

# 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 1**

*“The internet isn’t evil...no more so than is money and power. It is not the element that is malevolent, but the men and women who wield it without moral conscience.” – O.Maddox 2012*

The house shook violently just as a tremendous wave of shaking rattled everything within it. Donna jumped, and for a brief second her heart skipped a beat.

“Dammit...wish they’d warn us when they’re gonna practice bombing runs!” she grumbled loudly and with an angry tone as she stepped to the window and gazed out toward the air field in the distance.

She lived in barracks housing on an United States Navy air station in Florida. Her husband was a career Navy officer, and so in the near fifteen years she’d been married to him, she’d grown accustom to most features of living on base, but the sudden rumbling of explosions never ceased to scare the crap out of her. And even she realized and recognized what the noise and shake was, there was always a lingering worry that it wasn’t practice...that somehow...the base would be under attack. Images of Pearl Harbor always lingered in her mind. In the event of real war, the last place she wanted to be with her three children was on a military base...but her husband was what he was...and no amount of pleading would ever drag him out of the service. He loved it and wouldn’t go till they made him one day. And she knew with certainty, that day was growing closer and closer. In just a few more years, they’d likely force him to retire and she’d be all the more grateful for it.

Donna was tired of a military lifestyle...her husband gone more than he was at home. In fact, he'd been gone for three months now and she didn't even have a clue where he was or what he was doing. Paul was a Navy SEAL...and had been for nearly eight years now of his 16 years in the service. And it was uncommon for him to kiss her goodbye and tell her he'd call when he could...and then disappear for weeks and even months at a time without a call or letter. She lived in dread of a visit from the base Chaplain. One day the man's number was going to be up and she knew damn well the Chaplain would come calling. She hoped every day, he'd come home and decide to retire, but she knew that it wasn't likely to happen for another few years at least. Despite his age of 35, he was still a lively and vibrant man and a deadly SEAL. His men both feared and respected him and if that didn't say enough, he had a box of medals in his closet, most of which she didn't even know what for. He didn't talk much about his work or his missions. Once or twice she'd over-heard him mention "whacking" some guy, here or there, with his men during a barbecue or other social function, but for the most part, she knew nothing of his exploits.

Aside from his absence, Paul was a good man and a good father. Their kids adored him and despite the years of worry and fear, Donna knew that she still loved her husband and even if he never quit the Navy, she knew she'd be right by his side, come what may.

But she was still lonely and missed the comfort of a man on more than one night a week. Battery powered gizmos were good for manual stimulation, but they weren't much for cuddling afterwards...and good luck trying to get them to take the trash out. Men had a purpose and hers was gone and her needs went unfulfilled.

Standing at the bottom of the stairs, she gazed up the narrow flight and sighed. Her daughter, Jill...14 and a pain in the ass, was gone to the mall with her friends, and her twin sons, Edwin and Alvin, both 12, were out in the backyard milling around with some other kids from the neighborhood...but there was someone else upstairs that concerned her.

Joel, her nephew...or Paul's nephew, rather...had moved in with them a week or so back when his mother got orders to ship out on a carrier.

"Whole freaking family of Navy freaks," she grumbled under her breath as she shook her head from side to side. It was one thing to have the men in a family serving, but somehow it just wasn't right that Paul's sister was in as well. And it had took a toll early on. Connie's husband, David, had only been with her for two years before filing for divorce, getting out of the Navy, and hauling his worthless ass...leaving his ex-wife with a two year old baby to care for on her own.

Things hadn't been too bad, as Connie worked in a branch of the Navy aviation section that maintained fighter jets, so for the whole of fifteen years, she'd been right here on this very air base working in an air-conditioned bunker. But with the war in Iraq running into its fifth year, it was getting too costly to bring aircraft home for refits, and so the Navy had begun sending technicians overseas to the various combat bases and ships in the Iraq theater. Connie had drawn short straw and been shipped out on a carrier about six days earlier...leaving Joel, now 15, with Donna.

"Like I don't have enough chaos to deal with," she muttered as she climbed the stairs and glared at the myriad of family photos along the wall that bore images of her three children.

It wasn't that she didn't like Joel...he was a fairly decent kid and all, but he was 15...a full blown teenager...and he was living

in her house. It made her uncomfortable for some reason ...something that she couldn't quite put her finger on. Maybe it was just the fact that he was old enough to be sexual...or maybe it was because he always watched her a little too much....or maybe it was a little of both. She just didn't like having him in the house and in the end it really didn't matter why. Mostly, it didn't matter because she was stuck with him. He had nowhere else to go and she couldn't just kick him out because he creeped her out. Nope, she was stuck like chuck.

Quietly she climbed the stairs to the second floor and then made her way down the confining little hallway to the bathroom door. The master bedroom had its own bathroom, and this one was for the kids, situated right down from their bedroom doors.

From inside, she could hear water running. It was the shower, and a good indication that Joel was in there. What he was actually doing was anybody's guess, but at least he wasn't in the bedroom...her sons' bedroom. She hadn't gone into it in days, dreading that she might somehow walk in on Joel doing something freaky. He seemed to stay in there all day and all night at times...glued to his laptop computer mostly.

*Probably surfing porn, I bet,* she imagined as she turned the bedroom door's knob and opened the latch to let herself in.

The room was empty, save the two beds and a cot that all but filled the tiny space up. What nooks and crannies remained available were piled with discarded clothing and comic books. She could barely get in the damn door without falling.

"Great...this...this is what I get for not coming in here for a fucking week...fantastic," she blurted aloud, not caring if anybody heard or not. "Boys...boys, boys," she repeated to herself before sighing and bending over to start the cleanup.

She was at it for about ten minutes, before she noticed Joel's laptop sitting on his cot. It was on obviously, as the screen saver was swishing back and forth across it. Curious, she leaned over and tapped the space bar to raise it from standby. When the screen changed to a regular desktop display, she immediately spied that the web browser was open.

"Hrmpf," she grunted when the browser opened up and displayed only an email site. A few clicks revealed most of the recent messages were from other boys he knew...asking about how he liked it at his Aunt's and whether he'd seen whatever new movie or comic...all in all, it was exceptionally boring stuff.

*Well it's not like he all that studly...maybe he doesn't have a girlfriend...or wow...maybe he's gay.* The idea wasn't that startling really. He was wiry and sort of mousey to say the least, but his voice sounded like a forty year old soulful black man. Nope, his voice definitely did not fit his body or appearance. And his crew-cut head didn't much help him out in looks.

*He looks like David...just thinner and shorter...and maybe gay-er,* she thought to herself as she fought the urge to snicker at her own lame humor.

Ever the more curious now, she decided to poke around in his favorites file. After a few peeks and file views, she noticed a file within a file that was named, "Moms."

*That's an odd name for a file,* she thought. *Maybe it's Connie's file.* The idea held merit, but being the snopy bitch that she was, she clicked on it just the same. Even if it was Connie's...it might be interesting stuff.

The listing of links that dropped down though were anything but Connie's. With names like "MILF Heaven" and "Hot Older Bitches"...it was all too obvious the file was certainly not his mother's.

“Mmm-hmm, I knew it,” she whispered to herself as she sat down on the edge of the cot and proceeded to export the favorites file so that she could email it to herself. “We’ll just see what he’s been looking at later tonight,” she added as she triumphantly clicked the enter key to send the file. But her curiosity couldn’t wait that long. She perused porn sites herself, but mostly late at night after the kids were in bed. Her original intention had been to wait to look at his bookmarked sites, but here she was with a browser open...and the room to herself.

Glancing up at the door and straining her ears, she tried to listen for the sound of the water running. To her delight, she could certainly hear it still going strong. Deviously, she moused over to one of the links and clicked it...immediately pulling up a site dedicated to frumpy and fat middle-aged women.

“Holee shit, Joel,” she blurted a bit louder than she intended to. The women were some seriously nasty bitches too. Saggy tits and cellulite, splayed out for anyone with a computer to see. It was crude and lewd to say the least. “Holee crap, the boy wanks off to nasty old women.” The fact was all but certain, but it still caught her off guard. She’d expected to find men more than older women. “Well at least you’re not gay I guess,” she announced as if he could hear her.

Standing up, she reactivated his screensaver and then gathered up her basket of dirty clothes and headed for the hallway. As she stepped out into the corridor, she noticed her reflection in the long mirror that was mounted to the outside of the bathroom door.

It had been originally mounted on the inside, but she’d gotten tired of her daughter spending hours in the bathroom holding up everyone’s toiletries. So she’d taken a screwdriver to the damn thing and remounted it on the hall side of the door.

Rather odd looking, but it kept the twins and her from fighting quite as much.

Eyeing herself in the mirror, though, she realized at thirty three, she was beginning to look like the women on Joel's website selection. Sure, she'd been a hottie back in the day when Paul had met her...but since they'd been married, she'd been slowly creeping downhill toward frumpy.

She'd met him at 17...and she'd been a size zero...five foot two and barely a hundred and five pounds...but with a buoyant little C-cup rack.

"Those were the days," she said with a quiet sigh as she looked down at her reflected torso. Having Jill had been the real start of things...one year into marriage, she'd gotten pregnant and had her daughter. It hadn't been too bad. She was nineteen at the time, and dropping the weight afterwards had been pretty easy, but she'd never gotten back down into a zero...not even close. Hell, she could still recall trying to stuff herself into a size six...and having to suck it in till she turned blue in the face. She'd continued to fight with things until she realized that Paul really didn't seem to mind that she'd curved out. Her tits were D's by that point and she knew he was a tit man from way back. So a year after Jill was born, she'd just stopped trying to squirm back into her pre-pregnancy clothes. It was a pipe dream anyway.

A year after that, she'd shown up pregnant again...but this time it was with twins. Oh hell, but she'd been miserable. By her third trimester, her belly had been the size of a beachball and her tits, so swollen and bloated, that they ached constantly from the pressure.

After delivering, her stomach had never been right. Twelve years later, it was still saggy and droopy, permanently stretched out of whack from her twin sons occupying it for nine months.



And her belly wasn't they only thing left out of shape. Her breasts had blown up to E-cups by the end, and even now, she had to wear a DD bra to sack them up. They weren't all that saggy now...since she'd put on weight, but right after the boys had been born, she'd looked like she had deflated tube tits. Once she stopped nursing, they'd shriveled up like old sponges. And her belly had been a mass of jiggly, loose skin that looked repulsive.

Luckily, Paul had been gone during that time and for once, she was glad. She hadn't wanted him to see her in that condition. But after three months, it became apparent that the stretched out skin wasn't going to retract much, so the only choice she had to fix the matter, was to fill it back out.

She certainly hadn't been the first or the last military wife to put on weight in the absence of her husband...and she'd hoped, at the time, Paul wouldn't be too upset. And to her disbelief, he hadn't been. In fact, when he stepped off the plane and gawked at her chest, she knew she'd had him.

Her intentional gain though, had left her in a size 16 and weighing about a 180 pounds. At five two, that was pretty chunky, she'd thought. But twelve years later, she found herself standing in front of the mirror in the hallway gazing at herself and wondering how in the fuck she'd managed her way into a size 22? Not that her husband complained...as along with her two hundred and ten pound frame came a pair of solid E-cups that draped down to just above her navel when she was naked. And lucky for that, as they covered her flabby potbelly. But when she was dressed, as she was now, with her tits hiked high into her bra, it left her fat gut showing.

She'd taken to wearing high waisted jeans to cinch it up and pull it in, but over the years, the once round stomach had begun to bear a deep crease along her belly button so that she now

had a roll of fat that crawled over the top of her pants and roll below and within that also did its best to bulge out and announce to the world that she was a fat cow.

*Holee fucking shit...I look like the bitches on Joel's fucking little porn site...awesome...no wonder he watches me so much...I'm probably like a walking wet dream for his weird ass.*

It was then that she finally realized what it was about Joel that she didn't like. The boy obviously looked at her as a sexual object...a hottie...some bitch he'd like to dick. And as odd as it seemed, it wasn't all that far-fetched. She wasn't a blood relation, having merely married the boy's uncle. So any inhibitions that would have normally been present, apparently were not.

Unintentionally, she found herself wondering if he in the shower jerking off...thinking about her. It began as a thought of disgust, but somehow, after she'd dwelled on the idea for a few moments, it didn't seem to gross her out as badly as she thought it should have.

*Well it's not like we're blood kin, for crying out loud,* she complained to herself in an effort to explain away her brief moment of depravity.

*Like you'd ever do anything about it...he's a total geek and also you're married, if you recall,* she added, further jabbing at herself mentally over the matter. Her inner voice was right. In all the years she'd been apart from Paul, she'd had more than one opportunity to get laid, and every time, she'd backed out of it before committing adultery. It just wasn't in her nature to cheat on her husband.

But still, her curiosity was getting the better of her. The boy had been in the shower for at least thirty minutes now and she was pretty certain he wasn't in there getting clean. In fact, probably just the opposite. Probably he was in there jerking off

all over her bathroom...the bathroom she was going to have to clean later, and she didn't take too lightly to that.

"Hrmp!" she grunted. *Maybe I should knock and at least startle him a little...let him know I know he's been in there forever and a day. Maybe I should even be direct...tell him to quite jerking it and get out of there.*

"No," she sighed. It was her nephew...not her own son, and she didn't want to give the boy a complex over it. All boys did it and she knew eventually her own two morons would be at it as well. "Great...three dicks shooting off and none for me," she groaned under her breath...then squinted her face when she realized how nasty that had truly sounded. "Shoot me...fuck!"

Approaching the door and mirror, she lightly rapped on it with her right hand, but no response came back.

"Joel?" she called out to him, but again, received no response. "Well shit...did he just wander off and leave the damn water running?"

Without giving it much thought, she reached for the knob and opened the door, instantly catching site of the boy in the shower on the right side of the tiny bathroom. She could see him reflected in the mirror behind the sink.

He had the shower curtain pulled forward to stop the mist and water from getting out, but it wasn't pulled back to the rear at all, and so she could plainly see his naked ass sticking out from the edge of it.

She started to just pull the door back closed and pretend it never happened, but she noticed him taking a step back at the last moment before she moved. And a flash of flesh caught her by total surprise...such surprise, that she hesitated in shutting the door, and instead closed it enough to conceal herself, but still allow her to look in on him.

*Not fucking possible*, she commented to herself mentally as she continued to strain her eyes in an attempt to see Joel's junk once more. *Well if that wasn't his dick, then what the fuck was it?* The question sort of hung in the air above her head... dropping down to tap her every few seconds as she gawked unashamedly at her nephew. *I'm deprived and perverted.* That concept wasn't anything new for her to admit. She fully realized she was a horny dog of a woman most of the time, and this moment was certainly no exception.

*C'mon...back up again, dammit!*

And as if on cue, the boy backed up in the shower, soap in hair and eyes clenched tightly. As his hands worked his short cut head fuzz into a lather, down below, between his legs, their quick and scrubbing movements caused his penis and balls to wave back and forth between his wiry thighs.

"HOLEE SHIT!" Donna mouthed the words in shock, but no sound emerged from her lips. *What the fuck---?!?*

It became suddenly apparent to her why Connie had put up with David for two years...why she'd married him in the first place. The man had been a total pompous asshole and horrible Navy man...a total loser from the very beginning and no one had liked him. And yet, still, she'd latched on to him and refused to let go until he'd absolutely up and left her. Judging from the wagging tail between Joel's legs, it finally became apparent to Donna just what Connie had seen in David.

*Wow...it all finally makes a little sense*, she thought. As big as Joel was, she could perversely imagine how big his father must have been. And speaking of which...was he really that big, or was it just because he was so damn skinny, that his dick just *looked* big in comparison?

*Nah...it's big alright...damn, she thought to herself as she continued to spy on him. That's gotta be as long as my hand...fuck, it's hanging halfway to his knee...look at it!*

And indeed it was. Not that he was all that tall, but his penis certainly swung past the half-way point. Limp, he was practically as big as her husband was hard. And the kicker for the matter, was that it wasn't just long...but it was fat as well. Uncut and plump like an overfilled sausage, dangling side to side over the front of two not-so-small testicles.

*Oh my ever-loving word, woman...look at his balls!* They hung down half the distance of his dick length. It looked like he had two golf balls in a wet ankle sock, dangling behind his cock.

She couldn't ever remember seeing a sack of nuts that big before in her entire life, and that included shit she'd seen on the internet. Big dicks were one thing...but a big bag of balls was something altogether different. Absently, she found herself wondering how much cum he could shoot in a single load.

*Donna! You're a pervert! Quit spying on him and shut the fucking door...damn, woman!* Her inner voice scolded her, but her hands never made an effort to close the door.

By this point, he'd finished washing his scruffy hair and had stepped forward to rinse it under the shower's flow.

*Dammit...he's done anyway...fix'in to get out...just shut the door woman!* Again the naggy little voice in her head urged her to close the door and walk away, but she just couldn't bring herself to do it.

All at once, Joel stepped back into view again, and this time his hands weren't scrubbing his head...they were fondling his genitals. One hand cupped up his ball sack and the other hand slapped his cock against his thigh like a wet towel...and he continued to pop it against his leg until it began to swell and harden.

Donna couldn't help herself. Watching him slap his big, fat cock like a whip was more than she could resist. Impulsively she began to sweat and her hands found their way up to her breasts, tightly cinched in her small bra. Her E-cups were suddenly sprouting erect nipples that she subconsciously knew were probably visible poking through her t-shirt. Her hands played around for a moment and then locked on to her nipples and indeed, they were bulging against the fabric with all their might.

*Oh yeah, slap that fat bitch,* she purred in her head as the boy continued to pop his dick.

Finally he stopped when his penis was a good three quarters erect. Backing up further, he put his back to the rear wall of the shower and pressed himself against it. With his slapping hand, he began to pump on his cock like a well oiled machine...and the three quarters quickly became a full erection that Donna guessed had to be nine inches long if not longer. Against his scrawny frame, it looked all the more massive. She wondered how he managed to grip his hand all the way around it.

*Fuck...it's got to be six inches in circumference!* A guess based on knowing her husband's was four and a half around. The length was awesome, but she marveled at his girth...so fat and thick...it looked like it was as big around as the wrist he was using to pump it with.

*Cum, motherfucker...shoot it off!* She simply wasn't going to deny she was getting off at this point...to do so would have been a complete and ridiculous lie. She was dying to see how much cum he could shoot, and she damn well intended to remain watching until he popped a load off.

Over the rush of the shower, she thought she heard him gasp...and then she absolutely heard him moan and then she

noticed his arm beating faster with a sudden urgency while his other hand squeezed on his balls reflexively.

*Please cum...please do it...c'mon...cum for Aunt Donna!* She'd no sooner thought the sentence than she regretted it, knowing exactly how perverse and twisted it was. It was bad enough that she was spying on him...and even worse that she was getting off watching him jerking it. For a second or so she was almost ashamed enough to close the door, but then her eyes bulged out her head as he released a voluminous volley of semen that leapt out at least a foot in front of him.

*Oh fuck he's cumming...he's shooting it off!*

Joel moaned again and squeezed his nuts hard while simultaneously pumping off two long shots of cum, both erupting suddenly and flying out across the shower out of sight beyond the curtain.

*Oh fuck! OH FUCK!! He shot cum clean to the front of the fucking shower...holee fucking shit!!* She couldn't believe he could project that far. Paul barely ever managed to shoot it on her if he was standing directly above her...something he did quite often. The man loved to jerk off on her titties. But in comparison, her husband's semen showers were puny and insignificant. Joel was firing off more in one spurt than her husband could provide in two fuckings put together.

The boy groaned again and fired off two more squirts before releasing his dick and standing up and away from the wall. He continued to massage his balls though as he stepped forward in the enclosure...milking them, it appeared...semen oozing in great gobs from the tip of his bulbous head and foreskin.

Paul was circumcised, as were both her boys...and to Donna, Joel's cock looked like a horse dick...some kind of animal

appendage...both disgustingly huge...and horribly erotic at the same time.

She watched in awe as he slapped his limp dick against his leg to beat the rest of his cum load out. Several spurts of cream ejected from his shaft and splattered out of the shower onto the bath rug beside it.

*Nasty motherfucker...just sling your cum wherever, huh?* It pissed her off...and yet turned her on at the same time. She imagined him slapping her face with it, slinging his goo off on her mouth and cheeks...then forcing it into her mouth and making her suck it...the salty taste of cum in her mouth...the scent of her own pussy wafting off of it into her nose.

*Oh stop it, fuck...you're gonna cum on yourself!* As soon as she thought it, she realized it was true...and nearly already there. She been apparently rubbing her pussy the whole time and didn't even realize it. She knew she'd been playing with her tits, but when her hands had abandoned them for her crotch, she had no idea.

*Maybe you'd know if you hadn't been so busy watching your nephew spank off!* The voice in her head scolded her again, but by this point she just didn't give a shit what it said.

Joel was turning off the shower and she realized she needed to shut the door quickly before he noticed her watching him in the mirror. Gently she pulled the door to and stepped down the hall towards her bedroom door.

"Fuck, I'm so horny...fuck...dying here," she whispered to herself as she stepped faster toward her door. At some point, she realized she was panting.

**SLAM!**

As soon as she was inside her bedroom with the door shut, she collapsed atop her bed on her back and had her pants down



in seconds...her hand in her nightstand drawer grasping desperately for her vibrator.

BUZZ!

“Ohhh fuck me,” she cut loose with the charged exclamation before realizing how loud she was being or that Joel could probably hear her. “Shit!” she blurted and bit down on her bottom lip to keep from shouting further. She was so near orgasm that she could taste it...just a minute more and she’d get the bitch...and probably wet her pants down. Sadly she hadn’t even bothered to pull them off...just unsnapped, unzipped and pushed them down far enough to jab her dildo where it needed to be...so if she shot off hard, she was going to soak the bed and her underwear.

“Big, fat, nasty cock...dirty, dirty little bastard...cum so much...cum so much!” She was talking out loud again and just couldn’t help herself. A good, hard orgasm was something she seldom ever got...but she could feel it building and it was gonna be something epic, she knew, when it finally blew.

In her mind, she imagined walking into the bathroom and jerking the curtain back on the shower, surprising Joel...

“Stop wasting all that cum, you little freak...Aunt Donna’s got titties for that,” she’d say before ripping her blouse buttons off and spilling her E-cup tits for him. And he’d be on her like white on rice...and she’d spit on her titties and then rub them up and down on his fat horse cock till balls exploded in her face and his cum covered her.

“AAaaahhhh, cum on me you fat dicked little bastard, cum on Aunt Donna, yeah...yeah baby...yes,” she crooned as she finally erupted and her feminine juice sprayed out onto the bed beneath her as well as her inner thighs.

She was in ecstasy...sheer bliss of sexual stimulation...she was still cumming. Despite the wetness she’d already expelled,

she could feel the swelling of another orgasm. "Oh fuck...oh fuck," she gasped loudly.

Just then, a knock on the door startled her.

"Oh fuck, not now," she moaned before she could bite her lip. *Oh shit...oh shit...it's him...it's Joel...he probably heard you in here cat-calling like a cheap whore!* She was too close to another sensuous orgasm to stop though...or to consider the consequences of what was happening. *Do it! Tell him to come in...fuck him! Fuck that fat fucking cock, Donna...tell him to come in! You know he'll do it...you saw the shit on his computer!*

She couldn't resist...the thought of him barging into her room wearing nothing and climbing onto her bed and fucking her was a savage and insanely salacious act. Adulterous and even worse! But she was already cumming again and it was more than she could resist.

"Come in...oh fuck...come in!" she called out to him.

When the door opened though, it wasn't Joel standing in the opening...but two sons, Edwin and Alvin...both naked and both with dangling, giant sized dicks. They rushed into the room and jumped onto her bed and she grabbed their cocks and began to jerk them off on herself...

BUZZ!

She erupted again and her vagina literally pushed the vibrator out of her and it rolled down between her legs, it's buzzing muffled by the blanket and her thigh.

She sat up and looked at her door. It was closed.

She was trembling...her masturbation had been so intense that her entire body was now weak. Gazing downward, she realized the entire top of the bed was wet between her legs, including her panties and jeans. With one hand, she reached and clicked the dildo off to hush its buzzing noise.

*Oh that was sick...that was just nasty*, she admitted to herself as she swung her legs off the side of the bed and kicked at her jeans and panties to get them off. Never in her life had she ever thought of her twin boys as anything other than pests and idiots. To imagine them barging in and gang-banging her, was beyond grotesque, but yet she'd done it. Somehow her obsession with Joel had rolled into Ed and Al. *Why one giant dick when you could have two...or three?* She quickly stomped that thought down and attempted to deny it ever existed. She felt guilty and disgusted at herself for having thought about such a sick and fucked up thing, but despite that, it had been the hottest self-oriented orgasm she'd ever had. She knew she'd cum at least twice...maybe more even. She glanced at the bed beside her and decided it had certainly been more than twice without doubt...just judging from the horrendous wet spot on the mattress.

Standing up, her legs quivering, she made her way towards her bathroom, all the while, fighting to unbutton her blouse. By the time she reached the open doorway, she was pulling her brassiere off and tossing it to the four winds. By the time she reached her shower, she was completely naked. With a twist of her right hand, she set the shower head running. She'd learned a long time back not to climb in immediately, so she stood for a few moments while she waited for the water to heat up.

While she stood there though, she found herself staring at her own reflection in the mirror that hung behind the sink across from the shower. Her private bathroom was much like the kids' in design and layout. Her mirror was exactly like the one in the other bathroom. Curiously she glanced from it to the open door, and again confronted the fact that she'd been peeping on her nephew.

*Oh man, I'm such a nasty pervert...I can't believe I just stood there and spied on him while he was taking a shower.* But watching him wasn't the worst of it...oh, but no! Sighing, she turned her head where she could no longer see her own reflection.

*I got off on it...and...and I really got off on his big dick.* She'd never really been a size queen. Of course she'd never really had an opportunity to even see a guy with a dick that big in real life. Most of the trash she looked at on the internet were usually altered photos...morphed...or whatever they called it. Dudes didn't really have penises that size...and who'd fuck one that big anyway, right?

*Apparently I would.* The answer was self-evident, but it still didn't sit well with her. She'd always disregarded photos of big dicks because she didn't think they were real...and most probably weren't. But now here...in her own house...was the real deal...a gigantic fucking piece of man meat. The sick thing about it was that it was attached to her scrawny ass nephew and even if she'd *wanted* to get a piece of it...it was out of the question, and least of all because of his age. Were her husband ever to find out, it wouldn't be pretty...and then there was his mother to think about as well.

Oddly, she thought about Connie and David again. Had the man really had a big dick? Was that really what had kept Connie, a career military woman up the man's ass until he left her? Could her sister-in-law really be a size queen? And if she was in fact a lover of the huge...just how was she dealing with her son and his big slapping cock? Living alone with him?

It was about that point that she realized another fact. In all the years since David had left her...since her divorce had been finalized...not once...had she known of Connie to have a steady boyfriend of any nature. She'd just assumed she'd never quite

gotten over David or maybe she'd just given up on men and stopped trying...maybe focused on her career and raising her son. But could there be more to it?

Could Connie have been...well...intimate with her own son? The idea was all that far out there. Obviously Joel had a MILF fetish of some nature and degree, or at least the contents of his laptop seemed to plead the fact for true. So could it be possible that his fascination with older women was a learned trait?

Donna gazed into the now foggy mirror and scanned the curves of her own fat body. E-cups draped down across the front of her round belly. She reached and pulled them back so she could fully see her belly and then she played her fingers along the intention that ran horizontal along her belly button. The rift was getting deeper as she got older, saggier, and fatter. Another few pounds...another year or so...and her navel would probably disappear entirely into the growing fat rolls that made up her belly.

She was getting less and less hot by the day. One day soon if not already, she realized she wasn't going to have the option of being looked at as a sexual object. Some women made it into their forties, still lusted for...but not her. Nope. The twins had done her the fuck in, no doubt about that shit. She was still shocked that Paul even wanted to fuck her. But apparently as long as she had big tits, he was all for it.

Smirking, she hefted her massive tits and held them up, her arms crossed beneath them. Slowly they oozed forward and draped over her forearms. If the bitches got any bigger she was not going to be able to find a brassiere to contain them. *Not that Paul would care any!* No, he wouldn't mind at all.

But now...after having seen Joel naked and beating off, her husband just didn't seem to be so attractive to her as he had before and that disturbed her. Out of all the fucking nasty

porno she'd seen and watched on the internet over the last few years, nothing at all had ever made her less attracted to her husband. In fact, most of it had actually riled her up and made her lust for him to be home and fucking her all that much more.

But Joel wasn't pornography. Joel was real and Joel was right on the other side of the wall from this very room. And Joel's cock wasn't morphed or videoed from a weird angle to make it look bigger. It was just fucking huge.

Stepping into the shower, she found herself wondering about Connie again. How insane it must be to live in the same house with that boy! *And you know she knows how big his fucking dick is, dammit!* It would have been impossible not to, right? So Connie damned well was aware of her son's size.

Donna imagined herself in her sister-in-law's position. No husband to worry about...no other children in the house. Just her and Joel and his fat cock. She wondered if she'd be able to resist the urge to take advantage of it. She was scared to think about it too much, because she knew subconsciously what the answer was...and it was no...no she could never resist that temptation. But then again, Joel wasn't her son. Maybe it would be different if he was.

Unintentionally she drifted back to her orgasmic fantasy and realized once more how much she'd gotten off on imagining her own son's tag-teaming her.

*What if they did have big dicks like Joel?* The question simply hung in the fog of the shower for a moment before she considered it further. *Would I mess with them?* Again, the new question, like the first, hung unanswered.

She thought about how often her husband was gone...hell, half the time she didn't even know where he was or what he was doing. And if she'd had two horny boys in the house with big slapping cocks...that thought she was hot...well...

Obviously being Joel's mother didn't make much difference if she put it into her own personal context. Returning to her original question, she realized that if she were in fact, Connie...then she'd have no qualms whatsoever climbing on top of him. And admittedly, she'd probably have no trouble opening the bedroom door and letting her own twin sons double-dick her if they too, happened to have massive schlongs.

As the hot water sprayed across her torso, heating up her pendulous udders, her mind suddenly dredged up another question that she wasn't expecting.

*How the fuck do I know that they don't have big dicks?* It was a reasonable question. They'd been taking care of themselves for years now...and she'd really had no reason to ever see them naked. And as she thought about, she couldn't remember the last time she'd actually seen one of them naked. Certainly it'd been at least a few years. Of course Paul wasn't hung worth shit...so the likelihood of them inheriting a long dong wasn't really all that high. But then again, she really didn't know if Joel's father had been hung either. And if Joel's dick didn't come from David...then it had to have come from Connie's side of the family...which meant Paul's side as well.

*Could Paul have just missed getting such a genetic gift...but maybe passed it on?* It was possible...but it wasn't likely. David being the super dick seemed much more feasible. But still, somehow, for some sick reason, she was now curious as to how big her own twin sons' were.

*Oh, maybe I shouldn't bother finding out...I mean it's liable to just tempt me if they are. Maybe it's better to just not know.*

And in truth, knowing might indeed, tempt her beyond her ability to resist. She was already finding it difficult not to think about Joel.

As she continued to shower, she began to fantasize about various scenarios in which she might promote a sexual foray with him. Maybe she could just walk in on him when he was beating off again...or...or maybe she'd confront him about the porn on his laptop...then open her own clothing and reveal herself to him and demand to know if he found her attractive like the fat bitches on his computer.

Of course, her fantasies took a bit of a darker twist. Perhaps she could confront him about the porn and threaten to rat him out to his mother or to Paul...if he didn't satisfy her own sexual needs. Or maybe she'd just walk in on him the next time he was jerking it and just kneel down and suck his fat cock off and swallow. What man could say no to that?

"Oh fuck I would suck that fat cock," she gasped out loud and then immediately realized she was fingering her clitoris roughly and rapidly. Talking out loud always made her horny. It got her off, but it was so hard to do when you had to hold your voice down for fear of waking the kids or disturbing the neighbors. When Paul was home, they'd often take little trips out into the woods near the base, just to get out of the house and away from the kids...and they'd fuck...loud and nasty, right out in the fucking open on the side of a dirt road. Once or twice, a car had sped past them...and Paul...typical Navy SEAL that he was, just didn't much give a fuck. He'd always just keep pumping her and wave at whoever went by honking. You could not embarrass the man even if you'd wanted to.

Those fuck sessions were her favorite. Secretly she'd always been turned on by being watched...even gawked at. She'd often considered asking Paul about having a third person watch their sex, but was always too afraid that he'd balk at the idea and think of her as a slut. She'd also entertained the idea of two men at once on more than a few occasions...and maybe



that was the key to her fantasy from earlier with the twins. Maybe deep down, she craved the chance to have a set of dicks going at her.

Thinking about that gave birth to a new fantasy. In it, she imagined Paul humping on the bed while her two sons...both gigantically endowed, stood one to either side of them, jerking off on her tits...or...maybe she was jerking them off...a hand on each of their hard cocks, while her husband put the balls to her. But the fantasy wasn't good enough...and so it changed and instead of it being Paul...it was Joel who was fucking her and perhaps her daughter was watching. Yes...skinny, prissy, little bitch herself...Jill, the A-cup diva...watching from the door, spying on her as she took on all three boys.

Her fingers were no longer stimulating her clitoris, but had dove deeper into her wet pussy...two fingers...no three...cramming in and out of her opening.

*Oh fuck, I'm masturbating again...shit!*

She closed her eyes and leaned forward so she could penetrate herself more. One foot up on the edge of the tub gave her some more space...and then she had all four fingers burying deep inside her hole.

"Oh shit...oh shit...I want that big cock...I want it!" she blurted gutterishly and without much effort to curtail the volume of it. "I would suck it dry...suck all of'em...fuck all three of you little bastards...dick in every fucking hole!"

In her mind, her daughter moved from the door and was now behind Joel as he thrust between her spread legs atop the bed. And Jill was naked now, slithering up behind Joel, her hands snaking around his waist and pulling his droopy and dripping cock out of her gaping pussy...and as she watched, the girl began to jerk him off with both hands until gushes of white goo exploded out and down onto her wobbling and blubbery

belly...and at the same time, she pulled her sons' cocks closed and took turns licking and sucking on them, one to the other, back and forth, all the while jerking on them until they too, began to shoot off all over her...but their jizz went to her titties.

Moments earlier, still in the bathroom himself, Joel realized he'd forgotten to lock the door. It was pulled to, but wasn't quite latched. Just touching it, popped it right open. Oddly he knew he'd pushed it all the way closed...even heard it click and latch solidly. He knew Aunt Donna was home...and he'd also thought for a brief moment that he'd heard her calling him when he first got in the shower earlier, but then nothing...so he'd just assumed he'd been hearing things.

He pulled the door open and stuck his head out into the hallway. No Aunt Donna to be seen. It was weird, but maybe he just hadn't latched it good.

As he turned to shut the door back though, he realized from his vantage point that he could see the shower plain as day, reflected in the mirror above the sink.

*Oh shit...did she come in and I didn't know it? Did she see me jerking off??* Fear gripped him. Hopefully he was just being paranoid and stupid. But his Aunt didn't seem very pleased that he'd had to move in with them and on more than one occasion she'd made it more than plain that the house wasn't very big and that his presence made it even far more crowded. If she'd seen him...it might not good for him and if Uncle Paul happened to come home...well it might mean an ass beating for him. He liked his Uncle...but the man was just downright fucking scary and not somebody he wanted pissed off at him for jerking off in his shower.

Wrapping a towel around his waist, he opened the door again and looked out. Listening intently, he tried to see if he could hear his Aunt...but no sound was heard.

Quietly, he crept out of the bathroom and across the hall to his and the twins' room. As he gently reached to click the door knob, he heard something coming from the door down the hall...his Aunt's room. It sounded like her voice.

"Shit!" he blurted in a restrained whisper, but then before he could dart inside his room, he heard her voice again, and it sounded like a pained cry. "What the fuck?" He stopped dead still in the doorway and looked back down the hall towards her room. Again, he heard the ridiculously loud groan and gasp.

"Well fuck," he muttered and started walking towards her room door, completely forgetting that he had on nothing but a towel. Arriving at the door, he put his ear to it and strained to listen.

"Big, fat, nasty cock...dirty, dirty little bastard...cum so much...cum so much!" The voice was definitely Aunt Donna's, but he couldn't believe the words she was saying...or rather the words that she was just short of screaming.

*Little bastard?? Holee crap...is she fucking somebody?* The idea wasn't that absurd. She was a lonely military wife and Uncle Paul was gone off and on all the fucking time. Maybe... just maybe she had a boyfriend of some nature. Maybe... just maybe she'd forgotten he was there in the house with her.

"AAaaahhhh, cum on me you fat dicked little bastard, cum on Aunt Donna, yeah...yeah baby...yes," his Aunt blared again from within her bedroom.

*AUNT DONNA?!?* He was taken off guard by her latest outburst and for a second or so he wasn't sure if he'd heard her really say that or not.

Then he heard her moaning like a dying cow and what sounded like bucking sounds...the squeaking of her mattress in rapid succession, followed by more moaning and grunting ending up with a near shriek of ecstasy.

Then to his horror, he heard footsteps and he nearly bolted back for his room, but instantly realized the steps were heading away and not towards him. His heart pounding, he stepped back up to her door and listened intently till he heard the sound of her shower turning on.

There was obviously no talking going on now, and he began to wonder if she were alone or not. The longer he listened, the more evident it became that she was. And that meant she'd been masturbating? Not that he cared. The real question he had was why she'd blurted, "cum on Aunt Donna."

Had she really been snooping on him in the shower? Had she seen him jerking off? Did...did it maybe turn her on? Had she gone off to her own room to rub one out afterwards?

He didn't know the answer to any of his questions, but he did know one thing: He'd been dying to see *her* naked for years. The woman had the biggest titties he'd ever seen on a woman that wasn't four hundred pounds or black. For a middle-sized white woman, her boobs were without doubt...beyond the level of big...they were, in fact, gargantuan! Or at least they looked massive on her little short ass body.

Man, she was short. He was actually a little taller than her and he was only 15. Not like his own momma. Her ass was *still* taller than him. It made her seem all that more dominating to him. And he never really liked the fact that she was always the one in control. Sometimes *he* wanted to be the one doing whatever he wanted to. And sometimes, and especially since he'd moved in with his cousins, he'd fantasized about fucking his Aunt's fat ass.

And now...now he was standing in the hallway outside her room...and there were plenty of suggestive facts...maybe even what you'd called "facts"...to support the possibility that she was masturbating to him. And at this very moment she was in the shower...naked...completely naked.

He reached for his waist and cinched his towel knot a little extra tight and then went for the door knob. With easy and tiny movements, he turned the handle until it shifted and the pin rolled from its hole. Luckily the hinges didn't squeak, and the door slowly opened enough that he could peer inside.

With sneaky precision, he ran his head around the edge of the door and peered around it into the room and predominantly focused on the open bathroom door on the far side of the master suite. The other door was ajar and about half way open, but if she was in the shower, he doubted she could see him looking in unless she literally stepped into the gap in the doorway.

Quietly he stepped inside and immediately noticed the messed up bed. Atop it was a giant wet spot that looked like somebody had literally dumped a glass of water on it...and near the drenched zone, was a penis shaped vibrator about six inches long.

He knew he was playing with fire, but he couldn't resist the chance to peek in on her...and maybe see those fine ass titties for the once and only time. Any other day she might have her door locked...or the bathroom door might have been shut...or his cousins might have been home. This was a once in a lifetime chance, and if he didn't try to see those puppies, he was going to hate himself for the rest of his fucking life.

As he crept across the room, and edged his way up to the open bathroom door, he noticed that he could see the mirror above the sink...and it reflected the shower and tub enclosure

which lay beyond the door that opened inward. It was fucking perfect. He could see her in the shower and didn't even have to stick his head up to the doorframe itself. Just then though, his heart skipped several beats as he realized she wasn't actually *in* the shower, but was standing beside it, her head tilted downward. He could see her fully naked body though, from a side position. She was playing with her spectacular and massive tits...then she hefted them up, running her arms under them... and then they just rolled over the tops of her arms like billowing pillows of flesh. Dropping them, she pulled them back to her sides and played with her fat belly for a minute or so. And man, did she have a fat gut on her. If she'd pook it out, it would have looked like she was nine months pregnant. The only thing that saved her from looking that way anyway, was that she had a dent along the height of her belly button that separated her gut into two big fluffy rolls...and her stomach, despite being pretty round and buoyant, drooped low quite a ways. She had whitish little stripes all around her hips and along the sides of her belly ...signs of past stretch marks that were now fading. To his delight, she jiggled her belly and then let her gargantuan tits slide back forward.

Suddenly he realized his dick was rubbing against his towel, and looking down, it was instantly apparent that he was hard beneath it.

*Oh what I wouldn't give to walk in there and bend your fat ass over that counter and dip those big, fat tits down in that sink!* Looking at the sink, he realized her tits were so big they'd likely over-flow it if he tried. *Still like to fuck her from behind while we look in a mirror...so I can see myself doing her...and see her giant titties shaking.*

He looked down and his dick was nearly standing straight up, and as long as it was, his towel was just barely still draped over it.

*Crap, I gotta get out of here before she sees me...or before I have to cum all over her carpet!* He was about to back away just then, but as he watched, she stepped over into the shower and left the curtain open.

The hot water and steam poured over her nakedness...jets of water dribbling off the tips of her dangling jugs. It made him think of milk squirting from them...and it was hot...totally hot beyond any shit he'd ever watched in his life. His Aunt was a little fatty, but she was just so sexy to him. It was the tits...those gigantic fucking ass titties. He could bury his face in them and die happy.

He'd never really had big tits before. His mother barely had B-cups, and they were pretty droopy to say it nicely. And she was kind of hard all over...a lot like a dude. Sometimes she more or less reminded him of a man than a woman. She even looked a lot like Uncle Paul. How women could be so different was just beyond him. His own mother, hard and tight and bossy ...and then Ed and Al's mom here...short, soft and fat...the total opposite of his own mother.

Had Aunt Donna really been masturbating to him? She was obviously masturbating, that much was certain.

"You fat dicked bastard...cum on Aunt Donna," that's what he'd heard her saying at one point. *Fat dicked bastard?* Looking down at the appendage standing out from his hips, he realized she had to have been talking about him. He knew his dick was huge and it wouldn't have been the first time an older woman had wanted to have it for her own. And he knew now, with pretty much all certainty, that she'd been fantasizing about him while she piddled herself with her puny little dildo. And

judging from the bed, she was a hell of a squirter too. She'd drenched the mattress with her cum juice...drenched while thinking about him, apparently. But how did she know his dick was so big? Had she really been spying on him in the bathroom earlier? Had his mother told her something? Was that maybe why she didn't want him in the house? Was she afraid she was going to do something with him? Maybe he made her nervous. He'd done that to women before. He'd seen more than one nurse in his day with his pants down, and it never failed that they would blush and gasp when they saw his dick and balls. And then they'd gawk at it...but avoid getting near it like it was made of fire. It was as if women wanted it...but were afraid to touch it...as if once they did touch it, they might not ever be able to let go of it.

And it was all too obvious that his Aunt must have joined the ranks of the other women in his life that had seen his genitals. She would either be afraid of him...or she'd lust after him until she laid her hands around his balls. And judging from the scene on the bed and the shouting he'd heard her doing, he was leaning towards thinking her to be one of the ones his mother referred to as "horndogs"...dirty bitches who couldn't keep their hands off her son.

Suddenly he heard her muttering to herself and it startled him, and then to his further astonishment, she appeared to be fingering herself in the shower. No, not just fingering herself. From what he could tell, it looked like she was trying to shove her whole hand into her pussy.

*Damn! Is she one of those freak bitches...into fisting...or whatever it was called?* He'd seen bitches on the internet that could shove whole bowling pins into their pussies without so much as blinking. He wondered if she was one of those weird women with the unbreakable cunts? He'd have never



suspected, but the way she was getting nasty with her hand, he didn't think she'd have any trouble cramming his own cock into herself. Nope. She could definitely handle anything he could throw at her with no problem. Thinking about it, she had had three kids...and two were twins...that she carried full term, so her pussy was probably pretty well stretched out. Of course that was good in his particular case, as most women had tight little snatches that were almost impossible to fuck. He'd given up on girls entirely, a long time back. Most of them just couldn't take him no matter how bad they wanted to. Sadly he'd found he was more comfortable with older women and their worn out holes...at least he could move in them.

Without warning, his Aunt turned the water off and was stepping out of the tub...looking directly into the mirror...and subsequently at *him!*

Donna stepped out of the shower and glanced across the room at the mirror and instantly saw the reflection of her nephew in the mirror, just behind the door.

It startled her so bad that she screamed and rushed forward to slam the door shut, but as she pushed forward on it, she heard a thud and the boy grunted as if he'd fallen and she jerked the door back open out of fear that he might have killed himself.

"JOEL!?! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!" she bellowed at him from the doorway...but she didn't really need him to explain himself. It was far too obvious that he'd been peeping at her, and when she'd screamed, he'd tried to turn and run but had apparently lost his balance and sprawled out on the floor, going face-down into the carpet. "Turn around and look at me, mister!" she barked further at him.

Hesitantly he rolled over to face her, but as he moved, his erection popped into view, no longer covered by his towel, which had come loose during his tumble. He was all but naked, lying on his back on the floor before her. His dick wasn't lying down though, by any means. Its uncut length was standing upright like a fat flagpole, pointing directly at her...and his big ball sack draped down from its base so far that his testicles themselves, were resting on the carpet beneath his boney ass.

It was just then that she realized she was completely naked as well, and dripping with sweat on top of that. Her eyes met his and she knew exactly what he was thinking...even if she hadn't caught him in the middle of it.

"Joel," her voice was disturbingly calm. "I saw you watching me...you're in my bedroom...in...in nothing but a towel...not...not even that," she corrected herself as she realized he was mostly just sitting on it at this point. "I know why...okay...so don't bother with making up an excuse...just...just cover that thing up and get out of here."

He looked up at her and her titties looked even bigger from below. Of course her fat belly and legs did too...but that was okay. Everything on her was curvy and soft and jiggly. And she wasn't apparently mad. He'd just startled her...freaked her out, but she hadn't clubbed him with anything yet, so it hadn't apparently grossed her out that he was spying on her.

"Are you just gonna sit there with that dick pointing at me or are you gonna get up and get out of here before I club your ass with a lamp or something?"

She was attempting to be threatening, but her eyes were absolutely locked on his junk.

"Were you watching me in the shower earlier?" he asked without moving a muscle.

The question caught her off guard and she didn't know how to respond or even what to say. It was clear that she wasn't going to scold him and make him run away. This situation was far more complex than an Aunt catching a nephew peeping. And considering the look on his face, the boy already knew the answer to the question. Had he seen her? Fuck, for that matter had he maybe known she was there...put on a show for her?

"I...you...the door wasn't locked...and I looked in," she began but then found herself stuttering. "You were...y'know...you were jerking off...and...I...may have...sort of...watched for a few seconds."

His eyes suddenly opened a bit wider and his expression shifted somewhat into something she wasn't quite sure of...it was like a cross between "Ah!" and "Whoa!"...as if he'd known but wasn't quite sure until just now.

"I shouldn't have done that...alright...I hope I didn't embarrass you, but that doesn't give you the right to come snooping on me, okay," she attempted to move the feel of the situation back into something akin to aunt and nephew. "Get you towel and get on out of here...and if you don't tell anybody about what I did, I won't tell your Uncle Paul about catching you in here, okay?"

For a moment, she thought he was going to get up and go, but then, to her dismay, the hand that he moved didn't reach for his towel...but instead reached for his penis...that massive and uncut horse penis that bent upward, erect and hard...the same cock that pointed at her like a big, fat accusing finger.

"Joel...Joel, what the hell are you doing?" she asked with quivering lips as his hand wrapped around his dick and began to pull up and down on it. "Joel, stop that...stop it right now, mister!"

"No," his response was pointed and direct.

This wasn't a twisted fantasy...this was real. Joel was sprawled on the floor and jerking off to her. Her own nephew was beating off to her with his elephant cock.

*I'm not related to him except by marriage...it's not like it's incest!* Where had that thought come from? Who the hell instigated it? *Oh fuck...what am I thinking...am I considering doing something with him?!* But she knew it wasn't him. Joel was skinny and starting to be somewhat pimply and nerdy as he hit his teen years. He was no supermodel material by any means. No it wasn't "him" per say that she was considering. It was his dick...his oversized and ridiculous cock that she wanted. And those balls...those egg sized nuts of his...slapping the back of her ass...or maybe her chin...either would be good.

She remembered him squirting off so hard in the shower...all the cum he'd blown out. It was so hot to watch him...and now here he was doing it again...but up close...directly...and knowingly with her watching...and essentially he was doing it *for* her or *to* her. Either way was fine for her.

"Why did you watch me?" he asked and his face displayed a look of honest curiosity.

"I..." she started but her words failed. Gulping, she leaned against the doorframe and braced herself before trying again. "I didn't know you had such a big...*one*," too much emphasis on her last word...her eyes darting down to his dick. "I didn't mean to be a pervert...I just haven't ever...seen..." and she realized she was going to have to refer to his penis again. "Y'know...I haven't ever seen a *penis* that big before." Again, she put more emphasis on the word than she intended. "Are you just gonna sit there and beat off again?" she asked in desperation.

"You could shut the door," he stated with a nonchalant tone before he smirked with a dirty little grin.

“Maybe,” she blurted, but then realized she was losing the battle of wits with him. “Maybe I could...and...and maybe I should,” she added. “But then what you gonna jerk off to, huh?”

Her response wasn't what he expected. For a little bit there he really thought she was going to shoot him down...and for a second and a half, he really thought she might slam the door on him, but then she did a full 360. And before he could assess the situation properly, her right hand was rubbing her right titty...and then it was pulling on her nipple...tugging at it roughly...her left hand fidgeting with her thigh as she leaned up against the doorframe.

“So you just gonna stand there naked and let me do it?”

She wasn't sure what to say back to that. This was the first time in fifteen years that she'd even been in the same room with a naked man that wasn't her husband...let alone been letting him jerk off to her. It was exciting but it was also making her a bit queasy...and guilt was only drowned out by her overwhelming lust for the boy's swollen cock. But by this point she absolutely had to acknowledge the fact that this was foreplay...and that it was going to lead to sex. She could have stopped it moments ago...she could have slammed the door and yelled at him to get out...but she hadn't. She'd stood right there naked in front of him...and just watched him start to stroke it. She had no intention of stopping him. She'd been fantasizing about just this sort of thing for the last half hour...had masturbated thinking about it...not once but twice now.

She was going to fuck him and she knew she was going to. From the moment she spotted him in the shower, she knew she wanted him bad enough to cheat on her husband...bad enough to fuck her own fifteen year old, scrawny nephew. And by

“him,” she meant Joel’s dick. It was all about that fat, red, bloated fucking cock in all its nasty, uncut glory.

“You shoot cum like a fucking horse, you little freak,” she said with a loud and lusty voice. “I never seen so much cum in my life, boy.”

“You were watching for more than just a little while, huh?” he asked with the same dirty little smile he’d had moments before.

“I watched it all, you nasty little bastard,” she admitted with what appeared now to be an expression of total lust. “I watched you paint the wall with that shit...you cum clean ‘cross the fucking tub like you were pissing jizz.”

“I’m not a virgin,” he mentioned out of context for the conversation.

“I guessed by this point, yeah,” she agreed and stood upright in the doorway.

“So I guess you like watching little boys jerk off, huh, Aunt Donna?” His evil little smirk faded into something more lusty that made her somewhat nervous. “I heard you in here with your pathetic little toy over there. What’d you do...watch me and then run for your dildo?”

She snickered a bit and then sighed. “You’re lucky I didn’t charge into that bathroom and rape your boney ass right there on the spot.”

“So you like watching boys jerk off then right?”

She looked at him and arched one eyebrow, but didn’t respond.

“Say it...or I’m gonna get up and leave.”

“What?” She looked lost for a second.

“You heard me...admit it...say it or I’m out of here.”

“What? You want me to say I liked watching you jerk off?”

“No...say you like watching bad little boys beating off.”

She laughed nervously and added her left hand to her left tit...both udders now getting a fidgety workout.

"I prefer to *make* bad little boys beat off," she replied with a dirty and knowing look in her eye. "And I happen to know exactly what makes one bad little boy beat off."

"Oh?" he piped up with a grin.

"I snooped around on your computer while you were in the shower...and I saw all your fat MILF sites...all your little video files...I know exactly what makes your big, fat balls churn, little boy!" And with that said, she moved forward and stepped over him, one foot to either side of his hips.

She was literally standing over the top of him. Her belly looked fucking massive, and her gigantic quivering titties draped down...nay, practically poured over the top of it...the hard nipples about even with her belly button...what of it he could see between her two fat belly rolls.

Joel's eyes suddenly bugged out and he looked as if he'd seen a ghost...his hand even stopped jerking on his dick.

"Oh shit," he blurted.

"Oh please...you think I don't have a porn file stashed on my computer?" She assumed his shock was due to her revealing she'd seen his stash of filth.

Joel couldn't breathe for a second...but then he realized she hadn't said anything off base about his porn, so either she'd seen everything and didn't care...or she hadn't seen the bad stuff. He guessed she'd not found his super secret stash. He had it buried inside multiple files...in a directory unrelated to anything. For her to have found it would have been sheer luck on her part.

No, obviously she hadn't found it, so it was all good.

She squatted down and tapped her hairy pussy on the end of his erection and then stood up again. Leaning over, she

wiggled her shoulders to make her dangling udders dance for him.

“Are you a tit man like your Uncle Paul?” she asked as she continued to shake her jugs. Her breasts were hanging out away from her now and they revealed her fat belly...which also hung down and gyrated, quivering almost as much as her boobs.

With one hand he reached up and grabbed one of her titties, pulling hard at the ripe nipple till she quivered. She was still wet from the shower, but she could feel moisture rising in her crotch with every passing second.

“Do you wanna fuck me, Joel...you wanna fuck Aunt Donna?” Her expression extended the feel that her words weren't really forming a question...but more of a tease.

“So bad,” he muttered.

“Then you jerk it off...you jerk that thing off on me and if you can cover all my titties with cum, then I'll let you fuck my pussy, big man.”

For years he'd dreamed of cumming all over her massive udders and now...at long last, his aunt was actually demanding that he do so. He was living a wet dream.

She backed up and dropped down onto her knees on the carpet in front of him and then began to really work her tits.

“Cum on me baby...cum for me...come shoot your shit all over Aunt Donna's big, fat titties, baby,” she cooed to him.

With flustered movements, he sat up and then climbed up onto his feet. Now it was he who was standing over her. He stepped a bit closer and was about to start jerking again, but she hefted her tits and enveloped his shaft with them. And from there it was a bit of a blur as she began to titty-fuck him right there on the spot. The soft and supple flesh of her breasts were lubricated by her wetness from the shower...and every



few strokes, she lean her head forward and lick at the head of his dick and then spit down into the crevice between her boobs to lube his movements further. And then all at once, she bobbed her head for a lick, but didn't...instead, her mouth went down on the end of his penis and she pulled him into her, taking control of the tit sliding and combined it with oral sex.

*Oh shit his dick is so big...so big I could suck it and tit-fuck him at the same time...look at it...LOOK...AT...IT!* And she did. She looked and then when his bloated and bulbous cock knob appeared again from within her E-cups, she gobbled it up and began to suck him off while she continued to masturbate him with her tits. Somewhere along the way though, she dropped her jugs and her hands wrapped around his huge balls...one hand to each of his nuts...so big they filled her palms...the size and feel of peeled, boiled eggs. She tugged on them and almost instantly he erupted in her mouth. She tried to swallow the first load, but the second was too much and she gagged, pulling her mouth of him.

In a rush of movements, he grabbed his dick and started jerking it with both hands, forcing his ejaculations down onto her tits...spurt after spurt until when she looked down...she could see nothing but dripping, pouring cum...oozing down her red and slimy tits.

She slumped down on the backs of her calves and wiped at the cum that was dribbling from her mouth.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck, Joel...oh fuck," it sounded stupid, but it seemed to be all she could say. "Slap..." and she was panting... gasping..."slap my face with it...beat out your load on my face, you nasty little bastard."

He hefted his drooping dick...nearly nine inches in length still, and slapped her face with it...semen splattering.

"Ohhh," she moaned like she was in orgasm.

SLAP! He popped her again.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck,” she crooned and began to smear the semen on her tits all around like it was liquid gold. “Again!”

POP! POP! POP!

“Don’t stop,” she begged him with a reddened and jizz covered face. But he had to...because his dick was getting hard again. “Oh hell no,” she gasped when he slapped at her again and it just stood upright.

Lunging forward, she buried her face in his balls beneath his cock base. She was licking and sucking on them...her hand on his dick, working it...and then he flinched as she pressed a finger from her other hand up his ass.

“WHOA! What the---” but he gasped and shot off again as she pressed on his prostate gland from within.

She worked his dick, sucked on his balls and fucked his ass all at the same time...and the combined elements forced him to erupt like some kind of volcano. His semen exploded out from his dick and rained down on top of her in a hail of white drops and sticky goo.

With her face buried in his balls, she realized instantly when she’d hit his prostate. His testicles magically elevated and his sack cinched around them and his cock began to jerk spastically and repeatedly...and then came the downpour of warm sticky.

*Oh shit, how much can he cum?!* She intended to find out. This was probably a once in a lifetime event and she’d probably never be able to do such a filthy, vile act with him again...and so she was determined to get all she could get out of him.

He staggered back away from her...moving oddly, still probably shocked that she’d shoved her finger up his ass...or maybe shocked at how easily she’d made him cum again.

Joel backed up and stared at his Aunt...sitting on her legs before him with so much of his jizz on her that she looked like

somebody had dumped a few glasses of white paint on her head and tits. There was even cum all over the carpet around her. As he scanned the nearby area, he noticed some on the wall behind her...and even a glob on the nightstand off to her left by a few feet. How had he cum so much. How did she make him do that? He felt icky from her having her finger up his ass like that...but then he'd never cum so hard in his life either. He could hardly stand up...and his legs were quivering. His nuts actually ached and were tightly drawn up beneath his dick. They always hung down...even when it was fucking cold.

*Oh fuck...she's a freak...a total freak!* It was too late to pull out now, he realized. She'd had a taste...and she wasn't going to let go of him...ever! And part of him didn't want her to. Part of him wanted her to just do whatever to him...but his dick was drooping...down...shriveling up like a big, fat worm. It was still a good six inches in length...but it looked monstrous...bloated from so much rough play and so many repeated masturbations. And his balls, drawn up beneath it, were making it stick outward still. Looking down at it, he couldn't even see the tip anymore. His foreskin was so swollen and bloated that it had totally enveloped the tip of his dick.

"Did I do that?" she asked and then chortled a lusty and perverse laugh as she eyed his massively distended privates.

"Oh shit...oh shit," he muttered.

"I learned that from the internet," she asserted, as if to make small talk. "Press the prostate...makes you shoot off hard...or harder," adding a little emphasis to the last part.

"Oh," he muttered...still in shock.

"Aunt Donna is a freak, huh?"

"Little bit," he admitted with a forced half smile.

"Thought you was gonna be a big man and blow my mind with that thing, didn't you," she added with an arched brow as

she wiped semen off her face with both hands. “Bet you didn’t think I’d know what to do with it, did you?”

The boy said nothing, but just collapsed down on the side of her bed...still staring at her by the bathroom door as she climbed to her feet.

“I’m not done with you, little boy,” she added as she turned to go into the bathroom. “Don’t go anywhere.”

Across the room, in a hardly noticed air conditioning vent, a small camera saw everything that transpired within the room... and relayed it to a wireless modem in the living room downstairs, where it then traveled across the internet to an unknown destination.

The webmaster leaned back and smiled.

“And we have a winner.”

A few taps of the keyboard killed the feed to all the other multitude of monitors that filled the room, and with a few more clicks, a few of the blanked out displays lit up with various views of the rooms in the Mason’s house...including the master bathroom where Donna now showered again, washing the ridiculous amount of semen off of her.

“Outstanding.”

Finding participants in the game were not difficult. The webmaster had a search program that did most of the work. The program was not developed there though. As it were, there was a certain fellow who worked for the government who had a particular fetish for underage girls. It hadn’t been hard to find one...one that was addicted to meth...one that would do anything for money. And it hadn’t been that difficult to arrange for her to “meet” the government man...nor to get photos of him with her. And once he’d seen the images of himself with

her, he'd been all too happy to exchange the software the webmaster wanted for them.

What the software did was nothing short of extraordinary. It had been the prototype for a far more advanced system that was operated by an artificial intelligence with the express purpose of monitoring every single website, every single phone call, and every single email sent around the world. It would sort information, looking for keywords and phrases and using an endless supply of processors, it would review and analyze what content might be of interest to security personnel. After filtering through a myriad of algorithms, it would finally discern which pieces were truly of interest and then submit them to human agents who then looked at them and decided if they were truly important to national security.

The preliminary version of this software that the webmaster had was far less sophisticated and the webmaster had no capacity to provide the extensive network of processors to sort anything near that amount of data. But the webmaster did have a nice bat cave full of souped up systems that could operate the software if it was given a very narrow set of parameters.

The webmaster gave it simple instructions. Review emails and phone calls and to look for references to "momma" and then sexual terminology...mostly key phrases that would bypass the usual things like "motherfucker" and adlib phrases everyone used daily in conversation. It wasn't full proof, but about ten percent of its output ended up being what the webmaster looked for.

In the case of the Masons, the software had hit on an email from the boy to his mother a few days before. In it, he'd said a bit more than just that he missed her. After reading a few lines... and in between said lines, it became all too apparent that

something was going on behind the scenes with them. Nothing too extraordinary, but the webmaster added him to the watch list and had then made a phone call which requested the services of a certain exterminator. And this fellow, whom we'll call "Bob" apparently had a dirty little deed done with his step daughter at some point and the man didn't want his wife to know, or anybody for that matter. It was leverage for the webmaster, and so whenever a house needed to be wired, it was time to call Bob. Under the guise of exterminating, he'd enter the target home and then place micro-cameras throughout the residence. Delivering a zombie program to the home's computer was not a problem by any means...and with the flick of a keyboard button, the webmaster could see everything in the house via wireless cameras that had hyper-cell batteries capable of transmitting for weeks without servicing.

Over the last few years, Bob had gotten good at his job. So good that the webmaster had begun to actually pay him for his activities...and this had made Bob a very happy camper.

And now, deep in the bat cave, the webmaster would sit and watch people, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Sometimes the hunch about them turned out to be nothing and when their camera batteries went dead, they were no longer watched. But sometimes, things got nasty good. Sometimes they teetered on the brink of being nasty and needed to be nudged a bit to produce some juicy good stuff.

The Joel boy for instance. Never in a million years, had the webmaster thought of getting a line on a dick that size. The boy was a total freak show...a porn actor in the making. At fifteen, he was already packing like nearly ten inches of cock and balls of equally ridiculous proportions. Unfortunately the boy hadn't been noticed until his mother was out of the picture. Scrambling, the webmaster had Bob bid on the base housing

contract for extermination...and with a bit of digital help, he'd landed the deal almost overnight. Within four days of discovery, the Mason's home had been wired and ready.

But no one could have foreseen what played out this particular afternoon. Apparently the Aunt was a total slut and superfreak...and she'd been spying on the boy while he was jerking off in the shower. It was spectacular footage and was sure to garner some new customers for the Eyeland. But it hadn't stopped there. It wasn't unusual to snag footage of family members spying on one another...even jerking off to one another in hiding...but when they just got busy with it...and in such a nasty way and with such a huge hogging hotdog thrown into the mix...well...it was video gold!

When this went up, the webmaster knew the freaks would be beating down the door to the Eyeland site...and the money would be pouring in. Nothing else on the other monitors came close to this. The webmaster had hit the proverbial jackpot.

And it wasn't just with the fat aunt and the boy. There were two other boys...her own sons...twins...and the skinny daughter...all of them living under the same roof in such a small house. And the woman didn't work...she was a military wife. Stay-at-home mother type...no doubt sexually frustrated by the continued absence of her husband. And now she was living in a house full of dicks...one of which was horrendous in size and stamina. There would be no need to insinuate any nudging in this household. The tension had already broken liked a busted dam...and the waters of perversion were flooding in.

As the webmaster eyed the fat woman showering, a sudden thought occurred. Previous viewing of the bathroom camera had revealed the two sons weren't packing much in the penis arena...but...could that be changed?

“Click here to enlarge your penis!” The webmaster snickered and rolled over to another terminal. “I need to talk to someone who might know the answer to that question.” Scrolling through a vast listing of people of whom the webmaster had leverage, a certain name lit up.

“Doctor Bartholomew Bushee,” the name was lame and so was the good doctor. Though his rights to the title “Doctor” were somewhat sketchy. Apparently he was closer akin to a biologist than a medical doctor. He’d worked with as a research assistant to a certain Swedish plastic surgeon at one point, but when he approached his mentor with some radical new ideas about methods of physical manipulation, the man was so appalled that he’d fired him on the spot and later done his best to black-list Bushee until it became so bad that he was living on the streets in Vienna, unable to get a job even digging ditches anywhere in Europe.

The webmaster had read about him in an online journal passed around by cybergeeks who were into covert genetics projects and the man’s supposed theories had called out, begging to be heard. So the webmaster tracked Bushee down and offered to help him get set up again in exchange for doing a certain favor or favors at a later date.

To wit, Bushee had been given cash and a one-way ticket to the US Virgin Islands. There he’d been given the funds to set up a moderate laboratory with the deal that half of what he made was to be handed over to the webmaster. Subsequently, the webmaster sent certain people seeking certain types of plastic surgery to him routinely. Lots of people needed to disappear and do so routinely. These people often had money...or skills that the webmaster thought might be handy later...and so they were sent to see Doctor Bushee. To date, the webmaster owned the asses of at least four hundred known underworld



figures ranging from drug dealers to terrorists and even a fairly large number of white collar criminals. A veritable army of no-good bitches that could be called upon at a moment's notice to do the bidding of the webmaster. It was power. And power was feared...power was respected...power could do things that nothing else could do. Some people couldn't be bought. In cases like that, leverage was needed. When leverage didn't work, a bullet would. The webmaster didn't dirty hands on such deeds...that's what the army of bitches was for.

But a great deal of the bitches came into service through Doctor Bushee's clinic. And if anyone knew about genetics and biology, it was Bushee.

"Bushee...it's me."

"It's fucking Boo-SHAY...booshay...how many fucking times I gotta say that, dammit?!"

"Shut up...I got business."

"Business? You need to get a throat lozenge...it's like talking to fucking Vader here...you gonna send me to kill Jedis or what, asshole?"

The digital voice disguise did sound a bit like Darth Vader and the webmaster found that amusing.

"Booshay...I am your father!"

"Fuck off, asshole...what the fuck do you want, I'm busy!"

"Can you make a dick bigger?"

"What?"

"Can you make somebody's dick bigger?"

"Yeah," laughing. "Several methods...but none are real effective...dick tends to be dicky. Inject anything into it and it breaks down and reabsorbs after a while...it's temporary at best and only works to make it fatter, not longer."

"But like with hormones or something...could you make a dick *grow* bigger?"

“No...the changes in penile size begin with the onset of puberty generally and are predetermined by hereditary elements.”

“Say the subject was in the early stages of puberty...”

Bushee was silent.

“Did you hear me?”

“Do I really wanna know what the fuck you’re up to?”

“Probably not...but if you prefer the islands to the streets, I think you’ll not ask too many unnecessary questions on the matter, Doctor.”

“Point taken.”

“So?”

“There are...some...possible methods...I have looked into previously, but they’re highly...well...touchy to say the least.”

“Doctor...you operate on the scum of the Earth on any given day...you help murderers, rapists and terrorists escape justice on a routine basis...so are you really going to sit there and debate ethics with me concerning penis enlargement?”

“Asshole...”

“Well?”

“When puberty begins in males...around age 12 to 13, a certain chemical known commonly as GnRH, or gonadotropin, begins to be manufactured somehow within the body. It’s exact cause is not known...lot of guesses out there from Leptin to any other number of things...but bottom line is we don’t know what causes it to suddenly appear in the body, but what we do know is that it stimulates body development...makes both male and females start to develop physically into adults. There are cases of megalopenis or megalophallus, in which it’s believed that excessive GnRH or testosterone have caused an excessive growth of phallus and testicles during puberty, though a connection between the two can be distinguished...in simpler

terms one can have big schlong without big balls and vice versa. In these cases, it's assumed to be the result of pure genetics."

"I've read some of your original concepts while you were still working mainstream in Europe...you had some ideas about using artificial hormones to stimulate breasts enlargement to produce natural breasts rather than use implants. It didn't go over very well."

"No, of course not...you can't charge as much for a simple injection as you can for surgery and implants. It wasn't profitable enough to use. Of course it would have been safer than fucking saline and silicone implants."

"Do I detect a tad bit of hostility toward the medical profession there, Doctor?"

"Slightly...slightly..."

"So this GnRH...is there a synthetic version of this available?"

"Yes...but it's used for suppression in most cases...therapy to lower it, not increase it."

"But can it be injected to elevate the levels in a subject?"

"Well certainly it could be...but if you're asking me if it'll suddenly increase penis size, I have no idea. On paper, it certainly could, but nothing like that has ever been tested."

"Well it's about to be."

"What? Oh c'mon...surely you don't expect me to---"

"Obtain it...find a way to expound on its effects and a way to deliver it to a subject. I wanted a compound tested by the end of this week. And I want a workable drug by the first of next week."

"You're fucking insane...even if I can cook this up, injecting such massive doses as would be needed could cause all sorts of haywire shit in the body...I mean you're talking about putting puberty on fucking steroids, man!"

“Oh I know...and honestly I don't care about later side effects. I just need it done now and fast. Get it done or meet the street. Got it?”

“Asshole...”

CLICK.

***To be continued in serial format...stay tuned for Chapter 2!***