His Futa Auntie

"Is that her?"

The guard looked over at a tall, well-built prisoner who was strolling across the yard, her outfit too tight to contain her ample muscles.

"Nope, Sheila's bigger, and meaner-lookin' too."

He chuckled at the first guard's nervous twitch.

"Relax spud, you won't have to deal with Sheila, she's gettin' released today."

"Oh.... Oh good."

"I gotta say, I actually think I'm gonna miss her... she keeps the rest of 'em in line... 'Specially her bitches"

"B... bitches?"

Tam rolled his billy club idly between his fingers.

"O' course! Got a hell of an appetite. Sam over there's the one who usually takes it worst."

Spud looked over at a young man who was limping, looking slightly dazed.

"Is... is something wrong with him?"

Tam chuckled.

"Oh, I 'spect Sheila's just had her morning session. He'll be full to the brim... I tell yeh, if there's one thing I WON'T miss, it'll be cleanin' her cell afterwards. Dang near drowned a couple o' times."

"In... in what?"

Tam raised an eyebrow at his green compatriot.

"Boy.... There's enough jizz in her balls to fill the Pacific."

"Jesus."

"Yup.... Gots to be honest, I don't know how they are lettin' her out, but... rules are rules I guess."

They watched as Sam limped off.

"May God protect whoever she sets her eyes on next."

***

Pouty lips. Pale face. Long lashes. If you had described the figure staring into the bathroom mirror as a young girl it would have been a reasonable, if entirely inaccurate conclusion.

The young girl was in fact a boy, or rather a man, although anyone who guessed him as being a twenty-three-year-old male on first glance was either lucky or blind, because a considerable portion of his assets had gone into making him look as wilting and soft as the most delicate of flowers.

He brushed a wave of black hair out of his saucer-like eyes. Somehow he always seemed an inch from crying out of those deep, black wells, and today was no different, rubbing a hand across his chest and belly which looked like they were intended simply to be oiled, massaged, or perhaps photographed before being placed on pillows in a museum, light shining off the milky sheen of his skin.

"Okay, okay... James, tell them, you're an adult now.. you're an..."

He tripped over his words a little and his knee turned inwards.

"No, no.... Mum, Dad... I can... I can be alone... I...."

There was a pause whilst he seethed at himself and stomped his foot so gently that it barely made a sound on the tiles beneath him.

"Just.... Hmph!"

It was impossible for James to say why he was the way he was, but it had always been this way. From his first moments, he had always been effeminate, delicate, demure....

His fingers found the one note of rebellion on his otherwise flawless young body, a belly button piercing, which matched the one in his

tongue. He thought it looked pretty cool... the girls would love it when he was older.

James grimaced, having thought the same for six years. He was still waiting for them to notice him...

The painful memories of the only date he had ever been on still haunted him; somehow managing to convince an old classmate to accompany him to a bar, only to have her almost vomit because of the sound of his ass-cheeks clapping as he walked. He had tried to avoid short-shorts after that, but his bubble butt was so sensitive....

'Speaking of which, time to work out', he thought, puffing his chest up.

Since sneaking his father's workout DVDs from their bedroom (little did he know they were actually his Mother's), he tried to do them three times a week. James didn't know why but the central coach wearing tight spandex on the front cover always seemed to make him feel safe somehow.

James placed the disc in, turned the tv on, and slid on head and wristbands to soak up any small traces of sweat before clicking his favourite sequence: 'Day 6: Ass and legs'.

"HEY there guys, it's Terrance here on high-five workouts, and we're here to get those cheeks and tweaks pumping!"

A group of women ranged from thirty to fifty jogged on the spot behind him, all with large, incredible breasts and asses, cheering as they began to lunge left and right with Terrance whilst he gyrated his groin with gusto in the air. The soundtrack was cheesy, and the colours couldn't have been more garish if they were in a kid's TV show. Pink was everywhere.

James' eyes roved across the bevvy of bouncing breasts as he lunged. He usually oscillated between those and the bulge in Terrance's pants. He didn't know why his eyes fell there so often, but he rationalised that it was in the centre of the screen so it would be tough not to look at it anyway.

James felt himself rising to full mast with his four-inch penis, which he assumed meant his workout was going well. Blood pumped through his crotch, creating almost no identifiable bulge in his pants

as he wiggled his ass this way and that, and the two rubbery pillows began slapping together as if applauding themselves for being so slutty.

By now James was used to the sound of his ass smacking itself behind him if he got any more enthusiastic than a slow walk, but he had learnt to avoid doing it in front of other people, as it provoked laughter in many cases, and sometimes much worse. His Dad in particular detested having to hear the reminder of how worthless his only son was, and insisted James never work up a sweat in the house whilst he was present.

"Come on girl!" shouted Terrance, squatting low, and James obediently lined his hips up and dipped down to the floor. His ass was so bubbly that if he ever lost balance and fell backwards it sometimes bounced him back up, and he had convinced himself that his natural reflexes must be the reason he could get back on his feet so quickly.

Around thirty minutes of brutal leg exercises had James huffing, sweat bands soaking in the slight sweat coming from his wrists and forehead.

He could feel the burn in his thighs and quads raging through the muscles, and by the time they reached the only arm exercises of the video he had stopped and begun glugging from his water container, as he always did whenever they decided to do upper body work. After mulling it over for a few seconds, he decided that this was enough for one day.

Turning away from the screen where the women were now pumping their shoulders, he casually clicked the power button on the remote and went into the shower to wash the tiny amount of sweat off his body, before dressing himself in one of his many booty shorts and tight-white t-shirt combinations that always gave him a confidence boost. The extra small (women's) t-shirt allowed him to flex his adorable biceps and actually fill out the sleeve.

He didn't know why women never seemed to go for him... he was already manly, he thought whilst teasing his own nipple through the near see-through material, before realising he was doing it again and folding his arms. It was hard to think without his fingers naturally

straying to his sensitive buds.... Still, not the worst habit in the world, he could be a masturbator! He shivered, thinking back to the two times he had masturbated in his life, and a deep shame stole through him.

"Dinner's ready!" said a voice from downstairs, and James' eyes peeled. Maybe May would notice he had got pumped from his workout?

He jogged towards the kitchen and then stopped because his ass-cheeks were making such a racket that he might wake the neighbours. He slowed his pace and turned up in the doorway, where a ginger girl with a little more height than him, green eyes and a pretty nose was serving macaroni and cheese into two waiting bowls.

James watched her for a second and nearly jumped out of his skin when Jessica tutted.

"You know... you must be the loudest boy I've ever heard for someone who's trying to be sneaky."

His face went bright pink as she turned with an unimpressed look.

May was eighteen, five years younger than him and about to go to college. For some reason his Mom and Dad seemed to think it was perfectly fine to have her babysit him.

"So, Mac and Cheese?" said James, trying to turn to the side and show his arms tight in the t-shirt, which had the unfortunate side-effect of swinging his butt into full view and making it explode out of his short shorts like the most shameless Instagram model imaginable.

May sighed and put down the serving spoon.

"Listen James, for the last time those workout videos are never going to get you laid, and certainly not with me, so can we just eat dinner?"

He nodded, deflated as he accepted the bowl being proffered to him and sat down at the table.

They ate in silence for a few minutes before May struck up a conversation.

"James... I really don't understand why you don't just admit you're gay."

He hiccupped, lodging a piece of pasta in his throat. It wouldn't budge, and he coughed, clutching pathetically at his throat. May rolled her eyes, already walking over. James' eyes were going red as he spluttered, and then strong hands wrapped around his belly and slammed him against her. The offending carbohydrate sailed out of his mouth and through the air, landing on the spotless kitchen table along with a small splodge of saliva.

"Th-thanks," he spluttered.

May didn't reply, quite accustomed to James' inability to present even a poor imitation of an adult male.

"As I was saying, you being gay..... The workout videos, the way you dress, the way you ARE.... It ain't that hard to work out."

He said nothing, already fighting back tears.

'Men don't cry, men don't cry, men don't cry.'

"Two plus two equals four right?"

She eyed him with interest, a rarity in itself as she usually did the exact opposite. He had once asked if she would like to play his favourite dance video game with him, but she had flatly declined, and he had avoided the olive branch from then on.

"I'm not gay."

His tone was as firm as he could make it, and he crossed his arms.

"I'm a man."

"Fuck you, asshole," she said robotically.

His eyes welled up, and he scrunched them shut.

"W...why would you say that?..."

She raised an eyebrow, smirking.

"Because men don't cry every time you call them an asshole."

She continued eating her macaroni quite serenely as James breathed a few times and wiped his eyes.

"W-well you caught me by surprise."

They ate the rest of their meal in silence, James putting his knife and fork together and waiting for May to finish.

"How was it?"

"Nice," he smiled.

She nodded and grabbed both bowls, nudging him on the way to the sink which made him wince.

"In deniallllll," she sang softly, placing the bowls on the dishwasher rack.

James stared at the lone piece of macaroni sitting forlornly on the kitchen table.

He wasn't gay. He was just waiting for the manliness inside to come out....

"Are you going to clear up your mess or just leave me to do it?"

"Yes, sorry," he whined, waddling over to the kitchen roll which set his cheeks slapping again.

"Jesus James, could you glue those together or something?" she said, scrunching her nose in disgust.

"Sorry."

He tried to mince his walk back to the table and that seemed to do the trick.

His gaze honed in on the table and he carefully sized up his target.

May watched with incredulity as he bent over the table like a porn star, so focused on making the table spotless, tongue pressed to the outside of his lips, that he didn't notice May's nauseous expression as he doubled over, ass waiting to be mounted.

"Disgusting," she murmured, unable to look away as he began to gyrate whilst carefully wiping every last inch of the dirty spot on the table.

'Honestly maybe I should ask him for lessons on how to be a slut, that way the boys at college might actually notice me,' she grumbled in her head as he twerked the last of the counter to a perfect shine.

"All done!" he simpered, mincing over to the bin and threw the dirty towel away.

May's fake vomiting went unnoticed as a car engine outside signalled the return of Mom and Dad from date night.

It looked like the tiny amount of freedom he could enjoy was about to end.

He fingered the stud in his belly button as the lights went out and two figures walked up to the front door.

"Hey Shnoogums! May! Goodness this summer never ends!"

His Mum was first in, offering a warm smile to them both as she stepped in. She was a plumpish woman with mousy, greying hair, and a radiant expression. A white cocktail dress sat on her curves and covered anything that might be considered provocative, and a small silver cross hung from her neck.

"How was your date Miss Bennet?"

"Oh wonderful, we went to St Piers, quite lovely!"

She seemed to swell when she gazed upon her handsome boy.

"How was everything here?"

"All good Mrs Bennet, James choked on a piece of macaroni."

James groaned as his Mother hooted and scurried over to check him in case the macaroni was still hiding under his shirt, waiting to throttle him at a moment's notice.

"Oh Goodness, thank you so much May, what would we do without you! One hundred and fifty was it?"

Mr Bennet stepped through the doorway as money was being handed over, looking rather well fed. His expression changed as soon as he laid eyes on his son and the amount of money changing hands.

"Yup," said May, her smile gleeful as she scrunched the bills in her hands. "Oh by the way Mrs Bennet, I won't be available for a little bit, I'm going to some open days, so I'll be out of town until Wednesday."

"Oh... Oh all right, well.... well good luck, and we'll see you when you get back I suppose!"

"Great, bye guys!" and with a last weird look at James, she went through the doorway.

"Bye," he murmured with a wave, but she had already marched down the driveway, and his arm fell limp by his side.

"Lucky May was here right honey? Thank God for that girl, I swear she was sent to us by Jesus himself."

"Yes... thank God," said Mr Bennet through gritted teeth, still infuriated that they needed to ask their neighbour's eighteen-year-old daughter to watch over their grown toddler.

His mother didn't notice the frustration in her husband's voice, continuing as if he had heartily agreed with her.

"Well we'll need to find a replacement babysitter darling, it'll be on honeymoon week as well...."

James' ears pricked up.

He minced up to his Mum and Dad who were busy taking their shoes off, careful to keep his butt silent.

'Now is the time, while they're happy.... You can do this.'

"Mum...Dad... I'd.... I'd like to ask for... for something."

Mum smiled kindly at him. His father glowered.

"What darling?"

"Well... If.... I'm older now.... I-It's....."

Mrs Bennet waited patiently whilst Mr Bennet already looked like he was close to bursting a blood vessel, his head transforming into a plum with slits for eyes.

".....I could stay.... I'm old enough now...."

"*You said that already!*," rumbled his father, turning an even deeper shade of purple.

"Doogums," said Mrs Bennet sharply to her husband, and he held back the vile epithets threatening to spill out from his mouth. "Come now darling, use your words."

"I...."

'You can do this.'

"I would....., I would like.... Um... I would *liktostayloneinthouse*."

He gave a strong nod and a hopeful smile.

His parents looked down at him confused.

"I'm sorry darling?"

His smile dropped, and he put a steely look on his face.

"Mother, Father....."

Mr Bennet growled so loudly that the cat sleeping on the stairs woke with a fright and scarpered up to the landing.

"OH erm... I can stay here. I can stay..... Here..... Alone."

Mrs Bennet's eyes became shrewd.

"Excuse me young man?"

Mr Bennet's eyebrows crept up his forehead. Could this be the first hints of masculinity threatening to creep from the peachy lips of his son?

"I think he said perhaps he wants to stay on his own...."

"No he didn't," she said sharply.

"Yes... I..."

She cast a furious eye on him.

"....I did."

The words seemed to echo through the hallway and out into the street.

James' lips quivered.

Mrs Bennet closed the door slowly, which chose this particular moment to creak like it was auditioning for a horror movie.

"Darling, I'm sorry.... but I do not think that this is a wise idea."

Mr Bennet look pained. His son trying to be a man? This could be a once in a lifetime opportunity....

He chose his words carefully.

"Dear... perhaps it would be nice to give him a little time to himself... grow his confidence you know ..."

"HE IS NOT BEING LEFT ALONE IN THIS HOUSE!" she shrieked.

That shut everyone up. There would be no arguing with James' Mother when she felt her chick was being threatened.

Mr Bennet schemed for a moment, brain whirring as he searched for a way to squeeze through her sturdy defence mechanisms.

"Of course, of course dear..."

She fixed him with a sturdy gaze.

".. But we would still need to find a nanny," he finished, trying not to wilt under her stare.

"Yes... yes," she breathed, slipping back into the doughy eyed woman that had walked in moments earlier once more. "Perhaps Jeremy?"

"He's moved away, you know this," said Mr Bennet, still hopeful of fanning the miniscule flames of manhood in his son after twenty-three long years.

"Is any of the family still in town?"

"No, none at all."

"Wait... But what about Auntie Sheila?"

James blinked.

'I have an Aunt?'

Mr Bennet paused, his master plan coming undone.

"Sheila..... but.....hasn't Auntie Sheila.... Didn't she just come out of prison?"

Mrs Bennet looked at him incredulously.

"Yes.... But our Shnoogums needs a babysitter."

James tried to pipe up.

"I.. I don't...."

His Mother cut over him harshly.

"If Auntie Sheila is available then she will look after our beautiful boy."

Mr Bennet seemed pained, desperate to try and appeal to the good nature of his wife.

"Dear.... Darling.. if our only option is Auntie Sheila, perhaps we should just give it up as a bad job and let the boy become a man. I mean... He can't stay here forever!"

This was the single worst thing he could have said, as his wife's nostrils quivered, and she clutched her handbag tight to her chest with a clenched fist.

"I think she will do *just fine* Graham!... The bible teaches us forgiveness, and of course, she is still family... Auntie Sheila will do it."

This last statement and the use of Mr Bennet's first name seemed to settle the matter. Mrs Bennet, looking much happier now that her

chick would be remaining safe in the nest, spoke to James as if he had not been present for the entire conversation.

"Darling, Auntie Sheila will be looking after you next week."

"Yes, thank God," said Mr Bennet, glowering now that he was once again resigned to his son remaining a plumped-up ken doll with stripper buns.

"But... you never told me I have an Aunt...."

Mrs Bennet seemed to deflate slightly.

"Yes well.... The Lord gave her a different path to tread... Be that as it may... the fact is she is family and will be looking after you."

James looked crushed, and he couldn't stop hot tears beginning to flow down his cheeks.

Mr Bennet took this as his cue to leave, the waterworks having been turned on daily since the age of one and him having long since grown tired of it. He sidled to his favourite couch in the living room, ready to watch the same cop tv-show that he had watched for the last fifteen years.

"SHhhhhhhhh, it's okay, it's okay," whispered Mrs Bennet, embracing James in a big hug and kissing him on both wet cheeks, and once on the forehead for good measure.

"S...stop it," he whimpered, although he felt his shoulders and head sag into his mother's arms.

"It's for your own good," she said softly, before giving him a final peck on the cheek.

"Now off you pop to bed young man, it's almost eleven!."

He gave a furious sob and stormed off, cheeks thumping together like someone was smacking raw meat with a firm hand.

"Goodnight Shnoogums! Don't forget your prayers."

"Goodnight Poogums, I-I won't.." he snivelled, unable to refuse his Mother the affection she always gave to him.

He wished he could be as close with Dad, he thought whilst closing the bedroom door. Father had always been a tough nut to crack, and unfortunately James wasn't any good at being masculine...or cracking nuts, or indeed physical activities of any kind. The workout videos had never really improved his strength or stamina either. Just his ass... those huge round globes that followed him like giant suns that caught people in their glare, announced him to every room he walked into.

He lay back on his bed and pictures slipped into his mind unbidden; the women from the workout video, except they were all here in his room (imagining a beach or outdoor area made him anxious, and sunlight didn't agree with his skin.) He imagined touching their breasts whilst Terrance watched, his crotch bulge close to where James was sitting. James lingered before putting the pictures from his mind.

'Don't be a sinner.'

He needed to focus on his prayers.

James did so for a few minutes, praying to keep his family safe, to keep food on their table, and then to perhaps give him a girlfriend if it wasn't too much to ask.... his eyes opened and he lay back in bed. That was starting to seem like a miracle that even Jesus couldn't conjure.

After a while of lying in bed, his eyes closed, and he drifted off.

***

James was still in his room, but the workout video girls were there, and so was Terrance. Everything was warm, his skin, his belly... and then Terrance had gone, but the bulge was still there, and now every woman had Terrance's bulge, and they were rubbing it on his legs, his chest.....

Maybe he should tell them to stop, James thought as he rubbed a woman's bulge and touched another's breasts with his feet which were also hands, and suddenly he had hands everywhere, but they were all tiny, and he couldn't reach all the beautiful women with bulges clamouring to touch him..... God it was so hot, it felt like a sauna...

***

James mewled in frustration and woke up, gasping.

It was morning, and the first thing he felt was the heat shimmering through the curtains. It must be blazing outside to be so warm in here. There was another, more intimate warmth on his belly. He moved, and whimpered.

He'd done it again.

Pulling back the covers revealed a slick wet patch on his sheets. A grimace came to his face. Why did this keep happening?

James sighed and began removing the sheets. Having searched this on the internet, he now knew the word for it was 'wet dream,' and he had carefully avoided further research, afraid of what he might find.

It wasn't just his seed which had stained the sheets, as he looked down at huge sweat patches covering the bed. In fact he was still sweating, and he wiped his brow, feeling the liquid on it.

'God it wasn't this hot yesterday,' he thought as he waddled to the bathroom and cleaned himself up.

A shower helped to rid him of the feeling of dirtiness, although it was still so sweltering that he ended up forgoing his usual outfit for the day entirely and just slipping on a pair of briefs.

'Mum and Dad wouldn't want me to overheat in this weather,' he thought to himself, although exactly why a t-shirt would make such a difference he could not necessarily answer, idly tweaking his nipples as he set to work on changing his bedsheets.

Housework always seemed to calm him, and after a few minutes a pile of dirty sheets lay in the laundry basket, his bed now spotless in silky white sheets.

'I'd make a great house husband..... That'll show my Dad, when girls realise how manly I am', he thought whilst furiously fidgeting with his pink nubs which were now aching.

He could do the laundry, iron dresses, scour the kitchen floor... He had almost perfected his scrubbing motion, and sometimes liked to watch videos of women in maid outfits for refence, learning their gyrating motions off by heart.

Padding downstairs the first thing he noticed was his mother sweating as she put the phone down, although whether this was solely because of the heat or not he was unable to say.

"Hey Poogums,"

"Hi Shnoogums,"

"Who were you talking to?"

"Oh... Sorry Shnoogums, I was on the phone to ... to Auntie Sheila... just trying to discuss a few house rules that needed clarifying.... N...Nothing to worry about."

He nodded, and then his face fell as he looked at the table and realised that his Mother hadn't made breakfast.

"That's... that's okay Mum," he mumbled, cushioning himself onto the chair. He sometimes got a bit cranky when his mother didn't prepare meals, and it didn't help that she had steadfastly refused to let him near the stove since the time he'd tried to boil an egg and nearly set fire to the kitchen.

The colour didn't return to Mrs Bennet's cheeks as she grabbed a cereal box and began pouring oats.

Mr Bennet peered in and his jaw clenched.

"James... why are you not weari-"

"Graham, leave him be, it's hard for Shnoogums, he'll be all hot and bothered in this weather," sang Mrs Bennet, eyeing her boy dotingly, and Mr Bennet fell silent, retreating to the living room with an odious look at his son sitting expectantly in his briefs, waiting for his mother to feed him.

They ate in silence, and then his Mum got up and busied herself with travel arrangements whilst James tidied up the bowls and wiped the counter clean. He daydreamed about getting the right cleaning action to scrub the bowls to a mean shine, and gave a jealous look at the dishwasher... if it weren't for all this modern technology he'd be front of the queue for women needing a man around the house, especially when bending over to get those really tough spots. He wandered upstairs after he was finished and spent the next hour flicking through different dusters and cleaning products on his laptop.

"Wow... the XD Vacuum looks incredible, the suction power....three hundred and seventy air Watts!..."

He hovered over the 'add to cart' button before closing the laptop wistfully. Maybe another day. For now he had to do his chores without his wish-list.

The rest of the day was spent making beds, doing laundry, scrubbing floors and wiping surfaces. His parents had soon figured out that even when they told him not to it was impossible to prevent him scouring every surface in the house, and his father had resigned himself to his son sneaking in at any moment to douse the living room carpet in cleaning spray, or perhaps wander into the bedroom sporting an apron and feather duster.

By six-pm his arms were aching, and he fell to bed after dinner, satisfied. Tomorrow he could start on the attic, which hadn't been cleaned in nearly a month! He dreaded to think what would await him up there... As he drifted off he briefly remembered that Aunty Sheila would be arriving tomorrow... He imagined a clone of his mother, loving, but similarly protective, and huffed, turning into an uneasy sleep.

***

The engine whined, spluttering as gears were wrenched into places they didn't want to go.

"Fuckin piece o' shit."

People stopped and stared at the rusted Cadillac that had no right being on the road. Huge strips of paint were worn or scraped off entirely in what looked like multiple road accidents including a failed attempt to dodge a wrecking ball.

Tires squealed on the tarmac as it shot from its resting position, almost mowing down a woman with the temerity to have one foot lingering on the crossing. She yelled as the junkbox raced away, weaving between cars and missing by millimetres, car horns blaring in its wake.

People looking to the driver's seat would catch a glimpse of bleach-blond hair, buzz-cut close to the skull as it whipped past, but little more than that.

Soon the Cadillac reached James' neighbourhood and slowed to a relative crawl of five miles over the limit.

People who happened to be looking out of their window at that exact moment stared, caught in a trance if they saw the figure inside clearly, gawping at the middle-class equivalent of a nightmare.

A figure with blond hair shaved in a military buzz-cut sat with her muscled arm hanging lazily out of the window, the colour contrasting heavily with her bronzed skin that seemed to have been open to the sun for years. She was huge, easily taking up the car space to the point where it looked almost like a toy, and her lips were as juicy and kissable as her jawline was intimidating. A silver bull ring hung from her nose which, combined with her aggressive expression made it look like she was on the verge of headbutting whatever she deigned to look at. What made this sight even more provocative was the fact that her healthy cheeks and long lashed eyes were quite pleasing on the eye, and the juxtaposition of femininity and raw aggression had people's heads spinning as she flew down the road.

People froze in the middle of opening their curtains, collecting their mail or trimming their hedges as they glimpsed the bull-woman scanning through the large white houses, but Sheila took no notice, resting a heavily muscled arm out of the window and pounding down the residential streets in fourth gear.

Eventually she seemed to spot what she was looking for, and her expression turned into one of excitement as she turned the bucket of bolts screeching into the driveway of number 32 on Pendon street, coming to a rest in a small dust cloud of burnt rubber.

Subtlety had never been Sheila's strong suite.

James heard the screeching and ran to the window, gasping as he peered down for the first look at his new babysitter.

Even though the Cadillac was spacious, it looked like the woman could barely fit inside it, and James murmured as she stepped out to her full height.

Her head was close to the neighbour's basketball net, and whenever she moved the sun reflected off the swell of bronzed muscles ripped across every inch of her body, shining off the piercings adorning it, mainly on her lips, ears and nose. The things that didn't move in any way were her tits, huge bolt-on monstrosities that, whilst in proportion, drew the eye in a way that most certainly wouldn't be considered Christian, with obvious nipple piercings pressing through a tight black tank top. She sniffed the air like a wolf, eyes set on the entrance to their home.

'Is that really her?.....'

James felt the hairs on every inch of his body flick upwards, (not that there was anything lengthy to speak of below his neck), and his heartbeat began to pound in his ears as he stared at yoga shorts that seemed welded onto her gigantic ass, thighs like tree-trunks that had been uprooted and brought under her spell. The pants were under pressure from so much ass and muscle mass that he had no idea how she had squeezed into them in the first place. She took a moment to scratch her underarms and his toes curled as he saw armpit hair under her wide shoulders.

He had to rub his eyes to check he wasn't dreaming.

Mother had said she had been in prison. *'For what?'* he wondered.

BANG BANG* *BANG*

The knocks on the door sounded like a horse was kicking it in, and James heard his Mother hurry down the hallway to open it.

He crept across the landing to check that he hadn't hallucinated what he had seen, and sure enough when he peered down past the banister he was greeted to the sight of his Mother sporting what seemed like an attempt at a smile but instead was coming out as more of a pained wince, staring up at the huge figure on the porch.

"H..How are you dear? So lovely to see you.... I see you have some new ah... accessories," she stammered, staring at the studded ears and nose.

"I'm fuckin' great Sis... and thanks, got most of them in prison."

Her voice was deep, a rumbling sound that he could feel alongside the butterflies in his belly. James put his hand to his stomach to calm them.

Sheila gave his mother a rough hug and he could see his mother wince as she did so, wrinkling her nose at the 'natural' odours

"You seem... well," she said, making sure to back away just enough to avoid any possibilities of being hugged again.

Sheila began striding around, peering at family pictures and other objects before discarding them carelessly.

"Yeah... prison was fun, made a LOT of friends there.... reckon Sammy will miss me especially."

She smiled like she'd just told a funny joke.

"Uh.. Sammy? A uh... friend of yours?"

She laughed, a huge sound that filled the air.

"Oh FUCK no! He was my bitch, face like a pig but that ass....."

She closed her eyes, stretching her hubcap hands out in front of her like she was squeezing something only she could see.

Mrs Bennet's face went so white she might have been a reanimated body.

"Right.... Well, good to t-turn over a new leaf yes?"

"Huh?" said Sheila absent-mindedly, coming back from a place of pleasure and looking around the house once more with an approving eye, almost knocking over an ornate vase which his Mother swiftly grabbed and placed back on its perch.

James continued to stare, unnoticed. Now that he could properly look at his Aunt, he found himself fascinated. She seemed cramped inside their house, like an adult walking through a children's playground. Close up he could see each strand of her leg muscles, expanding and contracting as she strutted around their hallway like a hundred living creatures were working in tandem to propel her gigantic frame. Her nipple piercings were headlights attracting the eye just as much as her gorgeous lips. So many signals were worming their way into his brain that his fight or flight responses had kicked in, and he remained frozen like a gazelle staring from the bushes.

"Nice place."

"Yes... we moved fifteen years ago... just after you...."

His Mother fell silent and closed the door. Not knowing what to do with her hands she busied them by re-arranging the shoe-rack.

"What, became a woman?..... or went to prison."

Mrs Bennet didn't seem to know what to say to this.

"A.....After we... last saw you," she stammered.

"Right," said Sheila. "So... Where's the squirt?"

A note of eagerness crept into her voice.

"Well, I think we should go through the ground rules first...."

Sheila growled and rounded on his mother, and James was painfully aware of the size difference between the two figures as she towered over his Mother.

"Told ya I don't do rules."

His eyes opened wide as his Mother moved forwards until her chin was almost touching the breasts of her sister, with a determined look on her face.

"You will where my son is involved, or you can get out of my house. I'm sure your criminal record will make fine reading for anyone brave enough to hire you."

James' mouth clanged open, and he watched as the two figures sized each other up, consumed with simmering aggression.

Then Sheila, to his amazement, backed down.

"Fine," she snarled. "But I'm not doing any of that prayer shit... I'm guessing you have him nice and converted huh?

As if by magic, his Mother was back to her comforting self.

"He's quite enamoured with our Lord, so he won't need your help on that count."

Sheila's eyes rolled, before casting their way around every inch of the house, searching, and as she turned towards the stairs James saw something..... something that clutched his attention in an iron grip.

Auntie Sheila's crotch was sporting a bulge that he couldn't equate to anything human. The shape was massive, like an Ostrich's egg crammed into the front of her shorts. It was not round but oddly mishappen, like a meaty wand stuffed in there, curled up and waiting to be released. He didn't know how he could have missed it the first time, and it was so difficult to understand that he turned his head sideways. His entire being was focused on trying to work this problem out, digest it, take it in.

Then he looked up into deep brown eyes lasering straight into his own.

Every inch of his body came alive, trying to hide behind its neighbouring organ. He choked as Auntie Sheila's eyes flickered, pupils going wide to absorb the darkness surrounding James. If they could have spoken a language, they would have screamed hunger.

"Hello there," breathed Sheila, taking a step towards the staircase.

"Ah Shnoogums, there you are darling... This... is your Auntie Sheila.."

His mother gestured to the figure who had her eyes on him and wasn't blinking.

James couldn't get words out. She was a tiger, and he was prey.

She took another step.

Sheila growled and James' mouth went dry, and he staggered backward, turning to scramble across the landing.

"Oh...What the fuck is that," uttered Sheila, eyes like saucers as she watched an ass beyond her wildest fantasies jiggling away into the darkness.

Then it started to clap and saliva drenched Sheila's mouth as James ran trembling to his room.

She had one foot on the stairs without even realising it, breathing heavily and snorting as she prepared to charge after him and it was only when her sister gave a sniped order that she halted.

"SHEILA!"

She froze with her hand gripping the banister so hard that a tiny crack hinted at wood being crunched inwards beneath her white-knuckled bear paws.

Her foot came off the staircase and, using every inch of will she possessed, turned away from her young Nephew, to face her sister.

"You will take care of him, do you understand?"

"....yes."

'That boy is mine,' she thought.

"You are to keep him safe."

"Of course."

'I'll make him squeal.'

"And you are not, under any circumstances... to touch him. Do you understand?"

Sheila cracked her knuckles.

"Sure."

'I will bury my cock in his ass.'

Mrs Bennet cast one careful eye over her sister, before brushing past her and up the staircase.

A soft knocking came at James's door.

"Shnoogums?"

James was trembling. He was so erect and his head couldn't stop seeing that bulge. It was like the image was stuck there.

"Y-yes?"

Mrs Bennet pressed the door open and smiled down at her boy, sitting in the centre of his room.

"Will you be alright son? I know Auntie Sheila is not a um.... regular family guest, but you'll call me if anything's wrong, right?"

"Yes," he whispered.

His mother's face creased in concern at how much he was trembling.

"Shnoogums... if this is too much... We can cancel the honeymoon, it's just a week and I know your father would not want you to be upset..."

James felt the tiny freedoms he could have slipping away and forced the words out from somewhere inside.

"N-NO! I will be fine. Auntie Sheila seems w..." he paused, took a breath and continued. ".w....wonderful."

Mrs Bennet's eyebrows rose but she said nothing.

".... Fine, well... I love you Shnoogums, come here."

He got up and allowed her to hug him, kiss him on the cheeks and forehead, and tweak his chin.

"Have fun, don't forget to pray, and be good."

"I will Mother."

She beamed at him and bustled out of his room.

"Right ... come along honey!"

Mr Bennet emerged from the living room and did a triple take at Sheila, who snorted at him.

"Right honey.. oh yes, hello Sheila...."

She didn't respond, which was more than enough chat for Mr Bennet, who grabbed the last bags and scurried to the car.

"It's good to see you," said Mrs Bennet stiffly.

"You too sis," leered Sheila, and with one last worried look upstairs, Mrs Bennet came out to join her husband in the car.

Sheila stared out of the window as the car engine started, not moving until it had drifted off down the street. Then her eyes turned to the darkness at the top of the staircase. Each step she took was eager, unsteady, and she slid her hand up the bannister on a slow climb towards the young creature waiting upstairs, her shorts clinging tight to the growing bulge as she slid over to the last door which had a small crack open, and pushed.

***

James heard the front door close, and the sound of his parent's car drifting off into the distance and then.... silence. For a second it seemed as if he were alone, and his heart lifted... but then the creaks of something heavy ascending the staircase echoed through the house.

James' heart hammered, sweat dappling his chest, and he stared at the crack in the door as each squeak came closer, before stopping right outside his bedroom. He knew she was right there, looming like a monster in the darkness.

Then the door swung open with a dull *THUD* and James let out a mewl as Sheila stood in the doorway, a hungry smile plastered on her face. She stood above him rather than across from him, his ultimate antithesis.

Sheila began to snort like a bull, content to gaze down at what she knew would be the best fuck of her entire life. He was dreamlike; hair that seemed to suck in all the surrounding light and expel it out of his skin, a surface so white it looked as if he hadn't spent a single day of his life outdoors. And of course, that ass....

She leaned over, openly gazing at the side of his butt, and James squeaked, turning away and backing into a corner. His caboose seemed to take an age to follow him, and Sheila's leer crept higher than it had in the last fifteen years of ass-fucking she had enjoyed.

Sheila decided she was going to take her time with this one.

"Don't worry, I won't hurt ya," she drawled, thinking about how best to split his butt cheeks wide open and impregnate his anus, gesturing a 'come here' sign with one huge hand.

He trembled.

"I..... I don't need a babysitter... I'mmm.. I'mmnn... I'm a m-m-man...."

Sheila was salivating, not quite able to hide the spasm in her left eye that occasionally hit her when she was trying to hold back blind lust.

"Oh, sure, you're a man huh?.... Well why don't we spend some time together... Some quality time...Just Auntie Sheila and her favourite nephew, havin' fun."

James bit his lip.

"But.. I have ch-chores to do...."

"Well that's just great, because I fuckin' love watching people do their chores.... Why don't we start with the kitchen floor."

He bristled at the coarse language, something that was banned in their household.

"B.. but I cleaned it yeste..."

"Fuckin' clean it again then!" she snarled, as the corners of her mouth creased upwards.

The closest thing to Sheila's smile that James could think of was the wide-toothed grin of a great white shark, because it had the same pitiless, single-minded edge to it.

"I-I mean.... It could use a l-little extra polish," he snivelled, attempting to get up and finding his legs not working properly, forcing him to adopt a slow crawl towards the door. He tried to slip past his Aunt but the bulky legs didn't move, and when he looked up he only saw that smile grow bigger behind a rapidly swelling crotch that was beginning to... *unfurl*.

He blubbered and crawled between them, feeling her calves peel inwards as he did so, forcing him to work extra hard to pop his hips between her feet. A huge hand came out of nowhere and smacked his ass harder than his father ever had, and he blurted out a weak cry and scurried forwards.

"Good boy," she grinned as he ran towards the stairs, managing to regain the use of his legs to fly down in a cheek-clapping chorus that left Sheila's heart thumping in her chest. She waited a few seconds before following, coming to the kitchen where James was already grabbing a cloth and some polish.

He bent down, and Sheila's hands made their way to her crotch as James started twerking, putting everything he had into shining the tiled surface which was already spotless. He rested his weight forward on the cloth with every wipe, ass up in the air like a radio beacon which was sending a continuous distress signal to Sheila, begging to be met with her cock.

"Yeah, that's it boy."

James was scared of looking behind him, keen to put in extra effort so as not to displease the beast at his back, and saliva began flowing freely between Sheila's teeth because James began gyrating so hard that most of the blood in her body seemed to flood to her cock. She was almost getting light-headed watching him positively gagging for it.

'*Unbelievable*.'

The perfect little slut... and he was her stuck up sister's son, of all people!

Her brain warred with her cock for oxygen, attempting to figure out a way to lure the poor boy into a spread-eagled position for her waking python.

"Is that okay?" he asked, breathing heavily as he came up to his knees and turned to her.

"Damn right," she said, staring at his heaving chest as he bounced on his heels, "You're just fuckin' perfect."

He couldn't help blushing.

"At least for starters... we've got a whole house to work on, and I wanna see you put your sweet back into it for the rest of the day."

James rubbed his knees. It was going to be a long afternoon.

He got to his feet and Sheila growled.

"Fuck no, you don't stand unless I tell you to stand, now back to your fuckin' knees."

Her expression changed back from murder to glee as James dropped, quivering, to the floor once more.

"Such a good boy," she whispered, and as she approached, her crotch came level with his head, and James's eyes became round watery wells. 'The Bulge' was less than an inch from his nose, and there was a musk emanating from it; James reckoned that if pure testosterone had a smell, it would have been the one filling his nostrils, not helped by the brutal heat adding sweat to the cocktail emanating from her groin.

"I-I'm a man," he stuttered, even as he stared at her crotch like a prime viewing in an art installation, feeling a trill of jealousy that he didn't possess such prime bull meat in his own pants.

"Yeah, sure," she chuckled. She'd broken enough bitches in her time to know when to take control and when the boy in question just needed to give in to their nature.

He stopped staring at it after far too long a time, taking in his nanny, all 250ibs of her, those hooker lips glinting in the sunlight.

Sheila reached down and stroked his cheek with large, rough hands that had seen plenty of iron, and James didn't know what to do as she rubbed his chin like a pet.

"Get your feather duster, you're gonna do the whole living room, and get real fuckin' deep in the corners.... Just like a real man."

His eyes lit up, and he made to stand before wilting back to his knees under a glacier-melting gaze, crawling through the hallway to retrieve his feather duster and moving towards the spacious front room with cream carpets, pouffes and sofas with Sheila in hot pursuit.

Despite being a woman, Sheila had an air of masculinity that he had never experienced before, that perhaps he could sample, as if getting close enough to this beast might cause some to rub off on him by accident.

"So... so real men are good at cleaning?" he said, hoping to confirm what he already knew about manliness as he shuffled to a lamp to tickle it with his fluffy instrument.

Sheila was beginning to sense his need, dumping herself on the sofa, legs wide and one arm resting on the back.

'So he wants to be a man huh?'

"Of course, could clean this fuckin' dump with my eyes closed," she drawled. In reality only her bitches would ever do any housework on the rare occasions when she wasn't in prison. "Its one of the manliest things you can do... that and anal."

James clawed the carpet as the feather duster began to shake harder against the lamp.

"A.....Anal?" he said, trying to sound casual.

"Yeah, anal. You ever done it?"

"Urm.... No....."

Sheila laughed, or rather roared.

"Well no wonder you're not a real man yet! That's why all the girlies can see you're a bitch, like I can. Sure you got a manly ass, manly lips, manly cleaning but..... You need more than that to be a real man."

"Can... can you teach me?"

She stroked her chin as if considering it.

"Well... seeing as we're family... I suppose I could, for my dear nephew."

Her smile didn't reach her eyes, although James was far too busy to notice between being pointed to various nooks and crannies, bending to get to really low spots, and balancing on furniture to reach the ceiling, on tip-toes which tightened his leg muscles in a display of physique which had Sheila salivating.

James noticed Sheila seemed to get far more excited in these moments, which he took as a sign he was doing a good job. Maybe she could be the family member who finally understands him? The thought filled him with vigour as he began to prance across the living room, which only made Sheila more animated.

"Fuck yeh, get at it, you fuckin whore!" she heckled as he tiptoed to the television and dusted it down thoroughly.

"A-Auntie Sheila.... Thank you... but could you not, erm... not call me that...."

She tipped her head to the side.

"Well I wouldn't say it to a fuckin' man now would I?"

He deflated slightly.

"Oh... okay..."

"Listen, you can be a man... you just have to listen to your Auntie Sheila, we'll change that, don't you worry."

His smile filled with hope, and he even began to put on a show, bending so low whilst keeping his ass high that he was almost doing a headstand as he dusted under the sofas, a move which elicited a deep groan from Sheila because his ass had expanded to fill every seam of the boxers he was wearing.

"Hmmm... Dining room boy, quickly" muttered Sheila, red faced as James led her through.

More dusting, and this time she made him scrub the table, nearly bringing tears to her eyes as he flicked that whore tongue to the side of his cheek, concentrating on a particularly stubborn speck of dirt that wouldn't budge.

"Let me check it," Sheila murmured, coming up right behind James, and before he could move she had rammed her crotch into his ass, one hand on the table and one hand on his delicate shoulder to keep him steady.

"Uhnn!" he squeaked as he felt her prodigious bulge pressing against his ass-cheeks. Her calloused weight-lifter hand was tough against his skin, (he regretted being shirtless) and he tried to shirk her off before a light increase in pressure made him fall still.

"Hmmm," murmured Sheila, rubbing her free hand across the table. "I'd say you did good..... for a woman."

James moaned, crushed as her hand slid up to play with his hair.

"D-d-do you need... any more?....."

Sheila looked around.

"Hmmm, what time's it?"

She found a clock. 4.30pm.

"Yeh know what? It's been so tiring doin' all this cleaning that I think we'd better get to bed."

"Huh?" whispered James, as her fingers slid across his forehead, messing his hair up. "I...Isn't it a bit early for that?"

"You fuckin' heard me," she growled, and he whimpered, legs beginning to shake. "We're both tired, so we're gonna lie down."

"O-Okay," he murmured, and she pulled back from the table.

"Show me where you're sleeping."

She pulled herself off of him, and James staggered to the stairs, waiting politely for her to join him as she took her time, maintaining eye contact the whole way.

His jog up the stairs was noticeably quicker, which made his ass cheeks clap once more, and Sheila held back and tilted her head to the side so she could really enjoy the sight of the half-naked boy running to his doom.

'If God is real, he did a damn good job there,' she thought excitedly to herself. She picked up a bag from the hallway and checked it, making

sure the baby oil and lube bottles were still inside before ascending after him.

'Come here my little rabbit.'

She swaggered to his bedroom door and shoved it open.

James was stood next to his bed, ankle turning back and forth on the carpet.

"So.. uh... I sleep here... I think there's a spare room just down the hall...."

"We'll sleep together, I was told to look after you," she growled.

James' knees went weak.

"R...really?"

She smirked.

"Yeah... and because it's so hot, we're gonna sleep naked."

James was naturally pale, but he became near-translucent at this piece of information, his stomach trying to collapse in on itself.

"A...Auntie Sheila... I don't.... we might not fit...."

This seemed to anger her, and he fell into a mumbled silence.

"I don't give a fuck, my house, my rules," she stated.

His knees turned inwards, shoulders sagging.

"Now strip."

Tears came to the corners of James' eyes, and his fingers flirted with the waistband of his boxers, already sweating from the day's efforts, now doubly so at the current situation.

"Auntie...A-A-Auntie Sh.....Sheil....."

Sheila took a step closer from the doorway, and although she had barely moved a metre it felt like a rhino had begun its charge.

"I. Said. *Strip*," she repeated, gravel in her throat.

A solitary tear ran down James' cheek as he pulled down his boxers, revealing an erect, 4-inch cock, with a spot of pre-cum on the tip.

"Oh that's..... that's good," breathed Sheila, staring with starving eyes.

James fought the urge to cover himself up as Sheila molested him with her gaze, stepping out of his last defences.

"You're a fuckin' dirty little nephew, you know that?"

James didn't know what to say.

"I-I'm.... a man..."

"Sure you are.... my turn."

Sheila grabbed her shirt and pulled it over her head, and James moaned as her tits sprang clear in the air, round, sweaty orbs with dull nipple piercings that were so enticing to James' virgin brain. Below them a six-pack was exposed, chiselled enough that he could almost feel the steel in her abs, and he didn't have the guile to stop himself following her every move like a kitten eyeing a piece of string as she hauled her sports shorts down her thighs.... and a monster dropped out.

James nearly fainted upon seeing a penis around 14 inches in length; a horse-cock containing at least six times more meat than his unmanned baby carrot. The shaft was veiny and light bronze moving into a dark purple head, a fleshy torpedo with a huge, metal piercing in it. James had never heard of a prince albert, and his eyes couldn't conceive how she could have pierced herself with something so.... heavy. A healthy bushel of hair was present around the base of it, dark brown in contrast to her bleached hair, and every so often the appendage would throb in a way that suggested malignant intentions.

"Why you fuckin' staring?"

James was snapped out of his reverie.

"Ah urm.... I-It's large...."

"Yeah, it is," she said, swinging it casually like she was building up momentum to make a hole in the wall.

James' head followed it, hypnotised by the movement of something so big, so other-worldly.

Sheila continued to make large figure-eights in the air, popping open her oil bottle as she did so, and James didn't notice her start oiling her body until she reached her breasts.

"GLUGH!" he spluttered, nearly choking on his tongue as she slathered oil over her tits, running it down the crevasse between them and onto her belly, dripping it all the way to her thighs.

"What's the matter?" she said gruffly, a smile on her face as she began to rub the oil into her nipples.

"I just.... It's n-n-..... nothing...."

He looked up and down at the beast of a woman who had begun to expel large globs of pre from her swinging cock all over the carpet.

James couldn't speak. His mouth was dry and yet overflowing with saliva, his body hot and cold, his cock hard and his mind terrified. A million thoughts raced through him as Sheila reached down to do her thighs and calves, bending over to show a new angle of her body.

"Just something to help us relax," she stated, before turning around and slapping a handful on her ass. The two huge globes quivered, the muscle underneath loose before she tightened them in turn, making them bounce like trampolines.

James covered his erection up, feeling a dribble of his own pre-cum make its way down the sides of his shaft as his Aunt continued rubbing oil onto her ass-cheeks. He lost track of time; was it seconds or minutes... hours maybe? After a long time spent oiling her cheeks she brought an end to the theatrics and stood back up, bringing out a different bottle from her bag as she did so, her entire body shining bar the long appendage drooping out from her crotch.

"Always keep lube handy," she said wisely, giving him a wink, "Much better for your genitals, learnt that from experience."

With that, she went to exactly where James knew she would, squeezing a huge dollop of lubricant along her cock like she was glazing a giant iced bun.

James stood feeling emasculated as she worked her organ like a pro, making sure every square inch of it was slick and shining in a combination of her own cum and lubricant. He wanted to speak, to try to make sense of what was going on in his body, but everything was numb, toes curled to grip the carpet in case this was all some sort of fever-dream.

Sheila caressed the protuberance, proud of her assets as she rubbed her breasts, teasing a nipple between two fingers and letting out a groan as she took a few careful strokes up and down her cock.

James' blood thrummed through his body so fast it felt like he was going down a rollercoaster, his hard-on aching, even as his butthole flexed with fear.

"Now you," she said, grabbing both the oil and lube bottles and proffering them in one hand.

"I....I don't need...."

"Fuckin take it!" she spat, and he grabbed them with trembling hands as she came a touch closer, hands on hips. "Look, You question another word I say, I never show you how to be a man. You'll go on being a girly fag for the rest of your life."

James fell to his knees and began pouring lube and oil at random in a frenzy on his lithe body, and Sheila drank it in as he sobbed, a slippery morsel of a man, sat on his heels.

"Yeah bitch, rub it in."

He emptied the bottles all over himself like he was taking a cold shower, such a feeble expression on his face that he seemed almost cartoonish as he rubbed the mixture across his skin.

When he was done he looked like a laminated sex doll.

'Perfect,' Thought Sheila.

"Good boy.... Now let's fuckin' sleep."

James nodded with eyes down, crawling to his bed, searching for comfort somewhere in the sheets and slipping under the duvet for protection rather than warmth as the room was still sweltering. He closed his eyes, hoping that sleep would make everything disappear..... Then the bedsprings creaked, and he felt himself being pulled downwards with the displacement of the mattress, a huge weight now in bed with him, before a gigantic arm wrapped itself around his body.

The oily skin was warm against his already heated frame, and he scrunched up his eyelids tighter as more things began pressing against him; huge tits with nipple piercings digging into his back, thighs enveloping his own in walls of muscle. a tongue winding its way down his neck.

"A...Auntie," he whimpered, then gasped as a monstrous length of meat began to sandwich itself between his exposed buttcheeks.

His terror ramped up, and he cried out as the cock wormed its way between his two hills, burying itself in his ass-crack like a giant hot-dog.

"AH, A-AREN'T....Aren't we sleeping!?" he gasped shrilly.

"We need to get comfortable first, fuckin' sexy little slut," Sheila growled.

She took a deep sniff of James' hair and grunted, the sound emanating from the base to the tip of her penis, vibrating James' whole body like a fleshy tuning fork, causing him to yip like a puppy. He smelled like a summer meadow, perhaps because of the cleaning products he used so regularly, with a natural odour that was so mild it was almost sweet.

Sheila's scent in contrast was acrid and earthy, harsh sweat mixing with the light odours of her sweaty bollocks into fumes that grabbed hold of James' nostrils and wrenched his brain from any sense of home or comfort.

Their greased-up bodies began to gyrate, Sheila hugging James tight as her hands wandered with no sense of decorum or politeness, tickling down his tummy and gripping his shoulders whilst she wore him like a fanny pack. Her arms crushed him backwards as the hand on his belly snaked down to his inner thigh, the other to his chest where it began playing with his nipples. He couldn't hold in short, excited huffs in response, even from crushed lungs.

"HUH, *Hnnnnnn, Hnnnnnnn*!"

Like an animal caught in a trap, James began hyperventilating, chest expanding and contracting as her fingers played with his tender nubs, sending little thrills of evil pleasure into his body.

"Relax," she breathed harshly into his ear, as her cock began to slither downwards like a sentient being, aiming itself directly at James' butthole.

James didn't know how to respond to all the sensations being wrought on his weak frame, wriggling in his Auntie's grasp but finding no budge, even oiled up and slippery as he was, because her fingers were too insistent, her legs too tight, clamped to him like a straight jacket aiming to make him anything other than straight. .

"Here we go," she grunted, and pressed her hips upwards, pressing the wet tip of her cock onto James' flower.

"HOOOOHHHHH GODDDD!" he cried as a pushing sensation the likes of which he had never known was presented to his anus, and he flexed so tight that normally his body would have refused any and all entry to something as large as Sheila's dong... except that Sheila's hand was working its way onto his cock and began rubbing it with two fingers.

He moaned, because despite the worn texture of her hands she knew exactly how to elicit pleasure from every inch of his burgeoning

hard-on as she jerked him, asshole spasming as trickles of pleasure wormed their way from his shaft to his brain.

"Ooooh... Auntie...."

His spasms were all Sheila required, and before he could blink her cock had shouldered its way inside him, the head stretching his rim wide to sit like a hot, wet butt-plug in his entrance.

"HOOOHHHH... Shei.... Sh-Sheila!..... UHNNN-! *Y-Y-YOUR DICK* ....."

"Where is it boy?" she grinned, landing a juicy bite on his neck.

"UHNNN, it's... it's in.... it's IN MEEEEE!!!! *UHFFFFF*!"

Sheila pistoned herself into him, a steady conveyer belt of cock headed straight to his centre, and when she stopped to let him breathe and adjust, seven inches was sitting inside him. It felt like someone had accidentally inserted a flag pole between his cheeks.

"Uhhhhnnn, uhhhhhhhhh....ohhhhh."

"That's right boy," she breathed, "You gotta take this dick and you'll be a real man."

James' eyes briefly filled with hope between scrunching up to deal with the sheer girth that was keeping his asshole wide open, and then she was moving again, and he shrieked as she moved swifter this time, thrusting another dose of cock-meat into his beleaguered hole.

James scrambled for something, anything to deal with the object now thrumming inside him, the pulsing foreign object splitting him open, rubbing every sensitive cell of his anal walls which clung to it for dear life. His hands found the bedsheets and he clawed them with his fingernails, letting out a low whimper as Sheila snorted on the back of his head.

'God he's so fuckin' tight', she thought, almost delirious with how good the fleshy pillows of his ass felt, snug and soft around her womanhood. It was like the ultimate massage, and James reaching down to try and rub his tender anus was such a turn-on that Sheila

had to pull him in even tighter, spooning him so hard that he could barely move.

"*GOD... Mummy.... poogums,"* begged James, pleading for his protector to appear, but no help came as Sheila began the final stages of insertion, and James' eyes bulged as the last inches of her nuclear rod disappeared inside his body.

"uhnnn, *uhnnn,* uff, *hnnn*, HNNNNN, *Sh-Shei*..... *OHHhhhh*..."

"Yeah, fuckin beg me to stop," Sheila breathed, revelling in his spasms, his oily skin slipping between her fingers, but without the strength to break free. Just enough to enjoy the struggle.

"*Sh-Sheila... Auntie... it's*...."

Her cock was everywhere. It had replaced so much inside him that it was like having a whole new organ consuming him, its purpose simple - to touch him as deeply as possible.

"I'm all inside you now, boy" whispered Sheila, her gravel loud in his ear as heavy sensations emanated from the lightning rod buried in his abdomen.

The first sensation was pain, pain at having his organs displaced from their rightful positions by her steel shaft. The second, much more invasive sensation, was pleasure, growing tremors that hadn't been there moments before.... and they were building.

James' whimpers turned lower, then louder... and then a full-blooded, thirst quenching moan escaped his mouth as the pleasure burst open in long waves which flooded through his system.

It was like his wet dreams dialled up to eleven. He never realised that sinning could feel this good as Sheila's heartbeat coursed through his abdomen, clear as day from the veins in her engorged penis.

Sheila could feel it, could feel his body reacting, and laid a long, sloppy wet kiss on his cheek as James began to dribble from the corners of his mouth, whimpering and subsumed in his Aunt's clutches.

Then she began to move, her hips sliding backwards, lining him up. James groaned as the shaft slid to halfway outside, then back in, hilting herself, pubes tickling his butt as their bodies welded together. It became a steady pump, Sheila a steam-engine propelling her piston steadily into her young ward, then out again, then back in. On the outside it might have seemed almost peaceful as James remained frozen in place, but underneath his fluttering eyelids, a hurricane was wiping out his insides.

'Think of God! You should resist the sinful thoughts!' said a voice in James' head, before the voice drowned in a tide of pleasure, his brain sinking into the swamp as Sheila throbbed inside him again.

"*HUHHHHNNN*!" huffed the boy as his anus was stretched wide by the tightly packed meat sawing in and out of it. He couldn't have been more deeply fucked if she had been a horse, and Sheila was a brutal lover giving him no time to recover from each thrust before sliding back in again.

Then the metal ball on her tip hit something and James' back arched like the golden gate bridge as pleasure spiked in his system.

"oohOOOOOHHHHHH!"

"Right there!" growled Sheila, enjoying the delight crossing James' features as she hit his prostate, "That's where you become a man."

"Uhhhhnnnrrrrreallllllyyyyy????....." he moaned, butt cheeks clamped down on her tool as his knees trembled.

"Yeah, if you ride it you'll be a fuckin' beast... the ladies all know it.... Don't you wanna be a real man?" she said gruffly, plunging a few mean strokes into his ass, making sure to strike that same spot with each insertion.

"UH UH UHNNNNYEAAHHH, *yeaaah I want it, g-give it to me*....."

"Good," she said, and she pulled him up, coming onto her back so he was still attached, but sitting reverse cowgirl on top of her, the duvet discarded.

This was a new situation, with no pretences as to what they were about to do. James looked down at his raging penis which was spouting a serious cum leak, white trails streaking down the sides, leaking onto his balls and further down onto huge testicles that completely outsized his own. His mouth dropped open as he looked at the lurid, blasphemous sight, with Sheila's broad muscled legs splayed out in a Y in front of him. He could see her toes flexing with each throb inside his belly, and gasped as she pumped her hips a little.

"Fuckin ride it, like a good boy," she growled.

He took a deep breath, trying not to look back in case he really took full stock of the situation, and pulled himself up a little, before sitting back down.

The earth moved.

When he had recovered and remembered where he was, his whole body was shaking and he was finding it difficult to see properly.

"What....."

"That's it, you're a fuckin' natural!" she crowed, and a calloused hand came down sharply across one of his tender cheeks.

James squealed like a wounded animal, and when he tried to sit up Sheila grabbed his waist and pulled him right back down again, and he moaned because his prostate was attacked again and there was nothing he could do to prevent another wave of ecstasy emanating from that point throughout his torso.

"Your turn bitch, ride it!" said Sheila, grabbing both his cheeks and kneading them violently, to the point where James was sobbing as she dug her fingers into them, slapped them, stroked them. The caressing was the worst, because she seemed to have a talent for making him feel despoiled, his weaknesses exposed, darkest secrets brought into the sunlight as her fingers fiddled with the ring of his anus.

"OHHHHH, SH....A-Auntie.... I don't think we should....sh-should do this...."

Sheila bucked her hips and his eyes rolled up into his head again.

"Who gives a fuck what you want," she snarled, "Now FUCKIN' RIDE IT, BITCH!"

She gave another meaty spank on his ass, and James squealed and began to gyrate on his Auntie's lap like an A-grade stripper, sodomising himself to the soundtrack of his Aunt grunting with pleasure.

There was nowhere to hide from the orgasms now rippling up his spine, and when James' cheeks began clapping against Sheila's lap, a moan emanated from both figures, Sheila twisting her hips gently to get new, exciting angles inside James, and James simply hilting himself on his increasingly enjoyable new toy.

"Ohhhhh Auntie Sheila.... C-Can feel.... *F-feel something*..." he cooed, placing his hands carefully on her thighs and bending forwards to bounce himself a little more firmly onto her schlong.

He was finding the place that Sheila had showed him, where the cock piercing was hitting his nice place and ripping sheer delight through him, and when he sat down to savagely grinding against it, he nearly passed out from pleasure. Sweat, oil and lube were running down his body as he began to shriek, and Sheila watched in awe as her Nephew gave into the most divine experience of his entire life, an out-of-body orgasm that drowned his system in a wave of powerful hormones.

"*JEESSSUUUSS* OH LORD, OH LORD, OHHHHH!!!!!"

His head lolled back to look at his Auntie who was giving him his new object of worship, and Sheila felt his entrance flex so tight around her that she almost came right there watching his cum-face; his nose scrunching as he went cross-eyed, a tight whine emanating from pursed lips.

"Fuckin' slut," she gasped, as he bounced his two space raiders, up and down, up and down, a rhythm of pleasure as he debased himself with youthful vigour.

When the explosive high dissappated somewhat James was sweating profusely, chest heaving, sat on his Auntie's lap with that prince albert still flicking at his special place, lost in his own desecrated version of heaven.

"You like that?"

"Ummm... maybe," he whispered, all the while gently riding on her giant horse-cock.

"Just a little?" she sneered, popping her hips which made him scream.

"AAAAIIIIII*iiiiiiii*!!.... *Y-yeeah, yeah I like it, I like it*," he moaned, as Sheila laughed and smacked his ass a few more times.

"That's what I fuckin' thought," she said.

James was then pulled unceremoniously off of his big, hard seat and flung onto his back.

"Wha...?"

Sheila bulldozed him down into the mattress so that his legs were forced round her waist, face to face as she aligned their lower ends. Her expression was one of aggression and starvation, and James began to cry as she glared into his teary eyes, forcing her forehead against his, pressing it into the bed.

"You gonna be a good boy?"

"YEAH, YEAH I'M GONNA BE A GOOD B-B-BOYYYY!" he whispered, crying as she pressed harder against his forehead, refusing to let him break eye contact.

"Then keep lookin' at me as we make you a man," she breathed, and James obediently locked his eyes with the predator harnessing each one of his senses.

She was going to make him feel this.

When the cock head pressed up against his entrance again, James' mouth opened into a wide 'O'.

"Enjoy this, bitch."

It was slow, torturously slow. James' eyes leaked like faucets, but he didn't look away as she began to split him in two, her python stealing his insides as she closed the distance between their hips.

"Sheeillaaa.....!!" he groaned, as her hands clutched his shoulders whilst packing her thick, wet meat into his special place. "*Sh.....eil*..."

"Yes Nephew?" she breathed, tongue slithering from her mouth, taunting him.

"UHNNnnn!!"

It was almost impossible to speak whilst his body was being penetrated to such an extent, and James' hands began trembling so hard as they clung to his Aunt's back that he could barely keep hold of her oiled traps as they flexed, his nipples aching from the pressure of her tits on top of them.

"That's it," she grunted, fuckin' take it."

Sheila enclosed him like vine leaves over a sapling, subsuming him beneath her limbs as she connected their bodies together.

When she finally hilted, her giant bollocks were snug against his ass-cheeks and Sheila enjoyed James' eyes bulging, mouth hanging open, pupils dilated, his emotions whipping between terror, pleasure and pain like his brain was being microwaved before her eyes.

She took the opportunity to slide her tongue across his nose, onto his cheek, licking at his tasty opening as James felt the giant bulk encircling him within her huge frame.

Then she ploughed her cock forward, making him squeal as it slid effortlessly all the way to the hilt, and then the fucking began.

James' defences were murdered as he was met with open hostility from Sheila's adrenaline-fueled body, steel cables combining to pound his butt cheeks so hard that the claps of his flesh-pillows were audible through the window and out onto the street as the bed springs began to squeal and snap under the hammering being dished out.

Everything became ecstasy, pure bliss being pounded into him, all the tortured muscles and plundered insides being blown away by the pure-bred fucking that Sheila was meting out.

James screamed as his Aunt broke him, nails digging into her back. Her immense weight was crushing, tits pressing him into the bed as her rear end jiggled with the intensity of their thrusting. For a few minutes the sounds of *THWAP*, "*UHNN!*" *THWAP* "*UHNNNNN*!" thrummed through the walls until some of the wooden slats holding up the mattress gave way, and the bed collapsed, James, Sheila and the mattress falling through it and onto the floor.

After making sure that James wasn't hurt with a few brief checks of his side and head, she noticed that he looked so beautiful, dazed and innocent, that Sheila just had to bury her tongue in his mouth, salivating all over his face as she grunted into him. Her hips resumed pounding as she did so, and James' eyes rolled up into his head, drool running down the sides of his mouth as his prostate melted under the furious assault of his Auntie, a worrying smile beginning to present itself on his face as she bred him, broke him with every last inch of cock love she could muster.

Sheila revelled in the young man's body, twisting his nature, savaging the innocence from his rectum as she felt his legs cling to her for safety, only to receive more deep, harrowing hip-thrusts directly into his asshole. Their sodomy was a tortured cocktail of grunts and mewls, the heavy slaps of Sheila's hips on James' ass so weighty that it was as if a meat tenderising factory had opened up in the sleepy suburban neighbourhood and was doing good business as the figure on top snapped violently back into her lover's anus with the meanest of intentions.

If anyone had walked in it would have taken them a moment to work out what she was doing to the figure underneath her, such was the violence with which she was delivering it, until orgasmic screams began to issue from somewhere deep in the mattress.

"Uu-*uhn*-nn- *uhn*, Aun-N-*UHN*-N-TIIEE- *UHN* -OH LOOOOORD!!!!!!"

"Yeah, you FUCKIN' BITCH, CUM FOR ME!"

"*Yeah, yeah,"* James' sobbed as she debased him, and fireworks exploded within him, his insides like lightning as he clawed at his new lover's back, begging for more in her ear because he didn't want her to stop, jiggling his buttcheeks to try and receive more of her mega-cock inside him.

"SHEILA, SHEILA SH-*UHN*! *UHN! UHN! UHN!*!"

He called her name as sparks flew across his vision, then a series of deep thrusts ended him, and he lay, open mouthed and drooling, a breathing sex-doll as Sheila pounded the figure beneath her into a cum fountain, white liquid spurting into the gap between their bodies, some landing on the bottom of Sheila's tits, most of it squirting onto her abs and James' own belly as he released his cream.

"NNNYeeeeah, Uhnnnnyyyeah....."

Sheila watched James' sexy little cum face reveal itself again and it was too much as her balls tightened fiercely.

"UGH, Gonna... cum in you...., *take this nut you God-loving cunt*," she wheezed, as her whole body cramped up like she was having a fit.

"God..... OH *FUCKIN.... GUUHHHHH*!"

An explosion the likes of which she had never experienced ripped through her, and ten tons of bull jizz ripped through the shaft of her penis, coating James' insides in her thick cream.

Both participants could only hang on as the best orgasm of Sheila's life claimed her, and she bellowed like a rhino as what used to be James registered some sort of volcano going off inside his abdomen.

Then the tsunami enveloped his insides, and within seconds cum was coming out of his asshole, the pressure so high that it was like a firehose had been shoved up his ass. Sheila unsheathed with a sharp pull back of her hips and raged, holding James by the throat as she covered his whole body in spunk, the stench of her ball-cream filling the room and infusing itself in the walls as she hosed her toy down.

James took it, as he was willing to take anything Sheila threw at him since she had found his special place, and he let her suffocate him as she turned her spout to his face, the prince albert making her cum spurts far less accurate resulting in his entire headboard, wall and face being cleansed in white.

"Fuckin shit, fuckin shit," Sheila chuntered as her body emptied, turning her cock like a watergun to every last inch of James not already submerged.

It took a good minute before her balls released her, allowing Sheila to collapse on top of James in the squelchy, broken cum-pit that had previously been the boy's bedroom.

That was how they remained for a while as the sun set, and James breathed onto his Auntie's tits as she bore down on him.

Sheila's mind briefly flitted on the fact that there was just too much to touch, too much perfection to enjoy in one sitting.

When, eventually, she pushed herself up a little, allowing James to gasp in a breath now that he was no longer supporting his Auntie's weight, she was looking down at the sticky snowman gazing back at her with something dangerously approaching affection.

"S-so.... I'm a man now?" he asked, dazed, trying to sit up as splooge gushing from his anus. His muscles ached like he'd just run a hundred marathons.

"Oh.... Oh fuck no..... we've gotta do this a fuckin' hundred times over... hell it could take all year,' she grunted, unable to resist licking all the way up his belly as he tried to pull himself from the wreckage of his bed, making him whine.

"OHHhh, o-okay...." he breathed, still unable to get up and simply slumping back on the mattress, legs spasming as his Aunt kneeded his butt-cheeks.

"Oh Fuckin God," moaned Sheila as she tortured his ass with her nails, raking them and crushing the soft tissue in her fists, making James whimper like a whore as she fiddled with the separation between his thighs and ass. It was as if she had a special talent to touch him in the most perverse and invasive way possible, leaving no part of him clean from her filthy, grasping fingers.

"Ohhhhhhhh, Auntie," he moaned.

"Yes Nephew," she breathed, nipping at his ear.

"I'm tired."

"Me too... We came her to sleep, so fuckin' sleep," she growled, falling to his side and hugging him tight.

The two figures soon passed out, James submerged and ensconced in Sheila, her hot cum gluing him to her as they feel into the deepest of sleeps.

***

"Oh hi Mrs Bennet, what's up, how's the honeymoon?"

Fine May, thank you... I hope your open days went well....

"Yeah, not bad thanks!"

The voice on the other end of the mobile sounded strained.

Look I know it's not.... I just worry.... Would you be able to check on James, I've not heard anything from Shnoog..... from him for three days, and he is not answering the phone.

"Sure thing!"

Thank you, said the voice, sounding relieved, and May wedged the phone in her neck as she grabbed her shoes.

'What kind of Mom can't leave her adult kid alone for even a week?' she thought.

Mrs Bennet's relationship with her son was a messed up one, but hey, she wasn't going to complain considering how well they paid her.

She jogged between the houses, huffing as the sun tried its best to burn her skin before she got to the front door.

"No sign of them... want me to go in?"

Yes, yes please.

The voice was getting more and more fervent, and May had the strange feeling that Mrs Bennet wanted to reach through the phone and grab the door handle herself.

She opened it with a spare key and crept inside.

"James?" she said cautiously.

Nothing.

Check his room! uttered Mrs Bennet, and May obediently trudged up the stairs and opened the door... and a wall of tangy odours hit her as she recoiled, coughing at what was undoubtedly the hard stench of semen filling her nostrils.

"What the..." she spluttered, peering inside.

What presented itself was a warzone. James' bed lay broken, the frame caved in and discarded in the corner. The mattress had been removed and placed in the centre of the room where two shiny figures were curled up on top of it, or rather one figure was curled around the other, raising her head at the intruder. May held her nose as she tried to understand why most of the room was white, and then blanched when she realised it was because of the smell trying to worm its way past her defences, and her eyes watered.

WHAT IS IT MAY hissed Mrs Bennet's voice.

"It's...."

May was almost gagging, and she looked down at the second figure who was also waking up, eyes widening as he realised there was another person in the room with them.

"..erm....."

James' face was one of humiliation and fear, and May saw the large arm resting around him, his hands clinging to it protectively.

MAY, WHERE IS HE?! shrieked Mrs Bennet.

"He's.... he's here," said May carefully, eyes switching to the huge, terrifying figure who hadn't moved, but was now regarding her like a wolf, daring her to come closer.

"Jesus," she breathed, taking in the ridiculous appendage being pressed into James' naked ass. She almost vomited seeing that James was equally hard, although nowhere near as big. She wanted to look away but seemed unable to tear her gaze from the shocking scene.

MAY, TELL ME RIGHT NOW WHAT'S GOING ON!

"H-He's..... fine," she stuttered.

The figures entwined on the floor didn't move, both equally wary.

As much as what they were doing disgusted her, May reckoned that James had discovered something about himself, and that was more than his Mother was doing for him in her opinion. If he had to do some fucked up shit to find himself, well he could get on with it.

He is?? And where is Sheila..... I swear if she's touched a hair on his head.....

"She's.... she's here," said May, "..... They are.... They're exercising."

A pause.

Exercising?... Not hurting him is she? I can come back at once!!

James looked at the phone and May saw the panic in his face.

"No, no... he is fine..."

Well.. I want to speak with him!

"Suuuuure," she said, reaching forward and proffering the phone to James, stretching her arm so she could stay as far as possible from their naked bodies. Her skin crawled as she saw his arm was oiled up and shining.

Shnoogums?

"H...hey Mother," said James, pressing the phone to his ear and May noticed his voice sounded worn, like he had been doing a lot of screaming in the past few days.

Are you alright?... do you need me to come back??

"No, NO!.. I'm fine... we're... we're exercising," he said, with a weak smile behind him to Auntie Sheila, who gave him a deep bite in his neck, making him tremble.

Right... well... Okay then... But ANSWER ME when I call you! she urged, and James mumbled a weak reply before the call clicked off.

"Th... thanks," he whispered to May, who looked like she was being forced to converse with a sewer rat.

"I'll have my phone back now," she muttered, holding her nose and looking in the opposite direction, arm outstretched.

"Oh... y-yeah," he said weakly, placing the phone in her hand.

"Ew... that is fucking gross," muttered May as she looked down at the phone in her hand which now had a few white globs on it.

Holding her phone in front of her like it was radioactive waste, she walked out, slamming the door behind her.

"Well... look who found their fuckin' voice," chuckled Sheila, and James turned back to her.

"Urm.... Yeah...."

"Come here," she said, and James pressed himself back into her as Sheila wrapped his arms and legs tight.

"I...Is it gonna take long to become a man?"

Sheila grunted.

"Hm.... Could take fuckin' years, now open that whore mouth."

"Right... okay," he whispered.

'I guess masculinity has a price,' he thought as Sheila's cock wedged itself back between his cheeks, and she swept him up in a world-ending kiss.