

## Perfect Mother

The clock hit midnight. I squeezed my eyes shut.

The house was silent except for the drone of the news in the living room. After years of the TV never being switched off and hearing the same rotation of news anchors and reporters, my ears had become accustomed to the chatter, morphing it to silence instead.

Everything was perfectly timed. I had just turned eighteen ten seconds ago and I had just completed my invention a day before that.

Now it was time to test it out and never look back.

I walked out of my room, passed the stacks of cardboard boxes and stepped over the gruel on the floor, knocking several empty bottles of alcohol as I made my way through the living room.

I frowned when I saw the rain splattering through the hole in the roof, once a tiny circle, now a medium-sized crater, the sole bucket under the hole not wide enough to hold back the merciless downpour.

I was cautious walking through the slippery tiles. Most of the ceramic was already eroded, mold painting over it in a mix of green and dark purple. There were too many times where I had slipped and fallen, and it could be fatal if I had broken something and needed immediate medical attention. None of my family members owned a car, and it wouldn't make a difference even if they had one.

After making it through the danger zone, I entered the kitchen where Rachel was sitting, focused on the small screen in her palm.

I didn't bother speaking. She rarely did for eighteen years, ever since the day she bore me into the world. On most days, I wished I never came out of her. It might be better for everyone that way.

Still, I studied her. It would be the last time I saw her, and I wanted a good look at my mother. To not know what I have lost, but to find relief at what I will gain.

Rachel could have had passable beauty years ago. She must have possessed *something* that attracted the attention of David. But years of drug abuse had made her face sunken and her skin pale, almost yellowish. Her hair was thin and sparse, and as she yawned, I could glimpse half a dozen crooked teeth.

"Fuck you want, boy?" Rachel growled under her breath, her pale eyes finally leaving the screen.

"It's my birthday," I said softly.

"Want candy? Go out and get candy and stop fucking looking at me."

I should be ecstatic. Rachel was actually talking to me. Her voice was different from what I remembered. It sounded more weary and croaked. Defeated. Lifeless.

Young me would have taken this conversation as a birthday gift. Eighteen years and never receiving a single box wrapped in ribbons.

"I'm going out," I told her. "And I'm not coming back."

She didn't reply, instead grunting out her approval and going back to her phone.

"But I want to show you something first. I don't need to, since I won't exist to you after I walk through that door, but I need a test subject."

Her pale eyes glanced up again. That was everything I needed.

I brought up my invention, a short metal stick with a lens on the tip. I clicked the button and light flashed through, blinding Rachel for a few seconds.

My hand fell back to my side. "You will not remember me. Tanner Williams is gone from your memory."

Rachel blinked slowly, her eyes wide and her expression blank. I saw her face morph from expressionless to confused.

"Who the hell are you?" She stood up and narrowed her sunken eyes at me. "How did you get in here? I didn't hear the front door open."

I smiled, the twitch on my lips an unfamiliar feeling. It worked. Of course it did. I had spent the last five years on this.

"Goodbye, Rachel."

I walked out, leaving the confused drug addict and the putrid, familiar smell behind. I paused at the front door and glanced towards the living room where I could see the faint outline of David, in his usual spot, doing his usual thing. Bottles of alcohol were decorated around his recliner.

Should I use the device on him and wipe me from his memory too?

The TV briefly flashed, and for a moment, I could see my father fully. It wasn't a pretty sight. His eyes were closed, and his beer belly was rising and falling steadily.

No, no need. The old fuck wouldn't even realize I was gone. He probably never will.

Sighing, I opened the front door and stepped out into the pouring rain. Overhead, lightning struck, illuminating the area around me and scattering the rats away.

I walked straight forward. I didn't know where I was going, but anywhere was better than hell. My hair was already soaked and my face was pelted by liquid bullets.

I was finally free. Ready to start a new life.

Ready to start a new family.

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### **One Month Later**

I found her. The perfect candidate.

She breezed past me in her white coat, her delicious scent wafting into my nose.

"Sir?"

Holy fuck, she was gorgeous. I had been surveying potential women to fit in the role of mother, and a month later, here she was.

"Sir?"

I turned back to the woman behind the desk, a slight frown on her face.

"Sorry." I coughed into a fist. "What did you say?"

"That would be thirty dollars fifty cents," she informed me.

Thirty dollars for just a painkiller? Holy shit, hospitals were expensive.

I took out my wallet and counted the bills. Walking out of the house with nothing except the clothes on me and my hand clutching the memory device was a daunting move. I knew I wouldn't survive the week, so the first thing I did was flash the light on some wealthy looking people and take their wallets.

"Here," I said, handing out thirty-two crisp bills.

She started counting the money.

"Who's that?" I asked, nodding at the blonde beauty now in the far distance. Her gait was brisk, her strides long, and for some reason, it was turning me the fuck on.

The cashier looked up, then stared in the direction I was pointing. "Who?"

"The woman. The one with the doctor's coat."

"Why? Do you have an appointment with her?"

Before I could reply, she giggled.

"You must have an appointment, right? It explains your hearing."

Now it was my turn to frown.

She took one look at my face and giggled again.

"Doctor Gold is the medical director of audiology," she explained.

Her last name was gold. And, my god, she really was gold.

"What's her full name?"

The frown was back. "Why?"

"I just want to know."

She studied me, her eyes flickering all over my face.

"Audrey Gold," she finally said, going back to counting the wad of cash.

I looked back to my right, but the beauty was already gone.

Audrey Gold, huh?

I didn't even know her yet, but I knew she would be the perfect mother.

"Tanner Gold," I muttered, tasting the words on my tongue, and earning another strange look from the cashier.

Abandoning my deadbeat father's name and adopting a new one seemed like the right thing to do. It would solidify all severance from my past.

Tanner Gold.

I *love* it already.

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I felt like a creep.

I waited in my car at the hospital parking lot until staff started funneling out. I eyed every single one with a binocular, trying to spot golden hair. I glimpsed the cashier I had talked to this afternoon at the end of the group, walking out and chattering with a bunch of nurses.

But when everyone had left, I saw no sign of golden hair and toned skin. Late nights were a norm to me, so I took my time, settling back in my seat and turning up the radio.

An hour passed, and I was really starting to doubt that I had somehow missed her. But she came out then, all alone, still in her doctor's coat, handbag slung over her shoulder.

It was the first time I got a good look at her. And my god, she was more stunning than I had thought. Not only did she have the most luscious golden hair that was tied into a neat ponytail, but she possessed breathtaking hazel eyes, ones that I wouldn't mind staring into all night.

Dark eyebrows, a pretty nose, rosy lips, high cheekbones... Holy fuck, she was making me hard.

I couldn't give my full impression of her body with her wearing that long white coat over a dress, but she was slim and slender, and I wouldn't be surprised if she had the curves to match her face.

I couldn't keep my gaze off her. I had never been in love, but as I pressed my eyes harder against the binoculars, burning her beauty into my mind, I knew this was love at first sight.

She was all worth it. I could have gotten laid as soon as I created the mind-altering device, but I wanted to lose my virginity to someone special.

And Christ, this woman was it. She was everything I had dreamt and hoped for—all in one slender, tall package.

I had to talk to her. Life sprang into my body before senses could appear. I put the binocular away, swept a hand over my hair, and exited my car, walking towards the doctor.

“Hey,” I called out as I came into hearing distance. “Doctor Gold?”

She stiffed when she heard me, stopping in her tracks, her hazel eyes squinting in the darkness. I didn’t blame her. I was wearing a hoodie with dark chinos and even darker boots, walking towards an extremely attractive woman at three in the morning.

“Yes?” she called back out.

Her voice...

She was tired, I realized, as I closed the distance between us and stopped a few feet away. Her eyes were half closed, a little reddish. Her posture was swaying slightly as she stood in front of me. And her voice was strained, but she couldn’t hide the silkiness in her low voice. Not from me.

Fuck. I wanted that voice to lull me to sleep as we held each other in bed. I wanted that voice to scream out my name as I ravaged her body.

I have never felt such carnal desire for a single person. All the other attractive older women that I had sought for the position as my mother didn’t hold a candle to this stunning creature.

I eyed her, soaking her fully. I couldn’t figure out just how old she was, but from a first impression, she looked to be in her mid-thirties. The perfect age for a mother.

I raked my gaze down her body, admiring every tempting inch. Her dress covered the majority of her lower body, but every time she stepped forward or swayed, the hem of her dark dress would ride up an inch or two, revealing perfectly tanned skin and long legs. Either she went out in the sun a lot to exercise, or she visited a tanning spa often.

“Sir?” she said, nervousness layering her voice. She looked around us, and when she saw no one was in sight, her hand clutched her handbag tighter. “How can I help you?”

Jesus, she needs to stop talking. Now. The silky in her voice was making me rock fucking hard.

“I just wanted to say how beautiful you look,” I told her, wondering if flattery would work. I had never talked to a woman before, not even my real mother, so standing before her was making my heart pound and my mind to whirl.

“Oh.” She sneaked another quick glance around again. “Thank you.”

Silence stretched between us. I was comfortable in the lack of conversation, perfectly content with just looking at her. Audrey was getting more fidgety by the second, her hazel eyes now full on alert.

She broke the silence first.

“Sir, if you don’t need anything, can I go now?”

“Just a second.” I looked down and lodged my hand into my right pocket where I kept the mind altering device.

I didn’t even have the chance to take it out before I felt a blow to my head. A grunt tore from my throat and the next thing I knew, I was sideways on the ground with my right shoulder screaming in pain.

Audrey didn’t apologize. She ran as quickly as her heels could take her. I struggled to go after her, but even though my hands obeyed me, the rest of my body didn’t.

“Shit!” I shouted as a sharp pain shot through my shoulder and my vision blurred. I could still see Audrey, now a tiny figure in the distance. She opened the door to her car, a silver Toyota Camry, and a few moments later she was driving off, far away from me.

I cursed under my breath, the pain on my shoulder now dulling to a constant throb. I had control over my body now as I clutched my shoulder and struggled to sit up.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Why did I even have a conversation with her? All I needed to do was walk up to her, flash the light, and she was mine. But I really wanted to get to know her before I altered her memory. Once I clicked the light, she would never be the same.

More foul language tumbled from me as I got up on trembling legs and rolled my sleeve up. My side of my right arm had a dark purple bruise, but otherwise, nothing felt broken.

I sighed, affording a look around me. Nobody was in sight, except for a bullfrog croaking in the distance. The sound felt like it was mocking me, laughing at my failure.

It didn’t matter. I would come back the next day and use the device to extract all the information I needed to find out which wing in the hospital she was working at, and if she wasn’t there, I would find out where she lived. There had to be a record somewhere.

I would stop at nothing to have her. I would do everything in my power to—

I squinted at the ground next to me. Was that...

Yeah, her handbag was on the ground. She must have swung it against my head and ran off, forgetting all about it. What was even in the damned thing? It felt like I was being struck by a rock.

I bent down and flipped it open, unzipping the bag and then opening it wide to take a peek inside.

I saw her phone, a bunch of cash and coins, a travel sized perfume flask, and some cards. Taking out the perfume, I sprayed it onto the back of my hand and took a good whiff.

Oh, god. It was a good mix of floral and fruity, sweet and light. Feminine.

I was already back to rock hard. It was pathetic, really. I was so desperate to lose my virginity, but for a month, I held back. Now, my patience had run thin and my hormones were in overdrive—all aimed towards one woman.

I dropped the perfume back in the bag and took out all the cards from the card slots. She had a bunch of credit cards, but those were not what I was looking for. I dropped the cards back into the bag as I flipped them one by one until I found what I wanted. Her driver's license.

I ran my thumb over the headshot of her pretty face. Usually, headshots made people look less appealing than what they were in real life, but not Audrey. The unflattering lighting and the absence of a smile couldn't hide her attractiveness.

I dropped my eyes to what I really wanted, scanning her address. It wasn't too far from here, and I wasn't tired, so I headed back towards my car—a sleek Cadillac that I made some guy believe was mine—and opened my GPS app where I typed in her address.

This time, when I saw Audrey again, I wouldn't hesitate. In a few hours, I was going to be in her bed, fucking the ever living shit out of her.

I wanted to crack a smile, but my shoulder was still reeling in pain. Grimacing, I switched on the ignition and started the ten-minute road trip to her place.

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For a medical director of a prestigious hospital, Audrey lived rather modestly. I stared at the simple condo building that was cramped six stories high with units. Glancing back to her driver's license confirmed that she indeed was living here.



There wasn't even security at the front, so I drove in and parked my car in the first available parking spot. I spotted her Camry sitting in between two other cars a distance away, so she was definitely here.

I turned off the ignition and googled 'Audrey Gold', needing to know everything about her. She had a LinkedIn page which showed her work history and education. She had worked in the hospital for a decade now, interning there straight out of college, and then completing her residency.

Nothing interesting.

I clicked back and scrolled through until I found her Facebook profile. Her relationship status was single, and she didn't seem to have any mention of siblings or children. Most of her photos were taken with her girlfriends. That was good. After mind wiping her, I didn't need to go search for her entire family to scrub out their memories of her. She really was the perfect candidate for this.

I exited the car, feeling like I couldn't breathe with the non-stop thumping on my chest. The only thing that kept me going was the vision of finally having a loving mother who cared for me so much, she would do absolutely anything for me. I needed overwhelming love, and my invention was going to make that fantasy come true.

I walked slowly, taking the stairs, trying to be as quiet as possible because an unfamiliar face in dark clothes at almost four in the morning would ring alarm bells.

I stopped in front of her door and stood there, debating how the hell I was going to do this. I had no skills in breaking into a home, and she would probably use the peephole on her door, especially with what had happened not even an hour ago.

Should I stake outside her door until she opens it to go back to work? I was definitely willing to wait as long as it was needed.

But my question was met when I heard footsteps beside me, and an elderly woman came into view.

"Who are you?" she asked, her gaze suspicious. "Are you one of Audrey's friends?"

I didn't want to risk anything this time. I fished out the mind device and aimed it at her.

A click. A flash of light.

The elderly woman wobbled, and she almost fell down.

I spoke low and fast. "All you remember is that you need to ask Audrey a question. Go knock on her door and tell her to open it."

She was still wobbly on her feet, shaking her head. I hid around the corner and waited until the command had solidified in her mind.

It only took a few seconds.

"Audrey?" The old woman's voice was warm as she knocked on the door. "Audrey, dear, could you come out for a second? I need to ask you something."

Even from around the corner, I could hear her brisk footstep thumping on the ground, and then a loud click as the lock opened.

"Mrs Green?" Audrey's voice sounded completely drained, but they were still music to my ears. "It's almost four in the morning. What is it?"

I had to make it quick. With my device in hand, I rounded the corner and hurried back towards Mrs Green, who was looking extremely confused.

"I wanted to ask you..." She scratched her head. "I don't know exactly." She slowly turned when she heard me. "Who is this young man?"

I came into view beside the old lady. Audrey's tired eyes went wide with shock and her mouth parted. I didn't let her do more than that. I clicked the device and light flashed in front of her face.

I turned to the lady and clicked on the device too, just for good measure. Both of them morphed into the same expression. Big eyes, jaws slacked and open. I didn't bother with the elderly woman. I stepped inside the apartment and locked the door behind me, twisting the lock shut.

I took Audrey's hand, shivering as I felt her soft skin, and led her away from the door. She didn't resist me as I brought her to the middle of her living room. She had changed out of her doctor's coat, but she was still wearing the same dress that disappointedly covered most of her skin.

We would fix that later. Her mind was open to me now. Her memories were now mine to play with. I already knew what to say. The words tumbled from my lips.

"Audrey, you have a son now. You named him Tanner and today is his birthday."

I liked my name, so I didn't want it changed. But I definitely didn't like March fifth. It was the day when I had clawed out from Rachel's womb and have been neglected ever since. There

was nothing to celebrate about the day. Today, though, was the start of my new life and a *very* special day.

I continued on, transfixed by her glassy hazel eyes and blank expression. "You love Tanner so much; more than life itself. You will do absolutely anything for him. Everything you do, every cent you make, every breath you take, is for your only son. You're so madly in love with Tanner that somewhere throughout the years, you become sexually attracted to him. Ever since you can remember, you want to give yourself to Tanner. You're desperate for his love and you're obsessed with taking care of him, so much so that you would *love* to take care of his every sexual desire too."

As I talked, giving her mind new instructions and memories, my erection grew harder and harder. I could feel my underwear getting completely soaked, but I didn't care. I just talked.

"But you know it's wrong to have sex with your underage son. So you convince yourself to wait for his eighteenth birthday. For his present today, you have the wonderful idea that you're going to give him *yourself*. He is a grown man now and so there is nothing wrong with consensual sex with two adults. You have been planning this day for years now. On his eighteenth birthday, you're going to tell him to come into your room and surprise him by wearing your sexiest lingerie. You're going to explain to him how much you love him and then seduce him into sex, giving him *everything* your body can offer to a man."

I stopped, completely out of breath, my heart pounding so hard in my chest. I took a step back and waited until her mind could process all the new information and fit in all the forced memories I fed her into her past.

Life came back into her eyes a minute later. She blinked once. Twice. A third time. Audrey looked around the room for a moment before her gaze settled on me.

A wild smile formed on her full lips.

"Tanner, baby," she said in a sing-song-like voice. "Happy birthday!"

She stepped forward, her arms open in a hug. I couldn't help but crack a slight smile too, affected by her contagious excitement. I accepted her embrace. Her breasts pressed against my chest and warmth enveloped me.

My first hug. God, I definitely had missed out a lot on life.

Soon it would be my first kiss. Then, my first woman. Audrey was going to break all my virginities tonight.

"I'm sorry I'm back late." Her voice dropped. "You know how it goes. Mommy has to work hard to give you a good life."

*Mommy.*

I had always addressed my birth mother with her real name, so the term was alien. But, Christ. Judging by the way my cock jerked up and the way my heart raced faster, I *loved* hearing it.

And the way she had said it. It was full of warmth and love, almost as if she had purred it out.

“Oh!” Audrey stepped back and glanced in between my legs. When she looked back up, there was a sexy glint in her hazel eyes. “You’re a bit excited today, aren’t you?” She blinked her long lashes at me innocently. “Does my baby boy miss his Mommy?”

I grinned. “I do. I missed you so much.”

“I’m sorry, baby,” she told me, changing her pitch to a little girl’s voice. She took the pin out of her golden hair. It fell down in waves and she swiped the strands out of her face. “I missed you too. I couldn’t stop thinking about you back in the hospital.”

God, she looked twice as sexy with her hair down. Everything about her was so god damn erotic.

The silkiness was back to her voice. “I’m a little tired from work, and I have an early shift tomorrow. But...” She allowed her words to trail off, and a smirk appeared. “I have a present for you.”

“Oh.” I tried my best to look ignorant. “You do? What is it?”

Her smirk widened, and she raised a hand up and ran the pad of her thumb against my lower lip. “You’ll have to come and see for yourself.” She exhaled slowly, her breath tickling my skin, her eyes never leaving my lips. “You’re a big man now. A grown adult. I want you to show me something, but you have to promise me just one thing.”

A lot of thoughts raced through my mind. All of them leading to one outcome.

“What is it?”

She pressed forward, placing both palms on my chest and backing me to a chair. “I want you to sit down right here and wait five minutes. Then, come into my room. Remember your manners. Knock first.”

Words were getting harder and harder to form. I was growing so horny. Was this what seduction looked and felt like? She was doing a damn good job at it.

Audrey—No, my mother—headed towards the right, where she disappeared into a hallway. But not before she gave a long look back, making a sexy show of her hips swaying and her teeth biting down on her bottom lip, eyes gleaming with pure sex.

I got out of my chair and peeked around the corner, just in time to see the door at the end of the hallway closed shut. I knew where her room was now, so I walked back to the coach where I mentally counted to five minutes.

I didn't even make it past three. So much pre-cum was leaking out of my cock, it was getting uncomfortable to sit. With my pulse quickening and my head throbbing with anticipation, I got up on shaky legs and headed towards her room.

I held a breath, steadied myself, and rapped on the door with my knuckles.

Her silky voice leaked from inside.

"Come in."

I was still holding my breath when I opened the door. But what I saw had me exhaling all the pent up anticipation in a rush.

My mother was posed on the bed, leaning on her side, a confident grin on her face. She was wearing the sexiest fucking underwear I had ever seen. It was a white bra and matching white panties that were decorated with frills.

And god, she had curves of a sex Goddess, just like I had hope. Her body was toned and tanned, probably from years of exercise and the sun. Holy fuck, I hit the jackpot.

She giggled when I just stood there, eyes wide, mouth agape.

She extended a hand and beckoned me with a finger. "Come here, baby."

My legs practically ran to her. I hopped on the bed and bent down, stark hungry for a taste of her.

I was caught off guard when she grabbed my chin and sat up, stroking my cheek with her other hand.

"Baby," she whispered, her lips so close to mine. Her breath smelled of coffee and combined with her perfume, all fruity and floral, it made me salivate. "I need to tell you something."

"What? What is it?"

"You're eighteen now." A soft smile appeared on her lips. "My baby boy is all grown up. Mommy has not only loved you as her only son." She exhaled a shaky breath, and I realized she was as anxious I was. The confident smile slipped from her face. "I have loved you in a *different* way for so long."

Fuck. I didn't want to hear this. I just wanted to get to the fucking. I wanted to slam my cock into her—

A tear fell from her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

Wait. Was she crying?

"I love you so much, Tanner," she whispered. "And for your eighteenth birthday, I want to give you... me. I know this is a lot to take in and you have never shown signs of having an interest in me. But—If you're uncomfortable with—"

"No," I growled. "I want you, mommy. I have also loved you differently for a long time."

"Really?" She choked the word out, surprised. A waterfall began and an abundance of tears streamed down.

God dammit.

"Yeah. You're sexy as fuck. The most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

She buried herself in my chest, soaking my front with her tears. Her shoulders were shaking so violently, I had to grip the sides of her arm to steady her.

"I—I am glad you feel the same, baby," my mother said, her words difficult to hear with all the sobbing. "I love you so much."

"I..."

Should I say it? I barely know this woman and it felt wrong to lie to her. I lusted after her, not love her. I have never loved anyone in my entire life because I never got the opportunity to.

She stilled, and I could feel her tensing as she waited for me to complete the words.

Ah, fuck it. For this beauty, I was willing to let my walls down and allow myself to love. For now, it was fine to lie. As long as I would eventually have genuine feelings for her in the future, it hardly mattered.

"I love you too," I said, hoping it sounded genuine.

It did the trick. She continued crying, hugging me so tight it felt like she was crushing my bones.

Her hand skated up my arms, and I winced when she reached the top.

“What is it, baby?” She looked up, her hazel eyes full of concern. Before I could say a word, she was fussing all over me, riding the sleeves on my shirt up and then gasping when she saw the purple gash on the side of my arm.

“What happened, honey?” She looked between my eyes and my arm. “Did you fall? When? It looks very recent.”

“It’s nothing, I’ll—”

She started to get up, but I held her still, pulling her back in between my legs where she belonged.

“No, please. I want to fuck you.”

“But your arm! Let me go to the medical cupboard and get some—”

I silenced her, attacking her open mouth so aggressively, she yelped in surprise and tumbled backwards onto the mattress.

Her lips tasted like coffee and heaven, and it drove the carnal hunger in me up a notch. I sucked on her lips hard, and she responded beautifully, sucking back, matching my aggression. Her hands were all over me, nails digging into my skin, and then she went to the hem of my shirt, pulling it upwards.

I leaned back, allowing her to pull the shirt off me. It flew across the side of the room a second later, and her hazel eyes were now on my pants, hands already there.

She swiftly discarded the garment to the side too, and I heard the mind device hitting the ground. Damn it. I had forgotten it was still in my pocket. But my goal for having a mother was already completed, and I wouldn’t be too mad if my invention broke and I could only have her and not a complete family like I desired.

“My god,” she gasped, her eyes going wide as she stared at my underwear. “You’re so wet, baby. Is that... is that all because of me?”

I nodded, pulling my underwear off. Pre-cum still seeping out of my tip, dripping to her abs.

“I’m flattered,” she said, watching my arousal pool on her stomach. “God, I feel so sexy right now.”

“You are,” I gasped as her hand went to my cock. I moaned as she gripped me and started stroking. “You’re so fucking sexy.”

“Language, baby,” she tutted. “I didn’t raise you to have a foul mouth.” She paused, thinking thoughtfully.

“Is this your first time?” she asked, wiping the dried tears from her cheeks. She sniffed once. “Will mommy be your first?”

I nodded again, my eyes squeezing shut as pleasure ripped through me.

“I’m glad.” And she sure sounded pleased. “Baby, get off me for a second, will you?”

“What—why?”

“Since this is your first time, I want tonight to be something you will never forget. I want today to be your best birthday ever.”

Her dark promise sounded exciting, so I rolled off her and sat up, watching her as she tidied up her hair and sat in front of me. Her nipples were so hard, I could see two pebbles straining underneath the thin white fabric.

She reached over and held my cheeks. Her palm felt so warm and comforting. I leaned into it, making her smile.

“Let me take control and guide you, baby. Can you do that? I promise I’ll make it *very* good.”

This was not going the way I envisioned. By now, I wanted to be on top of her, ramming my cock against her pussy and cumming over and over.

But she had so much confidence in her voice, it was hard for me to say no. Logically, it would be best if she took the lead. I had no experience, and she must have had an excessive amount of sex.

“Okay,” I said, the word coming up in a croak.

She laughed, knowing the effect she had on me.

“I promise we’ll end with your cock inside me. But, for the first half an hour or so…” Her eyes had that sexy glint again, and the smirk was back. “Give me your hands, baby.”

I offered my hands, and she placed them on her breasts. I accepted the gesture, squeezing her plump breasts for everything they were worth.



“Mhm. That feels good, baby. Squeeze Mommy. Squeeze Mommy as hard as you like.”

I was already squeezing with all my strength, but I wasn't surprised she could take a lot more. I was skinny and frail from the years of malnourishment, and even though I had gained some weight after leaving my birth parents and gouging on all the delicacies the world offered, I was still definitely underweight and didn't have much strength.

While I tried to squeeze her even harder, her hands went to her back, and she did quick work on her bra.

“Let go of my breasts, baby.”

I obeyed. Her bra fell to the bed, revealing the first pair of tits I have ever seen with my own eyes. And god, they were perfect. I knew immediately those were high-quality breasts from the way they sat snugly on her chest and didn't sag at all. Her breasts were large, way larger than I thought, and her nipples were indeed erect.

“Do you like what you see?”

I didn't reply, completely transfixed on those pure sex globes. She laughed, pleased at how breathless she was making me feel.

“Come suck on them, baby,” she invited me. “I don't have milk for you anymore, but my breasts are yours to use. Always have been.”

My tongue felt her plump flesh, and I moaned way too loud. I sucked on her skin for a while before I paid attention to her nipples, running my tongue over it, then biting softly.

“Mhmm baby, that feels good. Mommy likes what you're doing.”

Her words led me on, and I sucked harder and applied more pressure on her nipple that was in between my teeth. I alternated between her left and right breasts, eventually paying full attention to her right one, because she seemed to like me sucking on that more. Her moans and cries were louder.

She giggled when I finally drew back, trying to catch my breath.

“Are you done with Mommy's titties? Shall we do something else?”

I nodded.

“Do you know what sixty-nine is, baby? Have you heard about it?”

I nodded again.

She smirked. "Shall I teach you how to perform the position?"

"I..."

She sensed my hesitation and her face grew serious. "What's wrong, baby? Tell Mommy."

"I would love to eat you out... *Mommy*." It was still difficult to say that word. "But..."

She tilted her head. "But what?"

"For now, I just want to concentrate on the feeling of my dick getting sucked and nothing else." I paused, not wanting to look into her eyes. I didn't want to see her disappointed. Shit, I barely know her and I was already caring deeply about her feelings. I would wager I would last a week before I completely fall head over heels for her.

Her voice was bright. "No, that's okay, baby. Don't apologize for that. Come." She leaned back and nudged my thighs open with her fingers. "Open your legs. Let Mommy suck you off."

"Okay," I nodded, feeling so light-headed. It felt like all my blood was on my cock. I was so fucking hard I could burst just from hearing her talk.

"Just relax and enjoy, sweetie." My mother got on all fours and dipped in between my thighs. She extended her tongue and gave me a generous lick, taking in all the cum from my tip in one wet swipe. She licked her lips and looked up at me, her lips wide. "You taste so good. So salty and creamy. Mommy has never tasted cum as good as yours."

"Oh god," I groaned out, squeezing my eyes shut. Her dirty talk was really getting me off.

"You like that, baby?" Her hand wrapped around the base of my cock, the other on my balls, enveloping them with warmth.

"Yes. Fuck yes."

She tsked. "You have such a dirty mouth, Tanner." She gave my cock another long lick. This time her tongue was on my sides, licking up, then pecking my tip once she reached the top.

"Please, Mommy," I begged. I was already at the precipice, and I needed to burst down her throat. "Suck me off already."

"So demanding," she complained, but I could hear the smile in her voice. "You know Mommy would do anything for you, right, baby? Anything you want, Mommy will make it happen."

Her mouth closed in and she took half of me in, paused for a second, then she went deeper, taking my entire length down her throat.

“Fuckkkkkkkkk.” I bit the curse out, my nails digging into the mattress. She must be a pro at giving head because she didn’t gag once. Instead, she withdrew, pumped my cock a few times, then took my entire length back into her mouth with one smooth bob, lighting up my entire body with heat.

Her mouth felt so warm, so god damn wet. This was a million times better than masturbating. A billion times better. Her tongue was licking the underside of my cock as she bobbed her head up and down my cock, one hand pumping me, the other massaging my balls, alternating between tickling and cupping them.

I couldn’t take it anymore. I threw my head up to the ceiling and screamed as loud as I could.

“Mommy, I’m going to—FUCK!”

My cock tensed up, then I exploded inside her mouth in a tremendous burst. Audrey didn’t stop. She kept bobbing her head up and down with passion, licking the sides of my cock, pumping my base and squeezing my balls.

I was a prisoner to the pleasure, waves of continual rapture wrecking my entire body to no end, splitting me in half.

“Oh god,” I said as a minute passed and I felt the ebb of pleasure subsiding. My mother kept going for a few more seconds before she withdrew, swiping her messy hair away from her face.

Cum and drool strung from her lips to my dick and she broke the connection with a sideways swipe of her tongue. She looked at me, then opened her mouth wide, sticking her tongue out.

“It’s all clean,” she said, closing her mouth shut and leaning forward to lick my dick clean too. “I swallowed it all. You’re so tasty, baby.”

I struggled to find words, my chest heaving in and out, sweat dripping from my back. “You’re so good at giving head.”

She exhaled a breath, smiling. “Mommy has had a *lot* of practice in the past. But I’m a bit rusty now. You know how it is. I haven’t been with anyone for a good number of years, with work taking all my time and everything.”

“I hope you make time for me.”

I didn't know why I said that. It just escaped from my lips, jealousy and possessiveness laced with the sharp tone.

"Oh, honey." She left my cock, settling on her knees and placing her comforting palm on my cheek. "I'll always make time for you. I'll even quit my job if you want me to. I can be a stay at home mom." Her eyes watered again. "Do you want me to, baby? Just say the word."

I placed my hand over hers. "No, it's okay. I like it that you are a successful doctor. Just spend time with me when you get home and I'll be fine."

Her grip on my cheeks tightened and a fierce intensity appeared in her hazel eyes. "I'll quit all my group clubs and I'll cancel my holiday trip with Ana and Marilyn. No more going out with friends. When I'm not at work, I'll be with you. I swear."

I nodded. "Okay. But what about working out?"

She smirked. "You want Mommy to keep her body fit and tight for you?"

I allowed my eyes to rake over her body once again, soaking in all curves. She still had her panties on. "Yeah. I love your body."

"Then I'll work out harder so you can enjoy it more." She leaned in close and touched foreheads with me. "Anything else, baby?"

"I want to fuck you."

"We're getting there." Then she kissed me, pressing her lips against mine and sucking hard.

I could taste a hint of my saltiness, but her coffee mixed in with her sweetness overpowered it, so I didn't mind. Her tongue pressed in between my lips and I allowed her in. She moaned with me as she explored my mouth and our tongues met.

Audrey was pumping my cock again, getting me hard while she fucked my mouth and sparred with my tongue. Her free hand came up and dug it into my hair, angling where she wanted me, making me moan so damn loud.

"You're hard again," she told me, pulling back and running a tongue over her lips. She didn't even look at my cock. She knew just by feeling me up.

My mother let go of my cock and patted the front of the bed. "Sit here, baby."

I obeyed, sliding towards the spot and resting my back on the headboard.

"Open your legs wide."

I opened my legs.

She slid the last garment off her and now we were both naked. I didn't have time to admire pussy before she positioned herself in front of me and took my cock in one hand.

"I'm going to ride you, baby, okay? I understand that this is your first time, so I will go slow. If you want me to speed up, tell me." She pressed our lips together again in a light peck. "Is that okay?"

I nodded.

"Are you scared? Nervous?"

I nodded again. It was the truth. I could imagine myself having sex with her all day, but actually doing the act was intimidating.

I was actually going to lose my virginity in a few moments.

"Don't worry baby. Mommy will be with you all the way." She raised her hips above my cock and lowered herself, very slowly, her eyes never leaving mine. She was dripping, arousal falling on my tip, teasing me about what was about to come. "I'm going in, baby."

The entrance to her pussy enveloped me, and then there was warmth. She lowered herself another inch, and I entered her, impaling her opening.

I threw my head back and moaned. It felt so fucking good, and she was so damn tight. It was a wonder how I managed to fit it, but I did. My mother bit down on her lower lip and a small cry leaked out. She sank another inch, then another. It was such a tight fit inside of her that every little movement threatened to send me over the edge.

"You're so big, baby," she said, opening her mouth and crying out again. Her eyes were still on me, but they were unfocused. Glazed. "Oh, god, baby, you're really huge. Mommy loves your cock so much."

Her fingers dug into my traps and she sank another two inches. I was almost fully inside her now and her pussy was still so tight, her inner walls clamping down on my cock.

"Use your hands, baby. Play with your Mommy's tits. Touch them. Suck them. Pinch them. I don't care. They are made for you."

"Ah—Christ," I bit out as she finally sank fully into me, her ass now sitting on my thighs. Audrey was panting, her heavy breaths skirting across my face, giving me her coffee scent mixed in with her perfume.

I leaned down and sucked on her tits as she began riding me. Her nails dug into my traps as another moan shot out from her rosy lips. She raised herself until my cock was halfway out, then without warning, slammed back down onto me, causing my hips to quake and a bolt of pleasure to fold me in half.

"I love your moans, baby," she told me, a soft smile on her face. "I love you so much it hurts."

"Faster," I moaned out, biting her nipples hard. "Oh god, faster."

"I'm going faster, baby." And she did, doubling her speed, then tripling. The slow, passionate rhythm was gone. She was slamming against my cock like a primal animal, and I leaned back to enjoy the show, her hair bouncing wildly, her tits bouncing even harder.

"Baby, I'm close. Tell me when you are close too." Her pace was reaching maniac territory. "I want us to come together."

"I... am... so... fucking... close." I bit the words out between clenched breaths. Pleasure rose in waves, edging me closer and closer to where I needed to be. And then I was there. I looked up and saw hazels. "Mommy I am—God, I'm cumming!"

"Cum, baby. Cum for Mommy."

Her filthy words sent me over the edge and a roar escaped me as I spurt out another wave of cum into her. If I had thought she was tight, her walls suddenly clamped down even harder, squeezing my cock mercilessly as I shot my entire load through her warm, fleshy tunnel.

"Ah—baby!" Her eyes snapped shut and her back bowed. It was the first time she had stopped looking at me, and for good reason. Audrey pounded against me with abandon, her tits bouncing so violently I was afraid they might fall off. "Yes! Cum into Mommy! Fill Mommy up with your semen. Oh, yes—yes!"

My cock jerked inside her a few times, and then once more before going limp. But she was still going. Still moaning and screaming, filling the room with the sound of sex. I watched her in awe, admiring how her body moved as she rode me.

There was a sheen of sweat across her body and a flush creeping its way across her chest and up. I held her tits in place, squeezing them as hard as I could. She loved that, shrieking in delight, and slamming down so hard, I saw stars.

Then her lips were on mine, and her hands were all over my body. She bit my bottom lip and she must have drawn blood because it stung when she pulled back and looked at me.

I was still inside her. My mother's hair was a huge mess from all the thrusting and slamming. She used a hand to clear her face, and there were tears dripping from her eyes.

Damn, this woman was so emotional. I briefly wondered if I had made her like that or this was just her.

"Happy birthday, baby," she told me, her voice cracking. "I love you so much, words can't describe it. I just..." She broke down. "... love you!"

"I love you too," I said, and it scared me how much I meant it. It hadn't even been an hour since I last said the four words, and the endearment tumbled from my lips with much more emotion.

Was I... was I falling in love? Already?

I allowed her to cry on my chest, hugging her tight as she did so. After she was done, sniffing and wiping the tears from her eyes, my cock jerked inside her, and she felt it.

"Another round, baby?" she giggled like a little girl as she cleaned the last of her tears away.

"Fuck yes."

"Your mouth, baby. Please mind your language when we are together." She ran a wet finger along my bottom lip. It stung from her touch, from the spot where she had bitten me.

"Where do you want Mommy?" She asked me. "It's your birthday, baby, so you can do whatever you want with me."

I knew the answer even before I spoke it. Too much consuming porn videos had me intrigued in one position.

"I want you on all fours, Mommy. I want to fuck your tight little pussy from behind. I want to ram my cock against your juicy ass cheeks."

"Fuck my little..." She laughed, and I felt every tiny movement as her body shook. "Baby, when did you learn to talk dirty like that? It actually turns me on." Her eyes brightened. "So you want to fuck me doggystyle, huh?"

She took my cock out of her and then turned around, getting on her knees and hands.

"Come and fuck mommy." She wiggled her ass at me invitingly. "Come and fuck my little tight pussy and ram your cock against mommy's juicy ass cheeks." She giggled again as she repeated my words. "Oh, god, baby. It feels like high school all over again. I love it. I love you."

"I love you too," I told her as I got up and positioned myself behind her, my hands on her ass, feeling it up and squeezing her cheeks in different places. I felt my shaft surging, peaking, hard and ready to enter her.

She gasped when I slid in. Her pussy was more used to my girth, so it was much easier fit, though I had to take some time to squeeze through.

My balls slammed against her ass, making her cry out, her back bowing.

"Yes, baby. Hit that spot again. Fuck mommy's pussy and fill her up nice and full."

I pulled out and then rammed back inside her. She was in sync, slamming her hips against me every time I thrust forward.

Soon we had a rhythm going. Hard and fast. Rough. Full of passion.

"Oh, baby!" She shrieked when I hit the spot she loved. "That's it! Fuck me there. Fuck your mommy harder. Harder, baby!" Her voice grew shrill and a cry split from her lips. "HARDER!"

A growl rumbled from my chest, more animal than human. Her words drove me to fuck her senseless. She proved she could take it rough, but I didn't know my limits.

Only one way to find out.

With a grunt, I pounded against her pussy with as much force as I could muster up. It was just pure barbaric thrusts with no technique.

Yet again, Audrey matched my intensity, swaying her hips back and forth erotically, her hands fisting the mattress.

When I came this time, I did so without warning. As my cock jerked and a torrent of semen shot through her insides, she orgasmed with me, just milliseconds later, squeezing my cock and milking more cum out.

She was perfect. Everything I have envisioned for a dream mother. Beautiful, loving, dominant when needed, submissive when wanted. She came when I came, and she cheered me on with low moans when I was fucking her.

"That was amazing, baby," she told me as I withdrew from her and heaved on the mattress. She curled next to me, her hand automatically going to my cock, stroking it slowly and with love. "I can't believe this is your first time. You're so good! What do you want to do next?"



She was dead tired, I realized, as I looked over at her. Her eyelids were twitching, and although she tried to put on an exciting face accompanied with a soft smile, it was clear she needed sleep badly.

“I want to sleep with you,” I told her. “I want to cuddle right next to you and fall asleep in your arms.”

“That’s it, baby? I know you have more in you. Look, you are getting hard again. It’s your birthday. Mommy can give you more. Just name the position.”

As tempting as it was, there was always tomorrow. And the next day. And the next. I had an eternity to enjoy every inch of her body, explore every warm hole. And I cared for her health and wellbeing. It was a strange feeling to think of someone other than myself. All my life I only had myself to rely on, and so that was all I knew. But experiencing love—real love—was molding my perception of life.

“Switch off the lights, Mommy. Let’s sleep.”

“Okay, baby. If that’s what you want.” She left me, and I grew cold, my body screaming for her warmth back. Thankfully, she returned quickly.

She closed the curtains and clicked off the lights. The room plunged into darkness and a moment later, her naked body was pressed against mine, her arms wrapped around me.

I couldn’t see her, but I could feel her breathing against my face. We were probably an inch apart and I could just sneak forward and kiss her, but she really needed rest. Three minutes went by and she was snoring lightly.

My eyes had already adjusted to the darkness, allowing me to admire her beautiful face. I noticed a tiny dark spot on the right side of her face, next to her nose. A slight flaw amongst her perfection.

I ran my hand over her cheek, just as she had done to me so many times today. She stirred in my palms and moaned softly under her breath, but she didn’t wake up. She really looked so innocent with her eyes closed, breathing softly, lips curled in a slight smile.

I fell asleep with my hands wrapped around her not long after. But my last thought was how life was going to be amazing now that I had an actual mother.

But it would be even better if I had sisters. Two of them. An older sister and a younger, more innocent one. She had to be a virgin, like I was.

Both of them had to be stunning beauties, and it was going to be a difficult search. But I had all the time in the world to find them.

And when I do...

My perfect family would be complete.