

# DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS

By The Marquis Facade

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## CHAPTER ONE

Angie stood naked, staring at her reflection in the long mirror that clung to the back of her bathroom door. The confines of the bathroom prevented her from backing too far from the door...but she was back enough that she could take in a good ninety percent of her nudity.

With a fairly moderate amount of self-disgust, she placed both hands on her plump gut and jiggled it up and down, gawking in awe that when she stopped...her belly continued to gyrate on its own for several seconds. With the index finger of her right hand, she snaked around and penetrated the growing chasm that was her navel. Oddly, she realized it felt good to dig down in there and burrow somewhat.

*So gross*, she thought, but she found herself doing it more and more often these days, especially while looking at herself in this very mirror. She realized she was gaining more and more weight as time went on...and she also knew her husband didn't care for it much, but she had other thoughts on the matter.

At first it had been horrifying to realize she was spreading out and especially at her age...only twenty four, but she also knew her mother had done much the same and likely it was as much genetics at play as it was her lifestyle. She battled her bulge for nearly a year and just didn't seem to get anywhere, so at some indefinite point, she'd just stopped trying and had a little chocolate to console herself. And the snowball had launched down a steep slope...and once she gave in, things had just gone south rapidly.

At twenty two, she'd been a hundred and ten pounds...a proverbial college hottie, standing at five foot six with a nice and buoyant rack of C-cups. That's when she'd met Mark and

about a year later, she finished school and they got married. The problems started when she realized no one really wanted to hire a person with a bachelor's degree in English poetry. It had seemed like a great idea when she'd been eighteen, but in hindsight, probably wasn't such a great major. And Mark, who'd just barely been a high school graduate himself, barely made enough to pay their bills...especially with his baggage in tow of child support from his high school sweetheart. Every month they'd toiled to hand over ridiculous amounts of cash to the bitch even though Mark never got to see his son. The bitch had up and moved four states away and just told him to make sure he mailed the checks on time.

In hindsight, Mark wasn't probably the best man-ticket she could have bought...but at the time, the train looked nice. Mark wasn't just good looking, but he was also hung like a moose. The first time he'd whipped it out, she'd almost creamed herself on the spot. That idiot bastard packed a dick that was nearly ten inches long and far too fat to even suck on, though she gave it hell every chance she got.

No Mark wasn't the best bet for her. What he lacked in brains though, he made up for in sex. He was the proverbial trophy husband of sorts...only she wasn't the bread winner by any means. She'd taken on a few jobs here and there during the last two years, but most played out or she got sick of them and fucking quit.

Lounging around the house...probably set off her downhill slide. Right after her twenty third birthday, she'd gotten laid off from the store she was clerking in and had been lucky enough to score unemployment benefits for four and a half months. Mark wasn't the brightest fella on the planet, so convincing him that she was stupid not to milk the checks till they ran out wasn't exactly all that hard to manage. It was free money,

right? Even Mark had done it a few times over the span of his career as a construction worker.

After two weeks at home watching TV all day, she decided to go into town for something to do. And for the first time in nearly sixteen days, she tried to put on something other than a pair of jogging pants...and was quickly made aware that she was fatter than she had been previously. Trying to wiggle into her jeans proved to be nearly impossible. She'd tried to tell herself it was bloat...or her jeans had shrunk...but in the end, she'd walked into their single, tiny bathroom and hopped up onto the digital scales beside the towel cabinet.

She was a hundred and twenty three pounds. Somehow in the span of two weeks, she'd packed on thirteen pounds. She was in total shock. She stood staring at herself in the mirror for what must have been the better part of twenty minutes, poking and prodding...trying to figure out where the fat was. She'd looked the same...but apparently she wasn't...as her uncooperative jeans had attested.

It was then that she visualized her own mother...nearly two hundred and fifty pounds at five foot five...and for the first time, realized what was likely in store for her. She'd always assumed her mother had gotten fat as a result of pregnancy. She had two sisters...and the three of them were all about two years apart. Surely such an ordeal would have been enough to pack it on her...and with an infant, perpetually for six years like that, well who the hell would have had time to work out, right? She'd always felt sorry for her mother...even blamed herself somewhat for her size. But never before that moment, had she stopped to consider it was just genetics of some nature. She was the oldest though, and her two younger siblings were both still skinny as a rail. If it was genetics...it would likely be *her* that would display symptoms first...and now she had.

She fought it for weeks...then months...but by the time her unemployment checks stopped coming in the mail, she was tipping the scales at one seventy five. In a short period of time, she'd packed on sixty five pounds...nearly all of it situating in her ass and belly...the latter being the most prominent.

Her belly had just expanded all over at first...hell, at one twenty three, she'd not even been able to discern to any degree that she'd gained weight at all. But as the pounds continued to gather, she began to notice her tummy sticking out a little further and a little further.

She remembered the day she hit one fifty as if it were only yesterday. She'd backed up off the scales in horror and had immediately twisted to see her profile in the mirror. And as if the scales themselves hadn't given her a jolt...what she noticed in her reflection surely did.

Her stomach, up until that point, had been growing thicker for the most part...protruding forward little by little. But at one fifty...something changed. As she stared at herself, she realized her belly was drooping. With both hands, she slid her fingers down and cupped the round curve of her stomach and hefted it. For a few seconds she stood there, belly cupped...glaring at it in the mirror and then she looked down directly at it...and realized she couldn't see her feet beyond it...only her toes. Her head popped back to the side and her eyes locked onto her profile reflection once more. She let go of her belly and it jiggled somewhat.

"Holee fucking shit, I'm fat!" she blurted to no one but herself and the four walls.

Her bulgy tummy was a fucking fat gut now. How did this happen? Twisting, she turned her back to the mirror and gazed back over her shoulder...a look of utter shock on her face as she

discovered her gut wasn't the only thing that was fat. Her ass cheeks looked massive.

She lifted herself up on her toes and bounced...and to her horror, her entire ass jostled and quivered.

She turned sideways again where she could see both ass and belly and repeated the toe-tipping bounce. She could do little but gasp as she watched her front and back quivering and jiggling.

That had been the worst day of her life, she'd thought...at least at the time. A few days later, Mark had just outright told her she needed to get a job, that her ass was porking out and he didn't like fat chicks. She'd cried for days after that, but just couldn't bring herself to leave him over it. Instead, she eventually got up and started jogging...exercising...dieting...the whole nine yards. Weeks passed, and no more weight came on, but none left either. It was discouraging.

One afternoon she'd come home from jogging and seen her new neighbor moving into the apartment beside hers and Mark's. It was a woman about the size of her mother, but unlike her mother, this chick had titties the size of mountains. In all her life, she didn't think she'd ever seen such a small woman with such huge jugs. And she wasn't all that pretty either, but she was cute in a fat, pudgy faced way. Her name was Cathy and she was single and the two of them almost immediately became friends.

One afternoon, Cathy had come over for them to watch TV together before Mark came home. He hated Cathy...and probably just because she was fat and his moronic mind somehow surmised that her fatness might be rubbing off on his previously hot wife. Well, in truth, it probably did somewhat, but it was still no reason to hate the woman.

At any rate, they'd been watching TV when a new work-out video commercial aired and Cathy snorted with derision.

Pushing up her thick glasses and rolling her big green eyes, she looked over at Angie and started what quickly became a man-bashing romp.

"Y'know I used to buy that shit...try it...starve myself...you name it and I tried it and nothing worked. I look just like my mother. I probably wouldn't even be here if my father hadn't had gigantic boobie fetish."

All the weeks they'd been friends, the subject of Cathy's tits had never come up...but here, now...she brought it up on her own and Angie couldn't resist jumping on the topics at hand...namely men, dieting, and titties.

"I used to be a hundred and ten pounds," she declared as she twisted on the couch to look directly at Cathy. "I got laid off and I just started packing it on...and now I'm like one fifty five and Mark just rides my ass...and not in the way I'd like."

Cathy snickered.

"I hope you don't mind me saying...but I really think you're too good for him. He's awful pretty...but he's not real sharp up top if you know what I mean."

Angie sighed and half smiled.

"Please...tell me something I don't already know." That covered diets and men...but titties were somehow outside her range of conversation again.

"I'm guessing he's got more than just looks, right?" Cathy's question caught her unexpectedly and for a moment she didn't realize what she was talking about.

"Ohh...oh yeah...it's probably the only thing that keeps me with him, to be honest...and here lately it's been missing in action more times than not."

“Is it sick that I gotta ask how big it is?” Cathy grinned with a devious look on her face. “Not like I’m gonna go after him or nothing...if he’s dogging you out, he wouldn’t give me the time of fucking day I imagine.”

“Well if you did...at least somebody would be getting it,” she countered with a sneer. “I’m starting to wonder if he’s cheating on me...I mean he’s a sexual freak most of the time. When we got married it wasn’t uncommon for him to get in the morning before work and every night before bed. And I can’t even tell you how long it’s been at this point.”

“Buy a vibrator, woman...it’s less trouble and doesn’t care if you eat a box of bon-bons in one sitting,” Cathy advised her, still with the mischievous grin spread across her face from cheek to chubby cheek. “So you gonna give it up or not?”

For a moment she sputtered but then realized she hadn’t answered Cathy’s question about how big he was.

“He’s right at ten inches long...I can’t even get it all in me and never have been able to...most of that thing is just fucking wasted. And before you ask...he’s got some girth too, and after he gets through ramming me...it gets so fat I can’t even suck it.”

Her fat friend’s grin melted into an “Oh” face if ever there was one. Her sexual curiosity and humorous prodding had obviously uncovered something that was deeper seated than she had expected. Apparently Angie had told her more than she expected to hear...but the cat was out of the bag now, so no sense in pretending she hadn’t said it.

“I have dirty dreams about dudes with dicks that big,” Cathy admitted with wide eyes and a dreamy expression to back up her statement. “I would die happy if I were beat to death with giant cocks...I kid you fucking not.”

“I know...it’s nasty, huh?” Angie agreed. With her own dirty secret out, she figured she might push Cathy a bit on her own.

“I’m surprised you haven’t got one yourself with boobs the size of yours.”

“Oh I’ve had the occasional boob-man off and on since high school...but most just wanna hit and forget it, y’know? I’ve had more cum on my titties than I can account for.”

Now it was Angie’s turn to be shocked. Had her friend really just said the word cum? Yes, she had!

“So you like that?”

“Fuck yeah,” Cathy admitted with a slight smirk. “Truthfully I just get off having them played with...I don’t care what they do to them. I’ve even messed around with other women before.”

Suddenly she realized Cathy might not just be friends with her...and that she might be interested in something more. And it wasn’t off base too far for her either. Admittedly, she’d had a thing for more than one big rack of tits herself, off and on throughout her life...and Cathy’s were massive.

“How big are yours?”

“48-F cup,” Cathy replied without missing a beat.

“Holee fuck,” Angie blurted before she could restrain her mouth. Her face heated and she realized she was blushing...and so did Cathy, who was blushing a bit herself as she smiled at her.

“You wanna see ’em?”

The question just hung unanswered in the space between them for several intense seconds.

“It’s no big thing, I don’t mind showing them off. You’re not the first woman to be shocked by them. I’m actually surprised it’s taken this long to bring up.” Absently, she was already fishing up the tail of her long and baggy, oversized t-shirt. Before Angie could say anything, the little fat woman had exposed her gigantic bra and was pulling her shirt completely off and over her head. Then she stood up and faced Angie,

stepping over in front of her in such a position, that she couldn't get up to escape. "Behold the bitches," the fat woman declared as she jerked up on the front of her brassiere and dumped her enormous udders out of their restraining cups.

Angie gasped as she gaped in awe at her friends jugs draping down over the top of her huge and now bare belly. The bottoms of her boobs hung even with her waist...her nipples, hardening more by the second, were the size of Angie's thumbs and her areola were the size of saucers, pink and shriveling as the cold air worked on them.

"If you wanna fool around, I promise I won't tell long dong silver on you," Cathy offered as she twisted from side to side and shook her giant tits. "C'mon...I know that look...it's the same look guys give me...you know you want to play with'em!"

She wasn't really sure what happened from that point forward, because it was all a blur, even in hindsight. One minute she'd been on the couch, looking up at Cathy's massive titties...and the next they were on the floor groping at each other and it was odd...strange. She'd never been with another woman before. There was no kissing, no grabbing for a dick, no ripping of pants off. Instead, she went straight for her friend's mammaries, burying her face into them, sucking and biting, and her hands squeezing and shaking them.

"Suck my big fat tities, bitch...suck'em, you nasty little bitch," Cathy's words defiant and demanding and insulting to say the least, but somehow it just drove her into a frenzy. She liked having this fat little cunt working her...telling her what to do. It was so nasty...and it'd been so long since Mark had done anything with her. She'd felt fat and worthless herself for months now...and suddenly she was the hot one again...all at once she was desirable again.

"I've known you wanted my titties since you walked up to me the day I was moving in, you sick bitch...you're not the first nasty cunt to want my goodies...I been playing you all the way," Cathy hissed at her as she sucked the fat bitch's massive titty into her mouth and slobbered all over it. Her nipple was so hard and so fucking big...it was like a big baby bottle tip...all fat on the end and long. She slurped on it and then began to nibble at it...all the while, her hands all over it...it was so fucking huge, bigger than her head...and she had two of them...TWO!

And then Angie felt her friend's hand...going down her jogging pants...her fingers digging into her pussy...deep. Cathy's fingers were short and fat...like small little dicks...all trying to get inside of her at one time.

"Oh fuck...fuck me, shit!" she blurted, dropping Cathy's massive tit from her mouth. And they rolled over and Cathy was upright leaning over her...the giant tits hanging down and draping atop her chest. Angie grabbed at them and sucked one down into her mouth just as Cathy roughly jerked her jogging pants all the way down and then literally ripped her panties off.

"How big you like them cocks, pretty girl?" the fatty growled at her as she pulled her thick thighs apart and pressed her pudgy fingers back into her now free and gaping pussy.

"Big...so fucking big...like you fat fucking titties," she spat out, more gasping than talking as she licked and nibbled at her friend's titty.

All at once, the wiggling, fat four fingers were joined by a thumb...and that thumb buried up into her clitoris and began pressing and massaging all at once as her fingers wiggled faster and deeper inside of her.

"You got a big pussy, pretty girl...maybe fat Cathy is gonna fist it for you," and before Angie could protest, the fat woman's thumb slipped in alongside her fingers and with a slurp, a whole

hand was inside of her and pumping. It was unlike anything she'd ever felt. Mark's cock was more long than thick and even after he'd swelled it up fucking, it still wasn't as big as this woman's wrist and forearm. She felt her balling the fist up...turning it into a giant faux cock head inside of her and then the real pounding began. In seconds, Angie was screaming and cumming, her juices literally exploding from her cunt and spraying down the carpet and her friend's fat arm.

"No more...oh fuck, no more...please...I can't take it," and then it was over with...her fat friend sitting upright and wiping her pudgy, fleshy arm off on her discarded t-shirt.

Angie was aghast at what had just transpired...horrified at what she'd just done. She rolled over onto her stomach and buried her face into the carpet.

Just then a sharp slap whacked her ass cheek and she quickly popped her head around to look at Cathy, shocked that her friend had slapped her ass so hard.

"Fuck you got a fat little ass going there, pretty girl," the fatter woman remarked as her hand settled on the slapped cheek and began to shake it violently. "Pretty girl done let herself start to slide, huh? Pretty girl can't get no cock now, so she's getting nasty with little fatty, huh?"

Being taunted was something she'd never had done to her. Guys never talked down to her...most had always been excited just to have her talking to them...and when she put a hand on them, they'd usually just roll over and be her bitches. To have this not-so-great-looking fat bitch...suddenly taking her down a notch...well it wasn't like when Mark told her she was fat. No, this was different...this was fucking hot.

"Slap it you fat fuck," she barked. "Slap my fat little ass!"

"Are you a bad girl?" Cathy asked as she clambered up onto her knees behind Angie and moved over between her spread

thighs. “Pretty girls aren’t supposed to get fat...I bet you been sneaking food, ain’t you...bad girl...you need a spanking!”

And with that said, the fatter woman began slapping her jiggly ass repeatedly and roughly...hard enough to sting, but not so hard as to absolutely hurt.

“It’s easy getting fat, ain’t it, pretty girl...you love stuffing that shit into your mouth don’t you...and I bet you’re just sad that all that fluff is going to your ass and belly and not your titties like me, huh?” Cathy smacked her a little harder for emphasis. “Oh I been noticing that potbelly growing...I noticed when you started letting it hang over the top of your stretchy jogging pants...’cause it don’t fit inside no more, does it?”

“No...owww...no I’m getting to fat,” she admitted between slaps to her ass. “My husband don’t like it...and I don’t care...I don’t care what he likes ‘cause he won’t fuck me no more and that’s the only reason I married him!”

Where the admission had come from, she didn’t know, but there it was. Was she getting fat on purpose...subconsciously? She didn’t think so...but having blurted that out now, she was concerned that maybe it was a deep seated truth. She was angry at him...for being stupid...for being arrogant...for being mean to her about her weight. And apparently being fat didn’t mean she couldn’t get some action either...maybe not from him, but from somebody!

“Is that why you fucking me...to spite him?”

“No...no fuck...it’s your titties...fuck, slap me harder, dammit! Make if fucking sting you fat cunt!”

WHACK!

Cathy landed one hard and the sting burned and Angie suddenly lost track of her shame and rolled over to look up at her abuser.

"I hate him so bad...I hate him," she growled as Cathy leaned forward and crawled atop of her, dragging her immense tits up her body...their giant fleshy blobs catching her Angie's shirt tail...dragging it up as she moved.

"Fist me again...I want you to stretch my fucking pussy out, you hear me...I want the motherfucker to get up in me and realize he ain't man enough to touch the sides...I wanna humiliate him so fucking bad!" she hissed as Cathy pressed one of her nipples into her mouth to shut her up.

Angie took the tit and looked up, amazed to see Cathy hefting up her other breast and sucking on it herself. Somewhere about that point, she reached up and began to tug at the fatter woman's stretch-pants...tugging and pulling until they came down and her hands could get between Cathy's legs.

Her friend's belly was so fat and huge that the bottom of it overhung her pubic region. She'd never realized how fat Cathy's gut was...as it had always been overshadowed by her gigantic cleavage. But the bitch had a massive sack of flab and it was in Angie's way. It was time to take matters into her own hands.

She pushed upright till she was in a sitting position and Cathy had moved back off of her and then she lunged forward, all but tackling the fatter woman and wrestling her pants completely off.

"Is it your turn now," Cathy gasped as she let Angie take control of their foray. "Show me your tits!" she added as her granny panties ripped and came off in Angie's shredding hands, leaving her fat ass completely naked on the floor.

Angie tossed the torn undergarments and then viciously pulled her own shirt off and over her head. She wasn't wearing a bra herself...and why bother...she was at home with her friend, another woman...who'd have ever guessed?

Both of them naked now, rolling and writhing on the floor, back and forth until at some point Angie had her fingers inside her friend's cunt...but the woman's pussy was ultra-tight and she knew there was no way more than three fingers were getting in there. Not that she needed it. She hadn't hardly begun to finger her when she moaned and spurted liquid all over her thighs and Angie's arm.

Exhausted, the two of them collapsed side by side on the carpet. Angie turned her head to face her friend and marveled at the fact that her giant udders were lying on the floor beside her. So big were they, that they just rolled off to her chest and sat like water balloons on the floor to either side of her. The fat little bitch wasn't much to look at it...but she was awful, awful fucking nasty and those titties...were to die for.

"I like men," she muttered finally. "I don't know what this was...but can we stay friends?"

Cathy laughed out loud and her double chin jiggled.

"Please bitch...I love cum on my jugs too much to go lesbian. I told you...I fucking dream about massive cocks and fat balls slapping my fat ass and shooting cum loads all over me. Unless you can do that, I'm gonna have to say we're just fuck buddies."

Angie sighed with relief and buried her face in the carpet.

"You think your husband would do a threesome?"

The question would have shocked her to her core a half hour earlier...but now it was nothing more than small talk.

"Fuck no...he hates you with a passion," she replied. "I think he thinks your fat is gonna rub off on me or something stupid like that."

"Maybe it should," Cathy snapped back. "Are you really pissed off at him? I mean...y'know...what you said about hating him...wanting to humiliate him?"

Angie wondered now. Had it all been sex talk? Some of it was, but some of it wasn't.

"I don't know...but I will tell you I'm not killing myself any more. Fuck him. He can love me for who I am and how I look or he can suck his own dick...it's damn near long enough."

"So stop killing yourself...chunk out if you fucking want to," her friend suggested. "Piss on him." Cathy suddenly looked frightened. "Shit, what time is it??!"

"Umm," and Angie glanced around to the clock on her microwave. "Four twenty...what's wrong? Mark won't be home till five thirty."

"Oh fuck Mark...I got a date at six with a black dude from work. I'm hoping he's got mondo-dong in his pants for me," the short little fatty explained, giggling, as she sat up and began pulling her pants back on, sans panties.

"Oh that's just wrong," Angie blurted as she sat up as well.

"Gotta go wash the pussy stank off of me...later," she added as she stood up and quickly pulled her shirt on and then fought to stretch it down over her unrestrained tits. "Think anybody will notice me bouncing over to my apartment?" Laughing, she stepped off toward the door and left without another word, leaving Angie sitting on the floor, naked amidst a massive brassiere and a torn pair of massive panties.

She didn't see Cathy again for nearly two weeks. From what she told her when she did catch her, she and the black guy, named Rob, had hit it off. Not only was he hung, but he loved fat women and she told her she was moving in with him.

Weeks ticked by and so did her scales. Depressed now at having lost her friend...she turned to eating and the weight began to grow exponentially.

She'd been out of work now for almost six months. Sometime after four months, when she'd gotten her last unemployment check, she'd weighed in at one seventy five, a full sixty five pounds heavier than she'd been when she'd gotten married to Mark. That had been seven weeks ago. In the time since then, she'd crossed over the two hundred mark.

Mark wouldn't even talk to her now...wouldn't even look at her and hadn't touched her in forever.

She pressed into the bathroom and peeled out of her clothes and then stared at herself in the elongated mirror on the back of the bathroom door. And not for the first time, she marveled at how fat she was. Her belly sagged down now and from the side, she looked fucking pregnant...and her ass bulged outward behind her at least twice as far as it had six months ago. Each big round cheek was bigger than a watermelon. She was a literal pear of a woman now...all ass and gut. To her fortune though, her tits had finally kicked in a little and she was now sporting a tight D-cup. They were in no danger of running Cathy's uber-tits a race, but they were at least getting bigger.

She'd almost made up her mind to leave Mark...when they'd gotten some seriously disturbing news. Mark's ex was getting married again and taking a month long honeymoon trip to Europe. Big whoop for her bitch ass. Not a real shock per say, but the catch was that she wanted to ditch Mark's son on them for the month. And Mark, moron that he was, jumped at the chance to see his son and for several days there his excitement was overly evident. Not only did he start talking to her again, but he actually started touching her again.

She knew it was only because he wanted her to play the part of surrogate mother and that it wouldn't last, but she felt bad for him to an extent and so she made up her mind to stay at least until the boy went back home.

Shawn was fairly old. How bad could it be, right? At least he wasn't in diapers, right? It was four weeks...and then she could haul ass and not feel guilty. It was Summer, so he'd probably be content to just lounge around and watch TV...nothing more than she was already doing herself, right?

Two weeks later, she found herself meeting Shawn for the first time. He seemed fairly well behaved...mostly quiet she thought, for his age. The first night had been a catch-up quest between him and his father, so she hadn't been much involved other than making dinner and making the boy a bed on the sofa in the living room.

The next morning, Mark had left for work and she'd risen around ten in the morning and dragged herself out of their single bedroom and across the hall into the only bathroom wearing nothing but her panties...completely forgetting that Shawn was there. She'd slept soundly all morning and hadn't heard a peep coming from the living room...so his presence had completely slipped her mind until she was already in the bathroom.

Now she was stuck...she had no clothes in there other than the too-small panties she was currently wearing.

*Holee shit...did he see me crossing the hall? I didn't even think to look!* She was suddenly embarrassed that she might have streaked right in front of the boy. Now the problem at hand was how would she get back to the bedroom without doing the same again? She could wrap up in a towel, but still, it was rather crude. And should she say something about it to him or just pretend she'd done nothing and hope that he hadn't seen her?

After a while, she finally relaxed and decided to have herself a nice warm bubble bath. It was lame, she knew, for a grown

woman to want a bubble bath, but it was just one of those things she'd loved since she was little. It relaxed her.

As the warm water flowed and the bubbles multiplied, she peeled out of her tight panties and caught notice of her own reflection in the mirror at the back of the door.

She straightened up and turned to face the mirror. With both hands, she gripped her flabby gut and shook it. In the two weeks awaiting Shawn's arrival...she'd gained another five pounds. She was tipping the scales at two fifteen now.

It was almost a joke at this point. She'd actually started wearing her too-small clothing on purpose these days just to antagonize Mark. The tight clothing made her flab bulge out and appear all that more obvious and she knew it disgusted him to no end...and that, somehow, amused her.

Pulling her shoulder length blonde hair back and pinning it into a bun, she climbed over in the tub and submerged herself in the bubbles. The tub was moderately deep, but even at just over half full, when she got in and hunkered down, the water level rose to almost overflowing level...and she had to quickly turn off the faucet. She pulled the plug and let some of the water out to accommodate her own presence. They lived in the upstairs apartment and any overflow would probably seep down into the neighbor's apartment below them and ruin their ceiling. It was best to be careful with her tub forays. She allowed the tub to drain to at least three quarters full. To her disgust, her belly protruded a bit up out of the water...at least enough that her navel was visible...and of course that intrigued her as always...and she ended up fingering it while she diddled herself further down with the other hand. Why she got off on playing with her deep navel was still a mystery to her. Somehow, maybe...it was like an extra little vagina for her. But generally by the time she worked herself up below, her navel

fingers would abandon their crevice and simply begin to squeeze and grope on her huge belly flab. This time was no different, and within minutes, she was in the throes of sexual release with one hand...while the other kneaded her fat gut like bread dough.

Just at that moment though, a knock on the bathroom door startled her.

*SHIT! Crap...apparently Shawn is awake...but what the hell does he want?* Breakfast was her assumption.

"Hadn't forgot about you, dude...I'll make us some breakfast when I get out of the tub, okay?"

"I gotta go to the bathroom," was his response from the other side of the door.

"Oh crap," she muttered to herself as she realized there was just the one bathroom. She was going to have to abandon her bath to let him take a poop probably...and she had no clothes but her panties...and the real question was whether a towel would even completely wrap around her or not. She hadn't really wrapped in one for a long, long time...not since she'd started getting fat. She eyed the towel on the floor beside her tub and tried doing some math in her head.

*That towel is what...three foot long? Maybe four...and that's like 36 to 48 inches, right?* She returned her gaze to her belly protruding up out of the water and glared. How big around was she now? *Oh fuck me running...* she thought as she realized the last time she'd measured herself to buy some new jeans, she'd been thirty eight inches around her waist...and forty six inches around her belly. Yes, her gut stuck out that fucking far at this point. It was one reason she'd taken to wearing lowriders of late. It was far less embarrassing to buy thirty eights and let her gut hang...than to buy forty six or forty fours and try to compress it within them.

To her horror though, she realized the towel might make it if it was four foot long...and she sucked it in...but if the bitch was only three foot, she was screwed.

Shawn knocked again.

“Sorry, but I really, really gotta pee,” he called out through the door.

She sat up in the tub and reached out for the towel. As she stood up, she shook it out of its folded state and flung it around her.

“Fuck,” she hissed and then sighed as she realized the damn thing was some weird off size...and while being longer than three foot, it was obviously not four...even sucking her gut in didn’t make it cross the distance she required.

“Hold on,” she called out to him. “I’m in the tub.”

For a moment she thought about telling him to go get her some clothes out of her room, but that seemed awfully crude as well...but what choice did she have.

And then she thought about just pulling the damn shower curtain closed.

*Bingo!*

She reached and pull it closed. It was see-through, but it was the type of clear plastic that obscured, so while he might see some flesh tone...he wouldn’t be able to make out any actual parts.

“The door is open...just c’mon in and pee if that’s all you gotta do...I got the shower curtain closed.”

The doorknob twisted and he barged on in like he owned the place, not bothering to even close the door behind himself.

“Sorry...I have my own bathroom at home,” he apologized as he turned to face the toilet...but he made sure to position himself so that his back was to her. The only issue was that his profile was visible in the mirror on the door beside the toilet.

She'd pulled the curtain completely across the span of the tub, but the edge wasn't touching the wall completely and so a gap remained between the edge of the plastic protector and the tub enclosure. And impatiently she stared out at his back through the opening...and it was through this view that she noticed his profile reflected in the mirror. By this point he'd already gotten his shorts open and was pulling the front of his underwear down. She didn't intend to watch, but it happened so quickly that by the time she realized she could see...well, she'd pretty much already seen...and what she saw took her breath away.

Shawn flipped out the fattest dick she'd ever seen in her life. It was only a few inches long, but it was shriveled, its wrinkles deep and numerous. It looked huge in comparison to his tiny, scrawny ass body. As he began to pee, she noticed it was stretching out in length. She'd seen dicks do that before. After being couped up in pants, they'd constrict and contract and then once freed, they'd just stretch out some. She'd watched Mark peeing more than once and such a sight wasn't that unknown to her. But seeing it on Shawn was remarkable. By the time he was done, she guessed it was at least five or six inches long just dangling there in front of him.

As soon as the stream stopped, he shook it several times and in doing so, riled it even more...extending it maybe another inch. Then he let go of it and reached to flush the toilet and she had to bite her lip not to gasp. It dangled down further than his shorts leg. As soon as he flushed, he fished it back up and pushed it down into his underwear and then zipped his pants back up.

"Thanks," he called out to her as he turned and pulled the door further open to exit. But as he departed, he left the door open behind him.

“Uhh,” she muttered, but couldn’t bring herself to say anything at all beyond that.

Her husband had a big nine and some-more long dick and it was at least six or seven inches in circumference when he was hard...and after fucking for a while, it’d swell up to probably seven and half or eight...too much to cram into her mouth without gagging. A big dick was no shock for her...but a big dick on Shawn...that was just ludicrous! But she realized it was likely genetic...that he’d inherited it from Mark...so it wasn’t strange in so much of a sense that it was impossible or beyond comprehension. And her husband hung six inches long limp...but Shawn wasn’t that old...not really such that he should have a dick that long when it was limp. And what blew her mind even more was that even after he’d let go of it and let it drape down the front of his shorts, it had still been wrinkly to a large degree...and not just that...but it looked so fat and soft. Was it just her eyes playing tricks on her? Maybe it was an optical illusion. With a body so small, maybe his dick just appeared larger...sort of in contrast to his frame? It couldn’t have really been that fucking large, could it?

She pulled the curtain back some and decided to sit back down in the tub. As she got comfortable though, she realized the door was still half open and that if he were out in the hall, he could see straight into the bathroom and directly at the tub where she was.

Self-conscious, she tugged the curtain closed a little more and then sighed...her mind wandering back to her step-son’s penis.

*I wonder if he gets erections yet?*

Where that dirty little thought came from, she wasn’t sure, but there it was...and she couldn’t deny it came accompanied with unfettered curiosity about the matter. She hadn’t noted

any pubic hair when he was peeing, but then again his shorts were sort of blocking that area, so she couldn't rule the matter one way or the other. How old was he? She suddenly realized she wasn't really sure. Mark had been banging his mother in high school for several years, but he had never asked her exactly how old he'd been when the bitch got knocked up.

*Good grief...if he's this big now...how big is he gonna get later?!* The question rolled around in her mind for a while as she sat there absorbing her warm bubbles.

At some point, her mind wandered down a slightly naughty road and she fantasized about climbing out of the tub and stepping up behind him while he was peeing...reaching around and grabbing his dangling cock...pulling on till it got hard...maybe even till she jerked him off?

*Oh I'm sick...sick fucking bitch!* She blasted herself mentally, but the fantasy had been concocted and it wasn't going anywhere any time soon.

*Number one, he probably would freak out...number two, he might not even respond...and number three, he would probably be grossed out by my fat fucking ass!* She argued against the fantasy and its probability...but it still wouldn't go away. What was she thinking anyway...Mark would fucking kill her for even thinking something that nasty...and doing it...well that would be over the fucking top in more ways than one.

*What the hell...I'm stuck in this house for the next month with the two biggest dicks I've ever seen...and one won't touch me and I'm not allowed to touch the other one!*

Her sexual frustrations were starting to get the better of her and she knew it. Fantasizing about Shawn was probably a signal that she needed to move the fuck on...but she was sort of stuck for the next month. It would have been shitty to haul ass on him while his son was staying with them, right? Maybe she

should have left before Shawn got there. But it was too damned late now. She was stuck like chuck...and in more ways than one, she realized as she noted the lack of heat in her water now...and then looked out past the curtain to the open door.

*Well, I can't stay in here forever...just gonna have to wrap a towel or two together and make a dash for it, I guess...*

She pulled the plug on the tub and climbed up to her feet, water dripping off of her in sheets. She peeped out the gap between the curtain and tub wall and checked to see if the hall was vacant. Seeing that it was, she pulled the curtain back and stepped out onto the rug beside the tub.

*"Miss Angie, how do you turn on the TV satellite---"*

The words scared her and she jumped. Looking over at the door where they originated from, she found herself staring at the very startled and wide-eyed face of Shawn standing half in and half out of the doorway. He was as shocked as she was from the look on his face.

His eyes slowly shrank and his gaze drifted from her face down her naked body and stopped finally...locking on her belly.

"Hello?! NAKED HERE!" she blurted at him and he twitched and his eyes bugged again, but he jumped back out into the hallway and fumbled to shut the door.

Her heart was pounding like a sledge hammer in her chest and she knew her face was probably beet red. As the door shut, she found herself staring at her own dripping reflection in the mirror mounted to the back of it. Her belly was so big...no damned wonder he'd gawked at it.

*Well I don't guess I gotta worry about him seeing me now!* Obviously the cat was out of that particular bag...and it would never be seen again.

Heart still pounding, she toweled off and then pillaged the towel cabinet till she found an old beach towel that was nearly

five foot long. Wrapping herself in it, she emerged from the bathroom and darted across the hall into her room.

After putting on a long t-shirt and a pair of jogging pants, she sat down on her bed and contemplated the dread she had of having to leave the safety of her bedroom. She knew she had to get up and go out at some point, but she couldn't bear the disturbed look that she knew she was going to find on her stepson's face when she did.

It had been his fault, after all...so she wasn't so concerned about Mark getting pissed at her over it, but nevertheless she really didn't want him to find out about it. What if he asked her why she didn't lock the door to start with...or why hadn't she taken some clothes in with her? Even though the boy had barged in on her, the situation still smelled rather skanky around the edges on her side of it.

She finally decided that she would just talk to Shawn about it and explain that they should forget it happened and not saying anything more about it. He'd probably be as relieved as she would be in all honesty.

When she reached the living room a few moments later, she realized all at once, that she'd forgotten to put a bra on. Oh well, whatever...wasn't like he hadn't already seen her goods. Her shirt was thick and it wasn't cold...so the boy might not even really notice.

As she stepped from the hall into the carpeted area, she noticed Shawn was sitting on the couch facing the TV but it wasn't turned on. As she approached him and walked around the couch, she realized he was fumbling with the massive satellite remote.

"You have to turn the TV on first," she said as she moved toward the wall mounted 40 inch screen on the wall and

reached out to tap the power button. Immediately the TV came to life with some cereal commercial on it. “Mark and me never could figure out how to program the satellite remote to control the TV...so you have to turn it on manually.”

“Oh...thanks,” he muttered as he switched the channels repeatedly with the remote control.

She wanted his attention so she stepped over a foot so that she was directly in front of the screen.

“Er-hrm,” she cleared her throat and eyed him for dramatic effect before continuing. “About a while ago in the bathroom...”

“Please don’t tell Dad...I didn’t mean to leave the door open,” he immediately begged. “I have a bathroom in my bedroom at home...and nobody goes in my room or my bathroom, so I’m just not used to having to close it behind me and stuff...I...I didn’t mean to walk in on you.” He looked like he might cry at that point.

“Oh geez...I was worried YOU were gonna tell him,” she said with a relieved sigh as she moved over to the couch and flopped down beside him on the opposing end. “I didn’t want him thinking I just let you come in the bathroom with me while I was naked. I mean I should have had the door locked...but it’s just me and him here...so I just never bother,” she explained. “So if you don’t tell him...I won’t tell him either.”

“Deal,” Shawn agreed and resumed flipping channels.

All at once he reached the Pay-per-view channels and started getting black screens repeatedly.

“Go back...you’re in the pay channels,” she told him, but about that very moment the TV sparked to life again and lit up with the image of some skeezy harlot sucking the shit out of a big cock. “What the fuck?!” she blurted and leaped across the couch to grab the remote from his hands. With frantic fingers

she fumbled till she got the TV onto another channel...one with a black screen.

*That fucking asshole...he's got the porn channels activated on here. Cocksucker...guess I know why he's been staying up so late at night now.* She had just never imagined he'd be such a douche as to be sitting in the living room jerking off all those times. Why hadn't she ever got up to see what he was watching before? No wonder she wasn't getting any...Mark had been watching porn without her. And how much were those channels costing? She was fuming pissed...but the immediate problem was her step-son.

"I did not know that was on there," she mumbled in a low voice to him as she stood up from the couch and fingered the remote trying to block the channel in question.

"Heh! Dad watches dirty movies," he popped off with a laugh. "Bill does too...but they're on his computer." Bill was the guy his mother was married to now.

"Well, I think you've seen enough skin for the day, mister," she replied as she set the viewer lock on the channel finally. "I'm guessing that's not the first time you've seen that sort of thing?"

Shawn smirked but didn't reply...but then his face began to redden and his smile faded and his expression turned to a look of embarrassment.

"I was talking about the TV...not me," she said. "And if it's worth any consolation to you...I saw you when you were peeing by accident...the mirror...on the back of the door," she added. "So we're even...so quit worrying about it big guy."

Had she said that? Big guy? Really? How had that just popped out of her mouth so nonchalantly? And would he take it to mean what...yep, of course he would...and he did, obviously from the look of sudden near-terror that enveloped his face.

"I have megalopenis," he muttered.

"What?" she chirped, freaked that he had said something related to penis at all.

"Mom said Dad has it too...y'know...really big penis," he explained. "I guess you saw, huh?"

She suddenly realized it was probably something he was self-conscious about. It was probably a source of torment for him at his age, rather than a tool to be paid homage to.

"Umm...yep...yep I saw that," she admitted. "The big guy thing I said...that was a compliment. I wasn't trying to make fun of it or nothing."

"Oh," he chirped but his eyes lowered as if he didn't want to look at her anymore.

"Nothing wrong with it...man, trust me, the girls are gonna love you one of these days when they figure out what that thing is good for," she quickly commented, trying to console him...realizing a bit too late how openly sexual her statement had been. "Oh crap...umm...do you know about all that?"

Shawn looked up at her with wide eyes that spoke volumes without him having to say a word.

She sighed and flopped back down on the couch next to him.

"Well you saw a lot right there just now," she asserted as she pointed up to the TV. "Maybe you should talk to your Dad while you're here...y'know...about all that."

He said nothing, but just sat motionless watching whatever channel it was that she'd left the television tuned to.

"Mine doesn't do that," he whispered after a time, barely loud enough that she even heard him.

"Doesn't do what?" she asked, genuinely curious as to what he was talking about.

“That guy’s was sticking up...y’know...but mine doesn’t ever do that...it just kinda hangs there.”

“Well...maybe...maybe you just aren’t y’know...*there*...just yet. You have to be...y’know...a certain age before these things work right.”

“Sometimes it moves around...on its own...it’s really weird,” he added, still staring forward at the TV.

She wondered why in the hell he was talking to her about it. And she figured maybe it had something to do with his mother and Bill. Maybe she was freaked out by it...didn’t want to talk to him...and Bill...well depending on how big the dude was himself, the boy probably freaked him out as well. Not to mention he’d be a constant reminder of Mark and his cock that had previously invaded his newly married wife.

Or maybe...just maybe it was the fact that she’d seen him and he’d seen her...and any level of humility that might have existed between them was now gone. It was like...after you’d fucked a guy, you had no problem parading around naked in front of him...but until you had...there was always apprehension about your appearance. So now...with Shawn and her, that apprehension of embarrassment was pretty much gone. He knew she’d seen his dick and obviously wasn’t disturbed by it, so maybe he figured...hey...here’s somebody I can talk to without it weirding them out.

So what should she do? She *was* his step-mother technically and if she acted spastic over the matter when he obviously made it plain that he needed or just wanted to talk about it...well, it might mess him up even worse...end up making him even more self-conscious about his dick.

“They do that...it’s just something that happens. Your...er-hrm...testicles...your balls...they move up and down depending on your body temperature. That’s where you store semen and

it has to remain a certain temperature, so when you're hot, they drop...and when your cold they contract or pull up close to you."

"My penis does that when it's cold. It looks really weird when it does it too," he added as he finally stopped staring at the TV and eyed her sideways as if he was trying to glance at her enough to see what she was doing without having to turn his head and face her.

"Must have been hot in the bathroom, then," she chuckled, trying to lighten the tension...and then realizing too late that she'd probably just said something extremely lewd sounding. "I mean, 'cause it was...y'know...hanging down pretty low," her voice trailed off to a whisper and she cleared her throat again nervously. "Sorry, I'm not used to not being able to say adult shit, y'know?"

This time it was Shawn who chuckled. He also finally turned his head to look at her and despite his red cheeks, he was smiling with amusement. Had he gotten the lewd undertone of her comment, or was he amused that she was as nervous as he was about their conversation.

"Umm...are you laughing at me...or what I said?"

He looked confused.

"The hot in the bathroom thing...or me being stupid in general," she added, trying to clarify her question.

"Oh," he popped off and then continued, "Nah, I was just laughing because you said it was hanging down pretty low."

"Oh," it was her this time. "I said it and it sort of sounded a little wrong after I did it...so I figured you were laughing at that, but I guess you didn't get it."

"What?" he asked.

She sighed, realizing she shouldn't have said anything at all.

“I said hot in the bathroom...referring to the temperature thing, but ummm...since I was naked in there at the time, it sort of sounded like I was inferring it was...oh just never mind!”

He winced and wrinkled his brows as if she'd blown his mind to some extent.

“It was stupid...just never mind...it wasn't even really funny,” she plowed forward hoping he'd just stop looking at her stupid. Luckily he did finally.

“So why did me saying it was hanging low strike you as funny?” she asked, her curiosity getting the better of her.

“Cause it wasn't really hanging all that low,” he replied with a slightly ruddy set of cheeks.

She wondered what he meant by that. Was he just dense like his father and thought something totally benign was funny, or was he hinting at something else. She stared at him and tried to gauge him...and something about his expression revealed that it was something deeper...and after a few moments she decided to prod him on it.

“What do you mean by that?”

To her surprise, he got up from the couch and turned to face her and then his hands rose to his shorts and he started unbuttoning and then unzipping them. His movements were so quick that she didn't have a chance to comprehend or predict what he was going to do until he'd already done it.

He wiggled out of his shorts till they were down to his knees and she was able then to observe that there was more in his pants than just a big fat shriveled up dick. The front of his briefs were bulging dramatically and when he wiggled out of the shorts, the bulge began to sway side to side with weighty motions. And then he pulled the tail of his shirt up and gripped the top of his underwear and just pulled them down in the front enough to flip his cock out over the top of the waistband.

It flopped out and dangled for a second...about four or so inches long and as she watched in awe, it snaked out to a length of six inches or maybe a bit more...about the size it was in the bathroom.

She knew what was happening at this point, but she was far too stunned to say anything or stop him. She just sat there, staring in awe as he pulled on the end of his penis and stretched it out fully and then let it drop back down, dangling between his legs...and dangle it did...at least eight inches in length, swinging like a fleshy pendulum side to side, bumping the insides of his thighs.

“See...now it’s hanging low, huh?”

“Holee fuck, Shawn...” she muttered, unsure of whether it was from him pulling his dick out or from the size of his dick that she was out of breath over. “I...I can’t believe you just did that!”

“Oh...oh crap,” he snapped, his expression changing. “I thought you were...I didn’t know it would gross you out!” And he made as if to fish it back up into his underwear but her voice stopped him cold—

“NO!” she blurted it a bit louder than she intended. “I mean no, it’s okay...it didn’t gross me out...I just...wow...I just didn’t expect you to stand up and do that.”

“Oh,” he quipped and still look like he might put the monster back in its package.

“Wow...did I say that already?” she said, trying to remain cool and calm while not gawking so overtly at his dangly genital. “That is...one...really...big penis.”

“Mom said I got it from Dad...is he this big?”

“No...no sir...no he is very much not,” she chattered between bites of her bottom lip. “That is the biggest dick I’ve ever seen in my life.”

*Oh shit, I called it a dick...I called it a fucking dick!*

"Mom says it's stupid big," he remarked absently as he poked at it with one hand, making it swing back and forth between his legs again. "So I'm really bigger than Dad?"

"Don't you dare say a word to him or I'll choke you in your sleep, mister...and I'll kill you if you tell him I sat here and looked at your wiener too!"

"Bill doesn't like when anybody talks about it either...so I guess Dad's probably the same, huh?"

"I don't know...I don't have a clue if he even knows that you're that big," she divulged. "But yeah, I'm kinda pretty sure it might freak him out a little, so if you talk to him, do it in a careful way...don't just stand up and whip it out."

He suddenly laughed and she found herself laughing along with him.

"I'm serious...this is just between us, okay," she reiterated when the mirth finally subsided. "I'm your step-mom and all, but it's still kinda not...I don't know the word for it...it's not something that people need to know about, okay?"

"Your dad would be weirded out and your mom might even get freaking pissed at me...and...and next time warn me before you stand up and do that."

"Next time?" he asked, leaving the words just hanging in the air between them.

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