

DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS

By The Marquis Facade

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CHAPTER FOUR

“Least she ain’t gotta worry about getting knocked up, huh?” Connie commented as his mother walked up.

His mother laughed and he returned his attention to the fat pregnant woman on top of him. Looking up at her, it was as if all he could see was her huge belly...and when she’d lean back with her stupid hat, she’d thrust her torso forward, making her belly stick out even further and right into his face. The effect was almost like a 3D movie...so much so that he kept flinching and expecting her gut to hit him in the face.

And then beyond her belly were those mammoth titties, warbling and slinging back and forth. When she’d bounce on him, they’d flop up and down in unison with her stomach. It was an incredibly bizarre sight to behold.

After a while, she climbed up off of him and moved down the couch, then lay down between his legs and for a second he thought to make a run for it, but her hand reached out and grabbed his cock tightly.

“Whoa, cowboy, Momma ain’t done yet,” she said and the others all began whooping as the pregnant woman sucked his cock into her mouth, deep throating him again. This time though, she sucked him completely in and her lips didn’t stop till they pressed up against his pubic bone...her hands roughing up his testicles below.

He raised up on his elbows and looked down at her. She was lying twisted on her side, so that her huge belly could hang out to the side and off over the edge of the couch.

“Maybe she needs a little help,” Rachel called out as she peeled out of her shirt and made herself topless. The other women all started jeering and tossing popcorn and chips at her,

but Connie, skank nasty, followed suit and set in motion a chain of shirt removals. Within minutes, all of the women were topless and standing around him as he lay on the couch...all of them playing with their tits. Rachel of course, having the hugest rack, was actually leaning over him and sucking one of hers.

"Oh I hate you," Connie blurted, shoving Rachel. "I'd pay at the ass to be able to suck my own tits!" Laughter erupted and then he noticed his mother standing over by the stereo again, sipping on her drink and watching them all.

"C'mon, bitch...you missing all the fun," Amy called out to his mother...and all of them turned their attention to her at the edge of the room where she'd drifted. "Lose the shirt...like he ain't never seen you naked before!"

His mother had never actually done more than measure him during this shindigs, but she looked a little drunk and he was afraid that might be about to change.

As he watched her, she twisted and sat her drink down on the stereo and then began to unbutton her shirt amid whoops and shouts. Even Donna unsucked his cock long enough to look up and watch as his mother tossed her blouse and walked with a purpose towards them, her D-cups wagging and bouncing.

"I see a cock that's not being sucked," she blurted when she reached the couch and slapped Donna on the back, prompting her to suck him up again and nuzzle into his pubic region.

"Momma's getting nasty tonight, girls!" Connie called out from the back side of the couch where she leaned over and watched him.

"Do it," he heard one of them say, and he glanced up and over at his topless mother as she began to unbutton her jeans. Somebody then shifted the song that was playing to "Too Sexy for my Shirt," and everyone started laughing as she made a little effort to striptease as she kicked her pants off to the far side of

the room. Then she removed her panties and shot them like a rubberband into the crowd of women and Amy caught them. Leaning down from the couch arm behind his head, she reached out and rubbed the panties in his face.

“Damn bitch...that’s gross nasty!” Sandra called out.

“Nasty would be the real thing!” one of the others popped off...and then there was shouting and whooping so loud it hurt his ears and when he was able to focus again, he saw his mother climbing up on the couch arm behind his head and then sliding down to straddle his face, the overwhelming stench of alcohol and wet pussy almost forcing him to barf.

And then he felt something surging in his balls and it wasn’t just the grinding hands of Donna on them.

“Lick it! Lick it! Lick it!” the women all started chanting and then as he twisted beneath his mother’s pussy, he realized they were talking to him. And all at once his mother shifted and put her pussy right down onto his mouth and he knew what they wanted him to do and he hoped if he did it, she’d get off of his face before she suffocated him. So he stuck his tongue out and his mother tensed and moaned and the “Lick it” chant melted into boisterous and chaotic whoops and shouts.

And as he licked his mother’s vagina, the sensation in his balls increased and then he heard choking noises...fortunately not his own just yet.

“Holee fuck, bitch!” one of the women shouted and he felt Donna’s mouth sliding off his penis, but it felt different...and it didn’t flop down onto his legs or the couch like he normally would have done.

“Oh shit,” his mother blurted and popped up off of his face to a fully upright standing position.

Freaked out, he rose up on his elbows and looked down at his dick...suddenly aware now that it was sticking up at about a

thirty degree angle, more or less pointing at Donna's face...her eyes beyond it the size of pie plates. And aside from its non-drooping angle, it was practically purple in color and shiny with her spit...and it was a lot longer than he'd ever seen it before.

"Damn...his own momma gave him the wood," somebody muttered amidst the silence. At some point, one of them had obviously hit the stereo off switch as well...so now nothing but their combined and ragged breathing was audible.

"Hey, I like to think I was in on that," Donna blasted from her position inches from his cock.

"Yeah, yeah, it was Donna," his mother sputtered as she stared directly at his semi-erection. "So what you gonna do with it, bitch?"

"Suck! Suck! Suck!" the women began chanting in unison until the pregnant woman went down on him again, but she couldn't deep throat him now from either his size or rigidity. When she realized that, she started jerking on his cock with both hands rapidly.

"Cum! Cum! Cum!" the chant changed and even his mother was in on it now, joining the barbaric and debauched chorus of whores.

Out of reflex, he grabbed down at his penis and clenched the base of it. He felt like he needed to suddenly pee really badly.

"Hey!" he blurted and the women all took notice. "Aahhh," he moaned.

"Shit, he's gonna shoot the fuck off!" Rachel chirped and all the women closed in tighter around him on the couch, including his mother who stepped in closest and leaned down.

"It's okay, Shawn...just let her beat you off, son...just relax and cum for her."

"It feels weird!" he popped back at her, squirming on the couch now and twisting as if to get loose from Donna's hands as she pumped even faster and started licking the end of his dick.

"Cum! Cum! Cum!" Connie restarted the chant and they all started slamming their fists forward in rhythm with the words, as if they were mockingly trying to help her jerk him off.

Rachel had moved to the end of the couch where his head was and she now leaned over and with both hands, pinned his shoulders down to the couch cushions, her enormous tits draping down onto his face. Her voice was loudest in his ears and as the pillaging continued. He wasn't sure how or even why, but he found himself suckling on one of her big fat jugs.

"He's sucking my titty! He's sucking my fucking titty!" the fat bitch shouted out above the chant.

Then somebody gasped and blurted, "Look, he's got pre-jizz!" and then the damned chanting got more ferocious and the women started speeding up with, as did Donna's hand pumping. It felt like she was about to literally pull his dick off. She was jerking so hard and ferociously that she was bouncing on the end of the couch, and her massive weight was making waves all the way down the couch to his head.

The sensation in his balls was nearly unbearable, and he knew something was about to give and he might as well let it go and give them whatever it was they wanted. So he let go of his cock base and ran both hands up to his head. His initial intent was to push the fat woman's tits off of his face, but once his hands make contact with the hanging, heavy and soft chest flesh, rather than push, he pawed and pulled, burying her huge tit into his mouth. He would use her jug as a safety blanket as whatever was about to happen...happened.

“Fuck!” somebody shouted and the chanting stopped abruptly and then he felt Rachel tense and lift up, pulling her tits away from him.

Donna was still pounding him and whining somewhat.

“Fuck, he’s shooting, but my arms are killing me,” she groaned and then she let go and flopped back on the opposite couch arm. “I can’t...I can’t...somebody...somebody...”

“I got cum on me...he shot some on my tits,” Rachel blurted. “Oh fuck, I got this,” and she quickly moved around the couch pushing everybody back till she was on the end of the couch where Donna was. Her fat stubby fingers were wrapped around his cock like a vise and she was jerking violently on him.

He rose up on his elbows once more and looked down at the two huge women at the foot of the couch opposite him. Donna had leaned forward and sucking on his dick head again while Rachel, on her knees to the side of the couch was leaned over pumping his dick like a well oiled machine. At some point, Donna had evidently gotten up from lying on her side and had flopped back on her ass, one leg up on the couch with her, knee bent and pressed against his left foot pinning it to the back of the couch. All he could focus on was her huge belly as she leaned forward and bobbed on the end of his cock.

“I feel it!” Rachel yelled and everyone started chanting “cum” again.

He flopped back on the couch and arched his back and groaned.

“Here it comes...oh...oh fuck...he’s gonna do it!” Sandra muttered as she took up position behind his head now that Rachel had vacated it.

He felt a surge in his dick and it began to convulse and then he heard Rachel yelp and then Donna yelled...and they sounded like giggly school girls. He wanted to look up again and

see what they were doing...why they were shouting, but he couldn't stop arching his back and thrusting with his hips. When had he started thrusting with his hips?

"Holee shit!" and "Motherfucker!" blurted from various women in no precise order, each of them letting loose with a variety of curses and disturbing comments.

"Put on my belly, dammit! HERE! HERE!" he heard someone saying that sounded like Donna, and then he felt his cock being slapped against...her? Her belly?

The uncontrollable twitching in his dick had subsided all at once and gasping, he struggled to prop up on his elbows, but his arms were wiggly and shaky. When he finally did raise his head to look down at the other end of the couch, he saw Rachel smearing his dick around all over Donna's huge belly. She was leaning back and there was white gooey stuff all over her gigantic tits and...and her belly was absolutely drenched. His eyes darted to Rachel, and her big fat jugs, pressed up between her and the couch and him, also had blobs of white goo on them and even one or two spots on her fat cheeks.

"Oh I win...I so fucking win," Donna was cooing as she leaned back and let the fat woman rub his cock all over her distended stomach. "Slap me with it again."

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Rachel popped her belly with his cock, slinging white mess all over both of them.

Connie, previously up beside him and behind the couch back, had moved down to a position behind Donna and she was leaning over and rubbing her hand on her pregnant belly, smearing the gooey mess around.

"Momma got it, bitches...respect!" Donna blurted and laughed as she leaned back and let Connie rub her slimy belly.

Amy moved up now and reached down to play with Donna's belly too. "Shame you ain't pregnant with his baby, huh?"

"Oh that's be so hot," Rachel muttered as she pumped slowly on his dick, working out a bit more of the white goo, which she licked off. "I would totally have his baby."

"And probably fuck it as soon as his dick got hard, huh?" Sandra added as she too, moved to the end of the couch and took a turn caressing Donna's huge gut.

About that time, they all must have had the same thought, and they turned to look at his mother who had gotten her drink back from the stereo and was nursing it.

"He can cum, now Momma...so what up?"

His mother sat down her glass again and arched one eyebrow before replying.

"What what?"

It was Donna talking to her.

"He can cum now...so who gets first ride on the dong train?"

"You got him to cum...but he never did get hard," his mother replied and pointed at his drooping cock still in Rachel's hands. "You ain't never gonna be able to fuck it till he starts catching solid boners."

"You want some," Donna asked her and she lifted up one of her sticky hands towards his mother. "Got plenty over here." To which all the women muttered agreement as they resumed pawing at her pregnant and cream covered tummy.

His mother stood stark still.

"C'mon bitch...we ain't gonna tell nobody," Rachel blurted to her, urging her onward. "Ya' done sat on his fucking face and made him lick your twat. You know you want to! Come hold and work some out for yourself...he's still creaming me over here."

Hesitantly his mother stepped toward the couch and made her way to the end of it by Donna. Peering down at the load of semen dumped on the pregnant woman's belly, she reached out and then stopped.

"That's my son...I can't," she muttered.

"He licked your pussy!" It was Amy who inserted the fact.

"Do it, do it, do it!" Connie started chanting and they all joined in till his mother started laughing and then reached out and swabbed her hand through the drying goo on Donna's belly.

Rachel let go of his dick and scooted over. The other women all started pushing his mother forward till she was in front of the couch and down on her knees beside him where Rachel had been.

"DO IT! DO IT! DO IT!" they all chanted.

His mother laughed drunkenly and reached out to his cock and lifted it...pulling it up to her head and then rubbing it around on her mouth and cheeks, trailing a white mess all over her lower face.

"SUCK! SUCK! SUCK!" the chant changed again and she stood up and shook her head...until they all started jeering and then to their delight, she stepped over him and straddled him on the couch and began grinding her nakedness into his, riding him in much the way Donna had earlier.

"Ride it, bitch...just fuck him! FUCK HIM FOR US!" the raucous shouts began and at some point, she reached down and shifted his dick upwards so that it was laying up on his belly and she sat her hot pussy down atop the base of it and he could feel moisture and heat from her squashing his balls.

"Grind that meat, bitch!" one of the whores bellowed and then the radio was blasting again and everyone was off of the couch but her and him.

Donna staggered across to the coffee table and plopped her big pregnant ass down on top of it, pushing the others to move and give her gap to watch through.

What the hell was his mother doing to him? He looked up in awe as her D-cups jostled and quivered above him. And he remembered all the times she'd played with his cock, soaping it and pumping it...especially with the tube thing. She'd hooked him to the thing a lot. She'd bought it a long time ago and it was a cock-vac, or so the label said. It had a little motor on it and she'd tell him to stick his penis in it...then she'd turn it on and it would suck on it...and she leave him like that for sometimes an hour, before pulling his rat and red shaft out of it. She'd used it on him for years, quite regularly, never really explaining to him what she was doing or why. It sometimes felt good, and so he'd just stopped moaning about it after a while and just submitted to it. He had always somehow known that the size of penis was related to that thing. Every time he'd pull it out, his dick would be swelled twice it's normal girth and his mother would always measure it and squeeze on it and swing it around. Sometimes she'd make him walk around with it afterwards...naked...sometimes with his underwear on, maybe with his dick hanging out the side of one of the leg holes. He'd never knew why. She seemed to enjoy the show, so he just did what she said.

But now...now was different. This wasn't her playing around, this was her doing something dirty to him. And part of him wanted her to...part of him wanted her to suck him like Donna and make him cum like Rachel did.

And then as he had these thoughts, he felt a pressure in his dick...her pussy squashing it and bouncing on it had implemented some amount of weight on it, but now it was

somewhat different as if it was grinding to the point of being uncomfortable.

“Hey bitch,” someone shouted and his mother stopped rocking on him and lifted herself up to look down at him. He looked down as well and was shocked to see his cock lifting up from his belly of its own volition.

A chaotic chorus of shouts sprang from all of them, cursing in astonishment and disbelief.

His mother got completely up and stared at his shaft and then looked down at herself.

Silence filled the room...again, somebody having turned the tunes down.

“Shows over, ladies...time to get dressed and go home,” she muttered amidst jeers and boos. “No, uh-uh...I’m serious...out.”

“Well at least somebody measure it!” It was Donna who insisted as she stood up from the table.

Rachel was quick to snap up on it and slap the tape measure to his near-erection.

“HOLEE FUCK ME IN THE ASS SHIT,” the fat woman spat out a line of incoherent curses.

“Fuck, I can read from here,” Connie asserted. “Ten and a half inches!”

With trembling hands, Rachel wrapped it around his shaft and reported, “Seven inches...little over...fuck!”

“New record, Mom!” Donna blurted and slapped his mother on the back. “Dirty bitch...I still want half credit.”

“Take the money and go...go on...all of you out!” his mother ushered them, tossing shirts at them until all were dressed and herding toward the apartment door.

Ten minutes later, he was still lying on the couch when she pushed the last one out the door and locked it. She was still

naked and when she turned to face him, he noticed her areolas were shriveled and hard, her nipples sticking out like thimbles.

"I'm drunk," she said as she staggered towards him. "I'm sorry I let them get crazy with you," she added, patting him on the head as she reached him and he sat up. "It's all fun, we're just messing around, y'know...so you okay, huh?"

He rubbed absently at his dick and realized it was drooping again and the rigidity in it was dissipating little by little.

"You did good...you gave Donna a night she won't ever forget, Shawn...you're a man for that...and that's awesome," she said with a slight slur to her voice.

She flopped down on the couch beside him and leaned her head back. Seconds later, she was snoring and he got up and went to take a shower.

The next day his mother acted as if nothing had happened and never said a word about it...none of it. But about a month later, she took hold of him in the shower and had her way with him finally.

And after that, it was as if she was no longer concerned with him. All the suction machine hours...all the forced exposures and silly voyeurism...even the night with the baby shower party that got crazy...all of these things he'd done for her, because he loved her and wanted her to not be mad at him. And after the couch...and after the shower, he didn't understand why she didn't acknowledge what he'd endured and done for her. It was something that gnawed at him, but he was afraid to say anything and when they moved in with Bill, it got even worse. She reached a point where she was having nothing to do with him at all...and she wouldn't even let him walk around with pants unless he was in his room. And his annoyance with her grew even more deep.

At some point, he decided he would provoke a response out of her, but he didn't know when or how. And when she'd caught him in the hall closet with the golf balls, he thought he had found the moment, but at the last second, he just didn't know what to do. He didn't know anything about sex really other than some of the mechanics of it. It was around then that he started snooping on Bill's computer and began watching porn movies to learn what was what and how it was done.

But Angie would not be the first woman he furthered such newfound knowledge on. No, no. His mother was his target. He wanted her to admit to him now what she'd been doing all these years to him. He wanted her to admit that she'd been intentionally making his dick bigger and bigger because she got off on it. Not to make her remorseful, but because he liked it. He liked what she did in the shower...and he liked what she did on the couch and after watching the porn movies, he wanted something else. He wanted to fuck her and make her moan like the women in the movies, but his dick would never get hard like that...not like the dudes in the movies. So now he would set about working on solving that problem.

Angie sat naked on the couch beside him, staring in awe at him as he finished recounting the tale of the wild baby shower.

"Your father fucked all those women when he was still in school?!" she sputtered, her mouth remaining hanging open even after she'd finished speaking.

Shawn's face morphed into a look of confusion.

"You're worried about that...out of all the crap I just told you?" He couldn't believe her response. She was the first person he'd ever told about the size parties his mother threw. He'd expected her to pass out, to look at him with horror filled

eyes or at least look like she wanted to urp...especially when he revealed the parts concerning his mother...but instead this woman just sat there and stared at him and asked about his father only.

"Oh, sorry," she finally blurted. "I mean that's freaky and all, I can't believe she did that...I can't believe she threw those parties...and...and all those other women." She glanced down at his dick hanging over the edge of the couch...its head less than a six inches from the fucking carpet and she marveled at its size once more. "I mean, I get it...I understand what they were getting out of it, but I can't believe STEPHANIE...I can't believe little miss hoodie-doo-my-husband-bought-me-fake-boobies...I can't be she was in on it...that she was instigating it."

"Are you gonna tell Dad?" he asked, his eyes wide.

"Fuck," she gasped. "I don't know...should I?" She realized that she was asking him when he asked her and that it'd made no sense. "What I mean...is do you want me to?"

"No," he answered. "Since we moved in with Bill, she doesn't even talk to those other women anymore. I mean we don't even live in the same state with them now, so I don't even think it's ever going to happen again anyway."

"It's already happened, Shawn...just because it probably won't again the future doesn't mean you shouldn't tell somebody about it."

"I don't want any of them to get in trouble over it," he revealed. "I kinda got where I liked the attention a little bit. And that last time was kinda awesome...I mean looking back at it now. I just wished I'd known the things I know now back then and that night would have been a lot better."

"So...so you enjoyed that crazy shit?" she asked, dumbfounded.

“Well at the freaking time I didn’t know what was going on, but man...if I could go back, it’d been awesome and yeah, I would have been enjoying it a lot longer before than that last party for sure.” He looked lost in thought for a few moments. “I really would like to have did something with the fat one, Rachel. She seemed like a real nasty freak. She the first one to even put it in her mouth and suck me.”

“So am I a real nasty freak too?” she asked and half smiled.

“A little bit,” he admitted with his own smile.

“We gotta get up and get cleaned up. Your father is gonna be home in a little while and it stinks like sex in here.” With that said, she stood up and walked rather bow-leggedly down the hall to the bathroom, Shawn right on her heels.

She said nothing as he followed her into the bathroom and only glanced back at him with a smirk when she bent over to turn the tub faucets on and pull the shower plug up. Turning around, she caught her own image in the mirror behind him on the back of the door.

“So you like my belly huh...little leftover from that pregnant woman, huh? Is she the reason you like big round bellies?”

He blushed a bit before answering.

“I don’t know really...it’s just ever since that night, I can’t help myself but like them,” and he reached out to grope her fat gut, his hand lifting and jiggling it.

“You want me to get fatter,” she asked him as his other hand joined the first, jostling her flabby belly.

He looked up at her and smiled but said nothing.

“I doubt I can get as big as your preggo cowgirl in a month, but I bet I can pop my belly at a lot further than it is now,” she stated and pooked her belly out, arching her spine and leaning back to emphasize her intentions. “You think you can handle that?” she asked, bouncing on her tip toes up and down to

make her whole bottle gyrate and quiver. "Cause I can guarantee my ass is gonna get bigger too," she added, twisting around and slapping both her fattened cheeks with her hands at the same time.

"How much do you weigh?" he asked, reaching around to play with her right cheek.

"Two fifteen...two sixteen...haven't weighed in a while," she admitted. On afterthought, she stepped around him and moved to the area by the toilet. With her left foot, she reached back between the toilet and the cabinet and slid the digital scales out from its hideaway. "Guess it's time to find out," she muttered as she stepped up onto the measuring device.

The red number illuminated and displayed "220."

Angie sighed and straightened back up. Sadly she absolutely had to bend over to see the scale display. Standing upright, her belly completely blocked her view of her feet. She could remember when she'd first realized she couldn't see her feet...but only her toes. Now, she couldn't even see her toes.

"Hrmph!" she grunted as she stepped off the scales.

"Maybe I can get as big as your favorite cowgirl." Had she really packed on another five pounds? She looked down at her belly. Yep...most definitely she could have. After gaining a hundred pounds...what was another five in comparison? She'd packed it on now and noticed no difference at all, save her toes were completely out of sight now.

"How much fatter would you get?" he asked, walking up behind her as she stared at herself in the mirror up close. She was standing only about two feet from the glass and as he walked up closer and grabbed both of her ass cheeks, she really couldn't maneuver to avoid him.

He jiggled her fat ass repeatedly while she stood there and then finally he ran his arms around her waist and began kneading her sagging belly.

She watched herself in the mirror as he jarred her body into quivering waves of flesh.

"I don't know," she finally answered him. "How big you want me to get?"

His hands ceased shaking her belly and began caressing it softly. She almost snickered out loud when she realized he was straining to reach around her...and that his hands could not touch.

Holee fuck! How big around am I now? she wondered, as she considered the length of the boy's arms versus her last known measurement. *Last pair of pants I bought, I was 46 inches around the belly...36...no, 38 in the waist.* Yeah, she remembered pissing off the Lane Bryant clerk...insisting she give her a pair of 20's as opposed to 22's and she'd barely managed to get them buttoned. She'd worn them maybe twice and since then she'd resolved herself to stretch pants and jogging pants.

Intensely curious now, she pushed his hands down and then pressed past him to the drawer on the far end of the sink counter by the back wall. Pulling it out, she pilfered around in the junk it contained until she fished out a tape measure.

With quick movements, she wrapped it around her body even with her navel and pulled the metal tip to meet the other section of the tape. It was just shy of the 46" mark.

"Stop sucking it in," he said, somewhat amused at her.

"I'm not sucking it," she lied...realizing that she had sucked it in unintentionally in an effort to see over the top of her belly to the numbers on the tape. She sighed when she realized that. "I can't see the tape if I let it out," she admitted and he snickered. "Read it for me," she said as she turned to face him

and released her stomach muscles completely. "C'mon...tell me, dammit."

"It's a little past fifty one inches," he stated, no sign or sound of laughter at all any longer, as if the mirth in the matter had all dried up.

She sighed, no longer so annoyed at the Lane Bryant clerk. No wonder the woman had rolled her eyes when she asked for a size twenty hip-huggers. She measured herself before leaving home because she didn't want some stranger poking on her, and evidently she'd make the same error...sucking it in to see the tape and not realizing.

Her eyes widened as she recalled having a twenty eight inch waist when she'd married Mark. No wonder he wasn't talking to her. She was practically twice as big around as she was when they met. Fifty one inches...she was nearly five foot in circumference now.

And Shawn wants me to get fatter??

She glanced down at his face as he let the tape measure go and began rolling it back up.

"So if I get fatter, what's in it for me?" she asked him with one eyebrow arched.

"I don't know," he answered. "What do you want?"

She'd already rode his dick and took a load from him...so really what more was there to get? And then she realized she'd had sex with him without a condom.

"Oh wow," she chirped and look at herself in the mirror. "I think I know something you might hook me up with." She thought about all the money she and Mark had had to doll out to Stephanie all this time for Shawn. Free money for her, for doing nothing but taking care of Shawn. If she was gonna be fat and divorced, she at least wanted some income, dammit.

"So what is it?" he inquired with wide eyes.

"I want you to get me pregnant," she replied with a delicious grin spreading across her lips.

He looked like his eyes might pop out of his head.

"When you leave in a few weeks, I'm gonna divorce your father...he's an asshole...hate to break it to you. And I'm not gonna have a job...so...if I'm pregnant, he'll assume it's his...and he'll take care of me."

"You want me to help you screw my own father over?"

"You want me to get fat as shit so you can play with my flab?"

They stared at each for a few minutes, their eyes locked, each trying to gauge how the other was going to respond.

"Mom says he's an asshole too...and so did all her old friends...so I guess it's not that weird that you think he's an asshole too," Shawn said, breaking the deadlock finally. "I guess I shouldn't be shocked, huh?"

"He's an arrogant prick that thinks just because he looks pretty and has a larger than average schlong...means he doesn't have to do anything else in life. That's why he didn't go to college and that's why he's never done anything with his life."

"So why'd you marry him?" Shawn asked as she stepped over and climbed into the now scalding shower.

"Because he looked pretty and had a big dick," she replied as she quickly turned the water down some. "Hey now," she chirped as Shawn stepped over into the tub with her.

"Watchoo' doing?"

He smiled slapped her ass.

"HEY!" she yelped and turned around to face him. He feigned fear and stepped to the back of the tub and she marched towards him, not stopping until she had literally pressed up against him and mashed him against the back wall of the enclosure, her body and belly overwhelming him. He was

pinned but laughing about it. "Laugh, funny boy...watchoo' gone do now, hmmm?"

He grinned but said nothing as she pressed up against him even closer.

The heat from the shower was starting to make her sweat and she could feel beads of moisture puckering up all over her body. It was hot and sexy in this tub...and she found herself wanton of more carnal action.

"So you gonna give me my baby or not?"

"Okay," he gasped as she leaned against him harder. "Okay, I'll do it, I guess...I mean, yeah..." and he voice tapered off and she realized he might not be exactly sure of how to do it.

"All you gotta do is keep fucking me like on the couch until you leave. I got one shot coming up in like a week and a half and I'll be fertile. If we hit it...we hit it...if not, then oh well." She'd just finished up her period a few days before, so she knew she would be ovulating during the next two weeks, depending on how long her cycle lasted this month.

Gonna have to get an ovulation test kit, she thought, wondering how she could get it and not let Mark find out about it. And of course he hadn't fucked her in months, so how was she going to get on him this month? She'd have to figure something out...get him drunk or something. Wouldn't go, if she got knocked up and he hadn't boned her for months. He'd know something was up and her ass would be toast.

"So how fat I gotta get?" she asked him again, still pinning him to the wall...beads of moisture and sweat starting to drip off of her body and onto his chest as she pressed him against the back wall.

"As big as you can get," he replied with a dead serious look on his face. "I'm just...well if you get pregnant...damn...I really would like to see you...y'know later...maybe."

"You just wanna get up on my belly," she said with a wry smile. "I know what you're all about. I'm this big now," and she glanced down at her body, "so can you imagine how big I'll be at nine fucking months?"

She felt his penis tapping the inside of her left thigh.

"Are you fucking hard again?" she gasped in astonishment.

He just smiled and blushed.

"I know why you got in the shower with me," she asserted. "You wanna play out that little escapade with your mommy again, don't you?"

He said nothing as she backed up and let him go finally.

She bent down and dropped to her knees in the tub and then inched forward till she could reach his penis which was standing elongated, pointing downward...directly at her belly.

"Your momma has a big ass mouth if she can suck this thing," she stated nonchalantly as she lifted his penis up and put the head of it to her mouth and began licking on it.

"She does...and so did Donna. You could park a truck in Donna's mouth and still have room to climb out," he commented and she busted out laughing.

"Where the fuck did you hear that?"

"Mom...talking about her," he replied matter-of-factly.

"You want Momma to suck your dick again?" she asked as she tried to stretch her mouth around his penis head.

"It's easier to do that when I'm limp," he explained.

"I'm sure it is," she agreed, "but soon as I suck on it, it's probably gonna get hard again."

"Maybe," he concurred, "but I never really had that problem until today. It's always just been a big floppy tube of goo for the most part. I could go, but it wouldn't get stiff completely."

She finally managed to pop it inside her mouth and she sucked inward till it slid inside and then it hit the back of her mouth and she almost gagged and had to fish it back out again.

Shaking her head she said, "Sorry...I just ain't got the size to handle this thing in my mouth."

"It's okay," he stated with a smirk. "You got other places that can handle it just fine."

"We ain't got time to fuck around no more anyway," she commented as she climbed up onto her feet and let his dick go. "Your father will be here in a little while, so we gotta get cleaned up for real...so hand me the soap," she added, pointing to the bar in the slot at the rear of the shower.

Mark sat at the small dining table with his back to the refrigerator, gnawing on his microwave dinner and saying very little in between bites to Shawn who sat across from him.

Angie, wearing a really tight pair of shorts and a t-shirt, scooted behind him, intentionally bumping him with her belly as she did so.

He grunted and glared over his shoulder at her as she opened the refrigerator and started digging inside it.

"You want a sandwich, Shawn...or you want one of your Dad's lovely TV dinners?"

Shawn arched one eyebrow and stared for a few seconds at the faux food his father was chowing down on.

"I'll go with a sandwich," he finally replied and she emerged from the icebox with a bottle of mayonnaise and mustard. As she moved past Mark, she once again nudged the back of his chair with her belly. The gap between his chair and counter was

quite sufficient for her to pass without hitting him, but she enjoyed annoying him.

“Really? Is your ass so big you can’t pass me without hitting me?” he grumbled at her as he forked up another helping of whatever meat was in his plastic microwave serving tray.

“It’s not my ass, thank you...it’s my belly,” she snapped back at him and from behind him, she grinned at Shawn and winked.

“Whatever...quit hitting my chair,” he growled and continued eating.

“I swear...my belly is getting so big, I’m starting to look pregnant,” she said, sighing as if the matter disgusted her, though she was smiling at Shawn the whole time. She slid over to just where she was out of Mark’s peripheral vision, but where Shawn could still plainly see her. Leaning back against the cabinet, facing toward Shawn and Mark’s back, she pulled her shirt up to expose her big belly and then opened up the mayonnaise and squirted out a big glob of it onto her belly. Then she started rubbing it around on her belly, greasing it up...her fingers translating from smearing to kneading until her whole gut was slick and shiny and then she spurted another blob onto it and began again.

Mark, his back to her was completely oblivious and continued to scarf his food down like a machine.

Annoyed that he was so oblivious, she stepped up behind him and shook her belly just inches from the back of his head and then pretended to smear mayonnaise in his hair.

He suddenly finished and stood up with force, catching her unprepared and she whipped around to face the counter quickly and dropped the mayonnaise bottle onto the counter, the racket it made, causing Mark to turn and stare at her back.

“What the fuck?” he growled.

She scrambled for the mayonnaise bottle and fumbled with one hand to get her shirt down in the front.

“What the hell did you do?” he asked as he stepped up to the counter and stared at her. Her belly was half hanging out of her shirt and she had something greasy or wet soaking through the front of it and what was all over her hands?

“Damn mayonnaise...I was shaking it to get it started and it blurped out all over my shirt,” she muttered, trying not to blush and hoping he was dumb enough not to question why the wet was soaking through her shirt from the inside and not on the outside.

“You’re the only person I know could lose a fight with a mayonnaise bottle,” he snorted. “Not that you need any mayo anyway,” he said and slapped her ass playfully.

Bastard! Put on your little show...pretend like you like me still so your son thinks you’re a great guy and all. How little do you fucking know, dipshit!

The slap on her ass pissed her off. He hadn’t touched her ass since...hell, she didn’t remember when.

As he walked into the living room, he called out to Shawn, “When you get done with your sandwich, we can watch a movie or something man...so hurry up.” On an afterthought, he stopped at the door and turned to face Angie. “You better change your shirt...that shit is greasy and hell.”

She smiled and nodded and waited till he walked around the corner to look back at Shawn.

He was frozen in place, his eyes big as serving platters. She smiled.

“Stand up,” she called out to him.

He glanced at the doorway and shook his head no.

“You stuck under that table?” she asked, knowing he probably had a boner beneath it...or at least enough of an

erection to not want to stand up for fear his father might walk back in.

She turned and walked into the laundry room off the far side of the kitchen and disappeared around the corner for several minutes. When she stepped back into the kitchen she was wearing a tank-top shirt that was probably something she'd worn at a hundred and ten pounds. It was so small it barely contained her tits and it didn't come down even half way over her belly.

"How's this look?" she asked him, doing a fake model twist and pose, her huge gut hanging out and jiggling as she moved. The shirt was so tight her brassiere was plainly visible through it ...every strap and seam.

Shawn looked like he might combust. His face was beet red and his eyes unblinking as he flipped his head from her to the kitchen doorway through which his father might walk in at any second.

"Is it too small?" she asked as she lifted her arms above her head and the shirt slid completely up, her gut spilling out the rest of the way. "These shorts are awful tight too," she added, as she turned around and wiggled them down in the back so far that her ass crack was now visible.

"ANGIE!!" he hissed at her as loud as he could and still be whispering. "ARE YOU CRAZY?!?"

"What's wrong...you scared he's gonna come back?"

"YES!" he snapped back, still hissing at her.

"You dare me to walk in there like this?" she asked as she walked toward the door.

"NOOOO!" he blurted a little louder than he intended.

She stopped just shy of the door and turned back into the kitchen laughing.

“Pussy,” she mouthed at him as she stepped back into the laundry room. When she re-emerged, she was wearing a regular t-shirt but it was still tight...looked like one of his Dad’s work shirts...and it was only long enough to reach her waist and the bottom of her belly was visible slightly hanging out beneath its tail. “Is this better?”

“Not much,” he hissed at her. “Your belly is still hanging out.”

“No if my belly was hanging out, it would look like this,” and she pulled the shirt up and tied it into a knot which she popped under her bra to hold it and then she strutted towards him, her flab gyrating and swaying with each step...and then she heard Mark moving around. Doing a one-eighty, she jumped back toward the counter and turned her back to the doorway, fumbling viciously at the t-shirt knot caught under her bra. She couldn’t get it loose...

SHIT! SHIT! she cursed in her head as her fingers rammed under the edge.

“Oh good grief...my eyes!” Mark blurted from the doorway as he walked in. “What the hell?”

Dammit...think...think fast!

She let go of the shirt edge and just turned to face Mark, the knot still wedged, her belly still hanging out over the top of her too-tight shorts.

“I swear I still got mayonnaise on my belly...do you see any shiny spots?”

“What?!” he snapped as he averted his eyes from her and then looked at Shawn who was pretending not to notice anything. “Damn son...don’t look...it’s big and white and hasn’t seen the sun in months.”

“Ha, ha,” she popped. “I’m serious...do you see any?”

Mark looked at her and scrunched up his face as if the sight was terrible.

“No, I don’t see anything...but if you want me to inspect it close, it might take all night...so much ground to cover,” he added, thinking himself hilarious. He looked back and Shawn and waited for him to look up and then laughed out loud. “I got her, huh?”

“Yeah, you got her good,” he replied and pretended to laugh. When his father turned away, he rolled his eyes for Angie to see.

“Well put your shirt down any time now,” he said to her as he opened the refrigerator and retrieved himself a beer and then opened it. He took a deep swig and shut the icebox door finally. “Hurry up with his sandwich...we got a movie to watch.”

She sneered at him.

“You keep insulted me and I’m gonna walk around like this the rest of the fucking night, asshole,” she told him, propping a hand on the counter and the other on her hip, bowing her back and thrusting her gut outward...assuming a “fuck you” pose and attitude.

He stepped close to her and in a menacing voice, growled, “Put the fucking shirt down,” as he motioned with his head toward Shawn. Leaning closer to her he whispered, “You can play your bullshit games with me in a month, got it?”

“Yeah, I got it,” she said in a normal voice as she pulled her t-shirt loose finally and back down over her belly.

Fucking asshole...you soooo don’t want to make the mistake of putting your hands on me, motherfucker...that will be the last thing you ever fucking do.

Mark turned and went back into the living room leaving them alone again.

“YOU SEE!” she hissed loudly at him and pointed off at the doorway where Mark had just disappeared. “ASSHOLE!”

Shawn saw for the first time that all these women his father had scorned over the years...were apparently not all crazy. His father could be a total cock-sucker when he wanted to be.

Under the table, he fought to make his dick shrivel again so he could get up...but it wasn't working because Angie was still standing there in the tight shirt and shorts...and the shorts were still low enough to see her ass crack in the back...her jiggly thighs bulging at the bottoms of the tight legs...her fat tits tightly compressed in her bra...bulging out the top of it within her shirt. He was dying...mostly in his pants where his cock strained against the inside leg of his jeans.

He watched in sexual delight as she made his sandwich and then brought it to him at the table. She leaned close and bumped her belly against him...then stepped behind him and put her hands on his shoulders and pressed her gut up against the back of his head.

Leaning down to his ear, she whispered, “Tonight...I'm gonna milk that cock again...you hear me...I'm making it cum again tonight...with him in the house.”

Shawn had picked up his sandwich and bitten off a bite, but now he almost choked on it. Leaning forward he snagged at his soda and tried to wash it down, while she giggled and stepped back around him.

“Are you crazy?” he hissed at her, his eyes darting back to the empty doorway.

She turned and pulled her shirt tail up and wedged it under her bra yet again.

“Maybe a little bit,” she chirped, a stupid grin on her face. She put her hands on her hips and bowed backwards, then she poked her belly out and did a little bounce on her toes to make

it jiggle. "I'm gonna get so fat...you just watch!" she said in a slightly hushed voice. She straightened up and cupped her belly with both hands and sloshed it side to side between them. "I'm gonna get fat as a hog...I mean it...I'm gonna eat everything in the apartment and then some."

She pulled her shirt tail down and walked over to the cabinet and started pulling junk-food out. Cookies, candy bars, and chips and then she moved to the refrigerator and pulled out a whole unopened package of bologna. It was a big pack too, not the smaller ones. She popped the back of the container open and pulled out two or three pieces at once and crammed them into her mouth and started chewing. In a matter of minutes, she ate the whole fucking package.

Absently, she stared down at the empty container and decided to flip it over and read the nutritional information just for shits and giggles. "Three grams of fat per serving," she read out loud. "And I just ate," and she looked at the label to see how many it had contained, "twelve slices at once."

She looked over at Shawn and grinned just as she belched loudly...and started laughing.

"You're only supposed to have twenty grams in a day," the boy muttered as he lay his own sandwich down on the table top. "You just ate like thirty six grams."

"I know," she said, trying to control her mirth. "It's gross too, I can still smell it," she added, fanning her face from the horrendous belch. "But I ain't done yet."

Turning back to the junk-food stack, she reached and jerked open the bag of cookies and moved to the refrigerator where she pulled out a half gallon of milk, probably three quarters full. She flipped the pop-off lid with her thumb and hefted it to her mouth and chugged it straight from the jug. She guzzled for

several seconds and then finally lowered it, a visible amount now gone from the container.

She sat the cookies down on the counter and pulled out one and crammed it into her mouth. She repeated this for several more cookies before she turned up the milk jug again and took out another ridiculous amount of it.

He sat and watched her, mesmerized by her actions. Every few seconds he look down at her belly as if he expected it to suddenly balloon out further, expanding as he watched. Had it done so, he'd have probably cum all over himself beneath the table.

"Milk's got 64 ounces...and an 8 ounce serving has 4 grams of fat in it," she read aloud from the jug's label in between cookies. "So if I drink this whole thing, how much is that?"

"Thirty two grams of fat," he answered after punching numbers in his head. "You drink all of that and that's a total of sixty eight grams of fat in like ten minutes...that's three days worth of it!"

"Don't forget my cookies," she said and popped another one into her mouth whole. When she finished chewing, she smiled at him and held up the milk jug...now almost half empty. "I'm gonna do it...I'm gonna pig the fuck out till my belly is fucking hard...and then tonight when he goes to sleep, I'm gonna creep out into the living room and jerk you off on it."

He sat that in shock as she indeed, ate not only the entire bag of cookies, but also drained the entire half gallon of milk. By the time she slammed the empty jug down on the counter, she looked sick and wobbly. She smiled at him and hefted the front of her shirt up and slapped her belly and to his amazement, the flab did not jiggle as usual. With both hands she cupped it and lifted on it and instead of it wobbling and then folding at her navel, it instead, remained solid and round.

“Oh fuck,” she groaned quietly and stifled a belch. “Oh shit, I hope I don’t chuck!” She leaned against the counter and then cut another belch. “Pepto...fuck,” she gasped as she turned and rifled through the upper cabinet behind her till she found a box of alka-seltzer tablets. “Whatever,” she grumbled and made for the faucet to get some water.

Holee shit...she’s just crazy enough to do it, he realized as he surveyed the empty milk container and the bologna package lying empty on the counter next to the ravaged cookie bag. *How big can she get if she keeps eating like that for a month?* He had no clue...but if she was wild enough to do it, he was surely wild enough to watch her...and...maybe help her? He wondered if she’d be amiable to that...to letting him feed her?

Fuck I’d like to fatten Mom up! His mind slipped from Angie to his mother and he imagined her belly as big as Angie’s...her artificial round tits...suddenly filled out and fat, hanging down atop her gut. He imagined her eating food like Angie just did and his dick began to tingle...to swell again. Fuck Bill...he was going to get his mother fat as fuck...and he was gonna make her ride him at some point...some how, some way.

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