”

Donna pulled a spoon from the drawer near the sink and stepped back up to the side of Jill and then she laughed with a devious sort of mirth.

“One or two, huh, piggy-pie?” Donna grinned evilly and reached for the six-pack and just popped the entire package open and then removed one cup and opened the top on it... then she popped the top on another one and sat it beside the first in front of Jill...and then she popped a third one...and a fourth...and by that point her intentions were becoming clear.

“Mom...what are you doing?”

“Piggy wants some pudding...Piggy gonna eat ALL the pudding,” Donna said as she popped the sixth one open and lined it beside the others...and then she dipped her spoon in the

first one and shoveled up a massive load of pudding and crammed it into Jill's mouth. The girl barely had time to swallow it before Donna piled another ridiculous spoonful of the chocolate desert into her face.

"Momm---" she tried to say something, but Donna just crammed her mouth full again. "Uhh..." she gasped as another load entered her mouth. She was just having to gulp it down to keep up with her mother's shoveling. She finally heard the scraping of spoon on empty container and looked down to see her mother toss the first one to the table, but before she could make a fuss, Donna had lifted up the second one and was already coming at her with another heaping spoonful of chocolate cream.

"Num-num, Piggy...eat up," she taunted her as she piled more and more into the girl's mouth. She knew this was sick and that she shouldn't be getting off on it, but she was. She wanted to pack the girl till her belly looked like a balloon. How many years had the little bitch been scrawny and a smartass and how many years had she felt like the cow in the house. Well not any more...not now...no sir, she was gonna fatten her daughter up till Joel had to toss flour on her to find a wet spot to fuck.

Oh this is gonna be so naughty, she thought to herself, knowing full well she planned on bringing the twins down after a while to get in on it.

By the time she heard the fourth cup go bouncing across the tabletop, Jill knew this wasn't going to go the way it had with Joel. The past two nights, he'd snuck into her room and had just teased her into eating until she couldn't hold any more and then he'd fucked the shit out of her on her bed. But this

thing her mother was doing...this was like forced feeding and it was sort of scaring her. She twisted and tried to get free from the knots in the pillow case, but her father was a Navy officer and she was pretty sure he'd taught her mother how to make a decent fucking knot...so the odds of her slipping out was not going to be good.

As she scarfed down another massive mouthful of pudding, she tried to relax. This was her mother, and as crazy as the bitch had gotten the last few weeks, she hadn't hurt anybody and she knew the woman wouldn't intentionally harm her. But she was playing hardball with her...and perhaps the best thing to do was to just go along with it.

When the last cup bounced across the table, she sighed and looked over and up at her mother who was licking her spoon clean and smiling.

"Do you know how many calories that was?"

Jill licked some pudding off her upper lip and making a mockingly sarcastic smile at her mother and then sneered.

Donna leaned forward and picked up the cardboard six-pack container and read off the back. "One serving per container... one hundred and fifty calories per serving...so that's what... hmmm...that's 900 hundred calories...wow...only supposed to have like 1500 to 2000 in a day, huh? Wonder how fat you can get eating like 5000 calories a day?"

"Oh fuck...you're not serious, are you?" Jill gasped. "C'mon Mom...that's not funny."

"Oh I'm not gonna kill you...and I'm not gonna do this every day...but c'mon...you wanna fatten up more or what? Don't you wanna make Joel cum on himself when you jiggle by him?"

Jill looked up at her with a disturbed look on her face.

"Don't Piggy wanna ride some big, fat cock?" She giggled and returned to the fridge. "Well Piggy's gotta fatten up for real

if she want's that cock...I mean c'mon girl...I'm still fatter than you are...and I got titties! I bet I could take Joel back if I wanted to...I bet he'd pick me over you at this point. I seen you wearing my jeans but they wasn't all that tight on you."

"There's ice cream in the bottom...it's chocolate chunk," Jill blurted. "A whole pint. Give it to me...do it, Momma...do it!"

She looked over and Donna was reading the label as she popped the cardboard lid off the pint size container.

"Serving size...serving size...oh please...280 calories...and this little thing is supposed to hold four servings? So that's 1100 calories...damn...that damn near makes your 2000 for the day, don't it?" She spooned out a big chunk and crammed it into Jill's mouth. "Num-num, Piggy...eat up!"

Donna glanced at the clock on the microwave and noted that she'd been in the kitchen for nearly thirty five minutes now. She licked her spoon, not for the first time, and then glanced down at the dining table and all its litter: six empty containers of pudding, an ice cream carton, two soda cans, and two cans of some nasty tasting tomato pasta. By her best count, she'd shoveled some 3200 calories into her daughter's mouth in just over half an hour. The girl looked sick.

Stepping behind her, she grabbed the back of her chair and pulled her back away from the table and to her absolute and quite twisted delight, she could see the girl's bloated belly sticking out at least a half foot over the top of her lap. Her tight little ill-fitting t-shirt was stretched and filthy with dropped food spatters and the bottom of it was riding up on her engorged stomach.

“Oh look at Piggy’s little belly now...mmmm!” she said and reached down around her daughter’s head and pulled her shirt tail all the way up to reveal her distended gut.

“Momma,” the girl gasped, “I’m gonna pop!” Just then she hiccupped and belched at the same time. “Oh gross...no more chocolate...please...I’m begging you.”

Donna slid her hands down to the sides of Jill’s belly and squeezed it from the sides and then jiggled it roughly. It was tight as a drum and felt heavy.

“Ohhh, Momma...noooo,” Jill moaned.

“Oh c’mon...you know Joel’s gonna wanna pump that pussy when he gets home, don’t you? Are you ready for that...you gonna ride that cock when he walks in?”

“Oh fuck...fuck, Momma,” she groaned and shook her head side to side defiantly. “I’m sooo full...so fucking full.”

Donna shook her belly again and then rose up some, sliding her hands upward...pulling Jill’s shirt all the way up to expose her bubbly little tits. She stopped long enough to tweak and pluck at the girl’s nipples before standing completely upright and walking around to her side.

Picking up the cord from the breast pump, she stepped across to the opposing counter from the table and plugged it in. The cord ran about six feet in length, barely reaching the plug while remaining on the table. Stepping back to Jill, she reached and flicked the pump on and waited for it to prime and its little green light to come on. When it stopped sputtering and began to hum, she lifted the two nipple suction heads and depressed the release buttons on them so that the pump would freely suck through them and then she attached both to Jill’s budding breasts. Instantly the girls’ areola expanded into the concave shape of the suction heads and she jumped in the chair.

“Ahhh, hey...what are you doing?” she yelled, suddenly coming down from her food high. “Mom...what...what are you doing?”

Donna didn’t answer, but instead reached out and set the control knob to maximum pressure and then flicked the start button, sending the pump into its oscillating, pulsing process.

The pump heads were the size of slushy cup tops...they came in various sizes, but with E-cups, Donna had needed the largest they offered, and so the rubber rings around the base of each head was 10 inches in diameter...and so when the pump kicked in hard, it all but sucked Jill’s entire tit inside the concave clear plastic dome.

“Owww!” the girl yelled but then the pulsing pump began to fluctuate...pump, pump, pump...and as she looked down, she could see her breast tissue expand and then deflate inside the suction domes, over and over...and she marveled at how suddenly her areola and nipples were puffing up. “Oh shit,” she blurted, amazed that the sensation sort of felt good. “Oh, Momma, I like it...ahhh,” she added as she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes.

Donna knelt down and twisted her chair to face her and then she pressed her fingers up under Jill’s distended belly and unzipped her jeans...her own jeans, actually...and despite what she’d said earlier to the girl, she actually was filling them out pretty well...enough that she was having trouble wiggling them down and off of her.

“Do it, Momma...put your hand in me again,” she begged as Donna started to peel the jeans downward.

“Help me, fatso,” she muttered, and Jill put her feet on the floor and lifted her hips up long enough for Donna to slide them down around her hips, and then the girl dropped back down

into the chair hard...sending her fat and bloated belly to quivering right in Donna's face.

Nasty, fat little bitch...I swear I think she's been sucking it in all week...no way I fluffed her out that much in one eating, she realized as she looked closely at how big Jill's belly was. It was big and round, sitting directly on top of her fat thighs.

With a forceful couple of jerks, she ripped the jeans off her feet and tossed them somewhere behind her and then she pressed Jill's legs apart...and to her dismay, the girl's fat belly sunk down between her legs and all but covered her pubic region...forcing her to lift her belly up with one hand while she pushed the other one up under it and then she began the arduous task of wiggling her fingers into the girl's pussy.

Jill sunk down in the chair and scooted forward in it...almost sliding her ass cheeks off the front edge of the wooden chair which served to cram her mother's hand all the way inside of her. Immediately she began to thrust her hips back and forth and the chair began to wobble causing Donna to have to let go of the girl's gut and grab the chair edge to brace it. But then Jill's belly began to warble and undulate with each of the girl's sexual thrusts and several times Donna could have sworn she heard it making a sloshing noise.

"Turn it up...harder," Jill muttered amidst sexual moans.

"It's on full pressure," Donna replied.

"Oh fuck...does it pump faster?"

Donna looked up on top of the table at the pump and let go of the chair...shooting her free hand up to tap the speed setting on the device and its droning pulse suddenly became an annoying buzz and Jill's tits stopped deflating and expanded wholly into the suction cup heads and then began to jitter inside them...the speed of the pump so high now, that they no longer had the time to shrink back down between repeating pulses.

Before Donna could slap her free hand back down on the chair, Jill rocked back and hot liquid sprayed out of the girl's opening and onto the chair and as her pussy convulsed, it literally and forcefully expelled Donna's hand out.

"Ohhhhhh," Jill wailed as her orgasm overwhelmed her. "Oh fuck...get it off...get it off...I can't take it no more," she begged and Donna stood up and pressed the release buttons on the suction heads, popping them loose from her daughter's tits.

To her shock, the girl's titties were swollen and red and puffed out like...well like teenage titties should have been. Her nipples were bright red and swollen hard and her areola were like massive puppy noses, poofed out and round.

She leaned down and started sucking on them with her mouth and Jill moaned and cried out.

"Ooohhh fuck, Momma...no, no, no," she begged but she leaned her head back and rolled her eyes in ecstasy. "Ahhhh, oh fuck noooo," she bellowed and then bucked her hips in the chair and Donna knew she was cumming again.

Standing upright, she picked up the cups off the table and adjusted the pump back to its normal pumping pulse and then she pushed the baby bottle into its slot on the machine. With practiced hands, she lifted the pump heads to her own breasts and depressed the release buttons to attach them to her own nipples. No more had she released the buttons, than her gigantic nipples ballooned into the clear cup heads and milk exploded from them and began siphoning down the tubes into the bottle on the pump base.

"Oh shit...oh holee shit, I forgot how good this feels," she muttered more to herself than to Jill. As her nipples pulsated she realized why Jill had wanted it on high. Reaching out she flicked the pulse timer up to full and a super-high-speed

vibration began on the ends of her tits and the dribble in the bottle turned into a steady stream of yellowish white cream.

Leaning against the table, Donna watched as the bottle attached to the pump filled past the 1 ounce mark on the side of it.

“Did you know regular dairy milk...like the 2% we drink, runs about 120 calories per eight ounces...and that human milk averages about a little under 200 calories per eight ounces?”

Jill lifted her head upright and looked at her mother leaning against the table with the milking suckers dangling from her tits. They were pulsing so hard that her titties were gyrating and jiggling under the constant pressure...literally moving around of their own accord from the pumping suction emitted by the device beside her. She looked over at the machine and her eyes bugged as she realized the container was filling up fast. The milk in it was nearing the two ounce line.

“I read all this junk back in the day...’cause I was all up into it, y’know,” Donna explained. “Let me put it into simpler terms for you. Whole cow milk...one cup of it has about a 150 calories and about 4 ½ grams of fat...almost 23% of your daily fat intake, so while it’s not so bad in calories, it’s really loaded with fat. That’s why they strip it down and make 2% which is what most people drink, right?” She looked down as watched as the milk level in the container bubbled up over the three ounce line.

“But breast milk...oh man...it’s got 200 calories per cup like I said...not a lot worse than whole milk...but the fat...the fat content is gonna blow your mind. See that same little cup of titty milk actually has 9.6 grams of pure fat in it...almost 50% of your daily allowed dose of 20 grams.”

“That’s why babies get so damn fat and only have to drink a little bit...see titty milk is pretty much just liquified fat,” Donna

added as she glanced down and tapped the container with her index finger. "Got four ounces already...look at that."

Jill's eyes locked on the glass and her expression revealed that she knew what Donna was up to.

"Used to take me half an hour to pump out that much." She glanced over at the microwave clock and snorted. "Six minutes and I've already poured out four ounces...wonder how much I can get out of these jugs?" she asked and jiggled her vibrating udders with both hands for emphasis.

"You're gonna make me drink it, aren't you?" Jill asked, eyeing her mother with contention.

"We're gonna be freaks together for a couple of weeks, Jill," she told her. "Here's the deal...I'm gonna pump these bitches dry every day...so they fill up again...and they will get bigger. The more you pump, the plumper they swell...and if I'm a fucking G-cup by the time you go to see Doctor Elvin, well then so be it, but whatever milk I make...you're gonna drink until you go to see Elvin."

"Momma...you're already past six ounces...and it's not even slacking off," she pointed out verbally. "How much does that thing hold?"

Donna looked down and smiled.

"Eight ounces...one cup," she replied.

A moment later, the pump made a strange gurgling noise and shut itself off. Donna pulled the release latch up on the bottle and pulled it out and stepped forward and grabbed Jill by the hair and made her lean her head back.

"Momma's big tits is gonna make you sooooo fat," she said with a sickly false air of amusement. "That's it...drink it down...drink down that nice little glass of fat ass, all compliments of your mean momma."

When Jill sucked down the last drops, Donna stepped back over to the pump and replaced the container and locked it into place once more and then reset the pump and milk began to spill into almost instantly.

She looked down and rubbed roughly at her tits. Despite all the wasted milk from earlier in the day and the full eight ounces she'd just produced...her tits were only barely depressurized. They weren't aching anymore and that felt great, but she knew she hadn't drained them by any means.

Jill was staring at her in absolute awe.

"Fuck, bitch...how much milk can you make?"

"I used to be able to get out about four of these a day after I dropped the twin titans," she replied. "Sometimes more than that at the last. But the way I'm draining here, I'm gonna guess I can probably get six easy."

"Fuck, Momma...that's," and she stuttered as she tried to do the math in her head. "Oh shit, that's like sixty grams of fat and you said 20 was the normal maximum!"

"Six little ole' cups of Momma...yep...three times the fat and almost no stuffing needed...of course we gonna do that too," she added with a smirk and a wink. "Oh Jill baby...I'm gonna make so fucking fat in two weeks, you're gonna need a crane to get out of the house."

"Momma, I don't wanna get that fat," Jill protested.

"Momma didn't ask, Piggy," she retorted as she mashed her tits together and even more milk dribbled into the container.

Somewhere the webmaster leaned forward and glared at the primary video monitor.

“Oh c’mon bitch...unacceptable...you can’t just jump right to an orgy this fast...everything will be anti-climactic from that point on...you’re gonna ruin everything, dammit!”

Angrily, the webmaster punched a series of numbers in on a keyboard to the left and a phone ring-tone began to buzz. After three hits, the audio indicated someone answering.

“What?”

“Ah, finally got over that hello crap, did you?”

“What you got?”

“The mother is still causing problems...she’s still acting hyper-sexual...are you sure you got the drug out of the water supply?”

“I shut the lines down and completely flushed it...man, that was like two weeks ago...there’s no way there’s anything in the lines still...it’s clean. If the cunt is still actually like a total whore, then it’s because she is a total whore and I can’t fix that.”

“She’s just accepted her situation apparently...she’s acting without inhibitions...she’s just gone over to the fucking darkside on me...she’s fixing to launch a fucking orgy and it’s gonna take down the entire premise of the project...I need this delayed.”

“How much time I got?”

“Half hour at best...the older boy, Joel...is on the way home and she’s got the twins on standby upstairs...I gotta do something here to shut it down...delay it.”

“Power outage?”

“Noooo...that’ll just make them bored and they’ll be more likely to get freaky...it’s gotta be something intense.”

“Can you locate the husband?”

“He’s a Navy SEAL...are you joking? A call from him would work, but I have no clue as to where he might be stationed and I’ve already done enough damage hacking DoD systems lately, so no...I’m not even going to try that...not immediately.”

"You should try to track him down...a call from him might eventually calm her ass down some...but the longer he's out of touch, the more likely she's gonna be to stray on him."

"Okay, point taken, but I need something in thirty minutes here...can you do anything?"

The other end of the line was quiet.

"You still there?"

"Yeah, I'm thinking...gimme a few minutes, dammit."

"You to ten...make it count!"

Jill spit up and gasped as Donna pulled back the fourth container of her breast milk from the girl's lips.

"No...no more...I can't," she muttered, shaking her head side to side...yellowy milk dripping off her chin and rolling down her neck.

"Oh my...look at little Fatty's belly now," Donna commented with sick amusement as she patted her daughter's exposed and hugely distended stomach. "Looks like you're all ready for Joel now, ain't you?"

"He's gonna be home soon," Jill said as she lolled her head to one side and looked over at the microwave clock on the counter to her left. "Oh shit...we've been in her for almost an hour and a half," she suddenly realized. "He'll be here any minute...come let me loose."

"Y'know...I was thinking maybe I might have a little surprise for you," Donna announced as she unhooked herself from the breast pump heads and sat them down on the table beside the pump base. Looking down she noted how deflated her tits looked...they were literally drooping now...no longer swollen and shiny at all. It was almost as bad as how she looked after the twins got through with her thirteen years earlier.

“Surprise?” Jill looked horrified. “I’m good...thanks! But you could come untie me if you don’t mind...really...I’m done and all, at least till Joel gets home.” She stared at her mother’s deflated jugs and added, “I don’t think you got any milk left anyway at this point, do you?”

Donna was already looking at her own tits and just laughed at her daughter’s statement of the obvious. “No, I think I’m pretty much tapped out...so much for the six cup theory.”

“Well you did lose all that down here earlier...then upstairs and then you were dribbling all the way in here too, so you probably could produce six if you wanted to,” Jill asserted.

“Maybe...so...you know you’ve had like 4000 calories and probably 40 grams of fat...and that’s just the fat from my milk, I bet you took in another 20 or so from that pudding...and the rest of it...well I’m guessing you’ve had probably near 70 grams of fat just in the last two hours, babe.”

“Wow, I couldn’t tell,” Jill grumbled as she twisted side to side to make her big, round gut undulate and wobble. “I’ll do good if I don’t puke when Joel takes me tonight.”

“Do you like being berated...insulted...did you get off on me fucking with you about being fat?” Donna asked with a curious expression.

“Yes,” the answer was hard, direct and unhesitant.

“The boys want to come down and taunt you,” she revealed.

“Oh I bet they do,” Jill popped off. “No, mother...absolutely not...that would just piss me the fuck off.”

“Boys...come on down!” she called out loudly and directed her voice out into the living room. She figured the two perverts were probably on the stairs already anyway.

“MOTHER!! I SAID FUCKING NO!” Jill shouted at her.

“Momma didn’t ask, Piggy,” Donna replied with a dubious smirk that left her daughter staring with wide eyes and an open mouth incapable of a comeback.

Just then the phone in the living room rang. It rang again, before Donna made a move to go answer it. As she waded into the living room, the twins both descended the staircase and walked past her as she answered the call.

Both boys were buck naked and as Jill watched them cross the living room, she was awestruck by the size of their dicks and balls. She’d seen them naked before and they weren’t that big before. This was new...this was something entirely recent in development. Her mother hadn’t been exaggerating at all. With each step, their fat cocks bounced from side to side, slapping their upper thighs.

Ed’s balls were dangling...hanging down low and they were pendulously swinging along with his dick, but Al’s sack was pulled up tight and high and looked swollen...and as he walked, his dick just bobbed atop his bloated scrotum.

Oh fuck...oh fuck me...they are almost as big as Joel! she realized with both horror and excitement. They were her brothers, so they annoyed and repulsed her...but then as she stared at their man-junk as they approached her...she became more and more enthralled with their sexual prowess. They were both far more bony than even Joel. At least Joel was 15 and he had some bit of muscle mass...at least a part of his physique was manly, but her brothers were still just boys for the most part...aside from their swinging fat cocks, they were nothing that any woman would find attractive...and had they not possessed the oversized dongs, she would have probably barfed at the moment she saw them walking naked towards her. But the dicks were real...and they were without doubt, coming to see her.

"Holee crap you're fucking fat," Al blurted as he cut around the table and saw his sister's shirt pulled up, her bloated belly hanging out along with her pumped up and swollen breast buds. "How much do you fucking weigh...is there a number or does the scale just moan and shout, 'whale' when you stand on it?"

"Go fuck yourself," Jill informed him with a dirty look.

Ed looked uncomfortable and remained silent.

"Damn, she tied you up?" Al commented as he looked behind her chair and surveyed the pillow case that his mother had tied Jill's hands with.

"No, I'm sitting here like this for my amusement," she popped back at him.

"You a little hungry," he scoffed and picked up a discarded plastic pudding container. "How much did you eat...did you fucking eat all the damn pudding, bitch?"

"Not by choice," she replied.

"Hey, Ed...Mom was force feeding...how wicked is that!?"

Ed looked at his brother and just shook his head side to side as if to express his disapproval.

"Look how big her belly is...she looks fucking pregnant, check her out," Al said as he reached down and jiggled Jill's bloated gut.

"HEY! Hands off of me, asshole," she barked.

"Ohhh...hands off, she said," he remarked with a sarcastic attitude. "Well what about dick?" he asked as he stepped up close enough to her that his dangling cock poked the side of her belly.

"GET IT OFF OF ME...OR I WILL FUCKING KILL YOU!" she growled at him with a look of total ferocity in her eyes.

"ALVIN!" it was Ed who said it. "Don't man...leave her alone."

“Well ain’t this what Mom wanted us to do...to harass her and then make her suck us off?”

“She don’t want us to,” Ed snapped back at him. “So don’t fucking do it.”

“I do what Mom tells me to do, douche,” he shot back at him. “Course you’re apparently the one getting all the pussy from her...so what do I know.”

“Probably because I’m not an asshole,” Ed replied.

“Yeah well maybe I like being an asshole,” Al retorted as he leaned back against Jill and rubbed his cock all over her bloated belly...instigating an erection to begin growing.

Jill looked down at the rising cock rubbing all over her fat gut and her anger at Ed started to melt some. So rather than shriek at him again, she just watched him molesting her stomach for a few moments.

“AL...STOP IT!” Ed blurted and made a step towards his twin brother. “I’m not playing man...leave her alone!”

“It’s okay, Ed...don’t,” she cut in. “It’s okay, alright.”

“You want him to do that?” Ed looked at her with a confused expression.

“Both,” she began but her voice cut out. She gulped and looked up at Ed directly. “Both of you.”

“Nasty fat fuck,” Al hissed as he began to slap her belly with his dick. “I’m gonna cum on it...I’m gonna jerk off on your big fat fucking belly,” he added.

“Cause you like it,” she remarked. “And don’t say shit, ‘cause you’re dick is hard, ain’t it?”

Ed chortled and then blushed. “Dude...you like fat chicks!”

“FUCK YOU,” he blurted as his brother.

“Joel does too,” she informed them. “And so does Dad!” She looked up at Al and met his eyes. “What’s wrong with it,

huh? Does it make you feel good to call me fat? So call me fatty if you want to...but I know I still made you hard, asshole.”

Al stepped back from her and turned as if he was about to storm off, but Ed stepped into his path to cut him off.

“Don’t be a fucking jerk, Al,” he said. “If she wants me to, I’m gonna do it...so who’s chicken shit now? You too scared to admit you got wood off of her?”

Al glared at his mirror image brother and then twisted to look back at their sister...and she made a kissy-face at him.

“What’s wrong...it ain’t no fun if I like it?” she asked, but she already knew the answer. Alvin was a bully and Eddie was the nice one. She knew now why her mom had picked Ed as her lover of choice. “You know...Ed don’t mind a fatty...and I bet that’s why his balls are all hanging low, huh...maybe you come pump some of that shit on my fat ass over here and your balls will hang low too.”

Ed stepped around his brother and walked up to his sister, his penis already starting to harden and rise.

“You see that thing,” and Jill motioned at the table and the bulky breast pump that sat atop it among all the various empty food containers. “Mom made me drink her titty milk...she’s trying to fatten me up even more.”

Ed’s eyes widened and his right hand crept down to his dick where he gripped it firmly and began to jerk on it.

“She filled that bottle there up four fucking times and made me drink it all,” she continued, marveling at the size of her brother’s pumping erection. “Oh, Eddie...when did your dick get so big?”

Al remained at the edge of the table watching them both but his anger was obviously gone now.

“Alvin...don’t you want to come over here?” she called out to him and made kissy-face at him again. “Don’t you wanna

come rub your big balls on my belly? Look how big it is... Momma did this to me...she made me eat and eat...and now I just look totally pregnant don't I?"

Yeah, Al had a fat thing. She could see it in his eyes. He wanted to deny it badly but she could tell that he was captivated with her belly and so to taunt him, she scooted down in the chair and spread her legs...letting it droop down over her pubic region...and then she began to wiggle her hips around so that her belly undulated and quivered.

"I want some cum on it, Al...are you a pussy...or are you man enough to come hose me down with those big fucking balls you got?"

"Hello?" Donna said into the phone as the boys pranced past her headed for the kitchen. *Perfect timing...so better hope this ain't a fucking solicitor or I'm gonna reach through the phone and strangle you!*

"Miss Paul Mason, please," a distinctly male voice said.

"This is her," she replied.

"Miss Mason...this is Captain John West with the US Navy, m'am...I'm calling about your husband, Lieutenant Mason."

"Yes?" she said, but the man didn't respond immediately. "Is something wrong...is he okay?"

"I'm not calling in an official capacity, Miss Mason...I'm a friend of your husband and he...he asked me to call you in case there was ever a problem with his mission status."

"Oh shit...what...what's wrong?"

"He's probably fine...last I was informed, his locator beacon is functioning as are three others attached to his unit, but their helicopter went down about two hours ago inside hostile territory. Now please, Miss Mason...I can be court-martialed for

calling you and telling you any of this, so please don't call anyone...this information is technically classified. I would have come in person, but I'm not at your base and as I said, I can't send anyone else because no one is supposed to know about this."

Donna didn't know what to say. She just remained silent, hanging on the man's every word.

"Again, he's probably fine...we have choppers go down all the time and there was no indication that hostile fire was involved even, so in all likelihood it may have been mechanical and for all we know right now, they may just be sitting in the desert waiting for a pickup."

"So you're sure he's okay?"

"I won't lie, Miss Mason...but the information we have, indicates that he is still alive as are three more in his five man unit...so only one transponder is not working."

"Can't you contact them...do they not have radio contact?"

"Miss Mason...umm...okay, look...where they are right now, well they're not technically supposed to be there, do you follow what I'm saying? It's not like we can just send a rescue chopper in and pick them up...it's a bit more tedious than that."

"Oh shit...where is he?"

"I can't tell you that m'am...but we're doing everything we can to get to them just as fast as possible."

"How long...till...till maybe you know something?"

"I can't say with any certainty...but I will either call you myself or have him call you just as soon as possible."

"Thank you...and...please...get him to call me as soon as you can so I know he's okay."

"Will do, m'am."

CLICK!

"You are one evil sack of shit, you know that, Julian?" the webmaster's robotic voice mask garbled through the computer speaker as Julian disconnected the call.

"You sure you had the call masked?"

"Her caller ID shows DoD and a number not currently active at the Pentagon."

"Y'know he's gonna pop up eventually and call her and when she asks him, this is gonna blow up."

"I'll take care of that," the webmaster stated flatly.

"Man...he's a Navy SEAL...I'm not cool with getting him killed," Julian blurted. "I didn't sign up for killing people."

"Shut up...nobody said anything about killing him...damn, Julian...you're brilliant but you're totally pussified."

"Fuck you, Vader!"

The webmaster laughed, catching the gist of the joke.

"I am your father, Julian," the robotic voice said with a faked heavy breathing noise.

"Fuck you...for all I know you might be," he admitted.

"Don't worry you pathetic little conscience about it...I'm only going to tap into DoD and see if I can maneuver him into some assignment that will keep him out of the picture for a while longer."

"You said you didn't like dicking with DoD...I take it you've done it before now, eh?"

"Doctor Gordon, the female physician they've been visiting is under my wing...I've been having to manipulate patient and medical records to ensure she's the only one getting access to them."

"Navy medical is not the same as DoD...those guys track, those guys will find you."

"I'm not hacking...I'm not an idiot, Julian."

"Well then how are you going to pull it off?"

"Same way I pull of everything...leverage," the webmaster replied. "Like with you, I find out something naughty about a person and then I blackmail them into working for me...it's really quite simple, Julian."

"It's shitty," he retorted.

"But effective...so anyway, I've got a man in the Pentagon that I can call...and he can make a few calls...and it'll happen."

"I mean it, asshole...I find out anybody gets dead, and I'm done with this twisted shit," Julian reiterated with a tone of rebellious hostility.

"No one dies...that's not my game, Julian. I manipulate. Death can be accomplished by the most idiotic of people, but only the intelligent can manipulate...and I prefer the challenge of controlling my toys."

"Victims...they're victims, asshole."

"Victims, really? Have I done anything to them that they're not enjoying? Have I really done so much to them? Or do I merely arrange a few perks and prods and let them do what they do all of their own accord?"

The sick fucker was right, and Julian knew it. The bastard never really made them do anything...he just set up the situations and his victims retained free will.

"You're like the devil...you tempt people and let them commit sin on their own."

"Ah, perhaps...perhaps," the webmaster's robotic voice agreed. "Keep doing what you're told and eventually I'll forget I own your soul, Julian."

"You don't own me asshole...I'm only doing it for the money you pay me. The second this shit goes wrong, you're on your fucking own and you can just take whatever you got on me and shove up your robotic ass."

The webmaster disconnected their call laughing.

Al moaned and his penis tip went off like a geyser, thick, white goo splattering all over Jill's belly.

"You wanna fuck me don't you, Al, but you can't...all you can do is cum on my fat belly...so you cum on it...don't stop, don't quit...beat that fat bastard all over me!" Jill taunted him as he unloaded his balls on her bloated stomach.

Just then Ed unleashed on her as well from the other side and his ejaculation hit her belly with only slightly less pressure, force and mass than his brother's.

"Oh fuck...where is it coming from...shit...you guys are like cum monsters!" she remarked with excitement as gob after gob of semen splattered out onto her belly. By the time they stopped pumping, her entire abdomen was covered in thick, white mess.

"Untie me...oh fuck, untie me, assholes," she demanded and Ed stepped behind her chair and pilfered the pillow case's knot until he had her free.

Dropping the case on the floor, he stepped back to her side and her hands were instantly on both their drooping and swollen cocks...and she was pulling them to her. She leaned forward and squished her big belly...her head lowering to the level of their dicks...and then she was going from one to the other, sucking them...Ed then Al then Ed again, all while she jerked on their shafts roughly.

"HEY!" Donna bellowed from the doorway, the cordless phone still in her hand. "STOP IT...JUST STOP IT...FUCK!"

Jill instantly stopped and let go of both her brothers' penises. "What's wrong, Mom?"

She was crying.

"Your father's helicopter went down...and they can't get to him...he's in some shithole where they're not supposed to be,"

she explained, tears rolling. "They think he's okay, but they can't confirm it yet."

The mood of the room was dead...the sex was over...the ideas of orgies and cocks in every hole were suddenly moot and ignored.

"Upstairs...NOW...both of you...GO!"

Both boys quickly exited the kitchen and headed for the stairs.

Donna stepped on into the kitchen and walked up to where Jill was still sitting in the chair.

"Did they untie you?" she asked, wiping tears. Looking down, she realized her daughter's hands were free and that she was using them to scoop up handfuls of clearish semen from her fat belly and dump it up onto the tabletop. "Oh shit...they did that to you?"

"Well you told them to," Jill replied, looking up at her mother as she poured sticky goo onto the table with her left hand. "Not that I minded...I mean...damn...they are hung!"

She watched as her daughter stood up and bent over to pull her jeans up. The girl's ass was at least a foot and a half wide, each big, fat ass cheek the size of a small watermelon. That was her daughter...her fourteen year old daughter. What was Paul going to say when he got home and saw her looking like that?

As the girl jiggled and jostled her flabby mass to wiggle back into the tight jeans...*her jeans...her mother's jeans...*she suddenly felt guilty for having enjoyed the fact that her daughter was getting fat. Paul wouldn't approve...Paul would fucking kill her with a pocket comb or whatever instrument he had at hand if he knew just a fraction of what had been going on in his absence.

How had she let all of this happen? How? What the fuck was she doing? When did she stop being their mother? At

what point did she step out of those shoes and put on the house pimp pants? If Paul had been there, none of this would ever have happened. None of it.

Part of her was angry at him...and part of her longed just to hear his voice...to know he was okay...that he was alive and would be coming home. She didn't want to be a widow...she didn't want people to ask how it happened, and she not even be able to tell them because it was all classified. So often the military would doctor records to cover missions, Paul had told her that...had told her not to be surprised if his potential death record said "training accident" or "IED" or some stupid something that was unrelated to the truth at all. Navy SEALs killed bitches...and sometimes they got killed, but it was seldom by accident or stupidity. If her husband didn't come back, he had wanted her to know that it was because he was whipping some motherfucker's ass and not for whatever reason the military told her.

She had always expected one of those calls. And the fucked up thing about it was the man was right...if she called to ask, they'd know somebody broke security and protocol and the Captain, whoever he was, would end up behind bars, his career ruined. The only thing she could do was sit and wait for Paul to call or for the Captain to call back.

"Go...go upstairs...I need a while," she muttered to Jill as the girl pulled up the jeans and sucked her belly in...or tried to, in order to button them. "Oh hell, you can't...give it up...I'm so sorry, baby."

Jill sighed and let her belly hang free. Her mother was right, she wasn't going to get the jeans fastened for love nor money. Her belly was so bloated. Determined, she tugged them up under her belly and strained and managed to get the button through its hole. Gasping, she let go and pulled up on her

massive gut to situate it over the top of the jeans. When she let go of it, the big round sack of fat continued to quiver.

"I like it, Momma," she said. "I don't think I care what other people think about it. It was scary at first because I've never been fat, but now, it's like...I don't know. I wanna be like this...I don't want to be skinny again."

"I can't do this...it's...it's not gonna happen...I should never have let any of you...I should never have done this...I'm just crazy...I don't know if I'm losing my mind or what," Donna blurted, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"It's okay, Momma...I know...I get it," she said, as she stepped up to her mother who had flopped down in one of the chairs beside the table where she'd been seated herself moments before. She leaned over and hugged her and then as she raised back up, she realized she'd gotten sticky semen all over her mother's breasts. "Oh crap...sorry."

Donna sighed.

"It doesn't matter...I've let both of them cum in me, Jill," she admitted with a look of disgust. "I fucked both of them...I've fucked Ed repeatedly. I really panicked in the store the other day when I thought that I was pregnant."

Just then she realized that Jill probably wasn't using anything with Joel.

"Oh shit, Jill...they don't even make a rubber big enough to fit Joel's dick...you can't keep just...doing...whatever with him."

"Will you be mad if I get pregnant?"

Donna wasn't sure what to say to that. She reached out and caressed Jill's distended belly.

"Not now, Jill...just not now...just make him pull out and we'll get you a prescription for birth control in two weeks when you go see Doctor Elvin."

Jill reached out and wiped the tears from her mother's eyes and bent over, hugging her again.

"He's bad ass, Momma...he always calls."

"I know," she said with a sigh, looking down at the phone still in her hand.

Jill stepped back and looked at the table, then reached for the base of the breast pump and slid it over towards her mother.

"He always tells us that we can't stop living our lives because he's not here," Jill asserted. "He's gonna be okay, so keep your mind off of it...focus on something else."

"Jill...he'd kill us if he knew," Donna muttered.

"But he don't...and he won't," she argued.

"He's gonna come home and find you...like this," and she motioned at her daughter's torso, "and he's gonna shit a fucking brick because you're fat."

"So what?" Jill asked. "Is he gonna shit a brick because your tits are bigger...or because his sons have elephant trunks dangling between their legs?" She looked directly into her mother's sobbing eyes. "We can't change what's done...we can't fix this...so we might as well just go with it. And I for one, Momma...I don't want to stop it."

"I can't...I can't do it anymore...you...you can do whatever you want with them, but I'm not...I'm done," Donna said, tears flowing down her face.

"Okay, okay," she said, stroking her mother's shoulder. "You don't have to...but...but I need these," she added, and her hand moved forward and dropped down to caress her mother's breast. "I'm asking you...to give it to me, Momma...I'm begging you to fatten me up...you know I want this."

“You...you’re fourteen...you don’t know what the fuck you want...you’ll turn into a fucking fat sow if you start drinking my damn milk!”

“Tell me you don’t want me to and I won’t say another word about it,” Jill stated, knowing how it would play out.

Donna looked into her eyes and then dropped her gaze lower to take in her daughter’s roly-poly torso and her now round and engorged belly...and then lower to her bulging thighs.

“I know you’re upset...it’s okay...just take some time,” Jill told her. “But this is you and me, Mom...it don’t have anything to do with Dad at all.”

She hugged her mother once more and then turned to walk out of the kitchen. As she retreated, Donna looked on in awe as Jill’s love-handles, bubbling over the sides of her jeans, jiggled and quivered with every step she took...the ass of her pants so tight that they looked like they could explode at any time.

When she was sure the girl was upstairs, she looked down at the phone she still held and wondered when it would ring...and what she’d hear when it finally did.

She stood up and stared across the kitchen at her reflection in the big mirror that was built into the wall between there and the living room. Her reflection was of a nude and fat, middle-aged body that wore nothing but a nursing bra...a bra that had two gigantic and deflated udders jerked out through the nursing flaps. She looked horrible. She could see cum smears on her tits from Jill hugging her. She disgusted herself.

In a sudden fit of fury, she hauled off and slung the phone toward the mirror and the big piece of glass cracked at the corner slightly. She dropped down into her chair again and covered her face, sobbing and gasping.

“I’m sorry, Paul, baby...so sorry!”

Donna opened her eyes and blinked. Sunlight was blazing in through her bedroom window and it blinding her. Hand to her face, she rolled onto her side and groaned, an uncomfortable pressure on her chest beneath the blanket. Her hands started to reach and cup her tits, but she heard a noise again...the same one that had awoken her.

The phone!

Suddenly she was mentally aware and awake. She reached out and snatched the cordless phone receiver off its base that sat on the nightstand beside her bed.

"Hello?!"

The sound was of crackling static.

"Hello?"

"Babe...can you hear me?"

"Paul...Paul where the fuck are you?"

"Sorry...land-line...I'm in shitburg...same as usual," he replied. "Don't tell nobody I called."

"Are you okay...your friend called me...said your helicopter had went down," she blurted.

"What?" he said.

"Did you hear me?" she asked. "Paul...are you there?"

"What did you say about my friend?"

"Are you okay?" she asked him again.

"Yeah, I'm fine...but I got reassigned...gonna be out a while yet...that's why I'm calling...just let you know I'm okay, babe."

"How long?"

"What?"

"How long?" she shouted into the phone as if it would help with the shitty transmission.

"Don't know...maybe a month more...then I'll be home."

"I love you," she blurted. "We all miss you!"

"I know baby...I love ya'll too, but I gotta go, okay...not s'posed to be even calling...okay, bye!"

CLICK!

And the call was over. It was the first time she'd heard her husband's voice in four months. But at least she'd heard it...and he was evidently okay. It was all good.

She sighed and then smiled. Her husband was okay.

She dropped the phone into the folds and hills of her massive comforter and then rolled back onto her back and stretched like a cat under the covers.

"Oww," she groaned when her arm nudged her boobs beneath the blanket. "Shit...yesterday...fuck," she muttered as her hands cupped her massive tits.

"WHAT THE FUCK?!" she suddenly shouted as her hands made contact with her boobs and she realized they were hard as rocks. Instantly she sat upright on the bed and threw the mass of covers from her body. Looking down, she immediately realized her breasts were huge and engorged.

"No fucking way!" she gasped as she slid to the edge of the bed and stood up to face the large mirror on the back wall of her room. Standing, her tits drooped past her navel...the swell of their bottoms nearly horizontal with the lower curve of her potbelly. The day before they'd been even with her belly button and now...now they were hanging a full three or four inches lower.

She approached the mirror and glared at her boobs closely. She had tiny red stretch marks pulling all down the upper top of her chest...and as she examined her actual breasts, she noticed the little broken vessels littered the whole of her tits...and they were excessively heavy...the weight literally pulling her skin so hard that it ached. She scooped them up in her arms and was

horrified at how heavy they were, but at least it relieved the ache of her chest skin being pulled down so hard.

“What have I done...what the fuck have I done to myself,” she grumbled as she stormed off toward her dresser.

Frantically she dug out a clean bra and put it on...or tried to. When she tried to stuff her tits into the cups though, milk started squirting out of her nipples and by the time she got them half way into the garment, it was soaked with cream.

Disappointed, depressed, and dripping, she stared at herself in the mirror again. Then she glanced over at her closet. Walking over to it, she opened it and pulled out the box that had her maternity junk in it. Rifling through it, she produced some baby bottles...big ones...12 ounce, cup and a half size.

Taking them, she reached for her robe and wrapped herself in it and exited her bedroom...heading for the kitchen.

Jill awoke in her bed beside Joel. He'd collapsed next to her after they'd fucked and just hadn't moved since. He'd been in her room all damn night. She glared at him and worried if her mother might be pissed at her. She sat up in the bed and got up, trudging sleepily across the room toward her door.

She was naked and she could feel her entire torso jiggling with each step...her belly the most...its weight tugging downward each time her foot tapped the carpet.

As she neared the door and reached out to get her robe from her doorknob where it hung, she noticed it was not hanging how she'd left it. She pulled at it and was startled to feel how heavy it was.

The pockets, she thought as she blinked her eyes to clear them and rolled up her robe till her hands reached the pockets.

“What the fuck?” she gasped as she pulled a baby bottle out of one of the pockets. It was full and it was a 12 ounce bottle. Twisting, she sat the bottle on her dresser beside the door and then fished her hand down into the other pocket and pulled out another 12 ounce bottle...also full to the brim.

She smirked and opened her door and peeped out into the hallway, but the only thing out of place were the third bottle of breast milk that sat on the hall floor directly in front of her.

“THREE bottles?!” she gasped. Lifting it up, she popped back inside her room and shut the door. Fighting the urge to giggle, she unscrewed the top on the floor bottle and turned it up...guzzling till it was gone.

“A whole day’s fat in one jar,” she whispered aloud more to herself than anyone else. Carefully and quietly, she set the empty bottle onto the dresser and popped another one open and drained it. By the time she finished it off though, her belly was already protesting the pressure inside. She pried her hands down around the bulge of her belly and shook it, loving to feel the wobble and quiver of her own flab. She could feel herself sloshing inside, but she wasn’t done.

She looked over at her bed...at Joel, still sleeping, sprawled out atop it, naked and his oversized cock splayed out and draped across one thigh. It was at least a foot long...so very fat and so very good. And he loved her body so much. When he’d come home the night before and had walked into her room...found her lying on her bed, her hugely stuffed belly poking out like it was pregnant, he’d all but ravaged her. He had spent ten minutes licking her belly and rubbing his face in it...having had no idea that shortly before that it had been covered with the twins’ cum loads.

Her brothers were somewhat scared of Joel...being he was nearly three years older than them and also about a foot taller.

She doubted they were going to be so bold as to brag about what she'd let them do and she'd already threatened to never let them do it again if they mentioned it to him.

She wondered how hard it would be to encourage a threesome with them...or actually it would be a foursome! Would Joel go for that, or was he so wrapped up in her that he would not want to share her with them? The way he acted was probably going to indicate a no for that question. No, he would probably not share her with anybody. He didn't even have a clue that she was messing around with her mother, and she intended to keep it that way...but she also figured Joel wouldn't mind that so much and she sort of wanted to go through with her mother's fantasy of letting her watch them fuck, but she didn't want to rush it with him for fear of him getting mad at her.

Oh he might get mad, but he ain't gonna stay mad at my fat ass...he wants my pussy and ass too bad to give me up, she surmised. But I better make sure he stays in my bed, and with that thought in mind, she reached for the other bottle and unscrewed the lid. It took her a little longer with it than the first two, but she finally managed to slurp the last of it down.

Twelve ounces...times three...that's 36...divided by eight, that equals four...four and a half? She flubbed around the math in her head and finally figured out that she'd already consumed 900 calories and about 45 grams of pure fat...twice the amount for any given day.

Her mother had evidently given her plea some thought. She knew she had been worried about her father the night before, but she also knew the woman had been beguiled with the idea of her getting fat...and utterly obsessed with the idea of fattening her up even more. Her mother had all but greased her

own panties at the chance to force feed her and had spent over an hour stuffing her and making her drink her titty cream.

She knew her mother wouldn't be able to resist the urge to move forward with it. She might give up on her dirty little sexcapades with the boys, but she wouldn't ever give up the deviant and sick trade she had going on with her.

She suspected that she had made her mother feel fat all these years because she was so skinny...and it was making her mother absolutely ecstatic to see her ass ballooning now...growing even wider than her own middle-aged spread. She'd been all too transparent with the fact that she enjoyed seeing her wear her jeans...seeing how tight they were on her. And even in the midst of her turmoil the night before, the woman had stopped and gawked as she fought to button the jeans before she came upstairs. And now...now she found three bottles of breast milk waiting on her. Had her mother gotten up early and pumped for a while? Or were her tits even more engorged today than they were the previous day?

Donna had bet her she could fill six 8 ounce bottles...and by her count, she'd already delivered to her 36 of her estimated 48 possible ounces.

Did she do all this...this morning?

She put her robe on and opened the door and then sat the three bottles out onto the floor in the hallway. Treading quietly, she padded across the narrow hall and into the bathroom. Inside she shucked off the robe and pranced over to the digital scale by the toilet.

How badly had she dreaded this only a week or so earlier? And now she was practically elated to pounce onto the scale to check her weight.

"C'mon badboy...show Momma what she's got!" she called out to the device as she stepped up onto it.

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“One sixty seven?!” she blurted, her eyes wide as saucers. “That’s five pounds...five fucking pounds!” She laughed with delight and practically bounced in position, her belly and ass jiggling in unison with her movements. She wanted to fully jump up and down, but she feared it might wake everyone in the house up.

Five fucking pounds in a day...oh man...oh man!

Smiling, she headed over to the shower and turned the hot water on. Joel was sure to cream himself when she told him and she bet her mother would drop her own load.

In the shower, she closed her eyes and let the hot spray warm and wet her body. She picked up a bar of soap from the tray that suctioned to the shower wall, and began to lather her body, but as she ran her hands across her stomach, she realized it actually felt bigger than it had the day before. She stroked it for a time and then ran her soapy hands back around her fat hips and onto her husky haunches. She dropped the soap and just began to jiggle her massive ass cheeks.

“Oh fuck...fuck me,” she cooed in the heated fog of the stall as her hands gripped and kneaded at her plump thighs and butt. Moments later, she was fingering herself, groping her own belly and jiggling it as she did so. “So fat...oh fuck I wanna be so fat!”

“What is this shit?” the rich bitch demanded as she shouted viciously at the webmaster via the computer connection.

“Hey, I made her fat...I can’t help it that they’re all into it.”

“Well that’s just ludicrous...how is that even possible?”

“I’ll give half your money back if you want,” the webmaster conceded. “I know it’s not what you wanted.”

“Turn the little bitch into a porking whale, and you can keep the fucking money...but...but get rid of her boyfriend. That little freak is a conduit for her happiness.”

“I’ll see what I can do.”

To be continued...