

Sexy Slobby Stepdaddy

"Daddy . . . Daddy . . . wakey wakey!" the soft voice called out to me as I floated in the darkness of dreamland. My head throbbed as I tried to open my eyes, but they remained shut. I lifted my arm but could barely move it. It felt as weights were wrapped around my forearm and bicep. My movements were sluggish and forced. I dropped my arm back to the bed, and my body jiggled in response.

"Ugh," I groaned. Two tiny hands grabbed my face. The thin fingers pressed into my face. I could feel tiny hairs scratch at the fingers as they sunk into my cheeks.

"Don't move too much, Daddy. You need to get used to everything."

I knew that voice. That soft lispy voice. My eyes rolled behind my eyelid as I finally realized whose hands grasped my face.

"Get the fuck off me, Ryan," I grunted, shirking my head away from his hands. Just like my arms, my head felt immensely heavy. "And I told you it's Steven, not Daddy. You sound like some sort of fag. Fuck!" I hated that Ryan continued to call me Daddy. Just the name made my skin crawl and gave me the urge to punch him.

"Daddy!" Ryan gasped as his hands found my face once more.

"What did I say about calling me that?" I coughed twice, trying to dislodge whatever found its way into my throat. My voice was deeper and raspy as I spoke.

"But daddy . . ." He began but did not finish his sentence. I moved, pushing through whatever weighed down my body and fogged my head. My entire body felt wide and heavy. It jiggled more than before as I lifted myself and laid against the headboard. It creaked and groaned as I let my body rest. Whatever weighed me down forced itself onto the headboard, and it splintered slightly.

"Fucking damn it. What the fuck happened," I grunted. I dropped my hands onto my midsection and felt something soft meet my hands. I cracked my eyes, forcing them to open, and looked down at myself. "Holy fuck!" I shouted. It was huge and pooled in my lap - a massive hairy gut.

The surprise summoned the rest of my consciousness through the fog, and I stared at the belly that was not there just hours before. The heavy belly spilled onto my lap, covering most of my thighs and towards my thighs. Dark curly hair spread around my stomach and out across its beachball-like form. Speckles of gray could be found in the dense patches of hair. My eyes moved from my stomach and towards the fatty tits that sat atop the mound. Two large nipples pointed towards the end of my bed, both stretched and pointy from the cold air. I moved slightly, and my body jiggled like a bowl of Jell-O. How could this have happened? I looked close to 300 pounds, if not larger?!

While my size was what I first noticed, the stench came quickly afterward.

"Fuck!" I cried out as I looked around the room for the source. The sour stench of shit and piss, of unwashed bodies and clothes, of sweaty feet and unwiped ass. I couldn't stop myself from sniffing the air, recoiling, and then sniffing again. I felt something underneath my gut pulse, and my head pounded in response. "God, why does my head hurt so much!" I cried out, throwing my head back into the cushioned headboard. "What is happening?!"

"Daddy, it's okay. Everything will start to make sense soon," Ryan said. I opened my eyes and looked at my stepson, and my oversized gut churned at the sight of him.

"What the fuck are you wearing?!" I cursed.

An oversized pink diaper hung swollen around his waist. Crowns and fairies decorated the front of the pink diaper, while the lower section of the diaper darkened the pink with a mixture of brown and yellow. The diaper weighed heavily between his thin pasty legs, pushing him apart and forcing him into a slight squat. A pink, homemade crop top hung on his frail upper body. The words "Daddy's Boy" were scrawled across the front in bright golden letters. An oversized pink pacifier hung around his neck like some obscene piece of jewelry. The longer I stared, the harder it was to absorb everything.

"Don't you like it, Daddy?" Ryan said as he turned around, showing off the overly inflated backside of the diaper. Ryan swayed his hips back and forth, causing the stench to erupt from his waste-filled diaper further.

"God . . ." I gasped, feeling my cock harden beneath the layers of fat that I could still not explain.

"See, Daddy, I knew we could get along," Ryan said as he waddled towards my bed and climbed onto the mattress. He pressed the front of his soggy diaper into my thigh and rubbed himself against my body. Jolts of disgust and excitement radiated through me at the squish of his diaper. "You like that, Daddy?" Ryan asked. Words would not come to my mouth. My mind screamed for him to stop while my cock lurched underneath my fat for more. "I think you will love this!"

Ryan threw one of his legs over my body and propped his skinny body and expansive diaper on top of my gut. Slowly, he worked the diaper further back towards my face. I shook my face back and forth as I tried to fight the feelings inside of me. The diaper pressed into my nose and then overwhelmed my face. I locked my lips quickly, trying to keep the stench from my mouth, but then I couldn't resist - I couldn't stop myself. I opened my mouth and inhaled deeply into the bottom of his diaper, and let out the deepest howl of pleasure.

"That's right, Daddy. Just give into it. Give in to the new you," Ryan whispered as he forced more of his diaper onto my face. I huffed and sniffed the diaper, tasting the waste and piss that filled the inside. I gnawed on the plush outsides, unsure if I would bite too hard and be gifted or cursed with the insides. "Oh, Daddy! I gotta go again!" Ryan's stomach grumbled loudly. I opened my mouth, unable to stop myself from wanting it.

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The diaper swelled that much further out towards me, filling even more. The wet fart sputtered against my face, and I groaned into the disgust. He laid his body over my fat hairy gut and wiggled his diapered hips around my face, smashing the waste on my face repeatedly. Ryan jiggled my stomach, rubbing my stone-like cock underneath it. He matched the motion with his rocking hips, urging my cock towards orgasm. My balls felt so tiny between my enlarged thighs.

The pleasure was too much.

The smell was too much.

Everything felt so confusing and different, but right. I didn't know how all this happened, but the moment I came. My vision went dark, and I fell quickly into unconsciousness.

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I could feel my body move from the bed. I lumbered down the stairs. Each step forced the wood to groan when once it was quiet. It was like looking through a fog, watching Ryan lead the way like an owner would his dog. His obscenely sized diaper shook from side to side as he paraded around. The dark, filthy bottom constantly bounced in front of him. Though my mind was clouded, I could still smell the waste in his son's diaper and feel the hardness of his cock beneath his stomach. I was sat at our kitchen table or at least . . . I think I sat there. I knew the hardness of the chair and the height of the table, but my vision did later confirm the thought.

"Wakey wakey," Ryan said.

The curtain lifted from my mind. Lights blinded me for a moment, and I blinked away the spots that formed in my vision. My hands found their place atop my rotund gut that sat atop my chubby thighs. The heavyweight squished of my gut, paired with the heft of my thighs, buried my shout cock within layers of fat. I felt a plush cushion around my waist. I didn't need to see, to know that I was wearing a diaper. And from the cold front, squishy back spoke a truth I didn't want to believe.

"Time for dinner."

My vision continued to clear, and I saw my son lying on the table. He spread his leg, stretching them from one side to the other while he pushed his bare ass into the air. I had never noticed the size of his ass. His round cheeks exploded from his tiny waist, giving them an almost fake appearance. He parted his cheeks. A thick yellow custard leaked from his hole as it attempted to hold it. My heavy gut grumbled as the sweet scent came to me.

"Ryan! No, what are you doing!" My son slowly backed himself towards me, pushing his ass higher and higher towards my face. I moved my fattened face away from him as he inched closer. I tried to move from the chair, but the invisible strings that held me in the bed remained firm on my body.

"Arent, you hungry, daddy? Isn't that big fat belly in the mood for your son's sweet bussy?" His hole pulsed slightly and issued out a gush of yellow custard.

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Ryan's wet hole vibrated as it farted out a half cup of custard. The thick yellow goo splattered across my face, ending primarily on my second chin and cheeks. Heavy globs hung from my lips, and I couldn't stop myself from licking away the food. The sugary taste layered the musky taste of my son's hole and the nutty flavor of shit. The taste rewrote my brain and forced my face forward between my son's milky white cheeks. My tongue probed his hole, searching for something to feast. My son giggled as I pushed my tongue into his body. He arched his back and lifted away from my face. I whimpered in need of more.

"You want more, daddy? You hungry for your son's bussy?" He teased as he puckered his asshole out towards me. I stretched my tongue, but several inches still gaped between his. He forced his hole out slightly more, and custard oozed slowly over the rim.

"I do!" I begged. "Please!" I had never felt hungrier before, and my son could hear the desperation in my voice. He wiggled his ass closer to me, spilling more of the precious cream onto his taint.

"Open up," he purred, and I leaned as far as I could towards him. I obeyed his simple command and moaned for him when I stretched as far as I could. He looked over his shoulder, aimed his hole, and pushed.

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Cream blasted from his hole and threw the custard over my face. I hung my mouth open like a pathetic pig. My tongue darted out from my mouth and eagerly licked away at my lips and cheeks, desperate to find every ounce of his dessert.

"So disgusting. So raunchy," Ryan cried out as he fished a hand over his shoulder and dug his fingers into his leaking hole. He aggressively fingered his hole, stretching it quickly like taffy. His face fell onto the table, and he sunk an additional two fingers from his other hand, pulling his hole apart. I stared into his gaping cunt and watched as he worked the custard from the depths of his body. The yellow custard that oozed from his body took on a browner tint. My mouth seemed to water at the darker, richer flavor that flowed from his hole. Ryan withdrew his fingers and held them before my mouth. I could see them covered in the custard and whatever filth that laid buried within his body. I held myself firmly as he tempted me with the food. His fingers traveled around my lips, bathing them in the taste. My tongue lifted and extended slowly to the dark custard.

Don't do it, a voice whispered inside of my body. Don't give in.

My tongue found the end brown custard and licked upward. My rational thinking dimmed as the taste surrounded my mind in a ravenous haze. I pushed my fattened face in between my stepson's cheeks. My lips formed a seal around his hole as he pushed out a heavy gush of brown custard onto my lips.

"UGH!" I cried out as the sweet taste of custard transformed into something far darker and sickening. I swallowed the mouthful as more was issued from his hole.

"Daddy, keep going. Eat my hole! Keep going, Daddy! Eat my filthy hole!"

Ryan twerked his ass along the front of my face, breaking my lips from his hole. His rounded cheeks batted against the sides of my face as he farted a heavy dose of custard onto my face.

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"Ugh! Daddy!"

I swiped my tongue around my lips, eating away whatever custard I could find—desperately wanting more, wanting it all. I leaned back into Ryan's hole and buried my face into his buttocks, licking, swallowing, and lapping away whatever I could find.

"Ready for your final treat?" Ryan asked as I buried my tongue into his hole. A dense hardness met the tip of my tongue, and my body shirked at the taste. I knew the taste, the sensation, the flavor that my stepson dared to force me to eat . . . the thing I dared myself to eat. He pulled away from me, flipped himself around, and held his ankles near his head. "You want it, daddy? I wanna hear you beg me. I wanna hear you say that you want this daddy! Give into the filth." He hooked his legs behind his shoulders and then dug his fingers into his hole, spreading it open for me to see.

"I want you, filthy daddy. I want you rancid. I want you disgusting and soiled."

Ryan's hole seemed to turn into putty as the rim of his hole stretched and stretched until it gaped.

I watched as the load traveled within his hole, pushing out towards me.

"If it falls, then you would be able to eat it, Daddy. Don't you want to taste my gaping shitter?"

The tip of his turd pierced out into the open, and my body took control as my brain no longer found the ability to process. My lips surrounded the shit as he birthed it into my mouth. I bit down on, chewed, and swallowed as Ryan continued to push out more into my mouth.

Something snapped inside of me as my stepson's shit collected in my stomach. I felt my body change. It swelled in all directions. The chair underneath me groaned as my weight increased, stressing the weak legs that held me at the table. The small patches of curly hair that decorated my body lengthened and grew denser, hiding my skin with a dense forest of hair. A stench followed my animalist body. I sniffed the air and felt my cock harden underneath my gut.

It was shit.

I leaked the stench as if my insides had turned rotten, and now the odor leaked from my body.

And I loved it.

I continued to devour my stepson's hole and the waste that he pushed into my mouth. He cried and whimpered in pleasure as my tongue and lips made love to his gaping pussy, mashing the shit into my hairy beard. He repeatedly farted into my mouth, sending wet shit into the back of my throat.

With every gaseous explosion, I felt my stomach bubble rounder, heavier, grosser. My cock throbbed as his stench invaded every cell of my body, rewriting me to become this disgusting creature. His grinning face and passionate eyes continued to stay locked on me as I grew to enormous proportions. I couldn't stop myself. The invisible chains that held my arms at my side lessened, and they launched towards Ryan's stomach. I pushed down. He laughed as my fingers squeezed into his sides, but the flow of shit increased, feeding the hungry beast I became.

Slowly the flow of shit stopped, and I fell back into the chair. It buckled under my size, but I didn't care. I was in sweet, foul bliss.

A burped forced its way out of my lips and tasted like a fart. Wetness appeared at the back of my throat, and I quickly swallowed it.

"Mmm, Daddy, you are almost there. So fucking sexy." Ryan rolled off the table and wrapped himself around my transformed upper body. He pressed his lips into my ear and whispered. "Just wait until I turn that brain into a pile of shit. Make you the big, fat, dumb, shit-obsessed daddy I have always wanted." He blew a steady stream of air into my ear, and the disgusting fog that covered my mind lifted, and reality came at me faster than Ryan's stream of waste.

"I'm gonna be sick."

I clutched my stomach, feeling the heavy load of shit tumble around my in my stomach. I pressed into the front of my stomach and forced a fart-infused burp. The smell hung around my face, and I felt ready to vomit. I reached out my fatty hand and shoved Ryan away from me. He fell heavily to the floor, and his eyes went wide, and water appeared at the corners.

"Daddy . . . that hurt. . ."

I stared at him and felt the filthy fog creep back over my mind, forcing me back into the filth.

Daddy's Filthy Himbo

"I'm leaving, daddy!"

I pulled my recliner into a sitting position and shouted back to his boy, "Let's see!"

My son bounced down the stairs. I could hear the eagerness in his movements as he ran towards me. My cock throbbed beneath my belly, already eager to what outfit he had selected for himself—for the man he would be meeting tonight.

He came around the corner in a flurry of skin and spandex. His long pale legs crossed the room in a skip and a twirl. His round cheeks flooded the back of his bright red shorts. The peaks of his ass cheeks and his narrow crack could be seen over the waistband. His cock created a heavy bulge in the front. The sight made my mouth hang open. An oversized mesh shirt hung off one shoulder and tucked into his shorts.

"Fuck baby, you are even tastier than I could remember."

I tried to think of the last time he dressed in such a way and could think further back than waking up a few moments before.

"What are you thinking about?" My son asked, pulling me back from my thoughts.

"How lucky I am to have such a sexy son." I patted my lap. "Why don't you come take a seat on daddy's lap before you leave."

A soft purr-like groan came from his lips as he danced towards me. My cock hardened as I watched him. Every movement had a purpose. His hips rolled, his legs flexed, and his ass jiggled. I reached around my heavy gut, feeling as if my reach should be closer. He pressed his thin body into me. He felt frail and small. A great contrast to my heavy, fat, round body. He lifted my belly and let it fall. It sloshed like gelatin, shaking across my chubby thighs. The sensation massaged my cock within the worn pair of boxers.

"Boy, you know what that does to me," I growled.

"Oh?" He turned around, presenting his ass to me. "What about this?"

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His gassy ass blasted against my stomach. And I nearly creamed underneath my gut as the smell found its way to my nose. I sniffed the air like I was deprived of oxygen. The scent curled around my senses, stroking them gently—pleasurably, edging me forward. My son looked over his shoulder, acting as if he had just given me a present. One that he knew that I could not resist.

"Got one for me, big guy?" He asked.

I smiled. "Oh, do I." I scrunched my face together and pushed.

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If I was oxygen-deprived, then my son acted as if he had never been able to breathe before. He quickly fell to his knees, pushed his face beneath my stomach, and inhaled so deeply I thought his lungs

would burst with the amount of air within him. He sighed so deeply I felt my stomach rumble. I looked around my sagging gut, seeing only my son's exposed shoulder and his body wiggling beneath my stomach.

"Want another? You know this cannon is full!"

He gave an animalistic moan of approval, and I released another few loud, wet explosions. The back of my underwear was soaked as my wet farts flooded my already ruined underwear with a splattering of shit. He pushed his face deeper into my crotch, digging like a pig for truffles.

"Damn Ryan, you are . . ."

Ryan . . . no not Ryan. He's Baby. He's my baby. He's my son.

"Everything okay, daddy?" His meek voice asked, somehow drawing me from the muck of my thoughts.

I looked at him. I looked at my stomach. I looked at my large grubby hands.

"Daddy?" He asked.

Thoughts and memories flooded me. Ryan's fearful voice pinched fearfully as a painful expression stretched over my chubby face.

"Daddy!" He cried out, and I recoiled slightly. "Daddy." His voice hardened, absorbing the softness and replacing it with a wave of anger and hypnotic lull. "Daddy, look at me."

I knew what I would find if I looked into his eyes and chose a different path.

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"How am I gonna look at my baby boy when his face is pressed into my shitty hole."

The anger disappeared quickly and transformed back into a lustful gaze. He grabbed the lever of the recliner and leaned me back. My legs threw open, and my ass was promoted for him to devour.

"For a second, I was worried," Ryan said before he pressed his face into my wet underwear. He smashed his face against my underwear. An unnerving squish came from between my legs, and my stomach rolled at the sound.

"Looks like someone needs some new underwear!" I felt Ryan's tongue as it wormed its way into one of the holes that decorated the back of my underwear. His tongue found my waste and scooped it into his mouth. He smeared my shit across his lips. He snorted, licked, and oinked. My stomach rolled itself into knots as I heard the continued sloshing and snorting. He lifted himself from between my thighs and grinned.

Shit covered his lips and stained his teeth as he smiled at me.

"Come give me a kiss." He leaned towards me. The smell unsettled me and called bile from the back of my throat. "Pucker up, you nasty fucking slob!" He was inches from my face, and I thought quickly. I placed two fingers towards his lips, and I saw a thought cross his eyes: why it said?

"Go lay down in your—I mean our bed—and I will give you a stomach full before you leave on your date." He launched himself from the recliner and ran towards our bedroom, and I moved towards the door.

My fat body jiggled, and my hole squirted shit down my thigh as I fumbled towards the door. My chunky legs rubbed together, sliding with the dirty grease that leaked from my body. My meaty hands were slick with sweat and god knows what else as I pawed at the tiny metal handle. Finding my grip, I tugged at the door. It did not move.

"Fucking damn it!" I cursed, pulling with whatever strength was left within my fat body. My body bounced with every attempt, moving more than the door as I continued to tug, not seeing the three large padlocks at the top of the door, locks which kept me securely within my cage. "Why won't you—"

"Open?" My stepson said behind me. I spun quickly and found his hands clasped against my face. His tiny fingers clung tightly to my forehead. They squeezed at my temples and somehow sunk into me. I felt them as they wiggled deeper into my head, dancing along my brain, searching for my consciousness and my personality.

"UGH!" I cried out, shaking back and forth as he squeezed tightly on something that I felt at the core of my body. The ability to move died more and more as I struggled.

"I knew it was not a good idea to let you keep your brain." His fingers wiggled around my awareness, fingering the most sensitive areas of my personality—of my person. "There we go." I felt him stroke the area as if it were an animal that needed to be calmed. With every stroke, I felt the fire and the anger die within me.

"Please . . . please I . . ." Words became harder to speak. Thoughts flew from my mind, moving too fast for me to grab hold of or focus. "Ryan. . ."

"No, not Ryan, daddy. Remember, I'm your nasty baby. Your dirty little himbo. I'm your shit-obsessed son. I'm your love. Your life. Your reason to live."

His words filled the space he erased. Where once I felt myself, I felt his words fill. I gasped for air. I opened my mouth and closed, trying to speak, but nothing would come to my lips.

"Now repeat after me. Baby."

"Baby . . ." I gasped, feeling the ability to speak finally return to me.

"My baby boy."

"My babbby boyyyyy," I repeated, feeling the words transform on my lips, shifting to something infantile, something senseless.

"There we go. That's a good dumb daddy. My big, fat, fart obsessed, disgusting, revolting daddy." He withdrew his hands and released my mind, leaving behind the mush that was now me.

I tried to speak again, but instead of words, I babbled like a complete idiot. Ryan laughed at my attempts to speak, and I couldn't help but laugh. I laughed so hard my belly bounced, and my hole—

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Wet shit rolled down my fat thighs. My gaping hole spurted shit onto my cheeks and the floor. The horrible smell radiated from me, and I sniffed the air like it was fresh roses.

My son followed suit. We both let out deep sighs, enjoying the stinky smell. His hands went around my body, grabbed hold of my fat cheeks, and pulled them apart.

"Come on, daddy. Let it out! I know that big belly of yours is just so full!"

I balled my fists together, wanting to make my son proud, and I pushed.

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I felt my shit splatter against the door, the wall, and into my son's hands. He smeared it against my cheeks, rubbing it into my chubby hips. And instead of disgust, I felt pride. My son smiled and nodded for me to continue, and I couldn't stop myself from wanting to please him. I pushed hard, feeling the wet shit transform into hard logs. They piled onto the ground behind me, creating a mound of my disgust and my pride. I felt so much shit pile between my legs that it began to pile against my ankles.

"That's a good daddy! I like you like this. So much better. I should have just drained you in the first place, as opposed to trying to remold you. I should have just erased and started over. Now I don't have to worry about those nasty thoughts leaking through the new you." He leaned down, grabbed a handful of my shit, smeared it against his lips, and leaned towards me.

The voice I felt that should yell at me to stop no longer spoke. It didn't tell me to vomit and recoil. Instead, I felt the urge to lean forward flood my mind, and I obeyed it. Our lips mashed together, the taste filled my cheeks, and I greedily swallowed.

* * *

"Time to wake up, daddy!"

Lights flickered to life over my face, rousing me from my slumber. I stretched my fat body, feeling my stomach already bubble from my late-night feeding. My puckered hole released a wet fart already into my overflowing diaper. I turned and watched my son walk into my bedroom—my pseudo nurse.

I rolled my heavy body over, feeling my full diaper squish against the mattress of my bed. The wet front felt cold, and the back felt bulky and squishy. My son crouched at the side of my bed as I rubbed the front of my diaper, enjoying the wet *squish*.

"Morning, sleepyhead."

I babbled a stream of nonsense, greeting him. I knew I was speaking, but I also knew that he could not understand me. But from the happy tone in my voice, he was pleased. He patted me on the head and lifted the back of my extra plush diaper. He chuckled at the large load in the back and gave it a pat

"Ready for a change?" He asked though he knew the answer.

I shook my head and babbled at him, slipping into a less agreeable tone. He laughed again.

"Boy, we are four diapers thick!" He patted the back of my diaper, squeezing a large handful of the outer layer. I babbled again, and he held up his hand defensively. "Okay. Okay. Okay. Another layer it is!" I rolled onto my back and stared down at the stained front of my diaper. I massaged the wet, dark yellow, and brown tint that leached through from the innermost diaper. My son walked around the room with an XXXL diaper in his hands. I stared up at his grinning face and couldn't help but smile back.

How I loved my son very much.