

AN INDECENT AGREEMENT

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY
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CHAPTER TWO

The Nurse Practitioner, Linda McDonald rounded the edge of the exam table and motioned for her assistant, Shannon, a much younger nurse, to hand the penile response device back to her. She complied and moved back to her original position by the door. By that point, Sondra had taken up her position beside Sammy who sat on the bed with his swollen penis still wedged up inside the device.

Linda sighed and looked at Sondra for one last nod of approval before she proceeded. When she received it, she used her free hand to pull outward on the syringe end of the clear tube once more and this time she extracted the plunger arm about nearly twice what it already was.

Sammy twitched and glanced down at his penis...visible through the tube, and then he looked to his side at Sondra as if he expected her to say something...but her face was pointing down...her eyes locked on the clear tube in which his dick was elongating once more.

"Sammy," the NP finally spoke. "I'm increasing the pressure in the tube so that we can fully measure you, okay? Now at some point this may cause you to...umm...pop wood, right? It's okay...nothing to be embarrassed over...so don't panic, okay?"

He looked into her eyes and nodded, not sure exactly what he was supposed to say if anything at all. Apparently the three women in the room with him had made up their minds to do whatever the hell they pleased to him and short of running away with no pants on, he really didn't have much in the way of options available to him at this point.

Looking over at his mother again, he realized she was still staring unabatedly at the tube...at his penis. He looked down

and noted that the tip of his dick was now nearing the seven inch line.

Damn! How big is my freaking dick?! he wondered as he too, stared down at it. It had never really occurred to him to stretch it out and measure it. He had stuck a ruler to it a few times over the last year and noted that it was nearly six inches long when it was hanging at its lowest. But it had never struck him to just stretch the hell out and measure it. He was also somewhat disturbed by how fat it was growing inside the tube. He'd had plenty of wiggling room when he first pressed his dong up into the damnable thing...but since the lady had pressured up the tube, it was swelling bigger and bigger...until at this point, it was nearly touching the sides of the tube...and the tube was fucking wide. And his dick was tucked up into it through a rubber ring...a ring that he was certain was cinching on the base of his shaft...a ring that he wasn't quite certain his dick was going to come out of...not at the size it was now for sure.

"See...I told you he wasn't nearly fully extended," the NP said to his mother as she reached to extract the plunger handle once more.

"He's seven and a half...are you serious?!" Sondra replied, finally looking up from the tubular device, her gaze locking with that of the NP.

"Miss Hogan...he's not even erect yet," she replied with a deadpan expression as she relaxed her grip on the tube and let it hang downward to exemplify the fact that his dick still wasn't hard enough to hold itself up. Without waiting for his mother to respond, she lifted the tube back up to a horizontal position and pulled outward on the plunger again.

The suction inside the tube was starting to get uncomfortable to say the least...and with this subsequent increase, Sammy twitched and began to squirm somewhat.

“Are you okay?” the NP asked him and he realized his mother was also suddenly looking at him.

“Yes ma’am,” he answered her and then stared at his mother for several seconds. She reached up and gripped his shoulder as if to steady him and then she ruffled the hair on the back of his head reassuringly but said nothing to him in regards to what was happening. He sensed somehow that she was as uncomfortable with it all as he was...but that she was letting them do it because it had to be done. He’d been pissed at her earlier when he first figured out what she’d brought him here for...but now he was really starting to worry about matters himself. Maybe something was wrong with his junk...maybe his mother was looking at for him...maybe he should just relax and go with it...do what they told him to do.

Inside the tube, his cock was now touching the sides of the clear plastic and wetness...sweat he imagined...was making the skin of his shaft stick to the inside of the tube. He wiggled some on the table and felt the tube itself stroking him. He was totally filling it up now...at least width wise. It was a foot long though and his dick was only just now reaching the eight inch line.

The NP sighed...or gasped...he wasn’t quite sure which.

“Damn...he’s filled it completely,” the older woman’s voice was barely more than a whisper and he caught her exchanging weird looks with his mother.

“Oh shit,” his mother suddenly chirped and covered her mouth with one hand...her other pointing at his cock inside the tube.

He looked down, as did the NP, and there was a thick bubble of white liquid oozing out from the end of his dick.

“It’s fine Miss Hogan...just some pre-ejaculant...it’s quite common and nothing to be alarmed over,” the NP attempted to

reassure her, but his mother didn't seem too convinced. "That's semen, Sammy...have you studied about it in school yet?"

He nodded. He'd read about it...but it hadn't been in school. He'd found a website online that discussed sexual intercourse in great detail...had even had photos and diagrams. He'd gotten concerned over his own size at one point and had become curious as to matters...especially right after his mother had looked him over that day in the bathroom...commenting on how big he was.

"Oh my," Linda murmured as she slowly increased the pressure once more and pulled the plunger arm out even further. "I think we're at about the point where he's beginning to solidify somewhat."

"Are you fucking kidding me?!" his mother blurted. "It's over eight inches long and you're telling me he's not even hard yet?" She covered her mouth and blushed hotly...even took a few steps back away from him. He got the impression she'd said something that embarrassed her.

"Take a moment, Miss Hogan...we can even stop if you want," the NP said as she looked up and over at his mother.

"No...no, just..." his mother muttered, pointing to his dick with one hand...still covering her mouth with the other. Reluctantly she stepped back up to the bed and reached out to steady herself with it. "How much bigger can it possibly get?" she asked, her eyes lowering down to his shaft once more.

The NP relaxed her grip on the end of the tube and it rose upward somewhat.

"I think we're almost there," she replied as she pushed the tube upward more and then expelled the plunger arm a bit more.

Inside the tube, his cock was turning dark red...and as he watched, the reddish tint began to grow more of a purple hue

and never-before-seen lumpy lines began to appear along the length of his shaft. His cock head suddenly began to swell of its own accord and as he stared in disbelief, his glans literally ballooned up like a fat mushroom adding even more length to his appendage.

“That...that’s about it,” the NP finally admitted when his head stopped inflating...the tip of it just past the nine inch mark on the tube’s sides...the girth of his manhood now compressed by the insides of the device to a point that was a bit past uncomfortable and starting to border on aching. “Nine point two five by two point five,” she called out loud. “Make a note, Shannon.”

The door nurse stepped over to his chart on the small physician’s desk and hurriedly wrote down the information her boss had called out to her.

The NP depressed the plunger arm and the suction within the tube suddenly released all at once. As he watched his dick immediately shrank in size...both length and girth. After a few seconds, she began to twist on the tube to pull it off of his cock, but the process was not easy. Even with his penis no longer under pressure, it was still far fatter than the rubber cuff that wrapped around its base. All at once the tube popped loose, but the rubber cuff remained stuck around the base of his dick.

The Practitioner grunted and then turned to hand the device to her assistant. “Put that in the sterilizer bin,” she said before turning back around and grabbing his mother by the arm. She led her back into the corner of the room. What was said, he wasn’t sure.

“I’m sorry...that was the biggest cuff we have,” Linda told her as soon as she had her pressed up in the corner. “I’m going

to have to cut it off of him...otherwise...well...it's sort of acting as a cock-ring...pardon the term...I'm not sure what other term there is for those things...but he's going to stay erect like that till I get it off of him."

"Well be careful with him...damn...I'd like to know he's gonna get to use that monster someday...preferably without any scars on it," she replied.

Linda smiled half-assed and glanced back over her shoulder at him.

"Well the good news is that he can obviously obtain an erection without difficulty, so that's a positive note. Also, we saw some semen excretion there and that likely backs up my theory that he's got a backup of semen going on."

"Are you still going to do the rest of it?" Sondra asked.

"Yes ma'am...I think it's a good idea to go ahead and clean him out. I know it's a crude thing...but I really think it's medically necessary. If you'd like me to get Doctor Saunders to come in and do it, I'll be happy to--"

"No, no!" she blurted. Realizing she'd been a little loud, she moved her head back to a position where Sammy couldn't see her face and then whispered, "I'd really rather that you do it. I don't want him forever associating this with a man, if you know what I mean?"

The NP arched one eyebrow and then nodded. "I hadn't really thought about that, but okay...that's a valid point. Let's just hope he doesn't develop a sexual proclivity for middle-aged, frumpy Nurse Practitioners." When Sondra didn't laugh, she added, "I'm just joking...sorry. I thought maybe you needed me to lighten the mood a little. I thought for certain you were gonna fall out on me there a few times."

Sondra nodded slightly and ran both hands back through her brown, wavy hair as if it might somehow relax her...then her

hands circled around the back of her neck and she spent a second or two massaging it.

“Are you okay, Miss Hogan?”

“Yeah...I’m okay...it’s just a little disturbing to have to watch all of this, y’know?”

“I have been working with a urologist for nearly twenty years now and I’ve had to deal with at least four or five penises a day during that time...so I’ve treated at least...probably...twenty...maybe thirty thousand men in that time...and only on a few rare occasions have I ever let myself be disturbed by my job.” She sighed and gulped before continuing. “But your son over there is blowing my mind. For one, in all my years, I’ve never, ever, *ever*...seen a penis the size of his. And two, the fact that it’s attached to a 10 year old boy that I could probably bench-press...well, let’s just say you are not alone in being disturbed with all this. But the facts remain and that is that you are his mother and I am his physician and we have a job to do here...so let’s get to it, okay?”

“Are you serious? Is he really the biggest?”

“Undoubtedly,” the NP replied.

“Okay...I’m ready...go for it,” Sondra finally gave her the green light and the two returned to the table where Sammy was already wiggling the ring down off his dick.

He was nearly to the half-way point by the time the NP spoke to him.

“Well, I could have probably snipped that off,” she said as she watched him tugging on it till he finally got it off on his own.

“Here,” he said as he handed her the rubber cuff. “It was starting to hurt.”

“Sorry about that,” she commented as she took the cuff and stepped over to the garbage can to dispose of it.

With his hands no longer fighting with the rubber cuff, his penis was freely visible and Sondra's eyes locked onto it immediately. The boy was still rigid to some degree, but his dick was drooping quickly now that the ring was gone. And to her amazement, he still had to be nearly eight inches long and while his girth had dissipated dramatically, his shaft was still extremely fluffed and red...fully two inches wide she guessed.

Eight by two inches...what is that? Like...circumference...pie is 3.14 – so that times two...so he's at least six inches around?

She looked down at her hand and stared at her palm, realizing that her grip was barely four or so inches...meaning were she to wrap her hand around his dick, she likely couldn't touch her middle finger to her thumb tip. She'd jerked off more than a handful of guys in her time...hell her first had been when she was only fifteen...and never had she not been able to wrap her hand all the way around one's cock.

She looked up and realized the NP was looking at her...while she was looking at her own hand. She absently swiped her hand on her shirt and pretended that she'd had something on it. She didn't want the other woman thinking she was thinking about such things.

"Do you have any hand sanitizer?" she asked.

"Behind you," the NP replied, pointing at the sink and counter just off to her left.

She turned and squirted some into her hands and began smearing the cleanser around. By the time she returned her attention to Sammy on the table though, his erection had all but completely deflated. His cock now hung over the edge of the exam table between his legs...flopped off to one side of his engorged testicles.

The NP had on a pair of rubber gloves now and she reached down to scoop up his balloon of a ball sack.

“I’ll try to be gentle, Sammy...but I’ve got to poke around here a bit to make sure your testicles are okay, alright?”

Her son said nothing, but leaned back slightly on the table using his arms for support behind him. The expression on his face...even his body language spoke of him being relaxed...and apparently unconcerned that the woman was prodding his scrotum.

When she lifted his sack with her right hand, Sondra realized just how big his bag was. It literally filled the woman’s hand...and as she lifted on it, it was apparent that there was some weight to it. With her left hand the NP reached and began to tug on a round shape within his sack, and it was instantly obvious his balls were not only present but apparently pretty large.

At some point, Sammy’s penis moved and then twisted on its own volition. In the space of a heart-beat, it began to grow and swell once more.

Oh shit, he’s getting a boner from her playing with his balls!!

Part of Sondra wanted to say something, but the other part wanted to do exactly what the NP was doing...and ignore the matter. To her credit, the older woman was professional and even though it was impossible to ignore the fact that she was giving him an erection, she continued to perform her exam of him without indicating in any way that his engorging penis was distracting to her.

For the first time since the ordeal had begun, Sondra suddenly realized she was having thoughts that were not entirely motherly. She stole a glance down at her palm again and then looked back at her son’s half-upright erection.

How is she doing that? It’s right there...right there, just touching her and she’s oblivious to it!

She wondered what it would feel like to have her hand wrapped around such a hunk of fat man-meat. And his ball sack looked positively bloated as if could literally explode.

She watched intently as Linda began to tug on his opposing testicle and then she had both hands on his sack...one hand each on a nut...tugging on them.

“Any discomfort or pain?” she asked him. He shook his head and she poked up into his sack deeply with both hands. “How about now?” He shook his head again, and she just started massaging his sack...and the movements didn’t strike Sondra as particularly medical in purpose. “Alright, I’m going to do something to you in a few minutes here that’s going to relieve some of this inflammation you have going on here, okay? It’s going to be weird...and I apologize in advance, but it shouldn’t hurt at all...in fact it should actually feel pretty good.”

Sondra noted that the NP’s hands were still doing double time on her son’s balls.

Oh c’mon...is she really doing anything there other than playing with his nuts?!

It was about that point that she recalled Linda commenting that her son’s dick was the largest she’d ever seen and that it was disturbing to her that it was attached to a ten year old. Why? Because maybe it turned her on? She watched the woman’s hands and realized that the older woman was still playing with his sack...oblivious to the fact that he was nearly three quarters erect...that his cock was dangling just inches above her massaging fingers.

Yeah, you old huzzy...you can pretend real good, but I know you’re enjoying this shit, aren’t you??

She imagined herself in the other woman’s shoes and wondered if she’d be getting off on it too? Were he not her son, she realized she might. Then to her horror, she realized

even though he *was* her son...she was intently watching him being handled by another woman sexually and was not feeling any remorse or concern about the matter. Had she just become numb to it at this point? Or was it something about the way he was now acting...almost as if he didn't mind?

Well he's obviously not protesting...so don't make an issue out of it. Maybe she'll stop rubbing him up and get on with this at some point.

"Alright young mister...hop up and let's clean you out."

Finally!

Sammy slid off the edge of the table and stood upright, his erection shimmying from side to side as it began to deflate once more into a draping, dangling position atop his bloated balls.

The door nurse suddenly intervened and slung a towel around and draped it over the side of the exam table behind Sammy. And then she handed another one to the NP.

Linda unfolded the second towel and draped it on the floor beneath the towel that she hung over the side of the table.

"Okay, what I need you to do is stand on this towel and turn around and face Shannon there for me and lean down over the table and then I'm going to need you to spread your legs for me and try to relax."

Sammy complied and leaned across the exam table.

Linda turned and sat down on her rolling stool and slid over to the cabinet by the door and opened a drawer. From a jar of Vaseline, she scooped out a large gob of the slippery, greasy mess and then rolled back over to Sammy.

"Alright...try to relax and this shouldn't hurt, Sammy," she assured him as she smeared the gob of grease into his ass crack and then slid her index finger up into his rectum.

“Oh, whoa!” he blurted. The other nurse stepped forward and grabbed his hands though and kept him from twisting around.

“It’s okay...gross feeling probably...but this won’t take but a minute...just hold still, okay,” Shannon reassured him...her bracing hands relaxing some and patting his own.

Sondra couldn’t take her eyes off the scene playing out before her. It was horrifying and yet...something else... something that she wasn’t comfortable admitting to...not even inside her own mind.

“Little pressure...and--” the NP started to say but was cut off when Sammy bucked. “Are you okay?” she asked. He nodded and she applied pressure again and at the same time she rolled back on the stool some so that she could see his dick.

Sondra gasped audibly when the first string of semen began to ooze out of his dick and dangle like a blob of super-snot stretching further and further to the floor. The gob finally broke loose and dropped to the towel between his feet, but no sooner had it impacted than another thick blob followed it...then another...and another...until the overly thick droplets thinned some and began to maintain a constant string stretching to the floor.

Linda reached down and grasped his cock and rubbed it against the towel draping down the side of the exam table beneath him, then she moved up and began to massage his balls again as she had when he was sitting on the table.

“C’mon and relax, Sammy...we need to get it all out of there, okay...just think about something pleasant and let me do all the work, okay?”

A new ooze appeared on the end of his dick head and as it grew large enough to drip, an eruption occurred and a geyser of white mess exploded from him cock.

Sammy moaned and for a split second Sondra tensed, thinking she was hurting him...but as another blast exploded, she realized her son's moan was not one of pain...but of pleasure.

"That's it...there you go...but we're not done yet...it's okay to make noise if you need to...just relax and let me handle it," Linda purred to him as she started compressing his balls with her free hand.

Sondra couldn't move. Part of her wanted to hide her eyes and deny the events she was witnessing...and yet another part of her realized her son was physically and literally getting off on it. When another volley of semen erupted from his dick, she had to cover her mouth to prevent another audible gasp.

Holee shit...how much cum has he got built up in there?!

Linda was really working his ball sack now and two more blasts geysered out. There was a literal puddle of cum between his feet now and even more slowly crawled down the towel draped on the table beneath him.

Linda looked over at her and her eyes revealed something more than professionalism. The old woman had an odd look in her eye and her cheeks were flushed.

Sondra didn't know what to say or do, so she just stared back at the woman as she milked her son's balls like a prize bull or a race horse stud.

A stud. The term stuck in her mind. She looked at her son's cock and realized even at his age, he was obviously capable of getting hard...and ejaculating. He could have sex! And with a cock the size of his...he might even manage to be a full grown woman with it...and no doubt satisfy her with it.

Sammy suddenly began panting...grunting as if he were really in the throes of actual sex and his flaccid dick began to

press against the side of the table. He started to twist and squirm but the other nurse held him steady.

Linda immediately noticed his erection and released his balls and reached out to it...gripping it...and pulling it back from the table so the semen erupting from it would spray downward onto the towel.

Oh fuck...she's gonna jerk him off...I know she is!!

Sammy's moans began to intensify and his hips started bucking as if he was involuntarily trying to hump the exam table.

"Shit!" Linda blurted. "He's got so much in there," she muttered. "Let him back up some," she called out to Shannon and the other nurse let Linda pull him back toward her some so that his erection could stand upright without bumping into the table. It was still only about three quarters erect, but it was enough that it was standing outward somewhat. "This isn't working," she muttered and slid her hand out of his ass.

She rolled to the side of him and wrapped her hand around his cock and started pumping on it. He immediately began bucking his hips again and she couldn't hold on to him.

She rolled back and looked over at Sondra.

"I don't even think I've done anything," she asserted and pointed to his still bloated balls dangling between his legs. She reached out and squeezed them and he ejaculated a small amount in a short but powerful spurt.

"Do it," she muttered.

"I'm sorry?" the NP looked at her oddly.

"Just do it," she repeated a bit louder and did a pumping motion with her hand to let her know what she was talking about. "Whatever...just do it."

Linda nodded and stood up and stepped behind Sammy and leaned over him and wrapped her arm around his torso...her

hand latching on to his semi-erection...her other hand slipping down the back of his ass and snaking under to grab his bloated ball sack. And then all at once, she was jerking him off, using her own body to pin him into place as she did so.

Sammy started moaning and groaning as if she were killing him but Sondra knew she wasn't. She was pleasuring him and probably herself at the same time.

Oh shit...how did this happen?! Well because you told her to, you dumb bitch! Well why did I do that? Because you wanted her to, that's why!

There, she'd admitted it. From the moment his cock had crept past the six inch mark in that tube...she'd been enthralled with it...with him and it. And by the time she'd seen it fluffed up to nine inches by two and a half...she knew she'd been having dirty thoughts about it...about him. And when the thick gobs of semen had started shooting out of his dick head, she'd forgotten about all else save her own libido. And now... admittedly, she was getting off on watching the woman jerk him off while she watched.

"Oh you're such a good boy," Shannon cooed to him. "I bet that feels so good, don't it?"

"Oh yeah...Sammy's a real man, isn't he?" Linda agreed and cooed into his ear as she continued to work his cock. "Let it out, Sammy...let Nurse Linda have it...let me have that big load."

I know she didn't just say that!! Fuck! Look at them...I think they're both getting off on this! Oh shit...so am I...so am !!!

Shannon looked over at her and smiled...but it wasn't a fakey sort of smirk...it was a lusty grin...the kind of grin a woman gave another woman when she was about to go fuck the other woman's ex-boyfriend.

She glanced down and was shocked to see her son's cock unloading like a machine gun into the side of the exam table.

Semen was literally splattering off the towel now and spritzing all around...onto his legs...the floor...cum was going everywhere and still his balls were erupting.

She gawked for what seemed like forever...even though she knew it was only seconds...at the explosive show of manhood her son was providing. It was unreal. It was breathtaking. It was the hottest thing she'd ever witnessed in her life and she fought the urge to step forward and take her son's cock from the other woman.

"Is he done?" Linda finally blurted.

Sondra snapped out of her trance and realized that he was no longer shooting off.

"He's not cumming anymore," she replied, not caring that she'd used a lewd term to describe it. These two bitches had no room to say anything to her at this point...not after what they'd just done.

Linda let go of him and stood upright and immediately stepped over to the sink and began to clean the semen off of her. Despite wearing rubber gloves, she had white goo nearly up to her elbows.

Shannon let Sammy raise up and the boy turned around to face his mother...his fat and reddened dick, swollen from rough pumping...hung downward and dangled...gobs of jizz still dripping from the tip of it. Beyond his dick, his formerly bloated balls were now dangling as well and looking deflated for lack of a better term. She could firmly make out the shape of each round testicle hanging downward and they looked like a regular sack of balls for the first time since she could remember.

Her son side-stepped off the towel and then looked down at himself...at all the semen that coated his lower body. His hands, now free, instantly shot down to his dick and began to rub at it and then they dipped lower and began to rub at his testicles.

Shannon handed him a towel.

“Wrap it around yourself...there’s a shower and bathroom just down the hall...c’mon and you can just clean up in there.”

He unfolded the towel and tied it around his waist and then quickly followed the younger nurse out the door and down the hall.

Linda, now cleaned up herself, turned and looked at Sondra with a look of fear in her eyes.

“Enjoy yourself much?” The words popped out of her mouth before she could stop them.

“You gave me permission...I have a witness,” she snapped back with a tone of defiance.

“Sorry...I didn’t mean it like that,” she apologized. “I just...well I know you were...and...and it seems like I should be pissed off or something...but I’m not.”

“You’re gonna have your hands full with him,” Linda commented off-handedly. “No pun intended.”

“Is he okay?”

“I think he had a blockage a bit...I mean normally we can hit that prostate gland and the man will cum all over himself,” she explained...letting the lewd term for it flop out of her mouth. “But he was just sputtering there,” and she pointed over to the two soaked towels by the exam table.

“So I’m guessing his balls were just...swollen from that?”

“Apparently,” she agreed. “They’ve already deflated quite a bit and they’re draping down now. He’s just going to have to keep up with masturbating on his own.”

“I’m not sure I’ll be able to handle doing that again,” she insisted as she pushed her hair back over one ear.

“You may *have* to handle it,” Linda insisted.

“What?” Sondra chirped, her eyes wide.

“If he doesn’t do it on his own, I mean.”

“No, I don’t know what you mean!”

“Miss Hogan...he’s got a serious issue going on there and if he doesn’t keep his equipment maintained, so to speak...well he’s going to end up losing the ability to use it at all. It can happen. Normally I’d say a routine prostate pressing would be all he needed, but as big as he is...as advanced as he is...he’s going to need routine...and by routine I mean daily...at least weekly service. And we can’t...I mean you can’t just bring him in here for us to do this...not that often. I’m uncomfortable with the fact that I’ve done what I did already. I’ve got to go home and stare my husband in the face and try to forget that I jerked off an overly endowed boy in my office today.”

“Well he can do it himself, right?”

“He may...but he may not. His equipment is ahead of his brain probably at this point, and after this...fiasco...well he may be reluctant to do anything for a while. So you need to keep an eye on his testicles. If they start to balloon up like that again... well, you’re going to have to deal with it one way or the other.”

“Are you telling me to jerk him off?!” Her expression said more than her words did.

“Miss Hogan...I’m just advising you to take care of your son. I know it’s sexually oriented...but it’s still a health matter. You may not like it, but you may not have a choice.”

“I can’t...I can’t do that to him...I’m his mother!”

“Then find a female friend that will do it...I mean c’mon... with a penis the size of his, I’m sure you can locate any number of volunteers for the task. As old as I am...I can’t say I didn’t enjoy it, y’know? I’m not telling you to sleep with him. I’m just telling you he needs to prevent this from happening again.”

“Fine...I get it, alright,” she grouched. She closed her eyes and sighed. “I just hope I don’t have to do it.”

“Afraid you’ll enjoy it?”

The older woman practically read her mind.

"Yes," she admitted. "I don't know how you managed to do that without losing it any more than you did. I know he's my son, but...but...there at the last...I was sort of forgetting that."

"I know," Linda stated flatly. "I think all three of us were." She reached out and patted her on the shoulder. "Don't beat yourself up over this. He didn't seem too perturbed. And if you have to deal with him directly at some point...I think it's far better that you slightly enjoy it...than get grossed out and vomit on him. Given the situation he has...his condition...well it's far less damaging to have the one than the other. I will be honest when I tell you he's never going to have a normal sex life. I don't think most women could even take him at the size he is now. And I'd be lying to you if I told he's done growing."

Sondra looked aghast. "Are you shitting me?!"

Linda shook her head. "This is like any other medical condition or disease. He's going to need supervision, support, and care from you if he's got any hope of leading a normal life with that thing. And no plastic surgeon is going to touch him until he's eighteen, so you're stuck with him...*with it*...for the next eight years at least."

"I need to go home and get drunk, I think," she confessed as she bent down to pick up his pants and shoes.

"When you have the state of mind to...you need to talk to him...tell him what's up...and what he needs to do. Don't put it off any longer than you have to. In the meantime, do a little research on megalopenis. You're not the only mother with this sort of situation. Support groups can be extremely beneficial for both of you."

"Thank you...I really mean it...I mean I know this was a total ...well...it was a fiasco...is that what you called it? So anyway,

thank you for handling this. Oh, wait...you wanted a semen sample from him--"

Linda laughed out loud. "I think we got that covered, thanks. The shower he's in is down the hall on the left and second door down."

"Thank you again," she said as she stepped out into the hallway and turned left.

Shannon, the nurse, opened the heavy wooden door and ushered Sammy into the small bathroom. The room wasn't much larger than a closet and contained about half the room of the bathroom he and his mother shared at home in their efficiency apartment.

The small shower stall in the corner was even smaller than their one at home. A fat person could never have even gotten into it and instead of a glass door it had only a thick yellow rubber curtain covering it.

"There you go," she said and pointed toward the shower. She'd snagged a few towels before leaving the exam room and rather than her leaving them on the sink or toilet and departing, the young woman just remained standing inside the bathroom with him. In fact, as he stepped toward the shower, she reached out and pulled the door closed and locked it...sealing her inside the tiny space with him.

Was she supposed to remain in here with him? His mother hadn't seem too perturbed that the nurse and her boss had pretty much pillaged him sexually moments earlier...so he supposed it wasn't much more of a shocker that the nurse was remaining in the bathroom with him while he showered.

He rolled his eyes somewhat and then untied the towel around his waist, casting it to the floor. Then he pulled his shirt

over his head, discarded it and bent over to pull his socks off. Once he was completely naked he stepped into the cold shower stall and turned the hot water on...but a blast of ice-cold spray shot out of the nozzle. He immediately stepped out of the small stall and stuck his hand back in to test to the temperature.

Damn...it ain't planning on getting warm any time soon is it, he thought to himself as his fingers detected the still icy sting of the shower's spray.

Despite the nurse having been party and witness to the events in the exam room, he still felt oddly uncomfortable just standing there naked in front of her. In an effort to ease his own tension, he decided to talk to her.

"Water's really cold," he commented with no real purpose or intent.

"Yeah," she agreed, nodding. "But I know what's hot."

Her statement struck him as a little bit more than just odd. When he turned to look at her face, he realized she was not the same woman from the exam room. That young and cute brunette had been very professional and her expression had remained unchanged throughout the whole ordeal. But now as he eyed her, he realized she had slipped out of her professional character and her expression revealed something disturbing to him. Her mouth hung open slightly and her lips were wet. Her eyes were wide and sparkling. And rather than standing up straight, she was now leaning back against the door. The towels she'd been hugging to her chest had now drooped lower and he could see hard points protruding through the thick fabric of her scrubs. Her nipples were hard...very hard.

"Wh-what's hot?" he asked out of sheer curiosity.

"You are," she replied, her open lips morphing into a huge and somewhat intimidating smile.

“Umm...okay,” he said in response, unsure of what she was really talking about.

“Oh c’mon...you don’t have to play dumb with me. No guy with a cock that size doesn’t know how to use it. So was this all a show for your mommy?”

Sammy stared at her with wide eyes, dumbfounded by what he was hearing.

“Like you don’t know how to jerk off? That shit in there... that never happens. I been working with Linda for nearly six years now and she’s never, ever done anything like that. Hell I’ve never even seen her pull that dick gun out of the cabinet before. I wasn’t even sure what it was for till today.”

“What are you talking about?” he asked, thinking the woman had somewhat lost her mind, since what she was saying made no sense to him.

“You got off so hard on that shit...I’m not stupid. And you know what else...me and Linda was getting off on it too. That old fat bitch was probably wet in her panties after jerking you off. And don’t tell me that’s not what you wanted her to do. Most men lose their entire load in one big gush when you depress the prostate like that. You were holding it in...you were fighting her, wasn’t you? Yeah you was, ‘cause you wanted her to jerk on that big fat cock of yours...right? And she did, too, didn’t she?”

“Are you okay? You’re talking really weird,” he asserted as he backed up against the shower curtain.

“Linda’s not the only one who wants to get her hands on your big fat cock, little boy,” Shannon said as she tossed the towels she held into the sink basin and stepped forward towards him.

“You want me to suck it?” she asked him as she backed him up against the wall. “I will suck that fucking cock dry, little boy.”

Sammy stared up at her and blinked incessantly. Suck his cock? What the hell was she talking about? Why would she want to suck on his wiener? Oh wait...didn't he read something about that on that sex site he found? Oral...oral sex? Yeah, that was it...oral sex.

OH CRAP!! SHE WANTS TO HAVE SEX WITH ME?!?

His mind freaked out completely. The last thing he wanted to do was let another woman touch on his penis. It was still raw from the tube thing...and from the NP trying to jerk it off. And now this one wanted to suck it? Maybe have sex with him?

"I don't want you to," he blurted, his voice cracking and nervous sounding. "I'm good...really...I just wanna take a shower!"

"Oh...oh I see...I get it," she snapped. "You only put on a show for the old, fat bitches...is that it?"

"What?!" he blurted once more.

"Oh...oh so I think I see what's up. Mommy gets off watching other women get you off huh? How many times has she done this? You two make the rounds of all the urology clinics in town? Is this a sick little game she plays with you? Hmm? She take you home and suck it herself afterwards?"

Just then a loud rap on the door startled them both.

"Sammy? You in there, son?"

The nurse glanced at the door and then leaned down and grabbed his penis with her right hand. Before he could swat her away, she'd dropped to her knees and was sucking his cock into her mouth...and...and it felt good...*really good*.

"Sammy? You in there? Are you okay?" his mother called out through the door once more.

"Umm," he muttered, faltering for what to say. His dick was getting hard again and the nurse's head was bobbing up and

down really fast on the end of it. "Uhh...I'll be out in a minute," he finally managed to announce.

He leaned back against the wall and stifled a grunt as the nurse's hands grasped his balls and squeezed. Her hot mouth was so awesome...so wet...and it was moving so fast...and an ache was building in his genitals again...much like the unending ordeal he'd endured in the exam room earlier. But unlike that one, this one was better...more pleasurable.

He spread his legs and braced himself against the wall as her hands worked their magic. Her left one reached up and wrapped around the base of his dick and began to pump it while her mouth bounced in unison with it. Her right hand continued to squeeze on his balls for a few seconds and then snaked its way down and behind his scrotum...and in a sudden movement, she pressed a finger up into his ass.

Just as her finger entered him, her eyes flicked upward and met his gaze. He knew what she was about to do and why. He covered his own mouth and bit down on his bottom lip to contain his urge to moan out loud.

The ache in his balls suddenly changed into something different and the pressure inside of him released.

Shannon's mouth popped off the end of his cock but her left hand continued to jerk on its length. Semen drizzled from her mouth and more shot out of his cock head and splattered her face. Her finger in his ass pressed deeper and her damnable left hand just kept on pumping like a machine in over-drive. As he watched, gob after gob of thick white goo exploded from the tip of his cock and coated down her face.

"Shit...shit...oh fuck...fuck," she gasped in a hushed voice through the unending volley of jizz that continued to erupt from his manhood.

“Sammy! Hurry up in there!” his mother called out from the other side of the door. Her knock was insistent this time. “Open the door!”

The nurse suddenly stood up and jerked him by the arm over into the shower and the hot water pelted him.

“Hurry!” she hissed at him and he rapidly wet himself down and pressed his palms down his legs to knock off the crusty semen that was still there from the exam room. Then he quickly washed his bloated and dangling dick as best he could.

“Hey! Sammy? Can you hear me, boy?”

The nurse grabbed him again and all but flung him out of the shower and reached for the water faucet handle. Flicking it off, she stepped into the stall herself and jerked the curtain closed.

Things happened so quickly that Sammy didn’t know what to do or how to respond to what was going on. He looked from the shower to the door and back.

“Sammy Hogan...open this door right now, dammit!” his mother demanded, her hand rapping roughly on the door.

“Hold on...I’m still naked!” he shouted at her.

“I know, dummy...I got your pants in my hands!”

He glanced back at the closed curtain and then reached to unlock the bathroom door. No more had the latch clicked, than his mother yanked the door open and barged in, pressing him back into the small interior.

“Here!” she barked at him and all but slapped him with his pants. “Are you cleaned up?” she asked, then noticed the steam and the fact that he was dripping. The towels in the sink drew her attention and she snagged one and tossed it at him as well. “Get dried and dressed...I wanna get out of here, dammit.”

Sondra flung the towel at him and turned to reach for the doorknob to depart, but at the last second, as she twisted, she happened to look down and saw how huge his dick was.

Oh, holee freaking shit! And I just thought his pecker was oversized before! I brought him to the doctor...and all they've done is make it fucking bigger! Fucking hell...look at it!

His cock was dangling and dripping and as he dried off, it was wiggling at first...then slapping from side to side between his thighs. His balls were also hanging awfully low now...swinging themselves to be precise.

Damn, she really did a number on him in there! Never seen so much cum in my fucking life! The boy must have had a half glass of spooge built up in there!

She knew the average man generally shot off less than a teaspoon of man-goo...and at most a tablespoon. But her son had delivered no less than a quarter cup she imagined...maybe even a half cup. It was just plain ridiculous how much ejaculant he'd produced at one time. It was damn near inhuman.

"Would you hurry up and c'mon...I've seen your ding-a-ling flopping around enough for one day," her tone was more harsh and also a tiny bit more crude than it should have been. But apparently her choice of terms for his penis struck him funny and when he looked up at her, he was just short of laughing out loud. "Well I'm glad you think all of this has been amusing. I was gagging and nearly passing out in there, y'know."

He was pulling his underwear on now and despite his best efforts, his cock was too big to stay confined in them. As he pulled them into place and moved to bend over for his pants, his dong flopped out the leg hole and dangled down over his thigh.

“Oh you gotta be kidding me,” she groused under her breath. “I brought you here in hopes they might know why it was so big...and all they’ve done is make it bigger.”

He pulled his pants up and just disregarded the fact that his cock was still dangling out of his underwear. As he tugged them up into position, he reached in and slid his dick down the leg of his jeans. His expression as he did so was still depicting his slight amusement at her discomfort.

“Hey, pull it up and put in your damn underwear! I’m not walking around with you...with it hanging down your damn pants leg! Everybody can see it!”

He looked up at her and grinned again. Reaching into his pants, he fished it up and coiled it... for lack of a better description...atop his balls...and then buttoned his jeans.

“Is that okay?” he asked, a slight tone of sarcasm more than evident.

“Put your shirt on and hurry up,” she scolded him.

Moments later he was fully dressed and she opened the door and pushed him out.

“Wait in the hall here...I gotta pee.” As she shut the door between them, he turned and glared at her with an odd look on his face. She disregarded it and clicked the lock. Three steps brought her to the toilet and seconds later she was tinkling into the toilet.

Was Linda right? The Nurse Practitioner had told her that her son had a real medical condition...meaning he wasn’t normal...meaning he never would be like every other boy out there...meaning she could not deal with him like every other mother dealt with their sons. She was surely thankful nothing was wrong with him *other* than his excessive genital size. She was grateful that nothing was wrong with him that might

endanger him...but still, he had an issue...a physical one that she was going to have to learn to deal with.

My name is Sondra...and my 10 year old son has a nine inch long dick...

Join a group, the NP had suggested. She smirked as she realized how embarrassing such a thing might be. And surely there weren't that many groups devoted to helping mothers deal with their over-endowed sons. Somehow she suspected she was going to be on her own with him.

Cheese and beans, I hope his dick doesn't stay swelled up like that! And why was that? Why did she hope it shrunk back down? She knew the answer. She'd known since being in the exam room with him earlier. At some point she'd stopped seeing him as her son and started viewing him as a sex object. His fucking cock...that big, fat, fucking cock! She rewound to moments earlier when he'd been drying off right next to her... his swollen dong flopping from side to side. Oh damn...what am I gonna do if he doesn't start masturbating on his own? What if his balls swell up like that again? She replayed events in the exam room in her mind and resolved immediately that she was never repeating that again. Dammit...can I do it myself though? Can I do that to him and do it without...without...getting into it? He's my son...it's disgusting that I would even have to do such a thing...and unfathomable that I would enjoy it. But the fact remained that she feared she would.

She looked down between her knees where her panties were rolled down into the tops of her jeans. A wet spot was visible in the crotch. She reached out and lifted the silky garment and was thankful they had a layer of padding in the crotch and even though it was intended to help catch menstrual discharge...today it had thankfully served another role entirely.

I fucking wet myself...I got fucking wet in there watching them do that to him! She rolled up some paper and reached to her vagina to wipe and as she did so, she realized her lips were swollen and sensitive. Guilt immediately slapped her and she felt ashamed that she was horny...so horny as to have had lubricant discharge while watching her son being assailed sexually by two other women. She sighed and dropped the paper into the toilet between her thighs. By the time Linda had finally put her hand on Sammy's dick...she had *wanted* her to. And she wasn't stupid. She knew that old frumpy whore had wanted to do it...and she was just waiting for a point at which she knew she would let her. And hell, she had actually *told* her to do it. What kind of sick shit was that? What had really happened back there in that exam room? At some point it had certainly gone far past just medical necessity and she knew that. But when had it done so? At what point did it stop being medical and professional...and turn into a...a...sexual assault that she not only watched...but urged and directed?

And he doesn't seem bothered at all by it! He was fucking laughing at me a minute ago, she realized. He was a guy. That was an undeniable fact at this point. And her husband used to always say you couldn't rape the willing. And maybe...maybe Sammy hadn't minded. He seemed pissed at first, but maybe that was just because he'd been embarrassed over matters. Once he realized what was happening felt good...well maybe he'd changed his tune entirely. After all, as badly backed up as he'd been, it had to have been a dramatic relief to get it all out, right?

Inadvertently, she realized she was rubbing her pussy with her right hand. She looked at her watch and noted the time. She'd only been inside the bathroom for maybe two minutes.

For all he knows I'm dropping a log, she told herself as she wiggled one finger into her vaginal opening. It felt so good. Her pussy was aching for satisfaction...for release. She felt like she'd been sexually tormented...watching other people having sex while she had none. In and out...in and out...and then she moaned a tiny bit and spritzed the front of the toilet seat as she orgasmed.

"Oh...oh shit...shit," she muttered as she reached for more toilet paper and attempted in vain, to swab at her liquid excretions as they dripped down the front of the toilet.

Seconds later she was standing up and flushing the toilet. Her pants were up and she sucking in her gut as she snapped the buttons. She then tugged her shirt down and reached for her purse on the floor. But as she started for the door, something caught her eye.

Stopping, she turned and faced the shower stall. The yellow rubber curtain that covered its opening didn't quite reach the floor of the shower. Her eyes focused on the gap between the bottom of the curtain and the ceramic tile. A shadow was visible and she knew nothing should be in there to cast such a shadow. For a split second, fear struck at her heart and mind and then almost as quickly, realization dawned on her.

The young little nurse...Shannon...was that her name? She'd gone off with Sammy...alone! She hadn't seen her anywhere out in the hall when she left the exam room. And why was Sammy taking so long in here? Then she remembered the look he gave her when she closed the door and locked it.

She balled her fists and stepped over to the shower and with a volatile yank, she pulled the curtain open.

Shannon stood flattened against the back of the shower stall wall...semen dripping down her face. It was grotesque. Her eye sockets were gummy and coated with what she knew

was her son's cum. The skin around her mouth was red. She didn't need an explanation...not a word to know what had happened.

Part of Sondra wanted to punch the bitch in her cum coated face and then strangle her with a towel...but another part of her was almost depressed...depressed that she'd not gotten to see it when it happened. And how long had it really lasted? She hadn't been in the exam room that long after he left out with the slut. The tramp must have literally flogged him as soon as they got in the bathroom.

And holee fucking shit---look at how much jizz she's got on her face! Where the fuck did that come from? Was he still—well of course he must have!

After dumping so much of a load in the exam room, how in the fuck had the boy still managed to *unload again*...in the bathroom on this skank of a nurse?

Good grief! He's a veritable cum machine, apparently!

Again, part of Sondra's psyche was repelled by the facts and another, darker part of her...was impressed...impressed and tantalized...even aroused by it.

The nurse said nothing, but clawed at her face in an attempt to rake the drying jizz from herself now that lack of movement was no longer a dire necessity.

"Did...did you suck him off?" she managed to finally hiss out at the woman.

Her eye sockets clear now, Shannon met her gaze and stared blankly for a moment before reluctantly nodding.

"Don't you ever come near my son again...do you hear me?!" Though she whispered, her tone of voice and it's deadly intent were more than evident to the younger woman.

Shannon nodded and remained silent as Sondra jerked the curtain back closed.

In a huff she turned and stormed out of the bathroom. In the hall she didn't even stop when she reached Sammy. As she passed him, she reached out and snagged him by the arm in a death-grip and practically dragged him down the hall to the checkout counter.

"Mail me a bill, bitch," she blurted at the receptionist as she charged past her desk and barged across the waiting room and the exit, still dragging Sammy behind her.

Out in the Taurus, she put the engine in gear and backed out of the parking lot and then shifted and gunned the car out into traffic.

Sammy, sitting in the passenger seat, had barely gotten his seatbelt latched and now was silently rubbing at his arm where she'd had a hold on him moments before.

For miles, she said nothing to him...and he said nothing to her. Nearly home, Sondra finally grumbled, "I need chocolate," and careened the car off into a fast food drive-thru. "Two large chocolate shakes," she blurted when the speaker box asked for her order.

Moments later they were back in traffic and both of them were nursing large ice cream treats. His mother hadn't said a word to him during the foray, but had merely handed him his shake when it was handed to her.

"Did you see her?" he finally asked when they were about five minutes from the apartment complex.

Sondra sneered in response to his question but kept her eyes on the road...and it almost seemed as if she wanted to completely ignore him.

"I'm sorry." He offered up the apology even though he still wasn't quite sure if he'd been at fault or not. The nurse had,

quite literally, jumped on him in the bathroom...but yet he still felt guilty somehow. How and why what went on in the exam room was any different from the bathroom eluded him. His mother urged them to exploit him in the first instance, but now seemed pissed that he'd done something with the younger nurse in private. Was she mad because she didn't get to watch? Maybe that was it. Or maybe not. He had no clue either way and he wasn't about to just up and ask her such a thing.

As she pulled into their parking bay, she shifted the car into park and killed the engine. With an overly exaggerated sigh, she twisted to look at him while she unsnapped her seatbelt.

"I'm not mad at you," she announced, but her tone still insinuated otherwise. "I'm pissed at her for taking advantage of you in the bathroom. She did that for herself...not for you. That wasn't a medical treatment, Sammy...not in the slightest."

"Oh," he sputtered and unsnapped his own belt.

"You...you keep that to yourself, okay? You keep all of this to yourself, do you understand me?"

"Okay," he agreed, his eyes wide and his expression one of disturbed confusion.

"What went on today in that exam room...well...most people wouldn't understand it, okay? It was necessary, but it's not something you ever go around talking about, go it?"

"Okay," he replied, nodding.

"You have a...a...unique problem there," and she pointed to the bulge in the crotch of his jeans. "I will help you deal with it, son...but you have to keep your mouth shut about it...and don't you dare let another woman touch you there again unless I'm present...do you follow what I'm telling you?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Good...now let's--"

“Well what exactly is wrong with me?!” he blurted, cutting her off mid-sentence. “I know you and the doctor kept talking but nobody ever really told me much of anything.”

“You have...well she called it megalopenis. It just means your equipment there...well it’s a lot larger than it should be. You know how when she had it in that suction tube and it measured out to like nine inches?” He nodded. “Well most grown men barely have six inches. So yeah, you’re fucking huge, son.”

She sighed and glanced away from him and then closed her eyes before continuing. It was easier to talk when she didn’t have to stare at his bewildered face...or his bulbous pants.

“Apparently...you’re just developing a lot faster than most boys your age, okay? And your...your testicles...well she told me the reason they were so bloated was from inflammation caused by not...by not getting your...well...from not doing what she did to you in there.” She gulped and opened her eyes again but locked her gaze on the steering wheel and her hands where she gripped it tightly. “When boys start into puberty, they usually start masturbating...they do what Linda did to you... except they do it to themselves. You produce semen constantly, Sammy...and your body has a need to do something with it. When I was a kid...your Uncle Billy used to have wet dreams practically every damn night. He’d have to change his sheets every morning before school. He’d have a dream about ...about sex...about girls...and he’d just...y’know...the pressure would just cause him to shoot it out while he was sleeping. But apparently you’re not doing that...and you’re not masturbating either...so you’re getting backed up...she called it testicular inflammation and it can cause infections...even cause you end up impotent and infertile.”

She looked over at him now and his expression of confusion has shifted a little towards something more akin to awkward acceptance.

“So am I going to have to keep going in there for that?”

“No, no...no sir...never again,” she exclaimed with a little more fervor than she intended. “I didn’t know what was wrong but now I do, so no...no we’re gonna handle this ourselves from now on, okay?”

“Well...so...like...then *you’re* gonna do it?” he asked, his eyes flicking up to meet hers.

“I really think that’s something you can handle yourself,” she asserted.

Three days later, on a Saturday morning, she was staggering down the hall to the bathroom in her robe when she walked in on him taking his usual morning pee. He’d left the door open, not unlike usual, so she leaned against the open door’s frame and just patiently and quietly waited for him to do his business.

He glanced over at her as he pulled the front of his underwear down and flipped his dick out...and he didn’t seem too bothered by her presence or her gaze.

As he began to pee, her eyes lowered to his penis and to her relief, she saw that it had drawn back up to its previous size and length. For days she’d been resisting the urge to make him show her his junk. He was plenty big enough without his cock remaining swollen and elongated like it had been after the fiasco at the urology clinic...and she’d feared it was never going to go back to its previous dimensions. From her current observation though, it appeared it had.

His cock was now back to its former five or six inch length which was fine by her. But, as she looked closer, she realized

the fabric of his underwear beneath his shaft was sticking out quite a bit more than it likely should have been.

Ohhh nooo...don't tell me he's already—

She didn't have to even bother completing her own thought. She knew damned well...somehow...that the boy was going to get backed up again...and probably sooner than she wanted him to.

When his pee stream tapered off and ceased, he flicked his cock several times and then reeled it back into his underwear. Following a quick flush, he turned and started toward her position at the door.

"Hey," she chirped, stepping in front of him to stop him from leaving the bathroom.

"What's wrong?"

"Back up there," she said, motioning with her hand for him to step away from her. "Pull your underwear down."

He looked up at her through squinted eyes that hadn't quite adjusted to the light yet and attempted to glare at her.

"Now."

He sighed and rolled his underwear down. As the tight white fabric slid downward, his penis flopped out and then his scrotum was revealed...swollen and round again. It wasn't nearly as bloated as before, but it definitely showed serious signs of unnatural swelling.

"Oh, Sammy..." she groaned. "Are you freaking kidding me? How long have you been like that?"

"Uh...they been getting bigger since the other day at the doctor's office," he admitted.

Sondra sighed dramatically and covered her face with her hands. "Okay...Sammy...you've gotta start doing this, son."

"I don't know how to do it," he complained.

She let her hands fall from her face and then she stared at him as if he were stupid.

“Son...it’s not that damn complicated!” His expression argued otherwise. “You know what the lady at the clinic did. Just do that to yourself. All you have to do is stroke it for crying out loud.”

“Well I tried...last night...and it didn’t work,” he revealed, a blush reddening his cheeks. “It doesn’t get hard like it did at the clinic.”

The NP had used a pump on him. Had that been the reason for his erection? He’d never really gotten fully hard, even when the old bitch had been jerking him off with her hand there at the last. And as big as his dick was, surely she’d have noticed him having wood around the apartment at some point...but she hadn’t. So was he just not there yet...not achieving boners? At least on his own? Was what he caught at the clinic just a fluke caused from the pump she used on him? And if so, just how in the hell was he supposed to jerk off if he couldn’t get a hard on?

Sondra stared down at his limp dick and pondered all of the questions running through her head. She could buy him a pump maybe...that might work. They sold them on the internet. It was an idea, but as she thought of the internet, another idea ran past her and tripped, falling flat at her mental feet.

Maybe I should let him look at some porn! The idea sounded solid, but then she looked at him again and realized he was only 10. It was a bit twisted, but her own brother had been stealing Playboys by the time he was twelve, so maybe it wasn’t too far-fetched. *Maybe just something soft-core...something that isn’t too raunchy.*

An hour later, still in nothing but her robe, she was surfing through and downloading various adult videos from the

internet. And then she called him into her bedroom and showed him the files on her laptop.

“I’m going into the living room to watch TV, so you stay in here and watch these, okay. And if you...y’know...if you get hard, then you go into the bathroom and do it, okay?”

He nodded and she left the room.

A half hour went by and she decided to go check on him. She crept down the hall and peeped into the room through the slightly open door. She’d intentionally not shut it completely so she could peek in at some point.

Inside her room, he was sitting cross-legged on top of her bed just staring at the computer screen as if he were bored. Matters did not appear to be going well, so she knocked on the door and called out, “Can I come in?”

“Yes ma’am,” he replied and she opened the door and entered.

She casually glided over to the bed to a point where she could see what was on the computer screen. It was one of the many videos of naked women she’d downloaded for him playing on the screen, but when she glanced over at him sitting there in his underwear and t-shirt, she realized instantly that he was showing any sign of physical response to it.

“Not working?”

He shook his head side to side.

Sondra sighed and sat down on the side of the bed next to him. “Well we gotta figure something out here. I mean we know *it can get hard*, okay...it’s not a worry with that...but you just need to figure out what it is that causes it, okay?”

His stare was blank and emotionless.

She reached over and clicked pause on the computer.

“Do you like looking at the naked women?” she asked, suddenly wondering if he might not. To her relief, he nodded

and sort of smirked. "Okay, well have you tried touching it while you're looking at them?"

His eyes bugged a bit before he responded, "No."

"Okay...look...just...well why don't you just take your clothes off...just get naked." Why did she tell him that? She wasn't sure where that idea had come from but she decided to just roll with it. "C'mon...strip down."

He looked at her oddly, but pulled his shirt up and over his head and tossed it onto the bed beside him and then he rolled backwards and slid his underwear down off his ass and kicked out of them.

Sondra sat beside him, staring at his nudity and contemplating the fact that he was not just naked...but naked in the middle of her own bed. It was a tiny bit perverse...not that all the rest of it wasn't drowning in deviancy. Hell, she was letting him watch porn videos...naked...in the middle of her own bed.

"Okay...so now I want you to pick your favorite one and watch it again...but...this time, while you're watching, I want you to...to touch your penis...pump on it...see what happens, 'kay?"

He nodded and she stood up and tightened the belt on her robe. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed him staring at her body, but when she turned her head to look at him, he flicked his eyes to the computer screen. She disregarded the matter and headed out of the room.

Thirty minutes later, she peeked in and spied him pumping on his penis in the middle of the bed, but his attention was not on the computer at all. Instead, his gaze was one of her bras that was slung over one of the posts at the foot of her bed.

As she looked closer, she realized he wasn't quite as flaccid as he had been earlier.

Oh damn...maybe he's a boob freak! The idea hadn't really crossed her mind much and she had inadvertently downloading videos of women who she thought looked hot...almost all of whom were thin as a rail.

She knocked and just waltzed on in this time without waiting for him to respond. He blushed and immediately returned his attention to the computer screen.

"Well, it's looking better," she commented without staring to overtly as his red penis. "How about I find you something different. Maybe some women with big boobs?"

She opened her internet browser and typed in "big tits" and then selected the video search option. Immediately a massive catalog of thumbnails popped up, but most had only moderate sized mammaries. She changed her search to "huge tits" and got a slightly better showing but still nothing to write home about.

"Well, damn," she grumbled under her breath. Agitated, she typed in "big fat massive fucking titties" just to be a smartass and the listing of thumbnails that popped up were women of a different kind entirely. Most showed fat women and some even had huge ass bitches in them. "Dammit to hell," she groused once more and was about to type something else when Sammy reached out and grabbed her arm.

"Umm...can I watch that?" he asked, pointing to a thumbnail that had a middle-aged looking model in it...with a ridiculously large pair of tits and a pot-gut that wasn't much smaller.

She nearly said something without thinking, but then bit her lip and didn't. Okay, so he wanted to watch a fat woman...what harm was there in that? She wanted to ask him why, but she also didn't want to embarrass him. If the bitch got him hard so he'd jerk off, well then so much the better.

“Sure, knock yourself out,” and she clicked the thumbnail for the video. When the page it was on loaded, she clicked it and started the video viewer program.

The fat woman paraded out by a swimming pool wearing a robe similar to her own and waltzed past a guy lounging in a chair in the shade.

Oh no...it's hardcore...shit! She looked over at Sammy and he appeared to be enthralled with the video. *Great...the one thing that's gonna work...and I don't want him to watch it. This could get gross. Dammit! Oh well...suck it up, Sondra! If it works, it works. Let him watch it. Apparently the soft-core shit isn't doing it for him...so maybe this will.*

She looked back at the screen and the fat woman had dropped her robe and was wearing only a too-small bikini now. As she stepped out toward the steps going down into the pool, the dude on the lounge chair sat up and started rubbing his junk through his swimsuit. The woman swam around for a few minutes and then made her way back to the steps, but as she climbed up out of the water, her ridiculously tiny bikini top just gave up and allowed her over-sized jugs to spill out.

She glanced over at Sammy and saw that his penis was lengthening some...little by little as he sat watching the video.

“Hey,” she chirped and nudged him with her elbow. “If you like it, then get busy over there.”

He looked at her oddly and then understanding suddenly dawned on him and he took his cock in his hand and began pumping on it slowly.

By the time she returned her attention to the video, the fat bitch was being man-handled by the guy from behind. Both of his hands were wrapped around her and cupping her massive jugs, pulling at the nipples and then just jiggling them around for his own amusement. After a few minutes of that, his hands

lowered and cupped her fat belly and pretty much did the same to it...pawing at it and jiggling it...while the cameraman dropped low and zoomed in from below making her belly and tits look even more massive than they already were.

She glanced over at Sammy again and saw that his dick was sticking out pretty good...probably at least out to seven inches and as she stared, it continued to lengthen.

A tiny voice told her she needed to get up and leave, but she couldn't seem to pull her eyes away from him unfurling cock.

Are you just gonna sit here and watch him?! Yes, she was. She looked up at her son's face and realized he wasn't paying her any attention at all. He was all about the fatty on the computer screen. *I really don't think he cares! So yeah, dammit, I think I might just sit here and watch.* It was perverse, but it wasn't like she hadn't already done it once. And quite honestly...or so she feared...she was going to have to direct him through things...at least this first time.

She looked down again and realized his cock was inflating wholesale and its girth was expanding to a degree that his small hand couldn't encompass. He was looking down now and exhibiting a look of frustration.

"Watch the movie," she blurted. "No, don't stop doing that, just...just keep going, but look at the woman," she coached.

His dick was easily over eight inches long now and he was long-stroking it with vigorous motions

"That's it...go faster if you want...it'll make it easier," she added, instructing him on what to do as he did it.

The situation was getting heated and she knew it. She was telling him to go faster because it was turning her on and not because she was really trying to coach him.

Look at the movie, dammit and stop gawking at him!

She looked back at the screen and the man was back in the lounge chair and both he and the fat bitch were completely naked. The guy was lying back in the chair and the woman had straddled him, facing the camera of course...and was poking his fairly large cock up into her shaved snatch. And then it was on like a chicken bone. The fat woman was bouncing up and down riding the dude like a professional bull rider.

Bull rider...bull balls...

She remembered what the NP had called Sammy's condition with the swollen scrotum...and she glanced back over to him...to his genitals. His hand was stroking his cock hard now and every time he slid to the base of his shaft, his hand tapped his swollen ball sack. Over and over...so fast...so furiously.

She suddenly noticed while goo bubbling out of the tip of his glans and realized he was probably about to cum. He took notice of it too and stopped pumping, a frantic look on his face.

"NO!" she barked at him. "Don't stop...keep going!"

"But I--"

"Just go...don't worry about it...we'll clean up the mess later!" she commanded. "Now beat it off, son!"

As he resumed pumping, she reached out to the computer and turned the volume on so that they could hear the couple on the screen fucking. The fat woman's titties were flopping wildly and her big fat belly was being molested by the guy's hands as she bounced atop him with a furious drive toward orgasm.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck...oh fuck! Gimme that cum...give it to me you nasty bastard! Cum in my fat fucking pussy!" the woman on the screen called out in a whining, yet demanding voice. The wet body slapping sounds were frantic and erratic as were the man's grunts and moans.

She looked over at her son and his dick seemed bigger than it had been a moment before. It was suddenly shiny and more

rigid looking...with veins bulging along the sides of it..and his glans had ballooned into a massive mushroom shape that was once more oozing white cream.

“Don’t stop...don’t stop, son...beat it off...beat your dick!” She’d no more than uttered the words than she regretted having done so. She was hunched over now, having involuntarily moved closer to him and she could feel cool area hitting her chest. Having leaned over, the top of her robe was falling open and she knew the tops of her tits were probably visible if her son should happen to glance over at her, but his eyes remained glued to the computer. Some tiny part of her wanted him to look over though...to look at her before he erupted. Her hand crept up to her dangling belt tip and she started pulling on it...knowing full well that the bow knot would come undone if she pulled long enough, but she didn’t want it to be obvious that she did it on purpose. And if he happened to look over and if her robe happened to be open and he just happened to see her titties and then shoot off...well she’d have a very, very nice thing to think about later when she fingered herself silly.

Suddenly Sammy started panting and grunting and a short eruption shot off from his dick and went clean over the computer and off onto the carpet somewhere.

“Holee shit, Sammy!” she blurted. “Beat it, baby...jerk it off till it cums hard...cum hard baby...cum like you did in the clinic, son...cum hard...I know you can! Do it for Momma!”

Sammy looked over at her and at that moment she tugged her robe belt and leaned over a little closer to him. As she moved, her robe released and her left titty spilled out the top and her son’s eyes locked on it.

“Oh baby...you’re doing it...you can do it...cum for me, cum for Momma, baby...cum for Momma!”

And he did. Without the slightest warning or further misfire, his cock began streaming white goo like a geyser. It was thick and lumpy as if he were backed up again...and so blurps of cum would blast out and then thicker gobs would flow out and drip down onto her bed and his shins.

"Oh crap...crap," he grunted and just let go of his dick and grabbed at his wiry arm with his other hand. "I can't...I can't do it any longer," he groaned.

She leaned over and wrapped her hand around his dick and was pumping it before she realized what she was doing.

Oh hell, I'm jerking him off! I'M JERKING OFF MY OWN SON!! What the fuck am I doing?! But she knew exactly what she was doing. She'd been dying to wrap her hands around his cock since she saw it expand past six inches in the clinic three days earlier...and now she had it...she had his cock in her hand and she wasn't going to let go.

"Oh c'mon now...I know you can cum more than that, Sammy! I saw how much you shot all over that nurse's face in the bathroom...and that...that was after what you did in the exam room."

"What...what are you doing?" he pleaded as she pumped him without break.

"What the hell does it look like, Sammy? I'm beating you off! Do you want me to stop?"

"NO!" he blurted and his response could not have been more definitive.

"Is your little arm tired," she asked, her voice somewhat taunting. "I'll just bet it is. I know why you stopped," she added with a lusty grin. Her robe was slipping off her shoulder entirely now and the front was started to open, but she didn't care at this point. "You like fat women, huh? That why you liked Linda

handling up on you in the clinic? You like when fat women just grab your dick and take it?”

He moaned and began erupting again.

She pointed the shots up into the air so they'd shower down on both of them.

Oh shit...he's multi-orgasmic! I've never even heard of a dude who could do this! Where did he get this thing from? It sure as hell wasn't from his father's side of the family and my brother wasn't nothing to brag about...so what the fuck?!

“Is that your thing, Sammy? Hmm? You like having this done to you, don't you? Well Momma's fat...and Momma will damn sure milk this fat cock for you. Is that what you want? You want your fat momma to milk your balls for you?”

“Momma...ohh...oh crap, Momma!” his voice was cracking and she knew he was in the throes of another orgasm.

She leaned down and grabbed his bloated ball sack with her other hand and squeezed it. Her robe was falling completely off now and she didn't care. Her mouth went down over the end of his cum coated cock and then she was sucking him off and then she gurgled and popped up, semen pouring from her mouth and he began erupting violently and out of control. He flopped back on the bed and began bucking his hips as she furiously stroked his cock. Semen was going everywhere...and raining down onto her and the bed.

At some point it stopped though, and she slowed her pumping motions on his shaft. It was over as fast as it had begun and she suddenly felt nauseous as she realized how covered in cum she was and how slimy her entire bed was. The couple on the video were still going at it and the man was now standing and shooting his load all over the bitch's tits while she licked it and rubbed her gigantic jugs together.

Sondra looked down and realized her own plump C-cups were hanging out and were dotted with gobs of her son's cum.

She sat upright and released him and then slid off the side of the bed and stood up. She then pulled her robe back up and tied the belt back in place.

"You...you need to go take a shower," she told him. "And I need to wash my sheets I think."

He was lying flat on his back staring at her...his bloated cock lying limply, draped over his right thigh where she'd left it. His ball sack looked less swollen and she could see the shape of his testicles through the skin once more.

"C'mon...move it. Go clean up."

As she sat in the car beside him, she glanced over at the bulge in her son's pants. She could remember having his cock in her mouth...so vividly...as if it had just been a few days earlier, though she knew it had been over three months since that happened. And since then, she'd been pretending as if it hadn't happened and so had he for the most part. But now this coach, this random woman from his new school had seen some sort of nude photo of her that he had...and it was obvious that she'd made more of an impact on him than she thought.

She'd just given him free reign on the internet after that morning...had told him to look at whatever he wanted to as long as he was taking care of himself. So with all the porn in the world at his fingertips...why...why was he packing around a centerfold poster of her...his own mother?

Did I turn him on that much? Was he looking at my bra that day because it reminded him of boobs...or was it because it reminded him of me?

Part of the reason she'd had nothing else to do with him was because she knew if she did...even in the slightest, that she'd end up losing control again...and end up possibly doing something she couldn't undo. Part of her wanted to have sex with him. Every single night she fingered herself to thoughts of him...hell, she fantasized about him constantly...of various ways and scenarios under which she'd end up fucking him. And as much cum as he shot off...she had even thought about him knocking her up a few times. She'd even stuffed a pillow under her shirt one night while rubbing one out just to pretend she was pregnant...not that the pillow was necessary...her flabby gut stuck out quite enough on its own...but still...she'd let herself create some pretty disturbing sexual fantasies regarding him.

She didn't want to ruin him completely...and hopefully he was maybe jerking off on his own now, so that was good...and she didn't need to be involved, and that's what she'd kept telling herself so that she wasn't tempted to do anything else with him. But now...now it was apparent that he *wanted* her to do something. He was obviously fantasizing about her as much as she was him. Now that she knew that...the new question was what would she do about it?

To be continued...

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