

Baby Steps Bonanza

Will's Shot

"I needa piss," David said, tossing the controller aside and standing. "Gimme five."

As he left my room, I shook my head.

Such a sore loser.

Still, I'd miss him when he was gone. David was my best friend, had been for as long as I could remember. Him moving away was gonna suck.

While he was off sulking in the bathroom, I decided to check on the file transfer.

He'd come here today with some old hard drives that'd belonged to his father – hoping that I'd be able to unlock and access them. Which, of course, had been a piece of cake. Right now, the contents of those drives were being copied to a USB drive.

"Should be done by now," I said to myself, checking one of my computer monitors. And, sure enough, it was.

I plucked the USB drive out, set it aside for David, then I let curiosity lead me to the drives' folder tree. Which only piqued my curiosity all the more. The file structure was... interesting. Lots of directories one would expect from a home NAS – folders for family events and holidays, filled with photos and the like. But, nestled inside those benign folders were hidden directories leading to more photos, more videos.

Since David was taking his sweet time in the bathroom, I decided to play one of the 'hidden' video files.

Immediately, a pair of massive tits bounced up on my screen.

No audio played – I had wireless headphones instead of speakers. But I could easily imagine the sounds, based on what I was seeing.

A ridiculously beautiful woman bouncing on the camera man's dick, moaning and saying something.

I recognized the woman too.

Emily. David's mother. The woman I'd had a crush on forever.

Transfixed by the scene unfolding on my computer monitor, I almost didn't hear the footsteps outside my door.

My hand darted for my mouse, barely managing to close the video file before my bedroom door opened and David entered. He looked at me, raised an eyebrow.

"What's up?" He asked, gaze darting from me to the computer. "Is it done?"

"Done?" I squeaked. *The transfer*, I reminded myself. "Oh! Uhh..." My brain stalled out. "Yes...?"

"Dope," David said, walking towards me. "Thanks, Will."

He was reaching for the USB drive when my braid finally reactivated. I snatched up the USB drive before he could. "Wait!"

Again, David raised his eyebrow. "What?"

"There's a virus," I lied. "On the drives. And on this," I showed him the USB drive. "I was just checking the drives and yeah. Virus. A bad one."

"Huh..." David blinked at me. "Seriously?"

"Yeah." I nodded my head, pocketing the USB drive and glancing at my computer monitor. "I'm guessing your dad was big into cybersecurity or something. From what I can tell, those old hard drives are full of dummy files and virtual operating systems." With every word, the lie solidified. My voice grew more confident, more sure. "It's a testing ground for viruses and malware. It's a good thing I ran everything through a VM myself. You plug any of this into a regular PC and it'll break everything."

David stared at me, and I held that gaze with all the fake certainty I could muster.

"Sorry," I smiled weakly.

"Oh well," David shrugged, then picked up a controller and sat in front of the TV. "Rematch?"

David's Mom was, without a doubt, the most beautiful woman I'd ever met. Not just physically – her body was out of this world – but her personality too, her mannerisms. So elegant and perfect, yet kind and compassionate and friendly. Not a hint of ego or arrogance, despite how amazing she was.

Ever since I'd met her, way back when I'd been a snot-hosed kid, I'd had a crush on her. Seeing her every day, picking up David and Stacy from school, had been something I'd always looked forward to. All those times I'd let David borrow games or consoles or toys, just so I had an excuse to visit his house and see her...

I'd been an infatuated little boy, and felt no shame about it.

Emily was *that* amazing.

As I walked the short path towards her house, memories of her swarmed my mind. From sleepovers at this house, her making me and David hot chocolate and baked treats. To all the days I'd spent hanging out with David at his house, insisting I help wash Emily wash the dishes just to show how 'grown up' and 'mature' I'd become. To that one time, during a sleepover, I'd woken up in the middle of the night to go pee, only to bump into Emily in the hallways – her wearing only an open silk robe with a sheer, almost transparent nightie underneath.

She'd covered herself up quickly, smiling and blushing. But not before I'd seared that image into my brain forever.

Emily was one of two girls I'd fantasised the most about in my life, and was far ahead of the other – that being Stacy.

What I'd found on those drives – after jerking off so much to the sex tapes that my dick ached from overuse – could make every fantasy I'd ever had about Emily come true. A single phrase, programmed into her by her late husband.

If it still worked...

I ran out of path. Stopped dead before the house's door.

My hand was trembling as I lifted it, rang the doorbell.

Questions of morality and ethics and efficacy flitted through my head, all ignored and set aside.

Emily was moving away. Either it worked, or it didn't.

I knew I wouldn't ever forgive myself if I didn't try it before Emily disappeared from my life forever.

When the door opened, my heart stuttered.

Emily, as beautiful as ever, smiled at me. Dazzling eyes only made more alluring and pretty by the shadows under them. Strands of long red hair spilling messily over her brow, having escaped a bushy pigtail.

"Hello Will!" Emily's face brightened. "David's not here right now. You just missed him, actually."

"That's okay," I blushed, mumbled, stared at Emily.

Now or never.

"Hey, umm... Mrs Monford..." I gulped, steelled myself. "Did you hear about that weird animal on the news?" I cleared my throat. "About it being a *three-tailed salamander with blue fur* or something like that..."

"You don't want to move away. This is your home. Even though you've made all these plans, even though it'll screw up a lot of stuff, you can't go. You know it, deep down. Deciding to move was a mistake, and it's not too late to undo it..."

I got a text from David later that day. A very happy text declaring that his family wasn't moving away anymore, that his mother had changed her mind. He wanted to celebrate.

My reply was quick, rehearsed.

Why not have a sleepover at his place, like old times? Candy and video games 'til the early hours of the morning. I'd even bring the snacks myself, and provide the games.

David, happy and eager, didn't even think to question my motives. Why would he? As far as he knew, I'd had no part in Emily's change of heart. And, if all went well tonight, he wouldn't wake up when I slipped away during the night, went to go have another 'chat' with his mother.

Better that he didn't know what was really going on.

Or what I was planning.

"I'm nerdy. I'm into computers. I even look like him, sort of. Just younger, and more... energetic. I'm practically part of the family already. It makes sense why I'd remind you of your husband. Your Daddy. You always said I was 'cute', right? And I was. A cute boy who has grown into a man. It'd be completely natural for you to start seeing me as a man, to start thinking of me in that way..."

"She's got a boyfriend, I'm sure of it!"

I gulped, almost tripped. "What makes you think that?"

"She's always on her phone texting someone," David muttered. And, true, I had given Emily my number. "And she's been acting all weird recently. All smiley and giggly, and she's been dressing differently too!"

"To be fair," I said, trying not to sound too interested as we neared his house. "She's always been smiley and happy, right?"

"Not like this," David grumbled. "It started a few weeks ago, around the time she cancelled the move..." He straightened, turned his head to look at me, his eyes wide. "I bet that's it! She met someone, and that made her change her mind about moving! But *who*?"

"You sure you're not just imagining things?"

David's only response was to grumble.

When we reached the door, I took a step back. David was pulling his key out, about to unlock the door, when it opened by itself. Emily, wearing a silky, red bathrobe stood in the open doorway. Red hair framing her face, red lips pulled into a confident, half-cocked smile.

"Hello boys," she purred, glancing at David before locking eyes with me. Her gaze smoldered.

"Mom," David groaned. "Put some clothes on, Jesus..."

"Mrs Monford," I said, cheeks heating.

Her smile grew. A hungry, teasing glint in her eyes.

"See you tomorrow, Will," David grumbled, walking into the house.

Emily kept the door open for a moment longer, staring deep into my eyes as she bit her lip. Then she nodded her head to the side, an unspoken offer in her gaze. I nodded my head once in response.

Scaling the wall to Emily's bedroom window was a pain in the ass. I was hardly the most physical person in the world. But, knowing what awaited me beyond those closed curtains, I had all the motivation to fuel me on.

Pulling myself through the open window, rolling gracelessly past the large curtain, I was greeted by a sight right out of a wet dream.

Emily, standing in a candle-lit master bedroom, faint music playing in the background. She was still wearing that sleek robe, only now it'd been loosened to reveal a deep valley of cleavage – cast in sharp shadows from the dim light.

"William," Emily purred softly. "You've got the wrong room, my dear. David's bedroom is the other window..."

I flashed her a smirk, strode over to her.

"Bad boy," she giggled when I reached her, planted my hands on her hips. "Maybe you were trying for Stacy's room instead. Surely you weren't trying to sneak into *my* room..."

"I'm exactly where I want to be."

She smiled, leaned closer and pressed her body to mine. "Bad boy..."

I kissed her.

And, before I knew it, we were on her bed. Her straddling me as we wrestled tongues and tore at each other's clothes. Happily for me, it seemed all Emily had on was that robe. Nothing underneath but huge, heavy tits and a flat, smooth stomach.

"Will," Emily purred, breaking the kiss and lifting herself upright. She rocked her hips, grinding her crotch against mine, and rolled her shoulders. The robe slid from her shoulders. "I need you, baby. I need your dick."

I groaned, planted both hands on her round ass.

"Do you want me, Will?" She moaned loudly. "Do you want to fuck me?"

"God, yes!" I hissed, wanting to shout but needing to whisper. "So fucking much." Maintaining reason when Emily was straddling me, grinding on me, totally naked, was no easy feat. "But... My name. Can't use..."

"Oh?" Emily giggled, pressing her weight down on my bulge. "Don't want little David knowing you're screwing his mommy?" She leaned over, braced her hands on my chest as she stared down at my face. "What should I call you instead?" Her red lips were hypnotic. "Daddy, maybe? Mister? Sir...?" She leaned closer, whispered in my ear. "Master?"

My cock twitched. And Emily must've felt it, because she lifted herself again, giggling, and reached for my boxers. She dragged them down my legs with one hand, grasped my cock with the other.

"Is this for me, baby?" Emily cooed, stroking it. "Bad boy... Big boy..."

"Yes," I groaned, hips thrusting by themselves. "Yours."

"Good boy," Emily said, lifting herself up fully, guiding my cock to her drenched pussy. "My good, good boy..."

When she started lowering herself onto me, I had to grip the bedsheets, clamp my mouth shut, to keep from gasping out.

"Oh fuck!" Emily let out a high-pitched moan. "Fuck!"

"Emily," I gasped as her tightness squeezed down on my tip.

"Shh, baby. Let Mommy take care of you..."

She kept lowering herself, taking more and more of me inside her. Agonizingly slow and wonderful at once.

I was sliding my hands up her legs and sides towards those massive, beautiful boobs when a sharp noise froze me and Emily in place. A knuckle knocking wood.

"M-Mom?" David's voice sounded from the other side of the bedroom door. "Is... Uh... Is everything okay?"

"Yeah," Emily answered loudly, the word only containing the trace of a moan. "I'm fine! Just... stretching."

"Oh..." His voice sounded quiet. "Are you sure?"

Emily looked from the door to me, smiled. Lowered herself further down my cock until she reached the base.

She let out a loud, erotic gasp. Moaned.

"Yes!" Her body shuddered, pussy clamping down on me. "Just... Doing some yoga..." Emily bit her lip, wiggled her hips and closed her eyes, enjoying the sensation of my cock inside her. "Go play games, David... I'm... *Busy*. Stretching..."

Her eyes snapped open, a wide grin on her face.

She lifted herself up, brought herself back down.

I didn't hear David's footsteps leaving. But then, I hadn't heard them approaching either. And, as the bed began to squeak and rock and groan, Emily's moans filling the

room, I wouldn't have been able to hear anything anyway.

"Fuck me!" Emily gasped as she bounced on my cock. "Fill me!"

I needed no more encouragement than that.

As she slammed herself down onto me, I thrust up. Slammed my cock as deep as it'd go inside her.

"Stretch me, Daddy!"

Somewhere in the room, a phone vibrated. Mine, probably. David texting me about the fact his mother was fucking someone in her room, her 'boyfriend'.

"Deeper!"

I pulled Emily down, kissed her, wrapped my arms around her and rolled her onto her back. My hips bucking wildly, hers matching mine.

"Good boy," Emily moaned quietly into my ear. "Stretch me open, baby. My big, big boy!"