

EVEN MORE DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS

BY THE MARQUIS FAÇADE

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CHAPTER TWO

Haley lay panting on her back, atop the same bed...sweat trickling down in crevices she'd forgotten she had and a feeling of utter exhaustion overwhelming her. She'd just cum at least three times...and the feel of the wet blanket beneath her testified to that fact. In fact, judging from the way it felt, she imagined she'd soaked the bed down pretty badly. For the life of her, she couldn't force herself to move though.

How long had it been since she'd gotten laid? Too long, obviously if Shawn Harper was starting to look good to her.

She forced herself to twist her head to the right...where the small digital camcorder lay on the bed beside her. She'd dropped it almost instantly when her orgasm and exhaustive expulsions began.

She'd always been a sprayer. If it was good, you better believe she was gonna wet something down. When she was younger it had grossed her out...made her leery of being with guys at all for fear of the embarrassing effects of her own orgasm. After becoming an adult, she now realized it was just something some women did...and most guys didn't really complain unless you made them sleep in the wet spot afterwards. Over the years, she'd ruined more than one backseat and at least a handful of mattresses.

As she glanced at the small camera screen now, she noticed the video she'd been watching had ended...and the camera had apparently jumped to the next clip in its memory and began to replay it.

"Oh shit...nasty boy...so nasty...yeah, put it in my face," the voice on the speaker was saying.

As she focused her eyes, she realized it was Angie on the screen talking. The fat woman was in the kitchen sitting on the floor...her hands behind her back as if she were tied or handcuffed...and Shawn was standing beside her...and...he...was cramming food into her mouth?

What the fuck?!?

Haley strained to get her arm to move, and she reached up and grabbed the small camera and lifted it up over her face so she could watch it better.

Yep, the boy was definitely force-feeding her...not that she appeared to be objecting to it. Her belly was bloated and swollen out to a solid round sphere. The woman looked more pregnant than fat.

Shawn was naked too, and every so often he'd lean in close and dangle his dick in her face as if to tease her just before shoveling more food into her waiting mouth.

"You want that? Hmm...you want my fat cock?" Shawn's voice called out to her, though his face wasn't visible in the scene. His cock flopped up onto her shoulder and then he reached down and hefted it with his hand and smacked her food smeared mouth with it...then dragged it across her nose and rubbed it around on her cheek before pulling it back and cramming more of what looked like chocolate cake into her mouth. "You can't have it yet...you're still too fucking skinny. You want what I got, you gonna have to fatten up some piggy."

Damn, no wonder Mark made her get fatter for him. Apparently the boy has some serious issues with fat women. Damn that's really kind of nasty...rubbing his cock all in her face like that and then feeding her.

Suddenly she realized that she too, would probably eat whatever he crammed into her mouth if he were dangling that fat dong in her face and telling her she wasn't fat enough for

him to fuck yet. And that set her to wondering if she too...would gain weight if he was fucking her with it? She sighed heavily and admitted to herself that she probably would do whatever he asked if she could ride that thing...or even just play with it.

She remembered the pack of expired condoms in the drawer of the dresser and a spark of inspiration struck. Groaning, she pushed herself upright on the bed and then slid her legs off to the side where the dresser was. Leaning over, she used gravity to pull herself onto her feet. Once up, she stepped to the dresser and opened the drawer with the condoms in it.

Removing a condom from the pack, she trudged slowly across the room and then across the hall to the bathroom. Once there, she turned the bathroom faucet on...the hot water side. As she waited for the water to warm, she opened the condom and unrolled it completely. She'd never been with a guy who'd needed a Magnum...much less a Magnum XL. The damn thing was nearly as long as her forearm once she got it fully unrolled. She guessed it had to be at least eight inches long and at least five inches in circumference.

When the water warmed up, she turned it off and then held the open end of the condom up to the faucet and turned the water back on, filling the rubber up with tepid water...expanding it like a water balloon. But unlike a standard balloon, the condom elongated before it began to swell in diameter.

Finally she had it filled and cut the water off. The damn thing dangled down into the sink by that point. She tied a hard knot in the open end and then fished it up out of the sink. It was wet of course, so she scanned around for a hand towel but found none. She reached and opened the drawer beside the sink thinking there might be some small towels in there. What

she discovered though, was a drawer full of junk...and...a tape measure.

“Oh my...what have we here?” she said aloud as she pulled the flexible tape out and unrolled it. She’d laid the water filled condom flat atop the cabinet and now she ran the tape measure along its length. The water had stretched the latex condom considerably and now, its previous eight inch length was closer to eleven and rather than being five inches around, it was now closer to six and a half...so big that she couldn’t wrap her hand around it and touch thumb to middle finger without squeezing on it to displace the water.

As she started to roll the tape measure back up, she hesitated and eyed it for a few seconds. Curiosity seemed to get the better of her and she shook the tape back out and wrapped it around her torso. Situating horizontally aligned with her navel, she pulled the tape tight and touched the metal tip to the number 40.

“Oh good grief...forty inches?” She sighed heavily and then looked at herself in the mirror on the back of the door. Hesitantly, she relaxed, and allowed her belly to sag outward. She’d been sucking it in out of habit. She literally had to force herself to let her abdominal muscles go. Rolling her eyes, she exhaled and then looked down at where the metal tip now met the number 43. “SHIT!” she blurted. “Another three inches? For fucking real?!”

Angrily, she let go of the tap tip and rather than roll it up, she simply crumpled it into a ball and slammed it into the top of the open drawer by the sink...then she covered her face with her hands.

How had she let herself go this badly? The last time she bought a pair of slacks, she’d gotten size 20...meaning what? She sighed again and fished the tape measure out of the

damned drawer again and wrapped it around her lower torso, but instead of going around her belly, she threaded it beneath her belly and came up with 37 inches.

"Size 20," she muttered out loud to herself as she let go of the tape. "I haven't gained any weight," she lied to herself. She turned to the side and forced herself to relax her belly again. "I've got an extra six inches of belly?" She looked positively pregnant when she let it hang out. "I think I'm actually *bigger* than Angie was," she concluded aloud.

About then she noticed the scales crammed up between the toilet and sink counter. Shaking her head, she reached out with her foot and scooted it out into the open area of the bathroom floor, then she stepped up onto them and looked down, waiting for the horrible truth to appear on the digital display screen.

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"WHAT THE FUCK?!" she barked, not giving a damn how loud it was. The last time she'd weighed herself, she'd been 185 or so...and that was when she went clothes shopping last.

And those clothes I bought still fucking fit, dammit! She looked to the mirror and eyed her torso yet again. *So I've gained thirteen pounds? And apparently it's all gone to my gut!*

As if to make herself believe it, she shook her belly viciously with both hands...and sadly realized she was unintentionally sucking it in again.

Growling out loud, she forced herself to relax her abdominal muscles and shook her belly again.

"This...this is ridiculous!" she announced as she stopped moving her hands and watched her fat continue to jiggle. "Diet. I am so going on a diet!" she proclaimed to no one but herself.

And then the dark little voice in her head reminded her that Shawn liked big bellies on women...big bellies and big titties. As

she stared at herself in the mirror, she realized she had more than ample qualifications for both of those stipulations.

“Okay, maybe I’ll go on a diet *after* I get some,” she said aloud and then smirked...her eyes darting over to the counter where the water-filled condom lay unattended.

Scooping up the condom, she stepped out of the bathroom and crossed the narrow hall again into the bedroom, where she flopped down onto the bed once more. She reached out and picked up the camcorder and negotiated her way back to the beginning of the video where Shawn was force-feeding Angie.

As she held the camera up with one hand, watching the video again, her right hand lifted up the water-filled condom above her shoulder and with slight motions side to side, she was able to make the ridiculous thing swing and slap her in the side of the face. Most of the water was forcing itself down into the tip of it, but when she closed her eyes, it still felt like a large, warm cock slapping her face. Every few seconds she’d open her eyes and look at the real thing on the tiny screen...then close her eyes again and pretend it was her in the video...and Shawn’s mammoth dick that was slapping her face.

Eventually she got into so much that she began flopping the rubber down across her shoulder where she’d roll it around and then lift it and lick it...and finally she lay the camera down entirely, and, eyes closed, lay back on the bed and began touching herself all over with the condom.

Both hands wrapped around it, she shook it and felt it shift and wiggle through her palms. She wondered what it would feel like to have a real cock this size in her hands...jerking it off and waiting impatiently for it to shoot off in your face.

When she’d started playing with herself again, she wasn’t sure, but all at once she realized she had her left hand in her pussy again. Try as she might, she knew her hand wasn’t going

to cut it this time. She wanted...*she needed*...some full penetration if she wanted to get off again.

She opened her eyes and held the condom up with her right hand. Far too pliant, she knew she'd never be able to do anything with it. She tossed it onto the bed beside her and looked around the room. Her eyes locked on a bottle of water sitting on the bedside table. She rolled onto her side and reached out for it. It was full...unopened. She held it and stared at it for several tense moments. It was too big around for her to completely encompass with one hand. Its top was somewhat pointed though...tapering larger as it went down until it reached the widest point. A couple of inches below that, almost in its middle, the circumference tapered rapidly into a dip and then tapered back up to full size. The dip in its shape, she assumed, was meant to be a grip for the bottle. It also had ridges along its entire length. It reminded her, without much imagination being involved, of a fat dildo of some kind. Probably, she was not the only woman to consider using it for one.

She lay backwards on the bed and spread her legs as wide as she could muster...and down went the bottle...the top end nudging up into her vaginal opening. Her pussy was already wet, still retaining much of the goo and spew from her previous ejaculatory orgasms...so the bottle initially entered easily enough. She found by twisting it side to side, she was able to literally "screw" it into herself. The first inch and a half went in with little to no resistance, but by that point, she'd reached the area where the bottle's tapered top swelled into its full width and it became a bit of an obstacle to overcome. It was awesome feeling to have something so big inside her pussy though and so she continued to twist and wiggle while applying a steady amount of force until she felt it moving further inside of her.

If a baby's head can come out of it...I'm pretty sure a water bottle will go in, she thought to herself as she recalled seeing images of women on the internet with beer cans and baseball bats and any number of over-sized objects inserted into their vaginas.

All at once, she felt a sudden release of stretching sensation and realized that she'd managed to push it in far enough for her labia to slip down into the dip in the bottle's middle. She tried to pull it back out...and to her dismay, found that it didn't budge much...the fat end of the bottle was locked inside of her. She could get it out if she wanted to, but at that moment...she wanted the exact opposite...and she began to push it in further.

The bottle was about eight inches tall, so it was about the length of Shawn limp...but she suspected it was quite a bit larger in girth than he was. His cock was awful fat, but she doubted it was thicker than this water bottle. Still though, the size similarity enthralled her to no end.

If I can take this bottle, I can ride him like a bronco, she surmised as she wiggled her hips side to side and pressed on the bottle's bottom slightly harder...until she realized she had all but shoved it completely inside of herself.

Fuck...I wish it were softer...damn...it's so fucking hard!

Her thought made her picture something else...Shawn's huge erection.

She reached over and picked the camera up and thumbed it to a video clip of Angie and Shawn fucking on the couch in the living room. Shawn was on top and he was pounding her fat pussy hard and fast...causing her entire body to quiver and slosh, her gigantic tits flailing up and down, slapping her chin and then ricocheting back to meet her fat belly as it too, warbled viciously from the boy's pounding.

Haley began to move the bottle back out of her pussy... slowly at first, but then after a time, her lips loosened and the movement became easier. At some unspecific point, her pussy became so wet that she was able to slide the bottle in and out without effort and near that point, she began to climax. Moments later, she erupted atop the bed again...her female ejaculant spritzing out around the girth of the water bottle and spraying across the comforter upon which she lay.

“OH FUCK...OH FUCK!” she shouted as her orgasm took hold and forced her entire body to tense up.

She glanced one final time at the scene on the camera...at Shawn’s mammoth dick, red and swollen, dripping cum...being wrapped between Angie’s tits. Then Angie was moving up and down, tit-fucking his flaccid cock, licking its flexible head as the tip emerged up through her cleavage like some flesh colored, one-eyed snake.

“AAAHFFF,” she bellowed in a shockingly loud voice as her orgasm exploded once more, sending splatters of female lubricant out from around the mass of the bottle.

On the screen, Shawn’s cock was no longer laying over as it emerged from Angie’s cleavage. Now it was hard again and the head was so swollen that it was shiny and glistening like tightly wrapped plastic. Its purple knob was jabbing up and into Angie’s face with each bounce...and Shawn was thrusting with her now as well, so the movement of dick and tits was intensifying by the second...and then it happened...

A humongous glob of semen detonated from the tip of Shawn’s dick and sent what had to be at least two tablespoons of cum, straight onto her face. She jerked her head back but not in time to prevent another enormous blast from exploding in her face. By this point, at least sixty percent of her face was white and dripping...but he wasn’t done. Another eruption

followed by another...and then it began to taper off until his cock was merely oozing semen...leaving Angie's entire face coated with cum...cum that dripped ever-slowly downward and onto her enormous tits which she still held tightly wrapped around his slimy and bloated cock.

"UNNNGGHHH!" Haley grunted and her vagina tensed so tightly that it shot the water bottle out of her like a bullet... followed by a literal gush of fluids that inundated the bed beneath her.

Again, she could not move...she could barely breathe. Never in her life had she experienced such sexual fulfillment and this was just masturbating to porn! She could only imagine what the real thing could be like. Well, not really. She didn't have to imagine it at all...because she could see it right there on the tiny camera screen...and she knew Shawn waited for her at the hospital...and she'd have him all alone with her in her apartment within hours...and likely for days at least. The fantasy could become reality with little or no effort and she knew it. All she had to do was say the word to him and she knew he'd climb up on her.

But would he? Did she know that with clarity? With complete certainty? No she didn't. But now she most assuredly *did know* what turned him on...and they told her what she needed to do to get what she wanted.

She would put those tight ass shorts on again...and that t-shirt...and that would be that. She wondered when she should make that move...when should she let on that she wanted it... but she didn't want to wait. Did anyone at the hospital know her? Know that she was a cop? No, not really. As long as she didn't waltz in wearing a badge and gun, nobody would probably blink...especially if she was dressed like a total skank.

Certainly they'd look...but nobody would think for a second she was cop nor consider reporting her for it.

As she lay there panting...she knew she was going to get up at some point and cram herself into those daisy dukes and hang her fat gut over the top of them...and then walk right into that hospital and make him blow his load right there under his gown.

"Hello, this is Stephanie Johnson?"

"Yes ma'am...this is Sergeant Evans with the Augustine County Sheriff's Office...we've been trying to track you down for a while. I apologize for interrupting your trip, but I have some rather bad news for you," the male voice on the other end of the phone said in a quick but pleasant tone.

Oh shit...Augustine...that's where Mark lives...SHIT! SHIT! Did Shawn rat on me? Oh fuck...did Mark find out about us?!

Thoughts ran through her head so fast she couldn't sort them or process them.

"Ma'am...are you still there? Miss Johnson?"

"Whu? Oh, yes...I'm still here...what's wrong?"

"Well, it appears your ex-husband and his current wife had a domestic altercation last night and it ended with a fatality. *His fatality*, I'm afraid."

"What? Wait, are you telling me...that...Mark...is dead?!"

"Yes ma'am...I'm really not supposed to discuss the details of the case, but suffice it to say that he was the aggressor and his wife has been cleared of wrong-doing in the case, but she's currently a patient at one of the local hospitals and is unable to care for your son. So is there any way that you can come back to get him?"

"OH FUCK IS SHAWN ALRIGHT?!" she nearly shrieked at him.

“He’s fine ma’am...a few bruises and scratches, but I’m told he’s fine and ready for release--”

“OH SHIT WAS HE INVOLVED IN IT?!? DID MARK HURT HIM?!” she blabbered at him, exasperation and desperation forcing her voice to elevate in pitch as she did so.

“Uhh...actually since you’re the guardian, I suppose I can talk with you about that...umm...yes ma’am...from what I understand, your son attempted to stop Mr. Harper from attacking his wife and was injured slightly in the attempt. But as I said, he’s fine and he actually, in all likelihood, saved Mrs. Harper’s life with his actions.”

Stephanie dropped onto the floor and hurt her tailbone, but she didn’t care...it was irrelevant. Her son was okay...her son had intervened in a domestic dispute and saved Mark’s wife’s life. How in the fucking hell could that be? She always knew Mark was an asshole...always knew he was prone to violent outbursts, but he’d never done anything to anybody she knew of on *that* level.

“Mrs. Johnson?”

“I’m here...I’m here...I’m just...shocked,” she muttered at the cop. “I’m in France...we weren’t supposed to be back for another two weeks,” she added, remembering his question. “I don’t know if we can change our tickets immediately...and...and even if we do, it’s going to be at least tomorrow...oh crap...it’s gonna be probably 48 hours before we can get back at minimum.”

“Well we can arrange for him to be sent to a secure placement facility until your return.”

“What? Wait...ummm...can you tell me how to get a hold of Angie? Is she like...I mean can she talk? She’s not critical or anything, huh?”

“Sure...hold on...I’ll get you the number.

"Thank you," she said after he rattled off the number and she scribbled it on the pad beside the hotel room phone.

The phone in Angie's room began ringing and wouldn't shut up. She couldn't see it, but she could tell where it was at by the annoying sound. Fumbling, she finally managed to find it and lift it to her ear.

"Hello?"

"Angie...is that you?"

"Who is this?"

"It's Stephanie...are you alright?"

"Stephanie?" she replied and silence filled the line for a few tense seconds. "Oh shit...yeah...Stephanie...hey."

"They...they called me about Mark," Stephanie said with nervousness apparent in her voice. "They told me he attacked you and...and Shawn."

"Umm...yeah...but Shawn's okay...he's fine."

"They said they were gonna put him in some kind of facility or something--"

"No, no...I have a friend...who is a cop...she's gonna take him...I didn't let them put him in no stupid foster home or anything. He's fine...my friend is totally cool...he's okay and I think they'll let me out as soon as the swelling in my face goes down enough I can see."

"What? Oh shit, Angie...did...did he beat you that fucking bad?" Stephanie asked and sounded as if she were genuinely concerned.

"Yeah...he...he was beating me on the floor...and Shawn jumped on his back...and I got up and got lose and ran for the phone...and he just...he just threw Shawn across the room into the couch and flipped it over and I freaked out and I just ran at

him with a chair and hit him with it...and...and..." her voice cracked and she started sobbing. "I didn't mean to kill him," she muttered through soulful bawling. "I thought he hurt Shawn!"

"It's...it's okay, Angie...the cops told me they cleared you of charges this morning...so you're not in trouble."

"It's not that," she sobbed. "I...I was gonna leave him when Shawn left...me and him were having problems...and...I mean, I just didn't want it to end like this...I never meant to kill him."

"Angie...Angela...listen to me," Stephanie insisted. "That motherfucking asshole hit you...and he hit my son...so whatever you did to him, he had it fucking coming...you hear me?"

There was no response but crying and sobbing.

"Angie...if you hadn't...I would have," she added. "He was a worthless cocksucker and you know it now, don't you?"

"Yes," she finally muttered through snorts of snot. It was apparent that she was trying to compose herself.

"Thank you for saving Shawn," Stephanie stated. "What the hell made him go the fuck off like that?" she asked, wondering to herself if Angie and Shawn had been at it and maybe he walked in on it or something. It wasn't beyond comprehension. She knew better than anyone how much sway Shawn's cock and balls could have over women...and if Angie was leaving Mark anyway...well the door would have already been open.

To make her suspicions worse, she had seen photos of Angie recently. Shawn had been emailing them to her since his arrival, and from what she could tell, Mark's new wife had gone from chubby to gargantuan...and she knew Shawn had a thing for fat bitches. More than once she'd caught him jerking off in Bill's office to fat women he'd found on the internet.

Angie never answered her question and that made her wonder even more...enough so that she decided to be bold.

"Angie," she began.

“Yeah?”

“I know you probably know about Shawn’s condition, right? His macropenis? And don’t try to bullshit me and tell me you haven’t noticed the fact that he has a dick the size of his arm. You can’t exactly miss it.”

“Okay,” Angie replied, but said nothing else.

“Don’t take this the wrong way, okay...’cause I’m okay with whatever you answer, alright?”

“I know about you and Shawn, Stephanie,” Angie’s voice was suddenly solid and direct...no tears...no hesitation.

“What are you talking about?”

Angie sniffled on the other end, but didn’t say anything in response for several seconds.

“Shawn told me...*everything*, Stephanie.”

This time the silence fell on Stephanie’s side of the line.

“Everything?” she asked finally.

“I can’t talk,” Angie replied.

“Is someone there?”

“What? Oh...no...no I mean I don’t have any room to talk about you and him,” she clarified. “Me and him have been...y’know...I’ve been at it with him too.”

Fire ignited inside Stephanie’s head, but she knew she had to keep her cool with the other woman. But try as she might, she couldn’t say anything without exploding.

“You’re pissed off, huh?”

“Is...is that what caused the fight--”

“NOOOO,” Angie blurted, cutting her off. “No, I called him a fag...and he freaked out.” She sighed after having spoken and Stephanie could tell she was about to drop another bombshell. “Mark knew I was doing it...he...he put me up to it. Stephanie, Mark was a closet homosexual I think...or at least bisexual. I thought he was...y’know...into this crap because of me, partly,

but when I realized it was all about Shawn...I called him out on it and he freaked the fuck out and attacked me."

"A faggot? Are you fucking kidding me?" Stephanie had thought of her ex as many things...but never a homosexual.

"Shawn didn't care for it...he didn't like it...not the Mark part of it...but he was going along for me," she admitted. "I really sort of have...well...he and I--"

"NO! Don't even tell me that shit," Stephanie blurted. "I don't know what you think you know about me and him, but honey you don't know shit. Shawn isn't all butterflies and dandelions, okay?"

"He told me about the penis pump," Angie snapped with a bit of a miffed tone.

Stephanie sighed.

"Shit," she hissed from the foreign end of the line.

"Yeah...and I know about the Mark bashing parties," she added. "And the shower...not too long ago."

"So what are you gonna do about it? You think he'll testify against me? C'mon...I'm his fucking mother, bitch!"

"Calm down...I'm not trying to fight with you," Stephanie popped back with a defiant attitude. "I just want you to know that I know about it...and I don't care in the slightest. I just don't want you to be pissed at me for what I've done with him."

"Fine...I'm not pissed," Stephanie hissed back, but it was obvious that she was lying.

"Do you know when you can be back?"

"We're gonna try to change our tickets so we can leave tomorrow...so we'd be home on Tuesday I think," she replied. "Hey...this cop woman...can you trust her with him?"

"Yeah...she's *aware*...of things with me and him and she actually wrapped stuff up on Mark. She doesn't seem to have

any...what's the word...*interest*...in him. She honestly strikes me as a lesbian. It that's what you're wondering about."

"You think he'll be okay with her for a few days?"

"I'm sure," Angie replied.

"So would it be okay for me to finish my trip?"

"Seriously?"

"It's my fucking honeymoon, alright...I married for money, so back up off of me. I don't want to piss him off and he's already whacked off over all of this."

"Well yeah...I guess...but...well I guess they'll release me in a few days and I can take him."

"Yeah well it's not like I gotta worry about you, huh?"

"Ouch," Angie blurted, her sarcasm biting into the other woman. "Rubber and glue, bitch."

"Yeah I know...I know." Stephanie sighed and decided that she might should make friends with this woman considering what she *did* know about her...which was far from everything, but certainly enough to cause her trouble. "Look, I'm sorry about Mark beating the fuck out of you. I'd like to say I'm sorry he's dead...but I'm not so much, y'know?"

"Yay, thanks," Angie muttered.

"Look...I know how hard it is to stay away from him, okay. I get that. You're not the first woman to take off with it. You're not gonna be the last. Trust me when I tell you he's far smarter than you think, and he's got a helluva lot more of an idea of sex and playing you than he lets on, okay? Don't let him fool you. He's almost as bad as Mark about throwing down with any pussy that will spread for him. And like...maybe one day...I'll tell you all the stuff you *don't* know about."

"So is he off limits?" Angie asked...pushing her luck.

"I don't care," Stephanie lied. "Just don't get fucking attached is all I'm telling you...because when I get back, he's

coming home and that's the end of it. As long as you understand that."

"I know...I figured that much," Angie admitted with a sigh.

"Okay...I'll call you again in a couple of days...and maybe you can get me Shawn's number...or...or just tell him to email me if he can get to a computer."

"Okay, bye."

Stephanie hung up the phone and stepped over to her hotel bed and collapsed atop it with one single flop.

How in the hell had so much happened in a matter of weeks? When she'd left the states, everything had been just as it should have been. Four weeks out, and all hell had broken loose. Not only was her ex dead...but her son was apparently fucking his wife...not that the sex part really shocked her.

What had she turned Shawn into? Where was the boy that she first put the pump to? Gone, apparently...never to return again. Instead she had a mini-man sex machine that just stuck his cock in whatever it struck him to...not even caring if it was his own mother...or his father's wife. She wasn't sure if she liked what she'd created.

"I should have just left him alone," she mumbled out loud to no one but herself and quiet hotel room walls.

Why had she been so obsessed with him? Why so obsessed with Mark? She was a stupid teenage bimbo...she'd come to recognize that fact...and rather than being in love with Mark, she'd really been infatuated with his big dick. As soon as she found out she was pregnant, the bastard had pulled up and moved out of town. He'd been 19...and she was only sixteen. He knew her father would kill him...and he would have too.

Getting pregnant with Shawn had ruined her chances at a normal high school life...had dashed her hopes of college...and had ultimately cost her any chance at a normal relationship. No man wanted part of some other guy's leftovers or baggage. So she'd gone from captain of the cheerleading team to a sort of pregnant pariah. Even the nerds and losers had cast her off.

She managed to finish high school, but soon after, her parents told her it was time to move out...and so she'd been forced out on her own to take care of not only a three year old Shawn...but herself as well. It was hell, and especially with no one to help her.

She came to hate Mark...to despise him. And yet every time that she took a look at Shawn naked...it seemed a constant reminder of Mark or at least all about him that she had liked in the first place. For years, she ignored it...denied it...and refused to even admit it. But one day, he came waltzing out of his room with no clothes on, and it was just no longer an option to deny he'd inherited his father's equipment.

She was lonely...she was tired...she was beaten down by life and all because of one night with Mark and no condom. Fifteen minutes of fast humping had weighed her down for a lifetime. She wanted more out of life than that and she felt like she deserved it, one way or the other.

As Shawn aged, she began to resent him. Not for being there, but for being such a clone of Mark...the one she truly blamed for her life and predicament. She wanted to humiliate Mark so bad...to bring him down. To even make him her slave of some sort. She dreamed about it at night...fantasized about it in the day.

At some point, she'd decided to use Shawn as a proxy. One of her friends, Rachel...the fat slut...had been over at her apartment. They had become friends after discovering that she

too, had been fucked and left by Mark. The group of scorned women would grow over the next few years, but it began with just her and Rachel.

YEARS EARLIER...

They were sitting out by the pool in the apartment complex, drinking cheap beer and ranting about how much they hated Mark and men in general, when Shawn had climbed out of the pool wet, his swim-shorts plastered to his body. As the boy stepped past them, water dripping, she had noticed Rachel's eyes darting to and then locking on his crotch.

At first, she didn't know what to say. She knew damn well *why* her friend was looking, so asking her would have just been stupid. But before she could say anything at all, her fat friend broke the ice herself.

"Steph...was that real?"

"What real?"

"Oh c'mon...Shawn...don't pretend like you don't know what I'm talking about, damn!"

Stephanie took another swig of luke-warm beer and then sighed. "You talking about the..." and she pointed down at her own crotch.

"DUH!" Rachel blurted. "Taking after Mark, huh?"

"Yeah, I guess," she admitted, still feeling uneasy about discussing it. "Why?"

"How big is that thing?"

"WHAT?!" She couldn't believe what the fat slut had just asked her. "What the fuck kind of question is that?"

"Damn...calm down! I was just asking."

“Why would I even care how big it is?” she asked, still dumbfounded that she’d been asked such a perverse question to start with.

“Oh c’mon...don’t tell me you don’t look at that thing,” Rachel insisted while eyeing her with one brow arched to emphasize her own disbelief.

“Well yeah, I’ve seen it...but I haven’t like...*measured* it or nothing, fuck!” she admitted, reluctantly and with no small amount of hesitation.

“Oh c’mon...it’s like an elephant trunk there...that’s just freaky, Steph!”

Stephanie took another sip of beer and then sat her bottle down on the glass top table between them. Staring directly at her friend, she said, “He fucking reminds me of Mark more and more every time I look at him!”

“But he’s not Mark,” Rachel asserted with a strange glint in her eye and the hint of a smirk on her lips. “He’s not gonna up and run off.”

“Well, no I don’t guess,” she agreed, not sure where Rachel was heading with their conversation. “What the fuck are you trying to get at here?”

“I don’t know,” she replied. “Well all I can say is if I lived in the house with him...*with that*...I probably wouldn’t let him ever wear pants, y’know?”

“RACHEL!!” she blurted at her friend...her face blushing hot and furious. “He’s my son, for crying out loud!”

“No...he’s a micro-Mark...that’s what he is,” she countered as she nodded with her head to indicate the boy was heading back in their direction.

Both of them grew quiet as he passed them and circled around the pull to climb up on the diving board on the far side from them whether several other boys were lining up for jumps.

They watched as each of them jumped in and swam towards them on their side of the pool...then climbed out using the shallow end steps that emerged not five feet from where they sat.

"Look," Rachel said and nodded at the first boy as he emerged from the water, suit soaked and clinging.

Stephanie looked and saw...nothing. As the second one emerged, she saw only the barest of bulges. But when her son came out of the pool, his dick was hanging down the left side of his shorts, nearly to the bottom of the leg...his balls split, one to either side of his shorts' seam. They were huge.

She leaned forward and covered her face with her hands so she didn't have to look any further.

"I know he's your son and all...but damn, Steph," Rachel spoke up after all three had made a circuit back around the pool and move beyond hearing range. "Did you see his fucking balls?"

"SHUT UP!" Stephanie blurted at her. "That's my fucking son, dammit!"

"Yeah, well your son is hung like a moose!" Rachel popped back.

"Okay...fine...he's hung like a fucking moose...so what?"

"Well look," she said and pointed stealthily at another woman...another tenant of the complex, a late thirties babe with short hair and an ass as wide as the chair in which she lounged in. "Watch her when he climbs out and walks by her."

Stephanie turned so she could see the woman and watched her as Shawn climbed out of the pool again and headed back around to the diving board. As he passed her, the older woman's head raised and her eyes locked on Shawn's genitals and never left them until he was out of visible range...then she returned her stare to her book.

"Bitch," Stephanie hissed as she suppressed the urge to go punch the middle-aged cunt in her perverted face.

"Hey...I look too," Rachel admitted, trying to calm her friend. "Every bitch out here looks. My question is why or rather *how*...the hell are you immune to it?"

"He's my son, that's how," she spouted, still miffed at the other woman.

"Whatever," Rachel grunted. "When he comes out again, you look at it and tell me that pair of balls doesn't make you moist."

"You're fucking sick," she blurted and stood up from the table. "I'm going in and I'm taking him with me." She turned to the pool and called him, demanding that he follow her into their apartment.

"I didn't mean to piss you off," Rachel tried to apologize, but she'd heard enough of the shit talk...and so she ignored her and dragged Shawn off by the arm.

Inside the apartment, she slammed the door and pulled him off to the bathroom.

"I need a towel, I'm dripping all over the carpet!" he mumbled at her, half-heartedly resisting her grip on his arm. "Mom...I'm dri--"

"Oh just get in the bathroom and get out of that damn swimsuit, shit!" she demanded as she tightened her grip and pulled him physically toward the tiny, single bathroom in their two bedroom apartment.

After spinning him off into the bathroom, she let go of him and started to shut the door and walk off, but something stopped her, and instead, she stood still and watched him as he peeled the wet and clinging pair of shorts off.

Oh man, he's a freak of nature!

She realized Rachel had a point. She'd gotten so angry at her friend because she'd touched on something she'd been denying for a long time now...and that was the fact that her son was more than well-equipped in the genital category. And she had, on more than occasion...just as she was now...been enthralled with his junk enough to stare at it.

Fuck...just how big is his dick? she wondered as she watched him step over to the toilet and pee.

He glanced up at her as he noticed she was staring at him. He seemed oblivious as to what her motivations might be. She was his mother after all...and her watching him wasn't all that odd. When he was done peeing, he turned and headed to the shower, but she stopped him.

"Shawn," she called out. "Hold still a minute."

She turned and walked down the hall to his room and barged in, her eyes scanning for a certain item. When she spotted it finally, she snagged it and returned to the bathroom.

He looked afraid when she walked in with the ruler in her hand and it was then that she realized he probably figured he was about to catch an ass whooping for something.

"You're not in trouble," she assured him as she bent down in front of him, dropping to her knees.

"What'choo doing?" he asked as she reached out and lifted the foot long ruler up beside his penis.

"Just seeing," she replied, not really wanting to answer him.

"Seeing what?" he pushed her for an explanation.

"How big it is," she snapped at him, frustrated that he'd made her actually say it.

"Why?"

"Because I damn well would like to know, okay?" she replied, her tone letting him know it was time to shut the fuck up about it.

His dick was a little over three inches long.

Well that's not all that big, she realized. Apparently it just looked bigger on him because of his smaller frame.

"It's longer than that," he suddenly announced, taking her by surprise. "It always shrinks in the pool." Having said that, he reached down and pulled on the end of it and stretched it out far longer than she expected it to be. When he let go, his penis flopped back against the ruler she still held up to it...and the tip of his glans was just slightly below the four and half inch line.

His dick was long, alright...but it was also scrawny, barely an inch across. His balls on the other hand, were not so frail looking. With hesitation, she turned the ruler horizontal and held it against his scrotum, and then with her free hand, she reached and pulled his balls forward. The left one, closest to the end of the ruler, measured an inch and a quarter wide... about the size of nice big pecan.

Holee shit...grown men don't have balls that big!

She started to let go of his testicles, but then she could have sworn that his dick moved on its own accord. Cautiously she rolled his balls in her hand gently and watched. To her dismay and disbelief, his dick moved again, just a tiny bit.

Well surely he's not old enough to be—

But her thought was cut off by his penis shifting once more.

Disturbed, she let go of his testicles and pulled her hands and the ruler back a few inches, but did not get up...not just yet. Somehow, for some reason, she was now fascinated with his genitals. Or had she always been fascinated with them...and was just too afraid to explore the matter?

She looked up at his face and didn't appear disturbed by anything she'd done. The look on his face was more one of curiosity than anything else.

In her haste to get him inside the apartment, she'd forgotten to lock the front door behind her. And Rachel, her short, fat friend...feeling guilty about pissing her off, had decided to follow her back to the apartment and apologize.

She turned the doorknob and it opened. She pushed the door wider and peeped in. The apartment was silent inside.

"Steph?" she called out quietly but no one answered. Then she heard talking from the back hall...the bathroom. "Steph?" she called out again, not wanting to be too obnoxious since she already knew her friend was pissed at her. "You back there?"

Cautiously, the fat woman, wearing her overly tight one piece swimsuit, crept across the living room toward the back hall and the open bathroom door. As she walked, she was overly self-conscious of her E-cups jiggling along with her fat ass hanging out the back of the high cut suit's buttocks. She liked the suit, but it was overly snug, especially in the chest. Her tits practically bubbled up out of the top of it and no amount of tugging on it, seemed to keep it up high enough that the crevice between her boobs wasn't amply visible. As long as she sat still, it would stay pulled up, but any time that she started walking in it, the weight of her jugs apparently pulled down and would ride lower and lower...revealing more and more of the tops of her breasts with each step she took. She tugged it up last, as she reached the apartment door, but as she walked across the living room, she'd found herself more interested in what she was hearing from the bathroom than on pulling her swimsuit up. So by the time she reached the bathroom door, a good eight inches of the tops of her tits was bubbling up out of the suit.

"It's longer than that...it always shrinks in the pool," Shawn's voice carried clearly from within the bathroom as she stepped up to the open doorway and peered around the edge of it.

Inside, Stephanie was on her knees in front of the boy and he was quite plainly naked. She was reaching out toward him, but her body blocked Rachel's view of what she was doing. Shawn was looking down at whatever his mother was doing and neither noticed her peeping around the door frame at them.

Rachel caught sight of movement in her peripheral vision and realized the mirror over the sink was reflecting, from a side view, what was going on. As she turned her gaze to the mirror fully, she gasped. Stephanie had a small ruler and was holding it to Shawn's balls.

Suddenly a feeling of satisfaction overcame Rachel as she realized what she'd said, while it had infuriated Stephanie...it had also apparently gotten the better of her.

"Enjoying yourself there?"

Stephanie dropped the ruler and whipped around, still kneeling, to glare in shock and then in anger at her fat friend standing in the doorway.

"FUCK!! WHAT THE HELL BITCH?!"

"Door was open," Rachel replied, as if that somehow excused her uninvited intrusion.

"GET OUT! FUCK!" Stephanie shouted as she stood up and tried to block Rachel's view of her son. "WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN CREEPING IN HERE LIKE THAT?!" Furious, she decided to abandon protecting Shawn, and instead lunged at the doorway and shoved the fat woman further back into the hallway while slamming the door behind herself.

Stephanie, fist balled up, glared with fury at her friend.

"WHAT THE FUCK, BITCH? WHAT THE FUCK?!"

"You came in and measured him, didn't you?" Rachel's expression was one of amusement.

“STOP SMILING AT ME! I SAID STOP IT!” she demanded, raising her fist a bit higher as if she might decide to throw it at any second. “IT’S NOT FUNNY, DAMMIT!”

“I told you...”

“You didn’t tell me nothing,” Stephanie grumbled, but her voice lowered from shout level to just pissed off.

“So?”

“So what?”

“So how big is it?”

“I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU!” she shrieked again, her fury resuming once more. “You got some nerve, y’know!”

“It’s big, huh?”

“Shut up!”

“C’mon...tell me! I’m not gonna tell nobody, damn!” Rachel prodded her, the smile on her face growing into a dangerously vicious looking grin nestled between two pudgy cheeks.

“Pull your top up, damn,” Stephanie demanded, as she realized her friend’s fat tits were shimmying with every move she made...in full view as they pushed up out her swimsuit.

Rachel ignored her.

“C’mon...how big?”

Stephanie finally unclenched her fists and leaned back against the bathroom door...a deep sigh emerging from her mouth. “You breathe a word of this to anybody and I will fucking hunt you down and kill you.”

Rachel said nothing but continued to stand with her stupid grin...waiting for her to give up her secret.

Stephanie closed her eyes and tilted her head upwards. Sighing again, she said, “It’s four and half inches long.”

“And?”

“And what?” Stephanie blurted, opening her eyes and glaring at the woman menacingly.

"You were measuring more than just his dick," Rachel added with a deep insinuation that she saw far more than Stephanie had hoped.

"Fine...his balls are like an inch and a quarter wide," she admitted, diverting her gaze to the far wall so she didn't have to look at Rachel's deviant grin.

"You were playing with'em...I saw!"

Stephanie's face suddenly burned and she knew she was blushing. She could feel sweat beading at her hairline and her heart began pounding heavily in her chest.

Oh fuck...she was watching the whole damn time! What do I say...fuck...she knows!!

"Calm down, I'm not gonna tell nobody," Rachel asserted, obviously aware of Stephanie's reddened face. "If I was you, I'd be doing far more than just fondling a nut...I told you that much out at the fucking pool."

"That's because you're a sick fucking slut," Stephanie argued. "I'm not that desperate, thank you!"

"It's not desperation, Steph...it's opportunity," Rachel proclaimed, her grin finally fading. "He's hung like a horse, dammit! How can you just turn that off? You can't, can you? You just avoid looking so you're not tempted, don't you?"

"Shut up," Stephanie muttered with only half the determination she should have fronted. "I'm *not* tempted by him...he's my son!" she added in a whisper so that he could not hear her through the door.

"You're a bad liar," Rachel said as she reached out and touched her friend's shoulder as if to comfort her. "Steph, it's okay, babe...I'm not judging you on it. You don't have to deny with me. Anything you're thinking about him...I've probably already done to him in my head a dozen times over. Why you think I always want to hang at the pool, huh?"

“What?!” Stephanie chirped, her eyes locking with Rachel’s. “Are you telling me you do that so you can watch him?”

“Let’s just put it this way, if you told me to pay you a hundred bucks just to look into that bathroom right now, I’d throw two hundred at you,” Rachel replied, leaning in closer and talking in a more hush voice. “I would pay you a thousand to play with that cock for five minutes.”

“RACHEL!!” she blurted, shocked at her friend’s boldness.

“I would pay to watch **YOU** play with it,” she added with a slight smirk as she nodded at the door. “Hey...while I’m being a pervert here...I gotta ask you something. Does he ever get erections?”

Stephanie glanced at the closed door behind her and then returned her attention to Rachel.

“I don’t know,” she admitted. “I don’t think so...at least I’ve never seen him. But...while I was touching his balls a minute ago, it started...*moving*.”

“Was it now?” Rachel asked, more of a taunt than a question. “Is that why you kept playing with them?”

“Shut up!” Stephanie blurted and half-heartedly smacked her friend in the shoulder...which did nothing but send her gigantic tits to rippling. “And pull your top up...your tits are practically hanging out!”

Suddenly they both heard the shower start up inside the bathroom and both turned to look at the closed door.

“A hundred dollars...right fucking now, if you let me go in there,” Rachel offered, a wild look in her eye. “I will give you my fucking ATM card...I’m not kidding.”

“Damn...you wanna see it that bad?!” Stephanie asked, astonished that her fat friend was that obsessed with him.

Rachel smirked and said, “Duh! Unlike you, *I am* pretty damned desperate! I fully admit it. I haven’t *even seen* a dick

that size since Mark fucked me that night after homecoming in the back of his truck."

In Stephanie's mind, the thought of Mark inflamed her. She thought of Shawn...and his resemblance to his father...and suddenly she wanted to...to what? To use him like Mark had used both of them? It was wrong and she knew it. Shawn did nothing to either of them to deserve being used, but she still felt the urge to do so. She remembered the blank stare of curiosity on his face as she fondled his balls. It hadn't bothered him in the least.

Somewhere in the dark recesses of her mind, some tiny little voice told her to do something...something she knew she shouldn't do...but now it was growing into something she couldn't resist.

"What are you thinking?" Rachel asked, her eyes relating that she knew Stephanie was debating something deep.

"You wanna see if we can make him hard?"

"WHAT?!" this time it was Rachel who responded in loud disbelief. "Damn...you done went over to the darkside!"

"Shut up, dammit...all this shit was your idea, so don't be calling me out on it now!" Stephanie snapped back.

"Oh I'm not," she assured her. "I'm just shocked that all at once you're all gung-ho for it."

"I don't know," she began. "When I was in there, he didn't seem like it really bothered him. And he was...well I think he was actually almost catching wood from it. I mean...that means like...well he liked it, right?"

"Guys are stimulation junkies, babe," Rachel explained. "Don't take it the wrong way, but it probably wasn't *you* doing it...it was just the sensation. My brother used to pop wood from bumping into tables and crap."

“Oh I know,” she replied. “I’m just saying he wasn’t like freaked out by it or nothing. Your brother got wood from a table...but that meant the table did something that felt good, am I right?”

“Oh, you’re trying to legitimize this, right?”

“What do you mean by that?”

Rachel smirked. “I’m just saying it’s filthy perversion on our parts, Steph. Don’t legitimize it. It’s not legitimate. It’s wrong from the ground up. Me, I’m okay with that...I know I’m a filthy fucking whore and I’m accepting of that.”

Stephanie sighed and slumped against the door again...as if she were trying to block it being opened by herself or anyone else. Part of her wanted to remain leaning against it forever...and yet that tiny little nagging voice kept demanding that she yank it open and let Pandora’s funk out of the box forever.

“You don’t have to,” Rachel asserted. “I can be the dirty slut. You can live vicariously. I’ll go in there and you can stay out here and watch.”

Stephanie looked at her for a long moment or so before she pushed herself upright and stepped away from the door.

“You don’t touch him, you hear me!” she instructed Rachel as she reached for the doorknob. “You don’t say anything nasty to him, either. I mean it.”

“Can I show him my boobs?” the fat woman asked as Stephanie turned the knob.

Stephanie looked from her friend’s face...down to her jiggly tits and sighed. She’d always wanted to see Rachel’s ridiculously over-sized boobs herself. And now here was a chance for that without coming off as a lezbo. And honestly, she seriously doubted Shawn was going to ever complain that he saw naked boobs. Knowing him, he’d probably go to school and brag about it to his friends.

“Yeah, okay,” she whispered as she pulled the door open to let her in, then closed it behind her, but left enough of a crack that she could peer in unseen.

Shawn was in the shower. The glass door was fogged up, but he could definitely tell the figure who’d just entered the bathroom with him was *not* his mother.

With a quick and slightly panicked swipe of his hand, he cleared the fog from the glass door and gazed out into the bathroom. To his shock, it was Rachel, his mother’s big fat friend.

Holee crap! Surely she knows I’m in here!

About that moment, she turned and looked over at the shower door from where he peered at her.

“Don’t mind me,” she said. “But hurry up, I need a shower too, before I leave.”

She turned to face the sink, her back to him and then almost immediately she began to pull the shoulder straps of her swimsuit down over her arms. He looked to the mirror just beyond her behind the sink, and as she rolled the top of her swimsuit down, her humongous breasts flopped out and dangled down atop her stomach...their naked reflection fully visible to him.

Slightly freaked out, he stepped back from the shower door and leaned back against the back of the enclosure. His heart was pounding so hard he felt as though he might puke. The heat of the shower wasn’t helping him breathe either. Frantic, he reached for the faucets and shut the water off entirely.

“You done?” she asked, calling out to him from the sink.

He leaned back to the clear spot he’d wiped on the door and peered out, only to see her turned, facing him, her breasts

out...and her hands working on the suit to roll the rest of it down.

CRAP! She's gonna take all her clothes off in here!!

Horried, he stepped back, but his gaze remained locked on the fat woman as she continued to work the suit further down. He couldn't help but watch her. At some point, he stepped closer to the glass and looked down as she dropped the suit to the floor finally. And when she stood up, she was completely nude. And to his absolute shock, she stepped forward toward the shower door, her hand stuck out as if she intended to open it.

CRAP!! OH HOLEE CRAP!!

Shawn was so freaked out that he could do nothing but stand stark still as she pulled the door open and exposed not only herself, but him as well.

As she pulled the shower door fully open, the fog escaped and left him dripping and naked, with nothing between himself and the fat woman but air.

Her eyes immediately dropped to his genitals...and then they widened as if she were shocked at what she saw.

Rachel looked down and immediately noticed how low down Shawn's balls were hanging. The two walnut sized testicles dangled at least two or maybe three inches beneath his dick, and to her delight, Stephanie hadn't been exaggerating about his penis length either. It hung down at least a head length further than his balls, meaning probably four inches or longer. It was extremely skinny though...reminding her of the phrase, "pencil dick."

The boy's eyes scanned down her own body and stopped for a long pause at her titties...but then eventually went lower to her fat rolls and then stopped when they reached her pelvic

region...probably locking on her big fluff of black pubic hair that stuck out from beneath her bottom fat roll.

"You getting out or are you gonna hog it up all day?" she asked. "Either you coming out...or I'm coming in, your choice."

He hesitated but then suddenly moved to get out of the shower, though she had already stepped forward, and so as he squeezed past her, she pressed her tits and belly against him. The touching lasted only a second, but as she popped into the shower and he popped out, she knew it had done something to him.

Shawn, out of the shower, turned to look back in at her. His eyes rolling up her body this time and remaining locked on her huge tits again.

"Er-hrm," she cleared her throat to get his attention. "I'm up here," she said and pointed at her face. His eyes followed her finger and their eyes locked. "You gonna stand there and watch?"

Slowly he shook his head side to side and began to step backwards as if to turn around and leave.

"Oh well, your loss," she added, stopping him dead in his tracks.

Shawn returned his attention to her, locking eyes again. For a moment his mouth hung open, but he didn't say anything.

"Your mom ran to the store...she's not here," she informed him with a slight smile that told of more than just her desire to keep him apprised of Stephanie's whereabouts. "If you want to watch, I won't tell." And with that said, she reached and turned the water on and reached for a bar of soap on the little ledge built into the shower enclosure.

As Shawn watched, the fat woman began soaping up her fat body, her hands slipping all around her curves...taking extra

effort with her massive tits. For what seemed like forever, she lathered them, squishing them...mashing them...hefting them and then letting them drop back down onto her protruding gut. With every move the woman made, her body jiggled, but her breasts were exceptionally jelly-like. They literally quivered each time she moved and they looked so soft and touchable. Some part of him really wanted to touch them too. He'd touched them only moments earlier when she'd pressed up against him as he got out of the shower. For just the span of heartbeat, her big nipples had brushed the top of his chest and he'd almost fainted.

She'd apparently wanted him to watch her. What was up with that? His mother went to the store? Did she even know the woman was taking a shower in her absence? Did Rachel like him? Maybe she did. But she was as old as his mother! Surely she didn't like him *like that!*

He tried every argument in the book, but the facts remained. The fat woman had taken the opportunity provided by his mother being gone, to barge in on him in the bathroom and strip down...and now she was showering with the door open and telling him he could watch her.

His eyes seemed glued to her tits as she lathered them yet again. *How dirty can her boobs really be?* he wondered. And then he finally looked up at her face and saw the odd expression she held as she looked back at him. She looked slightly sleepy...her eyes droopy, but yet some sort of glint burning in them. And she'd leaned back against the wall of the shower and had lifted her right leg up, putting her foot on the plastic ledge that protruded from the lower part of the enclosure...and her right hand had abandoned her breasts and was snaking down past her big belly and then over her raised

thigh...and then it was burying up in the hairy mass beneath her stomach.

Rachel's left hand continued to smear around on her boobs, but at some point, her fingers began to pull on her nipples as it slid and slipped around on the soapy film that covered her torso.

Why is she pulling her nipples like that? Doesn't that hurt?

Somehow he got the impression that she was looking at him as much as he was looking at her. And furthermore, he got the distinct feeling that she was *enjoying* looking at him looking at her.

It was about then that he looked down at himself and realized his penis was doing something odd. Rather than dangling downward as it always did, it was now angling over to the left and the end of it looked...*longer*? As he watched, it indeed elongated...a little by little movement that was almost unnoticed unless you stared without blinking. His penile head seemed to be growing in size as well and within seconds, it had slipped free of the excess skin that usually enshrouded the red ring around it.

HOLEE CRAP! I'M GETTING A WOODIE!

He knew what it was. He knew what supposedly caused it, but until that moment he'd never had one. The guys at school said they would stand straight up when you had one...but so far his continued to hang down, pointing at the floor.

He reached down and touched it and realized it was no longer soft as it usually was. He wrapped his hand around it and lifted it up so that he could examine the swollen head. It was twice its normal size now and was so swollen it was shiny.

Out in the hallway, Stephanie peeped through the slightly open door and gawked in awe, as her son stood in front of the

shower stall...his penis growing longer by the second. The head was already twice its normal size and the multitude of skin folds that normally encircled his dick were now gone, stretched out from the enlargement of his shaft.

What had been four and half inches earlier...was now probably at least five and half inches...and Stephanie realized with no minor amount of amazement, that her son probably already had an erect size larger than the average man. And as if the length wasn't enough, the thin one inch width was beginning to blossom in size as well and she guessed, by looking, that it was probably near an inch and a half wide now.

It's not even standing upright yet! Grasping that fact alone, made her knees suddenly go weak. Most dicks rose quickly when aroused, but his continued to point downward, though it was showing signs up lifting outward...pointing, to her awe, toward her fat friend up in the shower stall in front of him.

Oh good grief! He's gonna probably have a thing for fat women for the rest of his life now! And just what the hell is she doing up in there? She's had time to bathe three times over—

Just then it struck her that she could not see what the bitch was doing inside the stall from her vantage point. So she shifted so that she could look into the mirror behind the sink and what she saw reflected there almost made her lose it on the spot. Rachel had her leg hiked up and was masturbating right there in front of him.

Frantic, she had to do something.

"RACHEL! I'M BACK, BITCH...WHERE YOU AT?" she shouted, pointing her face toward the living room to cast her voice off into that direction.

Inside the bathroom, Shawn's head whipped toward the door and look of horror overtook him. With burning speed, he leapt for a towel and quickly wrapped himself up and then ran

for the door, bursting out into the hallway and then dashing into his room two doors down.

Once the door slammed shut, she stepped around the corner of the hall wall and walked back down to the bathroom and then entered just as Rachel, wet and dripping, was stepping out of the shower stall.

"You fat fucking slut!" she hissed as loudly as she could without doing so loudly enough that Shawn might hear her. "I told you--"

"You told me no touching and no talking dirty," Rachel blurted in a hushed voice, cutting her off mid-sentence. "I didn't do either one!"

"You were rubbing one out in front of him!" she hissed back, louder now than before. Her fury was obvious, though it seemed more or less unbacked with much else other than angry words.

"Did you see his dick?" Rachel asked, ignoring her friend's obvious agitation with her.

"Yeah, I fucking saw it," she growled.

"I know you did," Rachel added, her obvious insinuation that Stephanie was certainly looking with the same deviant thoughts as she had. "You should go measure it again!"

"NO!" Stephanie barked. "You've had your cheap thrills for the day, slut...you go home and get out of here! I've got to take a shower myself and see if I can wash the nasty out of my brain!"

Moments later, she was shoving Rachel out the front door and once she had it shut, she made damn sure to lock it this time. Then she went straight to Shawn's room and opened the door.

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