

## Day 1

When I handed Mom the slave ring, I never thought it would actually work.

In retrospect, it was a stupid decision. I was spending my entire savings on a tiny piece of silver. But the very thought of having my beautiful Mother as my slave was too hot to pass up.

And the reviews were amazing too. Not a single unsatisfied buyer.

So I ordered the ring, and a week later, it arrived in a gorgeously wrapped box which I gave to Mom.

“What’s this?” Mom asked. She was wearing a small frown, but from the way she was eyeing the box, I knew she was excited.

“Open it. I bought it for you.”

Mom gasped when she flipped the lip open and gingerly took out the ring.

“You’re an awesome Mother,” I said as she gasped, a twinkle in those beautiful blue eyes. “So I thought I’d buy you a present.”

Mom hugged me, and I had to stiffen my moan as I felt her tits. They were so big and soft.

God.

When she stepped back, I urged her to put it on. As she slid the ring along her ring finger, I expected glazed eyes and a mindless stare.

But Mom just maintained her bright smile, hugged me once more, then skipped away. I have never seen her that happy before.

If the ring didn’t work, then at least I made her week.

But I hoped it would work.

## Day 2

After I purchased the ring, I was presented with a long and extensive questionnaire.

It detailed how I wanted my slave to act and behave. It had been an embarrassing two hours, filling up the survey of how I wanted Mom to be and act.

I didn't just want a mindless slave.

I wanted a sex pet. Someone who didn't mind being collared and naked.

Someone who didn't mind prowling around the house in that embarrassing state.

Someone who didn't mind being on their hands and knees the entire day.

Someone who didn't mind being fucked whenever I wanted sex.

Yeah, it was a weird fantasy of mine. And it had been a painful experience typing out all my kinks on the questionnaire.

I was lounging on the couch when Mom returned home from her day as an accountant.

Usually, she would leave me be, but on that day, she paused at the door, looked at me, and asked how I was feeling.

When I told her I was fine, she kept standing there, swaying on her high heels.

Her tits looked amazing, pressed up against her tight white blouse. But her most prized asset have always been her ass. Mom had that perfect bubble ass, and she showed it off with tight pencil skirts...

God, I wanted to fuck her so badly.

Mom kept idle on her spot, looking confused, absentmindedly stroking the ring I gave her.

When I finally asked why she was just standing there, Mom looked at me and asked if I wanted dinner.

I had to do a double take and ask her to repeat what she just said.

I couldn't believe it.

I haven't had a home cooked dinner in years, and she was finally offering to cook?

When she had to repeat it for the third time, I finally nodded in disbelief, and then she was on the way to the kitchen.

An hour later, dinner was made, and Mom even brought all the plates to where I was on the couch. Then she kneeled down on the floor and just kind of gazed up at me while I ate, even ignoring the TV show that was playing in front of us.

When I asked her why she was just kneeling on the floor and not sitting, Mom just shrugged and said she was comfortable on her knees.

That was when I knew my money was well spent.

Mom... kneeling on the ground like my submissive pet.

I couldn't finish dinner. I was too excited.

While Mom cleaned up the leftovers, I rushed to my room and masturbated to the fresh memory of her being on her knees before me, looking so hot and fuckable.

Even though I had masturbated to my Mother hundreds of times before, it still felt sick and wrong.

But that was probably why I loved it so much.

Every boy's first love was their Mother.

But I was different.

I stayed in love with her.

## **Day 3**

I couldn't wait for Mom to return home.

She must have done overtime, because she came back an hour later than she usually would.

But my annoyance quickly dissipated when I saw her walking through the front door wearing yet another sexy blouse and pencil skirt combo, looking like the sexiest accountant alive.

I loved the perfume she used. Sweet and fruity. It suited her well.

She still had the ring wrapped tight around her finger, and when Mom asked me if I wanted dinner again, I just nodded and she disappeared into the kitchen.

Thirty minutes later, she returned with a nicely cooked steak and then took position beside my feet. It must have been so hard for her knees, so I tossed a small pillow to the ground.

Mom thanked me with a smile.

This time, I had more courage to test my boundaries.

Leaning forward, I placed my hand on top of her head and stroked her, as if she was actually a pet.

I half assumed Mom would tell me to stop, but she just remained silent. She even seemed to enjoy it.

I couldn't believe it! I was *actually* touching Mom just like in my fantasies.

So while I ate the steak, I continued petting her.

I think I even heard her purr softly.

Maybe.

## Day 4

It was the weekend, so I had Mom for the entire day.

During a normal weekend, Mom would go out with her friends, but when I woke up and headed outside, I was shocked to see a piping hot breakfast on the dining table with Mom waiting for me... on her knees.

I had to be honest. I had a raging hard-on at the sight, and I couldn't even hide how turned on I was while I ate and thread my fingers through her soft hair.

Mom had amazing hair. Long, soft, and blonde.

In response to the attention I was giving her, Mom smiled and pressed herself close to me, purring.

So I wasn't imagining it last night.

God, it was so hot. *She* was so hot.

Throughout the day, she was either on her knees or on all fours, crawling around and following me around the house.

Mom was actually growing to be the exact woman in my fantasies.

She wasn't there yet. She hasn't displayed any desire to please me sexually, but I was shocked at how fast the ring was working.

She must have known how horny I was. My erection was obvious and I didn't know why I didn't act on my impulses and make a move on her.

But I didn't. A part of me told me to take it slow.

Have the ring fully work its magic on her before I did anything brash.

## Day 5

Just like yesterday, I was greeted with breakfast.

... with Mom already in position, on her knees, facing me.

This time, I was braver with my advances. As I ate my breakfast, I did the usual thing. Stroking her, running my knuckles along her soft cheek, threading my fingers through her soft, golden hair, enjoying her purrs.

But I slowly started moving my touches closer and closer to her lips.

Those full, pink lips.

When I made contact with her lips, she smiled. Giggled my name.

She sounded so teasing.

When I pressed a finger to the seam of her lips, she opened up and began sucking.

Fuck. Me.

I have never been intimate with a woman before. Having my own Mother sucking on my fingers was euphoric.

Mom kept at it for a while, but I wanted more, so I started urging her head lower and lower...

Until her lips touched my right foot.

When I withdrew my finger, she blinked up at me, smiled that motherly smile, then leaned down and pecked my foot.

When I gasped, she offered another soft peck. Then another.

As the sounds of her lips filled up the room, I couldn't help but moan.

We weren't having sex.

So why does it feel so... *sexual*?

When I lifted my foot, Mom seemed to understand what I wanted.

Her attention went from my foot to my toes. I watched as Mom wrapped her mouth around my big toe.

She started sucking. And sucking.

And *sucking*.

Half of me wished it was my cock instead, but I didn't mind this.

Not at all.

My raging erection was obvious, but Mom didn't seem interested in anything else but sucking on my toes, so I didn't push my luck.

The day went on with Mom acting like a kitten, following me around the house on all fours, purring whenever I pet her.

I had to do *something*.

So as evening came, I did the unthinkable.

While I was eating dinner, Mom was on her knees, rubbing herself against my legs.

She was just in her nightie and from the view I had over her, I could see her tits.

Full, womanly breasts. Big and round and plump.

When I told Mom she was beautiful, she visibly preened and pressed herself closer to me.

That was when I leaned down and squeezed her tits.

Mom pulled away from me in shock, gasping loudly.

But I anticipated that reaction, calmly telling her I wanted to 'pet' her there.

Eventually, Mom calmed down. But she was still trembling as I groped her bare tits under her nightie.

I think she even started to like it. Her nipples grew hard and when I pinched them, Mom yelped then moaned so loud, I was afraid our neighbors might hear her.

For the rest of the evening, I explored her body, 'petting' her in ways sons never should.

By the time we retired to bed, I had Mom topless and in my bed. She seemed exhausted, but she didn't seem to mind as I snuggled next to her with my rock hard cock pressing against her ass.

I couldn't wait for tomorrow.