

DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS

By The Marquis Facade

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CHAPTER SIX

Angie awoke suddenly and sat up on the bed. Mark was already gone to work apparently, as she was alone in the single apartment bedroom. She tossed the sheets and blanket back and twisted to hang her legs off over the side, but she didn't quite have the energy to get up yet, so she sat, unmoving for a while, rolling thoughts of previous events around in her mind.

In the last twenty four hours, she'd discovered that her husband had a pregnancy fetish...that her step-son had been abused to an extent by her husband's ex...or had he? The line there was a little fuzzy for her.

Shawn had told her about his mother's obsession with making his dick bigger, an obsession that had gone on for years and eventually, she assumed, had led to him actually having a ridiculously massive appendage. And then she'd started showing him off...and that rolled into letting her friends grope him...and that led to them making a game of giving him an erection...and that eventually led to his mother, herself, all but climbing atop of him in the shower a few weeks before he came to stay with her.

The confusion about things came in with whether Shawn actually minded or not? From what she knew of him now, she suspected that he hadn't really objected to any of it...and had, in fact, voluntarily given in to most of it. So was this something she should report...or...or tell Mark about?

In light of her own tryst with Shawn, she felt rather hypocritical to report Stephanie for it. And in light of what went on the previous night with Mark...well...she wasn't sure telling him about Stephanie was really going to piss him off. In fact, it might even turn him on. So what was she to do with the

knowledge she now had? And with Mark all up into his fantasy of her and Shawn...how was she going to handle that? Should she tell Shawn about his father's bizarre new obsession? Or should she just play both of them to get her own jollies?

And Mark...her husband alone, was enough to make her head spin. Twenty four hours ago, she'd been ready to drop him like a hot potato. She'd only stayed this long because she felt sorry for him...and didn't want him to miss the chance to have his son with him for a month. But with him working full time and no one at home, the boy wouldn't have been able to stay. So she'd made up her mind to stay till Shawn went home, and then she was going to leave Mark.

But just hours ago, she'd discovered her husband had been fantasizing about her and Shawn. What the hell had brought that up in his mind, she had no idea. But he'd not only admitted to it, but acted incredibly turned on by the possibility that Shawn really did have a thing for her. And when she'd played along with his sick little whimsy, he'd suddenly decided he was turned on by her again as well. They'd fucked like rabbits and even made out afterwards in the shower. It was the first contact between them in months...since she started gaining weight...and that had been the main reason she was leaving him. He'd made it expressly clear to her that he didn't like her being fat and had just stopped having anything to do with her. At least until last night when she'd just took it from him...and then let the spark of twisted desire pull them both into a debauched role-play...one which ended with her playing with Shawn's dick while he slept...and while Mark watched.

Shaking her head, she stood up and walked toward the dresser to get some clothes. As she reached for the top drawer, she realized there were clothes already atop the dresser along with a hand written note.

“Wear this – Love, Mark,” she read out loud.

Looking down, she eyed the two items accompanying the note from her husband. It was an old t-shirt she hadn’t been able to wear for a long, long time. It had been baggy when she’d weighed 110...and too tight at 165. Now, as she stood looking at it, knowing she weighed at minimum, two hundred and sixty pounds...the idea of wearing the shirt was just ludicrous. Hell, she’d probably rip it just trying to get it over her titties...and likely it wouldn’t cover much more than that. The other garment item was a pair of cut-off jeans. She’d been able to wear them not too far back...if she remembered, she’d bought the jeans while she was around two twenty or so, right before Shawn showed up...but the legs had gotten tight in them and she’d cut them off, making them into shorts. But as she looked them over, holding them up...she was quite certain they hadn’t been *this* short before. Had Mark cut them even shorter this morning before leaving for work?

She glanced around and noticed a pair of scissors and denim fabric over atop Mark’s beat-up old dresser on the far side of the room from her.

“Nasty motherfucker,” she mumbled out loud as she opened the top drawer of her dresser to get a pair of panties. But as she reached in to retrieve a pair, she halted and considered the situation. In her left hand, she held the shorts and as she looked at them once again, she recalled how awesome the sex the previous night had been...with both Mark *and* Shawn! Her own sick fantasy was to have them both at the same fucking time...but she wasn’t sure that would ever happen. Mark might be all for it...but she wasn’t sure how Shawn would take to that idea...not even in the slightest.

Oh well...she wasn’t going to pass up the chance to fuck both of them separately either. While Shawn had all the cock a

woman could ever want, he didn't even come close to being the full size man that Mark was...strong arms, big chest, chiseled face and manly size. Not to mention, while he might be dumb as a post, he did work and take care of her...so in the end, if she had to pick one or the other, it would end up being Mark. But with Shawn in the picture, she wasn't sure if Mark would continue to even be sexually involved with her. Ultimately, she felt like Mark might only be turned on by the fact that she was doing dirty things with Shawn...so when the boy left in a few weeks, life was liable to resume its previous lack luster mode.

But what if Shawn stayed with them? Obviously the boy didn't like his new step-father at all...and his mother was no longer involving herself with him at all. From the way he described it...it was as if his mother had finally given in and had her way with him...and gotten it out of her system, so to speak. And now she had no use for him. So perhaps getting him to stay wasn't such an improbable idea after all.

She shut her underwear drawer and shook the shorts out and stepped over into them. It was a fight then...one that ended up with her on her back on the bed, struggling and sucking her flab in...while wrestling viciously with an evil button and zipper. At some point, the garment conceded defeat and she jerked its zipper up with a vengeful rip. Sadly though, she found that she couldn't sit upright, so she had to roll onto her side and thrust herself up off the bed. For a few seconds more, she wiggled and jiggled, trying to work the far-too-tight shorts down to a bearable position beneath her gargantuan belly.

Stepping over to the dresser again, she picked up the tiny shirt and pulled it over her head.

"As fucking if..." she said with a sigh as she got her arms in it and attempted to pull the tail down. She had to stretch it out and then literally stuff her tits up under it to get the shirt to

cover her chest. But her tits were, as she suspected, the last thing that the garment was going to cover. With her breasts crammed up inside of it, the tail came down maybe five or six inches beneath the curve of their bottoms. It looked like she was wearing a cut-off top...or sports-bra more or less. She felt silly and hugely fat. "I wore this once," she muttered in disgust as she moved toward the bedroom door.

So Mark is serious with this shit? Does he really want me to try and seduce his own son? Apparently he does...if he wants me to wear this getup while he's gone. And if he comes home and I'm not wearing it...he's gonna be pissed as fuck.

"Whatever," she said with a sigh as she reached for the doorknob. At least Shawn probably wouldn't complain about it.

Walking down the hall, she could feel her belly jiggling copiously...up and down with each step she took. With the shorts girted up so tightly at her hips, it felt as though all the fat in her ass was being compressed upward into her stomach and love-handles. Her abdominal flab felt twice as big as it did the day before...all an illusion she knew, but the sensation was real none-the-less. Not to mention, her love-handles were practically over-flowing the top of her waistband. Her belly, well *that*, she was used to swamping the top of her pants...but her sides...that was something new. It was freaking her out, but also the feeling of new jiggles was turning her on. Her tits, her belly, her ass...they had all been jostling and gyrating for a long while now...but now she was enjoying the jarring of flesh all the way around her torso. The closer she got to the living room, the more and more she was becoming aroused. Looking down, she noted her nipples, hard as rocks, protruding through the front of the over-stretched t-shirt.

As she stepped out onto the living room carpet, she realized her titties were slipping downward little by little. Stopping, she reached beneath them and hiked them up with a sudden jerk and then readjusted the tail of the shirt underneath them, in hopes that it would keep them from working their way out again.

When she'd gotten her shirt situated, she thought to glance at the couch. To her surprise, Shawn was not on it. His blanket and sheet were neatly folded at one end of the sofa and his pillow was on the coffee table.

She turned and walked around the corner into the small kitchen and found him sitting at the table eating toast and jelly with a large glass of orange juice.

Shawn took a bit of his toast and began chewing it. Amid the crunching, he swore he heard something. Freezing his jaw and teeth, he craned his neck to look out the doorway into the living and was startled for a moment to see his step-mother strutting into the kitchen with him.

She had on nothing but a pair of daisy-duke shorts that were so tight, he knew she had to be losing circulation below her hips...and a t-shirt that looked like it was about to explode from the internal pressure of her overly plump titties it was doing its best to restrain. Beyond those two skimpy items, the rest of her body was visible. Her huge belly looked even larger than it had the day before...and with every step she took, the massive spare-tire bounced and shook like the proverbial bowl full of jelly...and out to her sides, huge fat rolls bulged over the top of the shorts. He'd have called them love-handles...but they were somehow far, far more than just handles at this point.

He noted how her gut was starting to droop down further and further in the front. With every pound she gained, most of it obviously settling in her stomach...her skin was becoming more and more stretched. When he'd first met her, he could see her pubic mound beneath her belly...but now...some thirty pounds or so later...he doubted he could see anything at all. Her navel was also drooping...getting closer and closer to being even horizontally with the waist of her shorts. A few more inches...and it *would* be. He wondered just how far down her gut would eventually sag were she to continue gaining weight?

As she stepped around the table where he sat, he noticed her ass cheeks were bubbling up out of the top of her shorts as well...and beneath the shorts, her fat thighs were also swelling beyond the fabric. With each step, her fat ass tops jiggled and her lower legs warbled...and despite what he knew shouldn't...the view of her was turning him on.

"Like the view," she asked as she opened the refrigerator and pulled out a half gallon of milk and popped the top on it.

"So I'm guessing you got Dad to bang you last night, huh?" he countered with a question of his own.

"About that," she said, taking a deep swig of milk right from the jug. "How long were you out there watching?"

"A while," he replied. "I went back to bed after he turned the lamp on."

"So did you hear any of the...ummm...talk that went on between me and him?"

"Up till the lamp," he answered with an emotionless expression. "So your plan worked huh?"

She sucked down another ridiculous gulp of the milk and smiled just before she let loose with a un-lady-like belch.

"Sorry," she gasped. "Dairy...what can you do?"

She sat the jug down and leaned back against the counter, bracing herself with both arms behind her.

"I found out some shit last night that blew my fucking mind," she revealed. "Brace yourself...it's totally freaky." Shawn just blinked and stared at her. "Your father...has apparently been having sexual fantasies about you and me doing it while he's at work."

Shawn's eyes slowly widened as the information settled in and the shock began to take hold.

"Were you awake when I came back into the living room last night?"

"Huh?" he muttered, the shock of what she'd just told him obviously still wreaking havoc with his thoughts.

"I came back in...after me and him...and you were sleeping on the couch...and I pulled the blanket back...you were naked and I sat down on the coffee table and rubbed one out," she explained. "Were you awake when I did that?"

His eyes were the size of saucers now...his mouth hanging open...a look of dazed and confused blatantly visible in his expression. "N-n-noooo," he finally managed to answer.

"I didn't tell him anything about us," she told him with an odd look in her eye. "But apparently your mother has told him about your dick." She waited to gauge his reaction, but the boy just continued to sit there and stare dumbfounded at her. "Anyway, he's apparently been curious about whether it was really as big as she claimed...and somehow or the other he just concocted this delusion about you and me fucking while he's gone to work every day."

"And he has no clue...about us...for real?" Shawn asked, gulping repeatedly.

"No," she replied with a solid and single word. "But I sort of played around with him about it...he asked me to talk nasty

about you, so I did...and...for the first time in months, he actually fucked the shit out of me.”

“Oh,” Shawn blurted with a look of disappointment.

“Please,” she hissed. “Your cock is still by far, superior to his, Shawn...so don’t look so dejected. But he is my husband, and the reason I was going to leave him was because he was neglecting me and making me feel like I was gross and disgusting to him.”

“So all at once, he thinks you’re hot again?”

She sighed before answering.

“No, but he does have a pregnant fetish, and the idea of you knocking me up seemed to drive him crazy,” she revealed. “But in all honesty, as soon as you go home, I imagine things will go back to the way they were.” She noticed the boy’s expression morphed into something a little less depressed. “So I think he’s more or less just turned on by the deeds he thinks I’m doing than me in reality. In other words, he still don’t like fat chicks, but he likes what the fat chick might be doing with a big cock.”

“So what the fuck?” he blurted without prelude. “Does he want to watch us while we do it or something?”

“Yeah,” she admitted. “I think he kinda does.”

Shawn looked appalled somewhat as he replied.

“I don’t know about that.”

“I figured,” she said with a smirk. “It’s kind of gay, huh?”

“He’s my dad...and he’s a dude...with a schlong of his own,” Shawn rattled off with a look of growing repulsion. “I really don’t want to...to have him watching me...especially with you.”

“What if it’s only recorded?”

The question hung unanswered between them for a few tense moments.

“He wants to borrow a video camera from his friend at work and get me to record you and me messing around,” she continued.

“That’s still really weird,” he complained.

“Shawn,” she began, “I’m fully aware of it, but the man has inserted himself into the picture and I can’t get him out of it now.” She gulped and reached for the milk jug again. “If I don’t give him something, he’s gonna be pissed and he may really start watching us. I mean if he figures out we’re messing around and *he’s not* getting to be part of it...it’s gonna get ugly real fast.”

“So what are we gonna do?” he asked, biting off another bit of toast.

“I think we should just play along a little bit, maybe,” she suggested. “Just set up some little something or other and record it...and then just let him have his jollies with it. He’s happy and we get to continue doing whatever we want for a few more weeks.”

“Okay,” he agreed. “But I got a condition,” he added as he shoved the last bit of his toast into his mouth.

As she swigged her milk, she realized he was smiling at her.

“What?” she asked, as she swallowed and lowered the jug once more to the counter beside her. The look in the boy’s eye already made her nervous, and she already knew what he was going to say before he said it.

“You get fatter,” he said with a finger pointing directly at her belly.

“I guess we could play that up,” she said. “I told him that I thought you were turned on by my belly,” she admitted. “He laid this get-up out for me to wear this morning.”

Shawn scanned her, noting the ridiculously revealing and overly constricting garments she was attempting to wear...and then he smirked and eventually grinned.

"So we tell him that I think you're hot because you're fat, but I don't wanna mess with you because you're my step-mom," he said, laying out his version of the plan. "So you tell him that you think if you got fatter that I wouldn't be able to resist you."

"And we play it out for a few weeks...and then throw it down for him the night before you leave?" she picked up and moved forward with his idea.

"Yep," he agreed. "And in the meantime, we can really be doing whatever we want."

"He's bold, Shawn," she warned him. "He's going to want me to do shit when he's home and some shit that's probably going to turn you on...bad like. So you gotta be cool and remember to play the reluctant step-son, alright?"

He nodded and smiled as he reached for his glass of orange juice. "It's cool...I got it."

Mark opened the door and walked into the apartment, lunchbox in hand and was disappointed to find no one in the living room but his wife, Angie, sitting alone on the couch.

He turned and pushed the door shut and then locked it out of habit. Turning back around he scanned the visible apartment and then looked directly at Angie and mouthed the words, "Where's he at?" without making any sound.

Angie sat on the couch, sprawled, legs and feet up on the cushions, leaning back against one arm of the sofa, remote control in one hand and some sort of cupcake looking thing in the other. She was wearing the outfit he'd laid out for her that

morning. The shorts, which he'd shortened, look like they were painted on her...and her gut and side rolls were just mushrooming over the cinching waistband. The t-shirt was tight enough to crack a walnut...and her huge ass tits were bulging through the front of it. She was *soooo* not the woman he'd married a few years before.

That woman had been like a hundred pounds soaking wet with a nice little pair of perky tits and an ass tighter than the shirt she was wearing now. She'd been so fucking hot...and now ...now she was just this fat fucking bitch sprawled on his couch eating bon-bons or something.

His eyes locked on her belly though, and he imagined it big and round and solid...navel protruding...her fat tits swollen, her big nipples dripping milk...and he felt his dick begin to inflate inside his jeans.

And then he pictured her naked on that same couch, but with his son between her legs, humping her fat, jiggling ass like there was no tomorrow...and his dick hardened even more.

Why...why did the idea of her fat fucking ass doing his son turn him on? She didn't turn him on any more...unless he thought about her being pregnant. Now that boned him up pretty good, like it had last night that one time...but more than anything the idea of her fucking his son overwhelmed him. And it wasn't just the idea of her cheating on him. No, he'd beat the bitch senseless if he ever found out she was fucking another dude. Somehow, for some reason...it was just the deal with Shawn that churned his cheese. Maybe because she was so big and fat...and he was so small and frail...yet he still had that massive schlong...and speaking of, what the fuck was up with that?

Stephanie had told him several times over the years that Shawn had a big dick...bigger than his even. He figured she'd

just been telling him that to piss him off...to goad him like she used to do back in the day. But when Shawn had shown up a few weeks earlier, he'd noticed almost immediately the bulge in his pants. And last night when Angie had pulled his blanket back, he'd almost freaked out. And when the fat cunt tickled him into an erection, he was almost horrified. But then she started diddling herself fat pussy on the coffee table...and it was just too nasty...like a porn movie or something...and he'd just started jerking off to it, not even realizing what he was doing.

He was surprised, quite honestly, that she hadn't wiggled out on him the night before when he'd mentioned the whole thing. In fact, she'd jumped all over it...revealed even that she'd seen his dick herself and that Shawn had popped wood on her in the kitchen once. She seemed as turned on by the prospect as he'd been...maybe even more so.

And then after they'd fucked...she crept into the living room and had pulled up his blanket and masturbated right there beside his son while he watched from behind the couch. He'd gotten off on *watching her get off*...on another guy's dick. Well it wasn't just some other dude...it was Shawn. He felt a little gay for having enjoyed the situation...but yet, it had been awesome and it had riled Angie up so much that they'd ended up messing around in the bathroom afterwards.

He looked at Angie and she flipped her thumb back over the couch toward the hallway...then mouthed, "bathroom" in response to his earlier question.

So he was in the bathroom...

Mark walked over to the couch and sat his lunchbox down on the coffee table. With a great flop, he dropped down onto the far end of the sofa from her...just inches from her toes.

"Soooo?!?" he hissed at her with wide, expectant eyes.

Angie sat upright and downed the last bite of her cake thingie. She swung her legs off the couch and scooted down to sit beside him where they could talk quietly.

"He's been staring at me all day," she whispered to him. "But other than that, he hasn't really done much. But I think he popped wood when I first walked out this morning."

Mark was suddenly excited.

"You think he's back there beat'in off?" he asked in a hushed voice.

"I don't know...maybe he's just taking a dump or a shower," she replied, wondering exactly where her husband was heading with all of this.

"I don't hear the water running," he asserted as he twisted to listen better, just to make sure.

"So he's taking a dooky then," she said with wide eyes. "So what?"

"Why don't you just walk in and get in the shower or something like that?" Mark suggested.

"MARK!?!!" she blurted in a normal voice level...then she realized she'd been loud and covered her mouth for a few seconds before continuing in a whisper once more.

"Mark...what the fuck? You just want me to walk in there? He's taking a poo for crying out loud! That's gross!"

"Yeah, and his pants will be down...and he can't just jump up and run...so we'll be able to see if you being naked does it for him, right?"

She looked at him with that look she always gave him when he was being stupid.

"Is that dumb?" he asked, already suspecting the answer.

"What possible, legitimate excuse...would I have for barging in on him to take a shower? That's gonna freak him out, Mark!"

she explained, still eyeing him with that disapproving look of hers.

“Well I don’t know...what excuse you had for wearing that white trash outfit?” he replied, pointing at her torso.

“I told him I was tired of being uncomfortable...that if he didn’t like it he would just have to not look,” she asserted.

“So tell him you’re tired of waiting on him to come out,” he snapped back in argument.

“You’re hopeless,” she hissed at him, shaking her head as she stood up. “You’re not gonna be happy till I’m sucking his dick, are you?”

The look on his face said all she needed to hear. As she stepped around him, he reached out and popped open his lunchbox and pulled out a small flip-camera and started diddling with it.

“What...are you gonna tape this?” she growled in a low voice as she turned to look back at him.

“Yeah,” he said as he stood up.

Shawn was enjoying the last of his logs, when the bathroom door suddenly opened and Angie barged in. She turned and glanced at him as she sped past him. The look in her eyes one of warning...of some unspoken thing that she couldn’t say out loud...and he immediately knew his father was home and apparently watching. She’d given him the look several times since he’d started messing around with him.

What the hell is going on? Why is she barging in on me while I’m taking a poo? Play along...just...just...be shocked, yeah, you’d be shocked!

“Ummm,” he muttered. “Occupied???!?”

She turned and glared at him as if she were agitated with him for some bizarre reason.

“Yeah, I know...it’s been occupied for like half an hour and I gotta take a shower before you father gets home. And I gotta change clothes...he gets pissed when I walk around like this,” she snapped back at him in response to his proclamation. “So either you vacate...or you’re gonna see a whole lot more of me than you probably care to.”

Shawn looked stunned for a moment, but then his eyes darted rapidly back at the open door...just enough movement that he indicated that he was aware someone was out in the hallway...and she knew that he knew what was happening.

“I’ll go...just give me a minute maybe...but umm,” and he held up the roll of paper.

“Please,” she sneered and waved it off as she reached into the shower stall and turned the faucet on. Leaning into the stall like she was, she knew Mark couldn’t see her face, so she mouthed, “He’s in the hall,” to Shawn, followed by, “Get hard and then get out.”

He looked oddly at her and she knew he hadn’t got the last part. Rolling her eyes, she stood back up straight and turned her back to him and rolled the t-shirt up over her tits and then pulled her arms out of it. She knew he could probably see her tits hanging out to her sides since her arms were raised pulling the shirt over her head.

“Hurry up,” she said to him as she tossed the shirt onto the counter, her back still to him.

Shawn knew his perverted father was probably out in the hall watching through a crack in the door or something and the whole thing creeped him out. He didn’t want to see his father,

even by accident, so he just pretended he didn't know...told himself he was alone with Angie...role-playing or something.

He stared at her butt rolls atop the waistband of her low-riding shorts. He heard her unzipping them...and as he wiped, he knew he was going to have an erection any second.

He had his limp penis dangling down into the toilet between his legs, so he quickly tossed his paper behind himself and then leaned back and flipped his cock up and over his left thigh. No more had it had time to slap his boney leg, than it began to swell.

What had this fat woman done to him? Before he came here he couldn't catch full wood if his life had depended on it. And now...now she kept him erect almost constantly...even when he didn't want to be.

Mark gawked through the crack in the door between its hinges and frame, staring with wide eyes at his son's humongous penis draped across his left thigh.

As his wife began undressing by the tub, Shawn's dick began to swell and lengthen quickly. By the time Angie started wiggling out of her too-tight shorts, he was nearly three quarters erect and making no effort to conceal it...not that he really could have.

Angie's shorts hit the floor at her ankles, and she looked back over her shoulder at the boy and her eyes bugged as they locked onto the size of erection.

Mark found himself growing erect as well. As quietly as possible, he began to unzip his own pants.

"I'm sorry, did I interrupt you in the middle of something," she said to Shawn over her shoulder. "Or did that just happen?"

Shawn looked nervous as he stood up from the toilet and froze, his erection pointing directly out at Mark's fat and naked

wife. She still had her back to him, but he knew the boy could see her left titty as she twisted to look back at him.

“You gonna answer me?” she prodded him again but he just stood there, staring, still with his pants around his ankles. “Well, either put it up...or put it to use,” she added with a short burst of laughter as she stepped over into the tub. As she got in, she turned completely around to face him and then yanked the shower curtain closed, giving him only a momentary glimpse of her fully naked front side before the plastic drape concealed her.

Shawn had his hands wrapped around his dick by this point and looked for a moment like he might start jerking off, but he didn’t...and all at once, he bent over and pulled his pants up. With much effort, he managed to cram his oversized cock into them and zip them up.

Out in the hallway, Mark was almost to orgasm and had to stop all at once and jump across the hall into his bedroom, where he shut the door and waited for the boy to emerge from the bathroom.

As he stepped out, Mark opened his bedroom door and popped out, startling his son.

“Aaayyy!” the boy blurted.

“Scare you?”

“Little bit,” Shawn muttered with eyes bulging...in addition to his pants.

“You seen Angie?” he asked.

“Umm...she just...run me out of the bathroom,” he replied, looking nervously...and then walked off toward the living room in a sudden hurry.

Mark grinned and walked into the bathroom.

Angie was washing the last of the shampoo from her hair when Mark walked in and locked the door behind himself. She stuck her head out of the shower, dripping, and stared at him.

"Is he gone?" she mouthed the words but made no sign.

Mark nodded and stepped closer to the shower until he was right up on her.

Smiling, he said, "That was fucking awesome!"

"Did you see how big his dick was?" she asked in a low, but excited voice. "It was fucking HUGE!!" she continued, her last word bursting out at full volume.

Mark snickered.

"Gee, little excited over that, are you?"

She reached out and punched him in the chest.

"Fuck you...this was your idea, y'know!"

"I know," he replied, still grinning despite the whop in the chest she'd given him. "I can't believe you took all your clothes off in front of him like that...that was...that was unbelievable! Did you see the look on his face?"

"No...I was too busy looking at his big ole' dick!"

Mark snickered again and pulled the curtain back so he could see her full body.

"You wanna do more than look at it?" he asked with a deviant little glint in his eye. "I know you do," he added with a perverted, one sided smile.

"MARK?!" she blurted with an astonished look on her face. "He's your son...and...and...and he's not even old--"

"PLEASE, WOMAN!" he cut her off mid-sentence. "I was hound-dogging myself at that age. Dudes want it...well it's just open season."

“Are you telling me that you want me to fuck him...fuck... fuck that elephant cock he’s got?” she hissed in a fake horrified manner...as if she couldn’t fathom such a task...while knowing full well she’d been riding it for weeks.

“Yes.” His response was way too quick...way too certain.

Angie stared blankly at him for several moments...letting the warm spray from the shower cascade down her naked body. How fucking twisted *was* Mark? Apparently he and his ex were *both* fucking freaks. It was one thing for her to be indulging in explicit activities with Shawn...being she wasn’t related to him, but Mark and Stephanie were his parents! It was just sick.

Should I tell him about Stephanie? Maybe that might put a damper on him. Maybe that might make him second-guess what he’s doing...or...or asking me to do.

“Mark...I’m not sure I can do that,” she told him with eyes the size of saucers.

“So...then maybe you just let him jerk off on you?” he replied, asking for the same thing again...only slightly less obscene.

“Touching it is one thing,” she said, her face turning bright red. “But *doing* something with it is another thing.”

“Yeah, yeah,” he muttered, disappointment obvious.

Shit! He’s gonna get all pissy again...and start watching us for real. DAMMIT! I’m gonna have to let it move forward...at least a little bit, or he’s gonna turn back into super-asshole.

“Mark?”

He looked back at her.

“Maybe,” she said, reluctantly consenting to more deviant behavior.

“Maybe what?” he asked, pushing to get his way.

She glared at him before responding.

"I don't know...I'll just have to play it by ear," she answered. "You got that camera...just leave it here, and I'll set it up if I can get into anything. Because I don't think he's gonna do shit with you actually in the apartment with us," she explained.

"Yeah, I know," he agreed. "I scared the fuck out of him in the hallway."

"Hey," she called out to him as he unlocked the bathroom door to leave. "Was he looking at me when he got hard. I couldn't really see all that well behind me."

"Oh yeah," he answered. "He was staring right at your fat fucking ass when that monster started swelling up. You're right, I think he does have a thing for you...fat and all."

She blushed and smiled, doing her best to play her role.

"I'm gonna make a run to the grocery store," he added with a clever little look on his face as he opened the door. "You look a little hungry."

When the door shut, she dropped out of character and stared at her own reflection in the mirror on the back of it. She'd climbed out of the tub as Mark walked out and now stood on the rug beside the tub enclosure, dripping and dumbfounded.

Is he up to what I think he's up to? The probability was high. The man was not that smart to start with, so whatever the simplest explanation for his comments and actions was...well, it was probably the correct assumption. That son of a bitch wants me to get fatter too! Now what the hell brought that on? She thought about it for a few minutes and realized that it was all about Shawn. Mark wanted her to be irresistible to his son. So it is all about Shawn. That big gay bastard is all about Shawn more than he is me. I'm just here for Shawn to fuck, apparently. Unless I happen to end up pregnant...then I might be important again. What an asshole!

Whatever rekindled feelings she'd been having for Mark suddenly went out the window.

He's just a fucking pervert!

She'd thought for a while that this all might be just a little game...something kinky for them to spice up their marriage with. That the night before might have been something new and something that could restart their relationship...but obviously she was the only one who'd gotten anything from it.

For Mark, she was just a pussy he'd fucked. Probably had spent the whole time imagining her pregnant...or pretending she was some other bitch he wanted. He'd gotten off on thinking about her and Shawn...not him and her at all. It had been a fucking joke, pure and simple...a charade...a theatrical performance for which she was just a secondary character, easily replaced by anyone who could dress the part and say the lines. If she left right now, Mark would just find some other fat bitch and put her up to it.

"FUCK, I HATE HIM!" she growled out loud.

"What the crap was that all about?" Shawn demanded as Angie walked into the room wearing jogging pants and a huge, over-sized shirt...her hair still wet from the shower.

"Is he gone?"

"Yeah, said he was going to the store," Shawn confirmed.

"He came home and wanted me to walk in on you," she said. "He was out in the hall spying, in case you didn't figure that much out on your own."

"He's a freak," Shawn commented...and it became apparent quite instantly that he was not cool with his father's activities.

Angie came around the couch and flopped down on it beside him before saying anything else.

Sighing, she began, "He's got it in his head that you're hot for me because I'm fat...so he went to the fucking store to buy shit for me." She looked over him beside her and looked dead into his eyes. "I think he's planning on fattening me up even more to try and tempt you into fucking me."

"Oh," Shawn blurted with an odd expression on his face.

"Not that you'll probably care," she added with a smirk.

"Well, it was part of the deal," he agreed with a grin.

"You two are gonna kill me," she groaned. "Take your fucking pants off...I want some before he gets back!"

On Day 24, Angie decided to see what the damage was to her figure in detail. Mark had been dogging her to eat and eat now for well over a week...and the asshole just kept bringing home more and more junk-food...shit that he knew she loved the taste of...shit that he knew was fattening. And while she was pissed at him again...she still didn't have much choice but to go along if she wanted to stay with Shawn. Luckily, Mark hadn't tried to put the move on her again since that one night, so her original plan was still on course. If she came up pregnant, she was going to blame it on Mark...file for divorce, and be done with his perverted ass. Or at least that had been the original plan. For a while she'd contemplated getting Shawn to stay with them...move in permanently...so she could continue fucking both of them. But Shawn didn't seem impressed by the concept of his father being a second shadow to his own. Dudes were like that. They never wanted to play second fiddle or share pussy with another guy. Well except for Mark apparently. He was all up into getting his wife to fuck his son. She wondered more and more if he didn't have a gay streak in him. It wouldn't surprise her much if he was actually bi or straight up

gay altogether. Some guys were like that...might even keep it secret for years or their whole lives. She had even heard of some gay men getting married to women and having children in order to conceal their inner desires. She wondered now if Mark might have been one of those guys?

Nah, he's just a bisexual asshole, she decided after going over it in her head a hundred times.

As she stood in front of the mirror in the bathroom staring at herself, not unlike a thousand times before, she could tell this time that she was definitely fatter. Her weight had crept up slowly and unnoticed initially, but since Shawn had arrived, it had been mounting massively. After her first binge, she'd climbed on the scales and nearly shit herself when she realized she couldn't even see the dial for her protruding belly.

But today, there would be no surprises. After an 8 day regimen of junk-food, she could see red stretch-marks striping her entire torso. Most were small, but all were visible, even at a distance. The first ones had disturbed her so badly that she wouldn't even let Shawn see her naked. He hadn't fucked her now in almost five days. So if she wasn't doing this to get laid, then why was she doing it at all? She didn't know. It was as if she were spiraling out of control with it. She didn't want to get fatter, but yet she just kept eating and eating as if she were addicted to food.

She stuck her foot out and slid the scales out from their nook between the toilet and sink cabinet...and then she stepped up onto them. Leaning over a bit, she held out her hand mirror so she could see the numbers on the digital display. She of course, had to read them backwards, but that wasn't a problem.

288

Two hundred and eighty eight pounds. Meaning she'd packed on twenty six more pounds in eight fucking days. Eight

days! Three and half pounds a day. Not a big number, but they added up quickly...three and half...seven...ten and half...fourteen...and then you start seeing stretch marks!

She stepped off the scales and opened the drawer on the far side of the sink. She slipped the mirror down into it and pulled out her diabolical measuring tape.

Threading the tape around herself, she stepped over to the full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door, so that she could read the measurements without having to lean forward and suck her gut in. Not that sucking it in was much of an ability anymore days.

Even though she stepped barefoot and lightly, each step jarred her gelatinous body mass. Her tits warbled from side to side and her gigantic belly jiggled incessantly...and even continued to quiver even after she came to a full stop in front of the mirror.

Her right hand caressed the round orb of her stomach, her palm sliding down the front of it...till her index finger neared her navel. She sighed and plunged it into her belly button and was astonished to discover that it sucked up her index finger all the way to the second knuckle joint. She wiggled it around and aroused herself somewhat. She needed some sort of upper before she faced the horror of sizing to come.

After a few moments, she abandoned her navel penetration efforts and pulled the tape end around to meet the bulk of the tape.

"Oh hell no," she gasped as she realized the closer she got, the less tape she had in her hand. By the time the two ends met, there was barely two inches of unused length. Her belly was now 58" in circumference. That meant that her twenty eight new pounds...had increased her girth by five inches.

Shocked, she measured beneath her belly and threaded the tape above her massive ass. Forty two inches! She pulled the tape down around her ass cheeks and measured again. Fifty five inches! Her ass cheeks added a full thirteen inches to her waist size. She had a whole extra foot of ass in addition to her hips and waist! She twisted around and stared at her profile and her protruding ass. She popped up on her toes and dropped...the movement causing her mega-ass to bounce. The fluffy ass cheeks continued to quiver for moments after the bounce stopped. Her ass was fucking huge. Obviously her weight was no longer just going to her belly.

Turning back around to face the mirror, she realized she had a double chin now and her cheeks were plump as all hell. She shook her head and glared at her reflection...watching her face jiggle. Oh yeah, she was larding out everywhere now.

Her one solace was her tits. She let go of the tape measure and then held it up to her right breast. She was curious what cup size she was now. Measuring from the side of her tit around to her nipple...turned up a number of eleven inches.

Holee shit...my tit is almost a foot fucking long!

She knew, from her time working once as a clothing store clerk, that this meant she was probably in need of a double DD or possibly even an E-cup. Her titties weren't pointy and deflated like some fat bitches...no, no...hers were plump and fluffy...and heavy as crap.

Out of morbid curiosity, she bent over, picked up the scales and sat them on the top of the sink counter. Leaning over, she draped her right tit onto the device and watched as the digital display popped up the number "4."

"FUCK! Four pounds...I've got eight pounds worth of titties!" she blurted out loud, impressed and awed with the newly discovered fact.

Oh, I'm definitely an E-cup! she concluded with more than just a tiny bit of excitement. For several minutes, she turned and posed, admiring her drooping but rotund breasts.

Finally she rolled the tape back up and tossed it into the drawer and then closed it.

Sighing, she confronted the fact that she had to get dressed. She stood staring at her over-worn pair of jogging pants and over-sized t-shirt. Was she going to wear them again? What choice did she have? She knew nothing in her closet was going to fit at all...not even just about. She was going to have to go clothes shopping...but her fear was that not even Lane Bryant would have anything to fit her. Their sizes went up as high as 28 for pants...and she was pretty damned certain that wasn't going to fit her...not even if she let her belly hang over the top. She was going to have to find a muumuu dress. How had it come to that, she wondered...though she knew exactly how it had!

She picked up her jogging pants and bent over to put them on. All went well until she got to her upper thighs and realized the baggy pants were having to stretch to encompass her legs. And when she reached her immense ass, she had to jerk and stretch to get them up any higher. At some point she just stopped struggling with them and let go of the garment's waistband. She stared at her reflection in the mirror. The jogging pants had been baggy enough she could pull them up and almost over her belly three weeks earlier. Three weeks...

Since Shawn had arrived, she'd gone from 221 pounds to 288...for a total of sixty seven pounds...sixty seven pounds packed on at an average of about three pounds a day. Her weekly gain had been three point five pounds per day for the last week. The first week, it'd been forty one pounds...but she'd been binging...literally, so she'd gained nearly six pounds a day...but then the second week, she'd slacked off...and the rate

had dropped to almost nothing, but then not too long after that, Mark started poking the fatty foods to her again...but at least now it was averaging three to three and half pounds and not the six plus that she gained that first fucking week. So maybe she wasn't pigging out as bad as she thought. Maybe if she slacked off...threw the food out...the gain would stop entirely. But how was Mark going to respond?

Looking at all the stretch marks on her body, she decided that she didn't give a fuck what he thought anymore. He hadn't touched in the last week...and probably wasn't planning on it anytime soon. He only wanted to get his jollies watching his son fuck her.

"Motherfucker...if that's what you want," she growled and reached for the doorknob.

Mark was sitting on the couch with Shawn, both watching TV, when Angie strolled into the living room buck naked, her fat body quivering all over...her mammoth tits bouncing and warbling from side to side with every step. The sight of her startled them both so badly that neither could respond verbally.

"Y'know what?" she blurted with an agitated look on her face. "I've had it...I can't do this anymore!" Her expression suddenly grew more intense and hostile. "You...you're a fucking fag, y'know that?!" she shrieked, pointing at Mark. "And I'm not turning into a fucking beached whale just so you can get a thrill looking at your own son's dick!"

Mark's eyes bugged out of his head and his jaw dropped open in shock...but he could say nothing. What was his wife doing? Had she lost her fucking mind?

"You wanna know the truth? HUH??!" she continued to bellow directly at Mark. "I have been screwing him since the

first fucking day you left me alone with him. I've been riding his fucking cock like it was made of gold, you moronic asshole!"

Her face was fully furious now and she was shouting loudly and little bits of spit were starting to fly from her lips as she continued to berate him. "And you wanna know what else? We just been playing along with your sick ass so we can keep fucking, but now...now you've even fucked that up! He don't wanna have nothing to do with you...and you've made me so fucking fat, I'm embarrassed to do anything with him! I mean LOOK AT ME...LOOK YOU COCKSUCKER!!" and she waved at her fat body...a body that was jiggling all over...literally quivering with fury as she shouted. "That's right...look at me...I'm a fucking cow! I can't even wear my fucking fat pants now! I don't even have any clothes that fit! So I'm done! That's it! I'm not playing games for you anymore! You want me to screw him, fine...I'll fucking screw him!"

And with that said, she turned to Shawn and bent over, her hands reaching out and grabbing at the legs of his own jogging pants and jerking viciously. The motion literally pulled his pants down to past his knees. As she figured, he wasn't wearing underwear and his dick flopped out across his thigh.

She dropped to her knees and grabbed his dick before he even knew what was happening and crammed the head of it into her mouth. He was almost instantly hard and she had to pull it out.

"ANGIE?!?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" Shawn blurted, a look of sheer terror on his face.

"Trying to suck your big ass dick," she replied. She turned her head to look at Mark who had an equally horrified expression. "You know who else sucks his dick? Your ex...his momma...Stephanie! She's been doing shit to him for years to make his dick bigger so she could eventually get it. She finally

sucked him off right before he came here. She's a sick fucking, twisted up bitch as bad if not worse than you are! I mean at least she's a woman...but you...you're just a fucking faggot I think!"

"I'm not a faggot, bitch!" he growled at her and jumped to his feet.

Angie started stroking Shawn's cock like a well-oiled machine. With a grin, she asked, "Where you going? I thought you wanted to see a show, asshole! C'mon, whip your puny little dick out and jerk it while I fuck him!"

Mark stepped forward and grabbed her by the arm and slung her off of Shawn and across the coffee table.

"I AM NOT A FAG, BITCH!!" he shrieked at her as she rolled to a stop on the other side of the table.

"Holee shit," she gasped as she tried to sit up while rubbing her arm. "I thought you were just bi or something...but you really are a homo, ain't you?!"

He jumped over the table and was on her like a flash, his fists wailing on her face in a blur of knuckles and arms. She screamed and flopped backward onto the floor as he straddled her obese body and continued his assault.

Shawn, suddenly aware of what was happening, sprang up from the couch and pulled his pants up and then stepped up onto the table and leaped onto his father's back like a rabid lemur. Mark, startled by the counter attack, fell over to one side and cracked his head on the TV cabinet.

He shook his head, blood flying from a wound on his scalp and grabbed at Shawn on his back. In a furious maneuver, he pulled the boy loose from his back and bodily flung him over the coffee table and onto the couch with such force that the couch flipped over backwards.

For a brief moment, his mind cleared and he realized what he'd just done and in horror, he froze. In that very second, he heard his wife scream and then all went black as she broke a chair over the back of his head.

Shawn awoke to find his head cradled in Angie's arms, her abundant breasts bare and arrayed around his face. She was battered badly, both eyes swollen and her nose busted...bruises starting to form all over her face. He wondered how she could even see him...and then he realized she couldn't.

"You okay," he asked her...immediately realizing it hurt to talk. His hands reached up and he realized his lip was busted. Reaching up higher, he discovered his own nose was bleeding.

"I can't see," she said. "My eyes are swollen shut."

"What...what happened to Dad?"

"I hit him with a fucking chair from the kitchen," she said, her lips bloody and trembling. "Shawn...he's not moving...I don't think he's breathing."

Just then he heard the sound of a police siren wailing in the distance...getting closer and closer.

"Oh shit...shit," she muttered. "I'm naked...I don't have any clothes."

"You look beautiful, Angie," he whispered to her. Rising up he staggered and made his way down the hallway and into the bathroom and got her jogging pants and over-sized t-shirt...and a towel for her face and a rag for his own. Wobbling back down the hall to the living room, he took the shirt and pulled it over her head for her. "I got you pants," he said.

"They don't fit," she said, her voice cracking and tears rolling down her swollen face...from the black and purple slits where her eyes were supposed to be.

"Just pull the shirt down...it's long enough to cover your butt," he said as he helped her put it on.

The siren was much closer now and he figured the cops were probably pulling into the apartment complex parking lot.

As Angie pulled her shirt down, stretching it over her belly, he looked over at the crumpled form of his father sprawled across the carpet between the coffee table and the TV cabinet. He wasn't moving and he didn't appear to be breathing. He stepped over and dropped to his knees beside him and noticed the huge bruise forming at the back of his head and neck.

"Fucking asshole," he hissed at him and reached to pick up a piece of the broken metal chair Angie had smashed over his back. It was light-weight aluminum, but the pieces...small pipes really, were pretty sturdy. Standing up, he started whacking his father's back with it with all the fury and force he could muster...until the cops kicked the door in and flooded into the apartment...one disarming him and another forcing him away from his father's body.

"Holee fuck!" one of them blurted as he knelt down beside Mark's body. "Call it in...he's DOA...and we're gonna need an ambulance."

"What the fuck happened?" the cop that was holding him against the wall demanded.

"He was beating my step-mom...and I hit him with the chair to make him stop!" he all but shouted back at the man. "He wouldn't stop...he hit me...knocked me out...when I got up he was still beating her so I hit him with the fucking chair!"

Angie, kneeling beside the over-turned couch was leaning against it for support while another cop looked her over and attempted to use the towel she had to staunch the flow of blood coming from one of the lacerations on her face. She heard what Shawn said...realized why he was saying it...and began to cry in deep and body wrenching sobs...wailing loudly and not caring who could hear it.

Shawn felt guilty for his part in her condition...felt guilty so badly that he was going to take the heat...if any, for her over Mark. Did the boy love her? At least he wanted her...and that was more than Mark did. He wouldn't be doing anything else though, faggot or not. She'd told him once that if he ever hit her it would be the last thing he ever did. She had no clue how truthful it would be at the time. Had he not hit Shawn...thrown him like a rag doll across the room, she might not have done it. She might have just gotten up and run...and she did...she ran into the kitchen as soon as Shawn had attacked him and they'd fallen to the floor. She had raced for the phone...to dial 911..but then she turned and saw Shawn flying into the couch and it flipped over and he didn't get up. Fury had overcome her sense of self-preservation and the next thing she knew she was standing over Mark's body...a broken chair still in hand...shrieking at him...calling him every vile word she could think of...and then she collapsed onto the floor and dragged herself to the phone she'd dropped. She dialed 911 through swelling eye sockets...and in horror that she couldn't see, had dropped the phone.

She lay on the floor for a time...whimpering and holding her painful face...but then somehow she'd heard Shawn make a noise, and she'd felt her way across the living room to him behind the couch...cradled him...just happy to hear him breathing.

Now, still blind for the most part, she was sitting in the back of an ambulance...noise and people all around her, but none to be seen. Then she felt a hand grabbing hers and squeezing.

"I'm Detective Marsh...and you're Angie, right?"

She shook her head in response to the feminine voice.

"Did Mark ever hit you before tonight?"

She shook her head side to side.

"Was he drunk...stoned...any idea what set him off?"

She shook her head side to side again.

"I'm fat," she muttered. "He was mean to me about it," she continued through swollen lips.

"Your step-son told me the same thing...said he just attacked you all at once like a crazy man. That sound about right to you?"

She nodded.

"Who called 911?"

"I did," she said.

"After Shawn jumped on him?"

"After Shawn hit him with the chair, I think," she lied intentionally. "He wouldn't get off of me...till he hit him with it...he just kept hitting me...hitting me," and she started sobbing again.

"We're gonna send you to the hospital...and I'm gonna come by in the morning to do some paperwork," the female cop explained. "But I'm pretty sure this is gonna be clear cut self-defense for the most part."

The woman let go of her hand and sighed.

"But your husband is dead. It looks like the chair broke his neck, from initial examination. I'm sorry to have to tell you that."

"Is Shawn in trouble?" she asked, trying to control her sobs.

"No m'am...he's a hardcore little dude to have took Mark down like that. And looking at your injuries, I'm doubtful you could have helped him, so...well...quite honestly, from looking at the both of you...and looking at him...I have no doubt who the aggressor was in this instance. So I am not going to file charges in this matter...and I am doubtful the district attorney's office will step beyond my report. You should be grateful that Shawn

kicked his ass. Honestly, he could possibly have killed you had he not intervened.”

“Thank you,” she muttered to the woman as she listened to her climbing down out of the ambulance.

Moments later she was whisked away to the hospital.

Detective Marsh looked at Shawn as the EMT’s hustled him into a second ambulance. Her eyes unintentionally drooping to the boy’s crotch. His jogging pants were barely held up by his thin waist...and something large dangled in the front of his pants as he walked with the paramedics. When they helped him into the back, she realized what the bulge was and her eyes widened in disbelief.

She glanced back over her shoulder at Angie, grotesquely beaten and swollen, sitting in the back of the ambulance. The blood on her face was smeared and dried...yet the shirt she wore...the only garment she wore at all...wasn’t torn...wasn’t stretched...and had only a little bit of blood on it from the big gash beneath the woman’s left eye that the EMT’s had already bandaged up.

She looked back at Shawn as they closed the doors on his ambulance and pulled out. The boy’s eyes met hers and locked for a brief moment and somehow she could tell that he knew she knew. Behind her she heard Angie’s ambulance pulling out, and with sudden blares of sirens, both vehicles were leaving the parking lot.

Marsh climbed the stairs and re-entered the apartment. The crime-scene technicians were already pulling their equipment out and the photographer was recapping his camera.

“Everybody clear out...I want a minute before the coroner’s team come in to move him.”

When everyone had cleared the apartment, she closed the front door and walked over to Mark’s body. Kneeling down, she rolled him over and hesitated...then unzipped his jeans and reached into his pants. Gently, she fished out his penis and stared at it. After a moment or two, she pushed it back in, zipped him up and rolled him back into place and rearranged his arms and legs to fit within the lines taped around his body.

She stood up and walked over to the kitchen...saw the dropped phone...the blood on it...then noticed where the chair had come from at the table and turned to look back into the living room at Mark’s body. Her eyes focused on the overturned couch beyond the coffee table.

She knew from talking to the cops who were first on the scene that they’d busted the door in and made their way across the room...finding Shawn wailing on Mark with a leg from the broken chair...and Angie had been on her knees beside the couch near the hallway entrance.

“What the fuck?” Marsh hissed, her hand reaching up and pushing her dark black hair back and over one ear as she refocused on Mark’s body again. “You were there, beating on her,” and she pointed at the bloody spot on the carpet in front of the coffee table, “and the boy jumped you...and what? You wrestle with him...go over...crack your dome there,” and she pointed to the TV cabinet...where bits of blood stained both the wood and the carpet. “And you threw the boy didn’t you...back into the couch...while fat momma runs to the kitchen to call 911.” She stared at the couch...wondered how or why Angie had been over there. “If she was here...and then went to the kitchen to call...then she wasn’t the one got tossed into the couch, was she? So it had to be the boy...but the chair came

from the kitchen...so did fat momma whack him?" She eyed the entire apartment again, sucking in all the evidence...the blood and tried to replay events in her mind. "The boy jumps him, knocks him off of her and into the cabinet. Asshole gets up and tosses the boy into the couch...he's down. Angie's in the kitchen trying to dial...sees what happened...freaks...re-enters the fray with the chair and beans your ass, huh?"

She squats down beside Mark again and touches his head before continuing.

"What happened...what the fuck set you off big guy?" She pulled her hand back from his head and smirked. She looks over to the end of the couch again...notices a giant pair of pink jogging pants discarded on the carpet just inside the hallway. Remembering Shawn's bulge...dangling down his pants leg...and Angie's lack of clothing...lack of damage to the shirt...the only thing she was wearing. "You knocked the boy out didn't you...but he came to after your ass went down under the chair. Fat momma crawled to the couch for him...probably couldn't see by that point," and her eyes followed a trail of blood drops that ran from Mark around the coffee table to the end of the over-turned couch. "The boy comes to...and goes to fetch some clothes for fat momma...then what...comes over here and pretends to beat on you to what...protect her from what? If this had been a domestic squabble gone bad...she's in the clear. Hell the asshole hits the boy...she would have still be clear protecting him, right?"

She looks at the pants again and draws a conclusion.

"Step-mom was naked, wasn't she? She was naked through this whole thing." Marsh's mind could come to grips with that, but couldn't quite accept what she was starting to think in the lower depths of her psyche. She thought back again to Shawn climbing up into the ambulance...the bulge...dangling. "You

weren't wearing underwear were you?" She had already checked Mark's genitals...seen how big they were. She now knew Shawn...his biological son...apparently carried his father's traits. She looks over at Mark's body once more and nudged him with her foot.

"Was junior pumping fat momma?" She snickered even though she knew it was in bad taste. "Big man come home and find his big fat wife banging step-son? Was his dick bigger than yours? Couldn't handle it...so you just start fucking bitches up, huh? Well I can feel your pain, big guy...but it was still no excuse to beat her to death, motherfucker."

A knock on the damaged front door drew her attention.

"Marsh...you done...we need to get the body," one of the coroner's agents said as he pushed the door open.

"Yeah...yeah I'm done I think," she replied as she started to the door, passing him as he walked in shaking out a body bag.

Maybe...maybe he walked in and the fat bitch was on the boy...forcing herself...maybe that's what flipped him out? No, no that don't work because the boy defended her...he went and jumped on his own old man...then he tries to protect her from prosecution by claiming he did the asshole in?

As Marsh stepped through the broken doorway, she took one last look back into the apartment at Mark's corpse as the technician laid the bag out beside him.

You walked in on them. It's been going on for a while. You couldn't handle it. It's one thing to catch your wife with another dude...another to know she's banging the dude 'cause his dick is bigger than yours...and a whole 'nother game when the other dude with the bigger dick is your own son.

She sighed and shook her head as she started down the stairs to the parking lot.

“Hey Marsh...we doing anything here?” it was her partner, Paul, asking as he walked across the parking lot toward her.

“You still going with self-defense?”

“Yeah, the DOA was clearly the aggressor. Grown man with woman and boy...both of them fucked up...he’s only got the one real wound...unfortunately for him, it was fatal. Nah, it’s solid, call it in and get the DA to sign off on it and we’re done.”

“Sweet...man I hate homicides,” Paul replied as he turned to head back to their unmarked Crown Vic. “Glad this one is cut and dry.”

“Yeah,” she agreed and snickered.

THE END!?