

## Mrs Redding

A light tapping sounded on the bedroom door. A second later, it cracked open to reveal the most beautiful woman on Earth.

Black, shoulder-length hair. Bright green eyes. Full lips curled up into a friendly smile. She wasn't wearing make-up, but then my best friend's Mom didn't need it. She was wearing jeans and a striped t-shirt, both tight on her slender body. Mrs Redding didn't have the largest breasts in the world, nor were hers overly small – they were a perfect medium.

She was the in the rare 'goldilocks zone'. Not too cold, not too hot, but sat snugly in the middle. She wasn't blatantly sexy, nor was she too homely. She didn't wear shirts with plunging necklines to show off her assets, neither did she dress conservatively. Most people would think that'd make her plain-looking. Unattractive. But they'd be wrong. So very wrong.

Just because she didn't have a pornstar's tits or a supermodel's face, didn't mean she wasn't utterly beautiful.

Mrs Redding's beauty was *real*. Not the enhanced angles and lighting of porn, not the photoshopped and warped images of supermodels. She was an *authentic* kind of beautiful.

There were slight shadows under her eyes, a tiredness to her that she hid well. A single Mom without any support from her son's deadbeat father, the world weighing on her shoulders but still smiling through it. That amazing, beautiful smile.

My friend liked to complain about his mother. Complain that her cooking sucked, or that she never bought him new games or consoles, or how they never went on holidays.

How could he not see how amazing she was?

"I'm about to cook dinner," Mrs Redding said, a twinkle in her eyes. "What do you boys want to eat?"

"Nothing," Liam – my best friend – said, not looking away from the game we were playing. "God, Mom. Just order take-away and leave us alone."

Mrs Redding rolled her eyes, smile never wavering.

"Anything is fine," I piped in, trying to sound polite.

She smiled at me, nodded her head and closed the door.

"This is disgusting," Liam grumbled, shovelling another spoon-full of soup into his mouth. "I told you to order take-away."

Mrs Redding raised an eyebrow. "If I'm so bad at cooking, maybe you should start making your own dinner from now on."

Liam muttered something too quiet to hear, grumbling with his spoon in his mouth. Mrs Redding smirked, turned her pretty green eyes on me.

"I like it," I said. The food wasn't *that* bad.

She smiled at me, making my heart skip a beat.

"I'm glad," Mrs Redding said. "There's plenty left over, if you want more."

I looked down at my bowl, ate another spoonful.

For the most part, there was no talking during dinner. Every now and then, my eyes would flicker over to Mrs Redding, taking in the sight of her leaning forward over her bowl, round breasts bulging out above the table.

What I wouldn't give to see those tits.

Heat flared in my skull, a tingle of electricity shooting through my brain. A single instant of pain, then it was gone.

I winced, dropped the spoon and clutched my head in both hands.

"You okay?" My friend asked.

"Yeah," I answered, pain gone. What had *that* been? "I was just a-"

"Mom?!" Liam squeaked. "What are you doing?!"

I glanced up, saw that Mrs Redding had removed her t-shirt. Instantly, I felt a reaction in my pants.

"I..." Mrs Redding said, sounding dazed as she reached behind her back. "I don't know."

A moment later, the bra dropped down onto her lap.

My mouth dropped open, eyes locking onto the wondrous sight in front of me.

Perfectly round, smooth, a little freckle on the left one. Her nipples were brown, small. They looked perky, jiggly. My mind emptied, took in the sight in front of me – etching it into my memory forever.

"Mom!" Liam squeaked again.

The sound of his voice, so high-pitched and surprised, jarred me out of my dumb staring.

My brain went into overdrive. A thousand questions rushing through my mind. What was I supposed to do? How was I supposed to react to this situation? Why had she taken her top and bra off? Would she mind if I took a picture? Would she mind if I reached out and touched them? Why did she look so confused?

I'd done this.

Somehow, I knew it was true.

I'd thought about how much I wanted to see Mrs Redding's tits, felt electricity in my brain, then she'd shown me. Somehow, I'd pushed my thoughts onto her.

How did that work? How was it even possible?

I glanced at Liam, saw his wide, horrified eyes. Turned back to Mrs Redding and saw the confusion and beginnings of panic in her beautiful green irises.

*This is normal*, I thought hard – directing it at both mother and son. *This is totally normal and fine*.

I felt that same electrical pain. Felt the thoughts burn in my mind. Both Mrs Redding and Liam went back to eating soup.

I sat back in my chair, brain aching slightly.

What the hell was going on?

For the rest of dinner, Mrs Redding ate topless. She didn't seem to mind, nor did Liam think it was in any way strange.

Afterwards, as me and Liam were heading back to his bedroom, I 'pushed' another thought onto Mrs Redding - to put her clothes back on. Then, as if nothing unusual had happened at all, Liam and I went back to playing video games.

All the while, my mind churned on the events at dinner.

I'd done it. I knew it. I'd *felt* it. In a way, I could *still* feel it. Like a little echo in my mind, I could feel the changes I'd made – could feel Liam and his mother's belief that her being topless at dinner was totally normal and not in any way strange. Somehow, I knew - from now on - she'd *always* take her top and bra off for dinner.

How did I know that?

How could I *feel* the truth, like an entirely new sense?

How was it possible for me to do what I'd done?

No answers came for the questions.

In the back of my mind, I knew the only way I'd ever get the answers – the only way I'd learn exactly what I was capable of – was to test these powers out myself.

And, whenever I thought about testing my powers, the image of Mrs Redding sitting there topless entered my mind – eating soup, her tits bouncing and swaying.

Again, I popped a boner thinking about her.

I'd had a hundred boners over my best friend's mother over the years. Thousands. Jacked myself off countless times thinking about her, that beautiful face twisted in pleasure.

Only now, I could make it happen for real.

"I need to take a shit," I lied, standing.

Liam's face scrunched up. "Gross, dude. Don't tell me about it, just go do it."

I shrugged, left the bedroom, went in search of Mrs Redding.

She was, it turned out, cleaning dishes in the kitchen. A mustard yellow apron on with matching rubber gloves. She was leaning over the sink, a bubble-coated bowl in one hand and a wet sponge in the other. She looked up as I entered, smiled.

"Come to get snacks?" She asked, turning back to cleaning. "I think there's some chocolate left in the fridge, cookies and candy in the cupboard. Or do you want something to drink?"

I didn't say anything for a moment, my eyes drawn to Mrs Redding's round ass. In those tight jeans, with her leaning forward like she was, it was impossible for me *not* to look. I wanted to step forward and grab that amazing, bobbly butt; squeeze and play with it. And, with my newfound power, I supposed I could do just that.

Instead, my eyes flickered to the dirty dishes. Bowls and pans, spoons and plates and cups and knives.

Back at home – my house – cleaning duty rotated between me and my siblings. Dishes, dusting and vacuuming, cutting the lawn and taking care of the garden, taking out the trash. All of it was work we did. As my father liked to say; "The cook should never have to clean."

Part of me wanted to tell Mrs Redding to step aside, that I'd take care of the mess – let her put her feet up for a moment.

Liam didn't do chores. Didn't even clean his own room, let alone help with cleaning any other part of the house. Back when I was younger, I used to envy him for his freedoms. Now, I couldn't help but feel sorry for his put-upon mother.

I shook my head, emptied all my thoughts.

This wasn't why I was here, was it? I hadn't made up that excuse to leave Liam's room so that I could do the chores he was too lazy to do to himself. No, I'd left him playing video games alone so I could find and fuck his mother.

"I'd like you to suck my cock," I said, not allowing myself another moment to think. "Please."

Mrs Redding turned wide eyes on me.

She blushed, opened her mouth to say something – no doubt laugh off what I'd said, give me a light scolding and, of course, turn me down.

Before she could utter the words, I concentrated hard, pushed a single thought out at her.

*It's okay to service your son's friends. It's expected for mothers to suck off their son's best friend.*

My vision blurred, a wave of nausea rolling through me.

I blinked, fought off the lightning-bolt of pain arching through my skull, looked at Mrs Redding.

She was still blushing, mouth still open.

"Ah," was all she said. "I see."

Silence filled the kitchen.

My heartbeat thumped loudly in my ears, rapid and deafening.

"I suppose," Mrs Redding sighed, "I should have been expecting this, what with the looks you were giving me during dinner."

I gulped as the amazingly beautiful woman stepped forward.

*You want this,* I pushed, the thought painful. *It's been too long since you've done anything sexual. You need it.*

Mrs Redding blushed brighter, took my hand. She guided me to an empty chair,

pushed me down onto it. Then she slowly lowered herself to the floor in front of me, brushing a stray strand of hair away from her face.

She reached for my jeans, slowly pulled the zipper down, tugged my jeans down to my knees. Her hand brushed my boxers, the large bulge there.

My body felt warm, hot.

Mrs Redding looked up at me, beautiful eyes shining.

"Have you ever had a blowjob before?" The woman asked me.

I shook my head, unable to form words.

Mrs Redding smiled.

"Then you're about to have an amazing first experience."

She leaned forward, kissed my bulge,

A shiver ran through me at the contact. I could feel the warmth of her lips through the fabric. Could feel her hot breath of my cock.

She kissed it again, higher this time. Closer to the tip.

Her lips rose to my underwear's waistband. She didn't kiss this time, but bit it - held it in her teeth and slowly dragged it down with her mouth.

The lower she tugged my boxers, the more of my cock emerged, pressed against her face.

I burned the image in my mind – my cock pressed against the side of Mrs Redding's nose, helmet in her eye-socket.

Lower and lower she went, until my entire cock sprang free, her chin to my balls, my cockhead to her forehead.

And, from there, lips to my nuts, she began kissing again. Pecking her way up along my shaft. Tiny little kisses all the way up to the head.

She stared into my eyes for a long moment, the green twinkling with mischief, arousal.

Then she kissed the tip of my cock. A single, warm, amazing peck, before opening her mouth and engulfing my cock. Her lips moved over my cock's head, down the shaft.

Warm wetness squeezed on my cock from all sides as Mrs Redding sucked hard. I could feel her tongue massaging my head, licking around it, even as her lips moved lower down my shaft – taking more of me inside.

I gasped, groaned, my body trembling from the pleasure.

Mrs Redding's hand found its ways to my balls, gently started squeezing them – milking them - as her other hand stroked my thigh.

The sensations were too much to handle. I'd jacked off plenty, knew how to hold it in. But this was something else entirely. The warm pressure on my cock, the heat of a woman kneeling in front of me, those green, twinkling eyes looking up at me hungrily.

I couldn't stop myself. I came.

Wave after wave of cum shot from my cock, Mrs Redding gulping down every drop.

I shuddered, body trembling with satisfaction.

Mrs Redding rose, smiled at me.

"Did you want anything else?" She asked, voice filled with the sweet kindness it always had. "Come to think of it, there might be some ice-cream left over from-"

"Sit down," I told her, a tingle of pain in my head – easy to ignore with the blissful satisfaction consuming me. "I'll wash the dishes for you."

"Oh," Mrs Redding said, smile faltering to surprise for a heartbeat. "Thank you, you don't have to..."

"I want to," I grinned - feeling dumb, high. "The cook should never have to clean."

The smile Mrs Redding gave me filled me with joy.

I pushed a thought at her, filled it with longing and desire and affection and love.

I ignored the flash of pain, smiled right back at the beautiful woman.

Things were going to change around here, I thought at her. I was going to make

them change. I'd make Liam do a better job being a son. And I'd be sure to step into the role of husband.

"Just sit back and relax, dear," I said, pushing the growing headache aside. "Everything's going to be *amazing*."