

AN INDECENT AGREEMENT

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY
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CHAPTER THREE

Sondra clicked her turn-signal on and merged out of the inner traffic lane and right, over into the exit lane. Moments later, she exited the freeway altogether and turned off onto Freud Street...another mile and she'd be back at the apartment complex.

She glanced over at Sammy again, sitting next to her in the passenger seat. He was gazing out the window, his head turned away from her, so she felt free to ogle the bulge in his pants.

I wonder what the fuck he's thinking about? Does he even have the slightest clue I know about the poster of me? And good grief...his teacher found it...found it and recognized me from it. How fucking fan-ass-tastic is that shit?!

She'd been wondering herself if he'd been masturbating all this time. Apparently he had. She'd wanted to check his balls again...and probably needed to check them...but she'd just been too afraid to take that step again...afraid it would end up leading her right back to mouth-on-cock-ville.

How had she done that? Had he had a normal sized dick, she'd never thought a single dirty thought about him...but he didn't. And his wasn't just large...it was motherfucking ridiculous.

Motherfucking?! Did I really just think that? Somebody go ahead and shoot me...please!

She fought the urge to reach over and fondle his bulge. She couldn't let herself touch him at all if she expected to be able to hold back. She'd learned the hard way that once it started, there was no stopping it...and she'd already gone way too far with him as it was.

Is he really jerking off to me? Crap...I know he must have found the photo on my laptop. I'd forgotten all about it. Damn, I'm not sure that's the only one on there either!

She began to fantasize about reaching over and unzipping his jeans...fishing his cock out and jerking him off while she was driving...making him shoot off all over the dashboard. It would be nasty as fuck, but totally hot. And she doubted he'd much complain about it if she did. He damned sure hadn't complained the morning she went down on him in her bedroom.

Crap! It only lasted like a half minute! I bet I didn't make more than twenty strokes with my mouth before he just exploded. Didn't even have time to enjoy it before it was over and done with!

The photo he had was old. She'd taken it for Randall several years ago. She'd fibbed a bit to the coach at school. When she'd been younger and a little less fat and frumpy, she'd gotten off by sending her husband dirty pictures on his cell phone all the time. It started out as a joke until he'd told her one of his friends had used his phone and accidentally seen one of her lewd digital pics. She'd wondered if it had really happened or not. As she was getting a little heavier at the time, she considered the possibility that Randall had just gotten tired of getting naked pics of her on his phone and had told her that in hopes of embarrassing her into stopping. The thing was...that the idea of other men seeing her naked like that sort of turned her on. So rather than stop, she'd gotten worse at it...and began sending him images that weren't just nudies...but had her conducting sexual antics.

She only hoped the one Sammy had wasn't too awfully nasty...and hopefully didn't involve anything so bad as to

prevent her from ever being able to look that coach in the face again.

And speaking of Miss Pike...what exactly had been her deal? It was as if the whole thing didn't disturb her all that much. It was very apparent that it made her nervous; especially at first, but by the time they'd talked about the actual poster he had... well the woman didn't seem too phased about her son jerking off to images of her.

She only hoped she'd pretended to be shocked enough to keep her from being suspicious about her relationship with Sammy. It must not have bothered the woman too much as she had practically told her to not make a big deal about it...even almost tried to legitimize the matter for her. It seemed awfully ironic considering it should have been *her* that was having to explain away events and not the coach.

Was it possible that Robin had had a few thoughts of her own about Sammy after seeing the package he had? Obviously she wouldn't have been the first woman to do so. And sadly, she wouldn't likely be the last woman to do so. The boy had a massive cock *and* an equally massive libido to back it up. Couple that with the fact that he had a thing for fat, older women and the chances were good that he would always have a bitch spreading her legs for him. It was only a matter of time till he realized flaunting his size would get him laid. And when that happened, she knew he was going to be out of control.

Robin Pike...biology teacher? Why was she coaching his gym class anyway? She didn't look much like the healthy types that opted for that job. She did look sort of manly though. Had she not made the remark about not being a lesbian, Sondra would have surely pegged her as such. The short hair was the kicker. It was a total dyke-doo. But her lack of makeup didn't help...not that Sondra had any room to talk in that arena. She

hadn't bothered much during the last couple of years with Randall. He'd apparently lost all interest in her sexually and so after a time she'd just stopped bothering to fix herself up for him. She still shaved her legs and pussy...but she just didn't bother with makeup or fancy clothes...since he didn't seem impressed with her to begin with.

Things had been great when they first met...even after they got married. But after she got pregnant with Sammy, Randall stopped being interested. She assumed it was because she was pregnant and further assumed after she had Sammy, things would get back to normal. For the next eight years, things had been on and off. Their sex was less and less frequent and things never did recover after she gave birth. She'd worked hard to lose her baby weight...had at one point even gotten below her pre-pregnancy size...but Randall didn't seem to care. After that, she just gave up and started eating whatever she fucking wanted. That had been a year after Sammy was born...and she'd lost down to a hundred and ten pounds. During the next seven years, she ate her way up to a hundred and fifty pounds, more than she'd weighed when Sammy was born and she was nine months pregnant.

That had been two years earlier, and about the time she found out Randall had a mistress on the side...some slut he'd been fucking for the whole time him and her had been married. Turned out he'd never gotten over his college girlfriend...the bitch he'd been with before meeting her. She'd dumped his ass and married some rich bastard...and so Randall moved on and married Sondra. But things went south with the whore's marriage and she'd filed for divorce and apparently looked Randall back up and rekindled things again...all behind Sondra's back. She'd been pregnant at the time, so apparently he'd felt

bad about abandoning her. Sadly, had she not found out about Cassidy, she'd probably still be with him.

The whole thing had gone over better for him than her though. She took him to the cleaners on alimony and child support of course...but in the end, she'd granted him his freedom to be with Cassidy and before the ink on the divorce papers had dried, he'd picked up and moved away with the trampy bitch. Her whole marriage had been a fucking joke.

The chaos had lasted almost two years. Two years of fighting, of leaving...of coming back...of more fighting and eventually lawyers. During that time, she'd started binge eating and had swollen up from one fifty to one eighty five, which was her current weight.

Thirty five pounds had packed on in a hurry and with all the bullshit going on, she'd just ignored it and kept moving forward, focusing on the more important things. Buying new clothing had not been a priority. Luckily for her she'd always preferred loose fitting fashion, so when her ass started inflating, she'd not really had to battle with her clothing too badly...but of late, she'd been conducting a constant and never-ending struggle with her buttons and zippers.

She only had two pairs of jeans that still fit. Both of which, of course, were high cut, meaning the waist came up over her hips and buttoned right about the level of her navel. If she lay on her back on her bed and sucked it in, she could get them buttoned and zipped, but as soon as she managed to roll over and get up, bending over became an option she no longer had ...not if she didn't want to blow the ass out of her pants. The most terrible part of her weight gain was that it didn't settle anywhere useful. Most women who got fat...at least gained a little in the tits...but not her. Nope. The majority of her weight had gone to her fat ass and her gut.

She looked down at herself and sighed heavily. Her jeans were cutting her in half as she drove. Not that they didn't cut her in half when she was standing up too. The tight ass waist tended to slice her belly into two distinct sections. The top formed a huge fat roll and just pushed up and over the top of her pants...while the lower half of her belly bulged ridiculously through the bottom of her jeans. From the front it didn't look so bad...but when she'd turn sideways and look at herself in a mirror, it was disgusting...especially considering her top roll stuck out further than the bottom bulge did. And of late, she'd begun noticing her mushroom top actually jiggled and bounced when she walked.

Her tits weren't bad. She knew that. They'd actually held up pretty good after her pregnancy. She'd been about 130 when she got pregnant with Sammy...and she'd been barely a C-cup. After he was born and she lost down to 110, she'd actually shrunk to a B-cup. And after that, her nine year binge had added that twenty pounds back plus fifty five more and despite all that flab, her tits were still just C-cups. Of course she'd gone from a 30-C to a 38-C. Her chest was larger...just not her tits. It annoyed her to say the least.

The car hit a bump in the road and her breasts jostled from the impact. She glanced down at them and realized her bra cups were as binding as her pants were. Had she finally gone up in a cup size? Was it possible she might finally have a set of D-cups? She doubted it...but it would be awfully sweet if she had.

Guess I shouldn't complain too much. I could look like Robin Pike! Had she not looked so dykish, Sondra would have thought the woman was pregnant. Her own belly was big, but Robin had a total man-gut...big and round and apparently she didn't mind hanging the damn thing out.

Comparatively, she knew she wasn't built all that differently from the coach...but she felt as if she was at least far more feminine and a lot cuter...despite being older than the other woman. But the similarities made her wonder how Sammy might be looking at the other woman. Was he attracted to Robin like he was her?

She badly wanted to know what made him tick in regards to sexuality. She knew he liked older, fat women. That much had been obvious from the morning he shot off all over her and the bed while watching the porn video on her laptop...but several questions still remained unanswered. For one, was he attracted to her because she was fat and reminded him of the porn chick? Or was he attracted to the porn chick because she reminded him of her? The second question she had, was whether his attraction to her had anything to do with the happenings at the urology clinic? And a third question was whether he just had a weird sort of Oedipus complex? In other words, was his attraction to her because of her being his mother, plain and simple?

She could draw off some facts to make guesses at answers. In regards to the first question, she'd given him open access to the internet and all its infinite variety of free pornography, so with so much filth available at his fingertips...why was he packing around a life-size blow up poster of her? The answer was pretty obvious, but she didn't want to just accept it as fact. He more than likely had a thing for her...and the porn bitch reminded him of her was the only reason he was getting off to it...well that and possibly the fact that she was sitting next to him on the bed while he beat off...and she had been letting her robe droop down so he could see what modest cleavage she had. Any number of factors could have played into it. But now

that she'd learned about his little porn poster of her, it was all too apparent that she was the focus of his lust.

As to the second question, she had no clue. Things in that urology clinic had certainly changed perspectives for her. In the end, perhaps the incident had been more important to her than him.

And as to the third question, it was still just all up in the air. It sort of fell back to the first question in a way. If it was all about fat women, wouldn't he have gone after some better looking bitch than her? But he wasn't...not if the coach was right. So was it that she was his mother that was doing it for him...or was there even more to it? And why was it an older photo he'd selected? She knew there were hundreds of lewd pictures of her on that computer...and a few low quality videos too. So why that one? Was it because she was younger and less fat? Or had he simply not found the others?

After getting home, she made time to search through her laptop files. She found several random photos that were in general areas...but the majority of her dirty pics and video clips were all stored in one file...a file she had buried within several layers of sub-files...and none had definitive names. She remembered moving them all to that location when she first bought the laptop several years earlier...just in case Sammy ever got nosey and got into her system. The random photos she discovered had apparently been missed during her previous round-up...and she suspected one of them was likely the poster image Sammy had in his backpack.

A short while later while Sammy was in the bathroom, she snuck into his room and pillaged his backpack until she found the homemade centerfold poster. It was indeed her and was, as

she suspected, made from one of the random photos she'd found on the laptop. It was old too...probably dating back at least five years. She was only about a hundred and forty pounds in it...a little pudgy but not really fat.

Great...so he's jerking off to a skinny pic...fantastic!

Somehow the matter depressed her. She'd really hoped it was something more recent...something more fat. Now she sort of felt self-conscious...fearing that even her son wasn't satisfied with the way she looked. But then she remembered the fat bitch in the video they watched together. The woman had been pretty damned big...at least two fifty...of course fifty of it had probably been in her freaking tits alone. Not really of course, but the point was that the woman had been a helluva lot bigger than she was. And if that got him off...well then...

Maybe he just used this one because he couldn't find anything else. The idea had merit. The other few pics she'd found were mostly boobs and her being naked and stupid. Only this one had really shown anything seriously sexual. So if he'd wanted wank material...then this one would have been the winner.

Just then the door creaked and she jumped, startled from the unexpected sound...and the taped together pages dropped from her hand to the floor. As the door opened, she leaned forward in an attempt to snag the poster, but her pants were far too tight to allow that, so half way over, she gasped and then slowly raised back upright to face Sammy who was now standing in the open doorway.

"Oh crap," he hissed as his eyes lowered to her four page spread of his mother lying at her feet on the carpet.

"Wow...look what I found," she said, a smirk on her face. There was no sense yelling at him...and no sense trying to deny that she was snooping around in his room and his stuff.

"H-how did you know?" he stuttered as he stepped forward into his room.

How was she going to explain that? What lie could she use to *not* implicate Robin?

"Well I came in here looking for an ink pen...and I just got nosey I guess...and well...er-hrm!" and she pointed down at the homemade porn poster. "And don't say a word about me snooping...'cause apparently you're just as bad or you wouldn't have found that on my computer to start with."

He blushed profusely and lowered his eyes.

She didn't want to embarrass him over it. Everything aside, this was the first blunt admission on his part, of having had any sexual interest in her. Would it warp him up if she dogged him out about it? And how two-faced would that be considering she was really thrilled by the matter, no matter how sick and twisted it was?

"I thought you liked fat women?" she commented. "So how come you got this one? I'm practically skinny in it."

He looked up and stared at her with a look of total confusion. She met his gaze and faked a look of puzzlement herself.

"Oh c'mon...you snoop around in my laptop files...and you didn't find my stash? Wow...you suck for being a pervert." Having said that, she grinned and started walking towards him.

"What are you talking about?" he asked her as she stepped past him and walked out into the hall.

"Well come here and I'll just show you," she said and opened the door to her own bedroom, leading him into it.

She walked up to her dresser where her computer was located and stroked the cursor pad to wake it up. A few clicks and she had her personal image and video file pulled up for him.

"So you like looking at me?" she asked him as she turned around and pointed to the multitude of thumbnail images of her that were popping up in the file window.

He stepped up to the computer with wide and nearly glowing eyes...his mouth hanging open in awe.

The photos and videos ranged over a five or six year period so her physique changed sizes dramatically. She'd even taken a few after the discovery of the mistress...she'd tried many avenues to rekindle her relationship with Randall. In fact, most of the dirtiest images and videos had been done during the final two years of the marriage. The most recent ones showed her at around 170 pounds. Since those, she'd gained another fifteen pounds.

"Are these videos?" he asked and pointed to a thumbnail that had the little movie real overlays to the side of it.

"There's a few...actually quite a few," she replied with a snort of amusement. "So..." and she said the word with a noticeable amount of verboseness...and then waited for him to look over at her. "You never answered my question."

"What?" he asked with his usual look of confusion back.

"Do you like fat women?"

"Umm..." he stuttered as if he wanted to reply but didn't.

"Don't be embarrassed if you do. Honestly I think it's sort of neat," she explained, trying to sooth his shame a bit. "C'mon and admit it...I'm not stupid, y'know."

"Yeah," he said, reluctantly nodding as he casually drifted his attention back to the computer.

"So you been using that picture of me to...y'know...I mean have you been..." and she faltered for the right way to say it. "Sorry, I know that's probably embarrassing...and honestly, I'm pretty damn sure I know what you have it for."

He shot his eyes sideways to glance at her but then resumed his gaze at the file open on the computer display.

She stepped up to the dresser and leaned against it, taking a position less than a foot from him. Her pose was nothing short of flirtatious. Was she flirting with him? Oh how twisted was that? Flirting with her own son?!

He's jerking off to me...I've had my mouth and hands on his fat fucking cock...I've had his cum all over me. At this point I'm not real sure there's much modesty left to save. So why not?

And here it was...the moment she knew would arrive sooner or later...the moment when she went a little over the line and ended up doing something stupid with him...again! There was no hope of a middle-ground with him. It was as if she had to stay on the straight and narrow...or just climb into bed with him. She couldn't satisfy her own desires...not even a little bit ...without careening out of control. She'd stayed on the wagon for months...but it was apparently done with.

She reached over and double clicked the last video she had made...it was a little over a year old and she was pretty porky in it. As the file clicked to life in the media player, she smiled at him and then leaned back to watch his reaction.

In the video, she was doing a mock strip-tease for Randall, taking off various ill-fitting pieces of lingerie. It took less than a minute for her to be completely topless and then literally ripped her panties off and hiked her leg up onto the bed...the very bed they were standing in front of...though from their old house... and then whipped out a six inch long purple vibrator and started masturbating with it standing up. It was nasty and it was gross to her...but to Sammy, it was apparently something else.

Her eyes tilted downward and spied the normal bulge in his jeans suddenly begin to expand and in seconds, she could make out his snake of a cock wiggling its way upward toward the

waist of his pants. She knew he had to be aware of its movements, but he was totally enthralled with the video. By the time the clip stopped and restarted automatically, she could see the head of his dick bulging through the front lower half of his t-shirt.

She reached out and pinched the side of his shirt and lifted the tail of it up so that she could see his cock hanging out over the top of his pants. The movement took him off guard though, and he jerked back and pulled his shirt out of her grip.

"Do you remember the first time I let you watch porn...here in my room a while back?" Rather than wait for a response, she merely continued, "Remember that? Well I was trying to find you some big boob models to watch because I saw you staring at my bra when I walked in. I found that fat video by accident and you just went crazy with it...and...and maybe I went a little crazy too," she admitted. "Well I just thought you had a thing for fat women in general all this time...so I just sort of left you alone...let you do your thing and all. But when I found that poster of me that you made...well...I sort of came to a different conclusion about what you like, if you know what I mean."

"Wh-what do you mean, Mom?" he asked nervously.

"Do you wanna jerk off to that video of me, Sammy?"

He stared at her with bulging eyes and a mouth that hung open in shock.

"Sammy son...your cock is hanging over the top of your pants...I saw it just now...so there's no sense lying about it."

He nodded with hesitation.

"Yeah, I know you do...I know you do," she cooed to him with a cat-like grin that she'd been resisting for several minutes now. "Son...do I make you hard? Am I making you hard right fucking now?" The question was ridiculous...because she could plainly see his erection poking through his shirt still...with no

indication it was going down any time soon...but she wanted to hear him say something...anything...that would let her know she wasn't forcing herself on him.

He nodded once more.

"Do you like me because I'm fat...or because I'm your momma?" There...she finally put it out there. Not that his answer mattered either way.

"F-f-fat..." he muttered through nervous lips.

"Okay...well I have another question for you," she said, taking a step forward and decreasing the distance between to mere inches. "Do you want to jerk off to that fuzzy video...or would you rather jerk off to the real thing?"

He gulped audibly and stared up at her with eyes so bugged that she thought they might explode.

"I'm only about a 160...165 pounds in that...and I'm pushing 185 right now. So you wanna cum on a computer screen...or do you wanna cum on your fat fucking momma?"

By the time she finished her question, her hands were gripping her tits and she could feel her nipples bulging through the thin silky fabric of her blouse. His eyes dropped to watch her hands and so she decided to move along with it...decided to push his buttons.

He likes fat women...and your tits aren't all that. If he likes the flab, then use it...go with it! Oh this feels weird...stupid. Why does he like fat? Oh whatever...just play along, dammit!

She had started to unbutton her blouse, but now that she'd thought it over, she let her hands slide down lower the big lard roll that bulged up over the top of her jeans and pressed tightly against the fabric of her blouse.

"Yeah...I've gotten so much fatter lately," she whispered as she leaned forward and let her flab roll touch his chest. He leaned back a bit as if he was afraid to have her touch him.

“You can see my belly before you see me, huh? Look how tight my shirt is! I have to suck it in just to get my pants on every morning.”

His breathing was increasing now and she could see tiny little droplets of sweat starting to form on his forehead. His response to her seduction was more than she’d hoped for.

With a quick and vicious flick of her hands, she jerked the front of her blouse to the sides and the button right in the center of her belly roll popped completely off...letting the shirt pucker and reveal her skin behind it.

“Oh no,” she feigned concern. “I’ve done got so fat I popped my shirt button. “You can see my belly...look,” she cooed as she poked in the puckered gap with her fingers. “My pants are just killing me,” she added and her hands slithered down to the button of her jeans and popped it loose. The weight and force of her compressed belly was enough to force the zipper down on its own volition. She’d had the blouse tucked in, so as the pants spread open, her belly poured forth and pressed against the tight silk of her shirt.

Oh cheese and biscuits...I look fucking pregnant! she thought to herself as she gazed down and saw how her fat belly was bulging forward. She poked her stomach muscles and forced her belly to stick out even more...the pucker where the missing button was...suddenly opened even more as a result.

She ran her hands around her gut, caressing the silky fabric with her palms but being careful not to pull her shirt out of the pants. She had another idea for that.

“Sammy...my belly needs to be free...but I can’t get seem to pop any more buttons, baby,” she purred. “Can you help me? Can you help Momma rip her shirt open?”

He backed up a full step and stared at her stomach for several seconds before looking back up at her face.

“Do it,” she urged him. “Just rip it open...rip it open and I’ll let you touch it--”

She barely got the last word out before his hands shot out and snagged the sides of her shirt and jerked it open...buttons flying in all directions...the force of it so violent that her belly was actually left jiggling from it. When the buttons stopped bouncing, her belly stuck out free and naked. The top buttons of the shirt remained intact though, so her tits were still covered.

“Are you gonna finish?” she asked as she slithered her palms across her breasts. “Momma’s titties are getting fat too.”

He stepped closer and reached up to the top of her blouse and popped the last two buttons off...but he didn’t stop this time. By the time the last button stopped tinkling across the floor, he was pushing the shirt back over her shoulders...and she let him...she just stood there and let him slide the arms down and off and then he jerked and pulled the shirt the rest of the way out of her pants and tossed it to the floor.

By the time he’d finished, her jeans were working their way down and she knew in a second or so, he’d notice she wasn’t wearing any underwear.

She looked down and realized her bra was overflowing. She’d finally made it to a D-cup apparently. When had that happened? Not that it concerned her at the moment.

“Don’t stop,” she told him. “Strip me...do it rough.”

His hands grabbed at her tits and jerked the cups of her bra upward till her breasts flopped free and then he fumbled with the garment for several tense seconds before she reached behind herself and unhooked the clasps. By the time she flung the brassiere to the floor, he’d already moved on to jerking her jeans down to the floor.

It was her turn then...and she slapped his hands off of her rather roughly and his eyes bugged out of his head. "My turn," she spouted at him and with determined hands, she reached for his shirt and pulled it over his head then flung it somewhere behind her.

She could now see his dick poking out over the top of jeans, hard as hell and at least three or four inches of it...a good handful...was just there for the taking. She stepped forward and kept walking until she had forced him to back up against the rear wall of her bedroom and then she pressed her body up against him and her right hand latched on to his exposed cock head. Her fingers immediately began to tease the ring around his glans...an act which instantly drove him crazy. With her fat belly firmly pressed against his chest and her plump tits practically in his face, she laughed and said, "Maybe I wanna be in charge now!"

His breathing was wild and heavy and sweat was pouring down his face...a face that was turning more red by the second. He looked as if he might explode if she did much more.

Suddenly she felt stickiness in her hand where she was teasing his cock...and she immediately realized that he was already starting to ejaculate some...right in the palm of her hand and she'd done nothing truly extravagant yet.

I've never had a man want me this bad! I've never had this much power over a man...or boy...over anybody! I've never felt this sexy in my fucking life!

She suddenly felt empowered in a way she'd never imagined. She'd been steadily growing at for nearly eight years and her weight had always made her feel frumpy and undesirable. She never imagined that her size could actually be a turn-on for a guy. How many times had she sucked it in or turned down a desert for fear of what Randall might think of

her? And now...now here she was with a guy...albeit her own son...but a guy still...that actually wanted her *because* she was fat and frumpy!

She leaned back a bit and poked her belly out...doing her best to express her double roll so that it looked like one big round gut...and then she rubbed it roughly against his chest. Then she squatted a bit and dragged it down his torso until she felt his sticky cock head jabbing the bottom of her stomach.

He lost his cool at that very moment and reached with both hands to shove his pants down, but she grabbed his hands and pushed them outward.

“No!” she chirped at him. “You strip me...and I strip you!”

She backed up, grabbed him by the arm and then pulled him into a 180 motion so that he was facing the wall. “Put your hands up on the wall!” she demanded and he complied. With unforgiving hands, she reached around him and jerked on the end of his exposed cock. “What’s this...right here, hmm? What’s in your pants, Mister Hogan? Is this what the girls were staring at in gym class yesterday? Was it hard? Why were you hard...you hard for Miss Pike? Her fat belly make you hard while you were dribbling some b-ball?” At the same time she began rubbing her own fat gut all over his back. “I know you like the fatties...don’t lie to Momma!”

“N-n-nooo...” he gasped as he tried to turn and look over his shoulder at her.

“Don’t turn and look at me...you look straight ahead till I tell you to do otherwise!” He reluctantly turned his face back toward the wall and sighed. “This cock is too fat to be getting hard at school like that. Can’t be having it popping out of your shorts like that. Some naughty fat bitch is liable to handle up on it and Momma won’t like that! Mmm-mm...no sir, Momma can’t have that! So it looks like Momma is gonna have to take

matters into her own hands,” and with that she reached around him with her other hand and popped the button on his jeans and unzipped his pants. As they dropped to his ankles, she grabbed the ass of his underwear and ripped them downwards to his knees. Then with hands on each of his hips, she pulled him back away from the wall towards her and then bowed him over till he was leaning against the wall at a near ninety degree bend.

“The doctor said you were getting a case of bull balls... so maybe if you’re all cow like...maybe I need to milk you like a cow...maybe I need to milk them big balls, eh?”

She dropped to her knees and reached up with both hands to grab his thighs and with an outward push, forced him to spread his legs for her. Now she could see his hanging scrotum clearly but his underwear were still holding his legs, so she rolled them all the way down to his ankles and he stepped out of one leg. He was full naked now and at her mercy.

Sondra reached up and cupped his balls. They weren’t bloated as she expected them to be...not like before. Now they looked deflated...dangling...each testicle clearly discernible through his chicken flesh nut skin and they hung heavily, dropping at least four inches below the curve of his body. She was able to wrap her hand completely around them and so she did and pulled downward forcing his nuts down into a knot of flesh at the bottom of his sack. Each testicle was the size of a ping pong ball...at least an inch and half in diameter...so she had quite the handful of nuts at her disposal.

She tugged on them as if they were cow teats and he gasped loudly and muttered, “Momma,” before biting his bottom lip.

With her other hand she reached under him and wrapped her palm and fingers around his erection which protruded

straight outward rather than upward. She'd read online that men with huge dicks often failed to have upright standing dicks because of the weight of blood in them during erection...so her son's cock, when hard, stood out straight rather than curving upwards...making it all that much easier to manipulate.

She bent it downward and began jerking him off while still maintaining an iron grip on his jewel sack.

"Yeah...Momma's gonna milk them balls...I'm gonna milk you good, little boy!"

Sammy grunted and leaned further over to ease the tugging pressure on his cock...then his knees bent and she noticed his legs were quivering. Without more warning than that, his dick began to twitch in her hands and semen spat onto the carpet beneath him...once, twice...three times...and then a massive eruption expelled...some of it splattering onto the wall as well as his feet...then he one last discharge went off and he dropped to his knees, breaking her grip on his genitals. Exhausted and spent, he leaned forward and braced himself against the wall, oblivious to the fact that he was kneeling in his own semen.

Sondra massaged his shoulders for a moment and then forced him to turn around. In so doing, he dropped onto his ass and leaned against the wall...sitting down in his own ejaculation.

She was still on her knees and so now she seemed to be towering over him as she pushed his legs together and knee-walked forward until she was all but astraddle of him. She leaned forward then and put her hands on the wall and pressed her fat stomach into his face and softly assailed him with it until he started moaning.

"Why you moaning? You don't like Momma's big fat belly in your face? Hmm? I thought you like fat bitches...what's wrong now...is Momma too fat for you...is Momma's belly too fat?"

Without prelude, she suddenly felt his hands on her sides and then his fingers and palms were kneading her belly like a big ball of dough and it set every nerve in her body on fire. It was electric! Her body turned him on! Her weight wasn't a derogatory point any more. Now it was something of desire and it made her feel sexually exuberant to say the least. She leaned back and grabbed his hands and pressed them with force, into the soft and supple flesh that sagged from her lower torso. She *made* him manhandle her flabby gut even more intensely that he already was...and the result was as arousing for her as it was for him.

"I know you wanna cum on it, don't you? You wanna cum on my fat belly?"

He looked up at her and his eyes answered her without his mouth having to utter a single syllable.

She moved back from him some and looked down. His cock was swollen and red from her jerking him off...but it was also hard again...vessels rippling down the sides of it...head huge and purplish.

"Get up...get up and stand over me to do it!" she told him, her expression revealing her hot lust and slipping grasp on control. "Do it...get up and jerk off on me, dammit!"

Hesitantly and with quivering legs, he climbed to his feet and as he did so, she took his spot on the floor and sat her fat ass down in the warm and sticky goo that covered the carpet.

It had always been a fantasy of hers to be held down and cum on by a bunch of men with huge cocks. More than once she'd dreamed about it and awakened to find her sheets sticky between her legs. And while Sammy only had the one big cock, it was certainly enough of an element to thrill her.

Sondra scooted out a few inches from the wall and put her hands behind her back and clasped her fingers together, the

idea being to pretend she had her hands bound behind her. Then she leaned back against the wall and poked her belly out as far as she could and then lifted her thighs up until the backs of her feet nearly touched her ass cheeks. The effect was to frame her fat belly and titties with her thighs.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck...my belly’s so big and fat...look at it! Don’t you wanna cum on it? Jerk off on it...jerk off on Momma’s fat belly...pretend you tied me up and you’re a bad boy...a nasty little boy with a big fat fucking cock,” she urged him as he turned around and stepped up to her, his cock in hand. As he started pumping on his drooping dick, she gasped and grunted. “No...no, what are you doing...don’t do that on Momma!”

He looked oddly at her and she smiled at him.

“Just play along...just pretend!” she explained. “I’m getting off on it, alright...you got yours...so let me get mine, dammit!”

He immediately resumed jerking off.

“Yeah..oh fuck yes...just do the opposite of what I tell you and you’ll have it, son,” she told him between gasps. “Dammit, yes...get closer and...and...fuck...rub that bastard in my face!”

He stepped up and began to poke her cheeks with it as he pounded up and down its length. Semen still coated the tip of it and more pre-ejaculant was oozing out, so each poke left a slimy smear on her face.

“Stop it...don’t do that...I’m your mother, dammit! You’re so nasty! Just ‘cause you got a big fat cock doesn’t mean you can--” and his cock head jabbed into her mouth, effectively shutting her up. And then he was humping her head and she was sucking him off...his fat cock driving deep into her throat with each thrust. Moments passed and he pulled out and began rubbing it all over her face again...this time leaving behind spit and cum both. “Oh shit...oh fuck...I can’t believe you did that!”

Then he did it again...pumping her mouth even longer this time than he did the first before pulling it out again.

"Nasty...so fucking nasty! I'm not gonna suck it...you hear me?! I will not suck my son's cock...I don't care how big it--" and again he silenced her with his penis. It was so large that it was practically gagging her and he wasn't even pushing but maybe a quarter of it inside. His glans alone was enough to fill the whole of her mouth.

Suddenly he pulled out and his hand pumping became rapid and forceful and she knew instantly that he was nearing climax again.

"Making me suck it! Filthy little bastard...and I guess now you wanna cum all over me don't you? Yeah you do! You little pervert! I know you wanna cum all over my fat belly...and my titties too! Well you can't! You better not do it! Don't you dare cum all over--" and he erupted all over her chest and with a quick whip of his cock, sent even more semen onto her pooked out belly and he didn't stop jerking until the whole top half of her paunch was coated in white syrup.

"Ahhh," she moaned loudly and her flared vagina suddenly erupted a geyser of clear fluid all over the carpet. "Ohhh fuck!" she barked and another blast of fluid sprayed from her pussy.

"FUCK ME...oh shit...FUCK ME...FUCK ME, DAMMIT!" Her voice was demanding...so demanding, but he didn't have the slightest idea what the hell to do. "STICK THAT FUCKING FAT COCK IN MY PUSSY RIGHT NOW AND FUCK ME, DAMMIT!!" she shouted at him and he dropped to his knees as she slumped down further from the wall and thrust her legs outward, essentially sliding down onto her back on the carpet.

Sammy stared downward at her gaping pussy and then at his drooping, spent dick...then his gaze rose to meet his mother's expectant and demanding glare.

“Don’t you even *look* like you’re gonna say you can’t!
‘Cause I know you can! NOW FUCK ME OR I’M GONNA PULL MY
FUCKING HAIR OUT! I CAN’T TAKE IT! I NEED IT...I NEED THAT
DAMN FAT FUCKER IN MY PUSSY...AND I WANT IT NOW!!”

Sammy hunched forward and pressed the tip of his cock against her spread vagina lips and pushed. It was tight...so fucking tight that it was almost painful to the skin on his dick, but it was also hot and wet and slimy...and as he pushed deeper, the sensation faded into one of ecstasy...an erotic feeling he’d never before felt. His hand...women’s hands...women’s mouths...the suction device...nothing that had ever stroked or sucked his cock before had felt like this.

Something animalistic within him took over and before he realized what was happening, his hips were bucking back and forth, slamming his cock in and out of his mother’s hot pussy.

She was cursing, shouting, clawing at the carpet with her fingernails...then her hands were on him...and clawing painfully at his back. His belly was pressing against hers and the semen spread on her torso was sticky and so each thrust that pulled him away from her was making a slimy popping noise and for some odd reason he was focusing on that noise...a simple, sticky clicking...over and over. It was rhythmic and soothing...in contrast to his mother’s shouting and lewd language that erupted erratically from her mouth as she both insulted him and urged him on in a deranged cycle of verbal assault.

He could feel the head of his dick hitting some soft obstruction within her...and it annoyed him. It was preventing him from getting the entire length of his cock inside her and all he wanted in the world right then was to feel that moist tightness encompassing the whole of his cock with each thrust. So, in frustration, he started ramming harder and harder and he

felt the obstruction relaxing a little with each impact. But his mother's frantic and insane rambling started to become totally unintelligible until, at some point, she stopped talking...stopped shouting and just started screaming and moaning. Her legs were wrapped around him so tight that he was having trouble continuing to thrust and it was agitating. With one arm he reached back and shoved her left leg loose from him. And in that brief moment of unencumbered movement, he took the opportunity to pound her harder than he had ever done before and she responded by crimping him once more with both her thighs just as a massive and extremely hot release of fluid erupted from her pussy and set his cock on fire. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she pulled at her own hair...and then her legs began to quiver and their vise-like grip released suddenly freeing him to pound her without resistance...and before he realized what was happening, his balls contracted and his cock began to twitch and then he exploded inside of her.

And though Sondra could feel his body tensing, she had no will to resist what was coming...and even if she had, she likely would not have cared to try and prevent it. And as the last squirts of semen fired off within her pelvis, her son collapsed atop her larger body and gasped, the last of his energy spent.

THREE MONTHS LATER...

The cul-de-sac had six houses in it. Maureen's was the smallest by far. The other five were all three bedroom and two bath homes...but hers was a two bedroom and a study intended to be sold to a retired couple, or so the realtor had told her, but when the housing market tumbled, the price on the house had dropped dramatically and no family wanted it because of the low number of bedrooms. So needless to say, with a little

perseverance and a nice down payment, she was able to slide into the house and out of her raunchy apartment.

I wasn't easy though. Being a single mother...a college dropout whose occupation was medical receptionist making \$30 thousand a year...well the bank took some serious convincing and her father ended up having to co-sign the mortgage for her.

And despite the fact that she made her own way in life, her neighbors always seemed to be looking down their noses at her and it really pissed her off. Her house was just as nice as theirs even if it wasn't nearly as big.

The only two that she got along with was Sondra Hogan, the other new girl and single mom...also the only really fat bitch...and of course, Anita, the scrawny soccer mom with the flaming white SUV that lived directly across from her. How that happened she wasn't sure. Anita seemed like a fucking cunt from all outward appearances, but so far she'd been fairly decent to her and had even invited her to one of their weekend barbecues a while back. Honestly to say she was friends with Anita would have been pushing it. Sondra though...now she was believable and sincerely nice.

As she pulled up into her driveway and pressed the button for her garage door to open, she caught sight of Kerry Farris, Anita's daughter, walking her wiener dog down the sidewalk.

Man I hate that yappy little bastard...and if she stops and lets him shit in my yard again, it's gonna be on like a chicken bone!

On a lark, she decided not to pull her Beetle into the garage, but instead put it in park and climbed out. As she unloaded her groceries from the rear of her car, she eyed the girl and her mutt and waited for the inevitable...but as she approached, she

veered the dog off toward the street to keep him out of her yard.

Yeah, probably 'cause you see me standing here looking at you, you little bitch!

"Hi, Miss Parks!" the girl called out to her as she approached the end of the driveway. "Do you need some help with those?"

About that moment, Eddie finally bolted from the car and made a mad run for the inside of the garage and disappeared inside the house. Her son was a madman ninety percent of the day. Getting him to stand still was a feat next to impossible. Getting him to help her carry groceries was just fantasy. Not that he was big enough to carry much any damned way.

"Actually...if you don't mind," she gasped as she nearly dropped one of her bags. Too late, she realized the girl would probably bring the yappy dog into her house.

Kerry smiled and bent over to tie her dog's leash around Maureen's mailbox post and then trotted up the drive to help her unload.

Moments later in her kitchen, Maureen dropped her double arm-load of bags to the floor in front of her bar and turned to motion for Kerry to drop hers there as well. When the girl bent over though, she was aghast at seeing the top of her butt crack.

Good grief...could her shorts get any skankier? It's bad enough their tight as all hell but the legs are non-existent and the damn waist in them is all but...

In the two years that Maureen had been living here, she'd watched young Kerry grow from an eight year old normal girl into a ten year old burgeoning slut. Her mother, Anita, apparently thought the matter was amusing. She herself, dressed like a whore most of the time, so the girl was probably only emanating what she saw day-to-day. Now it wasn't out of

the ordinary to see the girl running about in too-tiny shorts or pants that hung so low as to almost show pubic hair and t-shirts that were tight and short...or bikinis more often than not. And she couldn't remember ever seeing her wearing a bra at all and lately her nipples had gotten extremely...well...fluffy, for lack of a better word. The stuck out through everything she wore and now, as she stood here looking the girl over up close, she realized her breasts were starting to bud out enough to have shape and weight to them...and the half tank-top that she was wearing did nothing to conceal them.

Had the Farris family not been so hoodie-doo...she'd have sworn they were white trash.

"Thanks for helping me," she told the girl as she tried not to stare at her bare belly. She wasn't fat by any means, but her tummy protruded a bit over the tops of the low-cut pink shorts she was wearing and it was distracting...almost as bad as her boobs. Maureen bit her lip and forced her eyes to rise and meet the girl's own gaze.

Let me guess...you expect me to give you some money, huh?

"So do you ever like...need a babysitter or anything?"

Maureen arched an eyebrow. It was an odd question. The girl was twice Eddie's age...but she wasn't sure she'd make such a fantastic sitter for him.

"My mother usually keeps him for me when I have to go do anything...and she keeps him during the day when I'm working."

"Oh...well if you need somebody, let me know...I'm cheap!"

*Cheap?! From the mouths of babes...*she thought to herself as she again, eyed how scantily dressed the girl was.

"So have you actually babysat before?"

"Yes ma'am...all three of my cousins and Miss Hoffsetter's boy...she lives one street over...our backyard and hers touch."

The houses on the next cul-de-sac were even larger and more expensive than the ones on her own street. She didn't know Hoffsetter and probably didn't want to. She despised hoodie-doo people.

"Eddie is crazy...seriously...do you even have a clue what you're asking for?"

"Yes ma'am...I can handle him."

"I tell you what...I'm going over to help Miss Hogan paint her living room this afternoon...and I'd rather not have to have Eddie under foot...him and Sammy usually end up fighting for some damned reason...so if you want, you can do a practice run with him and watch him for a couple of hours. No pay though. You gotta prove you can handle him before I'm gonna trust you and pay you, got it?"

The girl smiled and nodded. "I got it...no problem! When are you leaving?"

"Soon as I get my groceries put up...and I'm just gonna be two houses down...so if you have any problems with him, just come get me, okay?"

"Sure, sure," she chirped. "What you want me to do with him while you're gone? He watch TV or play or what?"

"It's gonna be getting late shortly...so keep him in the house and he can watch TV or play or whatever. Just don't let him out of the house. I should be back before seven, so you don't have to worry about giving him a bath or anything. Just keep him from killing the cat or raiding the junk-food."

Twenty minutes later, she was walking down the drive and stopping to pet the wiener dog at her mailbox. The dog was a poop factory and yappy...but he was also lovable if you gave him some attention, which she did.

Wow...I'm in a good mood...even petting a dog I hate!

She'd promised to help Sondra paint...but had been dreading the project for days because she knew she was going to have to drag Eddie there with her. Why he and Sammy couldn't get along, she had no idea. It was like to alpha male dogs trying to one-up one another and with one twice the other's age, Sammy usually ended up winning, which pissed Eddie off and down the street to fisticuff city they went. It was just ridiculous...especially considering Sondra was pretty much her only friend these days.

Two houses down, she walked up the sidewalk and rang the doorbell...but after a few minutes, no one answered. The garage was open and Sondra's Ford Taurus was parked inside. Back to the door, she knocked and waited to no avail.

"Well I know you're home, woman...what the hell?" she grumbled under her breath.

Finally, she ventured around the corner to the garage again and walked inside. The garage entrance door was unlocked, so hesitantly, she opened it and knocked on the inside of it.

"Hello?! Sondra...you here?"

"MAUREEN?!? SHIT...SHIT!" Sondra's voice blurted from off into the other side of the house...and she glanced across the kitchen into the living room and saw Sondra jumping up off the couch and fumbling for clothing that was scattered about. She was obviously naked and the woman's fat ass nearly blinded her or at least seemed like it should have.

"Damn, bitch...my eyes...my eyes!"

"Fuck off...damn...I forgot you were coming over!"

"Well I rang and knocked...damn...you didn't hear me?"

"No...I was out...sorry...I thought I heard something once but I'm just dead...sorry," she continued to apologize as she pulled on clothing and finally started for the kitchen to meet her.

"Well don't put a bra on...damn," Maureen giggled and pointed as her friend jiggled into the kitchen proper, her free tits dancing beneath her ridiculously tight blouse.

"Sorry...I couldn't find it," she replied with a sneer.

"Well at least you got the boxes out of there," she said, pointing off toward the living room where only the couch and coffee table remained. Her friend had only moved in about a month earlier and up until now, she'd had moving boxes still stacked throughout the front room.

"Yeah, I got everything but the couch...it was too heavy to move by myself," Sondra replied.

The woman's face looked flushed and her hair was messy and had she not known better, she'd have sworn the woman had just had sex with somebody. As Sondra stepped past her to go to the refrigerator, she caught the distinct smell of pussy emanating from her. She also looked like she had something crusty on the side of her face...a large section.

"Holee shit, bitch!" Maureen blurted and burst into laughter. "Holee shit...did I walk in on the end of a porn party?"

"WHAT?!" Sondra nearly shouted as she whipped around with wide eyes and stared, her face losing all color.

"Well damn...I walked in and you're passed out on the couch, buck naked, and now you walk past me and I'm pretty sure that's some serious man mud on your face there," she said, pointing at Sondra's cheek.

Suddenly the color returned to her face and the paleness roared into bright red.

"Okay...yeah...maybe...sort of," she said, letting a smile crease her lips as she grabbed for a dishtowel and headed for the sink to wash the semen from her face. "I sort of passed out afterwards...he's...well he's a wild man."

"Who is it?"

"Umm," Sondra stuttered. "His name is John...he's...he's this guy I met...at...the grocery store...he's nice...but...umm...he's married...so...I mean I know how that sounds...but...like don't say anything if you see him here, okay. It's not serious and it's just sort of a...a..."

"Fuck buddy thing?" Maureen offered up the phrase and then smirked.

"Yeah, kind of," Sondra agreed. "Fat girl has to get it where she can...no questions asked."

"I hear you," Maureen nodded in agreement...wishing she could find herself a "John" to bang the ever-loving shit out her and leave her passed out from it.

"So where's Eddie?"

"I have left him in the free care of one Miss Kerry Farris at my home," she replied with a fake British accent. "I figured we might get more painting done without him fighting with Sammy for once," she continued after dropping the accent. "Hey, where's he at anyway? Don't tell me I piped Eddie off for nothing!"

"Umm...he's...round here somewhere," Sondra answered, but her expression struck Maureen as odd. By then, Sondra had finished washing her face and was wandering back over to the refrigerator to get a drink when she realized her friend was walking into the living room.

OH HOLEE SHIT...SHIT...SHIT!

Sondra clinched her teeth together and tried to telepathically will her friend back into the kitchen. If she happened to walk in and sit down on the couch...it would likely squash Sammy who was hiding underneath it. The cushions

were old and the springs wouldn't probably protect him if she flopped her big fat ass down on it.

"You wanna go ahead and move the couch?"

"What?! Umm...no...no, not yet. I need...I need to take a little rest here...I'm kinda parched," she muttered as she popped open a can of soda and sat down on one of her bar stools. "Hey, I'm guessing I didn't close my garage...so...uhh... would you mind going out and shutting it? There's a button on the wall but it doesn't work for some reason. You'll have to get the one in the car...it's on my visor."

Maureen turned and stared at her oddly but started back into the kitchen.

"Yeah, sure...sure..." she said as she passed through the kitchen and headed out the side door to the garage.

As Maureen stepped into the living room, she could smell the stench of sex growing stronger. Her eyes inadvertently locked on the couch and she figured that must have been where they were fucking. Oddly, on the far side of the coffee table, she noticed a t-shirt...a small one...was it Sammy's? Then over by the front door, she saw socks and shoes...both Sondra's and Sammy's. As she stepped further forward, she noticed a pair of small underwear...definitely Sammy's...pressed down into the couch cushions. Scattered around the couch was various junk-food containers...two ice cream quart size cups, a potato chip bag, and several empty soda cans.

"You wanna go ahead and move the couch?" she asked and Maureen nervously answered her and then requested she go close her garage door for her. What the hell was that all about?

As she turned to go do it, she noticed several large and crusty spots on the couch...lots of them actually.

It's ice cream...definitely just ice cream, she told herself as she stepped back into the kitchen and headed toward the garage again. She's acting really weird. Is the dude still here or something? Close her garage door? Right, right. Oh shit...I wonder if maybe she's banging one of the neighbor husbands? Oh that would be hilarious if she's doing Bruce Farris! I would just die laughing! Can you imagine Anita's scrawny face if she found her husband fucking Sondra the fatty?!

Smirking, she stepped out into the garage and headed for the driver's side door of Sondra's car...but then stopped at the passenger's side and open the door. A moment later, she scampered several steps back to the kitchen door and prodded the garage door button on the wall there. The mechanism immediately kicked to life.

Button on the wall doesn't work, huh?

Under the cover of the noise, she peeped around the still open door into the kitchen and her line of sight led straight into the living room. Sondra was standing up in the kitchen and running for the living room. No sooner had she reached the couch than Sammy, buck naked, popped up from...apparently underneath it ...and made a break for the back hallway. As he dashed off, she swore she saw a monster cock flopping between his legs.

What...the fuck...did I...just see???

Maureen's mind couldn't even fathom it. The sex...she smelled sex so hard in that living room...so there was no fucking way somebody hadn't been riding the wet saddle in there! And of all the men she expected to see popping out of a hiding place ...it's Sammy...Sammy as in Sondra's 10 year old son! And what the fucking hell? His dick...that was definitely his dick she saw swinging like a small baseball bat between his legs when he ran off down the hall. Was she hallucinating?

Just then she realized Sondra had turned around and was looking in her direction...no...scratch that...she was looking directly at her. Her fat friend dropped the pair of Sammy's underwear she was holding and her eyes bugged out of her head. She knew she'd seen her...*seen him!*

By that point, the garage door had finished closing and silence invaded the distance between them. Slowly, Maureen reached for the doorknob and pulled the door open enough she could enter the kitchen, then shut it behind her. She imagined her own face probably didn't look much different than her friend's...a mixture of shock...horror...and utter disbelief.

"It's...it's not what you think," Sondra finally blurted.

"Yeah it is," Maureen countered. "Don't shit me, Sondra." She had no idea what was really going on but she had a pretty good idea...and also a pretty decent hypothesis on *why!* Despite the fact that she knew she should be overwhelmed with the obscenity of her friend being sexual with her own son...it seemed the only thing she could focus her mind on was Sammy's dick. She was more dismayed over that than the fact that Sondra was evidently riding said dick.

"Please don't freak out!" Sondra pleaded as she walked back into the kitchen and slumped down onto one of the bar stools. "I can explain this...sort of...I mean...oh fuck...I knew sooner or later somebody was gonna find out."

Maureen stepped to the bar and sat down across from her friend and stared at her for several moments before speaking herself.

"I saw...or I think I saw...that...he's got...like--"

"Oh, Maureen, it's fucking huge...it's massive!" Sondra practically exploded verbally. "You have no fucking idea! I can't...I can't help myself...I can't...I've tried...and he's...it's just too...oh shit, you fucking saw it!"

"Calm down...damn...just chill out," Maureen told her as she tried to formulate what to say to her in response to the matter.

Sondra stopped blabbering and sat silently staring at her.

"Are...are you having sex with him?"

"He started it," she chirped.

"So you are?"

"Yes," she agreed, nodding her head nervously. "Please don't tell anybody okay...you don't know the whole story, okay ...there's a reason for it...I swear there is!"

"Okay...okay...just...why don't you start from the beginning then and tell me how this has happened."

"Sammy! Sammy come in here!" Sondra called out loudly in the direction of the back hall.

Seconds later, the boy emerged from the dark hallway still completely naked. With each step that he took, his fat cock swung from side to side, slapping the fronts of his thighs as his legs moved him forward. The massive appendage dangled at least halfway to his knee and was accompanied in movement by his over-sized testicle sack. He eventually came to a stop at the end of the bar and stood quietly letting Maureen gawk at him and gawk she did!

"Holee...effing...shit...bitch..."

"He's limp, Maureen...limp...that's not even close to hard," Sondra blabbered. "He has something called megalopenis. He ...it causes him to have...well *THAT!*" and she pointed excitedly at his genitals.

Maureen had never seen a cock that size in her life nor had she ever expected to see such a massive male appendage on a ten year old boy. But then she realized her own son...Eddie... had a rather remarkably large dick himself. She'd told herself for a while now that it wasn't really that gigantic...but on his little body, it *just seemed* huge. But now that she was staring at

Sammy's junk...there was no doubt in her mind that his was no optical illusion. No sir...Sammy had a donkey dong if ever there was one.

"Okay...okay...I...I want to hear this," she stuttered and forced her eyes off of Sammy. "Start from the beginning."

"Okay...sure...I'll tell you everything...but you gotta promise me you won't tell a living soul...ever!" Sondra's expression was one of dire pleading.

"Alright...I won't tell anyone...but...umm...is he just gonna stand there," she asked, glancing over at the boy who was still naked.

"Sammy...go...get...put some pants on," his mother barked.

Sadly, as he walked off down the hall again, Maureen found herself thinking that she shouldn't have said anything. As sick as it was, she had been sexually excited by him to a degree she'd not felt in a long, long time.

Sondra sighed...and began to spill her story.

To be continued...

*This book is published in serial format.
Subsequent chapters have been added in order.*