

The Young Family

Soon the family was lying down again.

They would cross the hallway to eat meals occasionally. She was constantly at the hands of the experimenters.

Her babes would run to the rear – awaiting the signal to return to her nipples.

For sheer sport, the experimenters would wait at the corner during their feeding hours.

Intermittently, she would write a short note expressing her desire to exit the home.

Constantly at the hands of the experimenters, she only dreams of a groom and a room to be home.

What is this man like? Is he like she?
Does he share a white cloth with the babes?

Tell me about your family. We all love ours – so much so we want to reproduce them; reproduce them to perfection.