

DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS

By The Marquis Facade

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CHAPTER FIVE

Angie sat on the toilet, her eyes locked on her stomach. It was uncomfortable to move, but she had to poke it one more time just to see. Her index finger made contact and her belly was hard. She was bloated beyond comprehension. How much as she eaten this time? This was the third day of her binge and Mark was acting as he wasn't even aware of her eating. She did the bills and handled the money, so he probably didn't have a clue as to how much groceries she'd gone through in the last seventy two hours...but he had to have noticed her eating, right? Or was it that he did and just didn't fucking care to bother commenting on it?

Two nights ago, after the first binge, she'd waited till the asshole was asleep and she'd crept out into the living room and messed around with Shawn for a while, but after that first day of sexual misadventure, he'd been too worn out to do much other than play. He'd spent most of the time pawing all over her distended belly...and she'd spent most of it licking all over his fat cock and balls.

She looked at the empty water bottle sitting next to her on the edge of the counter. She squinted her eyes and then reached to get it. Holding it in her hands, she realized it was about the same size as Shawn's dick. She held it down past her protruding belly and pretended it was a penis and swung it side to side.

It must be really weird to have something that big dangling between your legs constantly, she thought as she tossed the bottle into the trash beside the toilet.

With a massive degree of effort, she hefted herself up from the toilet and then turned, scooting the scales out from the gap between the bowl and the counter.

She stepped up onto the measuring device and refused to look down, knowing full well all she'd see was belly if she did. After a second or so, she sighed and bent forward to look over the orb of her gut to see the damage.

230

The numbers stared at her, unblinking...uncaring of how horrifying their presence was to her. Shaking her head, she stepped off the scales, scooted them back into their nook, and then opened the cabinet drawer next to the back wall and removed the tape measure that she kept there.

Wrapping it around her belly, she stepped back toward the bathroom door and the mirror that was attached to the back of it. When she had the tape in place, she exhaled...and then looked at the numbers in the mirror.

53 ½

She let go of the tape and just let it fall to the floor.

In three days of binge eating, she'd gained nine pounds and added two and half inches to her belly girth. Of course, she'd just eaten herself insane, so some of the belly size was probably just bloat, but still...the nine pounds wasn't all freshly eaten food. Meaning she'd probably really packed on at least four or five pounds of actual fatness.

She stared at herself in the mirror and then turned sideways. Aside from her protruding ass, she was still pretty thin all over. Her legs were thick at the top, but as you scanned lower, they thinned out. By the time you reached her knees, her legs were boney as crap. Same could be said for her upper torso. By the time you reached her shoulders, she was thin. Her arms weren't thick at all, nor her neck.

She reached up and rubbed at her face some and was amazed that her face hadn't really fattened much. She didn't have a double chin either...at least not yet...but as she looked closer she could tell the droop under her chin was apparent. On closer inspection, maybe her cheeks were a bit plumper as well.

Looking down at her gut again, she encircled it with her hands and caressed it. Her eyes darting back to the mirror and her reflected profile, it was evident that she looked pregnant. In fact, she could probably pass for five or six months along without anybody blinking an eye.

And she'd made a deal with Shawn *to really get pregnant*. Was she insane? No, just lazy...a lazy bitch who'd rather get knocked up and collect child support than get a job. Fuck Mark, y'know...he was a dick, right? It would serve him right for being an asshole to her for so long.

The problem *was*... part of *that deal* was for her to get fatter during the month he was here. And in three days, she'd had sex with him at least five times. Her pelvis was literally sore and her legs so stiff that she was having trouble walking. She'd lost track of how many times he'd jerked off on her. Had to have been three or four at least. He could cum two or three times a day without blinking. It was fucking inhuman. And he could cum so much it was ridiculous. Nothing had compared to that first ejaculation on her belly, but that one had probably been banked up for a while. He'd produced a more sensible amount of semen since then...but every time he went off, it was at least a half of a cup load. Probably more jizz than the average man made in a week. At any rate, it was obvious that her gorging on food was turning him on...and turning *him* on, *turned her on*!

And admittedly, when she first started to get fat, she was annoyed with it...but after a time, she became comfortable with

it and even began to enjoy her new curves and jiggles. She had even discovered a new erogenous zone...her deep belly button. Even as she thought about that, she ran one hand forward along the curve of her belly until her index finger sunk deeply inside her navel chasm. Rubbing inside of it made her horny.

She was comfortable at the weight she was when Shawn arrived, but the idea of getting bigger was rather scary. She didn't want to turn into one of the immobile moo-cows she saw on television constantly. But she *did* want to keep riding Shawn's water bottle sized cock for the next three and a half weeks, and she knew that he'd push her to gain.

She'd gorged that first night just to get back at Mark for fucking with her...and that anger had carried over for two more days, but now...now it was waning some and her motivation was quickly disappearing.

Nine pounds!

She looked at her belly in the mirror and buried her finger inside her navel and it enraged her loins. Her other hand immediately snagged a titty and began to pull on the nipple viciously...and it was erotic, but not enough to fulfill her. So the breast fondling hand went lower and snaked under the curve of her belly, but reaching her clitoris was going to require more effort.

She twisted to face the mirror and hiked her right leg up onto the toilet, her foot balancing on the seat edge. Now she leaned forward so her hand could get to her snatch...her fingers quickly strumming across her clit. Her eyes fluttered and then focused on her image in the mirror. Normally her fat gut would have folded into two rolls, dividing at her navel when she leaned forward like this...but not today. Her belly was so full, it remained round and protruding, its shape solid and unyielding to her torso bending forward. For some reason, this turned her

on even more and she began to masturbate wildly, one hand on her pussy, the other manipulating her navel and bloated belly.

I look so pregnant! she thought as she gazed at her reflection. *I'm gonna get pregnant too! If anybody can knock me up, it's Shawn!* She thought about the massive loads of cum that he could ejaculate on demand. Oh, yes, if any man had the gusto to know her up, it would be Shawn. But she'd only have one chance...one month...one cycle to do it in. So she needed to keep him glued to her...to her pussy, constantly!

The fingers of her right hand moved lower and sunk into her wet and dribbling vagina as her thumb moved to take over the clitoris stimulation for them. All four fingers ended up inside of her, and still it wasn't even close to the sensation of Shawn inside of her.

Her eyes inadvertently darted to the water bottle sitting on the top of the trash can. No, that was gross...it'd already been in the fucking trash. Then her gaze flicked to the sink counter beside her and locked on a shaving cream can...Mark's shaving cream can...with it's nice round top on it...and it's girth about the same as the water bottle.

Her right hand abandoned her vagina and shot out to snag the can and then she immediately had it between her legs and was working the top of it into her pussy. It took a few minutes, but then it was inside and she was pumping it in and out, while her other hand pilfered her bloated belly.

"Hope you enjoy your next shave, asshole," she muttered before biting her bottom lip. *Hope it stinks like Shawn's ball juice, you cock-sucker!*

She looked at herself in the mirror...watched her reflected image of masturbation...the can going in and out, burying up inside of her almost to the point of disappearing at times...and her belly...her big round belly.

All at once, without warning, she came and fluid erupted from her orifice and droplets sprayed across the lower half of the mirror she stood in front of.

Her legs betrayed her and she nearly fell to the floor, saving herself at the last minute by letting go of the can and grabbing for the sink counter to steady herself.

She panted for several moments before squeezing her internal pelvic muscles and forcing the can out of herself. Then she put her foot down on the ground and bent over to pick up the can.

Washing it would have been the reasonable thing to do, but instead, she just wiped it down with toilet paper and left it sitting on the counter where Mark had left it. She knew it'd probably be sticky and stink like pussy...but whatever. Mark would probably be too stupid to figure it out anyway.

She looked in the mirror and realized that she REALLY wanted to be pregnant. The idea of it turned her on in a way she had never imagined. It was probably what her mother referred to as her "clock going off." Meaning her biological clock was ticking and her body was letting her know it was time to act on her procreative abilities. She'd read, while taking a psych class in college once, that women generally, at some point in their lives, became aroused by the concept of getting pregnant. Some did it early on, explaining why some high school girls would get pregnant on purpose...but most suffered it in the mid to late twenties and in some cases, all up into their thirties. Studies had shown that women who'd had children, became less and less infatuated with it...their internal clocks basically winding down. But those who didn't have children, grew more and more obsessed with it as time passed.

So was she becoming infatuated with the concept? She turned sideways and stroked her round belly as a pregnant

woman might. Yep, it was definitely something she wanted to do...and badly.

Well you know how to get it done, don't you? She looked down at the discarded tape measure on the floor at her feet. *Hope you're hungry, bitch.*

She didn't mess with Shawn that night. Instead, she just went to bed and slept...her bloated belly making her miserable for hours till she finally passed out.

Mark got up at some point, showered, and went to work. When, she could probably guess...but she never woke up for it... never knew he was even gone.

Sunlight beaming through a crack in her black-out curtains woke her up around one thirty in the afternoon. Sitting up in the bed, she groaned, but noticed her belly was no longer hard.

"Awww," she muttered, somewhat disappointed to find her belly folded horizontally in the middle as she leaned over, sitting on the side of the bed. To her shock, her belly growled. "Are you kidding me?" She looked at the clock and realized she hadn't eaten in nearly fourteen hours...so yeah, she probably was running on empty.

Her sore legs were unhelpful as she rose from the bed and trudged across the bedroom to the door and then stepped out into the hallway. She wore only her fat granny panties, and they were stretched out and droopy. She could feel her ass crack hanging out the back as she walked...and her belly in the front had over-taken the waistband, so the front of the undies were drooping now too. She reached to hike them up both in the back and the front, but as she continued walking, the worn out garment submitted again to the friction and weight of her belly until they had slipped off and under her gut again by the time she reached the living room.

Just then she was assailed by the smell of food.

Where the fuck is Shawn? she wondered as she peered around to the couch and saw it was empty of pillow, blanket, and her step-son.

Following the smell of food into the kitchen, she discovered the boy at the table, a pile of hamburgers and french fries arrayed across the table top along with three cups with straws.

"I was about to come wake you up," he snapped, chipper and well awake. "I walked down to the burger place that's around the corner and got you some lunch." He seemed far too excited to have just gotten her lunch.

It was about then that her groggy head cleared enough to realize exactly *how much food* there was on the table. Far more than just a meal for the two of them.

"Lunch, huh?" she said, snorting as she walked around the table and into the laundry room. When she emerged again, she was tugging at a button-up blouse...extra long in length, but not quite large enough to accommodate her girthy torso. "Fuck, I just bought this like two weeks ago," she grouched as she sucked in her belly to button the lower buttons. When she relaxed her gut though, it stretched against the fabric with much effort and force. "Dammit...I liked this shirt too."

She glanced over at Shawn, still sitting at the table with hopeful eyes and expression with his pile of deep-fried junkfood.

"Not that I guess you'll complain," she muttered in his general direction as she walked over to the table and sat down across from him in Mark's usual spot. The shirt was extremely uncomfortable now...as sitting squashed her belly and the fabric strained tightly against her flab. She tugged at it and then finally decided to just unbutton the lower buttons and let her belly hang out of it.

"Awwww," Shawn groaned as he realized she was reaching to unbutton the shirt.

"What?" she looked up at him. "Oh you're such a freak," she added when she figured out what he was groaning about. "I don't know what to tell you...if I eat anything I'm gonna blow the buttons off of it." Her comment did nothing but widen the boys eyes even more. "Freak!" she blurted at him, but her hands let go of the shirt and she leaned forward to snag a cheeseburger from the pile.

Shawn continued to stare at her with some bizarre, unreadable expression.

"What?" she finally snapped. "What the hell is up? Why are you staring at me like that?"

He blushed and wouldn't say anything.

"C'mon...what is it...I won't laugh," she urged him, her demeanor shifting some.

"Would you stuff yourself till you *do pop a button*?" he asked her with a suppressed smile straining at the corners of his mouth.

"You're twisted, you know that, right?"

He stood up from his chair and walked around the table towards her. When he reached her side, he pulled his pants down and flopped his fat, limp cock out onto the table top right in front of her.

"Eat it all, or no dick for you," he said, trying not to laugh.

Is he fucking serious? she wondered as she look up from his dick to the humorous expression on his face.

"You know, if you're gonna work the domination thing, you really need to work *on not laughing* while you do it," she asserted as she reached and pushed his dick off the table with her index finger. "Come back when you can do it right."

He looked somewhat shocked...and then that faded into a deflated ego expression to the point that she almost felt bad for having shot him down.

"Get that towel over there," she said and pointed to the dish towel that lay next to the sink. He turned and grabbed it, looking confused as he stood there holding it. "Now tie my hands with it," she instructed him after moving her arms back, her hands now behind the back of her chair. "Ow, okay...that's tight enough...I'm not really trying to escape, damn!" she blurted and he stopped and loosened the towel some.

He stepped back around to her side, and she used her feet to scoot the chair back across the floor till she hit the sink counter behind her.

"Alright...make me fucking eat it," she said nonchalantly.

"Really?"

"All of it," she added. "Unless I chuck or something." She rolled her mind around with what could go wrong with this little sexcapade and continued, "If I say the word *GONAD*, you stop and let me loose, got it?"

He looked a little confused.

"It's called a safe word. If you go too far, I'll say it and the game is over, got it?"

"Oh," he muttered as he stepped over to the table and picked up a burger and unwrapped it.

"I do not eat pickles...period," she said and nodded at the burger he held. "I'll gonad you right now if you come at me with a fucking pickle."

He started laughing.

"Isn't a gonad a testicle?"

"Yes it is...and if you value yours...then you better lose the pickles, buddy."

He opened the burger and pulled the two pickles off of it before walking up to her and sticking it to her mouth.

She took a bite off of it and began chewing. When she'd finished and swallowed, she smirked and said, "C'mon...talk dirty to me with it...call me a fatty or something, I don't know...make it interesting."

"I'm gonna fatten you up now," he said to her and the words rang of sincerity rather than just bullshit. He fed the rest of the first burger to her and then stepped back to the table to get another one.

"Your momma is awful skinny," she said as she gulped down the last bite of the first hamburger. "So you got the hots for her or what?"

He flicked off the pickles and reset the bun before he answered her.

"Yeah," he said matter-of-factly. "But she is too skinny," he added, agreeing with her. "I'd love to fatten her up too."

"Nasty little bastard," she mumbled as she stuck the second burger up to her mouth. "You gonna fatten me up...fuck me...and then go home and do the same thing to her, ain't you?"

He grinned and pushed the burger into her mouth, not waiting for her to open her mouth for it...and this time, he kept pushing it in, making her chew it continually.

"Fuck...gimme some soda," she gasped as she fought down the last dry bits of it. "I'm dying here."

He reached for one of the three cups and held it to her mouth for her drink. After a few sucks on the straw, she spit it out.

"Don't waste my time...DRINK!" he barked at her.

For a second it stunned her, but then she took the straw into her mouth and began sucking.

“Too bad you can’t suck my cock like you suck that straw, fatso,” he said to her with a diabolical look on his face. “Keep sucking, I’ll tell you when to quit.” And he didn’t let her quit till she was sucking air through the straw and the giant cup was empty.

He took the cup and tossed the ice into the sink and then tossed it into the trash. Walking back to the table, he unwrapped another cheeseburger and removed the pickles and headed for her mouth again.

She was already so full she felt like she was gonna explode, but he didn’t give a chance to balk at the burger...instead, as before, he just crammed it into her mouth.

“C’mon now fatty...eat up,” he whispered to her as he pressed the small burger into her mouth. “Three down and four to go...unless you’re ready for fries.”

Her eyes widened but she kept chewing.

Twenty minutes later, she’d gone through one box of fries and five of the seven burgers and her belly was being cut in half by the too-small blouse. She looked down and could see the buttons straining to contain her gut.

“Oh fuck,” she groaned as he headed towards her with another box of fries. “Fuck you...fuck you, I’m not eating it,” she shook her head but he began to cram fries into her mouth.

“Yeah, you gonna eat it, fatty...you gonna keep eating till that shirt pops open and your fat belly spills out,” he said, taunting her as he pushed more fries into her chewing jaws.

“Time for a drink,” he said as the last fries went into her mouth. Before she could swallow them, he had the straw and was sticking it into her mouth. “Drink you fat bitch...drink till I tell you to stop.”

She began sucking and swallowing...sucking and swallowing until at last, she didn’t feel like she could breathe any more.

"I can't...I can't...no more," she gasped and spit the straw out of her mouth.

He reached down and patted her belly gently and then rubbed it and then he slapped it hard.

"Ahhhh!" she blurted, the internal pressure of him slapping her belly nearly killing her. "Motherfucker...don't do that!"

"Shut up fatso...who's in charge here?!"

"Oh fuck...oh fuck, I've created a monster," she muttered as he pushed the straw into her mouth.

"Drink! Drink! Suck that shit down, bitch!" he coached her as she sucked and swallowed...the cinching around her belly nearly to the point of being unbearable.

"AAahhh!" she groaned and all at once a button shot off the front of her shirt and her gut within it lurched forward through the now gaping hole. She arched her back and pressed with her belly muscles as hard as she could and another button popped and her gut crawled further through the now larger gap.

"Oh shit," he gasped and pulled his dick out of his pants and began pumping on it while she struggled in the chair.

Two more buttons held her gut down and as she writhed, another one gave up and snapped off, leaving only the very bottom button still holding, but her belly was so determined to expand that it did so through the gap produced by the missing three buttons above it, so the tight blouse now looked like a dress that someone had cut the belly out of.

Her big round gut stuck out, firm and demanding, through the ripped blouse and the sight of it pushed Shawn into a veritable state of ecstasy. In seconds, he was shooting off all over it while Angie taunted him.

"Yeah, bitch...you cum all over Angie's big fat belly...you pay it homage, you little pussy...you know what gets you off...and I know what gets you off. You love my fat belly...you give your

cum...and I mean all of it, you little shit...milk those balls dry for my fatness!"

And he did too. He pounded his dick till his balls ached and her gut was covered in white slime. When he finished, his cock limp, dangling, and dripping...he made to move behind her and untie her hands.

"We ain't done yet," she blurted, stopping him dead in his tracks. "Fuck I got room to breathe now, bitch...Momma's still hungry."

Before she told him the safe word, she'd taken out six of the seven burgers, all three fries, both sodas and a chocolate shake that was in the third cup. Enough food to have fed four or five people probably...and enough fat and calories to last a week.

She was too full to even want to fuck afterwards, so she left him in the kitchen cleaning up...and just went back to bed.

The next few days played out much the same. She'd wake up and go into the kitchen and he'd feed her till she was nearly dead...and then he'd jerk off on her...and she'd go back to bed. She was too miserable to even take a bath during that time and despite wiping off his jizz, she knew she had a film of it all over her torso. Each night though, she'd snuggle up to Mark's back and rub it all over him while he slept.

He'd grumbled at her for staying in bed so much until she lied and told him she was sick with a stomach virus...and after that he'd just left her alone.

At some point, she woke up and instead of trudging to the kitchen, she instead, waddled into the bathroom across the hall, not for the first time in days, but this time instead of going to relieve herself, she actually intended to take a shower. She felt grimy and disgusting.

It seemed every time she'd went to pee or poop during the last week, it had been in the middle of the night, so she'd had to go into the bathroom and use it with only the small night light over the sink to see by. Mark would always throw a fit if she flicked a light on and woke him up. Even from across the hall and two doors closed, he'd still swear the light came under the door and woke him up. He was such a jerk at times. But such became the norm for her. She'd learned how to pee in the dark during the first month they were married. Taking a dooky was a bit more of a wipe-and-hope scenario, but she'd learned to do that as well.

The nightlight seemed brighter than normal...probably just because she hadn't seen daylight much in several days. She peed and washed her hands and as she leaned over the sink, she felt like her belly was heavier than usual.

She reached down and touched her stomach as she straightened up and it felt odd. She turned to look at herself in the mirror on the back of the door, but there wasn't enough light to see well.

"Oh fuck Mark," she hissed and she flicked the overhead light on. "ARGH!" she blurted, the light setting her eyeballs on fire. For several minutes she fought to pen them again. When her pupils finally adjusted, she stared at herself in the mirror through squinted lids.

"HOLEE BAT SHIT!" she gasped louder than she probably should have. Immediately she slapped her hand over her mouth so as not to shout again...for fear of waking Mark.

As she gazed at herself in the mirror, she realized she was fatter...visibly fatter than she had been the last time she looked at herself in the mirror.

She stepped closer to the mirror and realized her neck beneath her chin was plumped and droopy...the beginnings of a

double chin...and her face looked like it had swollen...her whole lower face seemingly larger...wider...chubbier.

She backed up and looked down...and realized her tits were even bigger...her plump D-cups were hanging lower and the skin at the top of her chest felt tight like it was stretching. Looking closely at her reflection, she realized she had tiny little red lines skittering here and there around the top of her chest and all around her areola.

Stretch marks?!? I've got stretch marks on my titties?! Are you fucking kidding me?!?

Suddenly frantic, she backed up and gazed further down her reflection and noticed her stomach was massive...no longer even buoyant as it had been, it just drooped downward now, completely concealing her pubic region. She leaned back and hefted it up with her hands and was shocked to feel how soft and yet heavy it was. When she let it go, she lurched forward and realized she was holding up some serious weight...so much so that it was putting a strain on her lower back. She stepped closer to the mirror expecting to see stretch marks all over her gut, but there were none. Turning sideways, however, was a different story. She now had love-handles...big, fluffy and outward sagging rolls of fat above each of her hips. And those new rolls had stretch marks all over them...and the trail ran from her back, beyond her realm of sight, all the way around to the edges of her forward hanging belly.

Aghast, she turned facing the mirror again and rubbed her hands across the front of her belly...marveling at how soft it felt to her palms and fingers.

Oh shit...he's been cumming all over me for days...and I haven't washed it off, she realized...noting bits of crusty residue in places as she caressed herself. *Damn, I always heard spooge was good for stretch marks...but who'd have thought!*

Almost desperate, she whipped around and jammed her foot in between the toilet and sink cabinet and kicked the scales out into the open.

Instantly she hopped up onto them and then leaned over to read the display.

Holee shit...no way...no way! She blinked and strained to lean further forward, shocked that she could not see the scales display at all beyond the bulk of her belly. Finally she braced on the counter and leaned forward far enough she could see and the numbers that glared brightly back at her took her breath away.

257

Two hundred and fifty seven pounds! It was insane.

As she stood there, the scale shifted to 256 and she blinked and then realized she was wobbling and leaning on the counter a bit. Concentrating, she steadied herself and gently let go of the counter...and watched in horror as the scale flittered numbers, stopping at:

262

FIVE MORE POUNDS!? She had to bite her lip to keep herself from blurting something out loud. Leaning on the counter had been keeping her from putting her entire weight on the scales.

Two hundred and sixty two pounds?!? It was worse than she originally thought. She straightened up and stepped back off the scales, the numbers rustling around in her brain. *Oh fuck, I've gained forty one pounds since Shawn got here! FORTY ONE POUNDS!!* Half of her wanted to scream...while the other half just wanted to crawl up in a corner and cry. *How long has he been here?!? I don't even know what day of the week it is!*

Desperate, she looked around the bathroom looking for something to put on. She was wearing only her granny panties

and she didn't want to barge out into the apartment topless while Mark was home.

In the corner on the floor, was Mark's discarded work clothes. She snatched up the big button up shirt and quickly put it on...only to be horrified when she realized she couldn't button it around herself. Agitated, she peeled out of it and tossed, and picked up his t-shirt. She eventually managed to fight it down and over her torso, but her belly just hung out from under in almost completely visible. The farthest down the shirt would stretch was her belly button.

Growling, she flicked off the light and opened the bathroom door. Quietly she crept down the hall into the living room. Their computer was in sleep mode, but a quick shake of the mouse lit the screen up brightly and she tapped the corner date and time display. It was the thirteenth...meaning Shawn had been there since the third...they hooked up on the fourth...and she binged for three days...fifth, sixth, and seventh...and then he started feeding her like his private hog on the eighth. Five days. She'd been living like a pig for five days now...and had added thirty two pounds to her fatness...a total of forty one since Shawn showed up...and now, to her disgust, it wasn't all just settling in her belly.

She felt eyes on her and twisted to look back at the couch where Shawn had set up and was now gazing at her through sleepy eyes.

"Hey," he whispered.

She put the computer screen back to sleep and felt her way across to the couch in the dark. By the time she sat down on the couch at his feet, her eyes began to adjust to the haze of light coming out of the kitchen.

He sat completely up and scooted down to her at the foot of the couch and touched her shoulder. "You okay?" he asked in a barely audible voice.

"Shawn...I weight two hundred and sixty two pounds," she hissed back at him. "I don't even know where the last five days have gone to."

"You eat and go back to bed," he said. "We haven't even had sex in a while."

"I know...I feel like a real fucking pig...I haven't even showered...I probably smell like one too." She sighed and looked at him in the faint light. "What the fuck are we doing?"

"Making you fatter," he whispered back to her. "You're so fucking hot," he added, his hands snaking out and jiggling her belly and then moving higher to her tits, confined within the t-shirt. He strained to jostle the left one, closest to him...and he kept shaking it till the nipple hardened and poked out through the fabric enough that he could tweak and twist it. "Your titties are getting so big," he said, pulling on her nipple.

She was upset...part of her wanted to smack him in the face, and yet...some other part of her wanted to climb on top of him and fuck the shit out of him.

"Fuck me," she hissed to him. "You better fuck me right fucking now," she adding with a demanding tone despite her words being whispered.

"Dad's home...he in the bedroom back there."

She twisted around to face him and lifted her left leg up and swung it around to the back of the couch. Facing him now, her thighs spread, she leaned back on the couch, propping her head up on the couch arm, and said, "Do it now...look down," and when he looked, she hooked a finger in her granny panties and pulled the leg over enough to expose her pussy. "If he comes

out, the lights are off...just jump up and cover with the blanket and pretend to be asleep.”

Shawn said nothing but stood up and peeled out of his sleep shorts and she could make out the silhouette of his donkey dong swinging back and forth as he did so. Seconds later the shadow disappeared and she knew he was erect. As he sat back down on the couch, she braced for penetration.

His cock head nudged her opening and she gasped and then after a few massaging taps, he pressed for real and entered her with force she didn't expect...and before she could catch her breath, he was pumping madly, driving his cock in and out of her with a wild abandon. His gasps were muffled, his breathing stifled to keep his actions quiet, but she could still tell he was climaxing...quickly, so she tensed and waited for him to explode inside of her.

“Huhhh!” he blurted uncontrollably and erupted inside her pussy with force that she knew meant he was ejaculating like he had the first time. He was wired hard tonight. Had her fattening really turned him in such a way?

It was over in less than a few minutes and he was pulling out of her leaving a flow of semen pouring out of her gaping cunt in the wake of his fat dick.

She wasn't done with him though. She wanted it nasty and gross and all over and inside and out. What came over her at that moment, she never knew, but she shoved him back on the couch and ripped her own panties off. They were old and stretched out and hole-filled anyway...so the effort required to rip them was next to nothing. And then she was on him, dragging her sagging, fat belly up his body, her legs on either side of him, walking on her knees and hands until she was directly over him, glaring down into his face. Her belly hung down so far as to be resting on his torso even though she was

up on all fours above him. His hand shot to hit immediately and began kneading it and trying to heft it up and shake it, but she wasn't there for play...she was there for fuck.

She lowered her pussy onto his limp dick and started humping it, doing a big, fat, booty popping motion...that actually was making a tiny bit of noise, but she didn't care. She wanted nastiness and she was gonna get it. In a matter of seconds, the soft flesh of his dick was beginning to harden and she lifted herself upright, bracing with her left arm on the back of the couch.

Instinctively he reached down and hefted his mammoth erection for her and she wiggled it into position and then pressed her hips forward, grinding until she felt it tap the top of her inner shaft. He filled her so full, and yet she wanted more. Had there been two of him, she'd have had another dick in her ass or mouth one. Maybe three of him would be enough!

She couldn't do much with it on top, but she could sure as hell grind on him...and grind she did, bucking back and forth and in circles until she came...and still she rode him...until she came again. Somewhere in the darkness, she lost count of her orgasms and collapsed on top of him, her fat body pinning him to the couch.

After a time, she felt him wiggling, trying to get free, and she forced herself to roll off of him. He was pushed to the edge of the couch and nearly fell off as her bulk slipped down onto the cushions between him and the back of the couch. He caught himself on the coffee table and just stood up.

She gazed up at him as she shifted onto her side and noticed his silhouette did not have a dangling third leg in the middle...only a wad of extra shadow that indicated his drooping, oversized testicles.

Oh fuck, he's still hard, she realized. He'd been wiggling to get out from under her so he could finish himself off.

She said nothing to him, but kicked her right leg up and hooked her foot over the top of the couch back..and then she thrust herself forward on the cushions as he knelt down on them himself.

He moved forward and pressed his erection back into her and then pulled her right leg off the back of the couch and pressed it up against his chest, bracing it up against him...and then he pulled on it to force himself forward...into her opening.

This time it was she who moaned a bit too loudly. Embarrassed, she buried her face in Shawn's pillow that she was half lying on. After a few seconds, she got control of herself and looked down at him as he pounded her pussy like a piston. Her belly was warbling like a giant water balloon, quivering and rising and falling with each impact...the fat waves gyrating from the motion of his thrusts. And it wasn't alone. She could see her right ass cheek and thigh doing their own jiggling. But the most awesome spectacle was her right titty. The left one was sagging down onto the cushions and nearly draping off the edge of the couch in the front, but her right one was wildly slapping back and forth between her belly and her chin.

Oh fuck, how big are my titties now?! she wondered as she cupped the cavorting breast with her right arm and held it steady, hefting it to her face. *Oh hell...I can reach my own nipple!* Hungrily, she sucked her nipple into her mouth and went to town on it as Shawn continued to fuck the shit out of her.

Shawn was almost there when Angie had collapsed on top of him. And his balls had ached for ten minutes till she finally decided to move and slid off of him. Desperately, he'd jumped

up and wanted to finish. She'd thrown her leg up onto the back of the couch and he decided to try it with her on her side. And now that he was doing her in this position, he realized that it was awesome. On her back, her tits went out under her arms and flattened as did her belly, so all her wonderful curves were somehow lost. But on her side like this, her belly sagged out even further and her tits just flopped around atop it. It was awesome!

He was pumping away at her pussy...almost there again, when he looked down to see her tits again and realized that she was sucking one of them. It was too much, and he just exploded inside of her, but he didn't want it to go there. Instantly he pulled out of her and pointed his cock at her blubbery and distended gut and began to pump it with all his might, sending blast after blast of semen all over it.

She released her titty and her hands went down to her fat belly and began to smear it all around.

"It's apparently good for stretch marks," she whispered to him as he reached out and began to smear his cum on her lower belly and down into her pussy. "Oh fuck...you nasty boy," she murmured as his cum smeared fingers nudged into her gaping cunt. "Fist me!" she demanded with a hiss, and he pressed his whole hand up inside of her and began to pummel her with it, burying his arm well beyond his wrist inside of her cavernous pussy.

It got wild for a short time and she had to bite his pillow to not scream in ecstasy as he made her cum over and over till she couldn't take it any more. She finally pushed at his hand till she forced it out of her to make him stop. When he pulled it out though, it was thick and gooey with her juices and probably with some of his semen from the first round on her back. She pulled his nasty hand up onto her belly and smeared it around

and then dragged it up her fat body to her right titty. She made him squeeze it hard and then continued with his hand up to her mouth where she licked each finger separately...almost mouth fucking each one of them in turn.

He was up on the edge of the couch beside her at this point, lying on his own side, barely able to hold on...her massive body taking up most of the space. She sensed his unsteadiness and wrapped her arms and legs around him and literally enveloped him, her face in his...her mouth on his...her tongue in his mouth and they writhed around for a while until he felt as though he might could go at her again.

With a half erect cock, he nudged her pussy and she pulled back from him and gasped.

"No, baby...Momma needs that cum on her titties and ass," she whispered to him. "If Momma is gonna keep getting fatter, she's gonna need a lot of man lotion."

Something about her words...her use of "Momma" brought him to attention below the belt and his balls suddenly ached with the desire to expel more sperm.

He stood up and she rolled over on her belly so that her big fat ass was visible and then she lifted herself up on her knees and spread her flappy thighs. He'd seen this position before. It was called, "doggy style."

He knelt on the couch behind her big ass and snaked his dick up between her legs and prodded around till he found the right hole and then rammed his fat cock into her. Before he could start thrusting though, she took charge and began popping her ass back and forth, the huge cheeks gyrating and jiggling chaotically as she pumped his cock. All he had to do was stand still and let her milk it for him.

His hands reached out and grabbed hungrily for her flabby ass cheeks...squeezing and groping as she bounced on his cock.

In minutes he was ready to shoot and he pushed her off of him and rained his man goo all over her luscious over-sized ass.

“Oh fuck...fuck...smear it...rub it in,” she called out to him, hissing and whispering, but her voice demanding and needy.

He reached out and smeared his seed for her, lotioning up her flabby trunk junk. Each cheek was as wide as his entire body. Her butt was getting immense all at once it seemed. And he loved it. If it was as wide as the couch, he'd hump it!

After a short while, she rolled over and pulled him off the couch and led him up to her head and upper torso. Standing and looking down at her, she pulled him forward till he had to reach out and brace himself on the back of the couch to keep from falling completely down on top of her.

His limp cock dangled inches from her mouth and she snagged it with one hand and sucked it into her mouth. It was so tight, and her teeth weren't too friendly, but she got it inside, but unlike her previous attempts to suck him off, she seemed to be doing something different...and then he felt his head slide beyond her mouth and down into her throat.

Apparently all of the forced feeding had taught her to control her gag reflex and she was deep throating him. He could feel her ragged breath wafting from her nostrils onto his dick as she sucked and slid his cock. Spit was going everywhere and he realized she was using it for lubrication.

Then out of nowhere, she had a hand on his balls...and the one gripping his dick began to pump as she sucked.

The sensation was familiar...far too familiar to him.

“What is it?” he asked his mother as she opened the box and pulled out the contraption.

“Don’t worry about it what it is,” she growled at him as she set the thing up on the coffee table in front of them. She pulled out the instructions and began reading them and then after that, she told him to stand up and pull his pants down.

“Why?” he asked.

“Just do what I said,” she barked at him.

Up onto his feet he went and down went his pants to his ankles.

“Underwear too,” she added and motioned with her hand for him to pull them down.

He leaned over and pushed them down to his knees and then on a lark, just went ahead and kicked them and his pants both off so that he was complete naked from the waist down.

Stephanie sat on the couch and stared at him, his dick mostly, as it dangled side to side like some sort of limp third leg.

“C’mere,” she called to him and he stepped closer to her until she reached and pulled him up to her knees.

Without prelude, she reached up and snagged his penis in her hands and pulled on it, stretching it out.

“Good grief,” she muttered and just stared at it for a few tense seconds. Then she reached over to the table beside the contraption and retrieved a one foot plastic school ruler and held it up to his penis, ramming the zero end up under his shaft to the base between it and his testicles. Then she pulled on his dick again and stretched it out as far as she could atop the plastic ruler. It was just short of six inches. His mother said nothing but shook her head, as if she was either in disbelief at the length or dissatisfied with it. Which it was, he had no idea.

Turning the ruler, she mashed his penis flat and he noted it was about an inch and half wide before she tossed the ruler back to the table and picked up a piece of the gizmo.

It was weird looking. It had a big clear tube that had a rubber ring around the bottom where it was open and the top of it was domed and had a hose running into it. The hose ran from the clear cylinder to the coffee table where it ended in some sort of weird little motor looking thing that she'd plugged into a wall outlet moments earlier beside the couch.

As she held the cylinder out towards him, he noticed it had numbers and lines imprinted into it...like the ruler...for measuring apparently, but what? Then he put two and two together and glancing at the discarded ruler, suddenly realized what she was about to do.

"Ummm," he began but she looked up and glared at him.

"This might be strange," she said, her eyes locking with his, "but one day you'll thank me, okay?"

"Ohhh-kaaayyy," he replied, dragging the word out.

She held the open end of the cylinder up to his dangling penis and then using her free hand, she pushed his penis down into the opening and continued to wiggle the end of the cylinder, jostling it...until his entire limp appendage was inside of the thing.

He looked down and stared at his penis inside of the clear container...as it shriveled back up...the head barely past the number four mark on the cylinder's side.

His mother pushed on it and tried to bury the rubber o-ring into his pelvic bone.

"Ow," he chirped and she glared at him again.

She took control of the cylinder with her left hand now, holding it in place and with her right, reached over and flicked a control switch on the side of the motor thing and it immediately began to hum...much like a fish aquarium pump. And oddly enough he heard the sound of air hissing down at his waist, coming out of the cylinder's open end. His mother moved the

cylinder and situated it and suddenly the hiss stopped and he felt a jolt of suction on his penis inside the container.

As he stared with disbelieving eyes, his three and half inch shriveled flesh tube...began to lengthen of its own accord, the shriveled and wrinkly skin smoothing out as his penis stretched out under the pressure of the vacuum. And by this point he was fairly certain is a pump and vacuum of some nature... and from what he was observing, it was apparently intended to make your penis bigger...or so he theorized.

In seconds, three and half inches was four then five...and then finally almost six inches within the container.

"Does that hurt?" she asked him.

"No," he replied. "Just feels weird...kind of vibrates."

She reached out to the motor part again and turned a knob on the back side that he hadn't noticed before. Instantly the humming increased...as did the suction on his penis.

"Now?" she asked.

"N-noo," he stuttered, but the pressure was slightly uncomfortable, mostly on his pelvis where the seal was locked.

She turned the knob again and the hum became a solid buzz and the uncomfortable tingling became a hard tug on his junk.

"Uhhh, ahhh," he mumbled and she realized she'd hit his level of tolerance.

"Alright," she said as she stood up. "Sit down there and just let it do what it does. I'll come unhook you in a little while."

Reluctantly, he sat down on the couch and began watching TV as she disappeared into her bedroom.

After a little while he glanced down at his dick and was shocked to see that it was dark red in color...almost purplish in hue...and it looked swollen somewhat...or was it just the distortion of looking at it through the cylinder? He couldn't tell, but at least the annoying pull of the suction had stopped

bothering him. He looked towards the door to his mother's bedroom and hoped she hadn't forgotten about him.

At some point, he must have dozed off from boredom, because when he woke, it was from the movements of his mother pulling on the cylinder in an attempt to remove it.

She looked excited as she twisted the cylinder and pulled on it, but it wasn't coming off. She tugged again and began to pull harder and it started to move...to slide slowly. He cloudy eyes looked past her hands and honed in on his penis inside the clear container. His mind suddenly cleared and focused as he absorbed the fact that his penis looked huge inside of the thing.

POP!

She broke the suction finally and slid his cock out of the thing and it flopped down onto the couch cushion.

She just dropped the damn cylinder and let hit fall to the floor, her attention locked on his penis...her hands reaching out for and scooping it up. She shook it and stared as it wiggled. Then she moved her hand up and down on it, in some sort of odd sliding motion that felt weird. She did that slowly for a few seconds and then gradually her movement sped up till she was doing it hard and fast. As she did so, her eyes would continue to flick from his penis to his face, as if she were trying to gauge his reaction, if any, to her actions.

After a time, she sighed and just stopped and let his dick flop atop his left thigh...where it smacked and then skittered off to hang down between his legs.

Before he could say anything, she had fetched the ruler from the table and was ramming it under his dick again.

"Hrmph!" she grunted in a distinctly impressed manner as the tip of his swollen penis topped out near six and half inches. She turned the ruler and smiled. "Oh yes," she gasped and he noted his width was now two and half inches...which didn't

surprise him considering how bloated and fat his penis was. And it felt almost sore. Her hands were extremely irritating to it as she stretched and mashed and measured.

She let go of his penis and smiled at him.

“Momma’s gonna make you a big boy...a real big boy,” she said, popping up to her feet. “Why don’t you walk around for a few minutes...get your legs going,” she said. “Don’t put your pants on...just let it hang out for a while.”

He stood up and stepped away from her and the couch and she walked toward the kitchen. Once she’d reached it, she turned and stepped behind the open bar that was the only thing separating the living room for the kitchen. The bar was about four feet high and they usually ate there.

His mother leaned over the bar, facing out into the living room and stared at him as he walked around slowly in a small area around the sofa and coffee table.

“Walk towards me,” she said and he did so. When he reached the bar, she said, “Now turn and keep doing that for a few minutes.”

He did, and each time he reached the far side of the living and turned to walk back towards her, it seemed her expression would change. By the third round, she looked like she was going to throw up or something. Her mouth was hanging open and she had one arm back behind the counter doing something.

When he reached the bar this time, he could hear her breathing oddly, but she just smiled at him as if to tell him all was okay and then as he turned to repeat his path, she stopped him.

“Wait, just turn around and face me,” she said. He did so and she said, “Now just spread your feet apart...yeah, like that. Now just shift from side to side so it swings...oh fuck...yeah, yeah like that.”

He caught her letting the f-bomb slip out and that was weirder than her making him dangle his dick. As he stood there complying with her strange demands, he noticed her reflection in the stove behind her. Standing where he was now, close to the bar, he could see over the top and past her to the front of the shiny stove. What he saw reflected would disturb him forever and a day.

His mother's ass was visible. She was naked from the waist down behind the counter, but because she was leaning forward, he couldn't tell that from the front. Her legs were spread wide too, and her ass was moving side to side in a bizarre wiggling motion...and as he swayed, her wiggling increased and the expression on her face turned odd.

"Oh shit...go to your room...GO NOW!" she blurted at him and he froze in place. "GO!! SHIT! NOW!" she whaled at him and he took off to his room wondering what the fuck crawled up her ass.

Once inside his room, he leaned against the door and listened and heard his mother moaning and cursing loudly down in the kitchen...even punching the counter, it sounded like.

He knew now the bitch had ballooned his dick up and then gone into the kitchen to rub one out while he walked around with it dangling. She'd also tried her damn-dest to make it hard when she was pumping on it. Even then she'd been trying to work him into sex. The sick bitch had been on him for years and he was too naïve to know it. It would be different now.

He felt a surge in his balls and looked down in the low light of the living room and saw that Angie was having to jerk his cock from her mouth quickly as his erection swelled. She popped it out and started jerking on him like there was no

tomorrow, her spit acting as an incredible lubricant. He grabbed the base of his dick and stifled a groan as his semen launched out onto her face and neck...and then she lowered the tip of it and continued to pump him until he'd coated her titties down with white mess.

"Oh fuck," she hissed as she let his dick go and began rubbing his cream all over her fattened breasts. They were shiny and slippery now and he could see the light glinting off of them as she massaged them erotically...her hard and bulbous nipples sticking out like thimbles in the darkness visible only by the shiny coat of his cum on them.

He thrust his pelvis forward and flopped his limp dick atop her right titty and she took the hint and snagged it, using it to stir the cum load all over her boobs.

After a little bit, she let his dick go and stood up. She leaned in to him and buried her tongue in his mouth and then walked back down the hall, completely naked. When her t-shirt had come off, he wasn't sure...maybe while they were writhing around after the first bout. Sex seemed to make him forget things. Time stopped being normal when he was fucking her.

Angie walked down the hall...the cold air nipping at her entire naked body, cooling the gooey mess that covered her. She needed a shower so badly but as she reached the bathroom door, she stopped and looked into the open bedroom door at Mark, snoring atop the bed.

Not just yet, she thought to herself as she walked on into the bedroom and crawled under the covers with him.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Mark muttered in the darkness as her hands jerked on his dick.

"Just shut up for once...and let me have it, asshole," she hissed at him as she leaned down and sucked his dick into her mouth and began bouncing on it till he was hard.

He moaned and she knew she had him. It was dark and he couldn't see her. She was making her move.

She sucked him until she knew he was almost to climax and then she ripped the blankets and sheet back and pulled his underwear completely off.

"Damn...it's like three in the morning," he grumbled. "What the fuck, bitch?"

"Shut up and fuck your fat ass wife," she snapped at him in the darkness as she groped and found his dick again. She'd gotten Shawn to fist her so her pussy would swell up. Now she could mount Mark and maybe actually feel something.

She turned and mounted him with her ass to him, her body facing the open bedroom door. His cock slipped in easily enough and she started snapping her ass, working him hard and fast before he knew what was happening.

"Aaahhh, shit," he blurted and she felt him cum inside of her. Oh yes...cum inside of her with no condom on!

She strained her eyes and realized Shawn was standing at the edge of the open bedroom door, looking in at her. The light from the alarm clock was probably illuminating her to some degree, so she decided to be really nasty.

"Oh shit...alright...I'm done...c'mon," Mark grumbled at her as he tried to slide her off of him, but she started slamming her pussy on him and kept popping it till he quit fighting her. He was a two-cummer and she knew it. If she just kept on, he'd shoot off again at some point.

"No!" she blurted. "You give it to me...you fuck your fat ass wife, dammit...you give it to me, or I'm gonna take it!" And she pretty much *was* taking it. "You like that big ass don't you

motherfucker...you cuss it...you despise it...but that ass knows how the fuck that fat cock, don't it?"

"You nasty fat fuck," he growled from behind her, but she felt his hands reach up and grab her luscious new love-handles in a tight grip as he helped her grind his dick.

"You shut the fuck up! It's my cock...I do what I want with it, asshole!" she blurted at him.

"Ride it you fat cunt," he growled. "Take it!"

She noticed Shawn was still standing in the door, watching, so she leaned back and poked her belly out...one hand reaching down and jiggling it extra hard and all at once, she felt Mark begin to buck harder beneath her.

Oh shit, motherfucker is getting into it, she realized. For a moment she wasn't sure what to make of that. They hadn't had sex in months...and now...it was happening. She'd planned on just getting it and then going to the shower, but she'd seen Shawn at the door, peeping...and decided to go for a second shot with Mark, just for shits and giggles...and now...now it was heating the fuck up for some reason.

"Oh now...is little Marky got it hard for a big, fat fucking ass?" she called out, taunting him beneath her. She felt him straining to bounce her up and down on him and so to spite him, she stopped moving at all and just ground her vagina into his pelvis, burying his cock fully inside of her...something she'd never been able to do before.

"Oh fuck," he moaned.

"Oh fuck what?" she taunted him a bit more. "Big fat Angie can take all that cock now, can't she?"

"Nasty bitch," he grouched at her as she began to work her hips in a circle, grinding his cock and balls with her pussy.

"Maybe I should get up now and just go take a shower," she asserted and started to move, but his hands tightened on her love-handles and held her place.

"Slap my fucking ass, you little worm," she blasted at him. "Your cock ain't shit...I can suck that bitch up like nothing," she added and started gyrating again on it. "You ain't man enough to fuck my fat ass and make me cum."

"Oh I can make you cum, bitch!" he shot back.

She motioned with her hand at Shawn...motioned for him to shut the bedroom door...and he did, easing it closed...almost. She noted she never heard it click.

"Why don't you be a man and turn the fucking lights on and look at me while you fucking me?" she insisted.

Fumbling, she felt him reaching for the lamp beside the bed and when he flicked she heard him gasp...as his eyes fell on her enormous ass atop him.

She looked back over her shoulder at him and gave him a defiant glare and expression.

"Two hundred and sixty two fucking pounds of pure fat fucking whore," she said matter-of-factly. "And you can't handle even half of one my ass cheeks, you fucking pussy."

He said nothing but he pushed her forward onto her knees and then he was in her from behind, pounding her doggy style. It was the second time in an hour that she'd been mounted like this...first by Shawn and now by his father. The nastiness of it was overwhelming her better sense.

"I can't even feel it, Mark...how big did you say your cock was?" she taunted him and he started banging on her harder than he'd ever done before and he was literally pushing her toward the end of the bed.

When she reached the end of the bed, she pushed back and shoved him off of her and he collapsed back onto the bed

behind her. She twisted around to face him and slipped off to the floor at the foot of the bed.

For the first time in a week, Mark saw his wife naked...and she was forty one pounds fatter than five days ago...and from what he could tell, a good deal of that lard was in her titties now. But her belly was mammoth, even bigger than he remembered and she looked fucking pregnant as she turned and walked around the bed. With every step, her gut bounced and her titties swayed and jostled. By the time she was up next to him, he had realized that each of her tits was the size of his fucking head.

“Holee shit, you fat fucking bitch...your titties are huge,” he blurted as she stopped and put her hands on her hips.

“Too bad you don’t do fat bitches, huh, asshole,” she snapped back at him as she lifted her left titty and started sucking on it.

He reached out and grabbed and roughly tossed her down on the bed and mounted her missionary position. Leaning down on her he buried his face in her titties and she scooped them up with arms to hold them up atop her chest for him.

He went at it for a while before she shoved him with everything she had and made him pull out. When he backed up, she grabbed his arm and pulled him to the bed top and rolled him on his back. Once it stopped moving, she straddled him and crammed his cock inside of her, burying it to the base.

With her pussy swollen, she actually was getting something out of this...and aside from the physical aspects, it was kind of nice to be able to cuss this asshole and make him work for it. For months she’d been hounding him for it and getting shot down...and apparently it had been the wrong tactic. She needed to push his buttons...make him feel like he wasn’t man enough to satisfy her...she needed to stop being the beggar and

start being the queen with her pussy. It was apparently driving him crazy. She'd assumed he'd vomit when the lights came on and he saw how fat she was...but his eyes had locked on her tits and here they were still fucking minutes later.

As she began to grind him this time, she was facing him and her huge ass belly hung over him like an ominous avalanche of flesh that might fall and overwhelm him at any minute.

"You like that pussy...you want that pussy?" she taunted him. "You want me to cum for your tiny little cock, hmmm?" She looked down at him and she poked her belly out and shook it at him. "Then you play with big belly...you pussified asshole...c'mon...get it...you handle up on it or I'm not gonna cum and I'm gonna go fuck some asshole who *can* make me cum."

"WHAT?!" he blurted.

"You don't think I can get some dick? Please motherfucker, the fatter I'm getting the more assholes are hitting on me. Some big black dude tried to get me to go out back with him at the fucking grocery store the other day. Offered to fucking pay me for it."

"SHIT!" he spat. "You're full of shit!"

"Fuck you, motherfucker...I'm sick of no dick...so you either put up or shut the fuck up!" she blasted back at him. "I'll go back down to that store and find that bastard and I'll suck his big black cock right out in the open in the parking lot...and then everybody in town will know you can't even keep your fat nasty wife satisfied!"

His hands grabbed at her belly and squeezed it...then shook it and then his hands went up to her tits and did the same.

"I got his number," she said, taunting him further. "He said his dick was bigger than yours...like eleven inches...and I don't doubt it...he was over seven foot tall."

“Gonna fuck you!” he blurted at her and his hips began bucking uncontrollably beneath her so violently that he was actually bouncing her entire body up and down. “You fat fucking whore...don’t you date cheat on me!”

She suddenly felt an opportunity to ride him a little into the ground and break him off. Was he really paranoid of her cheating on him? Was this a jealous rage of sex? Well she liked it and she wanted to inflame him even more.

“I ain’t gotta...go...downtown...for a fat cock,” she asserted, amid gasps and bounces. “Shawn’s just in the living room!”

“WHAT?!” he blurted and shot upright, pushing her back onto her ass on the bed. He was up and over her, glaring down at her.

She laughed and stared back at him.

“Are you serious?”

His face relaxed and he assumed she was fucking with him.

“Too far...sorry,” she added with a grin.

“N-no,” he muttered back. “Go with it, bitch.”

Suddenly it was her that was in shock. Had he just given her permission...nay...actually told her to talk nasty about his son?? Yes he had!

“His dick is bigger than yours,” she said, feeling suddenly ashamed that she wasn’t making it up.

He was inserting into her again, missionary style.

“How you know?”

“I saw him...in the bathroom,” she said, again telling an unknown truth.

“You spying on him,” Mark asked as he started pumping in her again. “You like looking at boys?”

“Only ones with big fat cocks,” she replied with a dirty little glint in her eye. “Can’t help it...I’m so deprived...ain’t had no

dick in months. That's why I'm so fat...you made me fat, asshole...I have to eat 'cause I got no cock between my legs!"

"Fuck you're fat...shit," he grumbled as she made her whole body jiggle wildly with his humping.

"Oh yeah I'm fat... 'cause that's what Shawn likes," she said, another truth slipping out. "Every day when you leave for work, he comes in here and feeds me in the bed and then I suck his dick...right here in this bed where you trying to fuck me."

"I ain't trying, bitch!" he barked and his thrusting increased in speed and forced.

"Please, I can't even feel that little prick of yours'...why don't you give it up and go watch a porno and jerk it?"

His eyes bulged as he glared at her.

"Oh I know 'bout the porn channel...I let Shawn watch it while I suck his cock...I jerk him off to it sometimes," she added, making it up now.

"He's a real man...cock is twice the size of yours...and it's so fat...so fucking fat...it's unreal how fat it is," she continued to grind the word "fat" into everything she said. "Fat cock for a fat bitch, I guess."

"Did...did...did you fuck him?!" he blurted amid pounding thrusts.

"So hard...I just spread my legs and let him pump me till he explodes...and he cums all over me too...especially my big fat belly...he loves my belly...says he wants to make me pregnant so it'll get even bigger!"

Mark got a strange look on his face and then he started panting out loud and cursing and then he erupted in her so hard that she literally felt the surge of semen inside of her.

He collapsed on top of her and slid off to her right side on the bed. His hand reached out and shook her belly.

"When did you get so fucking nasty?" he asked.

She lay there in awe that she'd just climaxed...again...but this time with Mark?!

She turned her head and looked him in the eye.

"Does the idea of another man knocking me up get you off or something?"

His eyes bugged out of head.

"Don't shit me," she said and continued staring at him.

"I don't know," he finally answered.

"Do you think you would get off watching me fuck another guy, maybe?"

"Why you asking that?" he blurted, a worried look on his face.

"I'm tired of not getting any," she said. "You tell me what you want from me and I'll do it...I don't care what it is...or *who* it is," she added, her eyes inadvertently flicking to the bedroom door and Shawn beyond it.

Mark looked stricken for a few moments but then he relaxed and jiggled her belly some more.

"Are you enjoying that?"

He snorted and sat upright, cross-legged on the bed beside her and reached out with both hands to shake her gut. "Pook it out like you're pregnant," he said and she complied. "Fuck your gut is huge!"

"Holee shit," she blurted, realization suddenly dawning on her. "You got a pregnant fetish, don't you?"

"What?"

"That's why you was banging Stephanie without a condom in high school, wasn't it? You knocked her up on purpose and you only broke up with her after she had Shawn!"

He stared at her blankly.

"You've never approached it again, because you were scared of getting hit with child support again," she continued unraveling him. "That's why you won't get me pregnant!"

His mouth suddenly hung open.

"Oh don't even deny it, asshole...soon as I said Shawn and making me pregnant, you blew a fucking nut so hard it rattled my teeth." She glared at him...knowing she had him. "And now you're sitting here playing with my belly telling me to pook it out like I'm pregnant for you."

He blushed...the man actually blushed.

"Just knock me up...fuck...damn, man...make me pregnant, you asshole...I'd ride that cock morning, noon and night."

He looked at her belly and shook it again.

"You would be fucking ji-normous," he stated as he warbled her mammoth gut again. "Okay...yeah...alright."

She pooked her belly out again and he began kneading it and she noticed his dick was straightening out again.

"So you think Shawn's actually got a big one?"

She gulped, wondering where the fuck this was going.

"Who cares?"

"You're at home with all week...have you...y'know...looked?" Mark asked. "Stephanie told me a few years ago that he has something...some weird thing or the other that she said he got from me...and that he's got like a stupid size dick or something."

"What...so I sit at home getting fat all day and staring at your son's package?" She glared at him. "Why don't you just ask him about it?"

"That's like gay or something," he replied. "Same as me looking. But I could swear he's got this big bulge in his shorts sometimes...can't help but notice it."

"You want to know the truth," she asked him. He didn't nod, but his expression begged her to tell him. "He's got *the biggest dick* I've ever seen." Mark's mouth dropped open in awe again, but he said nothing. "I walked in on him in the bathroom couple of days after he got here...and I nearly passed the fuck out."

"How big is it?" he asked, his eyes pleading.

"Mark?!" and she found herself blushing. "It's big, okay... what, you think I stopped and measured it?" As soon as she said it, she could tell he was what...fantasizing about it???

Oh fuck, Mark...are you really fantasizing about it? Shit, is this for real? Have I really been doing something all this time that would have turned him on??

"Mark," she said, hesitating before continuing. "Mark, would that get you off...me measuring his dick?"

Mark stared at her for a minute as if he wasn't sure of whether he should answer or not.

"You asshole...you been fantasizing about me and him all this time, haven't you? She let a smile creep across her face.

"It's fucked up, huh?" he finally said, admitting to it.

A silence suddenly filled the space between them and her eyes locked with his...and her hand reached out and began to stroke his dick...rousing it to erection again.

He leaned forward to kiss her for the first time in months and when their lips parted, she looked him dead in the eye and said, "That is the hottest, nastiest thing I could have ever imagined, Mark." And then she kissed him again.

He crawled up on top of her again, and pressed inside of her...his hips starting to slowly hump and pump once more.

Oh shit...he's going for three...he's never even tried that!

"Mark...baby...you know I love you," she said, lying more than she was willing to admit. "But I have been wanting to get a

hold of that dick of his for two weeks...and that's the reason I can't stop eating, baby...it's killing me having him in the house with that thing."

"Have you been spying on him?"

"I want to," she said.

"Do it," he told her.

"Mark...I think he likes that I'm fat," she said, playing it up. "I catch him staring at me a lot...I mean a LOT."

Mark's motions increased a tad and she could tell he was getting off on what she was saying.

"The other night...remember...in the kitchen...when I got the mayonnaise all over my shirt and I had it pulled up...and my belly was hanging out?"

"Yeah, I remember...he was at the table...yeah," Mark said, nodding his head, his eyes glued to her face.

"Before you walked in, I think...I think he was jerking it under the table," she lied. "I had my shirt up for a while there...I didn't think nothing of it...and when I turned around, his hand hit the bottom of the table and he jumped and saw him fidgeting and then I heard his zipper just as you walked in."

"Oh fuck...he was jerking off to your fat gut?"

"Oh don't say it like that...hell you got a pregnant thing, asshole...maybe it's genetic...maybe he liked it 'cause I *look* pregnant, y'know?"

"Shit," Mark cursed, his hips speeding even more.

"Mark...can I walk around with my belly hanging out?"

That sent him into a rhythmic pounding that started feeling really good to her.

"Oh fuck...fuck," he whispered. "I wanna see you play with it," he muttered and buried his face in her tits so he didn't have to see her face or her response.

She pulled his face up with both hands and made him look at her.

"I will do anything you want me to, baby," she told him and his eyes almost glowed in response. "I wanna do it anyway. You know I love you...but that boy's dick is crazy!"

"You wanna fuck him?" he asked her.

"I don't know...I don't think...no," she replied, lying but not wanting to push him too far...not just yet. "I just wanna hold it in my hands...maybe jerk him off on my belly."

"Are you serious or are you still just talking shit to me?" he asked as he slowed and began long stroking her.

"Oh shit," she moaned. She forced her eyes open so she look him in the face. "No baby...I'm serious."

He stared at her for a few second before saying anything else to her.

"You been fantasizing about him too...ever since you walked in on him, huh?"

She blushed and looked away, toward the wall. She didn't have to fake it. She really was embarrassed that the moron was able to see through her that easily. Either he was smarter than she thought, or her personal façade wasn't as solid as she thought.

"Is it that apparent," she asked. "When I was talking shit earlier...I was...I was really letting go with the truth a little," she admitted, knowing most of it was lie.

"Tell me about it...tell me about your fantasy," he prodded her as his strokes began increasing in intensity again.

"Are you really gonna go for three?" she asked.

"Depends on how good your story is," he replied.

"He's not all that much to look at...he's a boy," she commented without further prodding. "But his dick...Mark...it's

got to be eight inches long limp...he's bigger than you when he's limp...and I can't fathom how big it might be hard."

"You apparently had it taken care of in the kitchen the other night," he said with a smirk. "Maybe you should have looked at it then."

"You walked in...it freaked me out...I didn't know what to do or say...and then you made me put my shirt down," she said. "That's why I was fucking with you about it. I didn't *want* to put it down...after I realized that's what he was looking at."

She gasped as he tapped her g-spot.

"I didn't want to tell you...I didn't know how you might react," she continued. "I'd been wondering why he watched me all the time...I'm mean I'm fat, right...but...but apparently he likes me like that...if you could have just seen his eyes, Mark."

"You think he's got a belly thing, for real?"

"Oh yeah," she answered.

"I want you to let it hang out then," he told her. "Get up in the morning and...and just walk around...I don't know...knot your shirt up like you did in the kitchen. Go do some housework and see what happens...and then when I get home tomorrow night, you tell me about it."

"Mark...what if he tries something?" she asked. "What if he pulls it out or something?"

"I doubt he's that bold," he replied.

"He was jerking off under the table in the kitchen," she asserted, countering his opinion...and knowing full well she was far more accurate than she could admit without incrimination.

"Just tell him to put it up," and ignore him. "Just act like he ain't got nothing you're impressed with...for now."

"For now?" she looked at him.

"I'm gonna borrow Ted's video camera," he stated. "I'll get it tomorrow night before I come home."

"What?" she blurted in astonishment.

"You can hide it...it's little like," he explained. "And then you can film it if he does something."

"So you can watch?" Mark was far more deviant than she had ever imagined. "You want me to do something with him and film it?"

"Fuck yeah," he blurted and his pelvis began bucking hard.

"You nasty bastard...you want me tease him and then fucking get busy with him don't you?"

Mark said nothing but he was rising to something...and she suspected he might be about to cum again.

"Why don't you just stop shitting around it and say it, asshole," she taunted him as he sped toward climax. "You want me to take him down...you want my fat, nasty ass to climb up on your son and milk his fat fucking cock while you watch!"

He erupted in her and then collapsed off to the side of her again, panting and gasping for air.

She sat up on the bed. Her plans had been going so right. She was gonna fuck Mark...and keep fucking Shawn...one of them would hopefully get her pregnant and then she was gonna leave Mark when Shawn went home in two more weeks.

But now...now things were vastly different. Now she knew Mark *wanted* her to get pregnant...and now he was actually fucking her again...actually turned on by her again despite her having gained so much weight. And now she learns that not only has he been fantasizing about her and Shawn...but now he wants her to actually fuck him and tape it so he could watch!

Now a new plan began to form...one in which she had a threesome with them. Now she thought about getting pregnant and keeping both studs. Mark might be bearable as long as she had Shawn to fuck her too. Maybe Shawn would want to stay with them...move in with them...would he do that, or was his

thing for his mother too deep-seated? *Maybe he might come stay the summer with us every year or something at least*, she thought.

She scooted down to the foot of the bed and stood up and turned to look back at Mark lying atop the bed, exhausted and spent.

“You dare me to walk out there like this?”

He rolled his head to look at her. “Naked?”

She walked over to her dresser and pulled out a pair of old thong panties. Jiggling and jostling her body around, she managed to pull this up. The leg straps were cutting into her fat so hard that the flap rolls literally hid them. Then she removed an old bra...a fucking C-cup and put it on, fighting to cram her huge jugs into the cups. By the time she got it situated, her tits were literally overflowing the garment and bubbling out the top.

“I’m not naked...mostly,” she said as she stepped to the door. “You gonna come watch?”

He climbed up and hastily grabbed his shorts from beside the bed and turned the lamp off beside the bed.

“Go get me a beer,” he said as he reached the door and peeped around the corner while she sauntered off down the hall toward the living room.

Oh this was just too good! Not one dick, but two! Mark had the looks and the ability to take care of her...and Shawn had all the cock she could ever want. It was just a dream...a wet fucking dream...that she didn’t want to wake up from.

As she suspected, Shawn had gone back to bed at some point, but she wondered how long he had stayed at the

door...how much of their conversation he'd heard and how freaked out he might be by it.

The boy was actually sleeping on the couch when she reached the living room. She felt totally naked. The bra and thong just weren't doing anything. And despite having walked naked through the living room maybe an hour earlier, somehow the act was now different...more deviant than it had been previously. Somehow it was dirtier that Mark was watching.

She went into the kitchen and opened the icebox, retrieved a beer bottle and stood there for several seconds with the light from the refrigerator illuminating her. She knew Mark could probably see the light, but not her, so she shut the door and stepped into the laundry room and flicked the overhead light on in there so that light permeated out through the kitchen and into the living room. It was bright enough to see well, but not bright enough to wake Shawn up.

Sauntering yet again, with bottle in hand, she diddy-bopped across the living room to the sofa and right up to where Shawn was lying.

She saw movement and looked up to see Mark at the end of the hallway behind the couch watching her.

She pointed down at Shawn and mouthed, "He's asleep."

Mark looked disappointed.

She grinned and unsnapped her bra in the back and threw it at him. Startled he caught it, but had a "what the fuck" look on his face as she leaned over the couch and dangled her belly and titties inches above Shawn's head.

"Whoops, my bra fell off," she whispered barely loud enough for Mark to hear her. "Ohh nooo!"

"Nasty bitch," he hissed back at her.

She played with her titties right over the boy's head and even sucked and licked on her nipples for a while to taunt Mark

some. Eventually she knelt down beside the couch though and scooted down even with Shawn's hips.

"Hey!" Mark hissed loudly. "What are you doing?"

"You wanna see it?" she mouthed at him and pointed down to Shawn's blanket covered body.

Mark's eyes were bugging out of his head, but they remained glued to his fat wife's actions.

Carefully she pulled the blanket back and sure enough, the boy had no pants on. His over-sized cock was plainly visible draped over his left thigh. It was shriveled and only about half its normal size...but it was extra fat from all their fucking earlier while Mark slept.

Mark stepped closer and positioned himself right behind the couch and peered over at Shawn's exposed genitals.

"HOLEE SHIT!" he hissed loudly and she fanned him to silence and then waited for him to calm down.

"I told you," she mouthed at him.

She looked up at mark and waited for him to make eye contact with her. And then she motioned at Shawn's dick and mouthed the word, "watch."

With one finger, she tickled the end of his cock and it immediately began elongating. She glanced up and Mark looked like he was about to choke on his own spit. His eyes were the size of softballs.

"You dare me?" she mouthed the words and he looked like he might jump across the couch and strangle her, but she knew he wouldn't.

Carefully she wrapped her hand around his dick and all at once the boy shifted on the couch and rolled over onto his back and she had to let go. His dick, elongated now to at least eight inches, lay draped over he left thigh.

She leaned forward and licked it and then looked up at Mark...shocked to realize that he was beating off behind the couch. She didn't have to feign her shocked expression.

"Are you beating it?" she mouthed and he stopped and pointed down at Shawn.

She faked a look of disbelief as if she would never do what he was insinuating, even though she already had. "No way," she mouthed. "It's too big," she added, showing him how round it was with her hands and then pointing to her mouth and shaking her head.

Instead, she reached out with her fingertips and began minutely stroking the loose skin around his shaft and in moments he was forming an erection.

She leaned back and look up at Mark like she was horrified at how big the boy's cock was becoming...and Mark was going to town on himself behind the couch.

She stood up and sat down on the coffee table behind her and spread her legs and leaned back. Her right hand braced her and her left hand snaked forward and ran its fingers down into her dental floss thong where she began to rub her pussy while she stared at Shawn's growing erection...and while her husband beat off a few feet away.

She faked an orgasm and played it out until she knew Mark was shooting off himself, and then she reached out and covered up Shawn's cock. She had no idea if he was sleeping for real or just faking it, but either way, Mark had bought it.

The two scampered back to the bathroom.

"Oh fuck, my balls ache," he blurted as they got inside the bathroom and shut the door.

"Am I still a fat, nasty whore?" she asked him.

“You’re **my** fat, nasty whore, bitch...and you are fucking fantastic!” He smiled at her for the time in what seemed like forever and then his hands were all over her and they made out in the bathroom while the water heated up in the shower.

“Pook it out...pook that big belly out,” he told her as she stepped over into the shower.

“No, that’s for Shawn,” she said. “He likes my fat ass,” she added, taunting him. “Maybe he’ll knock me up and make me pregnant!”

He climbed into the shower with her and they made out some more under the hot steam and water. At some point, she went back to bed with him and passed out.

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