



CHAPTER 5

PART 2

A MOTHER RETURNED

# FICTION

*Rawly Rawls*

## *A Mother Returned*

### *Chapter 5 Part 2*

*Illustrations by Eronautics*

*Written by RawlyRawls*

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“No ... no ... I will be firm.” Penelope stamped her foot and charged him. He was an inch taller than her, but with her ample curves, she outweighed him. He was of course much stronger than her, she had seen his ferocious strength during the duel. But she had surprise in her favor. Indeed, her tackle bewildered them both. They landed on his armchair with her on top.

“What ... the fuck?” Theodore was so astonished by the onslaught that he offered no resistance at first. His mother was planting little kisses all over his face, ear, and neck. She was also tugging and tearing his shirt.



“I love you ... I love you ... I love you ...” Penelope said between each kiss. Buttons flew about the room as she opened his shirt wide. Soon she was kissing his magnificently pudgy chest and belly. His trousers tore with a loud rip. She didn’t bother with zippers or buttons.

“Crazy ... bitch ...” He pushed her off him. She landed at his feet awkwardly, but she sprung back up with quickness he would not have expected from her.

“I must be firm!” Penelope’s voice bounced off the walls. It wasn’t so much a scream as it was a war cry. She pounced on her son again, pressing her lips to his. Her tongue forced its way into his mouth. *A mother is brave. A wife never leaves her husband cross at her. I am both! I am a mother and wife. He’s a teenager. I know what he needs. I am wife and mother. I know how to please him.*

“Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh.” Theodore pushed her off again. She fell onto her knees in front of him, further ripping his trousers with her gloved fingers. There was animal frenzy in her eyes. It was nothing like the anger he had seen in those eyes before she left, or the panic they often contained after her return. This was something new. “Mom! Mom ... you have to stop ... something has ...” When she tore his underwear asunder, his dick flopped into the air. It stood tall and proud, bending, as it did, to the right. He was so distracted by her attack, that he hadn’t noticed his erection forming. Suddenly, her demeanor changed. Her eyes went large and soft, and her magnificent lips came together as she cooed softly. She gently held his cock in her gloved fingers like it was the most delicate treasure in the world.



"You need it ... see? It's too hard. It's straining. I'll take care of this. Don't you worry. Hush ... don't you worry." She gazed at the wide mushroom on top. He had a surprising amount of pre-ejaculate oozing from his little hole. There were so many stark veins meandering all over the thing. And it was absurdly huge. *If my husband's penis is perfect, which it is, what is my son's penis? It's a fiendish, monstrous version of perfection. The monster that I created with my womb. My monster.* Her gaze was total adoration. Her belly did a whole circus routine, her palms were swamping her gloves, and her vagina was doing the same for her panties.

"Don't you dare, Mom." He put his hand on the top of her head to push her away. "Don't you ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhh ... shit." He watched her amazing lips part, jaw stretching wide as she took his cockhead into her mouth. Rather than push as he had intended, his hand clutched her raven hair, pulling some of it from its pin.

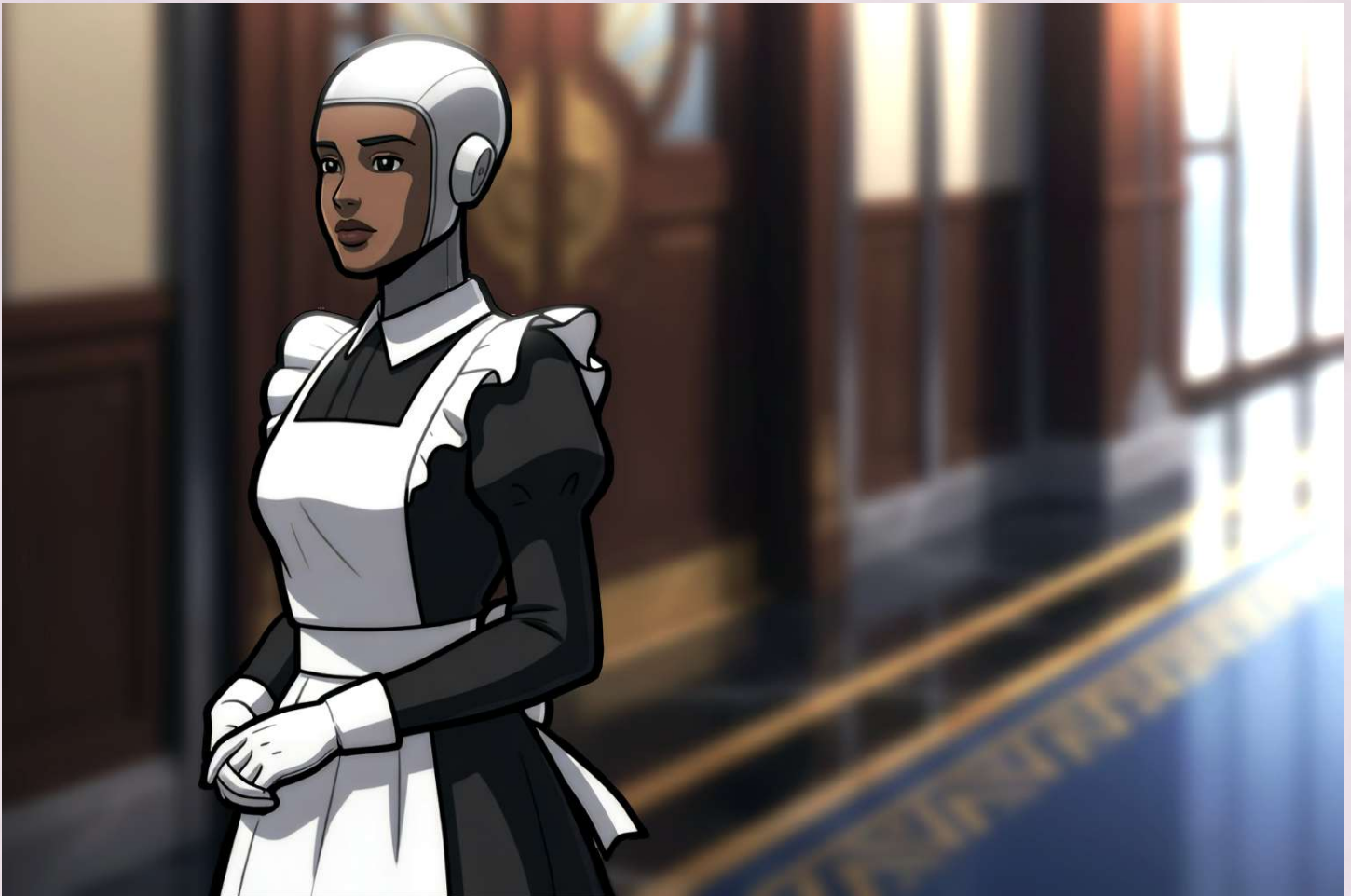
"Ggggggaaaaacckkkkkkk ... ggggaaaaacckkkkkkkkkk." Penelope struggled to get more of her son's massive penis into her throat. He was certainly no carrot. She didn't know what he was, but she knew she wouldn't find anything like this tool in their produce drawer. *A hothouse cucumber maybe?*

"Mmmppphhhh ... gaaacckkkkkk ... gggggmmmmmmccckkkk." She held the lower part of his thick shaft with all ten gloved fingers. If she was honest with herself, the size and shape of his penis frightened her. But she was brave. And she was being very firm. And she was assuredly making him extremely happy. *I am a good mother. I am a good wife.*

"Shit ... Mom ... I can't believe ... you're doing this." Theodore stared at her bloated and twisted face. This was what had been haunting his mind for a week. And it was really happening. What had she done to him? Why was she doing this? The worse part was that he could do nothing but stare at his gagging, gurgling mother as she inched her way down almost half his length. He lacked the internal fortitude to end this. His father had asked him to look after her. His father would be severely disappointed. When she began bobbing her head and humming rhythmically on his dick, all thoughts of his father, or anything other than the blowjob, vaporized.



Hidden out in the hall, Winifred retreated to her room. This was a most unexpected outcome, and it left her in somewhat of a quandary. She needed to let her mistress assert herself. But Penelope was going about it in the strangest way. Felix would certainly not want his wife and son engaged as they were, but she found no protocol to intervene. She decided she would have to study this sort of behavior and form a plan. She knew it happened between mothers and sons. She just hadn't expected it to happen to her humans.



Back in her son's room, tears rolled down Penelope's swollen cheeks. She wasn't in the least bit melancholy, however. Her body was simply responding to shoving so much outlandishly-sized penis down her throat. *A good wife pleases her son.* She could tell from his grunted sounds that Theodore was happy. That was all the motivation she needed to give this intimate act her all. She now grasped one of his overripe testicles in one gloved hand, while she held the thick base of his penis with the other, just above his dark curly hair. Penelope bobbed her head about halfway down and up again, making the most unladylike sounds. She was forced to bend her head to the side to accommodate the rightward curve of his penis. Her breath whistled through flared nostrils. "Gggaackkk ... gggaackkkk ... ggaacckkkk," she offered him encouragement. Her dreams were coming true. She would be able to put her son in a state of bliss. She would make up for her past failures.

"Mom ... shit ... Mom." He moved the hand on her head forward to cup the back of her skull. Her hair was thick and silky between his fingers. He didn't push on her head. He didn't have to. She was already giving him the deepest blowjob he'd ever had. Unless he counted the sensorium-aided deepthroat. Thinking about his sweet girlfriend sent a wave of guilt through him. But just as thoughts of his father had vaporized in the heat of his mother's attentions, Victoria quickly lost her purchase on his mind, too. "Why ... why ... Mom ... why ... is this ... so good?"

"Mmmmmppphhhh ... gaaack ... gaaack," she responded.

"Mom ... you really are ... a crazy bitch." But Theodore didn't mean it. He had no anger toward her anymore. There was no room. Pleasure shot through every nerve in his body, pushing all other feelings out of its way.

"Nnnnfffff." Penelope paused her bobbing, her lips still keeping a tight seal around the mushroom of his penis head. She shook her head side to side and looked up at him, their green eyes meeting for the first time since the oral sex had started.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't mean it." Theodore frowned. That was a first. She had gotten *him* to apologize. They continued their eye contact. Slowly and rhythmically, she squeezed his ball while staring up at him. Her face looked ridiculous, bulging around his dick. Her full lips were stretched thin by its girth. "I'm ... sorry, Mom." He could tell that she wanted him to tell her something deeper, but he didn't have it in him. "Please ... keep going." Gently, he pressed his hand down on the back of her head. Her eyes shut, and she went back to bobbing and gagging.



Joy surged inside Penelope. He'd almost said *I love you*. She could tell that it had been right on the tip of his tongue. He would say it eventually! Speaking of tongues, hers rolled along the underside of his penis as she pumped her mouth on him. She heard him moan as a result of her efforts. His strained voice sounded ecstatic to her ears. "Mmmmm ... mmmmm ... mmmmm ..." She popped the head out of her mouth and spoke quickly without looking up at him. "I want you ... to finish ... for me ... lambkin!" She was panting, and her body dripped with sweat. She suspected that her vagina had soaked through her panties and was now saturating her skirts. Her gloved hand pumped the shaft. When he didn't respond, she dared to look up and found he had a dreamlike smile on his face. A shiver ran down her back. *I did it! I really did it!* "Do you think ... you can finish?"



Theodore wasn't going to call her a crazy bitch again ... but she was. And his sanity had been fractured, too. He nodded his head. "I want to ... cum in your mouth ... Mom." He watched her eyes light up with those words. A magnificent smile parted her lips for a second, then it was distorted by his cock as she took him back into her mouth.



“Gggaackkk ... gggaaacckkkk ... gggaaacckkkk.” Penelope pushed her limits, taking him even deeper than before. Her body convulsed with misguided gag reflexes several times, but she pushed through for him. Soon, she heard him grunting louder. He sounded almost angry again. Nervous that his rage had returned, she glanced up while still bobbing on his penis. His expression was thick with pleasure. It wasn’t anger, it was pure animal ecstasy that elicited those sounds. She nearly had an orgasm without touching herself. Her own pleasure surged. They were connected. They were close. She saw the adoration on his face that she had so yearned for. She closed her eyes and redoubled her efforts.

“Mom ... uuuuggghhhhhhhh ... Mom ... it’s good ... Mom ... uuuuuggghhhhhh ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh.” When Theodore came, his primal growl shook the picture frames on the wall. One hand clutched his mother’s silky, black hair. The other, dug into the cushioned arm of his chair. His hips lifted into the air, and he exploded down his mother’s throat. He could hear her gulping as fast as she could. “Ggggrrrrraaaaaahhhhhhhh,” he growled again. His hips jerked with each eruption. He watched her lift her mouth off his dick, clearly overwhelmed by the deluge. She looked hilariously surprised as he kept shooting and shooting, covering her bodice, face, and hair. To her credit, even when she had to close her eyes to keep his cum out of them, she kept pumping him with her gloved hands. The gloves were probably ruined. Even when he was done cumming, she kept pumping. Eventually, he had to reach down and remove her hands from his dick. “It’s ... over ... Mom.” He panted.



“My ... gods. You made so ... much.” Penelope panted and wiped sperm from her eyes. “You’re practically ... inhuman.” She panted. “I mean that ... in a good way. I’m sure it’s your age. I ... I ... I’m babbling.” She squinted her eyes open and peeked at his face. *Will he be angry now?* To her great relief, he looked immensely satisfied. And maybe also a little nonplussed.

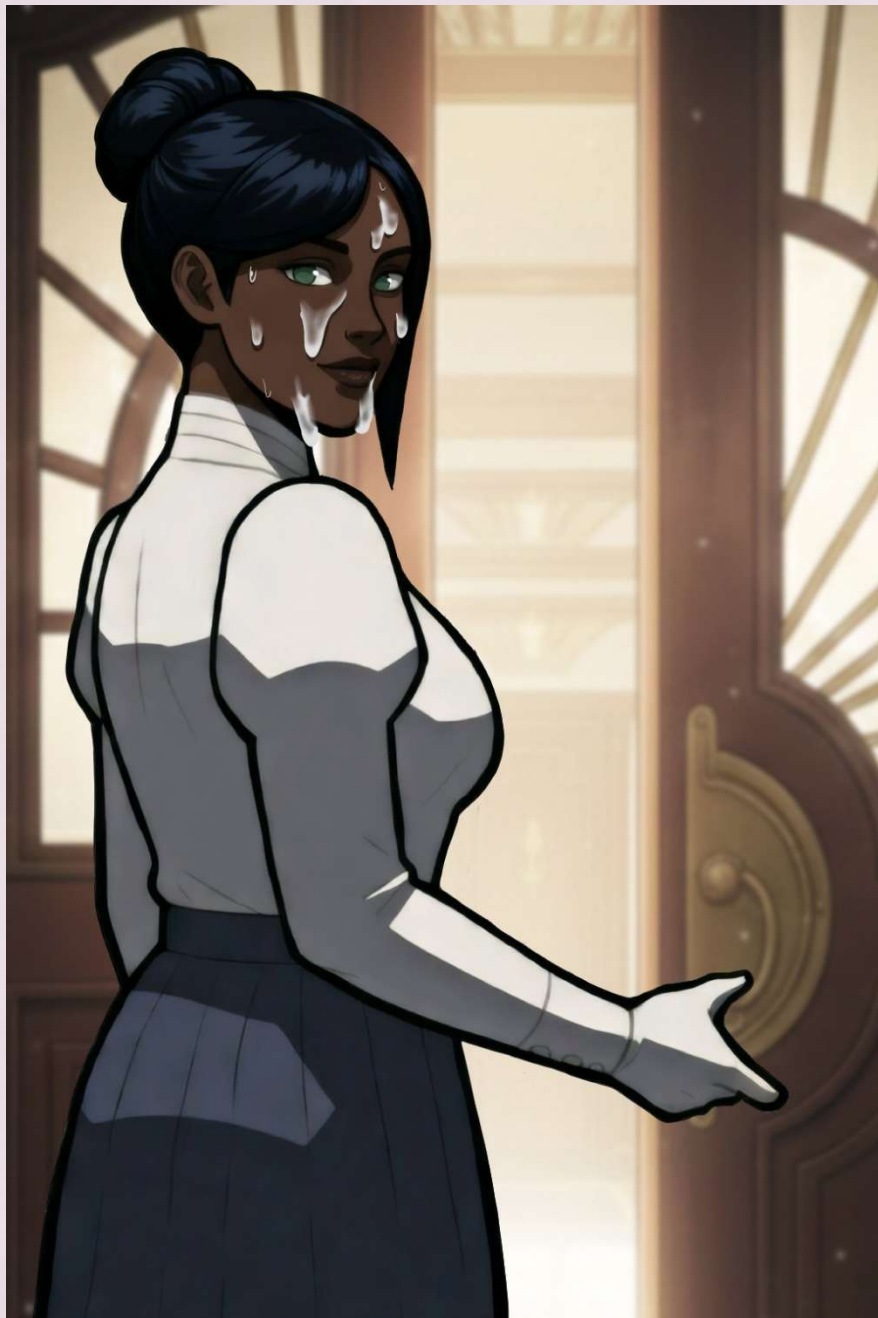
“What have ... we done?” Theodore pulled his torn trousers up to cover his softening dick.

*I know it’s stupid, but it thrills me that he said ‘we’. He’s not blaming me. We’re in this together. But ... what were they in together exactly? As her mind cleared, she considered more carefully what they had done. “Oh ... no. Your father ... and Victoria. They’ll be so disappointed. And you ... you must be so confused. I’m your mother, not your wife. I’m not your wife!” She stood suddenly. “It’s okay. It’s okay. We can figure this out together. I ... I ... need a cold shower. And then we can put our heads together on this.” She ran for the door.*

“Mom?” Theodore tried to sort out his feelings. There was no doubt that the blowjob had been one of the most ecstatic moments of his life. But what had they sacrificed in the bargain? What was she doing to him? *I was fine without her. Now, what am I?* Anger, worry, bliss, and confusion swirled in his mind. He didn’t know how to express any of it. While he was thinking, his mother had opened his door and stopped, looking back at him. Everyone always said she was beautiful. He’d heard the comments his whole life. They were right of course. And she had never been more gorgeous than at that moment, cum dripping down her face.

“I won’t apologize. A mother must be firm. This just got out of hand. It won’t ever happen again. We’ll figure it out, lambkin. I promise.” She nodded and stood still, their eyes locked.

Theodore didn’t tell her not to call him lambkin, although given the circumstances it had never been more inappropriate. She stood waiting for him, wringing her gloved hands together. She was waiting for him. He needed to say something. “I’m not angry, Mom. This was ... just a crazy moment. It will be okay.” Even as he said the words, he knew they were wrong. He was angry, and how could it be okay? How would he ever get her out of his head now?



Penelope offered a tight, sperm-covered smile and nodded. "We'll talk later." She rushed out into the hall, closed his door, and sprinted up the stairs. Even though the shower was ice cold, it didn't cool the heat coursing through her. She spread her legs, leaned her back against the tile, and rubbed her clitoris to two powerful orgasms. The best she'd had in a week. Thankfully, when she stepped out of the shower shivering, she finally felt that her vagina was sated. She prayed to Minerva that she could use that clarity to think her way out of the mess she'd created for her family.

