

# AN INDECENT AGREEMENT

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY  
**THE MARQUIS FAÇADE**

## **PUBLISHER'S NOTES:**

CONTENT AND LITERARY DESCRIPTIONS DISCUSSED WITHIN THIS WORK OF FICTION ARE NOT INTENDED TO REPRESENT REAL PEOPLE IN ANY WAY, SHAPE, OR FORM, EITHER LIVING OR DEAD. NEITHER THE AUTHOR NOR THE PUBLISHER INTEND FOR READERS TO ASSUME OTHERWISE, NOR DO THEY WISH TO PROMOTE OR IN ANY WAY INTEND TO LEGITIMIZE THE FICTITIOUS ACTS OF THE CHARACTERS DESCRIBED WITHIN THE WORK. THIS STORY IS A FICTIONAL DEPICTION OF DARK SEXUAL DESIRES AND AS SUCH, CONTAINS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF DEPRAVED SEXUAL ACTS, PRESENTED AS A NECESSITY, TO INVOLVE AND INFORM THE READER OF THE ACTIONS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE FICTIONAL CHARACTERS. NO PROMOTION OF THESE BEHAVIORS IS INTENDED AND READERS SHOULD BE AWARE THAT THE ACTS AS THEY ARE PRESENTED AND DESCRIBED HERE WOULD BE ILLEGAL IN REAL LIFE AND SHOULD NEVER BE MIMICKED OR REINACTED.

IN SIMPLER TERMS, JUST BECAUSE YOU READ IT DOES NOT MAKE IT RIGHT. THE CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE SOME SERIOUSLY JACKED UP, MENTAL WHACK-JOBS WHO ARE NOT ONLY DEMENTED BUT REALLY SHOULD JUST BE TOOK OUT AND SHOT IF THEY WERE IN FACT, REAL PEOPLE. THIS STORY IS WRITTEN AS A FORM OF HORRIFIC FICTION AND NOT INTENDED TO DIGNIFY THE ACTS OF THE CHARACTERS OR TO INTENTIONALLY TITILLATE OR SEXUALLY GRATIFY THE READER.

## CHAPTER ONE

The sound inside the gymnasium was overly loud and it only added to Robin's state of nervousness as she tried to steady herself before entering. It was her first day on the job...her first day as a coach...her first day ever in the middle of the frying pan for educators that was called middle school.

Grades 5<sup>th</sup> through 7<sup>th</sup> attended Grady Riggs Public...and the official figure for students was 552. Not a massive school, but not a small one either. She'd been given an uncovered gym class during the last hour of the day and it wasn't something she was looking forward to.

"I don't know crap about teaching gym...I mean, look at me, would you?" she pleaded to Earl Reed the day before.

"Oh don't gimme that," he huffed back. "My gym coach in high school must have weighed like four hundred pounds!" He leaned back and perched on the edge of his desk, his hand pawing back over the top of his balding head. "C'mon, Robin, I got nobody to cover the class and it's only temporary, I promise... just till I can hire in another coach."

"Why me?" she demanded to know, her dislike of the matter still obvious in her expression as she sat slumped in her chair several feet in front of him.

"Cause you're the new hire yourself...this is your first teaching assignment...AND," he added emphasis to the word, "you're the only one with a vacant seventh hour."

"That's supposed to be my break!" she snapped back at him.

"It's temporary...so just deal with it," he blurted a little more forcefully than she expected. "Look, stop whining and

buck up. Damn, woman...it's a fucking fifth grade gym class, it's not like I'm asking you to pull teeth here. Make'em play basketball and go read a book in the bleachers, shit!"

Agitated, he stood up and walked around his desk and dropped into his worn out office chair. "We're done," he added and motioned toward the door with a tilt of his head.

Reluctantly she stood up and trudged toward the door of his office, biting her tongue the whole way, so as not to curse him out loud.

She sighed and pushed the heavy metal door open and stepped with gusto out into the gym and headed toward the center of the basketball court...while trying hard NOT to look at any of the students she passed along the way.

She was self-conscious of the way she looked. She'd always been pudgy and boyish looking throughout school and had always despised gym class herself. And now, as an adult, this was the last place she wanted to find herself, teaching or otherwise.

At five foot seven, she weighed a little over 175 pounds and sadly none of it was carried in her tits. Sporting a B-cup, she had very little in the way of cover-up for her belly. Normally she wore baggy clothes to hide her flabby gut, but gym shorts and a t-shirt gave her no luck in concealing her figure. She looked more like a pot-bellied man than a woman. She realized that a long time back and had just given up on coming off as feminine. With a square jaw and an Adam's apple, she knew no amount of makeup would ever help. And below the belly, she stood on a set of monumentally thick legs. Not so much fat, but definitely thick like a man's. No, no, she was never going to win any beauty pageants, not by long shot.

As she walked, she could feel the weight of her belly jiggling with each step. Back in high school, she'd worn a girdle to keep it sucked in, but by the time she made it to college, she'd given up on being uncomfortable...but at this very moment she wished she'd still owned one.

*Why do they make us wear gym uniforms?* she wondered to herself as she reached the center of the floor and stopped. She knew the answer and it was a stupid one. It was uniformity for the sake of uniformity. There was no real reason...it was just some stupid idea the district supervisors had come up with at some point for some long forgotten purpose.

The chatter suddenly died down as her gaze spread out across the gym. Both boys and girls made up the class...twenty eight of them to be precise.

"Alright, you know where the locker rooms are at...move it! Get dressed out and get back in here...you got five minutes," she barked at them and immediately they scrambled off in two separate directions...the girls heading past her and the boys moving off to the opposite side of the gymnasium.

"I don't know...is she even married?" she heard some girls whispering to one another as they moved behind her toward the locker room. She twisted around quickly and caught the one talking...it was Kerry Farris...double RR's...the little bitch was in her third period biology class. She was smart, but also a little smartass who constantly ragged on others.

She knew what the comment was about. It wasn't the first time she'd been mistaken for being pregnant...but it was the first time a student of hers had done so.

*First day on the job...and already I got some little bitch making comments,* she thought to herself as she eyed the little mouth-piece. *Better nip in in the ass now,* she realized.

“Y’know Farris...I got really good hearing,” she blurted out loud in the direction of the girl and her small collection of followers. “I’m not pregnant...and I’m not married...and I am not a lesbian.”

*Damn...probably shouldn’t have said that last part, she realized just a second or so too late to stifle it.*

The little blonde’s eyes ballooned into saucers, her eyebrows doing their best to climb into her hairline. “Sorry, Miss Pike,” she sputtered with a meek and squeaky voice as she disappeared around the corner into the locker room.

*Great job, Robin...outstanding!*

As her boss has suggested, she put the whole class to playing basketball...girls against girls on one half...boys against boys on the other half. Climbing up into the bleachers, she unrolled her copy of EW and began thumbing through it...hoping to waste the hour reading about celebrities and people with real lives. But as she glanced up and over the top of the magazine, she caught sight of a gaggle of girls pointing over at the boy’s side.

Following their gazes, she locked onto Sammy Hogan, a short fellow with brown hair and deep green eyes. He was also in her third period biology class, but unlike Farris, the boy tended to be seen and not heard. Even now he was standing off to the sidelines and doing nothing but watching the other boys playing.

*He’s a nerd, apparently, she surmised from her immediate survey of the scene. Little bitches are probably making fun of him.* The idea pissed her off and she decided to shout something at them.

“Farris...Holt...Kimble...why don’t ya’ll play a little ball yourself and stop staring at other people, huh?” Her voice was louder than she intended and everyone stopped to see who was getting bellowed at. “I didn’t say stop!” she added and everyone quickly resumed play...everyone but Hogan.

“Hogan, come see,” she called out to him and reluctantly he started walking towards her.

As he approached the bottom of the stairs leading up into the bleachers where she sat, she noticed he was walking awkwardly and in a manner that didn’t seem natural at all. She also noticed he had pulled on his t-shirt so much that he’d visibly stretched it and it hung down halfway to his knees...almost concealing his shorts entirely.

“Are you okay?” she asked as he reached the level where she sat reading. “Did you hurt yourself?”

“No ma’am...I’m okay,” he answered as he nervously glanced down at the others on the court below them.

It was the first day of school and everyone’s uniforms were brand new...so it struck her odd that his shirt was so stretched out of whack.

“Did somebody pull on your shirt?” she asked, wondering if she’d missed the boys rough-housing somehow.

“No ma’am,” he replied, his eyes flicking from her to the court and then back again.

She followed his gaze and realized it led toward the girl’s side of the court...and not the boys’. At some point then, it struck her what was going on.

*Ahhhh*, she thought to herself, a small amount of amusement building up in her mind. *Mister Hogan must have popped some wood down on the court watching the girls and they saw...and he tried to pull his shirt down to hide it.*

She remembered such incidents in school herself back in the day...not too many years past. Guys would hold books in front of themselves or turn to face their lockers...or even take off running in a few incidents that she recalled witnessing.

"Are you having issues, Mister Hogan?" she inquired, a slight nod toward his hidden man junk. "It happens...don't sweat it too badly. Go take a cold shower if you need to."

He looked oddly at her as if he didn't understand what she was talking about.

*And this would be why boys should have male coaches and girls should not be in the same class with them,* she mused.

"Go on back down," she said with a sigh, but just as he turned to head down the steps, she caught sight of something hanging down the leg of his shorts. "Whoa, hey...hold up," she called out to him and stopped him dead in his tracks. "Turn around pull your shirt up."

As the boy turned, his eyes grew to twice their size and she could swear that sweat instantly beaded up on his forehead.

"What?"

"Pull your shirt up," she repeated and he reluctantly fished the tail of his t-shirt up to the waist of his shorts. Now it was her own eyes that bugged out of her head.

Down the left leg of his shorts, shot a thick tube of something...running in length from a bulbous knot in the center to just short of an inch perhaps, from the bottom seam of his shorts leg.

Looking up at his face, she realized he was horrified. Sweat, indeed, poured down his face and his cheeks were blood red in hue...his mouth hanging open with no words emerging from it.

Ironically, she realized she was blushing herself...sweat beading up on her brow...and to her embarrassment, she knew also her own mouth was gaping.

Of his own volition, the boy slowly dropped his shirt down again to cover himself.

“Can...can I go now?” he finally muttered after several long seconds of silence.

“Is that...ummm...is that what the commotion was about?” she asked him as she fought down the urge to literally point at his crotch. She glanced down at the court and realized Farris and her bitch battalion were still gawking up at them. Had she pointed at his junk, she knew they would notice. “Is that what the girls were watching you for?”

“Yes ma’am,” he replied.

“I should probably ask...or maybe I shouldn’t,” she began and then cut herself off, unsure of how to proceed. “Never mind, just go back down...and...and oh, whatever.”

At two forty five, she blew her whistle and sent everyone to the locker rooms to dress back into their regular clothes. And as they all scattered, she descended the bleachers and crossed the court toward the boys’ side. As she approached the hallway that lead back into the locker room, she slowed and stepped quietly around the corner and into the long corridor.

As she crept down the hall, she could hear the sounds of boys chattering to one another as they undressed and redressed...intermingled with the sounds of slamming locker doors and water faucets and the occasional toilet flushing.

Near the door leading into the locker room, she found a door marked “Equipment” and she pushed it open and stepped inside. The light was off and she stumped her foot on something heavy and immovable. Carefully now, she felt her way forward and waited for her eyes to adjust.



On the far side of the narrow room, she could see light emanating from a crack near the floor. It was another door and one that opened into the boys' locker room. She inched forward through the dark death-trap of a room until she reached the lighted crack...and just as she reached to find the door's handle, it burst open and she was pinned behind it as a boy barged in and tossed two basketballs onto a rack opposite the door. She froze and grabbed at the door handle so she could hold it open and conceal herself behind it.

Without even the slightest notice, the boy immediately turned and stepped back out and she let the door go so that it closed behind him. She'd nearly shit herself, but at least she knew what the inside of the room looked like now. The momentary blast of light had allowed her to see where all the various pieces of junk and equipment were located...so at least she wouldn't maim herself now if she had to make a run for it.

She stepped a bit closer to the door and pulled it open slightly so that she could peep inside the locker room. Two rows of lockers lined up leading away from her and on the far side of them she could see straight into the bathroom. She could plainly see a line of urinals and one open shower stall. Between there and her position, were eight boys, seven of which were finishing up redressing. One by one, they all headed out toward the main door...all but one.

Sammy Hogan remained in his gym uniform sitting on a bench in front of the back row of lockers. When the last boy exited and the ruckus died down, he stood up and opened his locker and quickly pulled his shirt off and tossed it inside.

From her vantage point, she could see his profile and she immediately noted the bulge in the front of his shorts was much larger than she had realized. As she watched him, he pulled his shorts down with fantastic speed and kicked them off. By the

time he was standing upright again, his hands were already reaching into the locker for his jeans...but despite his hasty and nimble movements, she saw far more than she expected to.

He was wearing white briefs and while they managed to contain and uphold his testicles, their high cut legs offered nothing in support for his fat penis. The oversized thing just hung out the left leg and dangled like a large sausage as he moved hurriedly to put his pants on.

*Holee shit, he's hung like a bull moose!*

When he'd first lifted his shirt up while she was in the bleachers with him, she'd assumed the bulge might be fake...perhaps a pair of socks or something stupid. Boys would do dumb things sometimes...but as she peeped at him now, she learned with all too much clarity, that what had bulged down his shorts leg was nothing less than man-meat.

*His underwear can't even hold that thing up*, she deduced as she surveyed its dangling length and marveled at its girth. She knew then what had happened. While playing ball, his dick had obviously worked its way down his leg hole and he'd been unable to fish it back up into concealment...so he'd jerked his shirt down to hide it and stopped playing for fear it'd pop out completely.

*Shit...that thing's got to be half a foot long...six inches limp or I'm hallucinating*, she speculated as he pulled his jeans up and over his knees. She gasped when he stopped and let go of the jeans. Standing upright, he rolled the top of his underwear down and flopped his big sack of balls out...then with a quick tug he reached inside and fished his dick back up from the leg hole and let it flop down atop his testicles.

*Oh fuck me running!* She bit her bottom lip to prevent making a loud gasp as she fathomed the fact that his testicles were at least the size of ping-pong balls...perhaps small eggs

even...and the sack in which they lived was bloated and round in and of its self. His scrotum was large and obviously filled full and his lengthy cock draped over the top of it like a lazy snake.

He heard a sound behind him and twisted to look toward the bathroom where another boy...Robbie Ward...emerged slinging his hands dry.

"Later dude," he called out to Sammy as he departed, heading for the main door. "I leave my stink with you!"

"Gee thanks," Sammy replied as he did his best to remain with his torso facing away from the other boy's position...but that placed him facing directly toward Robin's location, so in the moments that the other boy took to leave, she was free to gaze upon Sammy's massive genitalia which still hung out over the top of his underwear.

When the outer door slammed shut, and Sammy was sure he was alone once again, he looked around the locker room once more and then pulled his jeans up and tucked his junk down into them without putting them inside his underwear. He didn't button or zip the pants either, but instead, turned and walked off toward the bathroom while merely holding the waist of his jeans up so they wouldn't fall down.

Robin watched with curious eyes as he made a round through the bathroom and then returned to the main area and finally back to his locker.

*He's already got his pants on...so why is making sure nobody else is in there?* He was up to something, but what, wasn't quite clear yet. But as she watched, his intentions became all too obvious.

He reached up into his locker and pulled his backpack out and then moved it over to the top of the bench where he'd been sitting earlier. Opening it, he pulled out a folder and from inside the folder, he pulled out a glossy, full sized piece of photo

paper with a woman's face on it. With a flick of his wrists, the single page unfolded into four sheets...all taped together so that it resembled something of a centerfold. With care and caution, he hung the 11x24 self-made centerfold onto the face of the lockers beside his using what looked like self-adhesive or perhaps some wads of chewing gum which were attached to the back of the top paper sheet.

When he stepped back, she could see the image of the woman on the papers was obviously not a playmate centerfold of any type. In fact, she was rather fat and homely looking, practically old enough to be his mother probably...and the photo was obviously a private photo taken with a digital camera, probably for the woman's husband or boyfriend. How he'd gotten a hold of it was anybody's guess...most likely found on the internet, she imagined.

*Looks like he'd have gotten himself a better looking bitch,* she thought to herself...but even as she thought of this, her eyes were already refocusing on his genitals as the boy pushed his jeans down and re-exposed them once more. To her shock, when his pants dropped, his cock popped out and by the time the jeans slid to beneath his knees, his penis was more than half erect, pointing outward at a dipping angle.

*Oh shit, he's gonna jerk off!*

Suddenly she wasn't sure if she was horrified or elated. But as she continued to spy on him, the feelings of horror slowly faded and were replaced fully with lewd and tempting urges to do more than just watch him.

The woman on his photo poster was middle-aged, fat and nothing to write home about...and yet here he was, his balls and cock out...and his dick growing harder by the second. In her mind, she fantasized that she could make her way around to the main door and barge in...catch him jerking off. Hell, she could

say she thought everyone was gone...it wasn't on purpose, right? No one could fault her for checking to make sure everyone was out and heading for home...it was nearly three o'clock after all, right? And what if his dick stayed hard? What could he do if she approached him...snatched up his centerfold poster? She fantasized about berating him over his actions... about his fat dick and his bloated balls.

"No, no, Mister Hogan...you finish up...you just go ahead and crank that cock and I'm gonna watch...make sure you do it right," she imagined she'd say as she forced him to jerk off in front of her. "No, no, Mister Hogan...why are you wasting cum on that nasty paper bitch when you can cum on this," and she'd pull her shirt up and make him shoot his shit all over her body.

*Fuck, that would be so hot!* But it also would probably be a bunch of shit that she'd end up in the pokey over. With her luck, he'd probably run screaming from her before she ever even got a chance to say shit to him. *Guess I just stand here and watch like a peeping tom then!* It wasn't as hot, but at least it wasn't as likely to end in disaster.

As she watched, he began to pump on his cock. His hand was moving speedily from the moment his fingers encompassed the girth of his shaft...and in less than two minutes, he was squirting semen like a water cannon, blasting white mess all over the front of one of the lockers and as the streams decreased in urgency and force, the gooey blasts lowered until the last two plopped out and landed on the floor between his feet and the lockers.

Hurriedly, he pumped a few more strokes on his cock and milked out the last remains of his load before he shoved all his equipment back down into his underwear and then pulled up his jeans. After buttoning and zipping, he reached up to his locker and carefully pried the poster loose and then folded it

and replaced it inside the folder and then crammed said folder back into his backpack. Moments later he was pulling his shirt down and pushing his feet into his still-laced tennis shoes.

As he departed the locker room, Robin carefully listened for the main door to slam shut. Once she'd heard it, she opened the equipment room door fully and stepped out into the locker area. Glancing about cautiously, she made her way the twenty or so feet to where Sammy had been masturbating.

The boy's semen was still wet and dripping down the front of the locker, though it was now nearly clear except for the large drops that formed at the bottom of each rolling drip. With a nervous and shaking hand, she reached out and cupped the bottom of the locker and scraped upward, scooping up the whole of his load that had splattered against the front of it. By the time she was done, she had a literal palm full of cum and that didn't even account for the puddle on the floor near her own feet.

For a few awkward seconds, she played with the sticky mess in her hand before a naughty thought crossed her mind. At 26, she was still a fucking virgin. It was ridiculous and it certainly wasn't by choice, but it was true. In her whole life, she'd never had semen on her...not in her hand...not in her pussy for sure. And now, out of some freak event...she was standing alone in a boys' locker room with a hand full of cum.

With her unblemished hand, she pushed her shorts and panties down and then she kicked them off completely. Bottomless, she stepped sideways and straddled the bench where Sammy had been sitting. Plopping her pudgy ass down on the wooden seat, she spread her legs and reached down to her aching pussy with her good hand and began to finger herself with a lusty force. Her climax probably took about as long as Sammy's had. In what seemed like only a few heartbeats, she

was in full orgasm. As her own juices welled up and exploded out onto the top of the well-worn wooden bench, her eyes moved to her right hand...the one she held palm up...the one in which she still cupped a large helping of semen.

She moaned out loud as her vaginal lubricant oozed from her spread pussy and coated her left hand...the same left hand that was busily cramming its fingers in and out of her while the thumb roughly rubbed on her raging clitoris.

“Nasty little fucker...you wanna cum on me, don’t you... yeah, you do...you wanna cum on me bad...well do it...you fucking cum on me you sick little fuck...beat that fat cock all over me, dammit!” she blurted in a long string, stopping only to gasp in between demands to her imaginary student.

One second she was holding the semen and the next second her right hand was between her legs and smearing the cum load all over her spread pussy. Then she was lying on her back on the bench, both hands working at her hole...then the right one was delving inside of her, cum coating and all...and she didn’t care that it could actually end up in her getting pregnant.

“Fuck it...look pregnant any damned way...might...might as well enjoy it,” she muttered amid gasps as she fingered herself with two fingers...then realized she could slide three in because of all the slick and slimy excretions that lubed her crotch now. “Yeah, you cum in me...cum in me Mister Hogan...you cum in me and make me pregnant!”

The following day found Robin once again sneaking into the equipment room to spy on Sammy, but this time she waited only long enough for the last of the boys to enter into the locker room before she crept down the hall and into the side storage room.

As she opened the equipment room's secondary entrance door and peeped inside, she caught sight of nearly twelve boys all in various states of undress. Several were scampering off into the bathroom to the showers completely naked. It was a veritable sausage festival...not an impressive one, but certainly more dicks than she'd ever seen at one time in her entire life.

Some of the boys were quite obviously in the throes of puberty and the sizes of their man-parts varied from "barely there" to "not bad." She looked around a lot, but mostly only to kill time as she waited for them all to finish up and get out. Her reason for spying, of course, was sitting alone on the bench in front of his locker as he had the day before...obviously and patiently waiting for the same thing she was.

Near 2:58, the last one scampered out and Sammy finally stood up and began to change out of his gym uniform. To her disappointment, she caught only a momentary glimpse of his oversized parts as he pulled his underwear down and fished his dick up from its usual leg-hole location. She'd been hoping for another masturbation show, but apparently he wasn't in the mood and so within another minute or so, he was fully dressed and heading out himself.

She waited till she heard the main door slam shut and then she departed the equipment room and crept back out to the gymnasium where she caught a limited view of him heading out the large double entrance doors behind a girl...Kerry Farris. She was too far away from them to understand what was said, but the little bitch turned as she went out the door and said something to Sammy followed by a snide grin that he did not return.

*Little bitch is still fucking with him!*

Suddenly she had an odd urge to protect him. What was he now...her boyfriend? The idea was lame and ludicrous, but



she'd had his bodily fluids on her...so maybe that counted for something. She didn't like Farris anyway, so maybe it might give her excuse to go off on the little cunt.

Outside the gym, the hallway was busy with students all heading out to either the bus ramps or the parking lot. She had to scan for nearly a minute to pick up on Sammy's position again. She locked onto him just as he exited out toward the parking lot...Farris still walking behind him quite close.

Out in the back of the school was a long driveway that curved around by the main doors and parents generally lined up there to pick up their kids every afternoon. Once out of the building, the crowd of students broke up and she was able to follow Sammy much easier as he made his way down the sidewalk and along the line of cars and trucks full of waiting parents.

About eight or nine cars down was large SUV and as she closed on it, she realized Farris was peeling off and getting into it. As she passed the vehicle, she looked over at the driver and took note of the woman's appearance. She was short and thin, no tits to speak of and had her hair pulled back in a skull-tight blonde ponytail...basically an older version of her daughter and their facial features were uncannily similar as well.

*And probably a bitch too*, she imagined as she walked on past them and scanned to relocated Sammy. He was heading toward the end of the car line it appeared...but then he passed the last car and walked over into the parking lot where the faculty cars were located.

A plumpish woman dressed in fairly nice clothing sat on the front edge of the hood of her dark green Ford Taurus. She decided to follow the boy on out into the parking lot as her own car was parked only two vehicles over from his mother's location.

By the time Robin reached them, Sammy was already inside the car and his mother had opened her door but had stopped before getting in to wave and speak briefly to someone driving out of the main drive. She turned to see who it was and shockingly it was the white SUV belonging to the Farris bitch's mother. Obviously the two women knew each other. So was Farris really fucking with Sammy? She wasn't sure now.

Reaching her own car, she pulled her keys out and unlocked the driver's door and then pulled a tote-bag she kept in the passenger seat out and pretended to rummage through it while doing her best to look at Sammy's mother while she continued to talk to Farris' mother.

At one point, Miss Hogan stepped away from her car and walked out across the sidewalk to the drive where she leaned up against Farris' SUV so that the two could talk without yelling at one another. As she crossed the expanse, Robin was able to get a much better look at her and what she realized shocked her to her very core.

*His mother is the woman from his masturbation centerfold!*

The idea was just unbelievable to put it nicely. As the idea took hold in her consciousness, she nearly gagged. After several seconds of forcing her lunch back down, she again looked out at the woman and found herself somewhat galled that the woman, as fat as she was, was in fact, dressed in the manner that she was. Could this be the reason her son saw her as a sexual object?

The woman was wearing a silky blouse that was tight all over and especially around her moderately large cleavage and the fat roll that mushroomed out over the top of her too-tight and high-waist jeans. The pants themselves were tight to the point of looking like they were painted across her wide ass and in the front, a large swell of belly bulged through the confining

denim below her waist band making her look slightly pregnant... a fact which rang familiar with Robin herself. Any time that she wore high waist pants herself, she ended up with a similar belly bulge. As often as she'd caught hell in school though, she couldn't imagine purposely wearing tight clothing like this woman did that not only accentuated her bulges but for all purposes, pretty much put them on display.

Robin looked up at her face and recognized the hair color and certain aspects of the woman's face matched Sammy's. There was certainly no doubt this woman was his mother. Why she hadn't noticed the similarity the previous day while looking at his home-made centerfold, she had no idea. But now, seeing the woman in the flesh, there was no doubt at all. Sammy had been jerking off to his own mother. But where had he gotten such a crude and nude photo of her like that? From the home computer no doubt. As she'd assumed the day before, it was probably a digital photograph intended for her husband or boyfriend. Thinking on that, she tried her best to tell if the woman had any rings on her left hand, but the distance between them was too far to see clearly.

Robin finally tossed her bag back inside her car and shut the door. When she clicked her keychain to lock it back up, the beeping sound was loud enough to draw Miss Hogan's attention, and as she approached the woman as she walked back toward the school, Farris pulled away and rolled her window up...leaving Hogan standing on the sidewalk directly in her line of travel.

"Hi there," the woman said to her as she approached. "Are you Miss Pike?"

"Yes," she answered as she came to stop a few feet from the other woman.

“I’m Sondra Hogan...my son is Samuel Hogan, he’s in one of your biology classes and he has P.E. with you too, I think.”

“Um, yes...yes he does...he’s a good student,” she sputtered, unsure of what to say and rather nervous because of the things she knew about this woman and her son.

“Well thank you,” she replied with a smile. “Do you have a moment?”

“Umm sure,” she responded, even more nervous about the situation...and fighting the urge to bolt.

Sondra looked around nervously herself for a second or so before returning her attention to Robin. And before speaking, she stepped a bit closer to her.

“We just moved here this year and I don’t know anyone yet except for Anita,” and she pointed off in the direction the SUV had driven off in. “She’s my neighbor,” she added, explaining how the two knew each other. “I have been sort of hesitant to talk to anyone here at the school yet, but Sammy said he had a bit of an issue yesterday in gym class and I think you already know what I’m talking about.”

Robin knew her face was probably devoid of blood and color and her lips were dry like sand, but she knew she was going to have to respond in some manner. Unable to force any verbal admission out, she instead opted for a short nod and left it at that.

Sondra must have noticed her look of horror because her friendly and bubbly attitude shifted into something more akin to nervousness as well before she continued on.

“My son has a condition called megalopenis,” she asserted with a deadpan expression. “Nothing is wrong with him, you have to understand, but the condition...well, it’s just an abnormal development of...of well, his genitals.”

Robin felt sweat beading on her forehead and realized she'd begun shifting from leg to leg, swaying somewhat. The other woman looked at her oddly as if she were gauging her bodily response to their discussion.

"I know this is kind of odd, but I wanted to explain it to you in case he had...y'know...another incident in gym class. He's really sensitive about it and he gets embarrassed really easily over it," she continued to explain. "And I was hoping not to have to tell everyone in the whole school about it. It's sort of a personal matter and not something that you want everyone knowing about...*especially* other women," she added at the last moment.

"I can imagine," she stammered as she consciously forced herself to stop swaying. No matter how hard she tried though, she couldn't seem to push down the image of Sondra naked that her son had been beating off to the day before while she watched in secret. She wondered if the woman had any clue about his possession of her nude photo...or that he was apparently sexually attracted to her. Further, she wondered if there might be more going on than she suspected. As casually as possible she glanced down at Sondra's left hand noted an absence of any rings...but she did see a distinct dent and whitish ring around her finger that indicated the recent absence of a ring long worn.

*She's divorced apparently...not too long ago either!*

"Well anyway...y'know...I'm sure you can handle it. But if he has any serious issues, just call me. I'm in the school parent registry. I don't work, so I'm usually at home."

"Umm," she began but wasn't sure what she was planning to say, so a silence fell between them.

"Yes?"

“Uhh, is there...anything in particular I should know? I mean, about Sammy?”

“Oh, well are you familiar with megalopenis? It’s a rare disorder, so most people just kind of look at me stupid.”

“I have not heard of it,” she admitted. “But I assume it’s something to do with the size of his...well, his parts, obviously.”

“Yes,” Sondra replied and stifled a bit of a giggle. “He was perfectly normal till he hit puberty about a year ago...and...all at once he just started growing, y’know...and at first I just assumed it was...well I just figured he was gonna be a lucky guy.” She smiled now, but the look was nervous. “But after a point, I started to realize, y’know...like hey...this ain’t normal. So I took him to a specialist or two or three...and they finally diagnosed him with megalopenis...just a weird way of saying he’s got abnormally large man-parts, I guess. They don’t even know what causes it...it’s like girls who get huge boobs...genetics or something I guess. But he’s fine and all, but the...well...his parts sort of get in his way at times...sort of have the tendency to fall out at the worst possible times.”

“I think...maybe...that’s what happened yesterday,” she asserted with a bit of fake smile. “The Farris girl...and a few of her buddies were giving him the stare-down. I don’t know if they saw anything or not. I mean I didn’t,” she added in a little more forcefully and loudly than she probably should have. “I just...well did he tell you what happened?”

“Mostly,” his mother replied. “He said you made him pull his shirt up.”

Robin knew she was blushing.

“I did,” she admitted. “I had no idea...y’know...but...well I mean I figured it out pretty darn fast, let me tell you,” she continued with a bit of nervous giggle. “Oh sorry...I didn’t mean to make it sound like that...I know it probably embarrassed the

crud out of him, but it sort of embarrassed me too.” She sighed and realized she was prattling on like a moron. “I won’t do that again, I promise. I just had no idea what was going on.”

Sondra put her left hand on her hip and with her right hand, pushed her short brown hair back over one ear before forcing a smile and then looking down at the pavement. After a moment she looked back up and made eye contact with Robin once more.

“I wish I could say that sometimes,” she remarked, once more with a forced smirk. “At home...well, it seems like every time I look at him I’ve got balls in my face, y’know.” She chuckled then as if she were trying to make a joke of it all. “Oh cheese, that sounded really crude didn’t it?” She stifled her mirth and continued, “I have to laugh about it sometimes. It seems stupid but it can be really, really awkward for both of us and especially since his father is out of the picture. I mean can you imagine how embarrassing this is for his mother to have to deal with?”

Once more, Robin found herself wondering if there wasn’t more going on at home than what showed on the surface. The idea that there might be was no longer gagging her at least. And strangely enough, it was almost intriguing to her now that she had talked to his mother.

“Umm,” she began to speak again but faltered at the last second. Sondra looked at her with a concerned expression and she knew she was going to inquire further. “I really wouldn’t have thought much about this...until now...I mean knowing what I know now and having met you...but...yesterday, in my biology class...Sammy left his backpack. And y’know, first day of school...and all...I wasn’t sure who’s pack it was so I opened it up to look for a name...and one of the folders I pulled out...well,

it sort of had this kind of home-made centerfold...like three or four pages taped together--”

“Centerfold?” Sondra’s expression was one crossed between horror and shock.

“Well y’know boys...his age...well I just didn’t think much of it so I just put it back in there and a minute or so later he came back for the pack, so I just let it go,” she continued.

“But?” Sondra asked as if she knew there was a “but” coming for whatever reason.

“Er-hrm,” she cleared her throat and stared with wide eyes at the other woman for several seconds as she built up the nerve to expose the rest of her fabricated story. “Well I’m not certain, Miss Hogan...but I think the photo was...*of you.*”

She stared closely at the other woman to gauge her reaction. Was it going to be one of disbelief or one of embarrassment? Whichever way it went would reveal whether she knew about it...or didn’t.

Sondra opened her mouth as if to say something loudly...perhaps even to curse...but she froze midway through the process and just stood stark still with her mouth wide open and her eyes slowly gliding off toward where her car was parked and where her son sat. After a time, her eyes returned to Robin and her mouth closed but then puckered again as she attempted to form words.

“Are you...I mean...whu—are you certain?”

“It was an older picture...but yes ma’am.”

“And he what...blew it up and made it into a multi-page life-size poster?!” her expression was definitely one of horror that was leaning toward hostility.

*She had no fucking clue!*



“You were on your back...on a blue bedspread maybe... looked like maybe you were holding the camera up and taking the photo yourself.”

“OH HOLEE FUCK!” she blurted and her eyes looked like they were going to explode out of her sockets...and for a brief moment, the woman looked like she might collapse or faint. “Oh...oh shit...I’m sorry...pardon my language...I just...oh my... oh hell...I know exactly what picture you’re talking about.”

“Oh please,” Robin exclaimed. “Don’t freak out over it, it’s no big deal. Honestly I did crazy shit myself in college, okay, so we’ve all got nudie pics somewhere, right?”

Sondra swayed slightly like her legs weren’t as steady as they had been moments before, but she remained standing, her hand over her mouth...and fighting the urge to look over at her car again.

“He...he must have found it on my laptop,” she finally revealed. “I completely forgot it was on there. I...I sent it to my husband like...like five years ago while he was on a hunting trip with his friends.”

“Please,” Robin consoled her. “You don’t need to explain it to me, really...I don’t care and I’ve got no room to talk,” she added, knowing full well she’d never taken a nude picture of herself in her entire life...and certainly never had a need to take one for a man of any sort, but her ruse needed to be followed through with. “And like I said, I don’t...well, he’s a boy, y’know... they get porn one way or the other, so y’know...I mean I’m just going to pretend it never happened, okay?”

“Well thank you...seriously,” Sondra sighed, obviously relieved to hear that Robin wasn’t going to report her for it. “I’m not so much mad that he’s got porn...but...but why the hell is it *me*?” Here expression supported her dismay. She wasn’t faking or putting on a show. The woman truly had no idea he

had naked images of her. “Ohhh...oh...you don’t think he’s actually...like...oh...oh!” and she covered her mouth and stared around Robin to her car at the boy sitting inside of it.

Robin reached out and put her hand on the other woman’s shoulder and casually stepped in front of her again to block her view of the boy and the car in which he sat.

“I really wouldn’t make an issue out of it,” she said with her best attitude of knowledge and wisdom. “At this age, boys will get porn one way or the other. Your photo was probably just... well...y’know...convenient I guess. When I was that age, my male cousin used to draw pictures of naked women to...to... well, y’know...what they do.”

“WHY WOULD HE BRING IT TO SCHOOL?!” Her hand tightened on her mouth and her words, despite being loud, were stifled somewhat as they hissed out through her fingers.

“Well...maybe...maybe he *needs* it,” she suggested.

“Needs it?!” she asked, her hand finally lowering from her mouth. “Needs it for what?”

“Well does he...I mean...*has* he started...well...masturbating yet?” she asked. She felt her face filling with heat and knew the other woman could tell she was blushing once more.

“Oh shit, I don’t know,” she blurted in response.

“Sorry...I guess this is outside my business--”

“No, no, please,” Sondra reached out and touched her arm. “You’re a biology teacher...damn...I don’t anything about this and his father is a total prick. After we got divorced last year, he literally moved out of state and just cut us off. We get support checks and that’s it. I really don’t have anybody to talk to about this...so please...if you don’t mind?”

“Well I...well just...please don’t tell anyone we had this conversation, okay. I mean you and I know we’re talking all business, but it might not come off that way to everyone else.”

“Oh, I know...I know...I won't say a word, I swear.”

“Well if he's getting erections and...er-hrm...I saw how big he is already...so if he gets any bigger than *that*...well I don't think a shirt or book is gonna hide it very easily if you know what I'm saying.”

“Oh shit,” Sondra blurted. “Are you saying he's like...well that he's jerking off at school?”

“Let's call it relieving tension,” she added with a smirk. “And honestly as much trouble as goes on with it...flaccid...well I wouldn't say it's a good idea to have him walking around with a constant erection raging.”

“Oh damn,” she muttered, her eyes bugging. “I hadn't even thought of that. I mean he only started growing last year...and then I had the divorce and then we moved...and I just haven't had time to really deal with him about this. I just assumed it would be a while before he started...well...*that!*”

“Well maybe not,” she asserted, knowing full well that he was...and knowing full well what he was using the picture for. “But anyway, if it were me...I don't think I would really confront him over it. I mean if he's dealing with it on his own, then that's good. Like you said, it's odd and uncomfortable for him to have his mother up into it to start with. And I know the fact that he's got a picture of you is probably disturbing to say the least and I can certainly see how it could weird you out...but if you call him out on it and embarrass him...it could cause him to have serious sexual dysfunction later. I mean...early pubescence is a very awkward and important phase and the less traumatizing it is, the better. Especially with the extra baggage he's carrying.”

Sondra looked at her oddly and then burst out laughing. Only at that moment did Robin realize that her last sentence had been ironically more than literal. At least his mother was laughing about it. So she let herself snicker a bit as well.

“Sorry, poor choice of words, I guess,” she finally asserted when his mother eventually stifled her own laughter.

“No, no...I think I needed a laugh break. Like I said earlier, it’s way too serious. If I can’t laugh about it, I’m liable to explode.” She stepped to the side again and stared out at her son still sitting patiently in the car waiting on her. “I’m gonna have to go or he’s gonna come sticking his nose up in our conversation in a minute.”

“Okay, sure,” Robin acknowledged as she turned around and waved at Sammy. “Let’s just both forget what we know, I think and if he has any problems, I’ll give you a call...privately.”

“I’d appreciate it, Miss Pike.”

“Good grief, just call me Robin,” she insisted. “Miss Pike is my freaking mother. And look, if you need to talk about this, I mean...I’m not a counselor or anything...but since I know about what’s up and all...well feel free to call me if you need to.”

“Can I get your number?”

“As long as you know I’m not a lesbian,” she replied with a smirk and pulled out a pen and handed it to Sondra.

“Oh...oh, no,” she chuckled as she took the pen. “Do you get that a lot?”

“Probably not so much if I had a better haircut and a wedding ring,” she responded.

“Both are over-rated,” Sondra contended as she uncapped the pen and waited for her to give her the number.

The drive home was more quiet than usual. After hearing about her son’s exploits at school, Sondra was even less inclined than usual to talk with him. He was a good boy for the most part and did well in school, but ever since his genitals had started growing, a rift of communication had opened up

between them. She knew part of it was because of the divorce and she hoped dearly that he didn't blame her for his father leaving, but she suspected deep down that he did to some degree. And on her end of the rift, the problem was his rapidly expanding man-parts.

About a year earlier, she'd started noticing his underwear were getting stretched out in the crotch. It was weird and she just disregarded it at first, but eventually she started looking when he wasn't wearing pants...and before long, it started becoming obvious that his genitals were growing. She'd been in the middle of the divorce at the time though, and had been too distraught to deal with the matter. But just about a month after the divorce was finalized, he was walking to the bathroom one morning and she happened to be at the end of the hall. He was half asleep, and had started pulling his underwear down before he was fully inside the bathroom. As she gawked, he flicked his dick out and its length shocked her beyond all reason.

Unable to stop herself, she'd staggered down the hall to where he'd left the bathroom door open. Peering in, she again stared at his penis as he peed. It took several moments for him to realize she was standing there watching him, but when he did finally notice, he turned and smiled a sleepy grin at her and then fished his dick back into his underwear, flushed, and sauntered back out past her and headed back to his room.

His penis had been longer than his father's and it disturbed her to no end. He was ten years old! Should his dick be that long already? She thought then of the stretched out underwear and realized that she'd just been overlooking his development for an apparently long while. *He was limp! His dick was that long limp!!* For the first time in her life, she found herself thinking of her only son in a sexual manner. At first it galled her and even sickened her to a great degree...but after a day or so

of dwelling on the matter, her curiosity had started to get the better of her and she'd sought information on the internet.

What she found made her suspicions even more solid. She wasn't certain what length his penis was, but it was certainly far longer than was average for his age...so her husband had not been small in comparison...no, no...her son was just big.

Over the next few weeks, she continued to keep an eye on him any time that he wasn't wearing pants, and to her dismay, she began to believe he was getting bigger still.

One afternoon, she'd been in the laundry room just across the hall from the bathroom when she noticed a pair of his underwear. Holding it up, she noted the stretched region of the crotch was saggy as if it had not only been stretched outward, but also downward to some extent. Oddly, at that very moment, she heard the shower faucet kick on across the hall.

Sammy was taking a shower.

She looked at the underwear again dropped them into the open washer. Cautiously, she stepped out of the laundry room and crossed the hall to the bathroom door. She turned the knob and realized it wasn't locked. She hesitated only long enough to think of a reason to enter the bathroom.

Their apartment was small, only a two bedroom, one bath. She'd rented it while they waited for their house to sell. As part of the divorce agreement, they were selling the old house and splitting the proceeds from it. Once it sold, she intended to buy herself and Sammy a new house to live in, but for a while now, they'd been cramped up in the tiny apartment.

"Hey," she called out to him as she eased the door open. "I gotta pee really bad...can I come in?"

"Huh? Oh yeah, whatever," he replied through a drizzle of water.

She walked on in then and headed for the toilet which was positioned directly opposite the shower enclosure. The damn apartment was called an “efficiency” which just meant they didn’t waste any money on things like bathtubs. Nope, the bathroom did good to have a standup shower stall, a toilet, and a simple sink and mirror over it. The only cabinets were built into the wall beside the shower. So when she sat down on the pooper, she was literally only about three feet from where he stood in the shower. The only thing separating her from him was air and a hazy glass door that needed cleaning.

“One day we’ll have more than one toilet again,” she called out to him, trying her best to make light of the situation. About that moment though, the water shut off and the foggy glass door popped open...and before she could consider what was happening, her son stepped out of the enclosure, stark naked and wet...his body now less than arm’s length away.

He shut the door and turned, dripping, to the cabinet beside the shower and pulled out a towel. Turning back to face her, he unfolded the towel and tossed it over his head and began to rub his hair dry with it.

At that moment, she lowered her gaze and stared boldly at his naked genitals. His penis wasn’t the only thing larger than normal. His ball sack was fat and round...an apparently new development. Her husband’s scrotum had always hung down and looked deflated...his testicles dangling. But Sammy’s sack looked inflated as if it were literally full with something and not just testicles. As he flipped around with his towel, his penis swung from side to side demanding her attention. It too, was bigger and not just longer...but thicker. It looked fat...bloated and his foreskin encompassed the head making him look a bit like he was uncircumcised even though she knew he wasn’t.

*How fucking long is that thing?! Shit!!*

She couldn't tear her eyes away from it, and all at once, she realized he was staring at her...the towel behind his neck now as he continued to dry off his back. He didn't say anything though but it was more than apparent that he had noticed her staring at his genitals.

"Umm, sorry," she muttered nervously. "I didn't mean to stare at you...but...umm...wow...you're getting big lately."

He stopped drying off then and looked at her with an expression she couldn't quite read. "You mean my wiener," he asked as he let go of the towel with one hand and reached to heft his penis.

"Umm, yeah," she admitted. "So, umm...you need new underwear maybe?"

"Nah," he dismissed her suggestion. "They all still fit me in the waist...just not so much here," and he shook his penis as if to emphasis what he was talking about.

The motion was distinctly lewd to an extent and it caught her off guard. A lump surfaced in her throat and for a moment she had to fight off the urge to vomit.

But as he stood there naked and looking at her, she realized he evidently expected her to continue talking to him. He appeared unfazed by his nudity in her presence and so she felt wrong to make an issue of it herself.

"Wow," she stammered and allowed her eyes to expand a bit to underscore her exclamation. "You're really big for your age I think."

"I know...at school I'm like way bigger than everybody else," he admitted.

"What?" she looked at him oddly. "What do ya'll do... stand around in the bathroom gauging your junk size?" It sounded stupid enough, so she laughed, hoping it would break the tension somewhat.



“Nah,” he answered with a smirk. “We all pee in the urinals though, so you kinda see each other sometimes.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet,” she snickered. “You probably whip that thing out every chance you get just to brag, don’t you?”

“Brag?”

She realized instantly she’d went over his head with their discussion. “Nevermind,” she blurted. “Get out of here and let me pee in peace.”

Maybe a month after that incident, he’d emerged from the bathroom naked and she’d run up on him in the hall once more and as she stared at his dangling nethers, she realized he’d gotten even larger, not only in the dick, but also in the scrotum.

It was then that she concluded something wasn’t right and decided to take him to the doctor about it. The usual family physician looked at her like she was stupid when she told him about it...but without much debate, he told her he would recommend a good urologist for her.

The urologist, as it turned out, was assisted by a Nurse Practitioner who was female...and until such time as a serious medical condition warranted it, the NP was the one that would be treating Sammy. It annoyed her to no end, but there wasn’t much she could do about it. So the day of the appointment, she left Sammy sitting in the waiting area while she went back and met with the NP...a woman named Linda McDonald.

When the NP entered the room, she had Sammy’s chart in her hand and looked over oddly at Sondra...and Sondra stared right back at her. The practitioner was an older woman, probably in her late forties, chunky and not exactly pleasant looking. She reeked of a woman who did all the work while her male boss sat back and counted the cash she earned him.

“I think I might have the wrong chart--”

“No, no, I’m here about my son...I just wanted to talk to you before I brought him in, if I can.”

“Sure,” McDonald chirped as she crossed over and dropped down atop a rolling stool by the small desk near where Sondra sat. “What’s going on?”

“Okay, let me tell you up front, this is really weird for me and I’ve seriously been hesitant to even take him to anyone for this but I don’t know what else to do and I’m worried something isn’t right.”

“Relax and just tell me what the problem is,” Linda said, trying to calm her some. “What’s wrong with your son?”

“Well it’s not exactly something wrong with him...I mean it’s not normal, I can promise you that...but--”

“Miss Hogan!” the NP cut her off. “Just spit it out. I deal with men’s genitals and plumbing all day long. Nothing you’re gonna say is gonna blow my mind, trust me.”

“His penis is huge,” she blurted, eyes wide and sweat beading on her brow. “And I know you probably think I’m stupid but I’m not. It’s way bigger than it should be at his age!”

“How old is he?”

“He just turned 10 two months ago.”

“Okay...well boys start into puberty about this point, so a noticeable increase in the size of their genitals is perfectly normal and expected--”

“NO!” it was Sondra who cut off the NP this time. The nurse stared at her with unblinking eyes as if she was unused to be snapped at. “I’m sorry...but I don’t think you understand what I’m talking about. I’m not an idiot. I know what puberty is and does, okay? And yeah, I’m sure he’s started it, but this...I mean his size...it’s way more than---he’s bigger than my husband was, okay? He’s bigger limp than my husband was hard...bigger than

any guy I've ever messed with in my life. Do you understand me?"

Linda scooted back a few inches on her stool and stared at her blankly for several tense moments before finally replying.

"Okay...for sake of argument, how long is it, you think?"

"Well I don't know...I haven't measured it for crying out loud!"

"Okay...well then we need to do that." Standing up from her stool, the NP stepped over to a cabinet and pulled out an odd looking clear tube with markings on it. On one end it was open and on the opposing end, it had what looked like a syringe style pressure arm. Casually the woman moved over to the exam table in the center of the room and sat the cylinder down on the top of it.

"What the hell is that?" Sondra erupted, her dismay and horror all too apparent in both her words and actions.

"It's a penile measuring device as well as a response stimulator. Most of our patients are older men with impotence issues and well...as you can imagine, while I have to test them, I don't exactly enjoy nor is it professionally proper for me to do so with my hands. So some smart guy invented this thing. Man inserts himself into it...and I pull out on the arm here," and she pointed to the syringe looking end, "and it creates a suction on the penis. If he has a normal response, blood flow will cause an erection to form. If he's having issues, then it won't and we move forward with treatment. A lot of times these things are psychological rather than physical...so we have to determine what's going on before looking at drugs and surgery."

Sondra covered her mouth and looked quite on the verge of vomiting. The NP noticed and smiled.

"It's also good for measuring which is what we need to do in this case. I can't rule anything on him unless I can get an

accurate measurement on his penis for comparison. I know this sounds pretty lewd and sexual in nature, but I assure you it's necessary. The male penis can shrink up to almost nothing, especially during a physical examination, and so it's imperative to make sure I've got an accurate measurement and not just a 'holy crap it's cold in here and you're making me nervous' type of measurement."

Sondra wanted to vomit, but nodded her head.

"Are you okay?" The NP looked honestly concerned.

She gulped and nodded, hand still tightly clasped over her mouth.

"I'm going to need you to stay in here with us. I'm also going to ask another nurse to step in while I'm examining him. I don't want to make this a spectacle, but he's a juvenile and so it's imperative you, as a parent, be present and the other medical professional is required for me to do the exam. Are you okay with all of this?"

Sondra's eyes bugged again, but she nodded her agreement. "I'll go get him," she muttered as she stood up and left the exam room.

Moments later, she was back with Sammy and a young nurse was also present.

"Shut the door there, Shannon," the NP said, motioning to the open exam room door...and the young nurse responded, pushing the door closed and latching it. "Alright young man, your mother tells me you've gotten a little girthy in the man zone and she's worried something might be wrong."

If looks could have killed, Sondra would have dropped dead on the spot. Her son glared at her in a manner she'd never before witnessed. He'd been pissed at her from time to time over the years, but never had he sent her a look this vicious.

“Now there are a number of issues that can cause male genital problems, and honestly I don’t think you’re likely to have any of them, but we’re gonna do a little exam to make sure, okay?”

Sammy turned his glare to the NP and then slowly nodded.

“I’m sorry, Sammy...I’m just worried. I told you it...it was really large for your age...and I just want to make sure everything is okay, alright? Don’t be mad...I’m just worried.”

Part of her wished she’d told him what was going on prior to the visit...but she’d figured he would throw a tantrum about it if she did. So now that he was here, there wasn’t much of a fuss he could put up...or at least she hoped not.

“Go ahead and take your pants and underwear off for me and then hop up here on the table.”

Sammy unbuttoned his jeans and then in one move, bent over and pressed his pants and underwear down to his ankles, then kicked them off completely. He lost his shoes in the process and despite his long t-shirt hanging down far enough to cover his junk, Sondra could still see his dick slapping against the fabric as he kicked the pants and shoes off.

Seconds later he was up on the table, his long t-shirt still covering his privates.

The NP had retrieved her clear cylinder device and was leaning over somewhat towards Sammy when she said, “Go ahead and pull your shirt up for me, Sammy.” When he did so though, the older woman’s eyes nearly popped out of her head.

Sondra looked over at the nurse at the door and her eyes were bulging as well.

*Well at least I’m not crazy, dammit!* she thought to herself as she absorbed the other women’s responses to seeing her son’s penile size. The hell of it was that it *was* shriveled up for the most part...yet it was big enough it was blowing their

collective minds already. *How are they gonna react when she puts that suction thing on it and it straightens out?* And about that moment, she realized that the suction might stimulate him ...might even cause him to become erect. And how was *she* going to react to that if it happened?

*Vomit...I'm going to vomit all over the floor, that's what.*

The NP stared for a moment, but then moved forward with her work. Since Sondra had left to go get Sammy, Linda had apparently fitted a black rubber cuff onto the open end of the cylinder. She now twisted on it to remove it.

"Look up in the cabinet there and get me the biggest one we've got," she instructed the door nurse as she handed the small one to her. "Thanks," she replied when Shannon handed her another ring cuff that was far larger than the previous one.

Carefully she attached the cuff to the open end and then held it out toward Sammy.

"What I need for you to do...is to push your penis all the way up into the end of this tube, okay...and then all I'm gonna do is pump this handle here a bit and then we'll get a measurement of your penis...and that's it...we're done, okay?"

Sammy nodded and took the cylinder from her and poked his dick up into the end of it. The rubber ring's opening was a bit too large, so at least he wasn't a mutant, or so Sondra told herself as she watched the NP take the pump end of the tube and push it forward on her son's dick.

When the rubber ring base was pressed firmly up against Sammy's pelvis, the NP pulled out on the syringe arm on the opposing end of the tube...and immediately her son's penis moved within the clear cylinder.

Gorge rose within Sondra's throat, but she fought it back down and continued to stare in dismay as Sammy's dick uncoiled and lengthened. No longer able to sit, she stood up

and moved forward toward the exam table...her eyes locked on her son's appendage as it grew within the measuring tube. From her closer position now, she could more plainly read the black writing on the sides of the clear cylinder. It was numbers and lines...literally a ruler of sorts. And the tip of Sammy's cock was just past the four inch mark...and still it was moving.

The NP stood stark still...watching...expressionless...but her eyes were also firmly locked on the boy's genital. After a short time, his penis stopped moving and the woman reached for the handle on the end of the device once more and pulled out on it, increasing the negative pressure inside the tube...and his penis began to lengthen again until it passed the five inch mark...and as they all watched, it crept toward five and a half.

Sondra moved her eyes from the tip of his shaft and realized to her shock that his penis was far thicker than it had been. It wasn't just lengthening, but it was also swelling in girth inside the tube. And while he'd slid it inside easily enough...she doubted it was going to come out as easily now, judging from how fat it had grown. It looked nearly twice as thick as it had when they began. Mortified, she looked back to the tip and saw it was almost to the six inch mark. Was he getting an erection? His father wasn't even six inches long hard! Or was the boy still limp inside the tube? Part of her mind was pondering this in a distinctly sexual context and she was appalled by it. One side of her wanted to puke...and the other was fascinated by the sheer sexual energy of the situation.

The NP must have been thinking the same thing as she let the tube droop down below the edge of the table as if she were gauging to see if his penis would hold it up or if it would just hang down. And she was obviously surprised when the tube dipped downward with no sign of resistance from his dick inside of it.

Sondra locked eyes with Linda for a moment and she tried to telepathically convey her thoughts to the NP.

*Is this fucking normal?!?*

The NP broke their gaze and looked down at Sammy.

“Sammy...does your penis ever get hard...ever stick up on its own? Like maybe in the morning when you wake up?”

Sammy looked up at the older woman and shook his head side to side. “Are you talking about a boner?”

The NP smiled. “Yes...exactly...so you don’t have those?”

“No ma’am.”

“Shannon...come here...hold this up for a minute for me will you?” The regular nurse approached, fighting hard not to gawk or reveal any indication of shock as she did so and when she reached the table, Linda handed the syringe end of the tube to her...Sammy’s dick still suctioned inside of it.

“Miss Hogan...can we speak a moment?” she asked, motioning for Sondra to move over toward the door with her.

Out in the hall, the older woman ran her hand through her slightly graying hair and then sighed as Sondra pulled the exam room door closed behind her.

“Umm, leave that open...can’t leave her in there with him unobserved, sorry,” Linda told her as she reached around her and pushed the door back open enough that she could see inside. “I just wanted to talk with you where he can’t hear us.”

“Is something wrong with him?”

“Okay, I’m not gonna bullshit you here,” the older woman began and every muscle in Sondra’s body tensed up at once. “You are very much right. At his age, the penis should range roughly between two to four inches at most. His is a tiny bit longer than *six inches*. That’s far above average. I mean, the numbers can look misleading, but we work on percentages. So on average we should be seeing four at most...and the fact that



he's six means he's literally 150% maximum size. The medical term for this is megalopenis, which just means he's got a larger than normal penis. One fifty is the mark at which we call that one, so he does have a medically significant issue."

"Well I knew it was huge...my question is whether anything is wrong that's causing that?"

The NP sighed and tried to smile.

"Well now don't get too overly worried here. Some boys just advance faster than others. This might very well be the full extent of his development. That said, six inches is actually average for most adult men. So he's far from being what we'd call huge. I mean, in comparison to the average adult man, he's still just average himself. It just looks ridiculous because the rest of his body is so much smaller. He's got half the mass of a grown man and all of the penis, if you understand what I'm saying here."

"I get it," she acknowledged. "But did you see how fat it got?"

"I did," the NP admitted. "And now that...that is where he steps into a different area. Most men...grown men, have an average penile width is about one and half inches. That tube in there, for that reason, is made to be about two and half inches wide. And your son is filling it out pretty tightly in just a flaccid state. I mean the suction the tube creates causing far more blood flow than normal...so some of the size is due to the unintentional swelling caused from the pressure, but...damn, how do I say this? Okay, from looking at him right now, I don't think he's at full size."

"What do you mean?" Sondra stared at her blankly.

"I mean...when I wiggle the tube, his penis is still quite flaccid...limp...and while his penis is no doubt swollen some, it is not tightly swollen. In other words, it's fattened up, but it's not

blown up tightly like a balloon...which would indicate it was as its maximum size.”

“Oh...oh...so you’re saying that’s not his full size?”

“No...it’s not. And I wanted to talk this over with you before I went any further in there.”

“Further? What do you mean?”

“I noticed the size of his scrotum. I’m concerned about it to say the least. There are parasites which nest in the scrotum and can cause a form of elephantitis in the testicles. Now most of the recorded cases are from third world countries and I’m honestly not certain a case has ever even been recorded in the states, but I would like to rule it out just on the off chance that’s the reason for their size.”

“A parasite?”

“Don’t ask...I’ve seen photos...and it’s pretty gnarly. But like I said, I’m pretty certain this isn’t the problem here...but I need to rule it out and that’s going to involve me probing around on his testicles...not something I do without mom’s permission.”

“Oh...okay...yeah, no problem,” Sondra agreed without too much thought.

“I also want to make sure he’s got both testicles and I’m going to pull on them somewhat to gauge their response. And honestly, if he were a grown man, I’d want a semen sample.”

Sondra looked horrified once more. Words wouldn’t form though and so she stood staring in awe at the NP.

“It’s possible that if he’s just developing early, that he may have a really bad case of bull balls. Please pardon the crude expression. You’ve probably heard of blue balls before, right?”

Sondra nodded.

“Well cattle breeders use bulls for obvious purposes, so they tend to pick the best endowed specimens for breeding. Nobody wants a bull that can’t impregnate a cow, right? Well

these prime bulls sometimes get pinned up for a while and don't get the opportunity to take care of business and they will sometimes develop what's commonly called bull balls. Basically the testicles don't get any release for a long period, semen builds up...backs up...and it can cause any number of problems. So when and if this happens, a very expensive bull can eventually end up impotent from it. So when these prize bulls are not taking care of business...it's not uncommon for them to be milked, for lack of a better term. The same process is used in horse racing. Studs that are relaxed and whatnot tend to race better and respond to the jockeys riding them. So it's not uncommon for the horses to be milked prior to a race."

"Well thanks for the vet talk, but what has this got to do with Sammy, exactly?" Sondra demanded.

"Well what I'm getting at, is he may be having a case of bull balls...meaning he's got inflammation of the scrotum from not... well from not ejaculating."

"Oh," she chirped and leaned back against the wall to brace herself. "How likely--"

"VERY!" the NP all but blurted. "I'm almost certain that's probably what's going on there. Now I can use my fingers to massage his prostate...and I can guarantee he's not gonna like this...but by pressing on it, I can force him to ejaculate. In doing that, I can get a semen sample and also relieve some of the inflammation in his testicles. But again, not something I'm gonna go doing with mom being involved and agreeing to it."

"So...so you want to go back in there...and play with his... with his balls...then you want to stick your fingers up his ass and make him...make him..." her voice just failed her and she sighed, unable to finish her question.

“One step at a time,” the NP said with a bit of a smirk. “When we go back in, the first thing I want to do is apply more pressure to him and see just how large he really is.”

“Why is that an issue? You already know he’s huge!”

“Impotency,” the NP replied. “Men with oversized genitals are quite likely to have sexual dysfunctions. Too much blood being required for an erection can cause dizziness and even in some cases, fainting. I want to pump him up and see if he has any blood pressure related problems. The last thing you want is for him to pop wood in gym class a few months from now and then fall out and crack his head.”

“Alright, alright...okay, fine...just do whatever you think you need to do to make sure he’s okay.”

“Are you going to be able to handle all of this? Maybe you’d like to call your husband...let him take care of this?”

“I don’t have a husband anymore...the asshole took off and left both of us,” she growled a little more angrily than she should have.

“Oh...I’m sorry...well maybe a family friend...an uncle?”

“No...just me,” she replied. “C’mon...let’s just do this and get it over with, dammit.”

**To be continued...**

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