

DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS

By The Marquis Facade

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CHAPTER TWO

She looked at his face and then lowered her gaze down to his dangling appendage and realized it was moving a bit, twisting on its own accord.

“You wanna see the rest of it,” he asked and before she could answer, he pulled his underwear down further and spilled his testicles out over the top of the waistband...and the big sack of balls slid out and dropped down a good five inches with an odd flop...before beginning to dangle pendulously behind his penis. Each nut was the size of a golf ball or maybe a bit bigger and rather than the tight skin and sack that she’d expected him to have...he in fact had a stretched out and sagging set of balls.

To her discomfort, she also realized at this point, now that his underwear were completely down, that while he had a patch of pubic hair, it wasn’t a large one...more or less just some fuzz, but at least he has some.

Oh shit, how big is he gonna be in a few years??

“Does it weird your mom out?”

He continued to stand there with himself exposed as he replied to her question. “I don’t know. She used to...I don’t know...not be...but since she met Bill, I can’t even walk around the house without putting pants on.”

“So she wasn’t bothered till he moved in huh?” She assumed she had the gist of it, but she didn’t. She had no clue and what he told her next almost shocked her to her toes.

“Nah, she used to didn’t care. She’d let me run around the house completely naked and never say nothing. Sometimes she’d even tell me to,” he revealed with a nonchalant tone.

She’d tell him to run around naked?? What the fuck?? She didn’t like his mother and this was something juicy on the

money-grubbing bitch...something so tasty she couldn't pass up the chance to dig into it.

"Wait, are you telling me she would just tell you to take all your clothes off when you were at home?"

"Yeah, she'd tell me there was no reason to keep it all crammed up in my pants when we were home alone," he explained.

That nasty bitch...no need to keep his pants on indeed, she thought as she processed what he'd just told her. His mother was apparently not opposed to seeing her own son's giant junk exposed...and she wondered just why. She had a few good ideas and none of them had much to do with the comfort of Shawn's jewels...and probably more to do with her own pretties ...at least until she found her a new man to bleed dry.

She wondered if there might have been more than that going on...wondered if that might be the reason why Shawn was so self-conscious about the fact that his dick never got hard.

She imagined the prissy bitch in the bathroom, naked, stroking on her son's dick...and suddenly what should have been repulsion bloomed into something else...and she diverted her gaze from him and his danglies and glanced down at her t-shirt ...only to be horrified by the fact that her nipples were hard and visible through the shirt's fabric.

She sat upright and leaned forward in an effort to conceal her own arousal before continuing her talk with him.

"So she doesn't have anything to do with you...naked...any more now, eh?"

"Nah, not since Bill and her met," he answered.

"I'm guessing you've whipped all that out for women before, haven't you? You kinda did that all a little too quick and easy. Your mom ever tell you to do that?"

He looked oddly at her and then she glanced downward at his crotch...where she noted his dick was moving on its own again as were his balls...retracting upwards.

"She used to make me do it sometimes to show her friends," he admitted. "I'm kinda used to women staring at me with that weird look ya'll always get when you see it the first time."

"So how come it bothers you that it doesn't get hard?"

"Sometimes I get like these...aches...in my balls, y'know and I kept complaining to mom about it...and she'd just tell me to deal with it...but I've seen dudes shooting out sperm on movies before---"

"Bill's computer I'm guessing," she cut him off with the question, already knowing what the answer was.

Shawn smirked.

"Yeah," he admitted with a blush on his cheeks. "And so I just sort of figured maybe I need to do that...but I can't get it to get hard. It feels really good when I do this," and he reached down and wrapped a hand around his cock and began to stroke it back and forth at a pretty good speed.

She didn't know how to respond. She just gawked as he jerked on it. And within seconds, she realized it was swelling somewhat, but not nearly enough to call it even a one-tenth erection.

"Er-hrm!" she cleared her throat loudly. "Shawn...you DO realize your jerking off in front of me, right?"

"Oh," he blurted and quickly pulled his underwear up and crammed his junk back into its container.

It should have stopped right there, but it didn't. She'd been deprived of sex for so long and now she knew her husband was watching porn all the time...so was it so bad for her to watch a little porn herself?

It might not have been so bad if the particular porn she wanted to watch wasn't her step-son. She felt gross for even contemplating it, but the matter was something he'd instigated himself and it obviously didn't bother him any. If she only knew that she could trust him...but then again, what fucking difference did it make? She was planning on leaving Mark any fucking way as soon as Shawn went home. And it wasn't like anybody could prove she'd watched him. It wasn't like she was touching him, right?

In a matter of heartbeats, she'd talked herself into something dirty and deviant...far beyond the scope of anything she'd ever done or even witnessed in her life.

"I didn't say you had to stop," she asserted as he started pulling his shorts up.

He stopped dead still and glared at her with wide eyes.

"Guys get blue-balls...nut ache from not ejaculating," she explained in not so eloquent terms. "You're right about that."

He let go of his shorts and continued to look her in the eyes as she continued to talk.

"And if you're aching...it means you're probably needing to do it. So I think maybe you're just not quite getting the hang of it. Maybe you should show me what you do," she gulped and tried to calm her trembling lips. "I can watch and tell you if you're doing something wrong if you want me to."

Without a word to her, he pulled his shorts back down and then pulled his underwear to his knees so that his junk was hanging free of clothing impediments. And with nervous movements, he stretched his dick back out and started stroking on it again. It carried on for several minutes, but all he was doing was making it red in color.

"See, it feels good but I--" he said after a time, but she cut him off before he could finish.

“What are you thinking about when you do that?”

“Huh?” He looked bewildered.

“What are you thinking about while you’re jerking on it?”

“Nothing...I don’t know,” he replied with an expressionless look to his face.

Damn, maybe he did inherit a little of Mark’s stupidity, she thought as she contemplated what to say next.

“Think about a girl you like,” she suggested, “and stay focused on her in your head while you do that.”

“Okay,” he agreed and started jerking again.

Several minutes ticked by and he was getting nowhere and the she noticed him looking directly at her...or somewhat lower than he should have been, actually. He noticed that she was aware of his staring and he stopped spanking himself.

“Are you pregnant?” he asked, blowing her mind.

“WHAT?!” she blurted with what must have been a look of total astonishment. “No, I’m not pregnant---OHHH,” she cut herself off as it dawned on her what he was talking about. He’d seen her naked in the bathroom...her big round gut...and just assumed she was pregnant maybe. How fucking embarrassing could this be? That fact obviously went over his head.

She sighed and looked down at her torso...consciously fighting the urge to suck her belly in.

“No, I’m not pregnant...I’m just fat,” she confessed. “I probably wasn’t the prettiest sight in the bathroom earlier, was I?” She hadn’t intended the statement to be a fishing trip for compliments, but it reeled one in anyway.

“Oh no,” he suddenly blurted in an exasperated voice. “No, no I wasn’t...no, I just wondered if you were pregnant,” he mumbled and fumbled with his words, still not finding the right thing to say to fix it. “You’re awesome looking,” he finally blurted out.

“Nice cover, muchacho...but a little late,” she added, flopping back against the couch and relaxing. Just another male unimpressed by her fatness. She didn’t care...fuck it. And to hell with sucking it in. She forced her muscles to let go and so as she slumped back into the cushions, she let her belly push outward against her shirt and she slapped it with both hands. “It is what it is,” she said with a slight smirk. “To much junk food and being lazy.”

Unintentionally, her eyes dropped to his genitals and she realized his dick was moving on its own again...and...was it pulsing? It looked like it might be quivering somewhat as he held it there. She lifted her gaze and saw that he was staring at her...or more directly, at her belly poking through her shirt.

Is he getting hard? She glanced down at his dick again and realized its red hue was more purplish now and where it had been drooping out past where his hand gripped it...it now seemed to be lifting slightly and bobbing in rhythm with his heartbeat. Sonuvabitch, he is!

“Well go on...keep jerking on it,” she ushered him. “It looks like it’s getting a little hard there, I think,” she added. “So what are you thinking about?”

His face suddenly faded into a deep red and he remained standing stark still, but his hand remained tightly gripped on his not-so-flaccid penis.

“Are you thinking about walking in on me in the bathroom earlier?” she prodded him verbally, one eyebrow arched for emphasis. “Is that what you’re thinking about?”

She looked down again and his dick was dark in color now and appeared to be fluffing up in girth quite a bit. He realized she was eyeing it and released his grip on it, but when he did, rather than drop to its former straight down dangle...it

remained swollen and bowed forward somewhat...obviously more stiff than it had been before.

“It’s okay, Shawn,” she tried to reassure him. “You can think about whatever you want to. It’s in your head, y’know... it’s not like you need permission to think about somebody naked. If thinking about me naked is helping...then do it.”

His face was bright red and his eyes kept darting up to her face and then down to her belly...back and forth as if he couldn’t make up his mind what he wanted to do.

“Shawn,” she said his name forcefully. “Pick it up and jerk it.”

He responded almost immediately to her command and gripped his dick again...his hand instantly moving along its shaft in a steady motion.

“Yeah,” she muttered and the word sounded more lewd than she intended. “Look at me if you want to,” she offered with a dirty little smile. She started thinking then and came to the conclusion that he had been preoccupied with the idea that she was pregnant, but maybe it was more than that. Maybe it was just her big belly in general that had peaked his curiosity and just maybe that curiosity was attached to something more primal.

“Are you fascinated with my belly?” she asked him, her little wry grin spreading wider. She glanced down and realized he was jerking on his dick harder all at once. “Oh is that what pushes your buttons? Did my belly get your special attention when you walked in on me? Your momma is an old skinny girl ain’t she...I bet you ain’t never even seen a fat woman naked before today, have you?”

The boy was breathing harder and his hand was jerking even more quickly now and as she appraised his cock, she realized it was standing outward now, the end of it no longer

drooping at all...and it was swelling bigger...a lot bigger than it had been moments before.

“Stroke the whole length of it,” she told him. “Pull the skin forward over the head...it’s the red ring around your head there that stimulates you,” she explained. “More...c’mon now, jerk the whole length of it, big man!”

He finally started stroking the whole length of it with his right hand and as soon as he pulled it forward enough to pull his cock skin over the head of his penis, he audibly gasped and she knew he’d figured it out. It was so awkward to watch him working it. The big fucker was standing straight horizontally on its own now and it was as long as his whole forearm...so long that he was having to bend over to stroke the entire length of it. His eyes were locked on his own cock. He was apparently enthralled with the fact that his dick was getting hard. He was getting into it now and his breathing was becoming ragged and heavy.

“Oh fuck,” she muttered, no longer really caring what came out of her mouth in front of the boy. “Oh you getting on it now, ain’t you, Shawn...look how big it is, boy!”

But instead of heading her suggestion, he instead, looked up and over at her on the couch.

“You looking at me, ain’t you little boy,” she taunted him somewhat. “You thinking ‘bout my big fat ass all naked and dripping wet in that bathroom, ain’t you?”

Somehow she’d been subconsciously sliding down on the couch this whole time and now she realized she barely at a forty five degree angle, her back arched...and her legs spread wide.

Oh fuck me...what the hell am I doing?! She knew exactly what she was doing, but at some point she’d crossed an invisible line of decency and she no longer cared about the potential consequences of her actions. She was focused on the

facts that the boy had a ridiculously huge cock...even bigger than Mark's...and that for the first time in his life he was getting hard and it was because of her! Nothing else seemed to be of any pressing purpose or value.

She reached for the tail of her t-shirt and started sliding it upwards, little by little, knowing full well it was teasing him. She watched his expression as she slid it higher and to her delight, he was flushing...his face sweating and his eyes bugging out of his skull.

"I know what might make that cock sooooo hard," she stated with a sexy voice as she pulled her shirt all the way up and exposed her belly. On her back, for the most part, though, the mass of it was flattened. So she rolled the top of her jogging pants down and when it was fully visible, she poked it out and did a little jostle on the couch to make it shake.

The boy abruptly ceased jerking off and it startled her. But when she looked down, she realized the trouble wasn't with her but lay with his own cock. It was attempting to curl upwards and was tightly swollen now, veins and vessels bulging through the stretched, shiny skin...and it was thicker around than his own forearm! He fumbled with it, but he couldn't get his hand around its circumference any longer. Soft, he'd been able to squeeze it...but now hardened, it was resisting his small hand size.

"Oh noooo," she feigned concern. "Is it too big to jerk off," she asked, intentionally taunting him.

"It's hard...it's hard," he gasped, both of his hands sliding fingers up and down its erectile length.

He's a fucking donkey dick...look at that motherfucker! And she did...she soaked in the view of his erection. He'd been eight inches long she guessed, when he was limp...and now...now the bastard was at least a foot fucking long and so fat that she

wondered if her own hands could encompass its girth. And oh, how she wanted to find out!

“Better not stop now or your balls are gonna ache you to death later,” she asserted with a dirty little grin as she sat up on the couch and pulled her t-shirt completely up and over her head, revealing her full naked torso. After tossing the shirt to the carpet, she scooted forward on the couch and spread her knees widely apart so she could let her belly hang down unfolded. With both hands, she began to knead her fatness and rub at it, sucking it in and out...pooking it out as far as it would stretch and jiggling it every so often. Her movements were affecting her titties too and she knew damned well he’d be looking at those as well as her belly. No man or woman could resist gawking at a nice rack and her were D-cups now...big plump ones in fact. Her hands eventually found their own way upwards until she was plucking at her own nipples and then she began to knead her breasts roughly.

“Oh crap,” Shawn blurted from a few feet in front of her. “Ahhh,” he groaned and rubbed at his erection.

“Use both hands, fuck!” she snapped at him. “Make it cum for me, Shawn...momma Angie needs to see you cum...cum so hard for me, baby!”

He wrapped both hands around his dick and began viciously stroking it, his breathing becoming more and more heavy. His face was sweating so badly that his hair was matted around the sides and his bangs...droplets running down his forehead and face.

Where her friend Cathy had enjoyed nothing more than a big load of semen on her massive titties...Angie suddenly realized, in contrast, that she wanted it on her belly. And she wanted his first load ever to be on her belly...and she was going

to get that first load on her belly if it meant she had to take matters into her own hands.

“C’mere and cum on my belly,” she called out to him. “Dammit c’mere and cum on my fat fucking belly, Shawn!” she demanded when he didn’t respond. “I taught you to beat that fat cock and now you gonna let me have that first load, dammit!”

He looked like he might pass out, but he stepped toward her reluctantly, his hands still trying to stroke his dick off.

When he finally got close enough she could reach out to him, she did so and grabbed a firm grip on the end of his dick, pulling him closer to her. Surprised, he let go of his shaft and just gawked at her as she pulled his dick head up to her mouth. All at once his dick was 3D and in her face and she realized for the first time that her assumptions and estimations about its size had been grossly understated. His cock head was at least three or more inches wide...literally about the size of a small lemon. There was no way she was gonna suck it...but then she didn’t need to. Instead, she leaned forward and spat a big mouthful of saliva onto it and then with both hands she started swirling his cock ring, letting her spit serve as a lubricant for the process.

He jerked backwards as if he might bolt, but she caught his dick firmly with both hands.

“Oh hell no, little boy...momma Angie’s gonna finish this thing off...you just hold on to your balls, baby, ‘cause I’m about to make you cum like a horse!”

He stepped forward a bit and let her have his dick back into her control and she resumed stimulating his glans. She leaned forward to spit on his cock head again, but instead, at the last moment, she decided to just lick on it. Her left hand slid down

the length of his dick and then slithered down to his high-strung balls. She took both of them in one hand and began caressing them and lightly squeezing them. It was hard to keep both going with only the one hand because of their size, so she ended up rubbing from one to the other, back and forth.

Her licking and ring stimulating had been good, but when her hand settled on his balls, the boy felt a surge he'd never felt before and all at once his dick jerked and he reflexively grabbed at the base of it with both hands. No sooner had he locked his grip than it jerked again and then began to spasm, its entire mass twitching wildly and uncontrollably.

Angie felt it at the same moment he did and she knew instinctively what was coming...but she had no clue of how much to expect or how convulsive he might become when he started to shoot off.

She squeezed both his giant balls with her left hand and spit on his cock head...her right hand suddenly going from stimulating his glans to fully jerking on it. She leaned back with her head just in time to avoid his first volley going into her mouth.

"Aaahhh," he groaned and she let go of his balls and grabbed the end of his cock tightly with both hands and instantly began to pump on his bloated penis head, using his tight dick skin to stimulate it. Her hands were far larger than his, and she was able to wrap them tightly around his shaft. Jerking him off was easier for her than it was for him.

Fuck...why have I been playing with it...just jerk it off for him, damn! She was into it now, and she wasn't stopping till it was done.

His first blurb of liquid had been clearish and had popped out in one single expulsion and hadn't been accompanied by anything more after that.

Oh hell no...it's in there...and I'm gonna get it out!

"You cum for me and I'll let you play with my belly and titties," she whispered to him as she pumped even harder and faster on his dick.

"Shit!" he blurted and she felt him twitching again.

"C'mon...yeah...just relax and don't fight it...let momma Angie have it...yeah...oh fuck yeah...relax baby...let momma do it all for you," she continued to coax him until all at once, he grunted and jerked backwards away from her, but she held him firmly and started pumping his shaft even more viciously until a white bubble appeared on the tip of his dick.

The bubble pressed out the hole and became a constant flow of thick, white cream. She leaned down and licked the end of his cock, the semen coating her tongue with a salty flavor.

"Oh, I'm gonna eat that shit up, Shawn...you see what I did, I'm gonna lick your cum up, 'cause I'm nasty...I'm a fat, nasty bitch and I like jerking off little boys with big fat fucking cocks," she asserted in a husky, lusty voice. "I'm not a little pussy like your mommy...just wanting to watch your cock swinging around, uh-uhh...fat Angie's gonna taste that cock," and she leaned forward and licked up another gob that had oozed out.

"I almost climbed out of that tub earlier and got on you while you was pissing," she admitted in between further licks.

"It's hard huh...it's so hard to let it go, ain't it? Let me have it, baby...let me take it...you know you want to...c'mon and shoot it out for me...shoot that cum all over me...I want it on my big fat belly...SOOOOOO BAD!" She looked up at his face and realized he was either about to erupt or he was gonna pass completely out. "I'm gonna rub on my fat belly and my tit--"

She never got her sentence out. His cock head exploded and cum shot all over the side of her face and then arced down her neck as she reflexively pulled back from it.

“Aaahhhh!” he groaned and sounded like he was unable to catch his breath. He had both hands gripped so tightly on the base of his shaft that she thought he was going to snap it off.

“Let go and let me have it,” she growled at him and reached to slap his arms loose with her left hand while she continued jerking him off with the right one.

Reluctantly he let go and immediately he began to spurt cum, the first blast being backed up, blew out in one massive gob and landed on her chest, the bulk of it sliding down her right titty. By the time she looked down to see where it landed, another launch erupted, and she pulled his cock downward and leaned back to point it at her belly. Position changed, she started jerking on it with both her hands again. Another volley launched and then he groaned and started trying to hump her hands and she realized to her shock that these previous gobs of sperm had only been pre-ejaculate practice shots.

“OH FUCK!” she gasped loudly as he unloaded four or five massive blasts of cum out onto her belly. “Oh fuck, oh fuck, you cum on it motherfucker...cum on me...cum all over me, shit!”

She let go of his dick finally and he took over, spastically jerking himself off with both hands.

“Unngggghh!” he moaned and his hips were bucking in time with his pumping hands and he erupted again...and then again on her until cum was not just dripping, but pouring off the round fat orb of her belly.

“Don’t stop...milk it...milk that fucker dry, baby!” she coached him, demanding him to keep masturbating till his supply of semen drew to a close.

He grunted and one last glop shot out onto her belly and then he wobbled and fell backwards onto the carpet. He collapsed completely onto his back and just flung his arms out to his sides as if he’d just given up. He was panting and

sweating and...was he quivering?? She looked closer and realized he was twitching all over.

“You okay?” she asked, hoping he hadn’t really killed himself somehow.

“That...was...awesome,” he wheezed in slow, drawn out gasps.

Content that he wasn’t really dead or maimed, she looked down at the immense amount of cum on her body and marveled out how he’d made such a mess on her. The whole of her belly was covered completely in the sticky mess. How much had he shot off? It was like a fucking horse had spread a load on her. She knew he’d dumped at least two or three cups of semen onto her in total. It was unimaginable. Most men, even her husband, barely shot out more than a few tablespoons at best...and here she sat with it pouring off of her onto the carpet...the carpet...

Fuck it...I’ll just tell him I spilled something...like he’s gonna ever guess what it was that I spilt!

She hesitated at first...but then slowly slid her hands down around her slimy belly and smeared the cum coating around. The fingers of her right hand, as always...slid eventually into her deep belly button. She began to finger fuck her hole with the slimy goop as lubricant.

She realized at some point he was propped up on his elbows looking at her...watching her...with sheer awe on his face.

She smiled at him and lifted both hands to her mouth and began licking the cum off of them...and then she reached down and scooped up more and just smeared it all over mouth and lower face, licking it seductively.

“I told you...told you I was gonna eat it up...this is my cum,” she asserted as she licked at her sticky fingers and returned to

smearing the mess all over her belly. “You...you are fucking sperm factory,” she added with a sick little giggle. “You been banking this one up for fucking years, haven’t you?”

She leaned back on the couch and smeared the goop around some more. It was still slightly warm, but the air was drying it fast and she knew in another few minutes it’s be nothing more than a thick crust stuck to her fat gut.

“I’m gonna need another bath,” she commented to no one in particular. The she looked down at him still splayed on the floor between her and the TV. “Maybe you wanna come watch for real this time?”

Without another word, she stood up and started walking off down the short hall to the bathroom. She walked on in and just left the door open.

Shawn lay there on the floor heaving for breath. His eyes were fighting bright lights and darkness at the same time. Had he almost passed out? He didn’t know but he felt awfully light-headed as if he was weak of blood pressure.

Leaning up on his elbows was the most he could muster and even then his arms continued to quiver and be unstable. He watched as Angie stood up and walked around the couch and down the hall...topless. As she stepped past him, he noticed that her smeared up belly jiggled with every step. Nope, she certainly wasn’t pregnant...her big round belly was just pure fat ...big, soft...jiggly...luscious fat!

He’d been shocked that his dad was hooked up with a fat woman to start with. But she wore baggy clothes and pulled her pants up high...so it had been hard to tell just how fat she really was...at least until he’d walked in on her in the bathroom earlier...and at that point it was exceptionally clear how fat she was.

She taunted him through most of the experience, and some of her words were coming back to him...and he had time now to mull them over.

“I’m not a little pussy like your mommy...just wanting to watch your cock swinging,” she’d said to him at one point. He thought about that for a few moments and suddenly came to a wholly startling conclusion.

Had his mother being telling him to go naked because she liked watching his dick? And now, since she hooked up with Bill, she acted like she could care less about him or his privates. Why? Well it was obvious, that his genitals were not her source of thrill anymore. The fact was simple and more than obvious now that he thought about it.

My mother was getting off on seeing me naked! He was unsure if the fact disturbed him...or...or something else. It did piss him off a bit...especially in light of the fact that was now all but snubbing him for Bill’s porno watching ass.

He watched as Angie disappeared into the bathroom, noting the lack of a door clicking shut.

Holee crap...I still can’t believe she did that to me! He looked downward at his swollen and flaccid dick...or at least what he could see of it. The majority of it was down on the floor between his legs and he couldn’t see it past the rise of his pubic mound. He could feel it though...lying on the carpet between his legs...still pulsing and tingling, almost stinging from all the jerking and grinding on it.

With what little energy he had left, he pushed himself up into a sitting position and stared down at his penis...able to actually see it in full now.

It’s huge...it’s gross, he thought as he hefted it up with his right hand and marveled at how it felt like a dead snake in his hand. He shook it and it began to coil somewhat, moving on its

own...constricting, but it was so bloated and swollen that it look disgusting as it shrunk...and as he continued to watch, the head of his dick literally disappeared inside the reddish and crusty bulk of his cock skin.

Just then a sharp and brash knock on the door startled him and he found new vigor to rise up from the floor, fully prepared to make a run for it, fearing his father had come home from work early.

“Ang! You home, bitch...I know you’re here, let me in!” a distinctly female voice called out through the door.

The doorknob turned and he spazzed. He’d opened the front door earlier that morning to see what the weather looked like and he hadn’t locked it back afterwards.

His legs were unsteady, but he willed himself to lung for his shorts. He’d kicked out of them at some point during his masturbation fiasco...when, he wasn’t quite certain. But he was slow and when he bent down to grab at them, he missed and by the time he’d recovered his balance, the door was opening and then there was a short and extremely fat woman standing in the doorway staring at him.

Angie had the shower running and was scrubbing at the muck on her belly with a washrag when she thought she heard a knock and a female voice. Quickly she reached for the tap handles and shut the water off.

“ANGIE!!!” the voice shouted from the living room and it was familiar.

Cathy?!? No way...I haven’t heard from her in months!

She quickly climbed out of the shower and swiped her feet on the rug and then pranced wet and dripping over to the open door and peered out and down the hallway to the living room.

Her fat friend was standing in the open front door and between them stood Shawn...naked from the waist down...and it was blatantly obvious that her friend was gawking at his dick.

“CATHY?! WHAT THE FUCK...DID YOU EVER HEAR OF KNOCKING YOU FAT BITCH!!” she bellowed down the hallway at her. “SHUT THE FUCKING DOOR, DAMN!”

Cathy looked up finally and glanced around Shawn at her and then apparently snapped out of her daze. Quickly, she stepped back and slammed the front door shut and then returned her gaze to Shawn...or Shawn’s dangling goodies.

“What...WHAT THE FUCK...AM...I...LOOKING AT?!” she shouted at her.

“My step-son, Shawn,” she said as she ducked back into the bathroom and grabbed a towel to dry herself with. By the time she’d finished, she turned to the open bathroom door and was startled to find Cathy standing there with bugged out eyes glaring at her through her thick glasses. She actually looked fatter in the face and as she appraised her friend, she realized the woman must have put on more weight since she’d moved in with her boyfriend.

“His...his...it’s...” her voice just faded to a whisper and died.

“His dick is huge like a fucking mule,” Angie finished her sentence for her. “Oh, I am quite well aware.”

“Ohhhhh...oh fuck...NO WAY!” the fatter woman howled and then blurted in astonishment. “HOW FUCKING OLD IS HE?!”

“Old enough to use that big bastard,” she replied with a sarcastic expression. “And don’t look at me like that...he stood up and whipped it out to show it off to me...and...and one thing led to another.”

“WHAT?! LIKE YOU MEAN...JUST NOW LIKE?!”

“Stop shouting...and yes, just now...the very first time...and when I say first time...I mean his first ever like...anything!”

“That’s Mark’s son?” she asked, her voice lower but still an obvious air of excitement to it.

“Yes, he just got her yesterday...he’s staying with us for a month while his mother is on her honeymoon.”

“So what the fuck...he just stands up and whips it out...says, hey let’s get it on?”

“NOOOOOO,” this time it was Angie who was overly loud. “Oh you have the worst timing, woman,” she hissed as she tossed her towel to the sink counter.

“Angie...did you have sex with him?”

“Noooo,” she groaned, “at least not yet...or mostly, oh I don’t know! It’s none of your fucking business!”

Cathy grabbed her by the arm and made her face her, a deadly serious expression on her face.

“Did...you...fuck him?”

“No,” she replied and jerked her arm loose from Cathy’s grip. “I just let him beat off on me.”

“Holee shit...he wanted to beat off on you?”

“It’s complicated, okay...you saw how big his dick is...and he doesn’t have anybody back home to talk to I guess, so he was asking me some stuff about it...about sex in general, I guess,” she half-heartedly explained. “And I was sort of telling him how to masturbate and the next thing I knew he was doing it and staring at me while he did it...and maybe I let it get out of hand a little.

“How little?” Cathy pushed her verbally.

“I...I let him cum all over my belly,” she admitted.

“Did you touch him?”

“Why do you want to know?”

Cathy’s expression suddenly shifted from disbelief to mirth.

“Why the hell are you smiling, bitch?!” she demanded.

“What? You think I was gonna call the authorities on you or something?”

“I don’t know...damn,” she groused at her fat friend.

Cathy outright chuckled and leaned up against the edge of the doorframe. “I was just wondering how much of the show I’d missed.”

“What?” Angie blurted at her and then slapped her on the shoulder. “Are you fucking serious?! Dammit...I haven’t heard from you in forever and all at once I finally get some action going and you barge in out of nowhere and disrupt my fucking parade...I are’ta kick your fat fucking ass!”

“Sorry,” she apologized. “But he asked me to marry him,” and she held out her hand to show off the moderate sized ring on her finger. “I had to tell somebody and my mother wasn’t answering her phone...so you were the next choice.”

“Congratulations,” she said with a genuine smile. “I’m guessing things are going sweet then?”

“He has two brothers...TWO...and they gang-bang me every Saturday night...all three of them...three big, black fucking dicks on me, in me, and squirting all over the ladies,” she added as she hefted her chest titans with both hands for emphasis. “It’s a wet dream come true.”

“I would say you’re sick,” Angie began, “but you know what I’ve been doing.”

“Getting fatter, from the looks of it,” Cathy asserted as she looked down Angie’s body and then back up to her face. “Not that I can talk,” she confessed. “They want me to get bigger. I think they got some sort of immobile sex slave fantasy going on or something. I’ve gained fifty pounds since I moved in with him and he just keeps bringing home fatty foods for me. He gets off on feeding me too!”

“Sick bitch...my husband acts like he’s disgusted by me,” she stated with a look of scorn.

“Apparently junior in there don’t suffer the same afflictions,” Cathy noted as she leaned back and looked down the hallway to see if she could still see him.

“Oh fuck,” Angie muttered. “I need to go tell him it’s cool... he’s probably freaked the fuck out.” With that said, she barged through the door, all but shoving Cathy out of her way. Naked, she strolled down the hall and into the living room where Shawn was sitting on the couch.

He’d put his shorts back on, but the bulge in his pants was unmistakable now. His dick was probably swollen beyond management. Mark’s always bloated up after sex. She and Shawn both, had worked his cock over with their hands, so she imagined it was probably pretty raw and angry.

He looked up at her and his eyes widened. Apparently he wasn’t expecting her to be naked.

“It’s okay...it’s cool...this is Cathy, my friend,” she said as Cathy walked up behind her. He looked up at both of them, his eyes flicking from one to the other. “Shawn...me and her are a little bit of...ummm...sort of special type friends,” she tried to explain.

Cathy decided to take matters into her own hands.

“I’m a dirty fat whore too, so I’m not gonna rat ya’ll out,” the fatter woman said with a no-nonsense tone to her voice. “And don’t be embarrassed, man...that thing,” and she pointed directly down at his shorts, “is fucking spectacular!”

Angie looked up at the ceiling and rolled her eyes.

“And Cathy just dropped by for a moment and is now on her way home to her band of fat lovers.”

“Was I?”

“You are,” she said and cleared her throat.

“Can I at least see it again before I go?”

It was about that moment that she realized the bulge in his shorts was growing.

“Shawn?” she said in a half-whisper as she looked from his crotch to his face and realized he was looking at Cathy. She turned and followed his gaze to her friend’s enormous titties.

Oh well now...I guess he really does have a fat thing going on. Wow! And as she mulled that around in her head, she realized that things were potentially ripe for a sex party.

She pulled Cathy by the arm over into the kitchen and began to whisper to her in a hushed voice.

“Cath...your titties are making him hard again.”

“I saw that,” she agreed. “Why are we over here whispering?”

“Do you want to do a threesome?”

“WHAT?!” her voice was way too loud.

“You heard me,” she said. “Do you want some of that?”

Cathy looked back over her shoulder at Shawn on the couch.

“No way...I can’t ride that thing...it was ridiculous. You know how little my fuck hole is. If I climbed on that and then went home, he’d know damn well I’d fucked around on him.”

“You gang-bang with him?”

“Yes, but it’s with his brothers...his choice, not mine. We’re freaky, but I can’t cheat on him...I’m in love with him!”

“Fine then...so scram and let me handle it,” she asserted and then she stepped around her friend to move back into the living room.

“Wait,” Cathy caught her by the arm. “I didn’t say I wouldn’t watch.”

“Watch? Uh-uhh...that’s weird.”

“Okay, I’ll play around, but I’m not letting him fuck me.”

“Sounds good to me...let’s do this.”

Cathy tightened her grip on her arm.

“I can’t...not right now,” she insisted.

“What? Why not?”

“Cause he’s out in the car waiting on me,” her fatter friend replied with a toss of her head to indicate the front door.

“Oh,” Angie grunted. “Well when?”

“I don’t know...I’ll have to come up with something...I’ll call you in a day or two...maybe tell him you’re throwing me a bachelorette party or something, I don’t know.”

“Yeah, okay,” she said, reluctantly accepting what she figured was just a put-off. “Well take off then...I got business going on for the first time in months.”

Without another word, she walked her to the door and opened it, but Cathy smiled at her and pushed the door back shut.

“Not yet,” she mouthed, but said nothing audible, then made eye contact with Angie and flicked her gaze at Shawn over on the couch. “What’s his name?” she whispered.

“Shawn,” Angie replied in an equally hushed voice.

“Hey Shawn,” Cathy called out loudly as she turned to face him. “Until we meet again, my new little friend...let me share a little something with you to remember me by,” and with that said, she pulled her t-shirt tail up over her gigantic tits and then with quick movements, reached to the front of her overstrained brassiere and unhooked the clasps between the cups. With dual flops, her enormous breasts dropped into view and draped down to her waist where they remained, dangling and quivering for several moments.

Both woman stared at him, waiting to gauge his response, but his reaction didn’t come from above...it came from below.

The bulge in his shorts suddenly moved and then the fabric began to stretch and rise rapidly.

“Well somebody knows how to catch a hard-on now,” Cathy giggled as she refastened her bra and then stretched it forward and began the arduous task of cramming her jugs back inside of it. “Yeah, I’ll be back...I’ll be back,” the last line said in a mock impression of the Terminator. Her shirt resituated, she opened the door herself and stepped out. “I’ll call you...keep me posted on things, huh?” and she motioned with her index finger back at Shawn as she turned and headed down the stairs just beyond Angie’s apartment door.

Angie quickly shut the door and turned around...collapsing against it. Having thought about it, she turned back around and locked it...knob and chain both.

“That was weird...really weird,” Shawn said from the couch before she’d even turned around again.

“Messing around with me...or my mutant titted friend busting in on us?”

Shawn laughed. “Both I guess,” he admitted.

Turned around again, she looked down and noticed his crotch was returning to its previous size bulge. As she walked towards him, she said, “So I’m guessing you liked her, huh?”

“She’s kinda ugly...not bad...but she’s not pretty like you,” he answered. “She’s got really big boobs though...man...those things were HUGE!”

“Yeah, I know,” she agreed. “They’re what got me in trouble with her to start with.”

“What?” His eyes bugged and his mouth fell open somewhat.

“I told you...me and her are...or were...a little more than just friends. And do not dare tell your father on me. Maybe if he’d

give me some once in a while, I wouldn't be messing around with my fat friends."

"Oh," he sputtered. "So you and her...like...do stuff like what we just did?"

Still naked and somewhat damp, she made to sit down on the couch beside him...in the process, stepping around a puddle of flaky whiteness on the carpet near where she'd been sitting earlier.

"Your father asks, tell him that spot is just instant potatoes or something that I spilled," she asserted, pointing at the spot on the carpet.

Sitting down, she twisted and pulled her right leg up on the couch with her so that she could face directly at him beside her.

"I have done stuff far more nasty with her," she admitted. "What you and me did a while ago was just...that was purely nothing more than foreplay."

"What does that mean?"

"What, foreplay?" His naivety was humorous to an extent, and she couldn't help but giggle. "It's what goes on before you have sex with somebody."

"So...so that wasn't sex?"

She smiled even bigger.

"Well yeah, it kinda was," she confessed. "But it's not technically sex till you...y'know...put it in me."

Both of his eyebrows raised as she explained it, and she got the impression that he was still a bit confused.

"You're still a virgin, Shawn...technically," she stated nonchalantly.

"Oh," he replied and turned his head to see what was on the TV. His cheeks flushed red though, and she knew he was doing it to avoid asking what he was really curious about.

“That, however...is not to say that you have to stay that way,” she said, knowing it would get his attention.

Oh shit...what am I doing? This is my step-son and...and what I already did was beyond redemption! She knew that, but to an extent, she didn't really care. Besides that, for all intents and purposes, she had already legally had sex with him. If she was to get her ass in a jam over it...she might as well get something of substance out of it.

He had turned his head again and was looking at her...his eyes darting from her face down to her belly and back up again so obviously that she assumed he wanted her to know it.

She leaned back a bit on the couch and poked her belly out as far as she could and then she feigned a yawn and stretch and then rubbed her distended tummy, shaking it at one point. Smacking her lips, still feigning tiredness, she continued, “Of course if you're too tired to finish what you started...”

Shawn's eyes almost popped out of his head.

His crotch moving caught her attention and she giggled when she realized he was getting hard again, and unlike when Cathy whipped her tots out...this time it was getting after it, bowing up in seconds until he literally had to adjust the way he was sitting and fight with his dick through the fabric of his shorts. His efforts were only partially effective. He managed to push it into a position where it wasn't crimped, but when he did, he apparently set it loose and the shiny head of his dick careened out the leg of his shorts like a fast moving snake until it was reaching nearly to his knee...and then it began to try and stand upright despite the restricting fabric of his shorts leg holding it down.

“Shit!” he chirped and leaned forward, unsure of what the hell to do with his erection.

“Aww, no...little Shawn’s big wiener just fell out of his shorts,” she faked a sad little girl voice as she leaned over and laid down on her belly on the couch so that she slither her way to his lap. “It’s so hard...what you gonna do now?” she taunted him as she lay her head in his lap and began breathing heavily on his crotch bulge...her hand reaching over to play with his enormous and exposed cock head. Her fingers walked up and down the exposed length of his shaft and then she licked her fingers and started diddling with the red ring on his glans.

He twitched beneath her, but the weight of her head resting in his lap prevented him from moving very much, so the twitch faded into something more akin to a quiver...that was followed by his penis straining even harder against his shorts to stand upright.

“I think you’re just gonna have to come out of these shorts, mister,” she commented in her normal voice as she stopped messing with his dick and rose up out of his lap. Once sitting straight up, she slid her body all the way up beside him and then her left hand reached for the button of his shorts...popping it loose and then her fingers slowly worked his zipper down.

By that point, he was using both of his own hands to push his shorts down and off. He’d not bothered putting his briefs on apparently when Cathy barged in...and that now explained why his dick popped out the leg so easily.

“What a naughty little boy,” she crooned, “Not wearing any underwear,” and she tisked with her tongue and shook her head in mock disapproval.

When his shorts were down past his knees, he started kicking to get them off and she pushed him back against the couch cushion roughly...then with her left hand started pulling his t-shirt up, revealing his boney bird chest for the first time.

Oh man...if he didn't have a huge dick this would just gross me out beyond redemption, she thought as she looked down and reviewed his scrawny physique, probably less than a third her own mass. She was 215 now...so yeah, she literally and probably had him outweighed three to one. Surveying him, she guessed he probably weighed in less than seventy or eighty pounds at best...if even. Had she wanted to, she could probably have picked him up and thrown him across the room. But tossing him around wasn't what she wanted to do...unless maybe it was to toss him into the bedroom.

Oh man, that'd be wrong...fuck his son in his own fucking bed! It seemed wrong, and yet somehow that made her want to do all that much more. Mark was an uber-dick...and not in the way he'd once appeared either...no any longer...not since she'd met his son, Shawn. No sir, Mark's penis was no longer impressive in her mind at all. His dick was practically a joke in comparison to Shawn's.

But in all honesty, she sort of thought Mark had it coming to an extent...thinking he was all high and mighty and so much more hot than she was...talking to her like a dog...always groaning about how fat she was. Yeah, he had it coming. Whatever she did to him at this point, she felt was justified. She hated him that fucking bad.

Fully naked as she was now, Shawn pressed back against the cushions and tried his best to twist where he was facing her. She slid back and then they both flittered around until he was practically flat on his back and she was astraddle of him atop the couch.

She looked down at him and realized he was awestruck by her belly looming over the top of him.

She smiled and walked forward on her knees until they bumped up under his armpits. Now looking down, she could barely see his face beyond the sphere of her fat gut.

Oh I got him now, she thought to herself as she poked her belly out and bounced on the couch to make it jiggle.

“Does my belly look fat?” she asked as she played with it.

His eyes were the size of pie plates...his mouth wide open in a gaping, shocked expression.

She slapped her belly a couple of times and then said, “I think I’m getting so fat...soooo big and fat. What do you think?”

Earlier their roles had been one of a different type. She’d been in charge and he’d been her little stooge. But now he knew how to make his junk work, she wanted something different. She recalled how she’d felt when Cathy had talked nasty to her...the way, despite it being insulting...that it made her feel so sexy. Somehow being called a fatty was only harmful when she knew the person calling her that didn’t like her. Cathy had gotten off on her body...and now...now she had Shawn there beneath her and he had it so bad for her it was ridiculous.

And because he was her step-son...because he was so much younger than her...it seemed oh-so-dirty to her...to think about him taking advantage of her. She wanted to role-play with him badly, but would he even get it? He was a straight-up virgin and she doubted it. She’d have to lead him through it, but he seemed pretty quick...so maybe he’d pick up on it and go with it.

***This book will be published in serial format.
Subsequent chapters will be added in order.***