

AN INDECENT AGREEMENT

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY
THE MARQUIS FAÇADE

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CHAPTER FOUR

It was almost seven thirty and Sondra hadn't come home yet, so Kerry was beginning to get a bit nervous. Was the woman testing her to see how she'd handle things as a babysitter or had something happened to her? By seven forty five, she decided to call her.

"Hello?"

"Miss Hogan...it's Kerry...I was just checking to make sure everything was okay."

"Oh hey...sorry...I know I said I'd be back by eight or so, but I sort of...well...I can't get loose right at the moment. Do you mind staying a little longer? I'll pay you!"

"Oh...okay...well sure. I can stay till ten probably, but I gotta check with my mom after that."

"Oh I'll be way done before then. Call me if you need anything, okay?"

"Miss Hogan...well umm...should I make him something to eat and stuff?"

"What? Oh yeah, sure...stuff in the fridge...knock yourself out. You can do whatever long as you don't let him kill the cat I guess."

"Oh...well okay then," she replied. "Bye then."

So...she was in charge then...and getting paid for it. Her first real babysitter job! She suddenly felt proud of herself and decided she was going to do a super job so that Sondra would be impressed with her and likely hire her again. And even if she didn't, at least she'd have a great reference!

She walked into the living room and found Eddie lounged on the couch surfing through various cartoon channels. He was cute enough...but she also knew he was slightly wild when the

mood struck him. His blonde hair was ruffled and looked like it had something in it. As she approached the couch, she noticed a wrapper on the floor next his left hand...half shoved down in the couch cushions as if he'd been attempting to hide it.

"Eddie...what did you eat?!" she asked as she bent over to pluck the wrapper from the cushions. It was a candy bar wrapper...one with nasty caramel in it. She glanced up at his head and realized the goo in his hair was probably some of the candy's sticky ass contents. "Is that caramel in your hair?"

He looked up at her grinned mischievously.

"Gross!" she chirped in disgust. "Get up and come let me wash that out...or your mom is gonna kill us both!"

He looked at her stupid and then flexed his eyebrows as if to insinuate, "whatever," and then returned his attention to his cartoon surfing.

"Hey! AS IN NOW!" she barked at him. "You can watch cartoons when you come back. And I don't care if you don't like it... 'cause you've apparently already spoiled your dinner anyway and if I'm not feeding you...the least I'm gonna do is clean you!"

He frowned at her.

"Leave me alone!"

She bent over and snagged him by the ear and pulled him forward off the couch.

"OWWWW!!!"

"Now, mister...unless you want me to kick your ass!" And she would too, if he fucked up her first real babysitting job. If it went south, well...it might as well go *all the way* south. Let her babysit or die! Maybe a bit overboard, but it was going to be her motto. "Don't care...maybe you shouldn't have sneaked a candy bar and then got it all in your hair!"

She maintained her pinch on his earlobe and led him across the living room, into the main hall, and then eventually into the bathroom at the end of the corridor.

"Lean over the sink," she told him as she released her death grip and pointed at the basin. Moments later, she was fighting him to hold him down and water was going everywhere making a mess all over the counter and the floor.

"OH C'MON...JUST HOLD STILL! YOU'RE MAKING A MESS, EDDIE!! STOP!!" she shouted repeatedly at him, but he didn't seem to care. At some point...probably when she ear-pinched him, she'd pissed him off and he was just hell bent and determined now that he wasn't going to cooperate for anything. "OKAY! ALRIGHT! YOU WIN!" she shouted and he lifted his head up, water dripping everywhere. "Just go get in the damn tub!"

He stood there with a stupid expression on his face, water dripping everywhere...and no indication that he intended to follow her orders.

"NOW! Or I'm gonna kick your ass and tell your mom that you freaked out and tried to beat me up. And she'll believe me because you fight with Sammy all the time!" She smiled now with an evil expression. "Oh yeah...I heard all about that! So now what's it gonna be, bucko?!"

The boy glared at her but slowly stepped toward the tub and started pulling his t-shirt off and over his head.

"You suck," he muttered as she started toward the door.

"Get in there and take a bath and wash that goo out of your hair...and don't come out until you're done either."

"You still suck," he reiterated, causing her to stop and turn around to look at him just as he pulled his pants down.

"Yeah, well you...suck...too..." her voice tapered off as her thoughts slid to another topic entirely. As she watched, he

kicked off his pants...but her eyes were glued to the single garment that he was still wearing. His tidy-whities bulged in the front in a way she'd only seen once before – Sammy Hogan.

She'd been going to school with him for a few months now and he'd lived in an apartment complex three streets down before moving onto the same street as her. The first time she'd ever seen him was in biology class about three months earlier on the first day of school. She'd thought he was cute, but he was really scrawny and nerdy, so she'd ignored him...until seventh period gym class which she also shared with him. While he'd been playing basketball, her friend had elbowed her and pointed at him...and as the two of them watched, the boy's junk in the front had begun bouncing around and at one point, his wiener had just flopped out and down his shorts leg. For a brief moment, her and her friends had seen the end of his dick hanging out before he jerked his shirt down and ran for the sidelines. They'd all laughed at him, but later he'd been the topic of endless discussion...mostly concerning his apparently over-sized schlong. He was a nerd though, so nobody acted like they were curious. Most of the talk was of an insulting nature or to make jokes about him...*or it*.

But she honestly *had been* intrigued by him...or at least by his dick. She'd never seen a boy with a wiener that big before. Her father's wasn't nearly that big. Nope, Sammy was a definite freak of nature...and ever since she'd realized that, she'd been wanting to just see him naked...to stare at him...to see what secrets his pants contained. But that wasn't acceptable socially obviously and one didn't just go around asking random boys to pull their pants down so you could gawk at them.

And so Sammy was a source of interest for her...but...here she was now...staring at little Eddie and noting a bulge in his

underwear that was not totally unlike what Sammy sported... and it immediately focused her attention.

She was already standing by the door but when she turned to insult him back, she'd just frozen in place...not in, nor out of the room. And so she remained standing in the open doorway unable to move or speak as she watched the boy roll his underwear down to his knees and then kick them off onto the floor with the rest of his garments.

His kicking movements sent his penis to swinging side to side and it continued to dangle pendulously as he stepped over into the bathtub and turned the water on.

Kerry couldn't believe what she was seeing. She knew his dick wasn't that big really...but...on *his* body...it *looked huge!*

Curious, she abandoned her position in the open door after a few minutes and stepped back toward the tub...toward him and his dangler. He was sitting on his ass now in the tub bottom and the water was several inches deep...deep enough that his flaccid penis was starting to float. It was long...had to be at least four inches long...almost as long as her own hand and it was the most wrinkly wiener she'd ever laid eyes on...not that she'd witnessed a lot of them...but more than a few, from her own father's to her friend's brothers...and even once or twice by accident on the internet.

Why was it so big? Was he related to Sammy? His mom and Eddie's mom were apparently pretty tight...and both were single...and both were pretty fat...but neither really looked like the other one. Could the two boys have the same father? Not likely, considering they looked nothing alike at all. So what the hell were the odds of two boys on her street...a street with only six houses...both having huge wieners? It was freakish to say the damned least about it.

Eddie looked up at her...apparently just realizing she was still in the room and looking at him.

"What?" he asked.

"Umm...you...need any help?" she replied, adlibbing it as she went. "I guess I should have asked."

"I can take my own bath," he muttered back at her and reached for the soap, but she beat him to it, snagging it with her left hand. "Hey!" he blurted.

"Like I'm gonna trust you to do a good job," she said with a sneer as she also plucked the washrag from the side of the tub and dipped it down into his bathwater. Her plan was coming together now. She might not be able to take a look at Sammy's, but she could damn sure have a good look at Eddie's...and maybe even a good touch. "Standup, I don't got all day!"

The boy groaned in exasperation, but reluctantly stood up in the tub and turned to face her, his arms raised in anticipation of her giving him a scrub-down. His posture and position struck her a bit odd...almost rehearsed...like he did this a lot.

She soaped up the cloth and began to scrub his body starting at his neck and working her way downward. When she reached his waist though, she was too nervous to touch his genitals, so she swabbed around them and went lower to his legs and then when she was about to swish the soap out of the rag, the boy spoke.

"You missed a spot," he chirped and thrust his hips forward enough to make his dangling penis swing forward one time.

She had intended to play with it when she first began this escapade, but when the time had come to actually do it...she'd chickened out...and now...now he was putting her on the spot to do it.

Hesitantly, she reached out with her left hand and wrapped her fingers around it. It wasn't very heavy at all, quite light

actually and it felt squishy and totally pliable. She gripped it near the base so when she lifted it, the whole end of it stuck out of her fist and drooped downward.

Damn! I think it's bigger than dad's! She'd seen him taking a leak before and his wiener wasn't nearly this big. She intentionally squeezed it and then held out her right hand with the soapy cloth draped across it and began to wash his testicles which hung beneath it in a fat little sack that was also squishy and soft. After a few moments of that, she raised the cloth to the tip of his dick that hung out of her fist and began to make a circular motion with the cloth.

Eddie giggled suddenly and twitched.

"Cut it out...that tickles!" he blurted at her, but her hand continued making the twisting motion on the end of his dick despite his protest.

"Hold still, dummy...I'm almost done," she growled at him as she unclenched her fist and started stroking around the entire circumference and length of his penis. The skin was all wrinkly though and it occurred to her that she should clean into the wrinkles and folds, so she slid her left hand forward some and pinched the tip of his glans and pulled toward herself to extend it out. To her utter amazement, his penis stretched out and then kept stretching. By the time her pull met with resistance, his dick was at least six inches in length. She fought hard not to gasp audibly, and continued to wash him. On a lark, as she finished up, she let her right hand slide back down to the tip and did the circular motion on his head ring once more just to tickle him. He giggled of course and twitched again, but before she could let go of his appendage, she thought she saw his penis head move, as if it flexed or constricted. It happened so fast though, that she wasn't sure if she really witnessed it or if it had just been her imagination.

Out of curiosity, she diddled the end of his dick again and he responded exactly the same...and as she watched carefully this time, she saw his penis twitch slightly...and she decided to continue tickling it.

Eddie's giggling and squirming suddenly faded into something more akin to discomfort and his twitchy movement became a solid tug to pull his penis away from her.

"Heeeeyy," he said, dragging the word out as his laughter too, faded from his response.

She finally let go of his penis and leaned back from him. His penis, released, flopped back against his thigh and dangled pendulously for several swings before gradually becoming still. To her amazement though, it did not contract as she assumed it would. Instead, his penis remained nearly the full length that she'd stretched it out to...and the head looked bigger than it had...a lot bigger.

Eddie snatched at his dick and stared at it. As she watched, he twisted his fingers around the reddish ring that encircled the tip...and then she watched him twitch oddly as if he were receiving an electrical shock from the action.

"Watch," he told her as he wrapped one hand around his floppy penis and began to slide his grip back and forth along its length.

Right before her disbelieving eyes, his penis began to swell and turn reddish purple in hue. The round head of his dick also began to balloon till it was nearly twice its original size. After a short period, he let go of his shaft and it stood outward of its own accord...pointing directly at her. While she stared at it though, it began to droop and deflate once more...this time shriveling back to no more than four and half...or maybe five inches in length...its fat skin folds reappearing as the redness dissipated.

“Weird, huh?”

Kerry's body and mind were on fire! She suddenly had the urge to climb into the tub with the boy. Was this what horny felt like? She'd heard older girls at school talking about being horny and wanting to jump on a guy. This was, however, the first time she'd felt such an urge in her life.

She looked up at Eddie's face and admitted to herself that he was kinda cute...but that was about all he had going on. Then her eyes lowered again to his hanging cock and all she could think was how badly she wanted to play with it again.

“Eddie...do you like me?” she asked him with her best puppy dog eyes.

“You're okay...’cept for that ear thing...that hurt!”

“No I mean...do you...nooo...no, you don't even have a clue do you?”

“What?” he asked, looking stupid.

“Well...I've seen you naked,” she asserted with a smirk. “So let me ask you this...do you want to see me naked?”

“WHAT?!” he blurted, his eyes suddenly huge as he stared at her.

She stood up and started wiggling out of her tight pink shorts and kicked them off along with her shoes. She was wearing only a tiny pair of bikini panties beneath and she was amused when Eddie's eyes locked on her crotch.

“Don't ever tell your momma...or I'll never get to come over again, okay?” she stated as she rolled her panties down and let them hit the floor at her ankles. And then she caught the tail of her half shirt and flicked it up and over her head in one quick movement.

Eddie had never seen a naked girl before in his life. He'd seen his mother naked plenty of times, but she didn't look anything like Kerry did. His mother was a lot taller and fatter and her butt was huge. In contrast, Kerry was only about a head taller than him and her body was lithe and tight. She had a tiny bit of a potbelly that made her look a little weird and her boobs were all but nonexistent. As he gazed at her chest, he realized she had more areola than breast. The pink area around her nipples was puffy and big...probably the size of golf ball in diameter...maybe a third of one in protrusive size. Her nipples were erect and sticking out as well...at least the size of the whole last joint of his index finger. She was pretty too, he guessed but not awesomely so.

For some reason he couldn't quit staring at her tits. His mother's were huge...hung down almost to her belly button and they always swayed when she walked and he loved watching them. But Kerry was devoid of anything even remotely big enough to sag, much less swing around or jiggle.

As she stepped over into the tub with him, his mind raced trying to figure out what the hell was going on. One minute she'd been being mean to him...then the next she was staring at him with that weird look on her face. That had happened about the time he pulled his underwear off. Then she wanted to give him a bath and when he messed with her about not washing his wiener, she'd gotten that strange look on her face again. And when she'd been tickling the end of it, he saw it...and when he pumped it up, she got it again...and now she was naked and climbing into the tub with him.

Every time it happened, it had something to do with his dick. Was that what this was all about? Did she think his dick was cool? That had to be it. She'd been nice to him ever since she saw it.

She was dropping to her knees now in the water in front of him and he found himself letting his hand drift down to his penis once more.

"You like my thing?" he asked and picked it up with his right hand as if to show it to her.

She looked up at him...with that funny expression on her face again and he knew then that he'd been right. She nodded in agreement and giggled stupidly.

He started to pump it with his hand again and her eyes bugged and her face blushed...and then she covered her mouth with one hand as he started doing it faster.

This wasn't the first time he'd done this...but for some reason it felt odd this time. Good...but definitely odd. He wasn't quite sure why, but the faster he pumped it, the faster he wanted to go...and harder...

Kerry looked up into the boy's eyes and could tell he was getting more and more excited by the second as his hand moved faster and harder...sliding up and down his penis. It was getting really hard looking now and its red color was turning more purplish. The head of his cock was also so tightly swollen that the glans skin was literally shiny now.

Watching him jerking on was exciting her and she didn't know why. One second she was gasping and the next she was giggling uncontrollably. She didn't think she could feel any more crazy in the head until something spat out the end of his penis into the water in front of her.

"Oh shit!" she blurted and then Eddie moaned and another splurt of whitish liquid shot out of his dick and into the water where it remained floating. She knew this should disgust her, but for some reason it didn't. She couldn't take her eyes off of

him...off of his dick. "Don't stop," she called out to him. She was too enthralled with this for him to stop now. It was wild!

All at once she recalled some porn photos she saw on the internet once while at her friend's house. They'd snuck into the girl's older sister's room and used her computer to surf with. A lot of the images they looked at had guys with hard penises shooting out white stuff on women's faces...on their boobs, just any number of body parts. And she'd asked her friend what it was and she'd told her it was sperm. Sperm was what made babies. She knew that. Sperm was what guys shot out of their penises during sex and that's how a woman got pregnant. Of course the stuff had to be inside of you to do that, but as she remembered this information, her eyes diverted to the water she was kneeling in and the gobs of white goo that were floating around willy-nilly near her knees. Could she get pregnant if that got on her? It was at that very moment, she realized it might be cool to be pregnant. She imagined herself with a big round belly and the idea inflamed her arousal all that much more.

She looked back up at Eddie's cock just in time to see a large blob of semen pour out from the end of his dick. It wasn't a powerful blast like the first two...and instead of shooting outward from him, this giant gob just sort of dribbled out and dropped down into the water...followed by another thick glob. In seconds, there was nearly two tablespoons of thick white syrup floating in the water between them...and then without warning, he moaned really loudly and started spurting again and his hand movement increased two fold.

He pulled up on his cock, lifting the tip up into the air and the previously water targeted eruptions were suddenly airborne and shooting outward and in her direction.

She shrieked girlishly when a thick gob landed on her right tit but then immediately giggled and it apparently drew his attention to what he was doing, and he stepped forward so that he could direct all his shots onto her chest and belly.

Kerry knew this should be gross and vile and should certainly be icking her out, but it wasn't. In fact, at some point, she raised her hands up and started trying to catch his semen in midair...all the while, laughing and snorting.

Eventually Eddie's never ending barrage of sperm tapered off and he stopped jerking on his dick and flopped down into the water. He looked exhausted and flushed...sweat all over his forehead and his cheeks bright red.

Without saying a word, she leaned forward in the tub and rinsed off her chest, but the action put her face close to the water...close to his floating cock...and she couldn't resist lying down on her belly in the water and taking hold of his dick.

He looked down at her and she propped up on her ride side so that she could diddle with his dick with her left hand. Her head leaned back against his left knee and she could tell instantly that her touching him was making him nervous.

"Can I do it," she asked him as she started pumping his six inch long bloated shaft. She didn't really care if he answered or not, as she was already doing it.

In the photos she'd seen, women sometimes put men's penises in their mouths. Apparently it was something sexy so she leaned forward and put the tip of his cock into her mouth. It was bigger than she thought and the closer it came to her face, the larger it seemed. Once she had the head of it in her mouth though, she realized she had no idea what to do with it. It also tasted salty and she realized it was probably his sperm that she was getting on her tongue. She flicked her tongue around a bit trying to get the taste off and he twitched and

made a weird noise that was almost a moan. Did he like that? what had she even done?

She licked around the head of his cock again and he responded just as before. How she knew what to do...she never figured out, but one minute she was perplexed about his reactions to her tongue and then the next minute she was sucking his dick and pumping it with her hand all at the same time. Magically, in moments, his dick was growing long and hard again...the glans growing so large that she had to pull it out of her mouth.

The boy was moaning like when he was cumming on her and so she knew what she was doing was sexual in nature and it would probably make him shoot off again if she kept it up. So her hand pumped frantically on his shaft...but now a new urge drew her attention and it was one of a personal nature.

Between her own legs was a growing ache and it was one she'd felt a lot during the last year or so. It would get so bad until she'd eventually go to her room and rub her pussy until the ache stopped. Sometimes her panties would be wet by the time it quit. And every time she'd done it, it had felt better and better. Now, she felt the urge at least ten times worse than the worst she'd ever suffered before. It was growing so bad that she couldn't ignore it.

Sloshing around in the water, she sat upright on her ass and scooted up to Eddie, facing him. She lifted her legs over the tops of his and scooted even closer until their pelvises were less than a foot apart and then she reclaimed his cock and resumed pumping it with her right hand...while her left hand dove beneath the water and began to rub at her aching vagina.

"Ohhh," it was her own voice that suddenly erupted into the silence between them. Then he started grunting and then she was grunting and then her rubbing just wasn't enough and

so she dug her fingers into her pussy and that felt better...much better...but she wanted more. She crammed two fingers into her opening and continued to rub her outer lips while pushing the digits in and out of herself. It felt incredible, but it wasn't satisfying her yet...and the ache was growing unbearable.

She looked down at her right hand as it pounded his fat cock and she recalled images of women with men...dicks crammed inside their vaginas. On a sudden and uncontrollable lark, she pulled his dick down towards her vagina and touched his cock head to her opening. Somehow, at that very moment, she knew what to do and how to do it.

Letting go of his dick, she leaned back in the tub and hefted her pelvis up into the air while supporting herself on her hands and feet.

Eddie stared at her flared vagina...and then glanced down at his cock...his cock which she'd just touched to her hole a second or so before...and apparently he figured out what she wanted him to do, because all at once, in a sloshing wave of water and motion, he was getting up onto his knees and leaning forward while directing his erection into her gaping twat.

The moment his glans popped inside of her, Kerry moaned and knew this would stop the ache inside of her. She pushed her body forward toward him and drove his boner all the way inside of herself. When her pelvis met his, it was instantaneously and explosively erotic.

"Oh shit...oh shit...pull it out...oh...oh slow...slowly...yes," she blurted as he slid out of her. His animal instincts kicked in though and before he was all the way out, he pushed forward again and buried himself inside her once more. "Ohhhh!" she moaned. "Don't stop...do it...keep doing that!"

TWO HOUSES DOWN...

Maureen stared at Sondra, a look of complete disbelief painted across her features. It had taken almost two hours for her friend to retell her story with all its details. From the visit to the urology clinic to the sordid romp in her bedroom after she found the photo of her in his backpack.

"How long ago was that?"

"Three months ago...right before we bought the house."

Maureen blinked, her face losing all expression.

"How many times since then?"

Now it was Sondra who lost all expression...but her eyes bugged slightly before she answered, "I don't know."

"As in you've lost track?"

Sondra nodded.

"So...you're...like...just having sex whenever with him?"

Sondra nodded again. "Umm...that's not all."

Now it was Maureen whose eyes grew large in anticipation of something even more mind blowing.

"What?"

"Y'know...I explained...about how he likes fat women?"

"Yeah...apparently one in particular," she couldn't help but toss that jab in...so she smiled to let her friend know she was joking mostly.

Sondra smirked but didn't laugh.

"Well he--," and she paused to look back at the hall to see if Sammy was there before continuing. Then she leaned forward so she could whisper quietly to Maureen. "He really gets off on my belly. I have no idea why, really, but he does. And we sort of started this thing where I wear too small clothes and groan about how fat I'm getting...y'know...like how tight my clothes

are and then I just sort of hang my...well, my flab out and it just drives him nuts. So like...well...I've just sort of stopped worrying about losing weight lately."

Maureen blinked her eyes and then arched one eyebrow.

"Are you...are you telling me you're gaining weight?"

"Please...like you haven't probably noticed," she replied with a look as if she didn't believe Sondra's question was sincere. "Twenty five pounds in the last three months," she added. "If I'm not wearing jeans or a girdle, I look positively fucking pregnant."

Now that she'd said it, Maureen had noticed her friend's gut was looking more and more "out there" lately...and she'd just not really paid that much attention to it. Her tits, now that she was gazing at them through the tight fabric of her wrinkled blouse...*also* looked a bit plumper than they should have.

"Sondra...that's...that's...well I don't know *what that* is, but it's crazy...I can tell you that much!"

"I know...I know," she agreed and put her hands to her face as if to hide the shame that was depicted there. "I'm pathetic and I know it...but for the life of me I can't say no to him. You saw him did you not?"

"I can't believe that urologist did that to him...with you standing there watching!"

Sondra arched an eyebrow. "Well she wasn't a full doctor; she was just a Nurse Practitioner. Not that I guess that matters, but...y'know...whatever."

"Still unprofessional...I mean you could totally sue her ass over that...and that fucking nurse she had working with...Miss Sucks Dick in Bathroom...yeah, you could hang her out to dry!"

"Under normal circumstances, yeah," she agreed. "But Maureen, I was in there and agreed to it. I sort of...well, at one point *I told her* to do it."

"Yeah, but the point is, they should never have been doing that to start with. I mean I know what they were doing, but at some point there it just moved beyond medical necessity, if you know what I'm saying?" Maureen shook her head again in disbelief. "Did she ever offer you up a solid explanation for his size?"

"Megalopenis, she called it," Sondra replied, finally lowering her hands from her face.

"Megalopenis is a condition...but that sort of thing is usually caused by something. I've heard of macropenis...and that's generally a genetic trait...so was your ex-husband that big?"

"WHAT?! Oh please...that asshole wishes!" Sondra snapped back quickly and with a look that backed up what she was saying. "No ma'am...he certainly didn't get it from Randall."

"Well what about any of his relatives...or even your relatives? Any of them have anything like this? I mean it can skip generations. You dad didn't have a third leg, did he?"

"EWWW! Like no...disgusting thought, thanks!"

"Well I'm just asking," Maureen replied, a sarcastic tone more than obvious. "I suppose it might could happen randomly but it's just so damn bizarre." She sat there staring for a few moments and then remembered something she'd read on the internet some time back. "You ever take any drugs while you were pregnant?"

"What? No! I haven't even smoked pot since high school!" Sondra blurted.

"No, I mean like...prescription stuff? Like maybe something called FEM-32?"

"Umm...y'know...I think I did take a prenatal vitamin by that name...my OB gave to me to try. Why you ask?"

"I read somewhere online a while back that women who'd taken that drug during pregnancy had developed some rather

odd side-effects. And I distinctly remember one of them being male children with larger than normal genitals...but they didn't develop until the onset of puberty."

"Oh shit...you think...I mean is it possible he's got that thing because of a fucking vitamin I took?! C'mon...that's crazy! I know bitches that shot smack into their eyeballs while pregnant and didn't have any issues."

"Well you know I work for an OB...so I see a lot of paperwork and stuff...and I remember reading a notice Oscar got a few years ago recalling all sample packets of that stuff. So there must have been some sort of shit going on with it."

"You think I should look into it?" Sondra asked, but then something else occurred to her. "Why were you reading up on it anyway? Did you take it too?"

Maureen pursed her lips and diverted her eyes from Sondra but did not answer.

"Maureen...c'mon...answer me!"

"Okay...so you wanna know why I'm not more freaked out about all of this than I am?" As she returned to her gaze to Sondra, the woman nodded. "Eddie is big too. Now, I'm not saying big as Sammy in there, but he's over-sized for his age. It's like this long," and she showed a length of space between her thumb and middle finger that was about four and half to five inches to visually extrapolate on his size. "And that's just limp, Sondra. And I've caught him diddling with it before and it almost gets hard. I mean, you know how old he is...so it's just not right, y'know?"

Sondra's eyes were bugging out of her head and her mouth hung open, gaping in shock and disbelief.

"I started looking around a long while back trying to figure out what the hell was up with him, y'know? And I found a lot of

stuff...and that Fem-32 thing was one of them. So I don't know."

"You...you haven't...like...with Eddie?" Sondra asked, her eyes practically the size of saucers.

"NOOO!" Maureen blurted. "Don't even ask me that!"

Sondra's eyes shrank into almost slits as she smelled a fib and decided to push the matter.

"Maureen...you've been way too cool with this for me to just buy that. You've done something, haven't you? C'mon, don't shit me with this...it's not like I'm gonna rat you out or something, I mean seriously!"

Maureen sighed and diverted her eyes to the counter top that separated them.

"I haven't *done anything* with him, Sondra," she replied, denying her friends lewd allegations. "But I have thought about it...a lot."

"Maureen?"

"Okay, alright...sometimes...sometimes when I give him a bath...I...I just...well, I take a little longer than I should."

"You play with it don't you?"

Maureen sighed and leaned back on her stool, one hand going up to cover her eyes as if that would somehow hide her debauchery and shame from the world.

"Talk to me," Sondra insisted.

"Sometimes I rub one out thinking about him...it...him...you know what I mean," she reluctantly admitted without removing her hand from her eyes. "And...and I've let him run around with no clothes on before...so I could watch."

"Nasty bitch...well at least I'm not the only freak living on dirty mother street."

"Oh shut up...damn...at least I'm not sleeping with him!"

"YET!" Sondra chirped.

Maureen lowered her hand then and glared at her fatter friend with a stare that could have melted steel. "Ha, ha...right."

"Sammy wasn't big when he was that age...he just ballooned all at once when he was like eight or nine. One day he was normal and then it started growing and it just hasn't ever stopped. I'm honestly starting to wonder if it will."

Maureen's eyes expanded as if that thought sparked some sort of mental explosion.

"What?" Sondra quipped, curiosity peeking as to what her friend was thinking.

"So we both took Fem-32...and we both got boys with supersized dicks. The odds on that are astronomical if you don't factor in the drug as a common denominator."

"What do you mean exactly?"

"I mean that the random odds of us both being friends and the same age roughly and both having only the one child...both boys and both with massive dongos...well it's bordering on or has got to be at least close to impossible. But if you factor in the drug as our common link...well...let's just say from a legal perspective, it wouldn't be hard to prove in court."

"Umm...I'm not real sure I would want to sue them. I mean, how fucking embarrassing would that be to have to stand up in court and state your son's dick size? And then what if the company...y'know...investigated me and him. I mean if we won it'd be awesome...but the stink that might wash out from it might not be worth the money...know what I mean?"

Maureen hadn't considered that. While she wasn't in the exact same boat as Sondra...she was guilty of enough that she wouldn't want any outsiders investigating or talking with Eddie about it.

"So what? We just do nothing?"

"Well they pulled it off the market, didn't they?"

"Yeah...years ago."

"So...if all that's wrong with him is he's got a big dick...I'm not real sure that's worth complaining about. In fact," and she leaned forward over the bar counter and then continued in an almost whisper, "I would almost thank them for it." She smiled then and leaned back on her stool.

"I bet you would," Maureen snorted with disapproval. But secretly, she felt exactly the same way. Both of their sons had been gifted with excessively large genitals and no woman on earth was going to complain about that too much. As long as they could function normally and had no health side-effects or problems...why should they complain? The worst thing that Sammy had experienced was apparently a massive case of blue balls from not jerking it enough.

Oh shit...is Eddie going to go through that too? Suddenly she began to imagine what sorts of things might develop in the years to come as Eddie matured and hit puberty fully. Had she not found out about Sondra and Sammy...could that have been her fate...ending up with some sick fucking bitch urologist jerking Eddie off while she watched?

Oh good grief...neither one of us can really talk to anybody about any of this or we risk getting our asses in a crack we can't get out of! That realization suddenly made her thankful that she'd walked in on Sondra. At least, in this woman, she now had more than just a friend. Now she also had a confidante with whom she could relate any issues with Eddie without fear of being judged or prosecuted. Was this a good thing? Maybe.

"You've got a point," she finally said. "We can't really talk about this to anybody but ourselves."

"Y'know...I can't tell you how relieved I am to finally be able to talk about this with someone. I mean that urologist bitch

really freaked me out. There was no way in hell I was ever going to talk to her again, let alone take Sammy back to see her or that cunt of a nurse."

"You mentioned a school teacher..."

Sondra arched an eyebrow and then remembered. "Robin Pike...she's a biology teacher...she's also coaching Sammy's gym class, yeah."

"She knows he's...well he's endowed, right?"

"Yeah...and y'know...the strangest thing is that she didn't really come off as weirded out by it as much as I might have guessed she would. I mean she doesn't know me and him are – but she knows he had that poster thing of me naked...so I'm pretty sure she's got to be aware something is out of place."

"And that was three months ago?"

"Yeah."

"So you think she's just let it go...she hasn't said anything to you since then?"

"Nope."

Maureen looked concerned. "Sondra...we gotta be careful with this. I mean...one, most people won't understand what's going on...and two, other women...well...especially homely school teacher types...well they might be in it for themselves, if you know what I mean."

"What are you saying?"

"What does she look like?"

"Well...not real great...she's got this bull-dyke haircut and I swear she's got an Adam's apple like a dude...and no tits to speak of...kind of a big ass...and she's got a belly that's--," Sondra began describing the woman but her voice cut off abruptly as she realized something disturbing.

"What?" Maureen asked. "Is she fat?"

"Very...all of it in the belly," she replied. "Fuck...do you think she's messing with him?"

"See, that's what I'm talking about. Other women know about him...and they're gonna be curious if nothing else. And if she's *his type*...well...y'know...it could get out of hand."

"His type?"

"Well you said he had a thing for your belly, did you not?"

"Damn...yeah, I did...I just never thought about him having a thing for any other bitch's belly too."

"It's a belly, Sondra...who it's attached to probably isn't that big of a thing for him...he's a guy y'know! And you said you'd asked him if his thing was because you were his mother and you said he said no."

"I know...but I still sort of think maybe it is. I talk nasty to him a lot and I always...well...he seems to like when I do the bad mommy shit."

Maureen wanted to cover her ears, but didn't want to insult her only friend in this matter.

"Well whatever...I'd still keep an eye on that bitch."

"Okay...yeah, sure."

Both sat staring at each other for several minutes without speaking...neither knowing what else to say.

"So what do we do now?" Sondra finally asked.

"I don't know," Maureen replied. "Are you and him gonna keep...y'know...doing it?"

Sondra smiled and then forced it away. "Yeah, I'm pretty sure that's a given, sweetheart." She looked deep into Maureen's eyes and thought she saw something other than disgust lurking there. "So are you gonna judge me a nasty whore for that?"

Maureen arched an eyebrow and then blinked.

"No, I'm not," she answered honestly. "At least yours is old enough to know what's going on and enjoying it...*obviously*."

"Well if it's any consolation...had he developed like that at Eddie's age...I'd have probably been doing the same to. So I'm not saying a word about what you do either."

"So we're just two dirty fat whores then I guess, right?" Maureen asked, not really expecting an answer.

"Er-hrm," Sondra cleared her throat. "I know this is gonna sound really sick and what not, but...okay...you and me...can we just say what's going on with us without worrying?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean...can I tell you the really nasty shit without you passing out and punching me?"

Maureen sighed. Nothing else could really be any worse than what she already knew about Sondra and Sammy, right?

"I guess so, why?"

"Because...and I know this is gross...but...I'm really curious about Eddie now."

"What do you mean?" she chirped, his tone something between true confusion and suspicion.

"Is it wrong that I want to see him naked?"

"You want to see my son naked?" the question was more of a reiteration spawned of disbelief rather than a true inquiry.

"Well you already saw *mine*," Sondra stated nonchalantly.

And she was right, she had. And she'd seen more than ever expected to see too! But was her friend curious out of sheer interest...or was it a sexual urge. Could she trust her not to try and seduce her son somehow?

"Well if it's interest in straddling him that you've got on your mind, babe...it's not happening. Even if you tried. He's just not there yet, if you know what I'm saying."

"Oh ick! No, no...no way, I wasn't...it's not like that. I'm just freaked out by it. I mean think about it. If I'd just told you Sammy had a dick as big as he has...you'd think I was full of shit. But you don't now because you've seen it. So I mean I know my son is the business...but I'm just having to take your word about yours, y'know?"

So it was a trust issue? Nah, she suspected there was more to it than that, but now that she'd brought her attention to it, Sondra *really was* trusting her with her life and that of her son's simply on the hope that Maureen wasn't lying about her end of it all.

"Okay...I see your point," she admitted. "If you want, you can come over tomorrow afternoon and...and I'll let you see him for yourself."

"So how big is he?"

"What? Oh crap...I don't really know...'bout like this," she said and held her hand out again like she'd done before.

"Have you seriously not measured it?"

"Ewww, no, I have not!"

"So is it scrawny or what?"

"No...no...he's like the size of a full grown man...just...well it's just on *him*...so it looks freakish."

"So he's like what...four inches limp? You ever stretch it out?" Sondra inquired, somehow without a lewd undertone.

"Nooo," Maureen groaned back at her. "I have not fucking measured his dick, okay."

"Sammy is six inches by 1 inch limp. It's kinda narrow when he's limp...but when he gets wood, it's over eight long by two wide."

Maureen winced. "Yeah...I kind of saw it, thanks."

"That day at the urologist's office...when she pumped it up with that measuring thingie...it swelled out to almost nine

inches and was so thick she couldn't get the damn thing off of him...so it was like this wide...I'm not shitting. Couldn't have wrapped your hand all the way around it if you'd tried."

"Okay...do you have a point here?"

Sondra raised both eyebrows and leaned forward once more so that she could whisper without Sammy hopefully overhearing her.

"I got so hot watching that, Maureen...I can't begin to tell you how fucking nasty that shit was. I *told* that old bitch to jerk him off. His dick was so fat...if she hadn't...I'd have done it before I got home with him." She gulped and her eyes twitched. "Maureen...I was thinking about buying a penis pump so I could fluff him up like that again. He hasn't ever got that fucking big on his own...not in the whole three months I been messing with him. Is that too much? I mean...well...I don't know what I'm asking really."

"You wanna know if I think it's okay for you to do that?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"Like I'm suddenly the authority? C'mon, Sondra...you're fucking him. I really don't think adding in a toy is really that much more over the line than you've already gone."

"Yeah, that's what I thought too," she commented, leaning back on her stool finally.

"I was being sarcastic," Maureen added.

"Yeah, I know...but it's still pretty right, huh?"

Maureen leaned forward and put her head down on the table as if she'd just given up on the whole charade.

"Maureen...it's not a question of whether we're gonna fuck up or not. We already have. It's just a matter of how badly we continue to fuck up. We're depraved...so the only concern is *how* depraved we are."

"I know," she grumped, her voice muffled from her face-down position on the bar counter.

"Damn, I think you're more uptight about this than I am," Sondra asserted as she reached over and patted the back of Maureen's head. "I guess maybe it's worse because of his age, huh?"

"Yep," she agreed, without lifting her head.

"So you think he's gonna have a thing for you when he gets older, maybe?"

"Don't know," she muttered in response.

"Y'know...you said you'd caught him playing with it...making it riled up. Have you ever been naked in front of him while he's doing that? Y'know...just to see?"

"See what?" she blurted and raised her head, a large red spot on her forehead indicating the point of pressure where she'd been resting.

"I don't know. Maybe to see if he catches wood."

"SONDRA! HE'S ONLY--"

"I KNOW!" Sondra snapped back, cutting her off. "But you said yourself he's playing with it. They obviously develop faster than normal. Look at Sammy...he's ten, Maureen...he's ten!"

"What is your point?"

"My point is we can't think of them as boys," she asserted. "They got man parts...meaning they can do man things with their man parts. Do you follow me?" Maureen looked horrified. "Sammy cums like a fucking fire hose, woman! Most men...they shoot off like a few spurts and they're done...but Sammy goes and goes and goes. It's nuts! He can shoot off a palm full of shit in one go...and he can go several times in a row without much of a break. Do you know how easy it would be for him to knock bitches up?"

"Quantity of semen doesn't necessarily indicate higher fertility in men. I mean low numbers can affect it, but higher than normal doesn't really make a difference," Maureen rattled off, regurgitating information she remembered from nursing school before she dropped out.

"Really? Weird...well anyway, I'm just saying. He's got to do something with it or he turns into captain bloated scrotum, so I don't really feel that bad for helping him out with that so much as I probably should. And you know Eddie is gonna be in the same boat...maybe earlier than Sammy, so as soon as he's got the ability...you're gonna have to see to it."

"Well I will...I'm not gonna ignore him."

"Yeah, but how are you gonna know when he's there? When his nutsack is the size of a baseball?"

Sondra had a point, whether she wanted to admit it or not.

"So I'm saying it's probably better if it's *YOU* that figures it out rather than somebody else...or him by himself."

"Okay...so what then? I just parade around naked in front of him and wait till he pops wood?"

"I'm just saying every so often maybe you should just test it. That's all I'm saying. And if he's already playing with it, I'm betting you're gonna be shocked at what happens."

"What if he doesn't have a thing for me like Sammy does for you, huh?"

Sondra smiled with a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Do you want him to?"

"What?"

"Do you want him to have a thing for you?"

Maureen stared blankly at her friend...somehow afraid to really answer her question...at least fully.

"When you've got it in your hand...playing with it, Maureen ...what is it you want to happen? Do you want his dick to get hard? And if it did...what then?"

"You want me to answer that...really?"

Sondra leaned over and touched her hand.

"Stop worrying about me pointing a finger. I know how old he is and I also know if he's anything like Sammy, it's completely irrelevant to his sexual development."

"Fine. I want to see it hard. I'm just...it just freaks me out in some kind of weird way that his dick is that big and I just want to see, y'know?"

"Do you want him to be attracted to you?"

Maureen covered her face with both hands before answering, "Yes. I do...and...and now that I've seen Sammy, I want him to get that big too."

"Maureen..."

"What? I'm fucking sick, I know!"

"No..."

"Well what?"

"I wanna watch you with him."

"WHAT?!" her voice far louder than she intended.

"Tomorrow...when I come over," Sondra began. "I want to watch you play with it. That seems so hot to me I can't fucking put words to it."

Maureen couldn't believe what she'd just heard her friend say. Was she really that perverted? That deviant? That sick? She looked the woman directly in the eye and she didn't blink. She was serious and she was confident with the matter.

"You think I'm crazy, don't you?"

"A little bit..." Maureen admitted in a whisper.

"The hottest thing ever was watching another woman with Sammy while I watched. I can't fucking explain it, Maureen, but

it was unreal! And before that...before I'd done it...I would never have contemplated it...never even fantasized about it."

"Okay," Maureen agreed...not really knowing what her friend's point was.

"It's like you said though...we can't trust anybody else in this equation, y'know? So here we are...and all of a sudden I've got somebody I can trust...somebody in the exact same boat as me...somebody who I know is thinking and feeling the exact same shit that I am."

"Wait a minute...are you asking me...to...to--" she couldn't finish her question but Sondra was already smiling and nodding.

"We're two of a kind here, babe...two of a kind."

And she was right. They were...as were maybe their boys. But then she recalled the information on the Fem-32. Obviously they weren't alone. Obviously there had been a lot of women with sons afflicted or gifted like theirs were. So where were these women? Were they all in hiding like she and Sondra? What were the odds that both of them would be so sexually fucked up in regards to their sons? Was it possible that this might be happening with all the other women too? Was there maybe a support group or something?

Hi, my name is Maureen...and my son has a big dick and I like to play with it...

As insane as it sounded, it was quite possible such a group existed. Perhaps she'd have to scour the web for it...but she suddenly had a very strong feeling such a group might exist. The way that Sondra was reaching out to her...the way she'd reached out first...it was too easily done. So could this sexual obsession be part of the drug's effects? It had, after all, been the mothers who took it? Could they have been changed as well as their sons? It definitely deserved further investigation, but in the meantime, what was she going to tell Sondra?

“Sondra...I’m not sure if I can do that.”

“Think of it as a practice run for Eddie, then,” she suggested. “C’mon...you’re pretty chubby...I think he’ll do it. I’m not asking you to fuck him...just play with him is all.”

“Er-hrm!”

They both turned and looked at Sammy who was standing in the opening leading into the hall. He was wearing nothing but a pair of over-filled tidy whities. Without either of them saying anything, he walked over to Sondra and reached out for what Maureen thought was going to be a boob grope...but instead his hand clenched her overly tight blouse and yanked it hard, popping the buttons open and spilling her cinched up and fat tits out into the open.

“Oh shit, Sammy!” his mother yelped as she recovered from his assault on her blouse. For a split second, she fumbled to pull her shirt back closed, but then stopped suddenly and just let it hang open. Looking at Maureen she said, “Well I guess we know what his opinion on matters is. The question now is are you for it?”

Maureen was dazed. Or was shocked more an accurate description of her state of mind? She couldn’t believe she was sitting there across the bar staring over at her friends fat tits hanging out the top of her ripped blouse. They were droopy and draped atop her fat gut...which was also a little visible through the top of her shirt. The bottom buttons were still attached and covering it for the most part though, but the top roll that over-flowed her high waist jeans was more than prominent now that her tits were no longer fluffing the blouse out in the front.

“He’s bad like that,” Sondra asserted as she glanced at Sammy whose cock was already growing hard and slithering its way out the top of his underwear. “Uh-ohh,” she chirped and

pointed over at his crotch. "If you wanna go...just say so, okay. I don't want to just throw you into this sort of thing."

Maureen thought about getting up and leaving, but her eyes had drifted over to Sammy's cock as it peeped over the top of his waist band at her...and then grew further out and then eventually reached upward toward his belly button. It was mesmerizing to her. Somehow she was now able to understand what Sondra had been ranting about. What would she do if Eddie's dick ever grew this big? She knew exactly what she would do...the same thing Sondra was doing. Her friend had been right. It wasn't a fight against immorality at this point. She became a depraved bitch the first time she spent too long on washing Eddie's dick. And no amount of bleach would ever get that dirt off of her. So why worry about her level of depravity now?

"C'mere, Sammy," Maureen called out to him and he stepped around the end of the bar to where she sat. "Pull'em down and show it to me again."

With the flick of his hands, he flopped his cock and balls out over the top of his underwear and then jerked the elastic band up underneath his testicles so that the garment would lift and thrust his junk out for her.

"Can I touch it? Are you okay with this?"

He smirked and looked her dead in the eye. "I will do whatever makes mom horny." And with that said, he took a step closer and reached out for Maureen's t-shirt and pulled it up so that he could see her D-cups tightly girted within her bra. He stepped closer and started squeezing them and she could feel his fat cock head tapping the inside of her left thigh.

"You like my titties?" she asked him, growing ever less concerned with his mother's presence on the other side of the bar. With a quick set of motions, she reached under her shirt

and popped her brassiere clasps apart and then pulled the front of the undergarment up so that her jugs could drop out and his small hands were instantly kneading and groping them. "Oh shit, you don't play around much, do you?"

He leaned down and sucked her left nipple into his mouth and started sucking on it and biting at the tip of it.

"Oh fuck!" she barked and leaned back so that he could get better access to her breasts. Her head tilted and she remembered Sondra was there...watching.

"Take control of him, Maureen," her friend demanded. "Don't let him run the show. I wanna watch you jerk him off and then I'm gonna fuck him while you watch."

"You...said...he likes...the dirty momma stuff?" she blurted between gasps as he mauled her titty...and Sondra nodded in agreement.

She sensed her friend didn't want her to fuck him and quite honestly she wasn't sure she would even if she could. His dick was monstrous and she wasn't quite sure she wanted to ruin herself astraddle of it. But she did want to get her hands on it. And badly!

"No!" she blurted and pushed him back from her chest. "You don't get to touch me! I'm not your momma, boy!"

He backed up and looked somewhat bewildered.

Maureen stood up from the stool and looked down at him. At 5'4" she was still nearly a foot taller than him, so her tits were practically dangling in his face. With a brisk bit of motion, she pulled her shirt off and her unclasped bra and tossed them onto the bar beside her.

"I heard you been making your momma get fat," she asserted as she snaked her hands down to her tight jeans and hooked her thumbs inside the top of them. "I heard you got it bad for big fat bellies too," she added as she tugged her pants

down and rolled her own pudgy belly over the top of them. She looked down and realized her stomach was bigger than she thought. Had she been putting on weight again? Her gut wasn't round like Sondra's. It was dented in the middle across her navel and she had basically two folds of fat. She inhaled deeply and protruded her stomach muscles though and managed to make the crease disappear.

"I guess my belly ain't fat enough, is it? Your momma's belly is so much bigger and better," she cooed to him as her palms caressed around the fleshy orb of her abdomen. "Maybe when you're done fattening her up...you can fatten me up too!"

Sammy was already pumping on his cock by the time she glanced down. Next, she glanced over at Sondra and her friend's face had an expression of absolute awe focused on the both of them...her and her son.

"HEY!" she blurted at him. "I'm not your momma, boy...you stop jerking off on me, dammit!" But the boy's hand just sped up and he was already breathing rapidly...his face turning red. "You stop it right now mister...don't you dare cum on my belly!"

"Oh shit," the voice was Sondra's as she stepped around the bar and ripped her blouse open.

Holee hell, she's fucking fat! Look at her gut roll hanging over those pants! Normally the sight of another woman's flab like this would have grossed her out...but somehow knowing it was a sexual focus for Sammy made it seem erotic to her as well. *Unbutton the pants...for shit's sake...just unbutton them bitches and let me see it!*

As if her friend had telepathically received her demands, as she stepped around the corner of the bar into full view of them both, she popped her pants open and jerked the waist band open and down so that her bulbous belly mass could hang out unencumbered. She snaked her hands down into the top of her

pants and scooped her belly completely out and free of the pants and it was even larger than Maureen expected it to be. The bitch looked positively pregnant save the fact that her belly button was a deep and huge cavern. Red lines were pressed into her skin...indentions from the tight fucking jeans girding her bulk up into a too small garment.

Sondra stepped behind her son and reached around him and slapped his hands off his cock...then took it into her own and began pumping it for him...pointing it toward Maureen.

"Nasty little bastard...I know you wanna cum on her. I bet you wanna fuck her too, don't you? Don't you?! Say it!"

"Yes ma'am...I wanna fuck her...so bad!"

Maureen was suddenly no longer part of the play but a mere bystander...or so she thought.

"Don't you cum on her! I mean it! Don't you do it! You hold it in, boy! HOLD IT!!" Sondra demanded of him even as she continued to pump his big cock faster and harder.

"Momma I can't...I can't!!" and he erupted all over Maureen's lap and the lower part of her stomach.

"Oh fuck!" she blurted, shocked to be suddenly splattered with so much semen.

"Stop cumming on her! That's my cum, you little bastard! Stop it!! Stop cumming on her!" Sondra continued to berate him even as she milked his load out for him onto Maureen's body.

Maureen leaned forward and semen dripped off her belly and pants and dropped down to the floor somewhere. With both hands she reached out and grasped the boy's cock at the tip and made contact with Sondra's violently stroking fingers.

"Don't cum on me, Sammy...Momma don't like that!" she whispered to him as she caught one of his massive ejaculations in her hand and lifted it up to her hanging tits and smeared it all

over them. "Momma wants all your cum," she added as she returned her hands to his cock and began a tug of war in unison with Sondra...all four hands stroking him together at the same time. Amazingly his dick was long enough to accommodate them both, though Maureen was more intently plundering his glans than she was honestly pumping his shaft. She looked around his head and gazed into Sondra's eyes as he pelted another gob of warm semen into her lap.

"Suck him," Sondra told her as the last volley of his balls pelted Maureen's lower belly.

Without thinking, Maureen sunk to her knees and allowed Sondra to guide his drooping cock head into her mouth.

"You stole his cum...now you suck that fat cock. You suck it hard again so I can get me some! You ain't good enough for this cock. You ain't fat enough to fuck this cock! This cock belongs to me...this is MY COCK!"

She could taste semen in her mouth, hot and salty and slimy and she didn't care. It was the hottest filth she'd ever engaged in and she didn't want it stop. She bobbed her head wildly and sucked his cock until she felt it growing erect again.

Oh shit! She wasn't kidding! He's a veritable sex machine! He's already getting hard again and he just blew the fuck out! About that moment, she contemplated for the first time, just exactly how much cum the boy had launched all over her. It was a ridiculously abnormal amount of spooge. Her pants felt completely drenched and the bottom roll of her belly was warm and sticky from the load. *He cums like a fucking horse!*

She leaned back and pulled her mouth off of him and looked up at his face. Something in his eyes told her he wasn't just playing for his mother. He wanted her and badly.

She stood up and stepped around him to Sondra and then she grabbed her by the shoulder and pulled her away from him and then guided her back against the wall.

"This is your momma, little boy...so you cum on this...you see what I'm showing you...you cum on this!" and she slapped Sondra's huge gut with her right hand making it jiggle violently. But it didn't jostle enough for her liking, so she clenched it with her sticky hand and shook it roughly. "This is where you cum!" she blurted at him again and then she scooped up some semen from her own lower belly and smeared it across Sondra's reddened stomach.

"Oh fuck, play with it," Sondra whispered to her. "It's so bad!"

Maureen looked into her friend's eyes and realized she wanted her to do more than just mess with her son. So she reached for her arm and pulled her forward and stepped behind her...her hands snaking around under her arms where she grabbed a firm grip on Sondra's big fat tits and squeezed.

"Oh fuck, he's just gonna explode," Sondra hissed as she saw her son's eyes practically bulge out of his head.

As awesome as it felt to have another woman's hefty tits in her hands...for some bizarre reason, Maureen longed to get her hands on Sondra's big belly again and so her palms slid lower down until they encompassed the sides of her stomach and then she leaned forward and rested her chin on Sondra's shoulder. She began to knead and squeeze her flab and then sporadically she'd shake and jiggle it and as his mother's basketball sized gut quivered, Sammy's cock started to feel the pump of his own hands.

At the same time, Sondra was sliding her hands back behind her...to grip Maureen's sides...her bare sides...her lovehandles that poured over the tops of her tight, and now sticky wet jeans.

She could feel her belly squishing up against Sondra's back and it was obviously turning the both of them on. Her tits were also tightly compressed against her back and her nipples were so hard they ached and she started moving...rubbing herself against Sondra's torso.

And then Sammy grunted and erupted all over Sondra's massive gut, and like she'd promised, he went off like a fire hose until he'd delivered what had to be a quarter cup of semen onto her lower body. And Maureen rubbed it in, smearing the warm good all over his mother's plump body...her belly...her tits...and eventually she went up to her neck and her face and Sondra began to lick her hands as they smeared across her mouth.

"If you don't fuck that cock, I'm going to," she whispered into Sondra's ear. "And I gotta go...like right now."

Her fat friend stepped forward and grabbed Sammy by the head of his dick and dragged him off down the hallway, disappearing into the darkness and one of the bedrooms most likely...leaving Maureen standing topless in the kitchen by herself.

She shivered and tried to shake the horniness from herself, but it didn't work.

"Cold shower...cold shower," she hissed and reached for her t-shirt and bra. Quickly she pulled her shirt back on but opted to ignore the bra. Instead of putting it on...she tossed it back to the counter. It was an overt sign of sexual innuendo, but she didn't care. Whichever one of them found it...didn't matter.

She stepped toward the garage door and realized her jeans were sticky and gross in the front. She started to pull them back up into place, but her lower belly was also sticky and nasty. So she decided to just leave it be. The only problem was that her shirt didn't quite hang long enough to cover her gut...so as she

stepped out into the garage and pulled the door shut, a cool breeze passed across the lower, gooey half of her bare belly. She hit the button on the wall and the main garage door began to lift. When it was halfway up, she hit the button again and it stopped and began to lower again. Quickly, she jogged forward and slipped under it before it was too low to do so.

Out in the driveway, it was dark but the various streetlights illuminated the cul-de-sac quite well...perhaps a little too well for her liking.

Fuck! I hope nobody sees me walking out here, she thought to herself as she pranced down the sidewalk...her tits and belly both jiggling with each step. *Damn jeans are soaked and I'm pretty sure my nipples are just gouging straight through my damn shirt...and half my belly feels like it's hanging out at the bottom.* Despite her concerns, it felt good to be outside and unencumbered by constricting clothing. It was erotic to feel her body jostling and quivering. It also helped to know her body was a sex object once more. For years since Eddie was born, she'd been getting fatter and frumpier...and nobody ever looked at her anymore...not like Sammy had moments before...not like his mother had.

Holee shit...does this make me a lesbian?? Suddenly she realized she'd been making out...or maybe a little more...with her friend...another woman. That was a first! It was also the first time she'd done anything even remotely close to a threesome. And damn, but wasn't it hot? Yes it was! Too hot! For a while there she thought she might just fuck the shit out of Sammy and to hell with what Sondra thought. Though she had a good idea that her friend probably would have just joined in.

So has she had a thing for me all this time? It was a valid question. Before tonight she'd never looked at Sondra that way. And she'd certainly never imagined that she'd get off on

playing with another fat woman's flab! Nor doing so while her son watched and jerked off to it!

Two houses down and she turned to walk up her own driveway and stopped dead in her tracks when she realized there was a dog sleeping by her mailbox.

Oh shit! I forgot about Kerry being here!

She gazed down at herself and realized her jeans were wet and she had no bra on. She could maybe lie and explain away the pants...but what about the bra? This was going to be embarrassing. Should she go back? No, she closed the garage door and Sondra probably would never answer the door. No, it was already too late and she needed to let the girl go home if Eddie hadn't already killed her.

Sighing, she started toward her own door. For several moments she attempted to tug her jeans up so that her crusty belly would be concealed, but the air had dried the mess and as she struggled, she felt flakes rubbing off her lower stomach. Finally, just as she made it to the door, she managed to pull her pants up into place.

Inside, she glanced around nervously...expecting to see the little slut-wannabe...but she was nowhere in sight. Curious, she crept into the kitchen and peered around the corner. Nobody was in there either.

She thought she heard something and turned to look off toward the back hallway. Stepping lightly, she made her way down the corridor until she reached the bathroom door.

What she heard coming from inside made her heart almost stop!

To be continued...

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