

THE EYELAND PROJECT:

First Crew

By Otto Maddox

PUBLISHER'S NOTES:

CONTENT AND LITERARY DESCRIPTIONS DISCUSSED WITHIN THIS WORK OF FICTION ARE NOT INTENDED TO REPRESENT REAL PEOPLE IN ANY WAY, SHAPE, OR FORM, EITHER LIVING OR DEAD. NEITHER THE AUTHOR NOR THE PUBLISHER INTEND FOR READERS TO ASSUME OTHERWISE, NOR DO THEY WISH TO PROMOTE OR IN ANY WAY INTEND TO LEGITIMIZE THE FICTITIOUS ACTS OF THE CHARACTERS DESCRIBED WITHIN THE WORK. THIS STORY IS A FICTIONAL DEPICTION OF DARK SEXUAL DESIRES AND AS SUCH, CONTAINS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF DEPRAVED SEXUAL ACTS, PRESENTED AS A NECESSITY, TO INVOLVE AND INFORM THE READER OF THE ACTIONS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE FICTIONAL CHARACTERS. NO PROMOTION OF THESE BEHAVIORS IS INTENDED AND READERS SHOULD BE AWARE THAT THE ACTS AS THEY ARE PRESENTED AND DESCRIBED HERE WOULD BE ILLEGAL IN REAL LIFE AND SHOULD NEVER BE MIMICKED OR REINACTED.

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

Chapter 2

“The shadow of our desires is often perverse and vile...what we think about and what we DO...are two very distinct and separate things. When they cross over one another...when we allow what we think to become what we do...it is then that we become something less than human...something more akin to evil.”

– O.Maddox 2012

Joel sat on the edge of Donna’s bed and stared down at the grotesque mass of engorged flesh that was his penis. It was almost on the verge of burning from his Aunt’s excessively rough stroking a few moments before. On top of that, his balls were aching and his asshole felt somewhat violated and weird to say the least.

As much as the woman had already done to him, she apparently wasn’t finished. Before stepping off into the bathroom to shower his cum off of her, she’d told him to stay put. Obviously she had even more disturbing sex-capades planned for him.

How did she do that?! It was like one minute she was his prudish, angry little aunt, telling him to get the fuck out of her room after catching him peeping on her...and then the next minute she was playing with her massive titties and talking nasty to him. A few moments later, she was licking his balls and shoving her finger up his butt.

Not that he could really point a finger at her. After all, it had been him who first made a play...literally...by playing with his dick there on the floor. He figured at best she might watch him jerk off again. Never in a million years had he guessed she would just jump on him like that. Oddly, it felt sort of violated

to an extent...but he couldn't really claim victim status since he instigated it. And honestly it wasn't like he didn't enjoy it, but he just felt like what started out as *his* ballgame had quickly turned around into *her* game and *her* victory. How the fuck did that happen? It was a question he continued to twist around in his head even as he heard the shower turn off.

Should he make a run for it? Should he try to retake control of the situation? He wasn't sure he even had any spooge left with which to throw at her. He'd never really been drained this bad before. He wasn't even sure he could stand the fuck up and walk, much less run.

But then she stepped around the corner from the bathroom and struck a sexy pose, leaning against the doorframe. And her tits...man, those fucking tits!

She said nothing. After a moment or so of staring at him with a dirty little smile spread across her lips...she stepped forward and walked slowly toward the bed...toward him. As she walked, her giant jugs swayed side to side, back and forth like giant, fleshy clock pendulums.

He half expected his dick to grow hard again, but it wasn't. Evidently it was done for the day, and it remained shriveled and unmoving.

"Did I wear you out already?" she asked as she came to halt directly in front of him. "Is your little dickie too tired to fuck me?"

He didn't have an answer for her. It was embarrassing to admit that it probably was. I mean...here he was, living his fucking personal wet dream, and his dick was shot out and done before it was even getting started good.

"Maybe Aunt Donna can fix it," she purred as she dropped to her knees in front of him. Leaning forward she began to lick on his penis.

It felt good, but it wasn't doing much for coaxing up an erection. And then she went a little further, wrapping both her hands around the base of it and rubbing it around on her face...tongue flicking here and there...and then she squeezed it hard and tried to suck it into her mouth. *Tried*, being the operative word in the equation. His cock was twice as fat as usual and even though she was cramming and sucking with all her might, she couldn't get it into her mouth completely. She got the tip in and started sucking finally, while her hands worked the shaft and he began to feel a bit of a tingle going on.

"Mmmm," she moaned with a satisfied hum as she slid one hand off his shaft and down to his aching balls.

By this point, she was really working the head of shaft pretty good, and the slight tingle had developed into a hot and fiery sensation all along his dick...the heat from her mouth and hand slowly creeping down to his testicles...and as it did, he felt them beginning to drop some. Her one hand on them was also warming them up and easing the ache that filled them. Her fingers worked them like a pair of baoding balls. Ironically, in a way, they probably *were* relieving her stress. The thought seemed somewhat humorous to him and *that* eased his own stress somewhat...and as he sat there suppressing a giggle, he realized she was working him into an erection once more.

Oh shit, she's good...like...like a fucking professional porn fluffer or some shit...man...who'd have ever thought Aunt Donna was such a superfreak in the bedroom?!

Donna moaned with pleasure as she finally managed to poke his distended cock tip inside her mouth. She had a big mouth...and failing at sucking his dick was saying quite a bit for the size of his swollen appendage. It was also amazing that she

couldn't wrap her hand around it. She could touch her thumb and forefinger tips when she had her hand around Paul's dick. But not on Joel. No sir. The boy's dick had to have been six or six and half inches around *before* she ever got a hold of it. And now that it was pissed off and bloated, she realized that it had to be closer to seven and a half or eight inches around... obviously so big around that she couldn't suck it into her mouth...at least not entirely anyway. She'd worked on it till she got the head into her mouth though, dammit, and now she was giving it hell, sucking and licking, but it was shit to try and move her tongue. His fucking cock knob literally filled her oral cavity completely and she knew her teeth had to be wreaking havoc on his already sensitive dick skin. Figuring that probably wasn't going to be conducive to making him hard again, she reluctantly popped his head out of her mouth, but continued to lick it and rub it around on her face.

"C'mon baby...make it hard for me...make that cock so hard so I can fuck it...I wanna fuck it *soooo bad, baby!*" she whispered to him, emphasizing every word to make it drill into his mental libido. "You want Aunt Donna to jerk it...oh yeah...I love jerking it...so big and fat...**FUCK**, it's so fucking fat, Joel...you got the fattest cock in the world, baby!" Her whisper rose to full pitch now and it was more than apparent that she was starting to work herself up in addition to Joel.

His balls were so big...she could barely handle both of them with just the one hand, but she was wiggling them around in her palm...squeezing them...pumping them...in hopes, like an inflation bulb on a sphygmomanometer, they might pump up his dick into hardness once more. And speaking of a blood pressure cuff, with her other hand, she could feel the heavy thump of his heartbeat pulsing through the fattened shaft of his

penis...and she knew that was probably a good sign that her efforts might be paying off.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck yes...you gonna get it hard for Aunt Donna ain't you, baby...yeah...oh fuck yeah,” her voice trailed off into something lusty and almost savage.

His dick had been big before...but now...now as it rose upwards once more, its size was stupendous...just absolutely ridiculous. She didn't think it could get any fatter, but it did, and now it was getting stiff as well...stiff enough she could ride it.

Uncontrollably, her hand began to pump on his dick feverishly...a furious blur of movement...her fingers digging into the bloated skin that wrapped his penile shaft. She wanted that cock hard and she wanted it hard bad! Her other hand, on his balls, squeezed roughly and pulled down on his nuts.

“I'm gone milk them balls, boy...I'm gonna milk this fat cock till I can't fucking walk,” she asserted with a slightly ominous tone to her voice.

Suddenly she released his junk and stood up. With a manly push, she knocked him back on the bed, onto his back and then she climbed on top of him. As she crawled up him, her oversized titties dragged across his skin, making him even more aroused that her playing with him had done.

“Oh fuck, Aunt Donna...fuck,” he muttered as she positioned her spread legs around his waist. He could feel the heat and wetness of her spread pussy directly on top of his dick. The fat little woman was literally sitting on top of it.

She leaned back and sat upright on him...grinding her hips in a circle atop his genitals. It felt incredible and he could even feel the juice from her pussy dripping out and dribbling down onto his compressed cock...sliding from there off onto his belly and his pubic hair...and from there, who knew?

"I'm gonna fuck that cock, boy...gonna fuck it hard," she blurted and then she scooted back and reached down for his man-meat. Pulling at it, she bent it back towards her and then hiked up her right leg so that she could elevate herself up enough to get on top of it.

She's never gonna do it, he thought to himself as he looked down at his massively bloated dick and then up to her gaping vagina. The two were greatly divisive in size...even though he knew her pussy could certainly stretch. She could have took him with ease earlier...but now...with it so red and swollen...he had his doubts. But as he watched in awe, she used her fat little body to force him inside of her...first the tip...then his hold head was in...and it was so tight it almost hurt, but then she groaned loudly and spurted.

"Oh fuck...oh holee fuck...fuck," she bellowed, but she never stopped bearing down on him...pushing him further inside of her.

The angry skin on his dick was screaming in resistance to the tightness of her hole, but luckily her spurting juices were a bit slimy and it was helping him to slide inside.

"Oh I'm gonna get it...I'm gonna get it in me, motherfucker...I'm so gonna get it all," she growled as she dropped her hiked up leg down and used all her weight to drill it in deeper.

It was maybe half way inside of her now and she was turning red in the face to such a degree that her cheeks nearly matched the color of his dick. Looking down, he realized she had at least six inches of his shaft worked into herself...and she was sliding further...little by little.

Oh fuck...where is she putting it all, he wondered in total bewilderment. Apparently the swollen tissue around his dick was pliant and squishy...and maybe that was helping, but she still had to be thoroughly stuffed inside...and he could feel it.

Oh shit if she starts to grind or pump on me, she's gonna peel my dick like a banana! The further in he got, the tighter her hole was getting, but the bitch wasn't gonna stop. What was pressure and squeezing for him...was fulfillment and ecstasy for her. The more she had in her, the better she'd like it. But for him, there was a breaking point at which the hole simply became too small to fuck without peeling the skin off your dick ...and if she rammed it in much further he was liable to scream like a little girl.

Donna was lost in a haze of lust...her mind only able to focus on the strange sensation of pressure inside her. The further down she rode on his dick, the more the pressure inside her grew...and it was incredible...delicious! Fuck, she'd already cum once right after she managed to poke his knobby head inside of her. But she was meeting with some sort of restrictive force now...and then she felt his oversized cock tip press up against the top of her vaginal canal. She was thankful at this point that she'd decided to pee before returning to the bedroom, because the pressure in her pussy was beginning to spread to her other internal parts...namely her bladder, and the depth within her was beyond full by this point and she knew she couldn't stretch much further.

Looking down, she tried to see how much of him she had inside of her, but all she could see was the oval mounds of her titties and belly. Hunching forward, she groaned and felt him enter her a bit further and then fluid rushed from her pussy. Whether it was orgasmic release again...or pee, she wasn't sure, but she had a little more room it seemed and she gave him one more push before she collapsed on top of him.

“Oh fuck...I can't...I can't get any more in me,” she gasped as she tried to heft herself up off of him. His face was literally buried beneath her titties and for a second she was afraid she was suffocating him, but then all at once, she felt the distinct heat of his open mouth on one of her nipples...his tongue swirling, his lips sucking...and she knew he wasn't in no danger of anything but satisfying her. “Oh suck it baby...suck my big titties...bad boy..bad, nasty little boy, sucking your aunt's big fat titty like that!” She playfully scolded him as she rose up a bit and tried to work her pelvis.

Oh shit...I'm never gonna be right again after this, she realized as she slid off of him some and then gently and slowly pushed back down on him. My pussy will never be right again... never, never...I thought giving birth fucked me up...shit...his dick was bigger than my pudgy fucking arm! I'm fucking a horse...I might as well be fucking a screwing horse. Shit...I don't even think a horse's dick is this wide. Longer maybe, but not fatter!

The pressure inside her was subsiding some as she continued to slowly work his dick and she knew she was stretching even further.

Pussies are magic...they can pop out a watermelon and a month later resume sex normally. She'd dropped the twins vaginally and been riding Paul 30 days later with no trouble. Her muscles and tissue would contract, no doubt, but she wondered what the long term affects would be of fucking Joel repeatedly. You gave birth once...and you were done. But if she rode Joel regularly, would her shit stretch the fuck out and remain that way? When Paul got home eventually, he'd know immediately if she were stretched out any at all.

Well it would probably help if you didn't jerk his dick off before you fucked him next time, she thought to herself as she moved a bit faster with her hips. His dick would have been

plenty big enough before...and honestly she hadn't realized he was going to balloon up like he did from her spanking him off. She'd obviously been a little too rough on his rod with her hands. But as crazy as it seemed, she wasn't sure it was such a bad thing. It was freaky...it was ridiculously massive...but also it was filling her in a way she never thought she could be filled.

No chance of feeling his balls slapping my ass, I guess, she realized as she considered the fact that she'd probably only gotten maybe seven of his inches inside of her before hitting bottom, so to speak.

Thinking about his balls gave her a sudden dose of reality:
HE WASN'T WEARING A CONDOM!

Not that there was one ever made that would be big enough to contain him...but to her sudden horror, she realized he was inside of her and that he not only felt like a horse, but that he could also cum like one.

OH FUCK...HE COULD CUM IN ME AT ANY SECOND! The realization both scared her...and also excited her. Which was more powerful, she wasn't sure. She didn't stop though. Nope. She continued to slide back and forth on him, working her hips as she did so. It just felt too good to stop.

What if he does cum in me...what if he gets me pregnant? She felt that her fear was melting into her excitement. Suddenly she longed to feel him cum inside of her and ultimately, the idea of being pregnant again wasn't such a terrible thing. She'd never be able to explain to Paul. Her marriage to him would be over, assuredly. But what if Joel wanted to be with her? What if something happened to Connie over there and he had to stay here with her? He liked older women didn't he? He could just be her little bitch, couldn't he? Could she hold him down?

In her head, she did the numbers. She was 33 now...close to 34...and he was 15. By the time he was 20, she'd be 38. Not so bad. They'd call her a cougar...but hey, whatever, right? When he hit 30, she'd be 48...not so great. She might could hang on to him if they had kids together...but when he was 40, she'd be pushing 60 pretty close. He'd be done with her. She'd end up being 60 and alone. Not so great at all.

Honestly, she knew it would probably never work. She could no more hang on to this punk than she could lasso the fucking moon. Sure she might hold him down long enough to fuck him for a while, but he'd get tired of her soon enough and move on. Not to mention Paul would be back at some point and probably his mother as well. The ride would eventually have to end.

But then she thought about him getting her pregnant. What is she did get pregnant by him...what if it was a boy. What if it came out swinging the same size cock he had? What if Paul never figured out it wasn't his? I mean him and Connie looked a lot alike...practically male/female clones of one another. Shit, Joel even resembled Paul quite a bit. It was feasible that if she had a kid with Joel, that Paul might not ever figure it out at all.

What was she thinking? Oh, she knew exactly what the fuck she was thinking. She'd already thought about Connie doing it earlier. Somehow she just *knew* her sister-in-law had probably had her hands on Joel's dick at some point. How could she have not? Alone in the house with him...for years! He was fifteen for crying out loud. He must have started puberty around eleven or so, right? He'd probably been able to use his junk for at least four years now. Had she really been able to avoid his penis for all that time? In her position, she knew she wouldn't have been able to. He'd been her house for a matter of days now, and she was already on top of him and riding him like a filthy whore.

No, she was all but certain her sister-in-law had been with him at some point. He'd certainly not learned his dirty little antics on his own. He'd never have had the gall and the audacity to do what he did in the bathroom doorway earlier...at least not with *her*...had he not pulled it off before. And she wasn't just an older woman...she was his aunt. For him to have the balls to throw it on her...meant he'd already managed to throw it on someone even more difficult of a conquest than she was...and that left only one option...*his own mother!*

So could she do it? Could she fuck her own son if he were hung like Joel? Yes, she could...and she knew she would. So what if Joel knocked her up and she popped out a boy? What if it were *two* boys? She'd already managed that feat with Paul at the helm...so odds might be good with Joel as well. Another pair of twins...but with giant schlongs and likely a fetish for big titties? She shivered with the sheer fantastic desire of it.

How old? How old would they need to be...twelve maybe? She'd be forty six by then. Old...probably too fucking old to even want it anymore. Maybe not. She knew women on base who had had kids at that age. So they must have been still riding some dick, right? Maybe it wasn't that crazy to conceive that she'd still want her sick little fantasy at that age. But would it be worth the risk...the effort?

At that moment, she lost interest in the discussion and let herself melt mentally...her thoughts of numbers and pregnancies dissolving into the animalistic urges of the sex she was having.

Somehow during her deep thinking, she'd apparently been moving on him like a machine...her body running on its own without her at the controls. And as she resumed command of her flesh, she realized her pussy was loose and saturated and that she was tapping his pelvis and pubic hair with her own.

OH FUCK!

For a brief instant, she thought perhaps he'd gone flaccid and that gave way to an even more horrifying thought---*had he cum in her already?!*

But no...no he was quite obviously still hard and in fact, she was still more than filled up inside. Evidently, she just managed to work him all the way inside of her. She was taking him. She'd consumed all his mammoth cock. But how long was that fucker? Nine...ten...had to be at least ten inches! She wanted to know so bad...and she felt like a dirty slut for it. But the urge to measure his dick was irrepressible. And she knew when this escapade was over, she was going to slap a tape measure on him just for shits and giggles.

Maybe take me some pictures too, she thought. Her digital camera was right across the room in the top drawer of her dresser...and it took video too! That could be hot...taking pictures of his oversized cock all bloated up and destroyed by her pussy and hands. And hey...her mouth too! She'd sucked him off before she'd done anything else...tit fucked him and sucked him off...his cum load literally gagging her to the point of having to spit it up.

So much cum all over her. It was inhuman! Her husband spit out maybe a spoonful...maybe two if he was really worked up. But Joel had blown out at least a cup of spooge the first time when she was sucking him...and maybe even more than that the second time when she put the finger to him.

Fuck, she wanted his cum load in her. How long had it been since her last period? Last week? Damn it...she might be fertile. Just thinking about him cumming in her made her cum herself. With a slutty moan that led into a bellow...a sound similar to a dying cow...she spurted hot juice on his lower belly again. At

that instant, she gave in to the lust...to the animal desire to be inseminated.

“Get on top...I want you on top,” she huffed at him and then rolled off of him and down onto her side. His mouth left her breasts for the first time since she’d draped them down into his face. “On top...take me...take me and don’t stop...don’t stop till you bust those balls in me!”

Joel sat up and then stood up. He was horny enough now to not care much about how wobbly his legs might have been earlier. His libido was in control of him now.

His aunt was rolling onto her back atop the bed, her massive udders warbling and jostling around like giant sacks of jello... ending up off to her sides, practically under her arms, as much of them lying atop the mattress as lying atop her. And when she spread her legs, her vagina gaped open like some heinous mouth that seemed large enough to swallow him whole.

Holee shit...did I do that to her?!

Glancing down at his swollen cock, he realized full well that he had indeed, stretched her beyond redemption.

Did she really tell me to bust my balls in her? Is she crazy? Or just fucking super horny? Maybe she’s on birth control of some kind...yeah, that’s probably it, he assumed as he pushed her knees further apart and reached to pull her towards him, but she was already wiggling and twisting, working her way closer to him.

“GET IT IN ME, DAMMIT!” she blurted at him. “Fuck me till you cum...and don’t stop...don’t you dare fucking stop...I don’t care if Paul fucking walks in...you don’t stop!”

Well, that answered his question without doubt. She wanted a hot load in her, and who was he to deny it to her.

With a heaving thrust forward, he guided his dick back inside of her and began to pump her confining cunt like a piston, building in speed and ferocity for several minutes until she was writhing and moaning, her oversized titties flopping up and down...her fat belly jiggling back and forth. With each pelvic impact, her entire body waved and undulated. It was fantastic!

But then he felt the surge in his balls beginning...a sudden tightening and lifting of his scrotum followed by twitching of his penile muscles and then without control, he erupted inside of her so hard that semen sprayed out of her pussy around the curvature and girth of his dick. And he couldn't stop...he couldn't! Squirt after squirt exploded inside her until semen covered the whole of her upper legs and his lower body...even the mattress was sticky.

Spent, he stepped back from her and pulled his drooping and angry red cock from her orifice. Cum still drizzled from the end of it...from the mass of puffy foreskin that enveloped his head. His penis was so swollen now, that his head wasn't even visible unless he physically pulled the foreskin back completely.

Above them, a small camera positioned in the air conditioning vent zoomed in on Joel and his mammoth appendage.

"Holee shit...what is that thing?" The webmaster leaned forward and glared at the display screen upon which the boy appeared. With a touch of a keyboard hotkey, the camera zoomed even further. "Is that his dick? Shit!"

With the flick of a few more keys, a secondary program plugin started up and with a few mouse clicks, the webmaster positioned markers on various points of a still-frame of Joel's

penis. Then in a moment, the plugin spat out a set of measurements:

LENGTH: 10.2 INCHES

CIRCUMFERENCE: 9.4 INCHES

The webmaster's mouth hung open in shear awe.

"That can't be fucking right...stupid program must not be calibrating the image right!"

Turning to another keyboard, the webmaster danced fingers for several seconds and produced a secondary imaging plugin that was then run on a separate still-frame image of Joel.

ESTIMATED PARAMETERS PROVIDED IN US MEASUREMENTS:

LENGTH: 10.1 INCHES

CIRCUMFERENCE: 9.35 INCHES

ESTIMATE PROVIDED WITH A 5.4% MARGIN FOR ERROR.

"Unfucking-believable!" Again the webmaster's mouth hung open in shock. "It's twice the size it was when he started! What the fuck...did her pussy chew on it?"

Scanning through previous footage from the bedroom, the webmaster surmised the size of the boy's dick began to increase monumentally after the Aunt had jerked him off. Stopping on that section of recording, the webmaster began to watch the clip at normal speed.

"Damn bitch...was you trying to rip his dick off?"

The woman's furious hand movements were ravenous and uncaring as she beat his dick into submission. Just then, about a

moment or so before the boy started erupting, the woman poked her hand between his legs and did something to his ass.

“Ohhh...noooo...violated,” the webmaster burst out laughing. “You got your hole poked...and evidently you got your cummer milked...booyah!”

With a dance of fingers, the video rewind and replayed again. The webmaster was enthralled and awed at the amount of semen blasting out of the boy’s dick and raining down onto the woman’s body.

“It’s too good...I gotta get them with better cameras and better angles.”

A scroll of the infamous list turned up a construction engineer in Piedmont...about a two hour drive North of the base. Notes indicated that the man had run over a pedestrian while driving drunk and left the scene of the crime several years ago. A traffic camera had snapped images of him and his license plate...but the webmaster had swiped the data before authorities could pull it from the system.

“Mister Garner...do you know who this is?” The webmaster spoke into the voice modulator.

“Who is this...you pulling a prank...it ain’t funny...how the fuck did you get this number?”

“Mister Garner...this is the webmaster...do you remember me?”

“What the fuck? WHO ARE YOU?”

“I’m the person who remembers you running over Jenna R. Romano two years ago. Do you remember me now?”

“Shit...what the fuck do you want?”

“I told you when we spoke the first time that I would keep your secret forever...but one day I would call on you for a favor and at that time you would be obliged to accept it, lest I turn over the data I have to the police.”

“WHAT...THE FUCK...DO YOU WANT?”

“Calm your ass down motherfucker, or I’ll hang up and just drop a package at the police station.”

Silence fell on the other end of the line, but from the background noise, the webmaster knew the man was still on the line.

“Very good, Jim...much better. Now it’s not like it’s anything serious. I just need you to hire a crew to renovate a small house on a local military base for me...adding a few modern additions.”

“You want free renovations? Seriously?”

“Don’t mock me, Jim...and don’t think you can fuck with me. I have motives for this that you don’t understand and that are none of your fucking business. You owe me and you will perform this task for me to the letter or I’ll ruin you. Simple as that.”

“I’m assuming these renovations are more than just paint and plaster?”

“I need the house hard-wired with cameras...hidden cameras to be precise. I need to control these cameras and all their rigging and I need it to function perfectly and without detection.”

“How many cameras?”

“I’ll need each wall in each room wired with at least one camera. It’s going to have to be a very particular setup.”

“You said military base...is this spy shit?”

“None of your business, Jim...just do what I ask and I’ll see to it that payment for all your expenses are reimbursed. And I’ll make sure the photos of you at the scene remain securely locked away in my private safe.”

“I want protection from being connected to this.”

“Check your email...I’m sending you a message. Respond back to it with a complete list of any falsified records or paperwork that you’ll need, including building permits or whatever. Then give me 24 hours.”

“My crew is gonna know what we’re doing.”

“Hire Hispanics...illegals...keep no records of them and pay them in cash. I’ll have someone special to install the wiring and actual camera equipment.”

“Alright...fine...will this clear me from your debt?”

“For now...and that’s all I’ll say. Maybe you shouldn’t drive drunk and I wouldn’t own your bitch ass, now would I?”

“Go fuck yourself!”

“The email, Jim...send me what you need and get busy. I want this house ready by middle of next week at the latest.”

“I can’t renovate----”

“Shut up, Jim...just get it done...work the Mexicans around the fucking clock...but get it done...I’m on a fucking tight schedule.”

CLICK!

Joel didn’t know what to do or say...so he just remained standing there beside the bed in shock. His aunt remained lying atop the bed, her legs spread wide and her pussy spread even wider. It was almost grotesque, what he’d done to her genitals. Uncle Paul was sure to be pissed when he came home and found his wife’s pussy worn out.

Well maybe she should have been a little gentler on my dick when she was jerking me off...damn! Looking down, he glared in shock at his penis. It was huge...bloated, red, and distended. It almost looked like it had been burned. *Wild ass bitch!*

Donna wasn't making any effort to get up or to speak, so he figured that was his clue to leave, as she was obviously done with his services.

Bending over by the bathroom door, he picked up his towel and started to wrap it around himself, but then figured it really didn't matter at this point, so instead, he slung it over his shoulder and headed for the hall door.

As he reached the open door, he looked back and his aunt was still collapsed on the bed. But she had rolled her head over towards him and was waving sheepishly at him.

"See you at dinner," she muttered in a raspy voice.

"Yeah," he replied and stepped out into the hall.

Stepping quietly, he waltzed past the second bathroom door and was about to cross the opening to the stairs when he was suddenly startled.

"Ahhh! Holey shit!" he blurted as his cousin, Jill bounced up the stairs and nearly ran into him. Jolted, he backed up a few steps and she immediately dropped her gaze to his hips.

The look on her face could only be described as petrified... somewhere between shocked into stillness and terrified...and hopefully too terrified to scream, for his sake. He had no idea how his aunt would react if she knew Jill had seen him naked.

"S-s-sorry...didn't know anybody was home," he mumbled and slid around her in the narrow hall. Quickly he stepped off to the twins' room and slammed the door behind him.

I can't believe Alice just stole that bottle of perfume...what a total fucking skank! She could have gotten us all in trouble! Fuck I totally hate her...totally!

Jill had just arrived home from her mall outing with her friends. Immediately upon opening the door though, she realized the house seemed quiet...perhaps too quiet.

Rather than slam the door, she decided to gently close and latch it before proceeding further into the house.

Carefully, she tip-toed into the kitchen to look for her mother, but the woman was nowhere to be seen.

“Weird...the car’s in the garage,” she whispered to herself. “I bet she’s upstairs taking a nap.” The assumption wasn’t too far off base. She’d found her mother knocked out more than a few times. The older she got, the more sleeping she seemed to do. Which was alright by her, because it allowed her to run amuck in the house without oversight.

And apparently her two moronic brothers weren’t home either...which meant even more freedom!

As she crept up to the edge of the stairs though, she remembered that her older cousin, Joel, was staying with them.

Crap, he’s probably up there in their room! She rattled around the idea for a few moments and then decided the boy probably wouldn’t come out even if he did know she was home.

Her intentions were quite dubious. Her mother always left her purse on the table just inside her bedroom door. And she always left her bedroom door open when she was napping so she could hear the kids when they got home. If she was careful and quiet, she could usually snag her mother’s purse and rifle through it for stray cash and get it back on the table without ever waking her. She’d done it successfully more than a few times in the past.

Payday comes early this week, she thought to herself as she mounted the stairs and bounced quietly up them. But just as she reached the top step, a tall and scrawny figure darted directly out in front of her and she nearly bumped into him.

JOEL! It was Joel...her cousin...but...something was wrong. Jill leaned back and started to say, "Sorry," but before she could form the words, she realized what was wrong...

HE WAS NAKED!! Why was he naked?

She glanced down, without really thinking about what she was doing, and immediately saw his gargantuan privates...his penis ballooned up like a giant red caterpillar...hanging over the top of his high sitting and red balls sack.

"S-s-sorry...didn't know anybody was home," he muttered at her and then slipped around her and disappeared into her brothers' room at the end of the hall past the stairs entrance.

She mouthed "Holee shit" but no sound emerged.

WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!? WHAT THE HOLEE FUCKING SHIT WAS THAT?!?! OH CRAP...WAS THAT HIS DICK?!?

It was about that moment that she realized she was actually shaking...or quivering more or less. Her heart was beating...hell, it was pounding inside her chest. His dick literally scared her. It looked grotesque and like...something was wrong with it!

Gathering her wits, she staggered down the hall, leaning against the wall for support as she tried to force herself to breathe steadily.

She'd seen dicks...quite a few...but never anything that looked like that. He was just fucked the hell up from the floor up. How could any woman even fuck that thing? Man, he was totally messed up.

What the fuck is wrong with him? She couldn't fathom a disease that would make your dick mammoth. Hell if there was such a thing, every guy on the planet would want it. So if he didn't have a disease...what the hell was with that thing?

It was about that moment that she reached the door to her room, directly across from her mother's bedroom. Her door

was open, and so she turned to peer in. If her mother was sleeping, she still might be able to snag her purse.

Her mother was indeed on the bed...but she was naked. She was flat on her back atop the mattress...pillow over her face, breasts out to her sides...legs spread wide and gaping.

OH FUCK...HE RAPED AND KILLED MOM!?!?

She fought the urge to scream...bit her tongue hard as she stepped toward the edge of her mother's room entrance.

"Mom?!" she called out with trembling lips.

As she got closer, she could see between her mother's widely spread thighs...her vagina...was gaping...open like a gigantic and gross mouth...it was disgusting! Suddenly Jill felt the urge to puke. Quickly she cupped her hand over her mouth and to hold it in.

Oh shit...oh holee shit...he raped her with that thing...look at her pussy...oh fuck...oh fuck...he must have smothered her with that pillow...oh shit...oh fucking shit!

"Oh shit, Mom..." her voice blurted and it was louder than before...almost frantic in sound.

Her mother shot upright on the bed and tossed the pillow clear across the room. Their eyes met and her mother was obviously horrified.

"Oh shit...shit," the woman snorted as she grabbed frantically for blanket and sheet to cover herself with. As she jerked feverishly at the bed toppings though, she dislodged her vibrator and the gaudy gadget tumbled to the floor and rolled out towards Jill's feet before it stopped.

Her mother looked at it...then looked up at Jill and then just pulled the covers over her head and sighed.

Seconds ticked by and neither one of them said a word. Jill just stood there in shock...trying to figure out what the fuck was going on.

The girl wanted to scream...not out of terror...but out of shock. It only took a few minutes to figure out what had been going on. She came home...found her naked cousin waltzing away from her mother's room...his mutant dick dangling, and then she finds her mother naked and spread-eagle on her bed with her pussy stretched out wide enough to park a truck in it. And if that hadn't been enough...just now a fucking dildo had rolled out of the bed and now sat directly in front of her on the floorboards.

She wasn't stupid...she could add two and two and get four pretty easily. And her mother must have realized that, hence why she sat on the bed with the covers over her head. And how childish was that, anyway? Did she think if she sat there long enough she wouldn't have to explain herself? Or was Jill like the boogey man?

"The lights are already on and I'm still here," she finally mustered the courage to say aloud. "Hiding under your blanket isn't gonna make me go away."

"I don't wanna talk about it," her mother snapped back, muffled by the fabric.

"Not much to say...I ran into freako in the hallway," she added, disregarding her mother's comment. "Should I assume he was in here?"

Her mother uttered not a word.

"What about Dad?" her words came out almost pleadingly. She suddenly felt like a little girl and she almost wanted to cry.

Donna fished the blanket off her head and looked squarely at her daughter...their eyes locking.

"I love your father...and...and," she tried, but no words would come to mind.

“Were you having sex with him?” She asked the question but she couldn’t believe she was asking it of her own mother.

“DO NOT TELL YOUR FATHER!” Donna blurted in an angry tone.

“WHY NOT?!” she all but shrieked back at her.

“Because it’s cruel...he doesn’t need to know,” her mother replied, her eyes lowering to stare at the corner of her bed. “I still love him...I would never divorce him, Jill...I would never break up our family for anything.”

“WHAT?!” Jill shouted, unable to believe what her mother was saying with any depth.

“He’s not gonna be living here forever, Jill...and...and your father is never home, alright...I get fucking lonely sometimes, dammit...back the fuck up off of me!” Her mother’s anger was beginning to regroup and foam to the surface.

“So you what...you go and fuck your nephew?! THAT’S FUCKING DISGUSTING!!”

“HEY, YOU WATCH YOUR FUCKING MOUTH!” her mother bellowed back at her as she slid over and stood up from the bed, buck naked and no longer concerned with it.

“I’m not related to him by blood...he’s only my nephew because I’m married to your father...and you said you saw him...so did you happen to notice that fucking thing between his legs, huh? DID YOU?!” Her mother stooped over and snatched the dildo from the floor and shoved it into Jill’s face for emphasis. “This...THIS IS WHAT I GOT...when your father is gone, this thing...this is all I got...so that thing between Joel’s legs is...is...” she faltered for the words to use.

“IS DISGUSTING!” Jill finished the sentence for her.

“It’s only like that ‘cause I---umm, er-hrmm,” again her mother’s words failed to follow through.

"I can't believe...I mean another man...I could...but...HIM?!" Jill sputtered and stepped back so the dildo wasn't in her face.

"I can't do that," Donna began. "I can't mess with another man...there would be...*feelings*...attached to anything I did. The man might want more from me. I just want...I just want a fucking dildo, Jill...something to put between my legs for a little bit...to tide me over till your father is home. I don't want to cheat on him...I love him...but I also need things, Jill...and I don't think you're quite old enough to understand it yet."

"Ohhh...oh I see...you think I'm not old enough to understand that you're a horny old whore that can't wait a few months to get laid?"

Donna's hand made contact with Jill's face and the girl shot backwards and landed on her ass. Her mother's open-handed slap had been enough to nearly knock her out.

"YOU DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT...YOU DON'T EVER CALL ME A FUCKING WHORE YOU LITTLE BOOBLESS, PRISS-ASS DICK-TEASE!!" Her mother was furious. "You don't think I notice how high you hike your skirts these days...or how low your pull your waistbands. You're really one to be calling me a whore, 'cause you're bordering on slut, Miss!"

"Did you...did you just call me a boobless, dick-tease?" her voice sounded mousey and beaten down. Her face was still stinging from the slap that had laid her out.

"Make you feel good, did it?" Her mother's hostility suddenly started to melt away. "I'm sorry...you just...don't ever fucking call me a whore...that's was ridiculous."

Bending over, she reached out and helped her get up onto her feet.

"Are you alright," she asked as she rubbed at her daughter's cheek with her hand.

"Are you gonna leave Dad?"

Donna gripped her by the shoulders and looked her dead in the eyes before answering.

“FUCK NO...hell no...not ever.”

“Why him...why Joel?”

“Oh sheesh, Jill...I don’t know what to tell you. It just fucking happened...today...just today.”

“What?”

“Look...if...if I tell you what happened...if I tell you...then will you promise to never tell your father about this?”

“I don’t know...I,” Jill stammered, unable to complete a decent response or provide an answer.

“Jill...look at me,” her mother said as she jarred her shoulders a bit to get her attention. “I was in here...in my room just masturbating, okay? I got up to take a shower, and when I was getting out, I realized Joel was outside the bathroom door watching me...and he was jerking it off.” She gulped and diverted her eyes for a moment before continuing. “And I started to beat his ass...but...then I saw that thing...and...he’s nothing but a boy-toy, y’know...do you really think I’d ever leave your father for *him*?! It’s fifteen...no job, no school...he’s nothing but a toy. So...so I just *used* him as a toy. C’mon, what’s the difference really between that vibrator and him, other than that he’s bigger and warm and can do things other than vibrate?”

“There’s a little more to it than that, Mom,” she replied and found herself almost smiling as she said it. “It’s sex and what you do with that thing...is not.”

“Isn’t it?”

The thought bounced around a bit in her mind. *Dammit! She’s kind of right. She’s getting off on something other than Dad...*and just as she said it in her head, she realized how gross

it was suddenly her quirky little almost-smile faded into a grimace of, “oh shit I need to barf.”

“You’re fourteen, Jill...I know you like boys and I know you like them in the same way I do. Right now it’s all about who’s popular and who’s good looking, but eventually you figure out there’s a little more to it than that.”

“Such as?”

“Such as...well...sex, Jill,” Donna answered with a grunt. “You’re old enough for me to talk about this with you...I probably should have already talked with you about it. I mean I know you probably already know what sex is and all, but you probably don’t have a fucking clue what it’s all about do you?”

Please...as if?! Jill had seen shit on her friend’s computers that would probably make her mother’s hair fall out. Then again, after finding out all this shit with Joel...seeing her sprawled out on the bed there...there was a good possibility her mother might make *her* hair fall out.

“I know a lot,” she asserted with a mousey response.

“Jill...you know how boys are...well men are just older boys. They don’t ever really grow up. So now tell me honestly, do you really think your father is gone for months at a time...and he’s not doing something I don’t know about? If he’s around a woman, I can guarantee you him and his SEAL buddies are probably all up in it to win it.”

Hearing her mother talk candidly about sex was almost starting to be humorous. She sort of wanted to laugh, but knew better than to break the moment like that. She had to be serious or her mother would get pissed. Besides, giggling at sexual stuff was girlish and she wanted her mother to take her seriously as an adult.

“Jill, honey...men are worse than women about sex, for the most part. They will stick their...their dicks in anything that will

spread for them. I mean look at Joel...that boy jumped on me like a hungry flea on a dog's ass. ME! I mean, look at me, girl... just look at me," and with that, she let go of her daughter's shoulders and took a step back so she could show off her body to her. "Men are horny pigs, Jill. Just because you haven't ever caught your father doing some other woman doesn't mean he's not. He's a man...he's gone a lot from his wife and he could easily get killed at any minute, y'know."

Her mother turned and sat down on the edge of the bed, her eyes watering up somewhat.

"Y'know...I don't blame him if he is...I really don't. I couldn't be mad at him for it...not with what he does for a job, y'know." By this point tears were rolling down her cheeks. "If I can't be there, then I'd want somebody to be...he deserves that."

"So you're telling me he's...he's cheating on you?"

"I don't know, Jill...and I don't want to know. I don't *need* to know what he does when he's not here. I only need to know what he's doing when he is here...here with me. If he cheats while he's off doing what he does, then as long as he leaves it there and comes home to me when he's done...then who am I to be mad at him? I feel the same loneliness that he does. And I finally just gave in to it...today...for the first time."

Jill was shocked.

"Are you serious...this...today...was the first time you ever cheated on him?"

"Fifteen years...fifteen and half years, Jill...yes...yes it is."

She stepped forward and sat down on the bed about a foot between her and her mother.

Looking at the floor, she said, "I won't tell him."

"Thank you," Donna whispered through sniffles and tears.

“But...are you...are you gonna keep doing that with him?”

Donna didn't see that question coming and now that she was faced with it, she wasn't really sure. She hadn't thought it through that far yet. Hell, she still couldn't believe she'd actually *did* anything with the scrawny little bastard to start with. And now her daughter was asking a pertinent and very pointed question. *Would she do it again?*

If you want her trust, then don't lie to her, Donna...you can't lie to her, not now, dammit. She knew she was going to have to level with the girl...confide in her and to do that she wasn't going to be able to bullshit her.

“I don't know,” she finally replied.

Her daughter turned to look at her and their eyes locked again...and she knew her answer had not sat well.

“Are you kidding me?”

“Do you want me to lie to you?”

“Nooooo,” Jill groaned at her, diverting her eyes from her mother's drilling gaze.

“Life isn't a fairytale, Jill...it's ugly and it's nasty. Sometimes things look great but they're not. I love your father very much and he loves me and we're happy, but I hate his job...I hate that he goes off for months at a time and I don't hear from him...I don't know if he's alive or dead or anything. I live in fear of the base Chaplain showing up at the fucking door on any given day, dammit.”

Jill fidgeted, her foot kicking the dildo that was back on the floor again.

“Your father loves his job though, and so what do I do? I put up with it and grit my teeth and hope for the best. I been lucky for fifteen years...and in five more, with luck, the Navy will kick his ass out and hand him a retirement check. Then I'll be happy as a lark. But until then...I...I need some kind of release,

Jill, something...that for just a few minutes, makes me stop thinking about what could happen.”

Jill kicked the dildo and sent it rolling.

“Jill...honey...to you, he’s blood...he’s your cousin...he’s nerdy and he’s gross. But to me...he’s a big honking wiener that makes me forget about shit for a little while. When you father gets home, I won’t have anything to worry over. But until he does get back...well I’m not gonna lie and tell you I’m not gonna go climb up on him once in a while...just to deal with the stress.”

“And I’m no worse than your father...because you know damn well he probably does the same thing. Those guys probably go hit a fucking whore house before every mission and you know it...just to calm their fucking nerves down.”

“So what...you want me to just pretend like I don’t know about it...just ignore it?” Jill looked up at her again with widened and questioning eyes.

“I know your father probably cheats on me...and I just have to ignore it...and live with it. Like I told you, I can’t blame him for anything he does to deal with the job that he does. Life isn’t pretty...and sometimes, yeah...you just got accept things are what they are and ignore them. If you don’t learn to let shit slide by, you’ll go crazy after a while. This is part of growing up, becoming an adult, Jill...it’s not just about jobs and cars and sex. It’s about learning to cope with the reality that you discover.”

“Does anybody else know?”

“No,” she answered. “And it’s best if it stays that way. And not just because of your father...but your Aunt Connie would probably have a cow and strangle me with piano cord.”

“Ummm,” her daughter hummed but hesitated from saying anything. It’s was obvious that she was holding something back.

“Umm, what?”

"I used his computer the other night...I was doing a report on the gold rush...1849...and I did a search for motherlode, but I typed it in wrong...and I wrote it like load of laundry, y'know...and I typed it into the wrong search box...and a set of files popped up."

"Oh shit...what the fuck did you find?"

"Mom...he had pictures and videos of Aunt Connie...and they were nude...like really nasty stuff."

"Oh shit...and he named the file motherload?"

Both of them snickered and then burst into giggles at the same moment. After a few seconds, their laughter dissolved and they became serious once again.

"Oh that's rich...really," Donna muttered as she wiped her face with her hands. "Motherload," she repeated the word again and it still seemed stupidly funny.

"He's really freaking weird, Mom," Jill asserted.

"I don't think he got those pictures by accident, Jill...just between you and me...I think Connie's probably giving them to him."

Jill looked at her mom and her eyes nearly bugged out her head...her mouth dropped open in awe.

"I don't know this...but after today...I'm pretty sure he's not a virgin...and I'm pretty sure him and Connie are...y'know...and I realized how funky that sounds...but now that you told me about his photo collection, I'd almost bet money on it."

"Well you did him too," Jill chirped.

"I'm not his momma, though," she countered. "Screwing your middle-aged aunt by marriage is a lot different than doing your own mother. I mean...he came out of that hole, y'know?"

Jill screwed her face up and looked sickly.

"That'd be like you doing Ed and Al," she added.

“Okay now you’re talking crazy shit,” Donna asserted, but secretly she recalled her earlier masturbation fantasy where she actually *had* imagined herself doing her twin boys.

“Why would she do that...with him?”

“Did you see him...naked...I’m guessing you did, right?”

Jill nodded with wide and disbelieving eyes. “Oh yeah...hard to miss that thing. I almost ran into him coming up the stairs.”

“Then you know the answer, Jill,” Donna stated matter-of-factly.

“Mom...it’s too big...I’m still...I mean I can’t even fathom how you did anything with him...why would anybody want that?”

“It wasn’t that swollen before.”

“Well what happened to him?”

“Jill...honey...do you really want to hear this?” Looking at her daughter, she already knew the answer. The girl was looking at her like a lost puppy with big eyes. “You can’t erase this from your head, y’know.”

She had suspected for a long time that her daughter was quickly growing into a tease. Pulling up her skirts...pulling down her pants...more than once she’d fussed at her about her ass crack showing when she’d bend over. Some of the pants they made these days were little more than legs with a waist band. No fucking crotch or ass in them at all. And despite the fact that she’d called her “boobless” earlier, the fact was, her daughter was starting to show a rack. Most girls sprouted earlier, but Jill hadn’t. She was really skinny though and Donna assumed that was probably part of the delay.

Jill was a lot like her back in the day and sadly, she too, had been a cute little cock-tease. She enjoyed making guys sweat and hide their crotches behind their books. It got her off. She was a tiny bit of a slut and she’d come to grips with it. And

judging from what she'd done today, obviously her slut days were far from over. And she suspected her daughter's were just beginning. The way she was looking at her, it was obvious that she was curious about her mother's sexcapades. Curious enough to actually ask and then listen. As to whether she'd puke afterwards was a different story. Whether she'd ever look at her mother the same again was also in question. But honestly the two of them were past the mother-daughter relationship at this junction. Jill would never look at her the same again anyway. So she might as well try to be friends with her and hope that she kept her secrets from Paul.

"Alright...fine...you want to know, I'll tell you," she began. "I got a little carried away when I was jerking him off...and I think I kind gave him a little palm burn."

"Oh shit," the girl blurted.

"Language!"

"Really?"

"Damn...I guess it's kinda shit now, huh?"

"Yeah, little bit."

"Alright...but no cussing in front of the boys, and if you slip, I'm gonna give you hell just for show, got it?"

"So I get to talk dirty now?"

"I didn't say dirty...and there's a difference between dirty and just four letter words."

"So tell me how the hell you ended up fucking my gross ass cousin?" The words flowed out of her mouth way too easily not to have been practiced. Sadly, Donna could recall being the same way at her age...able to cuss like a sailor one minute and then turn it off the moment an adult walked in the room.

"You were pissed at the gills not ten minutes ago...and now you're hound-dogging me for details?"

"You gonna tell me or do I need to talk to Dad?"

Donna leaned over and punched her in the arm pretty hard.

“Ow...” she grunted. “That freaking hurt!”

“No blackmail, you little bitch...I’m still your mother.”

“Yah...yeah...okay...owww...take it easy, you done laid me out once today, thanks,” she complained, rubbing her arm. “Why don’t you go put a robe on...I done seen enough of your old saggy boobs to last a lifetime.”

Standing up and turning, Donna leaned forward and dangled her E-cups like clock pendulums directly in front of her daughter’s face.

“Jealousy...is an ugly word,” she said before stepping back and moving toward the bathroom.

“Melons is a big word...and yours are as big as my freak’in head, Mom...so no, jealousy doesn’t apply,” her daughter retorted. But she was lying through her teeth. She wanted big titties so bad she could taste it. She’d give anything to have half her mother’s jug size.

Things were never going to be the same after this. She wasn’t sure she could ever look at her mother the same again and evidently her mother knew it. Letting her cuss in private was maybe just her way of admitting that.

But her mother was right about Joel...he wasn’t really a blood relative in that way...so it wasn’t incest...it wasn’t that fucked up. But he was still only fifteen and that could get her in some serious shit. And if he was banging Aunt Connie too...well the two women might be at each other’s throats over him. Or would they?

She’d told her he was just a walking dildo...a toy for her to kill time with and nothing else. Maybe that’s how she got past the boy’s nerdy physique and lack of hotness. Maybe her

mother just focused on his dick and fantasized whatever else was lacking. And there was a lot to be lacking with him. She just couldn't wrap her mind around it. How twisted was it that such a massive schlong would be attached to such a weird and totally repulsive guy? It was just wrong somehow. But like her mom had said, there was more to things when you grew up. So maybe despite his looks, he could do things with his dick that might make up for it.

That had to be it. The scrawny bastard was probably a sex machine of some nature.

Suddenly she moved her hand and realized it was sticky. Shifting to one side, she realized she was sitting on the very outer edge of a gigantic wet spot on the bed that was at least a foot and half, maybe almost two foot wide. And all around it was droplets of sticky goo that smelled like some sort of odd---

And then it hit her what it was...

"Oh nasty!" she blurted and made quick to wipe it on the blanket.

"What---OH SHIT," her mother said as she stepped from the bathroom in her robe and saw what her daughter was into. It struck her funny though for some sick reason and she started laughing. "Sorry...that's not all mine."

"Ohhh...oh you're fucking nasty...that's...ewww!" she groaned as she jumped up off the bed and continued to try and wipe her hands off on her clothes and the bed blanket.

"He blows like a horse...I don't know what to tell you," Donna commented off-handedly as she approached the bed and pulled off the sheets and began rolling them in a ball. "Did you see his balls?"

"MOM!?!"

"What...I thought you wanted to know all about it?"

She'd never had semen on her before. It was probably something she was going to have to get used to. Sooner or later she was going to fuck a guy and she'd be making her own gross mess on a bed.

Sighing, she replied, "Yeah...I guess...it's like a train wreck...I don't wanna look...but I got to."

"You want to hear it?"

"You gonna tell me everything...like all nasty and stuff?"

Donna was afraid to glamorize it too much, for fear she'd instigate the girl into jumping on him too, and that would be totally unacceptable. Number one, she wasn't sharing...and two, she was only fourteen...and three, Jill was related to him by actual blood...which did equal incest. But whether she could tell it without it coming off as awesome...well...she had her doubts.

Cat's out of the bag now, Donna...you already fucked up and got busted and nothing you say now is gonna do any more damage than her walking in and seeing her cousin naked...and you sprawled on the bed.

She decided not to tell her the part about spying on him in the shower...or snooping on his computer herself.

"I stepped out of the door there and I guess I scared him and he fell down on the floor right there," and she pointed the spot by the bathroom door. "And his towel fell off...I guess he was in the shower...and walked by my room and heard me in the shower and decided to sneak in and peep at me."

Her daughter's eyes were bugging out of her head...her lips quivering at the corners like she was fighting to suppress a smile maybe. It was more than evident that she was enthralled with her mother's tale.

"I told him to get up and get out of here, but he just started playing with himself there on the floor...looking up at me."

"Were you naked?"

"Well yeah, I was in the shower...I rushed out...I didn't know who it was till I got up on him there." That was a bit of lie but whatever. "And I didn't know what to do, y'know...I mean that thing is like a foot long and it's pointing at me and I'm like thinking about pinky over there on the floor...and somehow my vibrator doesn't seem so great."

"So what did you do?"

"I knelt down and I took it away from him...and I showed him how to jack it off right."

"OHHH, nasty...you jerked him off?"

"Yeah..." she felt herself blushing. It was twisted sick, but she was getting off talking about...even if she was changing it around a bit. And the fact that Jill was getting into it was somehow arousing her as well, and that was really weird.

"Did you...y'know...did you suck it?"

How far was she gonna go with the details? Jill was foaming at the mouth. Part of her didn't want her to know so much about her...and another part of her wanted to make up shit to make it even nastier than it was...not that it could have gotten much more disgusting than it actually had been. Was she really getting off to riling her daughter? Yes...yes she totally was.

For a moment she imagined Jill sucking Joel's dick and that was it...she was horny again. Somehow she just got stirred by the idea of her skinny little teenage daughter messing with that boy's gigantic cock. She imagined her riding him, cramming all that dick inside her impossibly tight pussy...slap, slap, slap...

"Yeah I sucked...are you crazy?"

"Oh shit!" Jill blurted. "Gross, gross, gross...did you let him do it...in your mouth?"

"I tried...I did...but when he cut loose, I couldn't swallow it... it just blurped out of my mouth and then I just started beating him off all over my boobs."

"I knew it...he's got a boob thing, huh?"

"So does your father...most men do."

"Gross...no Dad...no Dad, thank you," she pleaded.

"Are we done?"

"Hell no, chick...what happened next?"

"Well...with his goo all over my boobs...I decided to tit fuck him...y'know...I slid his---"

"OH NASTY...I know what tit fucking is, Mom...gross!"

"Gross cause you ain't got none," she spouted and laughed.

About that moment the door down stairs slammed and the boys were home like a hurricane, flying through the house and making ridiculous amounts of noise.

"SHIT...so much for that," she grumbled. "Look, we'll talk later tonight when they're out of the picture. And also...don't you dare say shit to Joel...just pretend like you don't know nothing at all, alright?"

"I know he's hung like a mutant freak...I know that, and he knows that I know that," her daughter popped back.

"JILL..." her mother's voice was stern and held warning. "Do not mess with him...that's really not right...he's your cousin, okay...I'm serious. If I found out you are, I'll kick his ass out and send him to your Granny's house, got it?"

"Ewww...", she replied. "It's big and all...but I can't get past his face...you can have him."

Donna nodded, but she knew the girl was lying through her teeth. She might not want him for a boyfriend, but his dick was on a whole other level to itself. Like her, she knew the girl would eventually be too fascinated with Joel's oversized cock *not* to want to try it out. And furthermore, she knew deep

down that one way or the other, if the girl wanted it badly enough, she'd find a way to get on it. And riding her about it would probably only make her that much more curious about it and determined to get it anyway. Best to just warn her and then leave it alone.

But then that naggy little pervert that lived in the darkest recesses of her brain whispered that it would be hot to watch them fucking.

Shut up...you've gotten me in enough trouble today already to last me a lifetime, she mentally scolded herself. Thinking with her pussy had resulted in nothing but problems. Time to turn off the libido and resume the role of mother.

"Well fuck me," the webmaster blurted with a disbelieving snort, leaning forward to touch the audio control on the bedroom monitor.

"I can't believe she just up and admitted to it...fucking fantastic...this is insane...this family is so dysfunctional is borderline creepy. And this mom bitch...she's an uber freak."

A voice and face appeared on a nearby monitor...it was a woman's face...older, perhaps in her fifties...very staunch and rich looking, pearl necklace and diamond earrings.

"Did you receive the feed?"

"I did," the woman on the monitor replied.

"And what is your bid on this?"

"It's interesting...and you say this isn't staged at all?"

"Absolutely not...these nutbags are as real as it gets."

"The footage isn't real good," the woman complained.

"I am working on that...I will be shifting them into a house with higher resolution equipment and animatronic controls.

Rather than hidden mini-cams, I'll have full visuals via built in concealment and two-way mirrors."

"Can you provide an assurance that this is real?"

"Well I could give you the address, but that sort of defeats my control of them somewhat, would it not?"

The woman sighed and appeared to be watching a secondary screen herself for a few moments.

"Is that thing real?" she asked after a time.

"I presume you're talking about the boy?"

"What else?" she replied with an attitude.

"Yes, it is...and that's sort of what makes the whole thing so crazy...were it not for that, there probably wouldn't even be a story here at all," the webmaster responded.

"It would be better if the girl were involved...and...maybe the other boys...but are they as well endowed as the older one?"

"Already ahead of you...and I'm working on accomplishing all of that by next week when I begin the broadcast."

"Fifty thousand," the woman stated with a dead expression.

The webmaster chuckled. "Don't fucking insult me bitch."

"Fifty thousand...for the first showing...and if it lives up to what you say...and I don't notice any fake dicks...then I'll be willing to bid higher for subsequent access."

"One hundred thousand, you use my portal, and any attempts to record will not be good for you." The webmaster returned her steely gaze even though she couldn't see it. "And if you like, the price for one month access will be one million."

"You're bold...almost idiotic, dare I say."

"It's real...it's going to be limited...so this is most likely going to end up being the most exclusive sex opera ever. And the lengths and risks I'm taking to film it and beam it to your old perverted ass...well they're extreme to say it nicely. So yeah,

you're gonna pay a million for it...or you can go find some cheesy porn somewhere else...take it or leave it."

The woman sneered and then appeared to be reviewing her footage again on a secondary screen. After a few moments, she returned her gaze toward the camera.

"I'll wire the hundred tonight...but for a million I want some input on this...I mean can I make requests?"

"What is it you want them to do?"

"I want the mother to fuck the twins for one," the woman replied. "And I want to see the girl on the long dong one at some point."

"Anything else...these things must be arranged delicately...I can't make spur-of-the-moment requests happen. Long term planning and manipulation will be required, so tell me now or it's not gonna happen."

"You mentioned you had some serum or something you were going to use to make the other boy's dicks bigger in your initial message...just what the fuck was with that?"

"I have a friend who tinkers with biology matters...and he's working on something of that nature. If it works, I'm going to use it on the twins at some point."

"This drug...if it works...would you be willing to share it?"

"Not likely...drugs can be synthesized. To let someone have it would be tantamount to giving them the method to reproduce it on their own. Patents don't apply to illegal drugs, madame."

"Nevertheless, I would be very interested in something private if it works...keep me in mind."

"Certainly."

"Another question for you before I go," she added.

"Yes?"

“This pharmaceutical engineer of yours...if he can inflate a penis, I’m guessing he could inflate other things, could he not?”

The webmaster arched a single eyebrow and stared intently at the woman’s image for several seconds before replying.

“What exactly would need to be inflated...breasts, perhaps? Are you referring to the girl?”

The older woman snorted in amusement.

“Oh the girl alright...but not her tits.”

“I don’t understand. Could you elaborate?”

“I have seen pretty little bitches like that my entire life...I’ve had to put up with their obnoxious and extravagant perceptions of themselves and they make me sick. I hate pretentious little sluts with a passion.”

“So I take it you’d like to see something detrimental happen to the girl then, eh?”

“Nothing dangerous, mind you...just to see her brought down a peg or two...knocked off her pretty little pedestal, so to speak.”

“And for that, what?”

The woman sneered and it look like a hungry cat’s grin.

“Make her fat...fatten that little scrawny bitch up till she makes the mother look hot...then have her beg the boy to fuck her...have him refuse and fuck the mother instead. Ruin her image of herself. She’s no better than the mother, but I bet she thinks she is.”

The webmaster chuckled again. “I’m guessing some of this stems from your relationship with your own daughter?”

“Stay out of my personal business...or we’ll have no business at all...do I make myself clear?”

“Surely...just trying to understand the psychological facet of your request...so that I can arrange it suitably. But again, I can make no guarantees...I have no real control here. There is no

script, no retakes, and no retracting anything. I will set up things as best I can and let them play themselves out before the cameras for us.”

“Make the little bitch fat...and I’ll pay two million.”

“Wire the hundred...and I’ll see what I can do.”

The old bitch grinned viciously before disconnecting her transmission.

Joel sat on the toilet in the bathroom...bag of frozen peas on his privates, tapping furiously on his laptop on the edge of the counter beside him.

“Mom...are you there?”

The chatroom cursor blinked unresponsively and then the box below his typed line finally lit up and said:

“Yeah, sorry I’m late – work.”

“Did you tell Aunt Connie about me?”

“What do you mean?”

“About my dick?”

“What’s up?”

“Did you tell Aunt Connie about my dick?”

“No.”

“Never?”

“No-nobody!!!!”

“So she doesn’t know about us?”

“FUCK NO!!!!!!!!”

Joel sat there staring at the screen, somewhat bewildered.

“Did she see you?”

“Yeah.”

“She freak out?????”

“Sort of – she walked in on me in shower while I was busy.”

“That would do it.”

“No, she didn’t just spaz out – she watched!!!!”

No response came back for several seconds...seconds that seemed to drag out into minutes.

“You know she was there???”

“No...she told me later.”

Again, a long wait before his mother typed a response.

“She watched and then told you about it – kind of weird!”

“Yeah, well it’s been a weird kind of day.”

Seconds ticked by and he was about to type something else, but the box lit up before he could.

“Did you fuck her?”

This time it was Joel who had to wait...trying to think of how to respond to his mother’s question. He didn’t want to piss her off and he wasn’t sure it was such a good idea to tell her anything...perhaps he’d even already said too much.

“No.”

“Did she try anything?”

“NO!!!”

“You ass! You probably wanted her to didn’t you?!”

“No.”

“Liar! I know you got it bad for big titties.”

That wasn’t all he had it bad for, but to tell her that would probably hurt her feelings. It was best to just leave it alone for now, he figured.

“Her boobs are epic!”

“I will kill you!” She added several angry face icons.

“She told me not to leave the door open again.”

“That’s all?????”

“She said I was pretty epic myself!” and he added a smiley face to his line to text.

“Ass!”

Neither typed anything for a while, but then his mother finally broke the text silence with:

“Did she really watch you?”

“What do you mean?”

“Did she stand there and watch you jerk the fuck off?”

“I don’t know. She said she walked in and saw me and then she said she watched me.”

“How did she act when she told you? Mad-what?”

“Not really mad.”

“Well what the fuck then?”

“I don’t know.”

“Quit being stupid and answer me!”

He wasn’t sure what to say at that point.

“Did she act like she liked watching it?”

“Maybe,” he typed.

“Make sure you lock the fucking door next time!”

“Ok!”

“And keep your hands off her fat fucking titties!”

“Jealous?” He couldn’t help but jab at her a little bit.

“Fuck off! Talk tomorrow. Love-Mom”

Jill sat in her room at her small desk and stared aimlessly at the posters on her wall. It was well after dark now and it’d been several hours since she’d come home and caught her mother in a state of post-coitus...hours since she’d seen Joel’s gargantuan dick that her mother had evidently nearly jerked completely off.

I can’t believe she did that with him. It made me feel so sick to my stomach...I wanted to kill her for cheating on Dad...so what the fuck happened?

Had she begun to feel sorry for her mother? What changed her perspective during her confrontation with her mother? Was

it when she sucker-slapped her to the floor? That had mostly just pissed her off even further. No, there had to have been something else that made her think differently, but for the life of her, Jill couldn't put her finger on what it was or when it happened. It seemed as if one minute she was furious...and then the next moment she was...was...what?

Horny?

The word just kind of sat there in her head...and she tried to ignore it...refuse to admit it even existed, but it was a persistent little word for one with only five letters.

She'd always loved hearing about the nasty sexual antics of her older school friends, most of which she knew was probably made up or total bullshit to start with. But hearing dirty deeds was almost as good as doing them yourself. She was a total whore for a good sex story. And to be honest, she'd even made up a few herself. Nothing too nasty as to get her labeled a slut by anyone, but she'd let her friends think she was no longer a virgin for certain. Most of them, like her, probably only believed about half of what she told them. It was like a game sometimes...telling tall tales of long dicks and pussy licking.

But her mother was different. With her teenage friends it was always suspect that they were telling any truth at all. In her mother's case though, it seemed as if perhaps she wasn't tell the *whole* truth...as if maybe she was afraid to tell her too much about the affair. And probably with good reason. She supposed it was likely her mother didn't want her to think she was a total nasty pervert...when in fact, she *had* to be.

What kind of a middle-aged woman...mother of three, wife and decent person...boinks their fifteen year old nephew? Only one thing really came to mind that explained it for her.

She's a fucking size queen!

Disturbingly, she found herself wondering how big her father's parts were. Was he small...was he big? If she was a real size queen, would she have married a man who wasn't packing? Furthermore, would she have stayed with him for fifteen years without cheating on him? Apparently her father must not have been too deficient in the equipment category. But it was also more than obvious that however big he was, Joel must put him to shame.

Joel could put donkeys to shame, she thought to herself as she stood up from her plastic chair and stepped out towards her bed where she promptly collapsed. Lying on her back on the mattress, she raised her legs up and mimicked her mother's position when she found her after Joel had took off.

How the fuck could she have done that? He's such a total fucking geek...he hasn't got a muscle on him...aside from whatever that is between his legs!

And somehow, despite her distaste for her wiry cousin, she felt something else in this matter...but what was it really?

Jealousy? That didn't seem right, but it was to an extent. It wasn't that she wanted Joel, because she was repulsed by him. But the fact that he was hound-dogging her fat and saggy mother and *NOT* her...was somehow insulting to her. *So maybe it's more insulted than jealousy? Nooo...no I'm jealous of my mother because she's being pursued and I'm not...I'm jealous of her and not so much him.*

That concept sat hard on her, but it wasn't the first time she'd wrestled with it. More than once, her mother had been at some sort of school function...or even just picking her up at school...and she'd busted guys staring at her. And they had absolute lust in their eyes. They were too lame to ever put a move on a married woman old enough to be their mother, but

they all had the same thoughts about it and most of the time she could read it in their eyes.

It was her mother's ridiculous rack that was to blame. She was like the proverbial "Joel" but female...and instead of a giant schlong, she had mammoth boobs. When guys looked at her all they saw were epic tits...and not much else mattered.

She would kill for a set half of what her mother had. And just how big were those bitches any fucking way? She often wondered, but had never really thought to look. Suddenly curious about the matter, she decided she was going to find the fuck out, once and for all.

Getting up off the bed, she stepped across her room, open her door and trotted out into the hallway wearing nothing but some skimpy shorts and a t-shirt.

The hall was dark and quiet. Everyone had already went off to bed. So quietly she crept down the stairs and then made her way across the living room and then to the door under the stairs that led down to the basement where the washer and dryer was located.

Carefully she shut the basement door behind her and then turned on the lights and then down the steps she went. At the bottom of the staircase as a large hamper that, with luck, probably had a bunch of dirty clothes in it...and maybe even one of her mother's brassieres.

What she discovered though, was the nasty sheets and blanket from earlier in the day...still sticky and now quite crusty in the places where the air had dried the goo. Disgusted, she pulled them out of the hamper and dropped them to the floor.

Mining a bit further down into the hamper, she found socks, underwear, more socks...and then hit the jackpot.

Pulling the undergarment out, she held it up and traced around the band of it to the back and a faded tag that read quite plainly: 38-E

"Holee shit," she mouthed the words but no sound came out to back them up.

I'm a fucking 24-A...and A-cup! And that bitch has E's?? It didn't really surprise her. She'd had more than ample opportunity to stare at them earlier in the evening while she was fighting with her...and saying they were the size of her head was nowhere near exaggerating in the slightest. And the big bitches hung clean down to her belly button. It seemed nasty to her, but apparently men got off on it.

About then she had a curious thought that seemed like it might be kind of cool. But she needed some balloons...and if she remembered correctly, there were some old party decorations down here somewhere from the twins.

She rummaged around the basement for a while, doing her best to remain quiet. After about ten minutes of digging through various boxes that lined the back wall of the basement, she finally found the out-of-date party accessories...including a bag of white balloons.

Huffing, she blew one up till it was about the size of her head and then she stared at it. *That's gay...not gonna work!* Carefully and slowly, she let the air out of it and then spied the sink that was by the washer and dryer. *That...on the other hand might do it!*

Crossing the basement with two balloons in hand, she made her way to the sink and after slipping one of the balloons opening onto the faucet nozzle, turned on the water and began to expand it.

Oh shit...it's gonna blow up and splatter water everywhere! But the fear just sort of added to the excitement of doing

something crazy...something...well...sexual. Luckily the balloon didn't blow though, and when it was nearly the size of her head, she opted to cut off the water and tie a knot in it. She repeated the process with the other balloon and then removed her t-shirt.

"Fuck me...she's so fat," she whispered out loud as she put her mother's bra on and realized the chest didn't even come close to being tight enough on her to hold the balloons up. "Well so much for that thrill ride...so much for knowing what big tits feel like."

A camera in the basement vent picked up movement and clicked on when Jill started down the stairs. A signal transmitted via wireless carrier, alerted the webmaster's computer and in turn, the computer alerted the webmaster.

"Hrmp...doing a little late night laundry...doubtful," the webmaster muttered, wiping sleep out of tired eyes. "What are you up to, young lady?"

The webmaster watched as Jill dug through the hamper and then pulled out her mother's brassiere. And after she uncovered the bag of balloons, it became quite obvious what she was up to.

"You two never finished your little talk from earlier...so perhaps now might be a good time."

Checking the other various cameras, Donna was found asleep in her room.

"Can't have that...wakey, wakey..." and with that said, the webmaster dialed Donna's cellphone and woke her. "What would make you go down to the basement...hmmm?"

"C'mon...think...think of something!"

Donna woke with a start...a buzzing annoying the crap out of her.

"Shit," she grouched and rolled over. Her cell phone was buzzing so hard it was moving across her bedside table. "Thought I turned you off," she grumbled as she moved to pick it up and then answer it.

"Hello?" she said, but there was no one on the other end. Agitated, she hit the red button and then checked the caller ID, but nothing showed. It was as if the call had never been made. "That's fucking weird."

As she rolled to look at her alarm clock, which displayed 2:10 AM, she noticed it blinked, then blinked again and then went off all together.

Suddenly she bolted upright in the darkness.

EMP?! Her husband had told her about airburst nukes causing an electromagnetic pulse that could knock out power and cause electronic malfunctions. Her phone...the loss of power...no storm! She panicked for a moment, but then realized the light from across the street was on.

SHIT! Probably just a fuse then...or something outside between here and the neighbor's pole. Well at least they weren't under fucking attack.

"Paul...fucking asshole...always making me paranoid," she grumbled more to herself than anyone else who might have been in the darkness of her room. Of course he got paid to be paranoid...paranoid kept him alive. She liked the fact that her husband was fucking paranoid, actually...she just wished he didn't rub off on her so much.

Fumbling, she scraped up her robe and then made her way out into the hall and down the stairs. The living room light was on, so what the fuck was up? Had to be a fuse, right?

The webmaster smiled. The small TV in the twins' room had a memory chip and it was programmable. In a matter of six minutes, that chip had been sent a signal...a signal sent by the webmaster through its cable line, that caused it to fry. A short circuit that had led to the tripping of the upstairs electrical breaker. Nothing seriously damaged but the TV set. And it would be an excellent precursor to getting the family out of their house and into the one he would have ready for them the following week.

"Terrible...electrical is not up to code...it's bad...dangerous even...military will not allow you to live in substandard housing that could endanger your precious civilian lives," the webmaster rattled off and followed it with a devious laugh. "Spec-fucking-tacular!"

Donna noticed light coming from under the basement door before she opened it. *I don't remember leaving that on...I never leave the fucking light on down there!* The idea that it was on creeped her out a bit. Quietly she opened the closet that was across the hall...in the edge of the kitchen. There was a baseball bat in it...kept there just for these situations.

With careful movements, she opened the basement door and stepped down onto the first step of the stairs...then froze in her tracks.

"Fuck me...she's so fat," her daughter said from the sink at the bottom of the stairs. "Well so much for that thrill ride...so much for knowing what big tits feel like."

The sight of her daughter standing topless with what was obviously one of *her* oversized bras on...seemed almost humorous. She wanted to laugh, but figured that would

embarrass her beyond repair. With good intentions, she started to turn and slip back out of the basement, but she spotted the two huge white water balloons inflated and sitting in the sink basin.

Holee shit...she was really into that scam, wasn't she?

Her daughter had busted her doing naughty business earlier, so maybe this was her chance to bust her back. Maybe get a little leverage on her or something equally good.

To be continued in serial format...