

AN INDECENT AGREEMENT 2

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY
THE MARQUIS FAÇADE

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CHAPTER ONE

It had been five days since Anita Farris, a 5'2" blonde, mother of one, weighing in at 110 pounds...decided to get fat. What happened on that fateful day less than a week ago that would push her to such a decision? She had sex, fast and furious, with a boy from down the street...a boy no older than her own daughter...a boy who had a cock that was nearly the size of her own forearm. It was nine inches if it was anything at all, and he'd wielded the abominable monstrosity with more skill and vigor than any man she'd ever fucked in her life. Five minutes of sweat and groping and grass clippings...rolling around in her backyard in broad open daylight...had changed her life forever...and had sealed the door on her days of pretending to be the trophy wife of a local dental hygienist. Not that such a position was all that to begin with. It wasn't like he was a freaking doctor or something, but still, he did pretty well and she and her daughter had never wanted for anything. But her husband couldn't hold a candle to the infamous Sammy Hogan. The man would fall in if he tried to fuck her now. He might have had five inches if he strained during an erection. Sammy was nearly twice that length and probably three times his girth.

Nope, five days ago, her life had changed...altered direction and the path she was traveling now led into dangerous and unknown waters, but she didn't care. Her intended destination was sexual bliss and damn be to anybody or anything that got in her way en route.

Her daughter, Kerry, had apparently fallen to the same sort of trap. Only two days ago, she'd learned that Kerry had rubbed nasties with another boy in their neighborhood...one Eddie

Parks who lived directly across the street. So her daughter and she were allies of a sort and to such a degree that she was now hiding her stash of food in the girl's closet to keep Bruce from finding it.

The thing was, as she figured out, that both these overly endowed boys had fat, frumpy mothers...who'd both taken a drug called FEM-32 while pregnant. The drug, so she learned, had some interesting side-effects...effects that were so bizarre that it had eventually caused its recall before it was even approved outside of testing.

Women who took it while pregnant, gave birth to primarily male babies...all of whom began to mature early and develop massive testicles and penises far before puberty even set in. Sammy was maybe twelve at best...maybe thirteen...and Eddie wasn't even half that age. She hadn't had much dialogue with either of them, but both seemed exceptionally bright in a way that made them seem far older than they were. It was as if someone had sped up their mental and sexual development while leaving the rest of their bodies to age normally...like grown men trapped in the bodies of boys. It was both bizarre and intriguing at the same time. Their ages and sizes were a complete turn-off for her...but their sexual appendages were too expansive to ignore.

That wasn't all the drug apparently did either. The mothers who took it, got fat afterwards and were seldom able to shed the pounds. But it got weirder. When the women did happen to give birth to a girl, she often began to develop breasts by the age of six to seven and by the age of nine or ten, were generally sporting D-cups or larger in some cases. She'd read one case in particular which described a girl, aged 11, who lived in Seattle, had actually grown a pair of double-FF cups. Another girl in San

Diego had reportedly reached double-HH cups at 14. And those seemed to be the oldest cases.

Apparently the drug had first appeared around 1995 or so...meaning even the oldest babies would only be around 17 or so. Eddie was 6, so that meant they'd left the drug in testing for nearly twelve years...a rather long ass testing phase, even by abnormally long FDA standards.

It got a tiny bit weirder though. Apparently pubescent girls who took the drug themselves, also developed large breasts. And that tidbit was what had Kerry so interested. Her daughter was as flat as she was and was all but obsessed with obtaining large tits. And she couldn't blame her. She was hoping that her own weight gain would lead her to boob-land as well. Both of them did good to call their bras A-cups.

She'd been doing a lot of reading on FEM-32 the last few days and she'd learned a few new facts...or at least allegations. Someone had linked the drug to a place called the HOWELL CLINIC in Los Angeles...a psychiatric facility, as it turned out. Poking around, she'd learned they had some sort of special program for incestuous predators...primarily female ones. A little poking had brought her to a fringe conspiracy website that had some incredible claims. One of which professed that the drug caused the women who took it to become sexually fixated on their own offspring...that the pregnant women who took the drug ended up being consumed by the sexual prowess of their own sons. It seemed like an outlandish claim until you actually met a few of the women in question. And she had. Two of them. And both were screwing around with their over-endowed sons.

Another allegation made on the site, claimed that NOW Pharmaceuticals, the company who patented the drug, used back-door connections to funnel the drug to doctors all over the

country for human testing even though it had never been reviewed by or approved by the FDA at all. It also insisted that the company knew what the drug would do and that its claim that the drug was a lactation aid was just a cover to convince doctors to administer it to their patients as a vitamin supplement. In 2001, a class-action lawsuit was filed by a large number of women against NOWPharm and it led to a massive, out of court settlement for undisclosed sums. Upon investigation, the FDA claimed they found no ingredients in the drug which fell within the confines of its own jurisdiction. It was labeled as a vitamin supplement with only natural ingredients. The case was closed and NOWPharm stopped producing the drug. But that wasn't the end of it.

Estimates were in the range of 100,000 for the number of pills produced by NOWPharm during trials for the drug. Of those production records, some 60,000 were accounted for as having been prescribed out to patients by doctors participating in the program...meaning about 2000 women were given 30 day supplies of the drug off and on during the 12+ years the pill was in production. At the end of the lawsuit, attorneys for the class-action plaintiffs insisted the remains of the inventory of the drug be accounted for and destroyed. That was when the figure of 100,000 popped into existence...so about 23,000 pills were handed over to the FDA and were subsequently destroyed. The remaining 17,000 were explained away as misplaced or untraceable. Of course the FDA accepted a 17% boo-boo ratio and let the matter drop.

In the last few days though, Anita had discovered that those 17,000 missing pills were not gone or lost, but were being traded freely by various suppliers if you knew where to look and who to ask. A thirty day supply was going for \$500 to a \$1000 and was being marketed under the trade-name of

“FEMHANCE.” Since the drug was a vitamin, by definition, the FDA did not consider it a scheduled prescription-only drug. So selling it openly was not illegal. In the past five years, no one had even really noticed the pills were still on the market. The sellers all seemed to trickle back to the same supplier in Canada, a small vitamin company called AVARICE HEALTH.

She’d suspected initially that Avarice might be operating a scam, manufacturing fake pills, but after digging around a bit, she discovered that the company had been founded in 2008 by a fellow who had been working at JACKSON-BARNES, the production facility where FEM-32 had been manufactured under contract for NOWPharm. And, as it turned out, Avarice produced no other supplements or vitamins of any nature nor did they seem to have an actual plant of any sort. The company’s address was a simple drop-box in Montreal. And, on top of that, NOWPharm had apparently filed an injunction against Avarice through the Canadian court system.

Everything seemed to indicate that the guy stole a large amount of the drug prior to 2008 and had set about illegally distributing it under a different name.

Two days ago, she’d ordered a bottle by express mail and it was supposed to be arriving tomorrow according to the shipping invoice update she’d received by email earlier in the day.

She had made a deal with Kerry to let her take the drug for the pie-in-the-sky reason of breast enlargement...but she’d ordered the pills before she ever even broached an agreement with her daughter. She’d wanted them for herself and for more than one reason, neither of which really had to do with enhancing her bra size.

Anita wanted the drug because it supposedly caused a rapid weight gain, which would aid her in getting fat. Her own

metabolism was abnormally high. Even at her heaviest, when she was nine months pregnant with Kerry, she'd only tipped the scales at 124 pounds. And now she was hovering at around 110. And after five days of stuffing her face, she'd only put on a solid 5 pounds. So at 115, she was getting nowhere.

The second reason she wanted the drug was far more perverse in purpose. She wanted to get pregnant while taking it. She wanted to join the ranks of her two neighborhood pals with their overly gifted sons. Ever since she'd learned that both women were living with boys that were incredibly endowed, she'd been fantasizing about what she'd do...how she'd act, were she the mother of such a boy herself. The more she thought, the nastier her thoughts became...and the night Maureen had jerked off Eddie for her, it had become clear that she wanted to be in on the fun more directly. She didn't want to be reliant on Sammy or Eddie for her deviant kicks. While the boys could be manipulated easily enough, their mothers were total bitch-whores who could not be trusted. Both women were already engaging in mind-fucking games with her.

Sondra, for instance, had all but blackmailed her into becoming Sammy's personal whore...and on top of that, she'd pushed her off in the direction of getting fat...and not just fatter, but hugely fat. Two hundred and fifty pounds to be precise and she couldn't have the boy again until she made it that far.

And Maureen had pretended to know nothing about Kerry and Eddie getting it on, even though she knew first-hand from her daughter, that the bitch had walked in and caught them...perhaps even watched them. And then she'd played her right into the whole "watch me jerk him off" fiasco...and she'd fell for it hook, line, and sinker.

No, both of these cunts were banging their own sons and both were no doubt enjoying their little mind-games with Anita, but that was all about to change. She would play along only so far as it got her what she wanted, but she wasn't nearly as stupid as they apparently took her for. Just because she was pretty and petite and blonde...didn't mean she was a moron.

Nope, she would play along...for now...to get what she wanted, which was nasty sexcapades. But in the meantime, she would be working on her own project...getting pregnant by Sammy while taking the Femhance pills.

Even more disturbingly, ever since she'd found out about Kerry banging Eddie...she'd been fantasizing about her getting knocked up as well. The idea of her twelve year old daughter impregnated and sporting immense breasts, was some sort of sick and sordid pipedream, but no matter how hard she tried, it wouldn't go away...it wouldn't die. Perhaps both of them could get pregnant together...and perhaps they'd both have boys and things could be...

STOP IT, ANITA!! She demanded of herself when she realized that she was about to do it again. Why was this sick dream so strong...so insistent? She needed to get her mind off of Kerry. And not only that, but Bruce would be home later, ending his five day fishing trip and she needed to figure out some way to fend off his sexual advances.

Sammy had stretched her pussy to hell and back. And despite five days of recovery, it was still flared and drippy. If Bruce got near it, he'd know she'd been riding something other than his own dick. She'd thought about making a claim of a dildo, but she figured that would injure his pride almost as bad as if she admitted to cheating on him. Nope, she just needed to avoid him for a few more days until she got her twat back in

tight shape and all would be good...at least till he figured out she was gaining weight.

Sondra answered the door and was shocked to find Anita Farris standing there. She looked slightly disturbed, but otherwise in fairly normal spirits and appearance. But rather than wearing her usual slut-wear, she was dressed in a pair of bagging jogging pants...probably her husbands...and a t-shirt that was also rather baggy.

“What’s up?”

“Can I come in?”

“Sure,” Sondra replied and stepped aside to let the scrawny woman in. “Is something wrong?”

“Bruce will be home in about an hour and I’d rather hideout till he goes to bed. Do you mind if I hang out here for a while?”

“Sammy is here...so as long as you understand--”

“No, no...I know...I got it,” Anita cut her off as she made her way into the kitchen and sat down in one of the tall chairs that surrounded her island cabinets and counter. “I also need to ask you some things.”

After shutting the door, Sondra had followed her into the kitchen and was now hefting her 210 pound bulk up into one of the chairs as well.

Anita watched her and was aghast at how much belly the woman had...and how much it warbled when she moved even the slightest.

Sondra was wearing a loose pair of pajama pants and a tight t-shirt that did nothing to conceal her 51” gut or her 38” D’s. With no bra on, the woman’s jugs stuck out about as far as her belly did. With a bra on, Anita suspected such would not be the case. She hated Sondra just for having huge tits, but her big,

round stomach was a case for contention all on its own. She knew Sammy and Eddie both had hang-ups or fetishes for fat women and Sondra's gargantuan gut was probably what made her the cat's meow for her son. Anita never guessed in her life that she'd ever find herself being jealous of a fat woman. It just didn't seem right...but yet here she was staring at the woman and hating her for her curves.

"So what you wanna talk about?" Sondra prodded her as she squirmed in her chair to get comfortable...eventually just scooping her belly up with both hands and situating it atop her thighs.

She's only two hundred and ten pounds...and she's having to do all that just to sit down? And I gotta get up to two fifty in order to get knocked up by her son? And she's at least four or more inches taller than me! How fucking huge am I gonna be at that weight? Anita's mind rolled over and over with the "what-if's" that came with her indecent agreement. So many questions and so few answers.

"You just gonna sit there and stare at my boy toys all night, or are you gonna talk?" Sondra finally asked when Anita didn't respond.

"Oh, sorry," she chirped and faked a short lived and half-hearted giggle. "It's actually...*those*," and she pointed at Sondra's torso, "that I wanted to talk about."

"My ladies?" she asked and cupped her fat tits through the confines of her tight t-shirt. The action caused the bottom of the shirt to lift up from her hands tucking it in under her tits when she gripped them. The result was the exposure of the lower half of her fat stomach.

"Sort of," Anita acknowledged, but her eyes darted lower than Sondra's breasts. "But more or less, **that**," she added, obviously indicating her abdomen.

“Oh...so...you talking about fat, then, right?”

Anita nodded and smiled.

“I’ve chowed my way through about 4500 calories a day for the last five days...and I’ve got barely five pounds to show for it,” she explained. “I’m pooping most of it out, I think.”

Sondra pulled a disgusted expression and then arched one eyebrow before responding.

“Must be nice! My metabolism has always sort of sucked ass. I can breathe too much air and gain a half pound.”

“I was just wondering if you had any advice on it?” Anita looked about as earnest as she could force herself into appearing.

Sondra smiled.

“You want me to help you get fat?”

“I’ve spent over \$600 in groceries this week and I’ve got five pounds to show for it. And my plumbing is probably gonna be backed up for the next month. It’s now working. And there’s not a whole lot of specific or sound advice on the internet. Everybody just tells you to be lazy and eat junk food. But I’ve got to gain a hundred and forty pounds dammit. And at the rate I’m going, it’s gonna take seven months and nearly \$17,000 dollars to get there. Too long and too expensive.”

“Wow,” Sondra spouted. “You like the numbers and math, don’t you?”

“Just because I’m pretty and blonde doesn’t mean I’m a dumbass, y’know!” she popped back with a hint of pissy attitude. “I also know you don’t think I can do it to start with... or rather that I won’t do it. You think you’re gonna get a big ha-ha out of this when I freak out and give it up halfway through.”

Sondra grunted...her eyebrow arching again.

“I’m also betting you do more than just strut around for him too, don’t you?” When Sondra didn’t reply, she continued,

“And I’m not judging...I’m not dogging you out for it. I’d be all over him if I were you. In fact...I’ve decided that I want to do something crazy. We had this twisted deal right? Well I want to alter the terms a little bit.”

Sondra leaned back and cocked her head to one side, her curiosity peaked. “Okay...let’s hear it.”

“I know you want your jollies...you wanna see the prissy little bitch get fat and gargantuan. Ha, ha. I get it. I also get the fact that for whatever weird reason, these Fem-32 boys got it bad for fatties. But here’s the deal...see, the more I think about you and Maureen...the nastier and naughtier it seems to me. And I’m fucking starting to fantasize about it.”

“What are you getting at?” Sondra prodded her.

“I want one of my own,” she finally admitted. “I found a guy I can get FEM-32 from. I’m going to take it and I want to get pregnant...by Sammy.”

“OH HELL NO!” Sondra blurted and then she bolted up out of her chair and onto her feet.

“Wait! Hold on,” Anita insisted, her hands up to both plead and stop the other woman from assaulting her. “I’m not done here. I’m not breaking the deal...I’m just wanting to change it a little, so just let me lay it all out before you strangle me. Okay?”

Sondra sneered and squinted her eyes menacingly at her, but stopped and stepped back and dropped back into her chair.

“You got two seconds...talk!”

“Two seconds, really?” Anita asked and then rolled her eyes. “Okay, look...I still want to get fat. And not just for Sammy, alright? If I can get pregnant on the FEM-32...then I’m really likely to have a boy. There’s like an 85% ratio of boys to girls with the shit. So if I get pregnant with my own son and he comes out hung like Sammy and Eddie...well, I won’t have any reason to be hounding Sammy anymore will I? But if he’s like

Sammy and Eddie...he's gonna want a fat bitch...so I still need to pack it on and keep it on. So you help me, and I'll make it to two fifty...I will...and then you let Sammy stick it to me just until I'm pregnant...then we're done. I'll have mine and you can have yours all to yourself again. No child support...no nothing like that. Fuck, I couldn't sue for it anyway without exposing myself for having screwed him in the first place. C'mon...think about it!"

Sondra sat staring blankly at her for a time before finally blinking and licking her lips. She waited several more seconds before answering...as if she weren't sure what to say or how to respond to the new terms.

Sondra had to admit, Anita's terms weren't all that bad. She'd wanted to make the bitch fat just for her own amusement to begin with...and not only would she still get to see that, but she'd also get to lead the way by fattening the cunt up herself. This was almost a better plan than before. But she was wary of the part where Sammy got her pregnant. But, like she'd said... she couldn't sue for support without admitting she'd slept with him in the first place. And she was married...so most people would just assume it was Bruce's rugrat anyway...including him ...at least till he spied the super dong it was likely to have.

And where had this bitch scored FEM-32 from? Oh well, she knew what the results of taking would be. There was no doubt about it now that she'd discovered both she and Maureen both had overly endowed sons. The rumors had apparently been more than true. So if this bitch wanted a boy herself...she could probably get it, even without Sammy being the father. But would he pass on his traits? And if Anita was on the drug too...would the boy come out twice as huge? It was almost tantalizing enough to run with just to see the results.

She looked at Anita and imagined the woman at two hundred and fifty pounds...and then added an even bigger, fully pregnant belly to her. It would be fantastic. It made her moist just sitting there fantasizing about it. But the daydream wasn't quite dirty enough...so she added herself into the mix...also larger and pregnant...she and Anita in the bed together and Sammy jerking off on both of them!

I am totally going full lezbo! It wasn't the first time she'd had lesbian thoughts. Ever since she and Maureen had messed around with Sammy, the urges had been getting stronger and stronger until she'd eventually ended up in bed with Maureen and Eddie a few days earlier. And as long as a big, fat cock was involved, another woman's body could also be exciting to her. Maybe she was just bi or something. Who knew?

"Okay," she finally replied in one word.

"Huh?" Anita looked dumbfounded.

"Okay," she repeated. "I'll agree to it. And since you're already here, I might as well introduce you to my own gain program. I've been working on it for a while. Stand up and let's get your measurements so we know where we're starting from."

Anita looked lost. Apparently she hadn't expected it to go that well.

"Measurements? Oh wait...so you do that too?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well I measured myself all over five days ago when I set out on this quest for size. I figured it was be the easiest way to determine if I was adding fat or just bloating."

"You like numbers don't you?"

Anita smiled. "I'm sort of a stickler for things like that."

"Never expected that from a blonde," Sondra admitted.

“Who said I was a real blonde,” Anita popped back with an even wider grin.

Sondra produced a notebook and pen and opened to a blank page.

“Alright, number queen...tell me your measurements.”

WEIGHT	TITS + WEIGHT	BRA	PANTS	BELLY	WAIST	THIGH	HIPS
114	6" + 0	30"A	4	26"	26"	16"	32"

“Wow...I hate you,” Sondra commented once she’d finished writing down the skinny bitch’s figures.

“Yeah, well fix me,” she insisted.

“Alright, so we need to pack it on fast and hard. So dairy is your new friend. Ice cream...milk...cheese...very high in fat content. Goat’s milk is your new favorite drink...and don’t pull that face. It’s nearly twice as high in fat content as cow’s milk. Two hundred calories per 8 ounces of milk...and almost 10 grams of fat. Your normal daily intake would be less than 20 grams total. So two moderate glasses a day will put you over your quota. I would recommend trying to drink 10 glasses, eight ounces each per day. Couple glasses in the morning...couple at lunch...couple in the afternoon...two more with dinner...maybe down two more before bed. That’s 2000 calories plus 100 grams of fat...five times your daily requirements. Anything else you eat will be just extra. Trust me, the stuff works.”

“That’s it? Goat’s milk?”

“Yep,” she replied with a smirk. “Stick to this plan and you’ll be packing a gut like me,” she stated with a slap to her belly, making the lower half of it...the half that hung out from under her shirt, quiver wildly.

The two of them sat back down and began talking, more about fat, but eventually the conversation faded into other

things that were totally unrelated. After a while, the clock showed 10:20 pm and Anita stood up and headed for the door.

“I gotta go...Bruce is probably in bed by now.”

“Hey...look,” Sondra said, stopping her in her tracks. “I just wanted to say...that you’re...okay, Anita.”

“Nah, I’m still a prissy bitch,” she confessed. “But thanks for the deal change...and all the advice. I plan on putting it to use.”

That said, the woman was gone and the house was quiet.

Sondra crept down the hall and peeked into Sammy’s room. He was passed out on his bed...his TV still flickering.

Had he even been aware that Anita was there? He’d eavesdropped on her with Maureen...so had he done so again? She had her doubts. He didn’t seem all that interested in the scrawny woman. In fact, he’d almost acted as if he were appalled that he’d fucked her in her backyard that day. It had really freaked him out. She was calling it “pussy shock,” just for shits and giggles. Ah, even the occasional ugly bitch can put it on a guy before he has the opportunity to refuse it. It was almost humorous to her that he’d jumped Anita. Oh well, what was done was done.

Sammy was aware of the plan she’d set in motion for Anita, but he would probably be unaware of the changes they’d agreed upon tonight. And she wondered if she should bother telling him that the new bargain involved him knocking her up. After some serious thought, she decided that might not be such a good idea...not yet...not at least until she got fat.

Anita snuck in through the back door and suddenly found herself staring at Kerry...or rather down at her, since she was quite a bit shorter than her.

“Dad’s out cold...he didn’t even bother asking where you were,” she announced as Anita stepped around her. “So how’d that go?”

“We changed the terms of the agreement,” she replied as she stepped to the refrigerator and opened it. She stared around at the contents for a while and then looked back at her daughter. “She also told how to do this without scarfing so much damn food.”

“How?” Kerry inquired.

“Goat’s milk,” she answered with a disgusted expression that was met by her daughter’s like look. “I know, right...but she said it’s got twice as much fat content as regular milk.”

“It does,” Kerry declared as she sat down at the dining table and leaned back, her pointy little torpedo areolas jutting through the front of her thin tank top. “I started researching online tonight after you left and that was something I found.”

“Well at least she wasn’t just shitting me, I guess.”

Kerry smirked.

“No, and while the junk food is a good way to gain, it’s not the nastiest thing. Apparently cheese and dairy is the way to go. So how much milk did she tell you to drink?”

“Ten eight ounce glasses a day...supposed to be like a hundred grams of fat,” Anita explained.

“HOLEE CRAP!” her daughter blurted. “You’re only supposed to get like 20 grams a day...for the whole freaking day!”

“I know...that’s the point. I just drink the milk and viola!” She smiled and pushed the refrigerator door closed. Turning around, she stepped over to the table and sat down at an angle from Kerry. “It’s also my full 2000 calories for the day, so any junk food I eat is all extra fat.”

“So are you gonna do it?”

“Fuck yeah, I am,” she exclaimed, forgetting that it was her daughter she was talking to. Not that it mattered, the two of them had apparently moved past the fine line that separated mother/daughter relationships. They were more friends now than anything else. The change had come abruptly after she’d discovered her antics in the basement...and her deviant activities with the Parks boy. No, the two of them were no longer in need of parental shows. Any respect her daughter had once had for her was probably shot in the ass at this point anyway.

“So when do we get started?”

Anita eyed her daughter.

“Yes...I’m doing this too,” she said with a decisive snort that Anita knew better than to bother arguing with.

“You’re not getting as fat as I am,” she declared with as heavy of a demanding tone as she could muster. “A little bit maybe...but you stick to the boobs...that’s our deal, got it?”

“When are the pills supposed to be here?”

“Seven to ten days...they shipped from Canada.”

Her daughter sighed and rolled her eyes.

“Hurry up and wait, huh?”

Both of them giggled at the stupid remark.

SEVEN DAYS LATER...

Anita climbed out of bed and staggered slowly into the bathroom. Bruce had already left for work. The clock on the bedside table had read 11:35am when she passed it. She’d slept till almost noon. This had become a usual thing with her the past few days. It seemed she had no energy. She felt like she was suffocating in the thick clothes that she wore. She’d

been wearing a huge baggy sweatshirt and a pair of baggy jogging pants all week to sleep in. When Bruce asked, she just told him she was having cold flashes. He'd shrugged and hadn't bothered asking again. Luckily, he'd assumed she was sick and was keeping his distance. Feigning sickness had not been a thought she'd had, but having evolved of its own accord, she was milking it.

And speaking of milk...today was the day. As she sat on the toilet peeing, she eyed the digital scales sitting on the floor across the bathroom from her near the sink.

She'd made herself not weigh for a full week. She'd made all but no discernible progress the first few days of her intended gain, and on Sondra's advice, she'd decided to just eat and drink and lounge around and not stress over it. If she didn't weigh herself, then she didn't know how much she *wasn't* gaining.

She'd also taken to drinking the goat milk. Smartly, she'd poured it into regular milk containers. Bruce drank it as well and apparently had only noticed a slightly-off taste to it. She'd said she noticed it too, but left it at that. Fortunately she'd seen him drink only two glasses all week long. He wasn't much of a milk drinker to begin with...and with blinky tasting milk, he drank even less.

Drinking 10 glasses a day had turned into a chore. To lessen the hassle, she'd begun making ice cream shakes with it. Blend up some chocolate ice cream in 16 ounces of milk...voila! Much easier to drink down! So four times a day, she was shaking it up and every day it got a little easier to drink it all. Yesterday, she'd actually made five shakes.

Kerry was getting in on the act as well, and had been drinking half size shakes...with only an eight ounce serving of milk. Three days into it, she noticed her daughter's face looking swollen...and also her belly was protruding noticeably. As the

week progressed, Kerry began to swell all over...ever so slightly. Had she not been paying attention, she might not have noticed at all, but by the sixth day, she was overtly fatter...enough so that the previous night, Bruce had actually said something about it...mentioned putting her on a diet or something she'd half ignored.

"It's probably just a phase...I wouldn't worry about it and don't say anything to her either," she told him. "You'll just freak her the hell out."

He'd apparently bought it and hadn't said anything else about it.

On the counter beside her was her notebook. She'd snagged it on the way to bathroom. She opened it up and looked at the size and weight notations she'd made for both herself and for her daughter.

Kerry had weighed 72 pounds a week earlier. She knew she didn't weigh that now. She was almost curious as to how much her daughter *did* weigh...and that bothered her somewhat. The more she thought about it, the more she realized how bizarrely intrigued she was by Kerry's changing body. The short, lithe girl was suddenly blooming into pudginess...and all in the span of a single week. Was she just fascinated...or was it something else? Some deviant and twisted part of her wanted to make the girl fatter and fatter. Why, she had not the foggiest idea.

A knock on the bedroom door drew her attention.

"You up yet?"

"Yeah, I'm in the bathroom," she called out loudly as the door opened and her daughter sauntered into the bedroom and then turned to walk toward the open bathroom door.

"You not pooping, huh?"

“No...just peeing...and trying to build the gumption to get up and go stand on the scales,” she replied as her daughter walked on into the bathroom with her.

It was about then that she noticed Kerry was holding a flexible tape measure in her hand. Obviously she was ready to get on with the show.

“Is that for me or for you?” she inquired, nodding at the tape measure.

“Both of us,” she chirped in response. “It’s day seven...isn’t this the day we were supposed to weigh in?”

She eyed the girl and knew she wasn’t definitely going to be fatter than she had been a week before. Standing there in her bikini underwear and t-shirt, her gut was bulging through the top enough to be noticed...and her tits even looked a little bigger, pointing through the fabric as always.

“Alright...you first then. Strip down and read me the numbers...then the scale,” she told her as she unhooked her pen from the metal spiral of the notebook and prepared to take notes.

By the time she looked up again, Kerry had tossed her shirt and was standing before her wearing only her tight bikini panties. Size sevens, if she recalled. She hadn’t bought her new underwear in a while and these were small even before she’d started swelling up. Now the damn things were pressing into the girl’s skin...skin that was almost rolling over the tops a bit.

As she surveyed her daughter’s nearly nude form, she realized that her hips were sticking out a bit...and her belly was definitely quite a bit larger, as were her thighs. Her face was remarkably plumper as well, especially her cheeks and around the lower curves of her jawline.

She looked down at her daughter's starting figures:

WEIGHT	BREAST SIZE	BRA	PANTS	BELLY	THIGH	HIPS
72	1.5"	30"A	8	20"	13"	22"

And then she waited for her daughter to measure her various body parts...jotting them down as she called them out. She was nearly aghast by the time she was done.

"Damn...alright...get on the scales and let's see the damage for real," she told her.

"Whoa..." Kerry muttered and then looked in awe at her mother who still sat on the toilet.

Anita shook her head and jotted down the figure and then she leaned back and glared at her new notes.

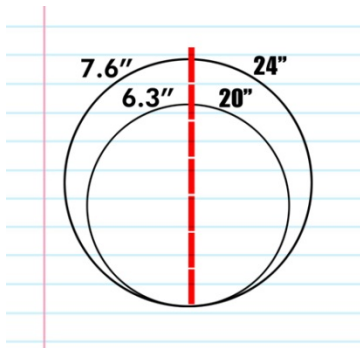
WEIGHT	BREAST SIZE	BRA	PANTS	BELLY	THIGH	HIPS
80	1.85"	32"A	?	24"	14"	26"

Kerry had gained 8 pounds in seven days. It didn't seem like a lot till you compared the number to her starting weight and realized that she'd added more than 10% to her body mass. And it was more than apparent that most of it had gone to her belly and hips.

She glanced at the girl's gut again and her eyes bulged. Should four inches in circumference have made that much of a difference? She'd had a bit of a paunch to start with or at least her stomach hadn't been entirely flat, but now it bulged out like a beer belly.

The numbers couldn't lie...you just had to understand them. Big math freak that she was, she used her pen to doodle out a small diagram on her notebook and then she started the computations. She needed to know the diameter of her daughter's waist...at least roughly. She had the circumference

already, so all she had to do was divide by 3.14 to get the diameter and with that, she'd know how far forward the girl's belly had begun to protrude. When she was done, the numbers blew her mind.



Obviously, because her daughter's waist was so small to start with...any increase appeared more dramatic, just as it had with her weight. Eight pounds didn't seem like much till you added it on to a 72 pound ten year old...and then 10% more mass became a gigantic leap in size. And so her daughter midsection had gone from a thickness of roughly 6.3" to 7.6" in a week. That eight pounds had made her belly stick out 1.3" further than it had.

"Hand me the tape," she told her and the girl handed her the tape measure. She pulled out 1.3" and then gawked at it and then over at her daughter. "Turn sideways," she said and Kerry turned.

As she already knew, the numbers didn't lie. Kerry's belly was definitely protruding an inch or more further forward than it had a week earlier. And while the pounds didn't seem impressive on the surface, the inches **did!**

Of course now, she had to discuss the matter with her and she wondered whether the girl had noticed the changes on her own already or not.

“You’ve gained 8 pounds...your boobs are actually a little over a third of inch bigger...your chest is two inches bigger around...your thighs, one inch, and your hips and belly are both four inches bigger around. And that tummy of yours is sticking out about 1.3” further than it did.”

“HOLEE SHIT!” she blurted and in her jubilation, she bounced a little...and the bounce sent her belly to quivering and her small but pointy tits to wiggling. Almost immediately she realized what she was doing and stopped, but her body continued to move for a few seconds longer and by that point her fingertip sized nipples were hard as rocks.

“Enjoying yourself a little,” she poked, unable to prevent herself from harassing her daughter a little. With the mother-daughter barrier destroyed, there was no reason why she couldn’t, right?

Kerry covered her chest with her arms and blushed.

“A little bit, maybe!” she replied with a grin. “You want the truth? I like the way I jiggle!”

“Obviously,” Anita said with a smirk.

“So c’mon...it’s your turn now,” and the prodding came back around like so much magic karma. “C’mon fatty...can’t sit there all day!”

Anita sighed and started to reach for the toilet paper and then remembered she’d wiped before her daughter had even came in. Then, disturbingly, she realized she’d just been sitting there all this time with her pants down in front of Kerry for absolutely no reason other than she was too lazy to get up.

Leaning forward she reached for her jiggers...but then realized she was going to have to strip down to measure herself

and she knew damned well, Kerry wasn't going to let her do it without her being there...especially now that she'd already done her nearly naked jig in front of her.

"I'm not wearing underwear," she said as she held her position, squatted on the toilet.

"Is that supposed to be your ploy to get me to leave?"

Anita sighed again. The girl was too smart for her own good...or at least Anita's good.

"Fine...suit yourself," she said as she stood up and kicked out of her joggers and then quickly rolled the sweatshirt up and over her head. She was completely naked now as she stood before her daughter. Turning, she picked up the tape measure off of the counter and proceeded to measure herself.

Kerry stared boldly at her mother as she flicked her sweatshirt off onto the floor and revealed her full nude body. The woman had been buried under the thick fabric for the whole of the last week and so this was the first time in seven days she'd seen her mother's body in any way, shape or form. And what she saw was mind blowing. Apparently she hadn't been the only one the dairy diet had been working on. Her mother's belly was sticking out a bit...but not like her own did.

Anita's whole body looked slightly swollen more or less. There was no point where Kerry could definitively state she was fatter. She just seemed bigger, somehow...all over her body. The most identifiable location was her thighs.

As her mother turned to retrieve the tape measure, Kerry gawked at her ass.

Holee fucking shit, Mom! Damn...look at her ass!!

Anita's butt looked like it had doubled in size.

I bet she hasn't even noticed! Oh this is gonna be fucking hilarious!

Kerry bit her tongue to remain quiet as her mother carefully began the arduous process of measuring herself.

Anita seemed unimpressed, on the whole, as she read off the numbers for Kerry to write down in the spiral notebook... until she came to the last measurement. She had already threaded the tape around her stomach to measure it, so when she lowered the tape to measure her hips, her expression immediately transformed into something other than ho-hum non-concern. Her eyes bulged and she stared down at the tape as if something had gone drastically wrong.

"Er-hrm," Kerry cleared her throat. She couldn't resist it any longer. "Might want to use a little more tape, Mom."

One week ago, Anita had measured her own hips and they'd been thirty two inches. As she stood naked now in the bathroom some seven days later...glaring down at the exact same measuring tape...her mind could not conceive that her hips could be this much bigger. She held the metal tip of the tape in her left hand...and her right thumb and index finger gripped it near the thirty two inch mark. A week ago, they should have been touching...but now...now they were nowhere even close to touching. In fact...there was likely a half foot between her hands.

"There's no fucking way!" she blurted only to have Kerry burst into laughter. "What the fuck are you laughing about?!" she barked at her daughter. Disturbed, she stepped forward and turned to look at her profile in the mirror behind the lavatory sink. What she saw staring back at her made her want to scream.

“WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO MY ASS?!” she shouted as she dropped the tape measure and grabbed with both hands at the huge hocks that now hung from her rump. Her fingers sunk into the fleshy masses and squeezed...then she jiggled them violently as if she might somehow shake away the fat that now resided in her butt. “HOLEE SHIT...HOLEE FUCKING SHIT!”

Her horror continued to be accompanied by the soundtrack of her daughter’s incessant laughter. It became annoying after a while and she finally stepped over and punched her in the shoulder to shut her up.

“OW!”

“Stop laughing at me, dammit!”

“Alright, dang...no need to get violent!”

“That’s easy for you to say! You don’t an ass this huge,” and she turned to look in the mirror at her backside once more. “What the hell is this?”

“You’re a butt gainer, Mom...deal with it.”

“Oh you gotta be kidding me!” She still couldn’t fathom the two facts that glared back at her from the mirror.

“Here,” Kerry said as she picked up the tape measure and threaded it around her mother’s body. “Thirty nine inches,” she chimed after a few seconds, and then she let the tape go and started rolling it up.

“THIRTY NINE INCHES?!? I was only thirty two inches a fucking week ago!” Could she really have added seven whole inches to her hips in seven days?!? An inch a day? That sounded ludicrous...but yet there was the proof, staring back at her from the mirror.

“Yeah, you can definitely tell too,” her amused daughter confirmed for her.

“NO SHIT!” she snapped off at her.

“Well you’re gaining weight...wasn’t that the idea?”

And in fact, that **had** been the idea from the beginning. But this was the first moment at which she realized she was succeeding in her goal. In fact, this was the first moment in her entire life...when she actually saw a significant amount of adipose anywhere on her body.

She stood up on her tip-toes and then dropped back flat of her feet. The jarring motion caused her ass cheeks to jiggle. And despite her fears, she had to admit the sensation was rather odd...maybe even interesting if she stretched it a little.

Hesitantly she slid her hands back and cupped her cheeks once more and squeezed. Her ass was soft and squishy and moved from the slightest touch. She couldn't help but jiggle it again just for the hell of it.

"You enjoying yourself there?" Kerry asked with a smirk.

Ah, the karma train came chugging back around to run her over. She'd poked at her daughter...and now she getting poked back.

"I sort of am," she admitted. "Is that fucking weird?"

"No weirder than me and mine," she replied with a grin as she bounced up and down to make her belly and tiny tits warble once more. "I won't laugh at you if you don't laugh at me."

"Don't lie...of course you will," she popped back.

"Yeah, probably," she confessed with an even larger grin.

"So you ever gonna get on the scale?"

Anita sighed and walked over to them. With each step, she could distinctly feel her ass jiggling. How had she not noticed that during the past week? *Out of sight, out of mind*, she thought to herself as she glanced over at the discarded jogging pants near the toilet. Sighing again, she stepped up onto the scale and looked down for the verdict.

126

"Holee shit," she hissed.

“Damn,” Kerry agreed. “That’s twelve freaking pounds, Mom! You gained twelve pounds in seven days! I only gained eight!”

“Yeah, and ten of it apparently went to my ass,” she admitted...shaking her butt cheeks again for emphasis as she stepped off the scale. “Alright, hit me with the numbers.”

PREVIOUS:

WEIGHT	BREAST SIZE	BRA	PANTS	BELLY	THIGH	HIPS
114	6"	30"A	4	26"	16"	32"

CURRENT:

WEIGHT	BREAST SIZE	BRA	PANTS	BELLY	THIGH	HIPS
126	6.5"	33"A		28"	19"	39"

Her daughter recited the previous measurement and then went through the new ones.

“Damn! I actually got a half inch in boob?” she commented more than questioned.

“Yeah...but you also got three whole inches more around your chest, two more inches in the belly...and your legs are three more inches bigger around.” Kerry seemed to put way more importance on the three inch thigh figures than she did anything else. “And let’s not forget that seven additional inches in ass,” she said as she reached out and swatted her mother’s naked rump.

“OW!” Anita yelled. “Hey, hey, hey, hey, bitch!” Had her ten year old daughter really just slapped her ass? Yes she had. “And who gave you permission to *do that?*”

“Nobody. Maybe I just felt like slapping it!” her daughter replied with a glint in her eye.

“I’m not sure if I like that or not,” she added, staring at her topless daughter as the girl circled around her and tossed the

measuring tape and spiral notebook onto the counter by the sink.

“Well don’t get naked and stick your big ass booty in my face, I guess,” Kerry remarked with a grin as she turned around to face her and leaned back against the counter.

“You’re enjoying this way too much,” Anita commented as she noticed the girl’s eyes roving all over her body. *Well two can play that game*, she thought to herself as she allowed her own eyeballs to scan Kerry’s smaller figure. “I also think you’re enjoying prancing around naked in front of me and that’s kinda weird, y’know. I mean I am your mother.”

“Maybe,” Kerry popped back, smiling. “I don’t see you getting dressed in a hurry though.”

She had a point. Anita was naked and not just topless, but the full fucking Monty. And disturbingly, she didn’t mind that Kerry was ogling her and her giant ass.

“Does it look that bad?” she asked, turning around and bouncing up and down on her toes to make her fluffy butt cheeks jiggle. When she turned back around, Kerry’s huge nipples were blossomed out, hard as rocks.

So is it just cold, or am I making her horny? It was a valid question...mostly because she knew damned well that Kerry was making **her** horny. So was that twisted? Sure it was, but was it any worse than what Sondra and Maureen were doing across the street at any given moment? Probably not.

“I never really asked...the other day...about what you were doing in the basement. I mean I found the bra in your room under the bed with the water balloons and I just assumed that was what you’d been up to.”

Kerry stared at her with a stunned look on her face.

“Oh c’mon...is it really that big of a deal at this point?” she asked, prodding her somewhat to answer.

“You said you’d done worse, so how about you tell me something and then I’ll tell you something,” Kerry suggested, bargaining before giving up her own leverage.

“Ah-hah...yeah, yeah,” Anita said, nodding and smiling. “Okay, I’ll bite...I’ll tell you something I did.” Just then, she began to think back to her own sordid childhood and adolescence. She’d always been a little bit of a pervert...a little bit of a slut. What tale could she relate that wouldn’t be too awful disturbing to her daughter?

“I used to swipe my mother’s brassieres...and you know how big her tits are, right? Anyway, I’d steal them and put water balloons in them...like big, huge ones...I packed them cups out, let me tell you...and then I would put the tightest shirt on I could find and then I’d just go run around outside. I really got off on the way they felt when they’d flop up and down.”

“That’s sort of what I was doing in the basement,” Kerry confessed. “Except I was running up and down the stairs.”

“Ah,” Anita grunted. She’d been hoping it might be a little juicier than that, but apparently not.

“Of course the bra and balloons weren’t how it started,” Kerry suddenly added, catching her mother off guard. “When I went down the stairs the other day, I sort of noticed that my boobs and belly kind of jiggled like, y’know. They never did from me just walking around. I guess the stomping down the steps was enough to jar them into bouncing.”

“Did you say your belly, too?”

Kerry blushed and then diverted her eyes before continuing.

“Yeah...my belly has kinda gotten a little pudgy even before this past week...and it was kind of jiggly and I kind of sort of... just realized that I liked the way it felt bouncing up and down.”

“So good...it’s not that weird that I like the way my ass feels then,” Anita stated as she turned around and bounced to make her butt jostle.

“Hey, cut it out, or I’m gonna start doing jumping jacks in a minute!” Kerry threatened, giggling the whole time. “Dang, you could be one of the big booty dancers they always have in the rap videos!”

On cue, Anita bent forward and put her hands on her knees, arched her back and began to pop her ass in true “ho” form.

“HOLEE CRAP!!” Kerry blurted. She’d never seen her mother do anything that crude in her life...let alone doing it naked. Her mother truly would have been at home pole dancing in a rap video. “Okay...you do that entirely too well. I don’t even want to know!”

Anita stopped dancing and stood upright again.

“I could always move like that...I just never had nothing to fucking shake,” she admitted. “That felt fantastic.”

“You just need some daisy dukes and Dad will probably poof his pants,” Kerry suggested and then blushed when she realized she’d just made a sexual comment about her own father.

“Please, your Dad absolutely abhors fat women,” Anita argued. “He’d probably puke if he saw me in shorts now.”

“Well he’s stupid, ‘cause that was freaking hot!”

Anita stared at her daughter in disbelief. Was she just complimenting her...or was she truly engaged with a lesbian tendency? She stood there for a long moment, debating the matter. She, herself, was pretty much bi-curious to say the least. So it made sense that her daughter might be as well. But in so much as to be attracted to her? Her own mother? But then there she stood, attracted as she could get...to her own daughter. So again, the answer to her question was obvious.

“Well you seen me doing my booty pop...so how about you go show me this erotic stair-stepping of yours,” she suggested, knowing full well what she was getting into.

“WHAT?!” Kerry blurted, but the blush on her cheeks was overpowered by the grin that spread between them. “Are you freaking serious? You just gonna watch me run up and down stairs naked?”

“No,” Anita replied. “You got panties on.”

Both of them giggled at the sarcastic comment.

“I’m serious,” Anita finally asserted when their laughter and mirth resided somewhat. “I’ll be honest with you. The days of me being able to be a stuck up, tight ass with you are pretty much over with. I really doubt you’re thinking of me as your mother at this point anyway. All you’re ever going to see now is my naked ass shaking.”

“Ohhh-kaayy,” Kerry agreed, dragging the word out to emphasize her unapparent confusion.

“What I’m saying...is that we can be more than mother and daughter now, okay. You don’t have to keep secrets from me anymore. We’re friends, I guess...is what I’m saying.”

“Yeah, we are kind of doing weird stuff together at this point, ain’t we?” Kerry acknowledged with a smirk. “Okay, so what you’re getting at is that if I want to run up and down the basement stairs naked, I can?”

“Two rules on anything crazy,” Anita insisted. “One, you do not do it while your father is anywhere near the house. And two...I get to watch if I want to.”

“Are you serious?!” Kerry looked shocked, but was also grinning and blushing.

“Oh come off of it, Kerry,” Anita stated, rolling her eyes. “You know I’m a big sex freak already. Stop acting like it’s shocking you every time I say something kinky.”

“Well wait a second,” Kerry began and then her mood became dead serious before she continued. “Are you saying you want to watch me do this because you...you *like* it?”

“I saw you watching my ass,” Anita remarked. “Tell me you weren’t enjoying me popping my big fatty ass, and I’ll never mention anything related to sex to you again.”

She waited patiently for her daughter to respond, but the girl just stood there staring at her...her mouth open, but no words emerging from it. For a moment or so, she wondered whether somehow she’d pushed it too far. Had she read things into it that weren’t there? Kerry was nearly eleven...old enough to know what was going on and how it went on...but that didn’t necessarily mean she was prepared for things like Anita had just suggested. At least not ready to admit them anyway.

But, just as she was about to melt into a mental puddle, Kerry closed her mouth and visibly stood up straighter.

“Am I a freak for that?” the girl asked, her face exhibiting no emotion at all.

“Am I a freak for that, too?” Anita countered with a smirk.

“I think we’re both big freaks, actually,” Kerry asserted, finally cracking a hint of a smile.

“So are we going down to the basement?”

“Soon as we shake it up in the kitchen,” Kerry replied.

“You already gained eight pounds, girl,” Anita stated as she moved toward the jogging pants and shirt she’d discarded by the toilet. “Are you still not satisfied?”

“Not yet,” Kerry admitted.

“Well how fat are you planning on getting?”

“I don’t know,” she answered truthfully. “Hey, are you getting dressed?”

Anita was holding her pants up by that point. “Well yeah, I guess so...why?”

“Well I’m not,” she chirped and grinned. “You said I could be crazy as long as Dad wasn’t home...and you got to watch!”

“Okay...so yeah, I did say that,” Anita agreed. “So you gonna run around in your panties all day?”

Kerry snorted and smirked...then she bent over and rolled her tight little panties down to her knees and then wiggled them on down to her ankles. With a quick kick, she sent them flying toward Anita.

“I feel like being crazy, Mom,” she asserted as she leaned up against the bathroom door frame. “I think you should be crazy too!”

“Nude shakes it is, then,” Anita announced as she dropped the joggers and started walking toward her daughter. As she stepped past her into the bedroom, the girl turned to trail her.

“Hey Mom,” she called out to her.

“Yeah?”

“I want a big one...not the half size this time.”

“Oh, you gonna try and show me up, huh?”

Kerry giggled. “You beat me by four pounds!”

“I’m going to two fifty though,” she stated as they entered the hallway and headed for the kitchen. “We’d have to roll you around like in that Willie Wonka movie if you got that fat!”

“Oh, I don’t want to get that big,” Kerry countered. “But I do want to get fatter and I don’t want to diddle around with it. School starts back in two months, and I don’t want to be gaining while I’m in school. I’m probably gonna catch enough crap as it is, just showing up all porked out after summer vacation.”

“Alright then...so you got two months. C’mon...let’s go get fatter and then we go basement jogging.”

The end? Book 2 cumming soon...

*This book is published in serial format.
Subsequent chapters have been added in order.*