

EVEN MORE DIRTY

LITTLE SECRETS

BY THE MARQUIS FAÇADE

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CHAPTER ONE

Detective Haley Marsh was 34 years old, single and not exactly what was called an “attractive” woman. At five foot six and weighing in at 180 pounds, she was more solid than most women. It wasn’t all muscle by any means...too many hours and days and weeks and months...hell, YEARS...sitting on her ass in a patrol car or on a stake-out since making detective...well, it had left its mark on her in more ways than one. She’d been barely a 140 pounds when she graduated police academy some fourteen years ago. Since then she’d added another forty pounds to her frame...most of it to her belly and ass, though she’d stored some of it up top and that was just fine with her. When she’d graduated, she’d had a nice C-cup...but now she had a pair of hefty double-DD’s.

Fuck I’m pale, she realized as she flung the water from her hands and gazed at herself in the mirror above the sink. Working too many nights...most of which was spent inside a car or van...she looked more like a vampire than a police officer.

With a habitual flick of her hand, she pressed a dangling black bang back behind her ear and smirked, realizing she’d done it again...and this time with a wet hand. After wrestling a towel from the dispenser and drying off, she fished a hair band from her gigantic purse and pulled her hair back in a make-shift ponytail before crossing over to her locker and cramming the massive beast inside. From the top shelf, she pulled down her Glock 9mm and pulled the slide back to make sure a round was chambered before placing it securely in her hip holster. That too, was a habit. The odds of the gun mysteriously being unloaded while locked in her storage locker over night was blatantly ridiculous, but she could never bear to holster without

checking. Some might call her obsessive, but she preferred to think of herself as merely thorough. Very little slid by her.

As she emerged from the women's dressing room, her partner, Paul Davis, 42 years old and a lazy bastard, met her in the hall, cutting off her path to their offices.

"Our homicide from last night isn't quite done," he blurted with a look of disgust. "Apparently the juvy's mother is out of the country for another week...and the step-mom is gonna be in the hospital for a few days, so he's got to head to social services and the chief told me to tell you to go pick him up at the hospital and transport him."

She grunted. "Can't a uniform go do that?"

"You know the rules...no dudes with kids unsupervised...and there's no vaginas currently available downstairs to take care of it, so you got the joy," he replied with a look of amusement.

"I got your vagina right here," she muttered as he walked off, just loud enough that she knew he could probably hear it.

"I heard that," he popped off, as she figured he would.

"Try not to fuck nothing up while I'm gone," she countered as she pushed the elevator button.

The hospital room was fairly quiet save the occasional sound of beeping coming from the IV machine sitting next to Angela Harper's bed. Every so often it would beep, apparently in need of a refill...but no nurse ever seemed to bother with it.

The fat woman lay still in the bed, the sheet pulled up to her neck, her face swollen beyond recognition. The nurse had told Haley that she'd been found to have several facial bone fractures, but fortunately it wasn't anything that wouldn't heal with time. Luckily for her, her husband had focused on the upper section of her face or she'd likely have ended up with a

broken jaw out of the ordeal. It was one thing to have a sore and swollen face for a few weeks...and another thing to have a mouth wired shut for several months. Though from the looks of her, a liquid diet might not be such a bad thing for her.

Haley stood at the end of the bed for a while watching her sleep but after a time she moved around to the side and pulled up a chair...the squeaking of which, woke Angie up.

Her startled look was masked by her swollen face.

"Who's there?" she muttered through busted and scabbed lips.

"Detective Marsh," Haley replied. "We met last night at your apartment in the ambulance."

"Is...is something wrong?" she asked, seemingly more nervous than what she would have expected.

"No, the DA cleared your case this morning as self-defense," she answered, knowing full well what the woman was wondering about. "No charges will be filed and the investigation is officially closed."

"Wh-why are you here?" she asked with a moderate stutter.

"It's actually about Shawn. Apparently his mother is still out of the country and can't get back for at least a week, so there's nobody left to take care of him."

"Shit," Angie hissed, her lips looking painful. She rolled over in the bed, and the sheet slid down far enough Haley could see one of her big tits lolling out to the side of her chest, nearly hanging down into the crevice between her ribs and underarm. "I don't even know who to call," she added as she realized the breast was getting more air than it should and fumbled to pull the sheet back up.

"They sent me over here to check him out and take him to social services...but...well, I'm not sure you really want him spending a week there, if you know what I mean."

“Is it bad?”

“Hrmp!” Haley snapped and waited a while before she continued. “It’s not a great place for delinquents...much less for ones who haven’t done anything. They won’t place him in a home because it’s short term...so he’ll likely stay housed in the secure facility downtown the entire time. It’s more of a jail in my opinion.”

“Crap...they won’t let me go home till the swelling in my face goes down,” she grumbled, reaching up to paw at her swollen eye sockets. “I don’t want him going there!” Her voice sounded a little desperate.

“I didn’t figure you would,” Haley added as she shifted in her seat. “Let me ask you something, Angie...do you trust me?”

“What?”

“Do you trust me?”

“I don’t know you...that’s a weird question.”

“Well, let me tell you a few things that I’m pretty sure I know about you and Shawn and Mark,” the cop said with a glance at the door to make sure it was still shut. “I don’t believe the two of you told me the whole story last night. Now, that’s not to say I care at this point...the case is closed, but I’m rather curious, if you know what I mean.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about--”

“Relax, Angie,” Haley said, cutting her off mid-sentence. “I’m not trying to interrogate you here. Like I said, the case is closed and I’m not in the least bit interested in trying to prosecute either one of you. I mean it was pretty obvious the jackass was trying to beat you to death, so whoever whacked him, he had it coming...so case closed.”

“Then what is it you want to know?” Angie asked, nervousness overly apparent in her tone of voice.

"I am, for lack of a better term, somewhat of an amateur Sherlock Holmes. I tend to see things that other cops don't catch. For instance, I know you and Shawn were both naked at the time of the attack. And I'm pretty damned sure it was you who whacked Mark over the head with the chair, probably after he hit Shawn...am I right?"

Angie was crying...water leaking from the slits that were her eye sockets...but no sound emerged from her and she remained motionless in the bed.

"Your husband...he had a helluva big dick, didn't he? Shawn has a big one too, doesn't he? How big is it? You know don't you, Angie?"

The fat woman continued to water, but said nothing.

"I'm guessing it was big enough that you were messing around with it, huh? He's at that age, I know...boys are a little crazy when they hit puberty. I had two brothers...I know how they'll climb up on anything that lets them. It's cool, I get it."

Still Angie said nothing.

"I'm betting Mark wasn't as cool with it as you, huh? Did he find out...did he nut up and beat the shit out of you for it?"

"You don't know shit," Angie finally blurted, anger apparent in the way she spat the words out.

"So tell me...like I said, I'm curious," Haley replied.

"Mark was bisexual," Angie muttered. "He wanted me to do things with Shawn so he could watch. Shawn got tired of it and so did I. I went off on him in front of Shawn...I called him a faggot...and he just went berserk."

"Wow," Haley said and whistled for effect. "Did not see that one coming. So the asshole was a poop shooter, huh?"

Angie relaxed some...her posture on the bed visibly loosening as Haley watched.

"I was serious...I'm really not concerned about prosecuting you in this. It's just been driving me nuts since last night. I'll pull my hair out if I don't figure out what really happened."

"Well now you know," she said as she pulled the sheet up under her neck, a visible sign that she was still hiding something.

"So you...you were having sexual relations with Shawn?"
Angie froze up again.

"Who instigated that, exactly? Was it Shawn? Or Mark? Or maybe it was you? Did Mark put you up to it?"

"Mark...told me to do it...he said he'd noticed Shawn was...y'know...getting...umm...aroused by me sometimes, and so he made me start showing off in front of him and stuff."

"You liked that, didn't you?"

"It was a little weird...but Mark and me were having issues and it seemed to fix it a little bit, so I just went with it...but then he started asking me to do more than just tease him and I...I started messing with him."

"Shawn apparently seems pretty partial to you...seeing as how he tried to take the wrap for killing his own father in order to protect you," Haley explained. "So for the record, I'm gonna assume he was probably enjoying your company...but not his father's...am I right?"

Angie nodded, but said nothing else in reply.

"Alright," Haley began, "I tell you what. Since you came clean with me on this shit...I'm gonna do you a favor. Instead of taking Shawn to Social...I've got a little leave banked up at work. So if you want, I'll keep him till you get out or his mother gets back...that is...if you trust me to do so."

Angie didn't say anything for a while, but Haley could tell what she was probably thinking.

“No, I’m not gonna steal your boyfriend,” she blurted with a humorous grunt. “Not my deal. But hung like he is, and well, they got communal showers downtown...so I’m not sure he’s gonna be...how do I say this...*safe*...at the Social facility.”

Haley stood up before continuing. “And honestly he’s been through enough shit this week. Killing your own father isn’t something you just nod and walk away from. Right now he needs somebody to keep an eye on him.”

“Will you bring him to see me?”

“I can...and I’ll bring him by daily if you want.”

“Okay,” Angie agreed, hesitation evident.

Haley stepped into the hospital room and was assaulted by the bright wall decorations. There was no doubt that they’d placed Shawn in the children’s ward...regardless of his actual mental and sexual development.

The boy sat on the edge of the bed, wearing nothing but a hospital gown that tied in the back. She fought hard against the urge to stare at his crotch to see if there was any tell-tale signs of a bulge or shape.

“Shawn...do you remember me from last night?” she asked as she walked toward him.

Looking up at her, he replied, “Yes ma’am.”

As she came to a halt in front of him, his eyes scanned her full body from head to toe and somehow it made her feel like she was being sized up a full grown man...and it disturbed her the way the boy was able to emit that sort of sexual aura.

“You’re Detective Marsh, right?”

“Yep,” she replied as she pulled up a chair to the side of his bed and sat down. “I just got back from talking with Angie.”

“Is everything okay?”

“Yep,” she answered with a single word...then waited to gauge his response. He stared blankly at her, so she decided to continue. “The DA cleared you both this morning, so there will be no charges and the investigation has been completely dropped.”

“Okay,” he stated nonchalantly, as if she’d simply told him something about the weather rather than a life-altering fact.

This kid is a little weird, she thought to herself as she tried to read him. But despite her keen detective skills, the boy revealed nothing to her...not by word or by body language. It was just as if he didn’t care one way or the other...nor did he seem perturbed that his father was dead.

“So are you dealing with your father’s death alright?”

He looked at her and sort of glared but didn’t respond.

“Angie leveled with me about what went on. I know she was the one who hit him. I know he had put her up to having sexual relations with you so that he could watch. I know that neither of you cared for that. I know she called him a fag and that’s what set him off.”

She waited for him to crack, but he just sat staring at her as if she’d said nothing at all.

“No matter the reasons, he was still the aggressor...and she had all rights in my book to crack his skull, especially if he hit you aside from being her senseless. So again, no charges against either of you.”

“Okay,” he said, still no sign of emotion.

“Did they give you a shot of morphine or something, ‘cause you’re acting awfully cool there,” she finally blurted, hoping to rattle his cage a bit.

“No...I’m not on anything,” he replied. “You think I’m weird because I’m not freaking out over my Dad, huh?”

“Very perceptive,” she said. “Angie cried despite having her eyes swollen shut. So yeah, I’m a little disturbed by it. Was he doing more than what Angie told me?”

“I live in California,” he told her. “I’d never even met him in person until about three weeks ago when I came out here to stay with him and Angie. He’s never been much of a father. And not much of a husband either. He treated Angie like shit.”

The four letter word sounded off coming from Shawn’s mouth, but she decided not to call him out on it.

“So then you honestly could care less if he’s dead or not,” she concluded out loud.

“Not after what he did to Angie,” he replied.

“So I figured out she was naked when it all went down, so you want to elaborate on what was up with that? Were you and her doing something when he freaked out?”

He eyed her for several tense seconds before he decided to answer.

“He found out I liked her because she was chunky,” he revealed and it was something that took Haley by surprise. “He made her start eating...binging, y’know...she’s been gaining weight since I got here.”

“And that was what...in an effort to tease you?” she asked, incredulous of what she was hearing.

“Yes,” he replied matter-of-factly. “She woke up and realized she couldn’t wear any of her clothes and freaked out and that’s when she flew into him and called him a fag.”

“Holee shit,” she gasped, dragging out the “holee” for emphasis.

So this freak clown made his wife get hugely fat to tease his own son, so he could watch them mess around? The concept seemed like something from a bad porn movie. No, not even that. She’d never fathomed such a thing in her entire life.

And honestly she wasn't sure which was harder to believe... the fact that Shawn got off on fat women...or the fact that his father had made Angie get so fat her clothes wouldn't fit just to tease the boy. The whole story was shocking, and had both of them not related similar facts, she'd almost deny it as the truth. But admittedly, everything seemed to be fitting nicely into the puzzle slots she hadn't already filled.

"So have you and Angie...had sex?"

"I don't want to answer that," he replied. "I don't think I have to."

"You just did," she quipped with a lopsided grin. "Don't worry man...I'm not out to bust your balls over it." Suddenly she became overly aware of what she'd just said and how lewd it sounded. "Er-hrm...bad choice of words I think."

He smiled for the first time...and she realized just how cute he actually was. She felt, for a moment, what Angie might have felt for him. And without conscious command, her eyes lowered to his crotch and then she blushed and immediately diverted her eyes, but not before he noticed.

"Angie's not a freak or nothing," he asserted. "I'm not really an average kid."

She returned her attention to him and smirked.

"Oh I'm aware," she announced and pointed nervously at his crotch. "Your jogging pants weren't doing much last night and Angie filled me in on what I had already guessed."

Dammit...I'm blushing again!

She held his gaze though and refused to look away.

"So did they get a hold of my mom?"

"Huh? Oh, no...no they didn't. She's apparently still running around Europe and nobody seems to know where she's at to get a message to her."

"Is Angie gonna be able to go back home?"

“Not for a few days,” Haley told him. “Which is why I’m here actually.”

“Oh crap,” he muttered. “You’re not gonna put me in a foster home, are you?”

“I’m supposed to,” she answered. “They sent me over here this morning to take you to Social Services...but I had a talk with Angie...and neither one of us think that’s a real good idea.”

“So?” he prodded her.

“So, I’m gonna take some unused leave...and you’re gonna spend a few days with me till Angie gets out.”

“With you?!” His eyes said more than his mouth did.

“Well if you’d rather go--”

“NOOO!” he blurted, cutting her off. “I’m good...it’s cool...no, I’m perfectly fine with it.” That said, he stood up nervously from the bed and started looking around as if he was searching for something.

“What are you looking for?” she asked.

“Well,” he began and then hesitated as he side-stepped over to the closet cabinet so that she couldn’t see his ass through the flaps in the back of his gown. “I had jogging pants on when I got here last night...but I don’t know what the hell went with them.” Opening the cabinet, he peered inside and found nothing but dust bunnies and an empty, unused hanger.

“If they had blood on them, they may have just tossed them,” she told him. “So you have nothing to wear home?”

“Well no,” he replied.

“You got clothes at the apartment?”

“Yeah,” he answered as he side-stepped back to the bed, but remained standing. As he moved, she noted the extra movement within the gown...something long and swinging between his legs.

Shit! How long is the boy's dick, for crying out loud?! She tried not to stare, but even after he stopped side-stepping, the appendage within, continued to swing side to side, bumping the fabric and demanding her attention.

She sighed and felt blood rushing to her face again.

"I hope it doesn't offend you that I'm staring," she remarked as she gave up on trying *not* to look. "It's sort of hard not to notice...y'know...it's kind of..." and she failed to find the words, so instead she just pointed.

He looked down and blushed himself. With both hands, he grabbed and stilled its pendulous movement.

"Sorry," he muttered. "I'm not used to not having underwear on. It usually don't swing free like this."

She finally managed to tear her gaze away and shift her eyes up to his face...where she found that he was smiling despite the redness of his cheeks.

"It don't bother me none if you look," he said.

He stared at her, trying to gauge her thoughts...trying his best to figure out what she was thinking. Who was this chick anyway? She was a cop, duh! But why was she so interested in them? And why the hell had she volunteered to keep him for a week or however long till Angie got out or his mother got home? Was she going to try and put the move on him herself? She did seem a little locked on his dick, attention-wise, at least.

"It doesn't bother me none if you look," he told her. And secretly, he sort of hoped she would continue to look. He was really beginning to enjoy the hold he had on women when he used his dick with them. It was like dangling a big, juicy worm in front of a hungry fish. Despite the hook, they couldn't resist lunging for it. And he certainly enjoyed reeling them in. Or at least he had with Angie. She'd been the first he'd really

instigated anything with, and that had been fantastic...up until his moronic asshole of a father had gotten involved in matters. Now it was all fucked up...and with him dead, he doubted Angie would ever be able to get custody of him from his mother.

The cop looked him in the eye...and then her gaze dropped slowly back to his crotch...and he knew she was obsessing with it. He knew she wanted to see it.

He reached down and pulled up the long tail of his gown and yanked it up above his waist. The movement was fast and the cop didn't have time to really say anything before his dick was visible to her.

He fought down the urge to laugh when her mouth dropped open and her eyes swelled to the size of saucers.

"Better?" he asked, a quirky little smirk on his face.

Haley lowered her gaze back to his crotch...and no sooner had her eyes stopped rolling than the boy's hands shot down and jerked the tail of his gown up to his stomach.

She froze, unable to say or do anything. Never in her life had she seen a penis that size...not on a man...not on an animal. The thing was stupendous...gargantuan in size...made to look even larger than it probably was by the comparison of its size to the size of Shawn's wiry frame.

Fuck a duck...he's hung like a damn donkey! No fucking wonder Angie was all over him? Hell I'd get fat as fuck too, if I could play with that thing!

At some moment or the other, she realized what she was thinking, and it felt dirty inside her head.

Oh fuck...I can't believe I actually thought that! And why can't I stop looking at it?!? It seemed as though she was still frozen physically. She couldn't divert her eyes...and she couldn't close her mouth. Was she even breathing?

All at once, she inhaled and fought hard not to gasp, but the gesture was more than obvious to the boy, who giggled at her.

"It's usually longer," he said, as he reached down and tugged on the end of it, stretching it out even bigger than it already was. "It's about eight inches long when I'm limp...and it's almost a foot long when I'm hard."

She was literally having to force herself to breathe and her face felt like it was on fire. Was she sweating?

Oh hell...I'm sweating...I'm fucking sweating! Nervously, she managed to raise a hand and wipe at her forehead and then she was moving again, her mouth closing, her eyes blinking... and then she was able to look away.

He dropped the tail of his gown then and she noticed the movement and returned her gaze to him...his face this time.

She gathered her composure and forced herself to calm back down...to retake control of the room and the situation.

"I don't think Angie is the only tease," she commented, tonguing the back of her lip as she eyed him.

"I like the way it freaks women out," he announced with no shame at all. "Angie freaked the first time...and I just sort of went with it."

"So you don't really like fatties? She was a target of opportunity?"

"No, I like fat women," he answered. "A lot." He paused before continuing. "But she was my dad's wife, y'know?"

"Was Angie the first woman to...well that you've had relations with?" Haley asked, curious as to what his answer was going to be...but secretly already knowing based on the way he was so confident with her, even though she was a cop.

"No," he answered and smirked again.

“How many?” she asked, her perverse curiosity begging to be sated. “How many were adult women? A lot, I’m guessing, huh?”

“A few,” he replied as he sat down on the bed.

“You’re not the least bit intimidated by me, are you?”

“No,” he blurted, the little smirk back. “You’ve been curious about me since last night when you saw it through my pants. That’s why you volunteered to take me in for the week, huh? Were you hoping to get to see it?”

“Well I just did, didn’t I?”

She was on the defensive. How had he retaken control of their conversation again so quickly? *Little bastard is way smarter than he looks...and way too smart for his age. He’s starting to creep me the fuck out!*

“No reason to beat around the bush about it,” he commented. “I actually think you’re pretty good looking.”

“Oh,” she blurted. “Oh you think I’m planning on---whoa, now cowboy...you got a lot of balls on that one...but I’m not all about catching a charge myself, thank you.”

“Bet you would if it wasn’t illegal, huh?” The smirk was back and she wanted badly to slap it off of him.

She stood up and sneered at him.

“Don’t push it, punk. I’m gonna go by your apartment and get you some clothes and I’ll be back in a little while. Do try to collect some humility while I’m gone. You got a mutant dick... I’ll grant you that one, boy...but the size of it ain’t all what it’s about.”

Confident that she’d retaken control, she turned and headed for the door.

“Detective Marsh,” he called out to her and she stopped at the door and then turned to look back at him. “I have two really bad likes...one is big boobs...and the other one is a woman with

a potbelly. When they let it hang over their pants and jiggle, it just makes me a little crazy.”

She felt her face firing up again. She subconsciously reached and tugged her belt and slacks a bit higher. Was he playing her? Trying to tell her what she might want to hear? Probably. Little bastard was a player evidently. Size up a woman and hit her with exactly what she wanted to hear. She’s got big tits...tell her you got it bad for big tits.

Rather than verbally joust again, she decided to just turn and leave, letting the slamming door rebut his comments.

Haley pushed the broken door open and clawed at the police tape that blocked her path. After several rips, she managed to clear her way into the Harper’s apartment. Once inside, she pushed the door back closed as best she could and then turned to survey the room. Aside from various blood spatters everywhere, the single most attention demanding element of the room was the taped outline on the carpet by the couch where Mark had been recovered.

She walked over to it and spent several moments gazing at the outline and replaying events, as they were told to her, over and over in her mind...her eyes shifting every so often to different parts of the apartment...the kitchen...the couch...the cabinet where the TV was...all the locations where some sort of violence had occurred. Blood stains, now dark brown, marked most of them. Blood even marred the discarded cordless phone receiver over by the kitchen.

The apartment wasn’t really any different than any other violent crime scene she’d been in...but somehow this particular crime was haunting her. Even though the stories told by Shawn and Angie both fit and brought to light many facts that she’d

never have discovered on her own...somehow...for some reason, she still felt like she was missing something important. Both of them were omitting some detail or the other. At this point it probably wouldn't make a damn bit of difference as far as criminal prosecution went, but the fact that she didn't know something made it all that much more antagonizing to her.

She walked around the apartment, looking at various personal effects. Nothing seemed to stand out until she passed down the hallway leading to the bedroom and the bathroom. All along the walls on both sides, were various photos of Mark and Angie, sometimes together...sometimes not.

The wedding photos showed a happy couple and to her shock, a very, very skinny Angie. But as she looked closer, as the photos matured, Angie's size increased...and the obvious happiness in the images seemed less and less prominent...until at some point, the photos became images of Angie alone...and with some really porky black headed woman who had monstrous tits.

In the bedroom, she rummaged through a few dresser drawers and found nothing of interest aside from a half used box of Magnum Extra size condoms which were expired. Probably a good indication of their sex lives, Haley imagined.

On top of one of the dressers though, she found a digital camera and decided to turn it on and scour through the images on it. The first ones were of Mark and Angie and Shawn all posed outside near what looked like the front of the apartment. Then there were a lot of Mark and Shawn just talking and goofing around, probably taken by Angie just after his arrival, according to the camera's dating.

Suddenly she flicked to a new image and was shocked to see Angie in it...belly hanging out over the top of her too-tight shorts and a t-shirt that didn't even just about cover her

goodies or her mammoth pot-gut. She was posed as if she were trying to be a super model...mocking a runway walk. As she flicked through more images, she realized the angle of the photos was less than head high to Angie...meaning whoever was taking the pictures was shorter than her...meaning Shawn.

She flicked backwards and then forward again through the string of images...eventually arriving once more at an image where Angie was quite obviously playing with her belly and sticking it straight into the camera...right up in Shawn's face.

Holee crap...the kid wasn't feeding me a line of shit, she suddenly realized. Apparently he does like pot-bellies and big tits on women.

Now she had to completely reanalyze what happened just before she left the hospital. She'd assumed he was a player type and had been telling her what she wanted to hear...or what he *thought* she wanted to hear...which was whatever was needed for him to get into her pants. But in light of the photos, she realized he hadn't been just talking shit...but had in fact, apparently been telling the truth.

She backed up and sat down on the end of the bed and began to scroll through more of the photos, noticing that in every progressive image, Angie grew fatter and fatter. She couldn't grasp that the time span was right. She looked at the dating on the photo file and was shocked to realize it was taken only two weeks after the arrival photos.

What the fucking hell? Was she just pigging the fuck out? How the fuck did she gain that much weight in two weeks? That's fucking insane!

She continued to scan and was amazed to watch Angie grow even larger...and then she came across a photo of Shawn, naked on the couch, his penis fully erect...the head of it standing level with his nipples. Grant it, he was slumped and leaning back on

the couch, but he hadn't been lying when he told her it was nearly a foot long. She saw for herself now, just how real that fact was.

Then the photos ended, the last one being taken about five days earlier...and it was of Angie coming out of the bathroom... shot from a low angle, indicating Shawn had taken it. The woman was huge...probably three hundred pounds. And was the boy still getting up on her? That was a question she was dying to have answered. Why, she wasn't quite sure.

She returned the camera to its original state and location and then set about rummaging through the room again. Her next discovery was even more astounding. In the drawer beside what she assumed to be Mark's side of the bed, she found a small digital camcorder.

She flicked the power button and waited for the screen to light up and then she pulled up the menu and saw that there were about fifteen videos on it. The first one looked like it might have Shawn in, judging from the tiny thumbnail image. She used the arrow keys and selected it.

What illuminated the tiny playback screen both shocked and somewhat thrilled her. Part of her mind wanted to puke at what she was viewing...and another part wouldn't let her pull her eyes away or tap the pause button.

In the video, Shawn was fucking the shit out of Angie on the couch in the living room, and the camera was obviously hidden behind something on the TV cabinet.

She watched as the boy pulled his huge cock out of her pussy and squirted blast after blast of semen across her big fat belly. Then the obese woman smeared the goo all over herself while Shawn stood up and made his way around to her side and hoisted his drooping cock to her face. In seconds, she was

cramming the oversized beast into her mouth and attempting to suck it, but his shaft was so huge, the effort was mostly futile.

Haley forced herself to hit pause. Then returned to the menu and selected another thumbnail. This time the action erupted upon the very bed on which she was sitting. Angie was in charge this time and she was astraddle the boy, riding him like a bucking bronco...her massive tits flailing up and down, slapping atop her huge round stomach which each bounce she made atop of him. Where she was putting all that sausage, Haley had no clue.

This time the camera angle appeared to be shot from the dresser, and nothing blocked its view of the scene, so she wondered if it had even been hidden at all.

What the hell was going on? Was Angie recording the sex for Mark to watch? Did Shawn even know about it at the time?

Haley looked up and glanced over at the drawer that she knew contained the half box of expired condoms.

She started getting fat and Mark stopped having anything to do with her. What was it she told me? Something about things improving right there at the last...something like that?

Mark had lost interest in her because of her weight. So the asshole was aroused not be his wife...or even the aspect of his wife being involved at all. He was using her simply as a tool to get to see his own son in action.

Fuck me...no wonder he blew a gasket when she called him a fag. He's probably been in the closet so long he was in total denial on the matter. She made him realize something he just couldn't handle and he flipped the hell out. Went total psycho on the both of them, apparently.

She looked down at the camera again and realized once more that the two of them had been pretty truthful with her about events. It still didn't seem right, but the more she

discovered, the more it all made sense...and proved the two to be telling the unfettered truth.

She replaced the video camera and shut the drawer back. Standing up from the bed, she turned and looked back at it...and re-pictured the video in her head, of the fat bitch bouncing wildly atop the boy.

Shaking her head in shock, she trudged toward the door and stepped out into the hallway. Directly across from her, the bathroom door was ajar, so she decided to push it open. The hinges squeaked a little and it made her skin crawl. Stepping forward, she entered the bathroom and turned the light on.

Just then, she realized that the bathroom had been one of the backgrounds on the camcorder menu. It annoyed her now that she hadn't watched all the clips. With purpose, she strolled out of the bathroom and back into the bedroom. Seconds later she had the video camera back out and was scrolling through the menu of thumbnails till she found the one with the bathroom on it. Selecting it made her mouth drop open. She punched the volume control to increase the audio.

"What are you doing, Angie?" Shawn asked as Angie stepped up to him, wearing only a bathrobe.

"Do you ever jerk that thing off?" she asked him.

"What?" He looked startled as he remained frozen in front of the toilet, his penis hanging out as if he'd just been peeing or about to pee.

"You heard me," she said as she stepped up behind him and put her hands up on his shoulders, then leaned forward and looked down over him at his dangling penis...her face bent down and close beside his own. "I bet you do. It's cool." Her hands slid down from his shoulders and snaked around the front of his chest and she pressed even closer in on his back, her

face right beside his, cheek pressing against cheek. "You ever think about girls while you're doing it?"

"Sometimes," he replied, but somehow the response was a little less nervous that it should have been.

Haley hit pause and checked the file date. It was two days *after* the video on the bed was shot. So what was this then? Role playing?

She hit play again and continued to watch as she walked slowly toward the bathroom again.

"You ever think about me, when you're doing it?" she asked him, a devious little glint in her eyes as her arms opened up and slid down the sides of his shoulders, her hands caressing his torso as they moved lower. And then she released him and her hands moved back behind him...and she stepped back a little so that she could open her robe and let it fall to the floor.

Completely naked, she stepped back up and embraced him from behind again, this time her arms wrapping around his torso and her hands slithering down to his jeans. With a flutter of fingers and effort, she pulled them all the way down to below his ass cheeks. At that point, the pants' battle with gravity was lost, and they dropped all the way to his knees without her having to assist further.

"Sometimes," the boy replied, this time a bit more hesitation in his voice, though Haley knew it was fake.

"You think about big fat Angie when you're stroking this big cock," she said, her hands snaking around and wrapping around the base of his penile shaft...then they latched onto it and she immediately began to pump on it until its length started to increase and grow more rigid. "Oh fuck yeah...you got such a big, long cock, don't you? I love a big, fat cock. I just wanna jerk'em off till they spew hot cum all over."

Shawn stared down at her hands working his dick and said nothing.

“Can I jerk on yours till it shoots off?” she asked him but didn’t wait for an answer. “I bet you shoot off like a fire hose, don’t you? You got such big balls. Fuck, I bet you cum so much!”

He leaned back against her and began to twitch...then small moans began to be heard...and Angie’s hand began to stroke harder and faster...until all at once, a massive gout of white goo exploded from the tip of Shawn’s dick and splattered the raised seat of the toilet. Another expulsion erupted...and then another ...and another, one after the other, and still Angie jerked on it.

Haley hit the pause button and raised her eyes from the tiny screen and realized she was standing in the bathroom again...by the far wall next to the tub and shower enclosure. She looked forward a few feet to the toilet and beside it, the door...and that’s when she noticed the long mirror attached to the back of the door on the bathroom side of it.

She laid the camera on the cabinet by the sink and stepped toward the toilet and once there, she reached out and pulled the door completely shut so that the long mirror reflected her own image back at her. She turned to her right and she was in the same position that Angie had been in the video. Her eyes jumped to the toilet itself...the raised lid and seat...and her mind re-imagined the loads of cum dripping down its surface.

Twisting her neck to the left now, she stared at herself in the mirror...her profile.

She wondered if Shawn had been truthfully hitting on her or if he was just trying to manipulate her somehow...maybe to protect himself or Angie. Intellectually, she knew he was far more adept and clever than most boys his age...and that made

him extremely dangerous, especially coupled with a cock that could back up any move that he made on a woman.

She lowered her gaze to her chest...the curve of her tits as they jutted outward through the front of her blouse. She was wearing her smallest bra...and her jugs bubbled up out of it and the fabric of her shirt was thin...and did little to conceal the extra little lumps of flesh that bulged out of her brassiere. She wondered if that might appeal to Shawn. She knew most men enjoyed seeing big tits in too-tight clothing, so she surmised that he probably did.

Her eyes went lower, examining her side reflection until they reached her abdomen. She always wore her pants high for several reasons. One, it was out of necessity when she was a patrolman... because of her fucking rig belt...and two, now that she was a detective, she tried her best to conceal her pot-gut. Being a woman cop was hard enough...being a fat woman cop was just unbearable. So she sucked it in at all times and cinched up her waist with a large belt. And when she wore something too thin or frail for the big belt, she crammed herself into a girdle. Today though, she was just sporting the belt and the thin blouse she wore with it, was displaying far more than just the small bulges protruding from her bra. The thin, silky fabric was pressed tightly just where it tucked down into her pants... her upper fat roll pushing outward against it...trying its best to overlap the top of her pants.

She sighed. Even sucking it in, it was blatantly obvious she had a gut on her. Just beneath her belt, her pants swelled outward from the mass of her lower fat roll. Both of her hands made their way to her stomach and she pulled in on her lower roll and attempted to flatten the bulge. She sucked in as well and for a second the swell disappeared, but then she had to breathe, and it poched out once more.

She stepped back from the mirror some and turned to face it. With quick motions, she undid her belt's buckle and then unhitched her pants. With a deep exhalation, she forced herself to relax her abdominal muscles and the thin fabric of her blouse expanded suddenly to such a degree that she looked pregnant, even facing the mirror.

With a snarled grimace, she turned sideways again and examined the round mass that pressed her blouse forward, aghast that the bulge extended further forward than her double-DD tits did.

Facing the mirror again, she slowly unbuttoned her blouse and revealed her fat belly fully. Without the belt to cut across it horizontally, its two rolls now became one solid sphere of flesh that projected far further forward than she could accept without a sigh of disgust.

With both hands, she jiggled her flab and watched it bounce and quiver in her mirrored reflection.

Good grief, does Shawn get off on this sort of thing? If he was telling the full truth...I guess...maybe he might actually be attracted to me. Hell I'm at least as big as Angie was when he first got here.

What was she thinking? Some sort of deep seated, dark part of her mind was really thinking about seducing the little bastard. It was the same part of her mind that had wanted badly to see his dick to start with...so badly that it had pushed her into offering to take him in till Angie got out of the hospital.

Holee shit...I can't believe I'm really thinking about this! It's so illegal, it's not even funny. And what if Angie found out?

Her attempt at a legitimate argument only played into the dark part of her mind's side of the matter. What could Angie say? Even if she did find out, she's just as guilty as I would be.

And the boy ain't gonna say shit. He was going to take a murder wrap to protect Angie!

Everything she tried to argue with, somehow ended up working against her. Try as she might, she could not silence the little monster in her head that demanded sexual action with Shawn.

Fuck! He was right. I have been dying to just see it...since last night. I laid awake half the night thinking about it, especially after I saw dead Mark's dangling participle. And when I got the notice to see him again this morning...maybe the chance to see his dick...I jumped at it...even at risk of compromising myself and my job over it.

And I've already seen it. He knew what I wanted and he just gave it to me. Just pulled his gown up and dangled it for me. And like a hungry fish, I all but pounced on his fat worm!

How long had it been since she'd really had sex with a man? She sighed. YEARS! The last boyfriend she'd had was while she was still a patrol officer working the West side. He stuck around for a while...mooching off of her for the most part and when she got too out of shape for him, he'd just picked up his shit and moved on one afternoon. She found out later he'd took up with another female cop...a young, prissy one that was fresh out of the academy. She'd been depressed as hell after that. And her depressed state hadn't done much for her physical wellbeing. She'd always been one to eat rather than mope...and she packed on ten pounds after the asshole left her. By the time she'd pulled herself out of her funk, she'd all but sworn off men entirely...at least real ones. The internet and a good vibrator was all she really needed.

She gazed at herself in the mirror...at her bulging belly and then a little higher at the fleshy swells pushing up out of her brassiere. With a flick of hands, she popped the tight garment

up and dumped her tits out atop her gut. They were fat and fluffy...big and round at the bottoms...though she had some visible stretch marks up top just below her collar bones, extending downward several inches. They were old and not really all that visible except when the light hit them just right, but they were certain reminders that she'd gained weight steadily over recent years and that her tits was big and heavy enough to stretch her skin out.

She recalled the photos on the digital camera...the ones with Angie in the tight shorts and shirt...working her big belly for Shawn as he snapped pics of her.

Haley turned around and looked at the hamper beside the back wall where she'd been standing before. Hanging out the top of the basket was a pair of denim shorts that looked remarkably like the ones she'd been wearing. Was it just a coincidence? What were the odds on that?

She stepped over to the hamper and opened it. It was apparently the exact same pair of daisy dukes from the photo. She lifted them up and gawked at them for a few moments before putting them back in the basket. As she leaned over to do so, however, she noticed a small t-shirt beneath it. It wasn't the same one from the photo...but looked like it might be one of Shawn's. After releasing the shorts, she dug down into the dirty clothes and pulled out a pair of boy's underwear and lifted them up, staring at...or maybe even admiring...the stretched out front of the garment.

With a nervous move, she slid her right hand across the front of the underwear and caressed the curve of the stretched out bulge. It was as big as her entire hand.

Almost eight inches long...almost a foot hard, she replayed those facts in her head as she played with his undies. *His balls looked huge too*, she admitted as she pressed the garment flat

and replaced it in the hamper. The small t-shirt called to her though, and hesitantly, she picked it up and shook it out to un-crumple it. She looked at the worn tag in the collar and noted it was a definitely a boy's shirt.

Lifting it to her nose, she sniffed it and to her disappointment, it smelled only of dank bathroom and unwashed clothing. What had she expected? That it would smell like sex...like a big cock? How the fuck would that smell anyway? She felt stupid...stupid like a horny school-girl that had managed to sneak her way into the boy's locker-room and was fulfilling her dirty desires by touching jock-straps.

In a huff, she tossed the shirt back into the pile and slammed the hamper shut. When she turned around though, she found herself reflected in the mirror again...her tits and belly still exposed. Her turning movement had riled her torso's jiggly parts and both her tits and belly, all undulated now. It reminded her of Angie...in the video...on the bed...riding Shawn like a horse...her tits and belly flopping every which way in a violent and wild dance of flabby flesh.

She turned and looked at the hamper again...at the shorts still hanging half way out of the basket.

What came over her, she wasn't sure...but before she realized what she was doing, she was kicking her shoes off and then her slacks...her huge panties...and then her blouse and bra. In a matter of seconds...in a flurry of sexual desperation...Haley had stripped completely down and standing naked in front of the hamper...her hands reaching for the lid.

She knew what she was doing was gross, even if the clothes hadn't been dirty...but she just couldn't resist. With fumbling hands, she pulled the shorts out and then fished out the t-shirt again. Wiggling and pulling, she managed to pull the shorts up over her ass and girt them into place. After two failed tries, she

finally managed to suck her belly in enough to button them. Exhaling, she felt the denim cut into her hips. As she relaxed, she gawked at how her fat poured over the top of the shorts. Her belly flowed over the top and hung downward, sagging over and concealing the button entirely. In the mirror, she found that she literally looked pregnant. The shorts sucked in everything below her hips...which only served to make everything above them bulge out and seem even larger in comparison.

She popped up on her tip toes and then dropped down again in order to make her belly warble. To her dismay, it didn't warble...but actually bounced. She thrust her hips a few times and marveled at how her belly was flopping along with her freed titties.

Holee shit...I think I'm actually bigger than Angie was when he showed up four weeks ago. Look how much my shit is bouncing...damn!

She'd never done such a thing before. Subconsciously she always known she was pretty fat...and that she'd jiggle all over if she jumped around naked...so she'd just never done it. She didn't want to see it...didn't *need* to see it. So what was different now? Why was she doing it now? And why was she getting off to it?

Because I know it makes me attractive to somebody...

The fact was easy to find...to understand...and even surprisingly easy to accept. She knew that Shawn would probably cum all over himself if he saw her wearing these shorts like this...jiggling her fat...her big tits quivering and swinging. Oh yes, he'd be all over her...probably had already been all over her in his mind at least. He'd made it more than obvious that he wanted a piece of her in the hospital room before she left. She'd ignored his advances...thinking he was just playing

her...but now that she'd seen the videos...the photos...now she knew he wasn't full of shit...and now, despite her better judgment...despite her sense of right and wrong...and in outright defiance of the logical side of her mind...she was aroused by the prospect of fucking him.

It's more his dick than him, she insisted. And it was. He was a typical boy...wiry and awkward, lacking muscle tone or much semblance of a grown man beyond pubic hair and his genitals. He was cute, but he was in no way good looking like her normal sex prey would have been. So yes, it was all about his dick. Or was it?

Part of her wanted to take control of him...like Angie had when she jerked him off at the toilet.

Fuck that was so hot!

She shook out the t-shirt and struggled to pull it down over her torso, stretching it tightly over the tops of her massive tits and then forcing it down over them. It didn't even come close to covering her belly. It wore like a half-shirt...barely even keeping her tits in check. Had it not had a tight seam at the tail of it, it would not have held her boobs within it at all. She hefted them and fluffed them to situate them within it. Her nipples, hard as rocks, protruded through the front of the fabric with no shame whatsoever.

She turned and looked at herself in the mirror. With a quick flick of her right hand, she pulled the hair band from the back of her head and let her shoulder length black hair down...locks of it rushing forward and framing her face. As she stared at herself in the mirror...she felt sexy for the first time in forever.

I need this, she told herself. *I haven't done anything for myself in years. I haven't just let myself be nasty...haven't let myself give in to my desires in so long...hell...I don't even remember what it feels like at all.*

She picked up the video camera from the counter and waltzed out of the bathroom and back across the hall into the bedroom. Sitting down on the bed, she thumbed the camera on and selected the video of Angie wearing the same shorts she now wore...teasing Shawn with her belly. For some reason, the scene was electrifying to her. As she held the camera up with one hand, her other one played down across her own plump belly and then across the overly tight denim shorts. At some point she began rubbing her vagina through the fabric as she watched.

“Bet you wish your momma had a big belly like this, huh? Probably wouldn’t be her climbing all over you...it’d be you climbing all over her, huh?”

Haley tapped the pause button...suddenly stunned.

WHAT?!?

What the hell had Angie said to him? Was it just role playing? No...no it wasn’t. She’d said something about his mother climbing all over him. It wasn’t just a sexual taunt.

She decided to rewind it and play it again.

Yep, that’s definitely what she said!

But what were the ramifications of that? He’d admitted to her that Angie wasn’t his first conquest by any means. But *his own mother??* Then she analyzed what Angie had said.

He wasn’t taking her on...she was evidently taking him!

That fact suddenly stunned her. His mother had just gotten married...she was off on her honeymoon in fact. So she’d been raising him by herself then? That was pretty much a given... since they lived out in California...a world away from Augusta, where his father lived.

How difficult was it to live in the same home with him, day in and day out...that dick of his constantly there...and taunting you? She’d only known of it for less than 48 hours and she was

already rubbing herself to it...already lusting for it enough to throw caution to the wind and pounce on it. But she was his mother...so maybe it was different. Or was it? Apparently not so much if she'd been climbing up on him. And did he not like it because she wasn't fat? That seemed to be the gist of Angie's taunt to him. And obviously she was well aware of his relationship with his mother. Could this be the missing piece that she kept sensing was there but nobody was revealing?

She started the video again, and let her mind fade into the scene...forgetting about the mother thing entirely. For now, she was intent on one thing and one thing only.

With a desperate and fumbling hand, she jerked the shorts open and slid her hand down into her privates...the tip of her index finger finding her protruding clitoris. It was already hard and aching...and as she began to rub, she immediately knew she was going to climax hard...and that meant she'd likely shoot off.

She worked her way out of the tight shorts and then leaned backwards onto her back on the bed, her eyes never leaving the tiny screen on the back of the camera. Bare from the chest down now, she spread her legs wide and buried three fingers into her vaginal opening...her thumb working her clitoris as her pinky finger teased her asshole.

"Oh...oh fuck," she moaned out loud. Her climax wasn't far off and she knew it. This wasn't going to take very long at all.

With a quick flutter of her thumb, she paused the video, switched to the menu and selected the sex scene on the bed...the same bed upon which she was now lying.

"GIVE IT TO ME, YOU NASTY LITTLE BASTARD...YOU GIMME THAT FUCKING CUM LOAD, DAMMIT!!" Angie bellowed at him as she bounced up and down atop the boy. "YOU CUM IN ME! I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME PREGNANT, DAMMIT! CUM IN ME!"

She poked her belly out as if she was trying to imitate being pregnant. Her hands caressed her belly as she slowed and began to grind on his dick, her fat hips moving in a circle-like movement.

“I’m gonna make you cum, little boy...make you cum like your momma did,” she told him with a diabolical glint in her eyes and a Cheshire Cat grin on her lips.

All at once, she started bucking again and Shawn started writhing beneath her...his own climax apparently building. And all at once, it was wham-bam and thank you mam. Angie was rolling off of him, semen pouring out of her over-stretched and gaping vagina as she collapsed beside him on her back.

“Shit,” Haley hissed and thumbed back to the menu and hit the bathroom scene. It picked up where she had left off...with massive gouts of semen ejaculating from the end of his dick onto the toilet lid and seat. “Oh fuck yes...yesssss!” she moaned and felt herself reaching the apex of excitement.

The blasts of semen abruptly ended and for a moment she thought it was over...but then he turned around and Angie dropped to her knees, her hands returning to his half-erect cock. Into her mouth his penis head went...and she started working it as best she could...one hand stroking his cock, and the other fondling his balls.

“Suck it...suck it you fat whore,” Haley gasped aloud as she watched the next sexual act unfolding on the tiny screen.

Shawn’s cock was nearly full hard again when Angie popped its bulbous and purple head out of her mouth.

“Oh yeah...I’m gonna make you cum again, little boy...gonna make you cum all over me this time, you nasty little bastard,” she told him in a raspy voice as she sped up her stroking hand. Repeatedly, she’d stick her tongue out and just lick the end of his bloated cock head as if it were the top of an ice cream cone.

“Oh fuck, lick it...lick that fat fucker,” Haley blurted. “It’s too fucking big to suck...so you lick it...lick it good!”

And then without prelude or warning, cum began to pump out of the end of his dick, oozing down it onto her hand.

“Oh c’mon you little pussy...gimme a hard shot...c’mon!” Angie coaxed him as she worked his shaft even harder. “YOU CUM ON ME, DAMMIT...I WANNA BE COATED IN IT!” she shouted suddenly and the oozing flow suddenly erupted into a forceful ejaculation that splattered her face with semen. “OH FUCK YES...GIVE IT TO ME!” she bellowed and directed his cock down onto her tits.

“Oh shit, Angie...oh shit!” he hissed at her and braced himself against the wall and the sink counter to hold himself up as she beat his cock like there was no tomorrow. “AAAhhhh!”

Another blast of semen shot out and sprayed across her warbling tits and dripped down onto the top of her belly... followed in close time by another shot...and another...and then he was firing off rapidly...glops of cum raining down on her fat torso until her belly was literally covered with his goo.

Haley moaned loudly and thrust her hips as a spray of sticky, clear fluid erupted from her vagina and spritzed the bed beneath her. She crammed her fingers deeper into her orifice and rubbed faster until her pussy tightened up and spat again.

As she watched the tiny screen, Angie smeared the thick semen all over her torso and then grabbed at Shawn’s dangling and swollen cock yet again...and as she began to lick it clean, Haley fired off a third time and collapsed atop the bed, letting the camera fall from her hand as the strain of a multiple orgasm took its toll on her body...leaving her all but limp and unable to move.

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