

## 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.

*FFFRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTT*

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.