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Eros Volume One

Come, embrace me. I will shape the world as ye will. Never more shall ye want for food or warmth, nor shall ye want for power. Come, embrace my flame, and this world will be made for ye ...

Before it all started Jack was in many ways normal. He was of average height and average weight. His build was, by any definition, average. It was not defined, nor was it disturbingly skinny. His shoulders were normal, proportionate, and his gait was even.

Of course he had his defining traits. His hair was dark and thick and very long, and it was at odds with the masculine cut of his jaw. The most defining trait he had by far was the color and depth of his eyes. He had brown eyes that possessed natural intelligence and an impish gleam.

Some considered him cute, but many over looked him. He wasn't very social. Sometimes he was too smart and too stubborn. In school he was restless, and his teachers couldn't manage him. His parents didn't know how to correct it. It was his will; he was too strong to reign. So he dropped out of high school and became a recluse inside of his own home.

Years passed after this, and by the time he was twenty-one his life was going nowhere. His parents were unsure of what to do with him. They were disappointed in him, and he was disappointed in himself. So he wallowed and felt guilty, hiding in his room. He was lonely, listless, and wasting away, without

friends, without a future, and without a hope.

This, like all things in life was subject to change though, and at mid-summer it did. It all started with a strange dream. In the dream he stood shrouded in swirling pink smoke. A thin figure stood straight and tall in the distance.

It came to Jack, and even as it closed distance it was ill-defined. It spoke to him in a dream language that sounded both foreign and familiar. It said strange things with a voice that was high and with a tone that was divine.

Then it leaned in and kissed him gently on the forehead. The kiss was simple, but lingering, and in its wake Jack felt warm all over. The words were lost upon waking, but the intention remained. Jack understood that he made a promise, or perhaps a contract, and that very soon everything would change.

After that dream everything was different. Not only did Jack feel balanced and refreshed, but the world seemed literally brighter to him. Possibilities now seemed endless and every decision was ripe with potential.

Most of all he felt virile, which was a strange feeling for him. Depression had ruined Jack's sex-drive, turning him nearly nonsexual. It left him empty, hollow. This hadn't bothered him before, as it had never occurred to him. The dream changed that too. It left him longing for intimacy and didn't allow him to discriminate the source.

His stomach fluttered whenever his younger sister, Jessica, came dancing into his room wearing a low-cut top. He gazed unabashedly at her seemingly bottomless cleavage, and he thought of things very unfit for a brother to think.

The allure of his mother's breasts became too much as well. His crotch swelled and cramped whenever she wore her sports bras to exercise. The way her stomach flexed as she worked her body often forced him to find guilty relief in the privacy of his bedroom, which led to another source for concern.

Before the dream Jack's penis was like the rest of him: average. It was seven inches long, a decent thickness, and had a slight curve. The dream left him with a completely different sort of monster.

Even limp it was enormous, much larger than before, and it was thick, too. The curve had been straightened out as well.

When erect he was gargantuan, measuring over a foot long and thicker than his wrist. It was steel hard, too, and often required a spare thirty minutes and both hands to bring to orgasm. His balls, which were fairly large before, had grown nearly three times as large, and his every orgasm was voluminous and always left mess.

He first found this new cock the morning after the dream. It was painfully swollen when he woke up. At first it frightened him, but upon touching it he felt the most incredible pleasure. This pleasure seduced him and forced him to coax his new cock into mind-melting rapture.

This wasn't the first time Jack had masturbated. In high school he could hardly go an hour without touching himself. Dropping out had taken that from him though. Familiarity killed the taboo, and the activity lost its allure. This new cock and the orgasms it had brought it all back.

These weren't all of the changes Jack experienced though. Some were more subtle. He noticed them after catching a glimpse of his mother and his older sister, Julie, working out together, which had led to a rather vigorous masturbation session and then a thorough shower.

After his shower Jack glimpsed himself in the mirror and was awed by his own appearance. All in all he looked the same, save for the incredible dimensions of his new cock and balls. It wasn't something that he could explain though. There was just something about his posture, perhaps, or something about his presence. He looked confident, sensual, and more than human.

His lustful appetite worried him though, and after weeks of obsessive fondling he vowed to stop masturbating. He couldn't hide the activity anymore. On average he was doing it five times a day, and his stamina was growing each time. The messes he made was burning him through clean clothes, clean towels, and in desperate situations tissues and toilet paper. His room reeked of his sins.

What really prompted the vow was the changes in his family's

behavior though. His mother, who was self-centered by nature, became more accommodating. She had started making him dinner and offered to do his laundry. At first he had taken advantage, but one day he caught her smelling his unwashed boxers and changed his mind.

His sisters had changed as well. Julie, his older sister, had spent the weeks leading up to college hanging around the house and his room in particular. She often did his chores for him, as if to win his favor, and was always willing to shuttle him around town whenever he asked.

His younger sister, Jessica, had always been close to him. This made the change in her most outrageous. She wore figure hugging clothes that revealed more flesh than he was comfortable with. Hugs between them now lingered, and he found her always waiting whenever he got out of the shower, as if hoping to peek at him.

His father and half-brothers behaved strangely toward him. They were quiet in his presence and demure. If they could, they often avoided speaking to him altogether. Sometimes it felt like Jack was lord of the house.

At first Jack didn't know what to make of any of it. He had simply let it be. The dream, whatever it did, had brought new energy to him, and so he considered it a blessing of sorts. He didn't know how to bring these changes up his family anyway, so he kept it to himself.

Vow made, he looked forward to whatever the future would bring. What he didn't know was how drastically things would change before it was all over.

Chapter 1

Training Mother

Victoria couldn't explain how things got so bad. She had three children and three step children, and of them only one had graduated college. That was her youngest step-son, James. Her oldest daughter, Julie, had managed to enroll and was doing well. Everyone had high hopes for her.

With two success stories in a row, it gave her similar high hopes for her baby boy, Jack. He was too hard-headed though, and he didn't listen to anyone. She tried screaming, hoping he would hear that, but it never did. He only had interest in his own ideas and arguing with him just left her frustrated.

For the past few years they spent all of their time together arguing. Many harsh words were uttered in that time, most of them by her. She wasn't ashamed though. She meant every insult and slander. If she were ashamed of anything, it would be him.

It was a mother's job to nurture and bring up healthy adults. Every time she saw Jack she saw wasted potential. There was nothing but what could have been, not what did become. Intelligence, creativity, charisma, all wasted on a boy who spent his time hiding out in his room, playing with himself.

He tried to hide it from his family, and he failed miserably at it. For a short period she did his laundry. She could smell that musky scent on it, and she knew it well enough. She also knew that was why he took over his own laundry. He wasn't even brave enough to be open about it.

Those were her thoughts on the way home from work.

Victoria, during the day, worked at a manager at a local grocery store. She went to work early every morning and came home late every afternoon. The job exhausted her, but she had too many mouths to feed to go unemployed.

She often thought about her son on the long drive home from work. She thought about what a loser he was, or what a pervert he was, or how handsome he was when he smiled ...

She shook her head to clear it. Thoughts like that were new. They started popping up months before, seemingly out of nowhere. They had grown more intense after that day she found those semen-stained boxers. The smell of them was so intense, so memorable, that she could almost catch a phantom trace of it by simply imagining.

Sometimes she went into his room when he was taking showers. When she did she just sat in there, smelling deeply of his musk. His room smelled thickly of his own lust. She knew that. She was disgusted by it, and she couldn't stop thinking about it.

She shook her head again. Things had been strange with Jack, and the change didn't suit her. Recently she even started doing him favors for nothing else than to see him smile. After each one she asked herself why. Her son was a failure and didn't deserve such kindness.

She knew that wasn't a motherly thought, but she didn't care anymore. To her Jack was nothing but a financial leech on her family, and she refused to allow it to continue.

Jack's family was big, and his parents didn't have much education. To afford their house and their life style, Jack's father had to take a job out of town. Every week he travelled hours away and stayed in an apartment provided for him and was only home on the weekend.

Jessica, Jack's youngest sister, had decided to spend a bit more time with her father and left that Sunday with him. That meant Jack had the house to himself during the day, which suited him just fine. His new cock felt tight in his pants, and he was happy to give it some air whenever he could.

He woke up a nearly noon that Monday. After dropping out Jack had started sleeping in and staying up later. Without plans or priorities he had no reason to develop any sort of set schedule.

His cock was achingly hard and pressed against his chest when he sat up. Jack regarded it warily. Having such a big, sensitive cock was a mixed blessing. Though his orgasms felt indescribably good, he couldn't ignore how much of his time was spent on reaching those climaxes.

Grasping it with both hands, he sighed and went to work. Nearly thirty minutes later he came. Thick streams of semen shot across his bed and body. He fell back, winded, and took time to recollect himself. The sperm congealed on his slender chest before he sat up again. Looking down he felt disgusted.

Jack's house was a long rectangle. The front door led to an open living room, kitchen, and dining area, with a sliding glass door to the backyard that was nearly directly parallel. This was the nexus of the house. The laundry room and pantry were back behind the kitchen, while the master bedroom and his parent's office were located in the living room. The hallway that led to his room, Julie's room, Jessica's room, and what was now a weight room with a bed in it, opened in the dining room.

Both ends of the house had bathrooms. The master bathroom had an enormous bathtub in it, along with a walk-in closet and a private toilet room. The other bathroom was right across from Jack's room and was shared by all of the children.

Since Jack was home alone he saw no reason to dress. He walked across the hall completely in the buff, with his used cock slapping against his scrawny thighs with each step.

In the bathroom he showered. While he washed his cock came back to life and forced him into another long masturbation sessions that left him with cold water and another mess to clean up.

Jack was careful to clean his mess thoroughly in the shared bathroom. Whatever was going on with him, he didn't want to be careless and cause his sister to lust after him. Once all of his sperm was cleared away he sprayed air freshener and stepped out

into the hall.

Rather than return to his room he started toward the kitchen in the nude. Twice already that morning had left him hungry. From his estimation he had at least an hour before his mother got home and so decided to eat before forcing his sizable manhood into some pants. He wore the towel around his shoulders to catch the water from his wet hair.

That day on the way home Victoria did something very out of character: she brought her son home supper. It wasn't something on the way home, either. She took off work early so she could swing by his favorite restaurant and surprise him with the meal.

The thought of his smile made her giddy. It made her feel young again whenever he smiled. It made him more than the resented child. It made him handsome, charming, almost divine.

She never let her thoughts stay in this happy place for long. No matter how precious his smile or his dimples were, Victoria couldn't help but be disappointed in him. Even if she wanted to forgive him for his failures - which she didn't - she wouldn't allow it. Her kindness stemmed from their blood ties and nothing else.

She pulled into her drive way and found herself home early. She got out, grabbed the food, and locked the doors manually. Then, as quietly as she could, she snuck up the stairs to the front door and turned the knob slowly.

She couldn't wait to see her son's face. Her heart was pounding at the thought of it. His joy, his approval, brought a warm spot to her chest that spread throughout her. She more than wanted to make him happy. Somehow, she felt as if she needed to.

Balancing the food in one hand, she slipped through the door silently and closed it behind her.

"... Mom?"

She smiled and looked up. Then her face faulted. The warmth inside of her intensified. Her hand gave and the food went tumbling to the floor, exploding in a mess. "J-J ... Jesus Christ ..."

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