

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 give 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 hungry 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 he forced 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.