

THE EYELAND PROJECT: FIRST CREW

By Otto Maddox

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Chapter 7

"His sign said THE WORLD WOULD END, and he was right, it would, but he never said when. It is an art-form of sorts, to twist a fact to tell a lie with it. And in the end, you can't even accuse the artists of having lied at all, for all they said were facts...and how you interpret them falls at your own feet."

- **O.Maddox 2012**

Jill stepped out of the bathroom, still dripping from the shower, and wearing nothing but a towel around her growing form, stepped across the narrow hall and opened the door to her room. Before she shut the door behind her though, she looked down at the floor and realized the empty baby bottles she'd left earlier were now gone. Apparently her mother had come up while she was in the bathroom and retrieved them.

She glanced into her room and realized Joel was gone from her bed. He'd obviously awakened and left, probably going back to his own room with her brothers.

Sighing, she closed her door and soon began the arduous task of finding something to wear that would actually button and / or cover her growing fat ass for the day.

Downstairs, Joel staggered into the living room and then into the kitchen where Donna was scrambling some eggs on the stove wearing nothing but her robe. She had tied the sash tightly and hiked it up under her breasts so that it was literally above her belly. From the side she looked almost pregnant.

"Are these of some significance," he asked, as he approached the table and sat down the three baby bottles. And then he noticed the breast pump sitting on the table. His eyes bugged and his heart skipped a beat. "Oh fuck are you pregnant?" her blurted.

She giggled from the stove and turned to face him for a brief moment with a wide grin on her face.

“No, I’m not pregnant...but I am lactating for some stupid reason of the other,” she confirmed.

He started at the empty containers...then the pump...then up at her as she stirred her skillet full of eggs. She could tell he was trying desperately to put the pieces of the mystery together himself, but either he was stupid to figure it out, or too stubborn to admit what he was coming up with to be fact.

“I know about you and Jill,” she volunteered as she dumped the skillet into a large plate.

“Yeah, she told me last night...that’s why I didn’t bother going back to the room with the twin turds,” he informed her.

She turned to face him and leaned back against the counter to brace herself. “Awful brave of you.”

“I figured you must not have cared,” he asserted. “And I’m guessing you’re done with me, huh?”

“That depends on what you mean by that,” she replied. “I am not having sex with you again,” she stated, “but I really still want to watch you have sex with Jill at some point maybe.”

“Are you serious? I figured you would still be messed up over Uncle Paul...Jill told me about the call you got.”

“He called me this morning, early...he’s okay,” she acknowledged, “but I’m still a little off of it. I did say at some point maybe...but it’s not gonna be any time soon. I had a little bit of a breakdown last night.”

Joel was wearing only a pair of shorts that were a little too tight and they did little to conceal the coiled cock of his that bulged atop his massive scrotum. Donna stared down at it and found herself amazed that he was so overly endowed.

“When did you start getting big?”

“What?” he asked as he removed a plate from the cabinet for himself and made a move towards the big dish of scrambled eggs Donna had just made.

“How old were you when your dick started...y’know... getting so damn big?”

“You wondering about the twin turds?” he asked as he scooped some eggs into his plate.

“They’ve taken a growth spurt or something, Joel...I’m not just imagining it either...since we moved into this new place, they’ve gone from being six inches long to eight and it’s not just length...they’re getting fatter too...like over-filled sausage fat.”

“Is that why you quit having anything to do with me?” he inquired. “Two instead of one...’course I guess at least you can actually fuck them, huh?”

“Are you pissed at me?” she demanded to know.

“I thought we had something going on, but then you just started ignoring me,” he replied.

“Joel...I’m old enough to be your mother...and I’m married, so it’s not like I was ever gonna be your girlfriend, y’know.”

“I know,” he admitted with a sigh as he took his plate to the table. “But it was still pretty awesome.”

“Well it sure didn’t take you long to pick up the pieces and move on, I noticed,” she said, dogging him out a bit.

“I don’t know what to tell you on that, Aunt Donna,” he began, shaking his head as he sat down at the table to eat. “You know I have a thing for fatties.”

“Is she good?”

He looked at her with wide eyes, unsure of how frank he should be with his response.

“I’m not pissed about any of it...just tell me,” she added.

“She’s pretty awesome,” he admitted. “Me and her connect and it’s more than just sex.”

“Are you telling me you’re in love with her?” Donna asked with an expression of humored disbelief.

“I don’t know...maybe...yeah,” he responded as he shoved a glob of eggs into his mouth.

“She’s getting off on getting fatter, isn’t she?”

“I’m getting off on it,” he asserted as he gobbled up another fork full of eggs.

“You’re not alone,” she muttered as she opened the cabinet and removed four more plates. Before she had her hands on them, she heard Joel’s fork clatter against his plate. She’d expected some sort of reaction from him. She turned around with the plates and eyed him to gauge what he was thinking.

“You?” he asked.

“Well I would never have said a word, but then she talked to me and told me as much...and...she asked me to help her gain weight...for you,” she continued.

“Are you and her...I mean...what’s going on?” he asked, a look of total bewilderment on his face.

“We have our own thing...don’t worry about it. Trust me it’s no threat to you at all, big guy.”

“So what the hell is up then,” he demanded to know.

She sat the plates down and turned to face him, her hands reaching for the sash ends...pulling them to pop the knot...and then her robe came open, exposing her dangling and massive breasts to him. She wore nothing beneath the robe at all, but he couldn’t draw his eyes lower than the ends of her jugs.

“Holee shit,” his lips formed the two words but no sound emerged from his mouth. His eyes were all but bugging out of his skull as he surveyed her engorged breasts that hung down so low that the bottoms were almost horizontally even with the bottom of her belly. Obviously she’d had them girted up inside the robe and tied into position above her belly.

"She's got a little boob envy going on, I think," Donna explained. "And as you can see, my tits are going bananas."

"I thought you'd been looking a little bigger lately," he stated with an awestricken expression. "Whoa, though...that's amazing." He stared at them and had to ask, "How big are they now...they look twice what they were the last time I looked at them."

"Well they haven't gotten *that much* bigger," she told him, "but they've swollen up ridiculously overnight." She pointed at the breast pump. "I pumped them dry last night and when I woke up this morning I made Dolly Parton look puny."

Joel looked from the pump to the empty bottles he'd brought downstairs with him. They were marked with various level lines...the highest saying 12 ounces...and from the film that was on the inside of each, it was apparent they'd been full.

"Yours?" he asked, pointing at the three bottles.

"I did that this morning," she revealed with a quirky smirk.

"And...and did Jill...she--" he stammered.

"Well since they're empty, I'm gonna guess she did drink them, yeah."

"Whoa," was all he could manage to say.

Donna had measured her tits the day before when she'd come home from the doctor and been told that her bra might be too tight. After consulting various online brassiere sites, she had taken to measuring her boobs and found that both were about the same size...the left one being a little smaller than the right. At the top of her tits, she'd been about 16 inches in diameter, and down at the bottoms, they'd been 21 inches around. Measuring from her ribcage to the tip of her nipple, on the bottom, they were seven and a half inches long. She was a 40 E-cup. Of course this was after she had begun lactating, so she was already bigger than normal.

Horried to have awakened with massively engorged breasts, she'd decided to measure them again and found that her tits were still 16 inches at the top, but the largest part were 24 inches in diameter and hanging freely, they were nine inches in length on the underside. Curious as to her true cup size, she'd measured from the side of her breast where her mammary tissue began, down to the tip of her nipple...and had come up with 12 inches...and consulting the internet, had found that her breasts were now technically double-EE cups. She'd increased a cup size overnight...to the largest she'd ever been in her life.

"Does that gross you out or something?" she asked him.

"No...I don't guess...I just never figured her to be that freaky, I guess," he admitted.

"It's not about the freak rating," she stated as she re-tied her robe sash and pulled the cords out to the sides to force the sash to cinch up under her tits and girt them up again atop her belly. "It's fattening," she added.

"What?" he asked, an astonished expression on his face.

"Breast milk is really fattening...just 16 ounces of it is all the fat an adult is supposed to consume in a single day."

He arched an eyebrow and then looked back at the empty baby bottles and then his eyes slowly bugged once more.

"Thirty six ounces...yeah," she confirmed with a snort of mirth. "So she's already consumed more than twice her fat intake for the day...and the day is still young."

"How...how many times a day are you...I mean...can you--" he began and she started laughing, cutting him off.

"I'm gonna wait till after lunch and then I'm gonna pump again. I'm guessing I'll probably manage another 24 ounces maybe, but I won't know till I try it."

She could tell he was trying to do the math in his head and failing miserably.

"If I can fill those up every morning...then one or two after lunch...and maybe another one or more before bed...I'm guessing I can manage at least six a day for sure, well that'll be somewhere around 70 to 80 ounces. So that's a little less than a hundred grams of fat a day, almost five times what she's supposed to be eating. And she's gonna be eating regular junk too, on top of my milk."

"Oh shit...she's gonna be big as the house!" he muttered in shock and disbelief.

"Oh she's gonna pork out...and fast, let me tell you," she agreed. "Titty milk is like liquid fat. And the hell of it is...is that the more I pump, the more I'll produce, so I'm probably going to start dropping weight in a few days and I'm going to have to start eating like a horse to keep my own weight up."

"She knows it's boob milk, right?"

"Duh, don't worry about it...me and her are handling this. You just enjoy the show."

"Are you tits gonna get bigger, Aunt Donna?" He had stars in his eyes as he asked.

"I'm already a cup size bigger this morning...so yeah, I'm pretty sure I'm gonna get even bigger during the next week or so, but after that I'm gonna start taking something to shut it down."

"So what's the plan here...Jill won't really tell me what she plans on doing, y'know."

"What plan, what do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean how fat she's gonna get...she just keeps eating with me, but she hasn't said if she's gonna stop...or if she's got a certain weight in mind...so I was wondering if she said anything to you about it?" he explained.

"I don't know but she wants to keep going for two more weeks till she goes to see Doctor Elvin...she did say that much. And she was at 162 yesterday I think. Did you know she's wearing my jeans? And they're fucking tight on her ass? I'm 210...I mean I'm not skinny by no means, but she's already about to overtake my pants."

"I know," Joel agreed. "It's like all ass and belly...it's so fucking awesome."

"Were her tits still swollen when you got home last night," she asked him.

"Yeah...they were kinda red, I noticed...and her tips...her areola were like all puffed out, it was hot." He looked oddly at her. "You had something to do with that, I'm guessing?"

She pointed to the breast pump on the table beside him.

"It does a number on your nipples...totally incredible. And my suction heads are extra-large, obviously," and she gestured to her own tits, "so they kind of suck her whole titty up in there when it's own. You should check it out."

"Will that make her start to...y'know...have milk?"

"I don't know...the doctor told me she thinks mine started from wearing a too small bra...or stress...or a combination of both. And I read this morning online that nipple stimulation can cause the onset of lactation, so I guess it could."

"Whoa," he muttered.

"Y'know...if you want her to pop out some titties, there's one sure fire way to do that," she said with an air of deviant insinuation.

"Okay, I'll bite, Aunt Donna...how?"

"Knock her up," she said with a no-nonsense tone.

"Are you serious?" he asked with wide eyes and a gaping mouth.

“School starts back up in seven weeks. The other kids are gonna fuck with her about getting fat...unless she’s pregnant and then I can probably get her a release from attendance for a few months if they mess with her.”

“You don’t want me to get her pregnant just to protect her ego, do you?” he retorted. “Tell the truth, Aunt Donna...you wanna watch her swell up too.”

She stepped over to Joel and leaned down to whisper in his ear.

“I am so getting off on this, Joel...she made me tie her up and force-feed her last night...and she made me talk mean to her...call her piggy and fatty and shit and I just about cum on myself. I never dreamed of doing anything like that, but now that I’ve done it...it’s driving me wild.”

“So when are you going to want to watch us?”

She stepped back and sighed.

“I don’t know...I’m still upset over Paul...I just can’t make up my mind with what I want to do and what I should be doing,” she confessed. “I know it’s all just plain wrong, but the cat’s out of the bag now...it’s really too late to try and pretend I haven’t done anything wrong at this point.”

“Uncle Paul will kill me if I get her pregnant...you do realize that right?”

“He’ll kill all of us at some point, probably. I still love him so much, but I...he’s not...he’s not doing what I want...what I need, y’know.”

“The twin tyrants?” Joel asked, knowing the answer.

“Both at the same time...it’s unbelievable and I know Paul would never just go with it.”

“Are you gonna divorce him?”

“Nooo,” she blurted. “But I just don’t know if I can ever keep it from him with them in the house with us. And if he ever

retires or takes a new assignment...where he's home all the time then I'll just be screwed."

"When's he coming home?"

"He got reassigned...said maybe another month before he gets any leave."

"And you're gonna pump your boobs for another week and Jill's gonna gain for another two...so I got a few weeks of totally awesome action coming. Sweet!"

"Are you cumming in her, Joel?"

"The first time...but I been pulling out since then."

"You were scared shitless I was pregnant wasn't you?" she asked him, a slight smirk on her face.

"Yes m'am...I did cum in you that day," he admitted.

"You know...the other day when I started leaking in the grocery store...while I was sitting in the bathroom watching pink lines on a stick...part of me was shitting a brick...and then there was this other part of me that was really excited by the idea of being pregnant again."

She grabbed the edge of his chair and pulled, twisting him 90 degrees to face her and then she stepped forward and straddled him, sitting down on his lap...on top of his cock and balls...and then she grinded a little, moving her hips in a small circular motion...her bound up tits pressing against his bony chest. With both hands, she reached up and pulled the sides of her robe out and down and then slid her hands down the top and plopped her gigantic jugs out into view. Then she leaned forward and compressed them against him while she whispered in his ear.

"I want to watch you sliding that oversized cock in and out of her...then I want to see you cum in her and then all over her," she hissed...all the while feeling the boy's dick springing to life beneath her pussy through the tight fabric of his shorts.

She leaned back and hefted both of her titties up and began to take turns licking and sucking her nipples until milk started to dribble from them.

Joel reached up to touch them and she pulled back and then dropped her left tit to slap at his hands.

"Not for you, horse cock...not for you," she playfully scolded him. "These are for her," she added. "Hand me those suckers there," and she indicated the pump heads.

"I thought you were gonna wait till after lunch?"

"I'm starving and my tits are starting to ache...put two and two together, moron!"

"Here," he said, holding them out to her.

"Hit that switch right there," she said and pointed at the power button. He complied and the machine sputtered to life and after a moment, the green light lit up and it began to hum.

She took the suction heads and depressed the release buttons so that they would begin sucking and then she carefully fitted the ends of her tits into each of them...the powerful pressure instantly perking her areola and nipples outward into the clear plastic domes.

"Turn the knob there about half way up," and she pointed to the pump speed control knob. He complied and immediately the device began to pump...her titties inflating inside the cups and then releasing...inflating...then releasing...and then milk began to form on her distended nipples...and seconds later the creamy liquid began to squirt into the clear tubes leading down to the pump base and the 8 ounce bottle attached to it.

"Oh holee crap," he muttered as he watched her jugs being milked by the machine just inches from him.

"Pull it out and jerk off for me," she said to him as if it had nothing to do with sex. She glanced over at one of the empty

milk bottles...the big ones and said, "Jerk off into one of those for me...I want to see how much jizz you shoot."

He snickered and reached out across the table for one.

"You never did answer my question...about when you started getting big?" she commented, reminding him about it.

"You're gonna have to move," he said. "I can't do this with you on my lap."

She cocked her head to one side and smirked...as she grinded her pussy hard into his bent down erection beneath her.

"Umm...Jill...hey...I don't know if she's okay with this," he muttered to her in an effort to get her to stop and get up off of him.

"Gimme that," she blurted and snatched the bottle from his hand. She stood up and then backed up off his lap and dropped down to the floor. For a moment she fought with her tit tubing as it wasn't quite long enough to give her all the slack she wanted, but she finally managed to get down on her knees between his legs and pull his cock out of his shorts.

"Now tell me about it," she demanded as she began to stroke his dick with both hands. "Tell me when you first realized you were bigger than normal...and I want to know about your momma...tell me about Connie."

Upstairs, Jill lay flat on her back on her bed, belly sucked in, jerking madly and ferociously at her mother's jeans, but she couldn't get them closed enough to button them...she lacked about half an inch between the two halves. Exhausted after nearly five minutes of constant struggle, she let go of the pants and just flopped back onto the top of the bed and wheezed for several seconds.

“Insane...fucking...insane,” she gasped between huffs.

Shaking her head, she finally sat upright on the bed and climbed up onto her feet...and began the arduous task of pushing the jeans down off her legs. Most of her leg fat had settled into her thighs it seemed, so once she got them down to her knees, she was good, but she all but had to slather butter on her ass to get them up to as high as they had been. It astonished her how much difference five pounds had made. The day before she’d actually been able to wear them and button them.

Kicking out of the pants, she stood back up straight and noticed a red spot on her stomach near her left side. Bending over again, she stared at it.

“A stretch mark...OH FUCK ME BITCHES!” she blurted as she fingered the small half inch long red streak in her belly skin.

She waddled over to the big mirror on the wall and twisted to look at her naked ass and for the first time, it looked like tiny little shadows were appearing on her butt cheeks. With both hands, she slapped and then jiggled them.

“I’m getting cottage cheese ass,” she said with a sigh.

With the intention of going to pilfer her mother’s closet, she opened her bedroom door and charged out down the hall completely naked.

Downstairs, Joel moaned and stood up from the chair and grabbed his cock, snatching it away from Donna. She jumped and realized what was happening. As the boy began to jerk off on his own, she snagged one of the empty milk bottles and held it to the end of his massive cock head.

“Cum in it...I wanna see how much you cum!” she blurted at him just as he unleashed himself into it. After a few moments,

he was done and the while liquid inside the glass was just under the 2 ounce mark. She pulled it way and lifted it to eye level and then swirled it around, marveling at the amount of ejaculant he had produced...and also at how quickly it de-clouded and turned to clear and less thick consistency.

Looking at her pump on the table, which had gone into standby mode when her bottle was filled, she decided to do something nasty. She flicked the pump off and pulled the milk container loose and then poured it into the larger bottle she held with Joel's spooze in it.

"Little extra protein for our growing girl," she commented with a snicker as she sloshed it around and mixed the two fluids together.

Joel just shook his head and grinned.

"So are you gonna let me watch?"

"Yeah," he agreed.

"Last night...when I tied her up...I got on the phone and while I was spazzing out of Paul...the terrible two came down and went into the kitchen with her."

Joel's face suddenly lost all sign of humor.

"When I walked back in after I got off the phone, they'd untied her and she had both their dicks in her hands and they had both shot off all over her belly."

"What?" he blurted, but she couldn't tell if he was pissed or just shocked.

"Are you pissed?"

The boy didn't say anything.

"They can't touch you in size, Joel...you know that."

He looked down at the floor and flopped back down in his chair without a sound.

"They were taunting her...and she got off on it, I think. She doesn't want them...she just wants the attention. She's always been a little attention whore, Joel...it's just her nature."

She stepped over and cupped his chin with her hand and lifted his face up so he had to look her in the eye.

"I'm not going to lie, Joel...I want this to be nasty...all the fucking way nasty."

His eyes widened and he looked like he wanted to say something but he didn't.

"I want us all to fuck in one giant orgy...I want all five of us naked and in a pile at some point. I was ready for it yesterday, but the shit with Paul...it...I couldn't go through with it. Hell, I broke them up and made them all go upstairs," she revealed. "But today...now...grinding on your fat cock...I know what I wanted is still there...and I'm never going to be satisfied till I get it, Joel. And you're gonna give it to me, dammit."

He looked her dead in the eye but said nothing.

"Aren't you, Joel...you're gonna give Aunt Donna what she wants, because I'm gonna give you something you want so bad you can't stand it."

His expression softened a tad and she knew she had his attention.

"She thinks she's going to the doctor in two weeks...and she doesn't want to get any bigger than like...200 pounds I think, but what...what if I rescheduled that appointment."

"What are you saying?" he asked, but she couldn't quite read his emotions.

"How fat do you want her to get? Give me a number," she told him. "Three hundred...three fifty...four?"

"What?" he looked dumbfounded. "She'll never--"

"So who said she was gonna have a say in it?"

"Aunt Donna?!" his eyes were big as saucers.

"I just tell her the appointment got rescheduled and we keep feeding her for a few more weeks. I can do that if you want me to, but you gotta let us all get it on together."

"Can I fuck you again," he asked, glancing around nervously as if he was worried someone might overhear their conversation and plotting.

"Yes...and I'm gonna keep pumping my tits...I just want to see how fucking big they'll get, honestly...I won't even wear a shirt anymore...I'll just walk around here topless and you can fucking cum on them anytime that you feel like it."

"But...she's...she's gonna freak when you tell her."

"She's barely fitting into my pants...and in a day or so of sucking my titty milk, I bet she ain't gonna fit into anything in this house...and I'm just gonna refuse to go buy her any new clothes."

"You gonna make her walk around naked?" He looked both appalled and shocked.

"Joel...she's gonna be so fat...she'll be like a shut-in. She won't be able to leave the fucking house unless she wraps up in a bedsheet...she'll be at our mercy for the most part. And I'm telling you as long as she's getting our sexual attention, she's not going to give a shit."

"Till she finds out about the appointment," he added with a bit of disapproving tone. "Aunt Donna, I love her. I don't want to do anything mean to her."

"Okay, okay...so then we just do it for two weeks then, fine, and if she stills wants to hit the doctor's office, then whatever."

"You want to make her into a sex slave, don't you?"

"Our sex slave," she corrected him. "I want all three of you...and her too," she added. "You can be part of it, or I'll ship your ass off to live with Granny."

"You wouldn't," he blurted.

"I would," she replied. "Get down off the moral love-horse, boy...I know you would die to make her three hundred pounds, wouldn't you? And you think she'll do that without some coaxing? Fuck no."

He mulled it over for a moment.

"I got a better deal," he said. "I'll go orgy with you...and them," and she could tell it galled him to say it, "but only for two weeks. And if she wants to stop, then she gets to. And then it's gonna be your turn."

"What?"

"It's fair...I mean you get to fatten her up...and then she gets to fatten you up."

"Oh now...mommy and daughter, fat as butter and rolling around in your bed," she grinned sarcastically as she patted his cheek. "I got your angle now...I get it."

"Do you?"

"Yeah...and alright...two weeks and I'll take my meds to stop the titty milk and I'll probably start ballooning up anyway. After you stop breastfeeding you always do gain pretty fast, so okay, yeah, I'll run with it. I'm 210...so name your number."

"Whatever Jill reaches," he said. "So keep that in mind as you fatten her up. And don't forget I can tell Uncle Paul about all this if you back out on this deal. He'll be pissed but all that's gonna happen is I go off to Granny's till Mom gets back. But you...you're gonna be in the shit."

"Dirty little bastard...alright...deal."

ONE WEEK LATER:

Jill stood in the bathroom and looked downward at the scales...but all she could see was the big round sphere of her

own fat belly. A week ago, when she'd started drinking her mother's breast milk, she'd weighed 167 and had a 38 inch waistline...measuring horizontal with her belly button. Her ass had been some sixteen plus inches wide, too terrible for her to even bother measuring the entire girth below her belly. She did know that her mother's size 22 jeans had stopped fitting after the first time she let Donna force-feed her.

Just to stop herself from freaking out...and also to make it a bit more of surprise, she'd not weighed herself in seven days. Now on the one week anniversary of her milk diet, she had decided to see what damage had been done...only she couldn't even see the orange numbers on the digital display beneath her.

Huffing, she sucked her belly in and leaned over and nearly shit herself when she saw the numbers light up.

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"Ahhhh!!" she blurted as she released her breath and allowed her huge gut to poof back out. Stepping off the scales made her entire body jiggle and she felt light-headed...almost like she might faint. Four foot nine...and two hundred and twelve pounds. How?! Her momma's titties...that's how!

She gawked at her naked body in the mirror and was stunned to see that even her face was plump now...her cheeks round and it looked like her neck was starting to get fatter as well.

She held up her hands and even her fingers were thick and stubby looking...like little sausages.

"What have I done," she muttered and stepped closer to the big full length built-in mirror on the back wall of the bathroom. She wasn't sure if she was horrified or amazed. She turned around and looked at her ass and then wiggled her hips to make her fat ass and thighs quiver. The tiny shadows she'd

noticed a week before were now indicative of pock-mark style cellulite. Her ass was no longer firm and tight...but was jiggly and loose...painted with the tiniest of stretch marks all over, especially on the outer edges. Her skin was stretching rapidly to accommodate her fatness. She turned around and faced the mirror and realized her tight and round belly was now drooping and was far more jiggly than it had been, not to mention she was starting to develop a crease fold along her navel...and her navel...fuck! It was no longer a cute belly button, but was now a deep crater in the center of her gigantic lard gut. She played her chubby finger around it and then poked down into it and was shocked to realize she could bury her index finger up to the second knuckle inside it.

She opened the drawer beside the sink and pulled out a tape measure her mother had told her about sometime earlier. Unrolling it, she wrapped it around her belly and then stared in disbelief as the metal tip touched the number 47 on the tape's length. Nine inches...her belly was nine inches rounder than it had been a week before.

Glancing back at the scale, she realized why her belly was so much bigger.

Two hundred and twelve pounds...fuck...I've gained forty five pounds in seven days...FORTY FIVE POUNDS!

She cupped her saggy gut with both hands and shook it side to side between her palms. It no longer jiggled as it had a week earlier. Now it undulated like hot Jello that hadn't quit solidified just yet...and when she cupped it and lifted it up, it folded in half at her navel forming what looked like a giant pair of smiling fat lips.

She had assumed she might be able to gain up to this weight in two weeks, but when her mother started forking over six and seven bottles of milk a day, she knew it was going to be

far easier to pack it on. Hell, she'd put on five pounds the very first day. And when she'd been unable to find any clothes that fit the next morning, her mother had told her to just wear a robe...but her own didn't do the job already, so Donna had given her, her own robe to wear, but two days ago, even her mother's robe had stopped covering her entirely and it left a gap in the front that her belly protruded through and when she asked her mom to go buy her something bigger to wear, Donna had flatly refused.

"Awww...fatty can't fit into her clothes...well piggies don't wear clothes anyway," Donna had said to her with a giggle. "Just like cows don't." And true to her own claim, her mother hadn't been wearing a shirt of any type all week. She'd just go to and fro through the house completely topless, her gargantuan tits just warbling and leaking continuously.

She'd spent the entire day in her room crying until Joel had come in and fucked her and told her how beautiful she was to him and that he wanted her to walk around naked that it made him horny to see her without clothes, so she'd done it, she'd just started walking around nude in the house...had even walked out into the backyard the day before this, naked as a jaybird...and in broad-open daylight.

And her brothers were just awestricken with her. They'd stopped making fat remarks entirely and would just stare at her when she'd walk by them as if she were someone entirely different and not their older sister.

It had been liberating...to simply be unbound and without clothing. It made her horny to walk around everyone naked...and know that they were all looking at her.

Every night, she'd sit in the kitchen and let her mother force feed her...and then when she couldn't take anymore, her mother would parade her out into the living room and make her

climb up on the coffee table...and then the boys would all strip down themselves and walk around her and make fat remarks and reach out and jiggle her fat. It was horrifying at first...like a bad movie, but then she became comfortable with it...even started doing a little dance on the table to taunt them into meaner and meaner commentary. On the night before, she'd even started fingering herself and her mother had gotten so riled up that she sat down on the couch and started to masturbate herself...and promptly ordered all three boys to jerk off on Jill.

She just dropped down onto the coffee table and straddled it, her legs to either side of its narrow top...and leaning back on her arms, she'd watched as all three boys stood to her sides and jerked off on her fat and bloated belly. It had been immensely erotic...so much jizz flying all over her...their big cocks...their swollen balls sacks just ejecting blast after blast of man-juice all over her corpulent body. She'd gotten lost in the moment, and when she'd snapped out of it, she'd been flat on her back atop the table and she'd had both her brother's limp dicks in her hands, taking turns sucking them while Joel humped her, his ridiculous dick slamming in and out of her pussy. She'd cum so hard she's blacked out or something...she just wasn't sure what was happening to her, but it was awesome.

In a few minutes she was going to go downstairs and begin their little ritual again and she was going to blow their minds when she told them how fat she was.

She looked at her chest and realized that her titties were starting to droop a bit. She was actually sticking out now and her boobs were probably getting close to B cups maybe. It was about time. She had to put on nearly a hundred pounds to gain a single cup size. It was ridiculous...especially when her mother was waltzing around with mammoth milk mountains.

Jiggling, she walked over to the bathroom door and opened it, traipsing out into the hall towards the stairs. As she mounted the stairs heading down to the living room, she wondered what twisted sexual acts would take place this particular night.

In the kitchen, Donna was sitting at the table, her tits vibrating, the breast pump on full pulse setting. She looked up as the device began to hum and gurgle, indicating its bottle was full...again!

She turned it off and removed the 8 ounce bottle and then poured it into a larger 12 ounce bottle, topping it off. Three bottles...she had three full bottles again. She shook her head slightly in disbelief as she surveyed her stock. She'd already put out three bottles that morning...and three more at lunch. And now she'd churned out three more for a total of nine for the day and sadly, she suspected, as she glanced down at her tits, that she could probably do more, but she only had the three bottles.

I should just go to the store and get some more, she thought to herself as she unhooked the pump heads from her breasts. It'd been over a week since she'd been out of the house at all. She'd been sending Joel out to do the grocery shopping, so she'd had no reason to leave at all. In fact, she'd grown rather addicted to being topless. The thought of a bra and shirt was repulsive to her...not that she had any that would probably even fit at this point. She scooped up her jugs with her arms and hugged them up to her face, caressing them as if they were little fuzzy kittens, before dropping them down again. In a seated position, they were now literally lying atop her thighs. And they were so heavy when they were full, that it was almost painful to walk with them swinging. So most of the day, she'd lounge

around with Jill watching TV and having the twins fetch her food and drinks.

She measured her tits earlier in the morning while she was ballooned up from overnight engorgement and the numbers had completely shocked her. At the top of her tits, when she leaned forward and let them hang, they had actually shrunk down to 14 ½ inches around, down from sixteen. She guessed it was from their excessive weight pulling down with gravity. But the bulk of her tits at the bottoms were almost 30 inches in diameter...bigger than Jill's waist had been before she started gaining weight. Each fucking tit was bigger around than most girls' torsos. It was disturbing to say the least. The size was up by six inches from a week before. The underside length from ribs to nipple had been 9 inches and now it was 12. Her titties were now literally a foot long. If she leaned over and let them hang, they'd extend to 14 ½ inches in length...and on all fours, her nipples would touch the fucking floor. She'd measured her side boob, edge to nipple and come up with almost 14 inches, up from 12...meaning she was somewhere around a G-cup now. She'd move up from an E to EE, and then during the last week she'd passed up an F and was now a G! She'd even gotten bold enough to set her scale up on the bathroom cabinet and weight her tits. Shockingly, together, they'd weighed 13 ½ pounds, meaning they were nearly seven pounds each, fully filled. After she'd milked herself, she'd weighed them again and discovered they were about 2.5 pounds lighter afterwards...meaning, in a nutshell, the size and weight of her tits wasn't just liquid reserves...they were actually increasing in density and mass.

Her stomach on the other hand, was shrinking rapidly. Despite eating high fat foods all day long with Jill, her jeans were actually loose on her now...almost baggy. They were too small for her daughter and now too big for her. To keep them

up, she'd had to start wearing a fucking belt. What her boobs were doing was sucking the nutrients from the rest of her body. Even her face looked a little thinner. It was rather exciting to be able to eat as much as she wanted of anything and still not only *not* gain weight, but actually lose it!

Looking down at the tops of her tits, she glared at the deepening skin stretch lines that had begun appearing days earlier. The weight of her jugs was beginning to pull her chest skin out...the density of the subdermal tissue was being pulled apart causing chasms to become visible in the skin where rips were occurring. At least they weren't red and overly visible like the tiny little stripes that Jill was developing. She'd read online that one of the best things to prevent stretchmarks was protein rich lotions and that semen was one of the top things to use. For years, apparently, pregnant women had used their husbands' juice to prevent the unsightly marks. On a lark, the night before, she'd had all three boys jerk off on her daughter in hopes the cum bath might help with her growth marks.

And now it was time for her daughter to come down and be fed again. She stood up from the table and had to lean back to manage her balance. Her tits had gotten so big in the last few days that she wasn't use to countering them with her posture. The bottom of her jugs swayed just above a horizontal line with her pussy. In a week they'd gone from being even with her belly button to hanging below her belly itself.

Just then she looked across the kitchen into the living room and saw Jill swaggering down the stairs, naked and everything on her body quivering like gelatin...even her tits, which she had noticed were finally starting to bud out.

When Jill reached the bottom, she swung around the banister post and turned to walk towards her. Her belly had grown immense in the past few days alone...just since Donna

had started feeding her. She suspected a lot of that was due to her stretching her stomach out so much each night when she stuffed her. The first day or so, she'd go off to bed looking pregnant but by morning her belly would deflated again, but recently, she'd noticed the girl's abdomen was remaining more and more distended. Were it not for the horizontal dent that ran in line with her navel, the girl could have passed for being pregnant...very pregnant.

"You hungry, fatty?"

Jill looked around as she waddled into the kitchen and flopped down, exhausted, in the chair closest to the living room side of the table.

"Where's the guys?"

"Joel went to pick up some pizza for us," she said. "He'll be back in a few minutes. As for your brothers, they're out in the backyard."

"I know this is sick," Jill began, "but I'm actually starting to really like the taste of this." And with that, she unscrewed a lid off one of the 12 ounce milk bottles and turned it up...not setting it down again until it was empty.

Donna marveled at how the little fat bitch could drain a bottle without even blinking now. She might as well have been tossing back shot-glasses of water, for no more effort than she gave the process.

"That's number seven," she informed Jill as the girl clinked the bottle on the tabletop. "100 grams of fat," she added. "Do the other two and it'll be 130...meaning six and half times your daily fat ration."

"You like math way too much," Jill commented as she unscrewed the second bottle. "Calories and grams don't mean anything to me."

"So what does?"

Jill smiled and turned the bottle up...guzzling till all the milk disappeared. Tapping the glass on the table top again, a little harder than was necessary, she made a show of going, "Ahhh," and then wiping her mouth dramatically.

"Two hundred and twelve pounds...that's what means something to me," she said with a dirty little grin.

Donna's eyes bugged out.

"TWO TWELVE?!? SHIT!" she blurted. Her daughter had finally reached a weight higher than her own. Even with her tit gains, she'd lost weight everywhere else...and so she was still hovering around 210 herself...but she was five foot, two...meaning she had four inches in height on the girl and a good 14 pounds in titty...so her actual weight was probably more around 195 minus boobs, and unlike her daughter, her fat was evenly distributed all over her body...but Jill, on the other hand, had been packing it all on between her nipples and her knees. Her calves and her arms remained fairly thin still, though her fingers and face were starting to puff up quite a bit during the last week. The result of her torso-oriented gain, was that she looked way larger than her mother did. In fact, side by side, Jill was twice her mother's width. The little fat bitch's ass had to be getting close to two foot wide.

Donna looked out around the edge of the table and stared at the big hunks of fat that hung off the sides of the chair in which Jill sat. The chair had to be 18 to 20 inches wide...and her daughter's ass was overhanging it on both fucking sides.

"Your ass is literally starting to hang off the sides of your chair...did you notice that?"

Jill snorted. "And your tits are hanging to your pussy!" she shot back at her with nonchalance as she unscrewed the third bottle and tossed it back.

"How big are you planning on getting?"

She had to wait a moment for Jill to finish the milk before she could get an answer.

"I don't think I really have control of it," she finally replied as she sat the third empty bottle down. "I'm gonna keep gaining till a doctor figures out what's wrong with me and stops it I'm guessing."

"Yeah, but you were putting on a pound or so a day before and now...since you started eating and doing it on purpose, how fucking much are you packing on a day...what, like five, six pounds?"

Jill wiped her mouth and smirked.

"I thought two hundred would be the point, y'know...but last night...the guys...that circle jerk they did on me...and then the sex...are they really getting off that much to me?" Jill asked.

Donna smiled in her mind. She'd called it right a week before when she'd made her deal with Joel. Her daughter was an attention whore, and as long as she stayed the focus of their cocks, she'd keep on doing whatever it took to stay there.

"You don't want to stop do you?" Donna prodded her.

"I'm gonna end up as one of those freaks on TV...where they have to cut the wall out of the house to get them out," she said with a heavy sigh. "And Joel...he'd be all for it. Long as he can find a hole to stick it in me, I bet!"

"I'm going back to the doctor tomorrow. She's supposed to give me the medicine to stop me from lactating," Donna replied. "So your milk supply is about to dry up, babe."

"AWWW, MOM!!?" she moaned, over-dramatically.

"Look at my tits," Donna said, gesturing to her bare chest and breasts. "I'm gonna be on a show myself in another day or two if I don't shut these bitches down."

"They'll shrink back up when you stop...c'mon!" Jill prodded her. "Don't take it yet!"

"Jill," she said her name and looked her daughter straight in the eye. "I weighed them this morning before I milked them and again afterwards. They went from 13 point 5 pounds to 11."

"Okay?" Jill muttered, not understanding her mother's point.

"The size...it's tissue...it's solid titty, Jill...my tits have GROWN, not just swelled up...which means they're not gonna go back down all that much. I'm somewhere around a G-cup right now...even if I lost a whole two cup sizes, I'm still gonna be an F-cup...and F-cup, Jill...my tits are bigger around than your fucking head!"

Her mother wasn't exaggerating either. Her tits looked like two giant watermelons dangling from her chest. She had a rack that would make most porn stars green with envy.

"You should start your own porn site," Jill blurted with a giggle. "You could call yourself Mona Milkers!" and then she broke out into hysterical laughter.

"Ha, ha," she mocked her daughter's mirth. "Be my luck your father would see it and that'd be how it happened to me."

"So you've thought about it?!" Jill chortled.

"Actually yeah...if we had cameras in this house, we could sell the fuck out of some website memberships I bet."

Somewhere the webmaster through popcorn at the primary display screen and shouted, "Like hell you will, bitch!"

About that moment one of the clients, the old rich bitch, beeped in and displayed her wrinkled and uncaring, angry face on another monitor.

"Is the feed live?" she asked.

"About a fifteen minute delay, why?"

"The girl is two hundred pounds now."

"Well okay...is that bad?"

"I saw her measuring in the bathroom."

"Yes, your point is?"

"How fat is she going to get?"

"I don't know...that's what they're discussing at the moment...fifteen minute delay for you...I'm watching it live myself, so if you don't mind, I'm rather curious myself."

"I approve of your scheming with the mother and the boy. I thought that little love tryst was a little on the gay side, truthfully so I'm glad you turned it around...the boy working with the mother now against her."

"I didn't do that," the webmaster asserted.

"What do you mean?" the old woman asked, a curious look on her face as she stared blankly into her camera lens.

"This is not scripted, I've told you this a hundred times."

"You expect me to believe you just moved these people into a house with hidden cameras and they just do all this sick shit of their own free wills?"

"This isn't reality TV, dammit...this is completely real. That's the awesomeness of the whole concept. I mean, do you even know how long it took me to find this particular family?"

"No, I do not."

"Months...monitoring random people's phones, emails, and lives...until I hit on them in particular. Then I had to set up the house and find a way to manipulate matters to get them into said house."

"How are you making the girl fat?"

"Same way I made the mother lactate and caused her to be susceptible to sexual situations. I drug them without their knowledge."

"You...you have access then...to actual drugs that can cause these things?"

"I told you before...I have a man on the side...a biologist who handles these things...he works for me."

"So the scheming...the mother slipping off the deep end...it's not just for show...she's really that easily manipulated?"

"Almost everyone can be manipulated if you know what strings to pull and when and how," the webmaster explained. "She's no different than anyone else really. Had her husband had a regular job and been home all the time, she'd never have felt lonely and horny all the time. Had her nephew not had the hots for her and a dick the size of my arm, she'd never have fucked him that first time. Donna is the result of a series of bizarre events and circumstances, nothing more."

"So you could do this with anyone?"

"Maybe," the webmaster replied, sensing the old woman was hinting at something more than a web show. "Who and what price?"

"One million...one million to create this again but with people I selected."

"It's got to be certain people to do this, it won't work on every family unit. I mean the boy, Joel...for instance, his dick was unique, I didn't have a thing to do with that."

"I understand...but could you look at it?"

"Who?"

"My daughter...step-daughter actually."

"Tell me about it."

"My husband adores her...and I hate her. She turned down our money...our family, to go off and marry some loser and now she lives in the suburbs like a commoner with her three little urchins."

"You want me to do what with her?"

"Set up this same sort of thing...I'd want video of her doing sick shit with her epic little trio...and then at some point I'm going to show it to my husband...prove to him that I was right about her...ruin her...and then he'll cut her out of his will."

"Leaving it all to you, I presume?"

"Please, I already have enough...and then some. I just want to watch his face as he sees his little fat daughter sucking a cock that she shouldn't be sucking."

"Send me the information and I'll look into it, but the price will be two million."

"Fatten her up into a butterball and I'll gladly make it two million," the old woman said with a vicious grin. "I'll send you some information later tonight."

"Alright, say I decide to postpone taking the med for maybe another week, what's in it for me?" Donna asked her daughter.

"Other than watching me get bigger?" Jill asked, blinking.

"Okay...but how big are you gonna get?"

"I don't know," Jill replied, and she honestly did not. "I thought two hundred, but now...now I feel like I can do more. And part of me wants to do more. Part of me just wants to sit on the couch in there and watch TV while the boys feed me and fuck me."

Donna smiled. "While the boys fuck you, eh?"

Jill blushed and blinked innocently.

"You're sucking them off...jerking them off...you might as well fuck them too," Donna suggested. "I'm not gonna cry if you do."

"Have you measured them lately?" Jill inquired.

"They're both over nine inches long...eight round," she answered with a smile that divulged her excitement about the facts she'd just revealed.

"They're catching up with Joel," Jill agreed. "I can't even jerk them off anymore...their dicks are too fat like Joel's."

"They've got a ways to go...he's over ten round."

"Oh...you know that how?"

"I fucked him before you did," her mother popped back.

"You're still doing it to, aren't you?"

"No...not so much...I haven't really done anything with any of them in a week...not even Ed." She sat down in the chair across the table from Jill and gazed curiously at her daughter. "So you gonna give me a number or what?"

"What? Oh...you mean," and Jill cut herself off to think. "I don't know, Mom."

"What would you say if I just took over?" Donna proposed the matter as if it were an actual option of some nature. She'd already made arrangements with Joel for just that purpose.

"What do you mean, Mom?"

"I mean...just hand yourself over to me...let me make you as fat as I want to," she explained.

"Would this involve tying me up and forcing me to eat all the time, I'm guessing," she asked with a disapproving eyebrow arched.

"Of course," she admitted. "And I'm thinking that the boys and their humiliation game is getting kind of old."

"Uh-oh," she blurted. "What you got cooking?"

"What if I got you some too small clothes that fit, but not well and what if you went out in public?"

"With my fat hanging out like some white trash bitch?"

"Exactly...and I follow off at a distance."

"Why? You get off to watching people stare at me?"

"I think I might," she confessed.

"No," Jill said flatly. "I don't trust you."

"Why not?" Donna prodded her.

"Cause I think you're worse than Joel. If you have your way, I think you really would turn me into Jabba the fucking Hutt."

"Okay, then one week."

"One week for what?"

Donna leaned forward and put her arms atop the table...her tits flopping forward and impacting the table edge.

"You've got one week till you go see Doctor Elvin. Give me this last week to do whatever I want to you...and in one week, I'll take my med for my titties, and you can start feeding me!"

"What?" Jill grinned, amused at this new idea.

"You can fatten me up," she explained. "As big as I am already, as soon as I stop nursing, I'll blow up like a blimp."

"Dad's gonna pass out when he comes home," Jill told her, shaking her head with amused disapproval.

"One week...c'mon, Piggy...you know you're hungry," Donna said, intentionally taunting her.

ONE WEEK LATER:

Joel grimaced at Donna.

"What the fuck are you two up to?"

"I honestly don't know what she's up to at this point,"

Donna replied as she unhooked her tits from the breast pump, for the third time that day. Four bottles, 12 ounce, sat in a row, full to the brim atop the kitchen table.

"I want to see her," he grumbled at her, not for the first time in the last week. "Are you sure she's okay?"

"You talk to her through the door, have you not?"

"You know what I mean!"

"It's a game, Joel...she's going to the doctor tomorrow and she wanted to surprise you with how big she's gotten."

"ALL WEEK?!" Joel exclaimed with more than a touch of agitation. "I haven't seen her in six days, Aunt Donna!"

"Well it's time then, ain't it?"

"What, like right now?" his eyes and expression suddenly lightened into excitement.

She and Jill had decided that since the nightly insult festival and cum baths had lost their appeal, that they would try something new, and so Jill and her had decided that they were going to hide her from the boys for a week...to fatten her up in secret, so that they'd have something brand new to fuck when she emerged. It'd been killing Joel. She'd caught him more than once in the hall jerking off at Jill's locked bedroom door.

She'd also taken to making the boys jerk off twice a day into glasses for her so she could rub Jill down with it to help moisturize her skin...to help with reducing stretch-marks. It had been a necessity at first, but during the last few days, it'd become something of a vastly erotic nature between her and her daughter.

Jill had taken fairly easy to the idea of a sex slave. After the second day of being locked in her room, she'd asked her mother to tie her up on the bed and leave her that way. She'd given her a tiny bell to ring when she needed to go to the bathroom and she'd asked for a blindfold to wear all the time so she couldn't see her body, even when her mother untied her to go to the bathroom. All eating and drinking was solely at the mercy of Donna and rather than once a day, she'd taken to cramming her full of food three times a day. And she'd also had Joel pick up more baby bottles as she was filling them up more and more.

Today alone, she'd produced 12 bottles in total and it was only 4PM in the afternoon. A hundred and forty four ounces at

nearly 10 grams of fat per 8 ounces. Jill's diet consisted of 180 grams a fat a day...nine times normal...and combined with all the food she was feeding her with the milk, she was consuming an additional 100 grams plus about 6000 calories. All in all, the girl was putting down 14 to 15 times what a normal person should eat in a day...the majority of it in heavily fatty foods. It wasn't all about the actual quantity or weight of the food, but about the type of food it was. A single candy bar was more fatty than two sixteen ounce steaks. So she wasn't eating all that much food in amounts...but she was killing it with fat and calories.

"I'm gonna go upstairs...and get her ready," she told him. "You go find the twins and all of your strip down...get ready for some serious fucking...and wait in my bedroom. We're gonna need the king size bed."

"Is she that big?" he asked, eyes wide as hubcaps.

"Her pussy ain't the only one gonna be involved this round," she explained with a wry grin.

"Oh shit...you're climbing in too?" Joel asked with a smile of his own.

"I want all three of ya'll to fuck me first...on the bed...while she watches...no touching her...nothing. I want to torment her for a little while...and then ya'll can just have her after you're done with me."

He didn't even wait for her to dismiss him, but took off like a flash to find the brothers.

Upstairs, Donna retrieved her infamous tape measure and the scales from the bathroom and then crossed the hall and unlocked the padlock she'd put on Jill's door to keep the boys

out of her room. Once inside, she shut the door and locked it from the inside.

Jill was atop the bed, arms out and tied to the bed posts and she turned her blindfolded head toward the door.

“Mom?”

“Yep...and it’s time,” she replied.

“Oh shit...it’s been a week? Fuck...I’m losing my mind in here...it seems like it’s been a damn month!”

“You still want me to measure you before you take the blindfold off?” she asked.

“Yes,” she answered. “How bad are my stretch-marks?”

“They’re not bad...just about like they were a week ago on your thighs...I think the rub-downs have been helping.”

“Are my tits bigger?”

In answer to her concerns, she felt Donna’s hands and the cold tape measure going across her left breast. She knew they had to be bigger. Every time she went to the bathroom during the past few days, she’d distinctly felt them jiggling more and more and her mother had been hooking her up to the breast pump each night as well. They just had to be bigger!

“Well?” she barked at her mother.

“Outside edge is nine and half inches...so according to the bra size charts, you’re about a C-cup dear, congratulations!”

“HELLS YES!” she exclaimed. “Now do my belly.”

“I’ll untie you...so you can stand up,” her mother said as she undid the pillow cases she had her wrists bound to the bed with. “Okay, get up, Fatso!”

Getting up had gotten harder and harder the past few days and after several false starts, she managed to finally jerk herself upright and swing her legs off the side of the bed. She literally felt out of breath. It was pathetic. She sat there a moment and

then pushed herself up off the bed into a standing position, but she felt off balance and was sure she was wobbling.

As soon as she was steadied, she felt her mother running the tape around her belly and back...then pull it tight and gasp.

“What? How big? Mom? Mother? How big am I?”

Her mother didn’t reply and that’s when she realized her mother’s hands weren’t touching on the side of her stomach.

“Say it!” she demanded, knowing what she was going to hear when her mother finally answered.

“The tape only goes 60 inches...I got...like...maybe another inch to go...you’re...you’re 61 inches around.”

She turned around with her ass to her mother. “Measure it, tell me how wide!” she commanded as her mother’s hands played the tape across from one cheek’s other edge to the other side.

“Twenty...twenty eight inches...four over two foot wide,” she answered with obvious astonishment in her voice.

Jill spread her legs. “Thigh...c’mon...do it!”

Donna ran the tape around her thigh and said, “Thirty five inches.”

“Where’s the scale...did you bring it?”

Donna had already put it on the floor, and so she grabbed Jill by the arm and pulled her towards it. “Step up...there...now stand still a minute.”

The scale blinked for several seconds and then lit up the number **305** in bright orange numbers.

“It’s three hundred isn’t it?” Jill asked, tension and anxiety apparent in her voice. “Oh shit...it’s more isn’t it?”

“Three oh-five,” she finally managed to say.

Jill reached up and ripped her blindfold off, her eyes fighting to deal with the brightness of the room light that she hadn’t had to deal with in a week. Through squinting, aching eyeballs, she

glared down to see the scale numbers, but instead, saw nothing but the gargantuan bulge of her how fat stomach. She leaned forward but could still not see over or past it.

She played her hands all around the fat mass of her abdomen and then ran her hands, disbelievably all around her body, squeezing and groping her rotund form. She stepped off the scale and bounced, forcing her entire body to jiggle and quiver ferociously.

Turning, she faced the full length wall mirror on the back wall of her room and gasped, biting her lip to keep from screaming. She wasn't even plump anymore. She was a fucking fat freak-show. She slipped by BBW and moved directly into SSBBW. She looked positively and morbidly obese. Her fatness had spread and was no longer set only to her torso. Her hands and arms...her calves, her neck and face...she had a huge double chin that had all but taken up where her neck used to be.

"OH FUCK...OH FUCK!!" she blurted on the verge of hysterics. "MOMMA, I'M HUGE...I'M SO HUGE!"

"C'mon...it's fun time," Donna told her as she pulled her tubby arm, trying to drag her toward the door leading into the hallway and down to her room.

She opened the room to her own bedroom and swung it wide so that Jill could look past her and in at the huge bed which held all three boys buck naked.

Jill said nothing, but remained standing in the doorway, motionless and speechless. About that moment, she realized her mother was completely naked though.

Nude, her mother strolled on into the room and climbed into the middle of the boys, between the twins to be precise and lounged back on a massive stack of pillows.

Ed and Al immediately hefted one of her huge udders and began to suckle on them as her hands snaked down to their

limp and super fat cocks. In seconds, she had them hard and was attempting to jerk them off, though her single hands weren't hardly enough to encompass, let alone stroke, their fattened erections.

They were both bigger than she remembered from the week previous. Now the bastards looked like they were approaching Joel's size for real. Her mother had lost weight, a lot of weight...her belly was positively deflated looking and when she leaned back, it was almost flat.

She picked up her legs and spread them wide, and Joel, now also erect, slide over between them and started to eat her out.

"Joel?" Jill muttered.

"You're too fat to fuck now, Jill...he don't want you," her mother said to her with all the warmth of an iceberg. "Nobody wants to fuck your big, fat ass!"

Tears welled in her eyes.

"You did this...you made me fat so you could have them, didn't you, bitch?!" she bellowed at her mother.

"Awww, is fatty sad," she popped back at her. "Joel, get up and fuck me, my little dong muffin," and the boy complied, getting up on his knees between her legs and wiggling his massive cock head into her pussy.

In the past week, she'd taken to banging all three of them every night while Jill was locked away in her room, swelling and bloating. Her pussy was stretched beyond redemption now, and it was nothing to have Joel slide inside of her.

Donna had another secret stashed up her pussy as well. Three days earlier, she'd noticed she was late with her period and after taking a pregnancy test for the second time in a month, she discovered she was actually positive. One of these three assholes had knocked her up. Her flattened, deflated belly wasn't going to be that way for long...nor was she planning

on taking her lactation meds. And she'd decided she didn't want Paul anymore. He couldn't do anything for her...not now, not after she'd had these three in her bed. She looked up at Jill and laughed sadistically.

"Momma got all the cock now, Fatty...why don't you go have yourself a candybar, lard-ass!"

Heartbroken, Jill turned and tried to run to the stairs, but found herself panting and having to brace herself on the rails as she slowly plopped down the steps one at a time. She couldn't run, hell she couldn't even get in a hurry. She was so fat, it was intolerable. She figured at best her mother would pack on another thirty or forty pounds onto her...but not this...not hundred fucking pounds...it was too much...TOO MUCH!

She finally made it to the ground floor and looked hard and long at the front door, thinking of bolting out through it and then remembering she was naked...and that she had no clothing in the house that would fit her. What could she do? Wrap herself in a sheet and escape?

She staggered and jiggled her way across the living room and grabbed at the cordless phone base, her hand shaking. As she lifted it, she noticed the messages were blinking.

"DAD?!" she hit the play button and then heard:

"Miss Mason...this is Doctor Elvin's office...I was just calling to confirm your cancellation of your daughter's appointment. We're glad she's doing better. If you need to reschedule, we have an opening in six weeks."

Jill staggered backwards and dropped the phone.

Upstairs she could hear her mother panting and all but shrieking with ecstasy as Joel fucked her and the boys pillaged her.

"NOOOO!" she shouted and covered her ears as she barged into the kitchen and collapsed in a chair, staring at her own

reflection in the mirror that was built into the wall separating the living room from her location.

The kitchen lights were out and it was dark, and she could barely make out her reflection in the mirror.

“WHY...WHY DID I LET HER DO THIS TO ME?!” she cried in anguish and sorrow. “I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN...SHE PUT HIM UP TO IT...SHE MUST HAVE BRIBED HIM INTO IT...HE WAS IN ON IT...I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU, JOEL!” she bellowed upwards at the ceiling above her, knowing full well he could hear her up on the second floor.

“No,” Joel said, climbing up from the bed, hid cock dripping cum. “She’s really upset...I’m not doing this...this is sick and cruel, Aunt Donna!”

“Oh go fuck her...damn...whatever,” she told him. “C’mere boys...Momma wants a cock in both holes,” she said, pushing Ed down flat onto his back and straddling him. After Joel, Ed’s cock slid inside her with no resistance. As she leaned over and draped her extensive cleavage on top of his face and chest, she felt Al mount her from behind.

“Yes, cram it in my ass...fuck my ass,” she called out to him as he grunted and began to impossible task of grinding his cock up into her anus.

By the time Joel was exiting the room, the three of them were thrusting in unison, Donna screaming with delight amidst gasps and moans that were all but incoherent bursts of verbal ecstasy.

“Jill,” Joel called from the kitchen doorway. He could make out her silhouette on the far side sitting in one of the chairs behind the small dining table.

“GO AWAY!” she shrieked at him.

"She told us you would get off on it...the teasing...like we were doing last week...I didn't realize...I love you...I'm sorry," he apologized, tears running down his own cheeks. "You're fucking gorgeous...I don't want her scrawny ass...she's starting to remind me of my mother at this point."

Jill looked up at him, but her attention shifted abruptly. Where he stood in the doorway, he was right beside the big mirror that was embedded into the wall. And she could see something tiny and red glinting in the mirror.

"Turn the light on," she said to him.

He complied and she squinted, her eyes still not used to light exposure.

She stood up and walked toward him and he assumed she was coming to hug him, but she ignored him and leaned down to look closely at the corner of the mirror. A small crack ran up from the corner about eight inches out toward the center. She'd noticed it a week or so back and her mother had told her she'd thrown the phone at the big glass plate...cracking it.

"What happens when you throw something hard at a mirror," she asked Joel as she wiped roughly at her face to smear away her tears.

"What?"

"Just answer the question, asshole!"

"Well it'll shatter I guess."

"Why didn't it shatter?"

"What?"

"Mom threw a phone at this mirror two weeks ago and it didn't shatter...it's just got a little hairline crack in it...see!" and she pointed at the crack, running her fat index finger along its length.

"Tough mirror...maybe it's coated."

"You think the military pays for special mirrors!?"

“What are you getting at...what happened to--”

“You ever notice how many mirrors like this there are in this fucking house?? They’re in every fucking room!”

“Okay...so?”

“Turn the light out and look,” she told him and he flicked the switch out. “Bend down and look...look at this,” she said, pointing at the crack.

Joel leaned down beside her and she could feel his breath on her corpulent shoulder...and then she felt his hands on her huge ass.

“NO!” she snapped and slapped at his hands. “Look, dammit, I’m serious.”

“You talking about that red glint?”

“Yes...what the fuck is that...I think it’s behind the glass.”

Joel stepped back and leaned around the wall into the living room side and put his hand on the glass on that said and then raised his hand to the kitchen side. The two panes of glass were obviously quite a ways apart...at least six inches he guessed. He backed up and looked at how thick the wall was...then gazed up at the ceiling trying to gauge why the wall was over double width in thickness.

“Okay, it’s a little weird.”

She flicked the light back on and stormed across the kitchen to the stove and jerked a metal meat mallet from a utensil container her mother kept beside it.

“Get back,” she warned him and she immediately began to wail on the glass with the hammer to no avail. “SEE THAT... HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?!” she bellowed, stepping back, panting from the exertion of beating the mirror.

“What the fuck are you doing?”

“Think about it, Joel...Mom’s tits...the twins’ dicks...my getting fat...all of this...it started after we moved into this house and...and I think...I don’t know,” her voice faded.

“What are you thinking?”

“I was talking to Mom the other day and we were joking about her starting her own web porn site...and she said something that I didn’t think much of at the time...but now I do.”

“What...what did she say?”

“She said if we had cameras in every room of the house, we’d have an awesome show going on.”

Joel looked at the mirror and then glanced out into the living room at the two mirrors in there...then the one up on the staircase.

“Oh shit...oh holee shit,” he muttered. “You think she’s really filming us?”

“I don’t know,” Jill blurted, a tinge of desperation in her voice. “Think about it.”

“Fuck thinking,” he said and went over to the stove and jerked out a big butcher knife from the utensil holder. With determined anger, he stomped back over to the mirror and jammed the huge knife blade up under the wooden frame that surrounded the mirror and then he pried outward on it till the molding piece popped and broke off, falling to the floor. Then he rammed the blade under the edge of the exposed mirror and pushed it behind it and again he pried outward till the glass popped and cracked and bowed outward. Sure enough it was safety glass. Even shattered it remained in one piece as if held by clear film like a windshield on a car.

With a heaving pry, he shattered the whole side of it and hacked at it with the butcher knife until he could see up inside of it enough to tell the glass on the back side...the mirror on the

living room side was see-thru. He could see plainly into the living room.

"Oh shit, Jill...it's a one-way mirror," he muttered. "Get me a flashlight, dammit."

Scurrying, Jill began to rummage through various cabinet drawers till she located a flashlight and tossed it to him.

He immediately turned it on and shined it up into the space between the glass panes.

"IT'S CAMERAS...THERE'S TWO FUCKING CAMERAS IN HERE!" he shouted with a tinge of fear. "WHY THE FUCK ARE THERE CAMERAS IN HERE?!"

Reaching into the space he grabbed at one and jerked it hard, pulling it loose from its mount and tearing its wiring free. He removed it and tossed it onto the table top for Jill to look at.

"SHE'S BEEN FILMING US...SHE'S...SHE'S---"

Jill stood stark still, horrified at what she was seeing. It was obviously a video camera, but very high tech and probably very expensive.

"I don't...I don't think she did this," she stammered, her chin jittering with fear and apprehension.

"What?" he barked at her.

"Joel...where would she get the money for this...the whole house is wired...that...that camera probably cost a thousand dollars...look at it!"

"Then who and why?"

"Go get her...go get her right now!"

Joel took off like a bat out of hell heading toward the stairs and left her standing in the kitchen staring at the table where the camera lay.

Slowly she turned and gazed back into the laundry room by the back door and looked at the wall behind the washer and dryer. The wall was flawless...perfect paint...perfect drywall

work...yet the opposing wall was dinged and not quite the same color. Her mallet hammer still in hand, she charged into the small laundry room and started pulling on the dryer to slide it out of the way. After several seconds of huffing, she managed to get it out of her way and she whacked the wall behind it with the mallet and her hand went all the way through it. She jerked and pulled the broken sheetrock towards her and instantly realized there was no inner wall at all. It was just a piece of drywall put up over some kind of opening. She popped more of the sheetrock down and then went and got the flashlight Joel had been using. To her agitation, he still wasn't back yet.

She picked up his discarded butcher knife and went back into the laundry room and used her big, fat leg and foot to kick the rest of the drywall down until she could fit through the hole.

Shining the flashlight into the newly formed door hole, she realized there were stairs on the other side...going down. It was an entrance to the basement...the basement that their house supposedly did not have.

Fearfully, she descended the stairs and at the bottom, found a light switch, which she flicked on and the huge basement lit up, revealing a myriad of wiring and electronics all arrayed along the outer walls of the house.

"OH MY--" she started to say but was cut off by Joel shouting frantically for her upstairs in the kitchen.

"JILL?! WHERE ARE YOU?!"

Then she heard her mother scream and it was a sound of horror by the likes she'd never heard in her life.

"I'M DOWN HERE...LOOK BEHIND THE DRYER...I FOUND THE BASEMENT!" she shouted up the stairs at him...as he appeared at the top and stuck his head through the massive hole she'd made.

“GET OUT OF THERE...c’mon, we gotta go...call the police or something, dammit!”

She was already huffing up the stairs.

“And tell them what?”

The front door opened quietly and a man with a single 40 caliber semi-automatic pistol with a silencer, entered into the house. He could see two in the kitchen...boy and a woman with gigantic tits.

The boy looked his direction, saw him just as he took aim and dropped him. The titty bitch saw the boy fall and turned to look just in time to catch one in the side of the head, toppling her to the table top where she began to bleed out.

He glanced up the stairs, as something caught his attention and saw another naked boy coming down towards him.

SPOOT!

The whisper of air was punctuated only by the sound of tinkling as the expelled metal casing from the pistol ejected and was caught in the small baggy attached to the side of the weapon.

He approached the kitchen and saw an older boy emerge from a giant hole in the wall behind a dryer. He fired, missed and the boy jumped behind the dryer.

Idiot...that’s not cover, the man thought to himself as he fired three quick shots through the dryer and saw blood rolling out in a wave from behind it. Armor piercing, glaser rounds... explosive tipped and capable of piercing straight through bullet proof vests like a hot knife in butter. The cheap tin plating they build appliances out of was child’s play for the bullets. At ten dollars a round though, missing was expensive.

He approached the hole in the wall and stepped inside. It was dark and he couldn't find the light switch. He flicked the light on his pistol on and shined it all around the stairs and then he began to descend after he spotted a switch at the base of the stairs.

He reached the switch and snapped the lights on. The entire underside of the house was one giant room...a huge basement and all that it contained were wires, computer CPU's and various plumbing pipes...and one really fat, naked girl.

"WHO ARE YOU?" she bellowed at him, tears rolling from her eyes as she cowered behind a set of computer boxes.

He raised the gun and fired two rounds into her chest and then tapped his earpiece.

"Targets one through five have been eliminated. Zone is clear, I'm departing."

The webmaster sighed and pressed the audio transmit button.

"Affirmative...clear the zone, cleanup is en route." The webmaster twisted in the chair and cleared the main monitor so he didn't have to see the grisly scene. When the feed cancelled, a large and creepy eye logo appeared on the screen.

It was the "Eyeland" logo from the webmaster's personal dirty little website...the same one that Jill had gained access to a few weeks earlier. The idea had been a place to watch...eye and land, hence the "Eyeland" combination. But as the webmaster stared at the logo another idea occurred...one that was far more sinister than the disastrous one that had just ended.

Had the cast of this little play been allowed to live...had they gotten out of the house and called the police before the electronics could be removed from the house...thing could have gone badly. The computers, the cameras, the wiring and the

transmission paths could have been traced, meaning the webmaster might have been exposed to the authorities. And that was wholly unacceptable.

But what if the cast were some place where there were no authorities...some place where there was no chance of getting away even if they did discover the cameras? What if it was a real island?

“The island...the Eyeland,” the webmaster whispered, one hand stroking the creepy logo on the screen. “It’s fucking perfect.”

EPILOGUE

Lieutenant Paul Mason stood quietly in the graveyard, staring down at the row of five headstones that were arrayed before him...all but one bearing the name Mason.

His sister, Connie had left already, unable to bear anymore of the funeral or its gothic, terribly depressing surroundings.

Everyone was gone now and the graves were covered, the tent removed and even the caretaker with his tractor had departed.

He looked up at the sky and saw dark and billowing rain clouds moving in fast from the West. A deep rumble of thunder gurgled from the storm-front, reminding him he was no longer in the deserts of the Middle East.

He could hear the gently padding of feet approaching from behind...closer, closer, closer.

“Who are you?” he asked without turning around to see.

“Lieutenant Paul Mason?” a distinctly male voice called out.

“I am,” he replied.

The man stepped up beside him and sighed as he looked down at the graves.

"I apologize for your loss, Lieutenant."

"The police don't have a clue who did this," Paul volunteered, sensing the man was a cop of some nature. "I bet you do though...don't you?"

"Why would you think that?"

"You're a cop, aren't you?"

"Little higher," the man said with a bit of a snort.

"FBI?"

"Think smarter," the man replied.

Paul glanced sidelong at the man and snorted himself.

"You're not Agency by long shot."

The man outright laughed and then said, "NSA."

"Ah," Paul nodded and returned his attention to the graves.

"You're taking it all well, Lieutenant," the G-man commented as he twisted his head and surveyed the big SEAL's posture and iron demeanor.

"This wasn't random crime...it was personal. It was a fucking hit...I saw the reports. None of the neighbors knew anything. The house was ransacked...and that wasn't my fucking house they were living in."

"You are correct, Lieutenant, but I did not tell you that."

"Give me a name...something...I'll take care of it."

"I'm not here in an official capacity."

Paul glanced at him again.

"Then why bother telling me this, if you're not gonna let me go strangle the fucking bitches?"

"The person or persons responsible...obtained a program, a computer program from our agency some time back. While this person doesn't have the capability to use this program on a large scale, this person or persons does possess rudimentary

capability with the software as well as the expertise to implement its use on a small scale.”

“I’m listening,” Paul whispered just loud enough the other man could hear him as another rumble of thunder bellowed off to the West.

“This person, I believe, is utilizing this software to single out groups of people for...sick little games. I believe this person selected your family for a reason and took control of their lives so he or she could play puppet-master for a time. The sick bastard obviously gets off on controlling people and watching their lives unfold.”

“Details,” Paul said the single word and spoke volumes with it.

“The house was wired. The cops had no clue what they were looking at, but as you can imagine, we know what wiring looks like and we know how it’s later concealed. That house had been completely renovated in order to conceal a massive cadre of cameras and audio equipment. We’ve estimated at least 20 cameras were set up.”

“We? I thought you said NSA wasn’t involved...that you were acting on your own accord.”

“The Agency doesn’t think this is a national security issue at this point. Basically, and you’ll pardon me here, they don’t think the loss of the lives of five people are an indication of terrorist activities, so they are ignoring the findings. In fact, they think the evidence we’ve collected tends to indicate that the person in possession of this software is not a terrorist at all.”

“You think otherwise?”

“No...I agree with the assessment, and I also agree that the person or persons possessing the contraband software are not capable of using it to cause any real harm to national security.

The program was rudimentary...a prototype. At the time of its theft, it was already years out of date. And without the means to procure a large operations system, a threat could never be mounted against us with it. We've already taken counter-measures against its use."

"But..." Paul's word just hung between them.

"But I don't want to stand by and do nothing while some sick motherfucker kills innocent people that he's ensnared using software that we developed and let fall into his hands."

"What do you know?"

"The perpetrator has lots of friends. We've tracked movements from low-level criminals to a Congressman. He's got connections. He managed to steal software from our own agency using an inside man. He leans on people, squeezes them and never reveals himself. He's a voyeur of sorts...sick and twisted."

"I came home to this...I had to identify the bodies," Paul suddenly began to talk. "I hardly recognized my daughter at all. She was...she was over 300 pounds...she was fourteen. And my wife...my wife's tits were...just...huge..."

"It's not necessary, Lieutenant," the G-man cut him off. "I saw the coroner's reports. I also had some blood samples taken and analyzed and I can tell you that everyone in the house was being exposed to various drug and hormone cocktails. The locals of course, didn't pick up on that. We looked a little harder."

"Was this shit...sexual in nature?"

The G-man didn't respond immediately but sighed instead.

"Details," Paul reiterated. "If you want my help."

"Two weeks ago, our...well...our own system picked up the other program running. It was routing through a series of foreign servers along with several active viral programs that

literally erased domain data. It was wiping all traces of anyone who saw it. There was a website we tracked it back to. On that site was active video feeds from your house. We pinged it, and left it on watch...then the locals reported homicides and our system went red. That's what initiated our investigation."

"You knew about this...before?" Paul turned and faced the man for the first fucking time, fury in his eyes.

"All we knew was a weird sex site was operating using viral coverage and that our jacked software was running in conjunction with it. We had no reason to believe the people were real or that anyone was in danger. We assumed, initially, that it was just an illegal porn site operating using a bootleg copy of the program. We assumed the original perpetrator stole the software and might have been selling it on the black market to various dark-side webmasters."

"But now?"

"But now we know it was real and these people had no clue what was going on."

"THESE PEOPLE?!" Paul hissed at him, "were my family!"

"I'm sorry...I didn't intend it to come out like that," the German apologized. "The person responsible, is selling exclusive access to this site...well it's down now...but it'll be back...he's selling access to some serious high-rollers...people with influence and people with money...people NSA does not want to go up against just to shut down sick shit."

"Is this where you ask me to get him?"

"This is where I tell you that it's off the books, I was never here, and you are technically operating on your own."

"I'm a SEAL...what's new?"

"We've lost him...and I've been told to forget about it. But I have a monitor on his digital signature. He *will* rear his sick fucking head again, trust me. And when he does, I will be

waiting and I need someone outside the Agency that I can call on to take care of this problem.”

“Wetworks?”

“Clearly, Lieutenant...this person cannot be brought into a courtroom...as his testimony...his very crimes could not implicate laxness and breaches within the NSA...but if he should push the Justice Department for immunity, he could bring down some very big people and trust me...he would simply disappear anyway. Either they will have him buried somewhere or he’ll walk. I would bank on him walking because they’re going to want him back in business.”

“I got reassigned...was that him?”

“Most likely,” the G-man replied.

“You’re not gonna tell me your name, are you?”

“I can’t...because I was never here, Lieutenant.”

“I...the website, you said my family was on it?”

“Yes, and no I will not show it to you, Lieutenant.

Remember your family the way they were. I will not subject you to what I’ve seen. It’s fucked up and it’s something you can’t erase from your brain once it’s there.”

“Did he hurt them? I mean torture them?”

“No, it was all done with drugs and manipulation we think. No one was ever in the house with them at all. There was no violence until the end.”

“What happened?”

“Your daughter and nephew discovered the camera network within the house...they sent in a cleaner to clear it.”

“I knew it was professional. Do you know who it was?”

The G-man shook his head. “He cut the live feed just before the cleaner entered the premises, so we saw nothing.”

“I will help you...just let me know what you want.”

“I’ve pulled some strings...you’re gonna be stateside for a

while...training operations. I'll contact you when the shit goes down. Be ready to move and move quickly."

"I'll be waiting."

THE END...