

Chapter 1

Part 5

Max made a point of taking the long way home, with plenty of twists, turns, and double-backs. He didn't want to risk the minute chance he was being tailed. He essentially turned what would have been a moderate jog into a long-distance marathon run, though it was no problem for Max's preternatural fortitude and skill. He even took to quickly darting between the alleyways of old abandoned buildings on the edge of town, to make doubly sure he wasn't leading trouble back to Toto... just to be safe.

When Max finally arrived at the Toto's shop, the diminutive titan was soaking with sweat, just positively drenched from head to toe. Toto, conversely, was chilling on the porch, drinking beer after having finished his day's work.

Toto noticed Max as he approached and greeted him, "Max mah' boy! Why are ya' all sweaty? You're panting like a dog! Hahaha!"

"Uhhh... the bus was broken so I had to walk... but I wanted to get here sooner, so I, uh, jogged," Max meekly replied as he walked up the steps.

"Oh, I see... so, what about the lifeguard job? Did ya' get it?!" Toto asked, excitedly.

"Ummm... The, uh, manager lady said she'd give me an answer tomorrow..." Max said, avoiding eye contact with Toto as he spun a little white lie, which the wise old man, of course, noticed.

"You know, it's fine; whether ya' got the job or not. You'll always have a place here, Maxey," the old man smiled as he used the old nickname he'd given Max over the years. Max felt comforted by the sentiment, but still couldn't fully look Toto in the eyes, lest he betray too much of his concerns about what Vivian had revealed.

Toto sensed this, and opted to change the subject, latching on to what Max had said earlier. "Wait, did you say it was a manager *lady*? Well then, I'm sure a handsome lad like you got the job, then! And how about this manager... was she cute, eh? Eh?" Toto joked, playfully elbowing Max's arm. "Well! It's gettin' late now, so go grab a shower and get ready for dinner! I'll be back from the bar & grill as soon as I can with the grub!" Toto exclaimed as he gave Max a firm pat on the back.

Max went to his trailer cabin, located near the lone tree that still stood in a corner of the scrapyard's premises. After getting in and locking the door, he stripped out of his soaked clothes, his t-shirt clinging to his fat lats as he pulled it up, and his shorts sticking to his tree-trunk quads as he pulled them down. Walking into his bathroom in the buff, he flipped on his shower, letting it warm up. After testing it, he hopped in and started cleaning himself up, lathering body-wash into a foamy mess all over his frame. While in the shower, Max suddenly found himself once again thinking of Vivian's offer.

Was this her ploy? To make him think about her? What was her endgame? Memories of her radiant face and voluptuous nude body crept back up into Max's mind as he finished washing his hair, and after he opened his eyes to look down, he saw his manhood beginning to rise again.

"Damn it, Max! Focus!" he yelled at himself in the shower, trying to distract himself from the invading lewd thoughts, but it was a losing battle. He remembered Vivian's soft touch on the head of his man-shaft, her gorgeous naked form, her sultry voice. His memories were so vivid that, in nearly no time, he had achieved a raging boner that was nearly at the same level of turgid mass as the time at the bungalow earlier that day.

Max tried to bring his massive behemoth of a cock under control, attempting to push it low again, grabbing the shaft to wrangle it... only to realize that the tip was already oozing pre-ejaculate. The pulsing of its veins was almost audible, even past the sound of water falling from the shower-head, like a drumbeat of defiance to its master's hesitations.

Max heaved a sigh of resignation, closed his eyes and let his memory replay what happened at the bungalow. He started slowly jacking his rod, with long and steady strokes, cupping his balls with his other hand, trying to emulate the techniques Vivian had subjected him to during their interview tryst. After a bit of time had passed, he ramped up his stroke-speed, still trying to match how things had played out. He remembered it clearly, as if he was back at the bungalow... the way she looked at him,

locked eyes with him as she pleased him... how her breasts jiggled with each stroke and how her impressed coos caressed his ears.

"You've dove great today, Max. I'm very impressed," at the finish of that sentence's recollection, Max reached an explosive orgasm, almost like it was a Pavlovian response. His jizz flew up past the shower-head and hit the upper corner of the shower stall wall behind it. The climax was so intense that his body was shaking, the strength in his mighty legs almost leaving them, forcing him to brace himself against the wet walls... but when he regained his strength, he realized that his boner was still raging hard.

Max was getting annoyed with his rambunctious erection, so he decided to try and simply ignore it and get on with finishing his shower. Despite the difficulties of the increased turning radius his dick demanded, he managed to finish the shower, making sure to spray down his spunk from the ceiling, lest it leave a mess for later. But even after all this time had passed, his cock still wouldn't calm down.

Resigned to his horny fate, still naked, and very frustrated, Max went over to his bed and sat on the edge of it. He figured he couldn't have more than a few more nuts left in him... surely another quick jack-off, and then he would be free to enjoy his evening?

And so, for the second time, he began beating his meat. Sat upon the very corner of his mattress, his legs kicked out wide, he once again thought of Vivian. He leaned back on one arm, his pecs stretching and rippling with strain while he maintained that lurid posture. Just as before in the bungalow, Max was very quick on his second shot. His core tightened up and another geyser of cum spattered on his floor.

"Is... is that it?" he thought, hoping his length would listen to him now and calm down.

But it did not.

Still frustrated and horny, Max immediately went at it again, this time throwing himself onto his back. His toes curled and clenched into his sheets as he dug his heels into the bed, bridging his hips up into the air, bucking wildly as he used both hands to

climax once again. A spunk-geyser rocketed up towards the ceiling... though this time it failed to reach, instead the mess spattered on his abs, legs, bedsheets, and floor.

"M-maybe now?" Max thought. But still, his erection persisted.

Not missing a beat, he rolled onto his left side and kept on masturbating, his legs bent to keep his balance, his left bicep curled into a rock-hard pillow for his head, the coiled muscles of his glutes and abductors squeezed into knots as he came again, and again.

And again.

And yet again.

Max had lost count of the rounds of masturbation he had indulged himself in, of how many times he had cum; till his mahogany dick-skin had started to feel sore. It wasn't until he heard someone calling his name that he snapped out of his self-pleasuring funk.

"Max! Dinner's ready! Come git' it while it's still hot!" Max looked outside the blinds of his trailer cabin and realized that the sun had already set. Max then felt more than a little bit shameful that he'd spent hours rubbing ones out.

And what was worse... he hadn't even succeeded. He stared down at his crotch, disappointed that, after so many ejaculations, his manhood still had a partial hard-on. Just sticking out there, like a limb on a tree trunk. Mocking him.

Either way, he had to make due with the situation at hand. Max quickly popped into the bathroom to get cleaned up again, as best he could. After that he pulled open his drawers, and found the baggiest pair of shorts he owned. He tried his best to squeeze his stubborn junk into his shorts, and managed to get his length to kind of fit normally down one pant leg, lengthwise. Though, if he wasn't careful, his cockhead could still peak out past the bottom hem, if he moved too fast.

But that wasn't important now. He threw on a shirt, forgoing any shoes, and went to the main house to go get some dinner.

"I bought yer' favorite: Huli-Huli chicken!" Toto said as he gave Max a bag holding the several containers of the lad's dinner, from a bar the old man frequented. "I

may have gotten a little ahead of myself, and told everyone at the bar that ‘Little Ol’ Max’ mighta’ landed a new job at the resort. So – and get this – the bar owner straight up cooked a feast to celebrate! Hahaha!” So I ended up already eating something else at the bar, while I waited on the rotisserie to finish cooking up all this meat, ha! So you can have it all to yer’self. I gotta’ get back to watching the game, heh-heh!”

The bag held two Jumbo XXX-tra large servings of Huli-Huli chicken, more than enough to feed at least six people, plus several containers of extra sauce and rice... just the way Max liked it. Toto was spoiling him, and the young man knew it. It was probably because the old man could sense Max’s unease. Max felt both humbled and grateful at Toto’s generosity.

Max thanked him, sincerely “Thanks a lot, Gramps...”

“Oh come on now, Maxey! Get yer’ damn food, sonny, and go eat! Hehehe!” The old man chuckled as he gave Max such a hard pat on the back that he almost fell over, before Toto turned away with a wave, heading back to his favorite chair.

Max retreated to the kitchen table to eat, unpacking all the containers into a mini-feast in front of him. The large amount of food was actually something Max could easily consume, because of his unique biology. Toto didn’t exactly make enough money to be called rich, but he was never stingy on food for Max, a fact that he gave Toto a lot of respect for.

Max began to eat his dinner as quietly as he could, though he was suddenly keenly aware of his voracious appetite, and was soon wolfing down large portions of the spiced chicken. He’d only had a light breakfast, and had skipped lunch, because of all that had happened with Vivian.

While he ate, he pondered his next course of action, the only sound being Toto occasionally cheering as he watched the TV. Max lost track of time, and when he finished his food, he realized that Toto had already fallen asleep in his chair, the television still running in front of him. Max knew better than to turn off the TV, since every other time he’d done so, Toto would snap awake with a “Hey! I’m still watchin’ that!” It was uncanny how the old man could always tell if someone was changing away from his favorite channels, so Max just left quietly.

Back in his trailer, Max got ready for bed. He'd stripped naked again, and had swapped out his messy sheets from before. As he lay there, under the covers, he wondered if running away again would be the best option... but the thought of leaving the new family he had found in Toto was too much to bear, so he decided that he would confront Vivian tomorrow.

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And that was his latest mistake. Thinking of her made his mind flush with memories, and his dong began to rise again, pitching a tent with his sheets.

Max was nearly on his last nerve, now. As he tore off his covers and pointed at his cock he proclaimed "Fine!! If you want it that way, I'll just jerk off until I can't do it anymore!!!"

He prepared a bottle of lotion, some tissues, his secret stash of a few dirty magazines he had squirreled away, sat on the floor with his back against the foot of his bed, and began a marathon jerk-off session.

But... something was wrong. None of the lewd images he looked at did him any good. Several minutes of masturbation later and he still hadn't cum, but his cock was still stubbornly stiff. Tossing aside the magazines he closed his eyes and... there it was: thoughts of Vivian.

Max rocketed to an orgasm right away, his spray of seed soaking a wad of tissue in his free hand. Just thinking about how Vivian's skin felt, how her feminine features looked, and even how she smelled... it was the only thing that worked now.

"There's one done..." Max said. "Alright, 'Little Max', we're going to sort this problem out. And I'm not stopping until you calm down and let me get some sleep!" Max declared to his dick, not realizing that the energy from those huge servings of Huli-Huli chicken would easily give him enough energy to last till morning...