

EVEN MORE DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS

BY THE MARQUIS FAÇADE

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CHAPTER THREE

Shawn was lying on his stomach on his bed watching TV. He was wearing a pair of tidy-whities and nothing else. His mother stepped forward, making an effort to ensure she shut the door behind herself before walking over to the bed and sitting down on it beside him.

She still had on her own one-piece swimsuit, but she also wore a large t-shirt over it. When she sat down on the bed though, the shirt tail slid up and she realized that she was showing quite a bit of her upper thigh. Just as she noticed it, she saw him looking out of the corner of his eye as well.

She was going to tug her shirt tail down, but when she realized he was looking, she decided not to. Instead, she leaned back and braced herself on her arms.

“Is it just me, or are Rachel’s boobs ridiculously huge?”

The question caught him completely off guard and as he turned his head to look up at her, his eyes were the size of saucers...his mouth agape...and his cheeks were slowly turning bright red.

She couldn’t help but giggle. The look on his face was priceless. His response to her laughter was to turn even darker red.

“Did she wait for you to get out of the shower, or did she just barge on in on you?”

He stared at her blankly, his mouth still hanging open as if he wanted to say something but couldn’t.

“I told her how big your penis was and she threatened to jump on you if she got the chance and I saw you running out of the bathroom when I got back,” she told him, lying only

somewhat. "And I think it might be time for us to have a particular conversation."

"About what?" he asked, but she could tell that he knew damned well what she was talking about.

"You have a big penis," she said as nonchalantly as she could. "And women like that."

He finally closed his mouth and gulped...but his eyes remained unblinking...continuing to stare up at her from where he lay on the bed beside her.

"I bet she showed you her boobs at least, didn't she?" She waited for a response, but he didn't give her one. "I'm not mad if she did. She's crazy like that. So tell me the truth, did she go in before you got out?"

Reluctantly he nodded his head.

"You saw her naked?"

Again he nodded.

"Did you like seeing her naked?"

He stared at her, his expression unreadable. After a brief period he finally began to nod.

"Do you know much about sex?"

"No...maybe a little," he admitted, his face shading red even worse than before.

"When a guy sees a naked lady...sometimes it makes his penis hard. And by that I mean it gets bigger and stands upright like this," and she gestured with her index finger to show him what she was talking about. "And you know women have a vagina and not a penis, right?" He nodded. "Well it gets hard like that so you can stick it in the woman's vagina. That's what's called sex, okay." He nodded again. "So it's normal if a naked woman makes your penis do that, okay. That's what's supposed to happen."

She leaned forward and put her hands in her lap before continuing. "So did that happen?"

"It was getting bigger," he admitted in a low voice.

"Was it?" she asked, knowing that it had. "How big did it get?"

"I don't know...I didn't measure it," he replied, adding a quick glance at her thigh again.

She snickered at his answer. "No, I guess you didn't. Apparently that's my job." When he did say anything, she decided maybe she should. "That's what I was doing earlier. Rachel noticed how big it was out at the pool when you climbed out wet and we started talking about it and I was just curious how big it actually was. I hope I didn't embarrass you too bad. I had no idea fatty was gonna sneak in and watch."

"Nah," he said, stealing another glance at her thigh.

Several seconds ticked by and he finally returned his attention to the television.

"Y'know...as big as it is limp, it's probably gonna be big when it's hard," she remarked. "Your dad was pretty big too. It's about the only thing I liked about him."

"How big?" he asked, no specifying who he was talking about in particular.

"Who, your father?"

"No, me," he clarified. "How big do you think it's gonna be?"

"Well...big, I imagine. And considering you're just now hitting puberty, it's likely to grow even more over the next few years. So you might better be prepared to deal with it."

"Well how big are we talking?" he asked, his head now turned back to face her. "Cause it was like really long in there a while ago and I...I don't think it was done."

“Does it freak you out?” she asked, noting his sudden look of worry. “Don’t let it worry you, son. The bigger it is, the better I guess. I mean women will just roll over and die for a man with a big penis. It’s not something you should be worried about. You actually should probably be excited about it.”

“Well if it’s a foot long, that’d be ridiculous,” he said. “Wouldn’t it?”

Stephanie fidgeted before answering. “No, not really all that ridiculous. I mean...you’d be surprised at what a woman can handle.”

“Well how big would be too big,” he inquired.

“Well you got a long way to go before you get that big,” she said, trying to console his apparent concern.

“Well how do you know...I mean you didn’t see it in there a while ago,” he complained. “It just started growing and it wasn’t stopping.”

She hesitated before continuing the conversation. Was this another opportunity? The evil little voice in her head shouted that it was and that she should pounce on it with all fours.

“Well do you want me to measure it again?” she asked. “Of course you’re gonna have to...y’know,” and she stopped, not finishing the sentence but letting its implications hang in the air between them.

He rolled over on his side, facing her, and she glanced down at his junk and noticed his penis hanging off to the left of his balls. Looking back at his face, she realized he was up to something. Before she could analyze it, he was reaching down and pushing his briefs lower and lower and then the waistband was below his hips and his genitals spilled out over the top into plain view.

“It kind of did it earlier when you were touching my balls,” he said. “Do it again and I’ll show you how big it was getting.”

Holee shit...is he actually telling me to play with his balls to make him hard?! The implications of that were more than she could handle...or resist...so she reached out and cupped his big balls in her hand and started caressing them with her palm and fingers...and as before, his penis started shifting. In seconds, it was beginning to elongate.

"See, that's what it was doing!" he chirped, pointing at his penis as it continued to un-shrivel.

"Hold on," she said and she stood up and disappeared. When she returned, she'd retrieved the ruler from the bathroom where last she'd used it. "Stand up and come over here by the desk," she instructed him, pointing to the short desk across from his bed where his TV sat.

As he got up and kicked his underwear the rest of the way off, she lay the ruler down atop the table, the starting end next to the edge and the high end pointing out toward the wall.

When he reached her, she pointed at the ruler.

"Put it up on the table beside it and stand still."

Shawn looked oddly at her but complied, flicking his penis up onto the table edge, leaving his balls dangling beneath in between himself and the table.

She stepped behind him and leaned down, her head resting atop his shoulder. And then he felt her hand maneuvering between his legs and grasping his ball sack. Immediately her fingers were playing with them and as he looked down, he saw that his penis was again starting to grow.

As they both watched, the length of his penis slithered out from four and half inches to five...then five and a half...and then six. By that point, it was visibly thicker as well and his penile head was swollen to an inch and half or more in diameter and turning a purplish color as it scooted along the table top.

After a few moments, his mother's tickling of his testicles grew into something more pronounced. Her hand began to squeeze them and pull on them...and then she was rubbing them up against him and pressing him forward against the desk ledge...as if to push his dick out further than it already was.

"Shit, Shawn," she gasped when the head moved past the six inch mark and headed for six and a half. Now she absolutely knew it was nearing two inches in width. She squeezed his balls again and tugged on them and squeezed them again, rolling them around in hand. To her shock, his dick continued to grow until it was near the seven inch mark on the ruler.

Oh shit, he's got a seven inch dick and I'm not even sure he's fully hard!

Her other hand suddenly reached around him and slithered down to his pelvis...and then her fingers touched the base of his dick. He was aware, all at once, of his mother's heavy breathing as she rested her head on his shoulder still.

What is she doing? he wondered as her hand moved more and her fingers rubbed outward atop his penis.

Oh fuck, I wanna jerk on it so bad! She fought the urge, but it was overwhelming. It reminded her of the first time she'd fucked Mark. She'd been a virgin until that night and she'd been insistent on staying that way...but then that bastard had unzipped his pants and flopped his fat cock out and just stood there with it dangling until the next thing she knew she had it in her mouth and they were naked and tussling about in the back of his truck bed under the cold starry sky.

"You see what I mean," he blurted without preamble. "It's still growing!"

She pulled him back from the table and gawked as his dick slid off the edge and flopped downward. It wasn't even near full erection. It was sticking outward though at least at a forty

degree angle from the floor. So he was still working on a full hard with certainty.

She let go of his balls and straightened up some behind him. The hand that had been teasing along the top of his penis now grasped it at the base and began pulling...no, pumping on it.

Suddenly a new sensation began to grow within his penis and it was like nothing he'd ever felt. Every stroke she made out to the tip of his dick was firing the sensation. He looked down and realized it was happening each time her hand flicked across the red ring around the bottom edge of his dick head.

He leaned back against her and sighed heavily, letting this new sensation flood over him. And then for some reason he moaned...something he'd never, ever done before, at least not that he could remember.

Without warning, his mother pushed him back up to the short little table and hefted his dick back on top of it next to the ruler...then she pushed him forward and the table ledge gouged into his balls, which he now realized were no longer dangling, but had drawn upwards into a big, round knot. The sensation should have hurt, or at least he thought...but it did not. It actually felt good for some strange reason.

"Oh fuck," his mother gasped next to his ear. She seldom lit out with the "F" bomb, so he knew it must be something serious.

When he looked down, he saw that his dick exceeded eight inches by several marks. Before he could comprehend this new fact though, she pulled him back again and resumed pumping on his penis...even more rapidly than before.

After a time, she stopped and pushed him back up to the table again and pressed him against it. This time his dick head reached past the eight and half inch mark...and...something was dribbling from the end of it.

Stephanie noticed it and let go of him and stepped back.

He turned around to face her, and his cock was standing almost straight outward...jutting toward her with its eight and half inch reach. No longer was it pencil thin either. Now it was red and swollen and probably twice its starting girth. His testicles had tightened up and drawn themselves into a tight and fat ball beneath his dick...a dick which now dribbled clear goo from the tip.

She'd almost jerked him completely off. As enthralling as it had been at the time, she was mortified by the realization of it now. What had happened to just measuring it? What happened to just touching it...just stroking it a little bit? She'd lost control with it and nearly took him for all he was worth.

He reached down and lifted it up. It was fairly stiff now, but still not standing up more than horizontal level. He stuck his finger to the goo and stared at it.

"What is this?" he asked.

Stephanie stuttered. "It's...well that's...umm...it's what's called umm...like...pre-ejaculation."

"What does that mean?"

"It's what comes out *before* you shoot semen out," she answered, hoping he understood and that he wouldn't make her go into a more *explicit* explanation.

"That's sperm...that's what fertilizes the egg and that's how a woman gets pregnant, right? We went over that in class," he announced as if it were just a normal every day topic.

"I'm sorry Shawn," she apologized. "I was just trying to see if I could...y'know...make it hard...completely hard...so we could see how big it would be," she lied. She wanted to make him hard alright, but it hadn't been just for his benefit by any means. She'd truly wanted to do more than make him hard. For a moment there she was going to make him cum. She still

fantasized making him shoot off all over the ruler on the table. Somehow that picture enraged her loins.

If he's this big now...how big is he gonna be in a few years? She considered the possibility that he might actually be bigger than Mark was...and that too, set her crotch to quivering.

"Well is this too big," he asked, pointing at his now drooping penis.

"No, baby...it's not nearly too big," she replied, letting a smile spread across her mouth. "It's awful big...and it's...well it's really nice, but it's far from being too big."

"Well is it big enough?"

"Big enough to what?"

"Well you said women would do anything for a guy with a big penis...so is mine big enough to do that?"

The question was not something she ever expected to be asked and especially by her own son.

"Well I don't know really," she admitted. "It just depends on the woman. I mean some would look at yours right now and think it's the biggest one they've ever seen. But me and Rachel for instance...see, we've seen your father's...so we aren't...well yours isn't quite as big as he is...not yet," she added, hoping not to hurt his pride any.

"So how big would it have to be to impress *you*?" he asked, his eyes locking with hers.

Again, it was a question she could never have anticipated and especially coming from Shawn.

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because you've seen a really big one...so I figure if it impresses you...then it's pretty big, right?"

Admittedly, his logic made sense, so she decided to answer him with a truthful response.

"It'd have to be about a foot long to really blow my mind," she told him. "And a whole helluva lot fatter," she added, pointing at his still deflating cock. "Long is one thing, but girth is the real thing...I mean...the fatter it is, the better."

"Why?" he asked, nonchalantly, as if they were discussing the weather.

"Well...like you said earlier, you can only stick it into a woman so far...I mean there's a bottom, y'know...but now the fatness of it," and again she pointed to his own dick. "Well a woman's vagina can stretch big enough for a baby to come out, so figure it out for yourself."

"How do I make mine fatter?"

It was a legitimate question and one that every man on the face of the earth had probably asked at one time or the other.

"I'm not sure you can," she replied. "I mean they have pumps and all kinds of crap for it...but I don't think it works."

"A pump? What does it do? Does it pump on it like you were just doing?"

She blushed. "No, no it just...well it sucks on it...and I guess that makes it swell up."

"Can I get one?"

"WHAT?!" she blurted. "What? You want me to buy you a freaking penis pump?"

"Yeah," he answered, an innocent look on his face.

Was this yet another opportunity knocking? She decided it was.

"Okay," she said. "But there are going to be certain conditions on this little venture." He smiled and nodded.

"Alright then. Number one, you don't tell anybody and I mean anybody...about any of this, you got that?" He nodded again.

"Number two, you let me be the one that operates it. I don't

want you maiming yourself with some weird device. And three, if it works...then you keep using it till I tell you it's big enough."

Oh yeah, she threw that in there. Stupid pumps probably didn't work anyway, but on the off-hand lark that it did, she wanted to make his cock as fat as humanly possible...and not just for his own benefit. And beyond that, the scheme, even if it did not work, would at least afford her the opportunity to play with his dick some more.

In her hotel room, Stephanie still sat atop her bed, recalling all that had happened...leading up to this point in her life.

I know about the pump...indeed, bitch. You think you know about it, but you don't know shit.

Angie's tone had insinuated that she thought Stephanie was behind the penis pump, wholly and without any effort from Shawn at all. The naïve bitch didn't have a clue how manipulatively her son could be...how easily he could fool you into thinking something just to get his way with you. She had no clue at all. It was almost amusing.

She picked up her iPad and clicked to her photo files and starting sorting through the images that Shawn had sent her since she left. In almost every one that showed Angie, the woman looked a little fatter than the previous one. And then there was the last one he sent. Probably he didn't intend to attach it, but he had. Or had he? She couldn't be too certain with regards to him. It was quite possible he'd done it on purpose just to goad her a bit.

The image was of Angie sitting in a chair and what was obviously him, naked, stuffing chocolate cake into her mouth. On the table beside her was a mountain of discarded containers of various types...all junk food...all empty. Angie was naked as

well and her abdomen was obviously bloated, protruding like a giant, flesh colored beach ball...her lavish tits plopped atop of it like some sort of crown.

She's the queen of the fattest gut, maybe! She giggled at her own joke...but then she looked closer at the digital picture and noted that Shawn's dick, visible behind Angie, was hard as a rock...sticking upward at about a sixty or seventy degree angle.

Holee shit! He's got a full-on erection! After all these years of trying and...and there it was...super-boner! *I can't believe it! Is this what makes him hard??*

She stared hard at the photo of Angie...then she remembered back to Rachel...his first experience with a naked woman...and she wondered...wondered if it had in fact, shaped his preferences?

The little bastard has been getting her to gain weight! He's conned her into getting fat for him! Wow...okay, that's a new level of naivety...she's a total sucker!

It seemed cut and dry, but as she stared more at the picture, she began to read between the lines. No, Shawn hadn't sent this picture by mistake. He wasn't that stupid. No, he knew he'd sent it...knew she couldn't do shit about it from half way around the world too! He'd wanted her to see this picture. It was a message of sorts. He was showing her...telling her in images...what it was that turned him on. At long last, he'd found what it was that made him horny enough to fill that cock completely out and make it stand up and salute.

If only he'd figured that out earlier...when she was still into it all...before she'd met Bill.

The delivery man had left the package outside their apartment door and Stephanie was nearly about to melt down

when she saw it. Thankfully there had been no logos or company names on the outside of the package to indicate what was inside, but the thought of one of neighbors being nosey enough to steal it and open it, made her guts wrench inside.

She'd snagged it and quickly went inside. With a few rips of the tape along its edges, she had it open. The device she pulled out of it had cost her nearly two hundred dollars. Or would... since she'd put it on a credit card.

After doing a lot of research, she'd finally concluded that the only pump devices that had any reputation for working, were the heavy duty electric ones...and from what she'd understood they did little for making your dick longer, but could, if used often enough, make your penis fatter...at least temporarily, by swelling it. She still had her doubts that it would have any long-lasting effects, but again, she was mostly only doing this as an excuse to get close to Shawn's dick without seeming overly perverse with it.

About the time she finished reading the instructions, Shawn walked in, just back from school. When he realized what she had sitting on the table, his eyes grew wide as saucers and he all but ran over to the couch where she sat.

"You think it's gonna work?" he asked in an excited tone.

"Don't expect too much, Shawn. From all I've read these things don't do that much, if anything."

"Well can I try it?"

She looked up at him as he stood beside her and as soon as her eyes locked with his, the boy began unbuckling his pants. Before she could say yes or no or stop him, he'd already unzipped them and was pushing them to his knees. He was in such a hurry that he'd pulled his underwear down at the same time, so that when he straightened up, there was nothing left covering his genitals and thighs.

“Well don’t wait for me to give you permission,” she snapped, glaring at him for not waiting for her to respond. “Oh sit down here,” she told him and pointed at the couch cushion beside her.

The pump she’d bought was called the SUPERMATIC, and it came with several size pump tubes. One was about six inches long and about an inch and a half wide. A second tube was nine inches long and about two inches wide. The third and final tube was a foot long and about three inches wide.

She turned and glanced at his penis. It was dangly and shriveled, draped across his right thigh...no longer than four or maybe five inches...but she knew it had made it past eight inches a week earlier in his room when she’d jerked on it. So she opted for the second, middle-sized tube. Following the instructions, she connected the tubing from the little motorized pump to the nine inch tube and then turned to face him.

For a moment, she considered telling him to put it on, but then she realized this was a chance to touch his dick. So rather than speak, she just reached out and picked up his penis with her left hand...and started jerking on it. As she did so, she looked at him, eye to eye, and to her surprise she noticed no response from him that would indicate it was making him uncomfortable.

After a few moments, she noticed he was swelling up, so she stopped pumping him and twisted on the couch, pulling her left leg up and sliding it under her as she situated herself in such a manner as to face him. She reached out and pulled the pump tube toward his dick and then started poking its flaccid length up inside of the clear cylinder. Without a word, she pushed it all the way down to the base of his penis and then reached over and turned the pump on while still holding the tube in place with her left hand.

A hum began and she could hear air flowing from his crotch. She wiggled the tube around but the rubber flange around the base of it was not sticking enough to make a suction against his pelvis. Frustrated, she flicked the pump off and retrieved the instructions.

“Best fit if pubic hair is shaved...blah, blah...not applicable... blah, blah...stupid...blah—Oh,” she chirped suddenly as she read that it was beneficial to use a lubricant of some nature to help form a tighter suction. She looked over in the box the pump came in and found a small container of something called, “StayHard” which was included as a sampler lubricant.

She pulled the tube off of his penis and left it lying on the couch cushion between his spread legs. Then she retrieved the squirt tube of lubricant and shot out a large gob of it into her left hand. Without a word, she reached down and began smearing it all over the base of his cock, but despite her best intentions, the act was riling her up.

Oh fuck, I’m rubbing lube on his cock! I’m lubing my own son’s cock! The smearing suddenly became a bit more intense and her hand grabbed more and more of his penis...her twisting motions growing lengthier by the second until she was stroking the whole length of his dick. The sticky goo was gross, but it was also greasy and her hand was able to slide with so much ease up and down the length of his shaft. It slid too easy. Before she realized it, she was jerking him off with intent.

StayHard, huh? How about “get-hard.” That’s what we need here...some serious get-hard for momma!

For the first time that she consciously could recall, she thought about herself...his mother...being the source of him getting hard. It made her feel guilty, but at the same time it was dirty and sexy...and made her feel attractive and hot. The guilt

seemed to get buried by those selfish sensations...and was soon forgotten entirely.

"Oh my," she popped as she noticed his dick starting to lengthen finally. It seemed to happen all at once, and unlike before, this time it was doing so with some speed. "Looks like momma finally figured out how to do that right, huh?"

Oh shit...did I actually just say that to him? Yeah I did!

She knew it was nasty sounding, but it was also hot. It felt good to finally be able to blurt something perverted to him. For days now, she'd had to keep her personal feelings bottled up, but at last, she'd finally let something slip out, and it felt good. It made her horny to say naughty shit to him like that...and she wanted to do it again...to say anything...something...just the chance to let her own excitement out without feeling guilty over it.

"That feels good, Momma," he muttered as her hand continued to stroke his growing dick.

"You like that?" she asked, her breathing a bit broken from the exertion of her pumping hand.

"Yeah, kinda," he admitted, leaning back on the couch. "It's better than the other day."

She knew he was referring to the evening she jerked him off in the bedroom with the ruler. And she *had* jerked him off. He hadn't cum, but he was certainly on the verge of it when she finally made herself break it off. She hadn't been playing...or just fondling it. No, she'd been straight up beating him off...just like she was doing right now.

"You want to hear a secret," she asked him, leaning in closer to him as she switched hands and began to stroke him with her right...and with a more vigorous amount of movement.

He looked at her but said nothing. He was biting his bottom lip and she realized he was trying not to let on how intense the sensation of her hand was becoming. Finally he nodded at her.

"Momma likes doing it," she admitted and it felt nasty. And to her delight, Shawn didn't appear to be turned off by the admission. In fact, he pushed back against the couch and let loose with one of his weird little moans. Biting his lip wasn't apparently sufficing any longer to restrain his response to her jacking him off.

She looked down and realized he was nearly as swollen as he had been the previous time and she forced herself to let go of his dick. Kicking down the urge to try and make him cum, she calmed her own hormones by promising them the chance to watch his dick swell up in the tube while she watched.

"You ready?" she asked him, but didn't wait for a response. Instead, she reached for the tube between his legs and immediately pushed his dick into it. It was far easier now because his cock was at least sixty percent hard...easily rigid enough to manipulate now...and she wondered if it was erect enough to push inside of her.

The rubber flange slid down the length of his dick with ease as it was well greased with the lubricant. To her awe and delight, by the time she pressed the rubber edge down all the way to the base of his cock, the head of it was nearly all the way to the far end of the nine inch cylinder. The concave shape of the clear tube also worked to magnify the appearance of his dick and as she looked down at it, it appeared twice as large as she knew it to be.

"Is it big enough?" he asked, putting both of his hands on the clear plastic cylinder.

“For now,” she replied as she reached and flicked the pump on again. “I can swap it out with the big one there if not,” she added as the device began to hum.

She heard the familiar air whistling and reached over to adjust the base of the cylinder, but unlike with the previous attempt, as soon as she wiggled it, the whistle stopped and the cylinder jerked of its own accord as the suction locked onto his pelvic mound.

Her eyes automatically darted to the clear tube and she gawked as his penis within it, also jerked viciously and stretched out. In a matter of seconds, his penis head was practically tapping the tip of the cylinder where the air tubing connected to it...and his penis head was turning a deep purple color as it slowly swelled.

“Holee fucking shit,” she muttered.

“WHOA!” he blurted.

“Does it hurt?” she asked, suddenly concerned for him and his equipment. “You want me to turn it down?”

“No,” he said with wild eyes. “It just feels freaky.”

“It says you gotta leave it in there a while,” she explained. “The suction supposedly pulls more blood down into your penis and makes it swell bigger...so the longer it’s on there, I guess the bigger it gets. But it says not to exceed thirty minutes.”

“Okay,” he said, no longer really paying attention to her, but focusing on his penis and the suction machine.

“Well, okay then,” she said, standing up. “I guess I can go make dinner.”

About ten minutes later, she stuck her head out of the kitchen and asked him if he was okay. He replied that he was, and so she continued with her cooking. At around twenty minutes, she decided to check on him again, but this time instead of calling out to him, she just crept around the corner of

the wall and slipped into the living room behind him and the couch upon which he sat.

He was moving oddly...technically *squirming* on the couch as if he had ants in his pants.

What the hell is he doing?

As she stepped further towards him, she realized he was breathing raggedly and every so often a tiny little moan would escape him.

Well shit...if I didn't know better it sounds like he's getting off! Curious now, she crept closer and looked over his shoulder to the cylinder between his legs.

Holee shit...holee fucking shit!

His cock filled the entire space of the cylinder, looking like a fat sausage...a proverbial five pound one shoved into a two pound casing.

"SHAWN! DAMMIT...why didn't you say something!" she blurted, now frantic as she circled the couch and lunged for the tiny pump where it sat on the table.

"NOOO!" he shouted, his voice stopping her dead in her tracks mere inches from the power switch. "Please...please don't...not yet," he added, an almost pleading tone to his voice.

As she surveyed him, she realized he was sweating and both of his hands were tightly clenching the sides of the clear cylinder...and he was flushed in the face. And then he resumed squirming again...until all at once he moaned loudly.

Instinctively, she looked down at the tube and was stunned to see white goo being sucked from tip of his penis. Suddenly the pump made an odd gurgling noise and bent down to grab at it. The instructions had said you could ejaculate into it, but there was a valve on the side that was supposed to have a small container attached to it to retrieve the semen before it made its way into the pump. She hadn't bother attaching it. Now with

frantic movements to save her two hundred dollar investment, she dumped the box over and spilled the extra contents out onto the table. With a quick snag, she had the small container in one hand and with speedy movement, managed to attach it to the bleeder valve on the side of the pump. As soon as she turned the little spigot, liquid began to ooze into the small catch basin.

She looked back up at Shawn and realized he was oblivious to her actions. His head was back against the couch, his eyes closed and he was sort of half-humping the cylinder, or trying to.

Oh shit, he's cumming...he's just gonna shoot the fuck off in a minute! She'd no sooner had the thought than she noticed another gob suck out of his penis and then she watched as it traveled up the tube and spat into the filter. The little container was already half full.

She looked at him but could not see his balls beneath the cylinder. But she knew there were there and probably pulled up in a tight little package...and...she suspected they could probably make more semen than what she was seeing in the filter right now.

"Stop fighting it, Shawn," she said suddenly without planning to do so. "If you need to go, let it go, baby! Just relax and let it suck it out and it'll feel better, I promise."

He opened his eyes and looked at her, a strange expression on his face as he sighed or tried to. Instead of air exhaling, a long moan took its place.

It was at that moment that she realized he was looking directly at her when he erupted into the chamber. The pump gurgled and she looked down and realized the catch-filter was full and she scrambled to detach it. As soon as she had it popped off, semen began to blow out of the open connection

port with whirlwind force, splattering onto the coffee table and all over her.

Shawn moaned again and she looked over at his face and realized he was still staring at her. She lowered her eyes and focused on his dick inside the cylinder and gasped as she realized cum was still being sucked out of it...sucked out of it and blasted all over the table and her...and probably the carpet around her.

When she concluded there was nothing she could do, she decided to just stand there and watch. At some point, he stopped moving and all but collapsed. She knew he was done then, and switched the pump off.

Once the hum ceased, she surveyed the mess. Half of her table was covered in quickly drying goo and as she scanned herself, she realized her forearms and hands were encrusted with tiny spatters of his semen...as were her thighs and knees where she'd been standing next to the device.

Shaking her head, she walked around the small table and bent over to slide the tube off of his penis. To her sudden fright though, it would not come off. Frantic, she began to twist it until it finally began to slip off some. With no slight amount of effort, she eventually managed to unscrew the tube and get it off of his dick.

Once it was off, she simply flung it to the floor between the couch and table, not caring if it got broke or not. Obviously it was too small for him to use anyway.

With shocked eyes, she looked down and gazed at his bloated cock, awestruck by its immensity. The pump had come with various extras, such as the lubricant, and one of those included items had been a twelve inch, flexible measuring tape. She looked over at the table where she'd spilled the box of extra items and quickly retrieved the tape.

Dropping to her knees on the carpet beside him, she stretched the tape out and measured his length at just short of nine inches. Laying it across his dick, she was awed to find that it was two and a quarter inches in diameter. Hastily, she wrapped it around his shaft and found it was nearly seven inches in diameter.

She let go of it and leaned back just as Shawn began to recover from his orgasm.

"What...what happened?" he asked, blinking his eyes. "Eww," he added when he noticed she was speckled with white crust. "Suddenly his memory cleared and he looked down at his bloated penis and then over at the pump and the cum coated table top. "Oh crap...did I do that?"

She snickered and then burst into full laughter. Of all of the things he could have said, the line he came out with reminded her of the stupid nerdy black kid on that show she used to watch as a teenager.

"Uhh, yeah...yeah you did," she finally managed to say after she got her mirth under control.

"I think," she changed her tone, "that maybe you shouldn't do that into the pump next time."

"What did I do?"

"You ummm...well, you sort of ejaculated into it," she informed him with some degree of hesitation. "You shot sperm into it, in other words."

"Sorry," he said, but his concern was more focused now on his massively bloated penis. He picked it up and shook it, amazed apparently that it was so big and not shrinking back down to its normal proportions.

Fuck! It's completely flaccid...and it's still that big? She couldn't believe what she was seeing.

Unsteadily, he sat forward and stood up. As he reached full upright position, he staggered a bit as if his legs were not cooperating.

"I need a shower," he said as he kicked his pants and underwear from his ankles where they remained. Once free of them, he started to walk forward, circling around the table from her position.

As he walked, his bright red cock swung pendulously from side to side, slapping his thighs with each step. As she watched him, she felt moisture forming in her panties. His dick looked massive in comparison to the rest of his wiry thin frame. And it was hanging at least or near to nine inches...and on him, that was nearly to his fucking knee. Part of her wanted to hurdle the coffee table and fuck the shit out of him. Part of her wanted to follow him into the bathroom and just suck his cock till he came again, but this time in her mouth.

Where before she'd only been intrigued with his genitalia, well now she was obsessed with it. It was big before but nothing monstrous...nothing to get overly excited about. But now...now there was ample reason to get excited.

As she watched him round the table and walk off toward the bathroom, she noted that she could still see his dick swinging between his legs, even from behind. She wondered if the swelling would recede and if so, how long it might take.

Part of her thought about taking advantage of the situation while it lasted. Maybe she might make him put on his swimsuit and take a dip in the pool so she could sit back and watch all the bitch-whores stare at him.

No, because then they'll all be hounding him and nobody is touching him, she decided. Looking back at the table and then at her forearms, she realized something else that was going to

be problematic. If he shot this much cum, chances were high that he could knock a bitch up just by looking at her too long.

She glanced at the pump and at the hastily removed fluid chamber that she'd had to jerk off of it in the midst of him cumming.

Are they fucking serious? Of course for a normal guy, I guess that size would be fine. She reached over and picked up the instruction manual and flipped to the back for a contact number.

Moments later, she was on the phone with someone from the company that manufactured the pump.

"Yes, it's the Supermatic 350 model," she stated for the tenth time. "No, it has a fluid catch chamber, but it's not big enough. Do you make a larger version of it?"

"No ma'am, the next size up is the 500 model."

"No, I'm not talking about the damn pump, just the catch chamber thingie. Do you have a larger catch chamber available? This one is not big enough."

"Well ma'am you're supposed to empty it out between uses. It's not intended to be a permanent storage container."

Stephanie groaned and tried to hold her temper.

"I don't think you're listening to me. The chamber...is not...large enough...to hold...all of his semen. I need...a larger one."

"Ma'am...I told you...you have to empty it between uses."

"Okay...let me explain this to you in more direct terms. When he cums...it's a shitload, okay? One time...overfills the little chamber. Do you get me now?"

"Umm...the catch chamber holds a quarter ounce, ma'am. So are you...are you telling me he can squirt more than that in one orgasm?"

"Yes...that is exactly what I'm telling you. So is there any chance that you might have or can make a larger container?"

"How much larger?"

"Oh shit, I don't know...you said this one is a quarter ounce, so maybe...I don't know...like an ounce sized one?"

"Y'know...if this were a man calling me, I'd just hang up and go on with my day," the woman on the other end of the phone said with no small bit of attitude. "Are you serious?"

"Yes, I'm totally fucking serious."

"Wow," the woman said. "I don't know. I'm not sure a larger cup would fit on that model anyway. And we don't really do custom rigs. Umm, is he using it for this, or is it just...y'know, happening while he's using it?"

"Well no he didn't intend to shoot off in it, why?"

"Well this is just me, but wouldn't it be simpler for him to just jerk off *before* he uses it?"

Suddenly she felt stupid.

"Crap...well yeah, I guess that sort of makes sense," she agreed. "Now I'm looking stupid."

"Can I help you with anything else?" The tone of the woman's voice was slightly arrogant.

"No...no that's good...thanks," and she hung up.

After setting the cordless phone down on the couch arm, she glanced over at the machine...the dried semen...and at the tube of lubricant.

"And yet another opportunity," she said aloud as she realized that this would give her the reason to jerk him off for real next time.

She stood up and started walking towards the bathroom with the intention of washing the crusty residue off of her arms and legs. But when she arrived at the door, she recalled Shawn saying that he was going to take a shower.

Hesitantly she stepped into the bathroom and glanced into the shower stall but it was empty and there was no sound within the room. About then, she noticed Shawn over in the tub, head back, submerged up to his armpits, looking for all the world like he was asleep.

“Hey,” she called out to him and his eyelids fluttered open. “You gonna be in there a while or what?”

He looked at her like she was stealing his candy.

She sighed and decided to leave him alone. “Never mind,” she said as she stepped to the sink and prepared to wash off there. But as she reached for the faucet, the dark little voice in her head suggested something else...

Opportunity!

She stopped just short of the sink and turned around to look at him. Part of her wanted to strip down and climb into the tub with him, but she knew that would be too much too soon. No, no, she had to play this slowly and carefully.

“Do you mind if I take a shower?” she asked him.

He opened his eyes again and glared at her for a second as if he was confused. Slowly he shook his head side to side but he didn’t utter a word in response.

As if it were nothing at all, she pulled her t-shirt up and over her head and then wiggled out of her elastic shorts. Standing there in her bra and panties, she decided to check his response.

As she suspected, he was watching her. She smiled at him and reached behind her back to unclasp her brassiere and then with a few practiced motions, she had it off and tossed it to the floor along with her clothes, revealing her D-cups to him. With a few more movements, she had her panties off and was walking toward the shower.

In her peripheral vision, she watched him watching her. As she walked, she put a little extra bounce in her step so as to make her tits jiggle as much as possible.

Once in the shower, she closed the door and turned the hot water on and let the steam take over. A few minutes later, she noticed him moving around out by the sink and she wiped away a clear spot on the glass door so she could see what he was doing.

Shawn was standing on the big rug that filled the area between the sink and the tub and shower and he was drying off with a towel. As he ran it behind himself and then began to shimmy side to side in an effort to dry his back off. In doing this, he made his dangling cock swing wildly from one thigh to the other. And to his mother's delight, his dick was still largely swollen despite the soak in the bathtub. It still hung down at least eight inches and was probably still at least nearly two inches wide. The head had deflated considerably though, and the skin of his penis had swamped it to the point that he looked like he was almost uncircumcised.

As she watched him, she realized he could not really see her through the fogged up glass...and the word "opportunity" surfaced in her mind yet again.

Almost instantly, her hands were groping at her own breasts and then one went downward to her pubic region and pressed into her clitoris. Moments passed and she was no longer just rubbing her clitoris, but had shoved several fingers into her vaginal opening...thrusting them in and out while her thumb worked her sexual button.

By now her son was nearly dried off, but he hadn't made any real effort to leave the bathroom yet. Instead he seemed to have taken an interest in his penis. Holding it up in his right hand, he was apparently mystified over how long it remained.

It hung over the side of his palm and dangled freely like some short and fat snake. He shook it and made it wiggle.

Inside the shower stall, Stephanie nearly moaned out loud. She bit into her bottom lip so hard that she thought for sure she'd drawn blood...but still she worked herself, just as fast as she could, knowing the show might end at any moment.

She leaned back from the glass some so that if he looked over, he wouldn't necessarily see her staring out at him. Luckily for her, he waited until then to look.

He remained staring at the shower for several moments as if he were trying to gauge what she was doing inside the stall, but after a time, he returned his attention to his penis, but this time instead of dangling it and wiggling it, he began to pump on it with one hand.

Well fuck! Is he just gonna stand there and jerk off?! She couldn't believe what she was seeing. She was right here in the shower. Why didn't he go on out and go to his room to do that? Why was he staying in here to do it? Was he looking at the shower to make sure she wasn't watching...or had he been checking to make sure she was watching? Okay, now...he's going over the line here, isn't he? He's intentionally playing with himself where he knows I can see him!

She didn't care though. At that particular moment, his motivations were irrelevant. She was enjoying the show of him wanking on his dong...and within the space of a few strokes, she was experiencing an orgasm herself within the shower.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck," she whispered between bites to her lip as she leaned back against the shower wall for support. Her legs quivered and she had a hard time remaining upright. She took a deep breath and stepped through the steam to the door and wiped away the accumulated fog from it.

“Hey, what are you doing?” she called out to him, and he immediately let go of his dick and twisted to look at her standing against the glass door.

“Nothing,” he blurted and took off out the door...his still swollen dong flopping from side to side.

In the hotel room, Stephanie stared out the window and down onto the streets of Prague. The city was old and stoic. As beautiful as it was, it made home seem like a joke. The oldest of city buildings back home were maybe a century or so old. And yet here, in Europe, cities could date back four or more centuries. And people still lived in the buildings. Sure they renovated them and modernized them, but the structures themselves were unchanged on the exteriors. It was amazing the way European architecture incorporated both old and modern. Back home in the states, developers would just tear old buildings down and scrap them before building something new. Nothing had a history...nothing ever spoke to the past or conveyed a sense of ancient history to the present. Sure we had museum structures which were preserved...but even most of those dated back no further than the seventeen or sixteenth century. Here in Europe, she'd touched buildings that dated back a thousand years to the Roman Empire. Things were built with stone and sweat here. Things were intended to last. America was a nation of consumers and everything was disposable. That thought made her wonder if our nation in and of itself, might be disposable...someday reaching its expiration date and then being tossed aside or torn down and something new built atop its ashes.

The hotel's gigantic bay window allowed her to look down four stories below to the street...to the market goers that filled

the sidewalks. She spied a woman and her son...probably similar in age to Shawn and herself. As she watched her crossing the street, she wondered if the woman had similar issues as she had. Does her son have a ridiculous sized dick? Does she ever have urges to have sex with him? She questioned all of these things as she looked from person to person in the crowd below her. Was she the only woman with this issues? Surely someone had dealt with this sort of thing before. Surely she wasn't the first or only woman with such a predicament. But she felt alone as she stood looking out the window.

She wished she had someone to talk to about these sins of hers, but there was no one she could trust. Even her bevy of friends in the Mark-haters club...they were all whores and sluts and back-stabbing bitches. To them, Shawn was a sexual tool to be used. He wasn't their son. They felt no guilt at having their way with him...not like she did. And even Angie, who had apparently just been promoted to Queen of the Mark-haters club seeing as how she just killed his ass...well, even she didn't have a clue as to what Stephanie's life was like. She thought she did, but she didn't. No, the fat cunt didn't have a clue at all as to what Shawn was really like...what he was really capable of.

In the beginning, she'd felt that it was her own deviant behavior that had led to her relationship with Shawn...but as time went by, she began to realize more and more that her son wasn't the naïve boy she thought. Looking back over incident after incident, she began to notice a familiar pattern. One which very oddly always created an "opportunity" for her to be sexual with him. The likelihood of those events always playing out perfectly were next to non-existent. The only way that they occurred was by specific design...and while she had her hand in some of them, she suspected Shawn's was more or less in all of them to some extent.

Was her son more than what he appeared? She wondered at times...more so recently than previously. Who was truly the manipulator in their relationship? Sure she'd had her way with him more than a few times...but was it only because *he wanted* her to? The answer was more daring that she was willing to accept just yet...but day by day, the one and only answer was becoming less and less deniable.

She picked up her iPad and scrolled to the photo files that he'd sent her and once more gazed at the image of him naked and force-feeding Angie.

Oh yeah, he sent this on fucking purpose. She'd debated it previously, but now...now she was almost certain. *So was this to make me jealous? Or were you trying to show me something else?*

Had it just been the jealousy thing, he'd have sent some image that showed him and her in the middle of actual sex or something where she was touching him...anything that was either direct or insinuating to some degree, that sexual interaction was taking place. But this photo was not that. While the sexual implications were obvious, her son had chosen this one specifically.

She looked at the file names and noticed that all of the ones he sent were numbered in the 5000 series. Their numbers varied, but all started with "5" and carried three more digits. The one with the naked and nasty Angie in it though...bore an odd seven digit number starting with the letters, "can" followed by a dash and ending with the date. Whatever camera was used to take this photo was not the same as Shawn's little digital camera he used for all the others. She ran a quick internet search and confirmed that the image was probably shot with a Canon digital camera. Surfing back through previous photo files on her iPad, she found some images from a

year or so earlier that Mark had posted on his Facebook page. She admittedly kept tabs on her ex, and so she watched his page like a hawk, mostly...as it were...to see who he was fucking and whatnot. She'd slacked off since he'd gotten married, but she had downloaded some picture of him and Angie not too long after they got married. And just as she suspected, the images she had were numbered the same as the food photo.

So it was taken with Angie's camera, and not his. Meaning he didn't accidentally send it to me...he intentionally copied it from her camera and included it. Little fucking rat!

She knew now for certain he'd sent it with some underlying purpose. But as she had noted, any old photo of him and her would have sufficed for making her jealous...so why pick this one?

What did she know about this image? There were several factors with it that she had already noted. One, he was displaying a nearly full stiffie...something he'd never been able to do before. Secondly, Angie was being forced to eat in it, and thirdly Shawn was the one feeding her.

So he wants me to know that he's finally discovered what makes him fully erect. He wants me to know what he's doing to Angie...and he wants me to see that this is the reason he's hard. But why?

"Oohhh," she said aloud as it finally clicked within her mind as to what the boy was up to. "You want *me* to do this too, don't you?"

The insinuation was so obvious now that she felt stupid for not having figured it out sooner. He wasn't trying to make her jealous...not in the traditional manner. He picked this photo because the two of them weren't really engaged sexually. He chose a photo that displayed that her being fat and eating was

what aroused him, but one that didn't overly slam his affair with Angie in her face. Surely her assumption was correct.

"Little bastard wants me to get fat for him," she muttered barely loud enough to be heard. "I bet you do, don't you!"

She set down her iPad and walked across the spacious hotel room to the fancy bathroom on the far side. Once inside, she shut the door and discarded her robe...the only garment she was wearing aside from her panties. The bathroom was lavish in design and décor. Every wall was a mirror. She used them all to gaze at her own nearly naked form.

She was barely thirty one years old. She'd gotten pregnant at sixteen, so she'd recovered her shape fairly easily after she gave birth. And with a lot of effort and starvation, she'd managed to maintain a youthful figure until now. She'd had slightly selfish motivations for doing so. She knew as long as she remained "hot" that eventually she might latch her talons into a man with money.

That man had turned out to be Bill Johnson. A nerd from way back, he'd gone to college and helped develop some sort of highly useful gizmo before he had even gotten his Master's degree in electronic engineering. By the time he graduated college with his Doctorate, he was already worth three million dollars and change. Since then he'd invested a bit and gambled a bit with other projects and his original fortune was now worth about five million. He was a tight-wad though, and refused to live like the rich bastard that he was. They lived in a five bedroom home that was worth about four hundred thousand and both of them drove matching VW Beetles. The man refused to be loose with his cash. Behind his back, she called him Scrooge McDuck.

He was a humble fellow and she got along with him quite well, but he was lacking in the sex department. At best, he

might have put forward five inches, and that was being generous. She didn't mind. He was certainly well worth the efforts...the faked orgasms...the unearned compliments and whatnot. But part of her yearned for more than financial security. Bill was smart though...exceptionally so...and it made her leery of letting on that anything beyond a normal relationship existed between herself and her son. To wit, since moving in with Bill, she'd sworn off even looking at Shawn, much less touching him.

It had been hard...almost murderously difficult, to avoid the urges she had every time Shawn was in the room with her. For the longest time she'd just been able to do whatever she wanted whenever she wanted with him...but all at once, the show was over and he was off limits. No dick in the world was worth jeopardizing her chance to lay claim on a five million dollar fortune.

And so she'd been avoiding Shawn for the last few months since they moved in with Bill. And apparently his fling with Angie was a play for *new* attention. If he couldn't get it from her then he'd get it *somewhere else*...quite obviously. Yet, perhaps...*another message* he was sending in his dirty little sex photo...or lack of sex, rather. Nudity and freakiness it had plenty of, but actual sex it did not possess.

Now that she was married though, perhaps she could be a little more open with Shawn. Bill did a lot of traveling for work and he wouldn't be home to see what was going on. But if she was to win back his interest, she knew she was going to have to work for it...and Shawn had already sent her the message on how to go about doing that.

So it was simple then. If she wanted to get him between her legs again, she was going to have to fatten up. Well, the only reason she'd stayed slim all these years was to win herself

a prize husband...and at long last, she'd finally managed to do just that. So what was stopping her now? Well for one, she knew damned well Bill wasn't going to like it. She was his "trophy wife" and that meant she needed to stay polished and shiny. If she started gaining weight he was sure to come unglued...and if he came unglued...what then?

Divorce?

Hmmm...would that be a bad thing? A sympathetic jury of mostly housewives feeling sorry for the wife whose uncontrolled weight-gain is the only reason her rich husband is dumping her?

The idea had merit. Maybe it was a really good plan. Make him dump her and she was sure to get a nice chunk of his cash as a bargain to hurry up the divorce and to keep it quiet. He didn't really have any cars or houses or boats worth taking. And if he didn't leave her immediately...but perhaps started cheating on her, it would go even better.

The word "opportunity" suddenly sprang to mind once again for the first time in a long while, and she knew she was on to something...something that would just possibly get her everything she wanted in life...Bill's money and Shawn's dick.

The hospital parking garage was dead. It was well after the lunch-time rush and apparently most of the staff had returned to work and most visitors wouldn't be in till after five when their own jobs ended, so for the most part, the garage was devoid of people.

Haley opened the door to her unmarked police Crown Victoria and lifted herself out up and then out of it. She felt almost naked with so much of her skin bared to the elements. She glanced upward and noticed a security camera pointing in her general direction and wondered if the security guards were

watching and if so, would they make the distinction that her car was a police vehicle. She hoped not. The car was completely black and aside from the extra antennas and dual tailpipe, it wasn't any different than any other Ford of the same make.

She staggered briefly as she stood upright, unsteady on the high-heels she'd found in Angie's closet. She wasn't used to wearing such shoes and standing up was hard enough...but she fretted most about walking in them. As she closed the car door and locked it, she stepped off on the seemingly long-distance trek to the parking garage elevator. Earlier in the day, the fifty yards didn't seem that far, but now in the ridiculous shoes, the distance seemed like miles.

She had no flow to her walk, and each step seemed like she was clopping with horse hooves on the hard concrete beneath her feet...not only just the sound, but also the rough impacts. Her belly and tits jiggled enough when she walked barefoot, but in the high-heels, they were just gyrating uncontrollable with every loud and jarring step she took toward the elevator.

As she moved steadily across the garage, she realized that she was unintentionally sucking her belly in. So many years of habit were difficult to ignore. It was as if she were subconsciously trying to prevent her gut from bouncing.

Oh c'mon Haley...this is the whole point. If the stupid shoes are making your fat jiggle more...that's actually a good thing! Relax and just work it! Go with it! Let it fucking jiggle and bounce!

Mentally coaching herself, she drew closer and closer to the elevator doors. By the time she was within twenty or twenty five feet, she finally forced herself to let her stomach muscles relax fully and completely. As she did so, she groaned slightly as the jiggling of her belly flab suddenly became more of an outright flopping motion, that, for a moment, grossed her out.

Only after a few more minutes of mental reassurance did she recover the ability to let her gut bounce freely. Having reached the elevator by this point, she was relieved to find it empty and so her ride upwards was mostly calming.

The arrival bell dinged and the doors opened, however, her nerves went all to shit. The hospital lobby was crowded with both employees, patients and random visitors. For several heartbeats she remained motionless, unable to force herself to get out of the elevator. At some point though, people began crowding into it with her and without her conscious notice, they pushed her out and into the lobby. It was as if one moment she was alone in the elevator staring out...and then the next she was out in the lobby and the doors were shutting behind her, leaving her nowhere to run.

People walked right past her and never even blinked. For a moment it felt like a dream, as if she might be invisible to them. But just as she began to calm down, an older nurse walked by her and her eyes shot down to her bare belly and then back up to meet her own, a glare of disapproval more than apparent on the old hag's face.

So much for being invisible, she thought to herself as she watch the old nurse walk away, still glaring at her.

At least that was only one person out of probably thirty, so the odds were a lot better than she would have ever imagined. In her mind, being dressed as she was, in a pair of hip-hugging daisy duke cut-offs and a half-shirt that was way too tight and literally the only thing covering her big tits...it seemed as though everyone should have been gawking at her and pointing. Had society just learned to envelope this type of dress? Or were these medical professionals just unconcerned with her appearance. The questions would remain unanswered.

With a sigh, she finally turned and headed down toward Shawn's room. Along the way, she passed several more nurses, only one of which, bothered to even glance at her. A few patients nodded and one even spoke to her...some old man in a wheel chair who was ogling her in a way that revealed his interest wasn't just in her fashion...but perhaps what was hanging out of it. Cringing, she spoke back to him and carried on down the corridor...finally reaching Shawn's room.

She pushed on the heavy door and it swung open. The TV was on and she could see Shawn, his back to her, sitting on the bed watching it. She decided to walk in quietly and try to surprise him with her appearance.

Shawn heard the door creaking, but assumed it was a nurse coming in to check on him. They annoyed him for the most part, so he just ignored the intrusion...but then he heard someone clearing their throat.

He twisted his head to the left almost instantly and was astonished at what he saw. Detective Marsh stood leaning against the wall wearing the most gaudy and revealing outfit he could ever have imagined seeing her in...and it looked familiar. After a few moments, he realized the shorts belonged to Angie and the t-shirt...what looked like a half-shirt on her, was actually one of his own full-size shirts...though on her larger torso, it did little more than serve as a sports-bra.

The detective's belly hung out over the top of the shorts and was even bigger than he had guessed. He could tell she had a gut from the double rolls she always had in her slacks, one below...and one rolling over the top of her belt. He had no idea that it was this big though. Maybe she wore a girdle beneath her usual attire...or maybe she just sucked it in all the time. Who knew? Whatever the case, she wasn't hiding it now at all

and the woman could have passed for six months pregnant without anyone batting an eye.

Haley's tits were also bigger than he had assumed. They were crammed up inside the tiny shirt, but from the way her nipples pressed through the fabric, he knew she didn't have a bra on and that she was either cold...or horny...perhaps a little of both.

So why would she be dressed this way? The answer was obvious and he didn't need to strain his brain on it for very long. Evidently, despite her denials, she'd been infatuated with his supersize dick and finally decided to do something about it. And from the way she was dressed, she obviously wasn't going to beat around the bush about it. She was dressed this way to turn him on and they both knew it.

He finally raised his eyes from her torso and locked gazes with her, but neither said anything for what seemed like a long time.

"So is this what you like or not?" she asked, when it became obvious that nothing was growing beneath his gown.

He grinned as if he were a suddenly well-fed cat who'd just cornered yet another juicy mouse.

The expression on his face made her suddenly wonder if he'd been playing her. Had she read him wrong? Had it set her up just to humiliate her? She was about to melt down when she noticed his gown finally move.

Slowly he pulled the tail of the garment up and then lifted it so that she could see his rising erection.

"It's not so much what I like...but more what *he* likes," the boy commented, his grin still wide and toothy.

As the boy's penis elongated and rose, Haley's worry faded. Apparently she'd read him right and as she stepped closer to his

bed, she knew that tonight would be a night she'd never forget for the rest of her life.

THE END?

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