Kiss it Better, Mom

"All I'm saying, Leslie, is that the boy is a natural born athlete. He can play whatever he wants, and a football scholarship will pay for his college education, so why the hell won't he try out for the team?"

I started to say something, but Jim continued the rant he'd been carrying on for the last five minutes, throwing his arms up in the air as if seeking an answer from God.

"I mean, for Christ's sake, he was the best player on every team he played on — in soccer, football, baseball, shit, he was even the best one on the swim team and not bad in track either — until high school. What the hell happened?"

Jim swung his arms down to his sides, exasperated, seemingly at a loss for further words. Well, almost.

"I just don't get it. I don't fucking get it."

"Jim," I said, my tone recriminating.

"Alright, alright," my husband acquiesced to my unspoken request to watch his language. "Come on, honey. He's a big strapping boy and talented to boot. There must be something wrong. He should see a doctor or something."

"He doesn't need to see a doctor," I stated firmly. We'd been over this before.

"I mean a head doctor," Jim expanded, this time ignoring the tone in my voice. "There has to be a reason he lets all that talent go to waste. Think of the girls he could have," he mused. "The best players on the college teams got all the good ones."

I bit my lip. Jim was an average size guy, not quite big enough for the regular sports and lacking the natural talent anyway. However, he had tried hard and that had got him on the team but he hadn't won any scholarships or, evidently, triumphed with any of the 'good ones'. I turned and walked away. Realizing his error, too late as usual, Jim chased after me.

"Leslie, wait... I didn't mean it like that," he cried, catching up to me and, grasping me by the shoulders, spun me around. "You know I didn't mean it like that," he repeated.

I nodded, looking down and to the side to avoid meeting his eyes. I was quite angry because I knew what was coming and I didn't want to get into another fight. True to form, Jim couldn't leave well enough alone.

"It's just that, well, about the girls and all. Tommy used to have so many of them coming around and then, boom, three years ago not one to be seen. I thought girls liked...," I tensed and Jim reconsidered what he was saying, "I guess I don't understand it. I mean, that's about the time he quit playing, so...," he ended lamely, not quite finishing his thought, or at least not stating it out loud.

"Jim, we've been over this," I said tersely. "Tommy is not gay."

"I didn't say..."

"Just because someone is gay doesn't mean they can't be good at sports."

"Right," Jim responded, although I knew he wasn't convinced. "Right. So that can't be what it is, but we've got to find out, for his own good," he said, patting my shoulders. "Maybe you should have a talk with him, see what's up with him. I can't talk to him about it, he just gets all upset."

I could well imagine, and who wouldn't, with an accusing tone obviously suspecting him of homosexuality but not wanting to hear about it if it was really true. In reality, Jim wanted a strong denial and demonstration that it wasn't true. Christ, even having cancer would be better than being gay in his eyes. By some twist of fate Jim and I, being of average size, had managed to birth a strapping son and Jim wanted to experience an athlete's glory through him. It was so obvious it made me ill. Did he have any idea how much less I thought of him this past three years?

"I'll talk to him, if that will make you happy, but only to ask if he's going to apply for any scholarships," I said.

"That's great, Les," Jim was suddenly all cozy, "but remind him that we don't have enough money if he isn't on a scholarship."

"We have enough money," I replied angrily, knowing he was trying to get me to coerce our son into doing what he wanted.

"I know, I know, but it will be better if he can get a scholarship," Jim whined.

"Fine, I said, tersely."

I left it at that. Further discussion would just end in a fight and my day was already ruined.

After supper, I waited for Jim to go to bed so I could have a talk with Tommy. Jim kept looking at me, during commercials that is. At first, I thought he actually expected me to initiate the conversation in the living room with him there but then he kind of gave his head a quick jerk to the right, indicating that I should take Tommy upstairs to have our little talk. Annoyed, I shook my head. This had to happen when the time was right. Surprisingly, I managed to convey that to my husband. Partly, anyway. He didn't get the bit where he should leave so Tommy and I could talk.

The night wore on with Jim getting more and more impatient and clueless. Finally, Tommy got up to give me a kiss goodnight and went upstairs to bed. As he climbed the stairs, Jim looked at me like I'd screwed everything up and indicated that I should follow him. I shook my head.

When Tommy disappeared down the hallway, Jim asked, "Why didn't you say anything?"

"It's no good talking to him with you here."

"Well, why didn't you ask him to go upstairs?"

"Oh right, like that would seem natural."

"It doesn't need to be natural. Just ask him why he isn't applying for a football scholarship," Jim rolled his eyes.

I rolled mine back at him. "No wonder he gets upset when you talk to him. Do you want to do this yourself?"

Jim backed down, easing back into his chair. "No," he said.

"Alright then." I sat back on the couch, realizing for the first time that the muscles in my arms, legs and neck were strained to the breaking point.

A few minutes passed before Jim spoke again, "Well, aren't you going to go upstairs?"

Christ, he just didn't get it. "In a minute or two," I said. "I'll let him get ready for bed first."

"Oh," Jim said, disappointed, not understanding why that would make a difference.

"Jim," I looked him in the eye. "Don't even think of listening at the door. You stay down here until I'm done."

"Of course," he replied, indignant.

I knew then that's just what he had planned to do.

Tommy's door was not quite closed. I reached my hand inside and knocked on the inside of his bedroom wall without looking in.

"Yeah, Mom?"

I pushed the door in a couple of inches and poked my head inside.

"Whatcha doin?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said, facing the computer. "Just playing a game. Come in."

Tommy kept playing on the computer without turning to look at me. He had already changed for bed and was wearing his bathrobe. I walked up to him and rested my hand on his shoulder, now so broad and strong. As he played, killing this and that on the screen, I swept my eyes around the room. The shelves were full of trophies and the walls were covered in pennants, at least, the parts that hadn't been replaced with rock posters.

I couldn't help wondering myself. What had turned Tommy off sports? He used to live for it. Could Jim be right? No. I knew it in my bones that Tommy wasn't gay. As his mother, I would know and I'd be doing

everything I could to make him feel alright about it. But he wasn't. So what was it? I knew that I didn't have any more of a clue than Jim did.

I ran my fingers along Tommy's shoulder and up the right side of his strong neck, tickling his ear and fluffing his hair.

"Mom," he cried. "You just got me killed!"

"Sorry," I apologized.

I left his side and sat on the edge of his bed, facing him. He started to play again, ignoring me. He knew I wanted to talk about something — otherwise, why would I be hanging around in his room? — but he was willing to wait for me to come out with it rather than prod it out of me. I smiled. He had always been a quiet, patient boy, especially when he was little. The operations when he was so young had forced a quiet life at first, ruling out vigorous play. But years later he had become quite the rugged little fellow and, looking at him now, I imagined he could be a tough customer if he wanted to be.

I was about to speak when a flickering shadow caught my attention. I went to the door and peeked into the hallway. Jim was backing away from Tommy's door. The downstairs lights had been turned off. I glowered at my husband and quietly mouthed, "Fuck off!"

Jim put his hands up and backed right into our bedroom. I continued nailing him with my cross eyes until he pushed the door shut. Quietly, I did the same with Tommy's door and returned to take my seat on his bed. I watched him play for several more minutes.

"Tommy," I spoke softly to get his attention.

"Yeah, Mom," he acknowledged my voice but didn't afford me any additional attention.

"What college are you are planning on going to?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"I was just wondering if you were thinking about staying here or going away."

"I'm not sure yet"

"Oh, ok."

I was quiet for another minute, swinging my right leg over my left knee, and gazing disinterestedly around his room. Tommy kept playing, ignoring me, and I knew he just wanted to get rid of me but only because he knew I wanted to talk about something. My eyes landed on an old picture of him with his best pal.

"What ever happened to Ricky?" I asked, as nonchalantly as I could.

"Rick," Tommy said.

"Yeah, Ricky."

"Rick," Tommy repeated.

"What?"

"Rick. He likes to be called Rick now."

"Oh. Well, what ever happened to Rick?"

"He's still going to school."

"I haven't seen him for a long time. You used to be such pals."

I waited for Tommy to respond but he didn't say anything. He kept playing but I noticed his hands were more tense on the keyboard and mouse, mirroring the look on his face.

I pressed, "Is he still with that really cute girl, Shannon? She was such a nice girl?"

Tommy's jaw bulged and I knew he was grinding his teeth but didn't say anything.

"Tommy?" I said, in response to his deafening silence.

"No."

"Oh," I said, uncrossing my legs and leaning forward, pushing my dress between my knees. "What about that other girl, the dark-haired one? She was quite pretty too. What was her name? Weren't you and Ricky, I mean Rick, double dating?"

There was a long silence during which Tommy's jaw bulged even more and the muscles in his arms stood out in stark relief against his sleevless t-shirt. He didn't want to talk, that much was quite evident. I was about to get up, had even put my hands on my knees to help push myself up, when he surprised me with an answer.

"Linda, and yes, we were double dating."

"Oh," I lifted my hands, then let them settle gently onto my knees again. "What's she up to now?"

Tommy pulled his hands back away from the computer. Looking down into his lap, he said, "I don't know."

There was another awkward silence. I waited it out, not making any move that would look like I was leaving. Finally, realizing that I wasn't going to go, Tommy spoke.

"Look, Mom. I think I know what this is about. I don't want to apply for a football scholarship, or anything else, because I just don't want to."

"I wasn't... I didn't...," I stopped, realizing I was being facetious.

"And you can tell Dad that I'm not gay!"

Tommy was staring straight at the floor, avoiding my presence. I felt terrible. He was so upset. Obviously, it bothered him that his father thought less of him but his own mother, coming here on such an errand. Well, that was just too much.

I felt awful. I could see he was trying not to cry and tears welled up inside me. I started to get up but Tommy turned toward me and I felt pinned to the bed.

"You really want to know?" he cried. "You want to know why I quit sports?" he repeated more quietly, getting up. "You want to know why?" he demanded, walking toward me. He stepped so close, his feet were on either side of my knees. Towering over me, he hissed, "I'll tell you why".

With that, he swept his robe open and thrust his pelvis toward me. He wasn't wearing pajamas, I noted, something I should have known. I hadn't washed any pajamas for him for years. All he was wearing was a pair of black boxers, the thin stretchy kind that look like cycling shorts. I turned my head away, aware that I was looking at the front of my son's underwear, something that wouldn't have bothered me years ago but which now felt wrong and embarrassing.

Tommy yelled, "This is why, Mom!"

He grabbed my head and turned it back to face him. I was too flustered to see whatever he was trying to show me.

"Be quiet. You'll wake your father," I said, inanely, blushing and feeling confused.

"I don't care," he hissed. "Look! There's your answer, right in front of you." Tommy whimpered, and my chest tightened in sympathetic pain. "I'm not gay. I'm not anything!"

He sobbed then and I looked up just as my son's chin dropped onto his chest. Tears trickled from his tightly shut eyes. His grip loosened and I turned away, raising my arms to encircle his legs and pulled him to me in a comforting embrace. Tommy leaned toward me, accepting my solace, his hands dropping to the back of my shoulders. He cried softly and I hugged him tighter. That's when I felt what I suppose he meant me to see, what I hadn't noticed. It pressed into my ear.

It was just a bump, not much more than that. At first, I thought it was a large boil or a cyst and wondered if he had a medical problem. Why hadn't he told me? Was it painful?

I tried to pull away so I could turn my head and look to see what ailed my son but Tommy pressed my head tighter to his groin, pushing the cyst even tighter against my ear. It pushed over sideways and Tommy pulled my head the other way, forcing straight again. That wasn't a cyst. It was much more than a bump if it could be bent. I struggled to pull away again, desperate to see what was afflicting my boy but he held me that much

tighter, swaying to and fro, forcing my head to move with him but immobile relative to his groin.

Tommy's crying had given way to a ragtag series of gasps interspersed by harsh, raspy breathing. He was swaying faster now and rubbing the side of my head against his affliction.

"Oh my God, Tommy," I cried. "Let me see it. Let me see what's hurting you."

"No, no, no, no," he wailed, furiously rubbing himself against my ear, almost painfully.

"Please, son. Let me help you. Let Mommy help you," I wailed too.

Tommy was bucking his hips into my ear frantically now. He sounded like he was going to have a heart attack. I quit struggling, feeling that I was only making things worse. I had just gone limp in his hands when he expelled his breath in a long, loud groan.

"Ohhhhhahhhhhhhhhunnngghhh."

A very warm wetness pulsed against my ear, then again, and again. Tommy's hands fell away, pushing me to the side, and he flopped onto the bed beside me, crying in anguish as I bounced up and down in response to his weight crashing onto the mattress. A muffled whimpering started and I knew he was crying with his face buried in the blankets.

I was shocked! I put my hand up to my ear but pulled it away before I touched it, my mind struggling to understand what had happened. He had... he... Tommy had... rubbed himself, on my head... rubbed himself to... he'd come in my ear!

I turned to look at him but stopped myself. I stood slowly but almost fell, feeling dizzy, very dizzy. How... I stumbled away, crying, catching myself, straightening, then staggering stiffly to the door. I don't remember opening it. I was in the hall, in the dark, feeling my way to my bedroom, finding the door and opening it.

Thankfully, the room was dark. Jim must have turned off the light in the hallways and the bedroom in a snit over the rebuke he received from me earlier. Thank God. I stumbled to the bed and crawled in, turning my back to my husband. I felt him getting up on his elbow, leaning over me.

"Well, what did he say?"

"Never mind." I meant to speak evenly but tears welled up inside me and I choked back a sob.

"What's wrong," Jim asked.

"Nothing. I don't want to talk about it."

"I knew it," he cried. "I knew it."

I didn't have the energy to argue with him. I felt empty inside. What had just happened? Tommy had masturbated, no rubbed himself, against my head. I put my hand up to my ear. It was wet and my face on that side was damp and sticky. My God. He had come in his shorts, against my ear and on my face! Jesus, oh Jesus. What was I going to do? I pulled the covers over my head and hid under them. I never wanted to get up again.

As I lay in bed alone the following morning, I thought about what had happened. Since it still seemed surreal it was difficult to sort out my thoughts but I came to several conclusions and consequent resolutions. First, Tommy was mortified by the size or shape of his penis. I hadn't seen it but surmised it was more likely the former than the latter. I needed to find out if we were dealing with a size or a deformity issue. Second, Tommy was definitely not gay: Gay men do not get excited to orgasmic release by rubbing themselves on a woman's face. Jim obviously thought my reaction to his queries confirmed that our son was gay. Until I could figure out what was going on, it would be easier to do let Jim continue with his erroneous belief because, short of Tommy banging every girl around, it would be too hard to dissuade him. Third, I needed to contact the original doctor to ask about the long term effects of Tommy's operation shortly after he was born. My memory of it had faded but I thought the doctor had said everything would turn out ok.

I rushed downstairs to prepare an early breakfast for Tommy. I wanted to catch him before he left so I could at least reassure him that things were ok between us. I didn't want that sordid memory festering in his mind all day. What was done was done. It was simply an accident, and no big deal but I did want to talk to him about it tonight.

It turned out that Tommy had got up and left early without eating breakfast. Jim, who was up, didn't even speak to him. I tossed my second

resolution out the window, engaging in an argument with Jim that Tommy wasn't gay. Jim didn't put up much of a fight but I could see his mind was made up. It ended with me yelling at him as he left the house that it didn't matter if he was gay or not anyway, he was still our son. Not my brightest moment.

My third resolution was resolved more successfully. I rushed to picked up the phone. I had been waiting for three hours for Doctor Killen's return call.

"Yes, it is. Thank you so much for returning my call."

"Yes, we moved from there five years ago and have been here since then. ... Yes, he's very healthy. You can't believe how big he's grown. ... Well, six something, he grows so fast it's hard to keep track, and over two hundred pounds. ... No, I'm not kidding."

"Yes, that's right. That's why I called. I wanted to ask you about the operation. ... That's right. I thought everything was supposed to turn out fine, or, how was it you said it, 'He should catch up at puberty under the pressures of the normal body changes' or something like that." I was amazed how that sentence popped out of my memory and I was positive it was substantially correct.

"Well, I don't know for sure." I laughed into the phone. "No, I haven't see him naked since he was five or six."

Another laugh. I lied, "It's just the way he's been behaving. ... Well, he was very good at sports but has been avoiding them for the last few years. ...

Yes, that's what I suspected. It must be terrible for him to be in a locker room with the other boys going through all those changes. ... No, he didn't say anything but I imagine he was teased quite badly if what you say is true."

"So what went wrong? I thought you said it would 'drop' — is that the right word? — of its own accord. ... Ok, so it should have been pushed out as the body went through its changes. So the question still is, what went wrong?"

I tapped my foot and twisted back and forth as I listened to Dr. Killen's explanation.

"Does he masturbate? Well, I don't know, I guess so. ... No, I never caught him. ... Well, a couple of times there was evidence on his sheets, but not often."

Dr. Killen spoke for a long stretch.

"Oh, I see. So, he probably didn't feel the typical urges as strongly? ... Ok, then. So, there's still hope?"

"More than that," I echoed his voice. "A very good chance ... just a little encouragement ... I see. So, then why, um, wouldn't have ordinary masturbation worked?"

I laughed out loud. "No, Doctor Killen. I didn't think just yanking on it would do the trick." I laughed again. "Speaking of tricks, what do you

suggest? Should I hire a hooker to dance around in front of him to provide this 'encouragement' you're speaking of?"

"Well, ok. I'll give it some thought, not." I laughed again. "Thank you so much, Dr. Killen, you've been so helpful. ... Yes, I'll tell him. We'll talk about it tonight, don't worry. ... Yes, I'll get back to you and let you know how it goes. ... Yes. ... Thank you. Goodbye."

So, I needed to talk to Tommy to assure him everything would be ok, in time, but first I had to make sure that size was the problem. That night for supper, I would crush a couple of sleeping pills and spread the powder over his dinner in case he didn't hang around after supper for our traditional hot chocolate before going to bed. I wanted Tommy to sleep deeply tonight.

Tommy tried to avoid supper and Jim didn't make him come downstairs which was quite out of the ordinary for him. I was furious with him but more concerned about Tommy.

"Jim, if you want this problem to be fixed, you treat your son the way you always do. I talked to the doctor today and this is a problem we can sort out. It will take a little time but he said Tommy will get back to his normal self."

"He said that?"

"Yes. He told me what to do and said it may take a week or two or it could also be months, he didn't know for sure because every case is different."

"But he ... you ... can fix it, right?"

"Yes, I can fix it."

"Great. Ok, where's that kid." Jim walked to the bottom of the stairs and yelled, "Tommy! Get down here for your dinner."

"I could have done that myself," I said.

At the dinner table, Tommy seemed nervous at first but his father was unexpectedly friendly, almost too friendly. Obviously, I hadn't said anything to him about what happened and moreover, I clearly wasn't as upset as he thought I might be. Gradually, he relaxed and we had a nice dinner together, one of the most pleasant for a long time.

I crept down the hallway toward Tommy's door late that night, a small flashlight in my right hand. At the door, I turned to look back at the open doorway of my own bedroom to make sure it was still dark. So far, so good. I listened with my ear against the Tommy's door. Turning off the light, I carefully twisted the knob and pushed gently, opening the door a couple of inches. My ears strained to capture the sound of Tommy's breathing. Great. He was asleep. Quietly, I opened the door and stealthily approached his bed, crouched over, one cautious step at a time.

I hovered over my son, making sure his breathing was deep and regular. He was definitely sleeping heavily. Carefully, I pulled the covers down and folded them over his legs, leaving his upper body naked. Shielding the flashlight from Tommy's eyes with my hand, I turned it on and directed the light down there, at his private parts.

Damn! He slept in his shorts. I shone the light right where his dick should be but could only discern a lump under the black shorts. It seemed large enough. Maybe this was all for naught. No, I reminded myself, he may be big enough but not well-formed. He's super upset about something down there. Shit. I would have to actually look.

Steeling myself, I put the flashlight down on the bed, carefully inserted my fingers behind the waistband of Tommy's shorts, and tugged. Two minutes later of timid tugging, I had my son's shorts almost down to his thighs. Only the part over the lump remained. Strangely, I was elated with the difficulty in getting the shorts over the lump, which now seemed larger than it had originally looked. Size wasn't going to be a problem. Whew! I wasn't facing an insurmountable issue. The shorts suddenly gave way. I picked up the light and, after checking to make sure Tommy was still sleeping, illuminated the problem.

Balls. The lump was all balls. That's all I could see. Holding the light with one hand, I used an extended index finger to push Tommy's balls this way and that looking for the cyst. I leaned closer, my face almost touching him. There. On top of his balls was a lump that looked to be the normal size for the head of a cock, maybe even a bit larger, but there didn't appear to be a shaft underneath it. Could this be the cyst?

I touched the cyst with my finger. Tommy murmured in his sleep and I froze. He resumed sleeping and I chuckled to relieve my tension. How would I explain this if he woke up? His mother, sneaking into his room at night with a flashlight to fondle his cock? I laughed out loud. I couldn't help it. That did it. I collapsed into a fit of giggles, stepping back, crouching over to hold my stomach with one hand, the other over my mouth, and settled on the floor, silently wrenching my guts out.

Eventually, I got myself under control and hovered over my son again. Gingerly, I pushed the cyst about and was shocked to see the shaft of a penis beneath it, connecting it to his body. Oh my God. The cyst was the tip of his penis, averaged sized or better, but it was supportee by this tiny little shaft no more than an inch long. Oh, my poor boy. How he must have suffered in those locker rooms. No wonder he quit sports. Can you imagine, every day, going to school, knowing the other kids were laughing behind his back. It made me so mad.

In my anger and anguish, I forgot that I was pushing Tommy's little cock around, almost like I was stirring a pot. Under my attention, the little guy stiffened up proudly, like a cartoon boner. Well, he functioned correctly, it was just a matter of degree.

I pinched the head between my thumb and index finger and slipped down to the thin little stick underneath. I tried to jack the poor little thing but there wasn't really enough room to slide up and down, so I just rolled it back and forth, as if I were pinching my own nipples.

What the hell are you doing, Leslie? I asked myself.

I'm being his mother, I responded defiantly. Somehow, there must be a way to make this right. The doctor said most of his penis shaft had been abnormally tucked up into his body at birth but it should have fallen sometime during puberty, rendering it to a normal length. Obviously, that hadn't happened. The doctor had said repetitive, extreme excitement, as typically experienced during puberty, should have done the trick and may still do but ordinary masturbation wouldn't work. It had to be

pushed out, naturally, under extreme titillation. So, I'll excite it a bit. No one will ever know so what can it hurt? And it might help.

Tommy's breathing had changed. He was murmuring, probably having one hell of a dream, I thought, smiling wickedly. Surprisingly, I was enjoying this. I let my fingers slip gently up and over Tommy's normally sized head — no, it really was larger, bigger than Jim's anyway. He seemed to really like that, judging by his dreaming sounds. It didn't take long for him to become quite excited and I knew he was about to come.

Shit. I hadn't meant to go this far. Well, the doctor said extreme excitement. That meant coming, at least for a male. I cupped my palm over the tip and continued rubbing the tip with my fingertips. No sooner had I covered it than a blast of warm, sticky goo landed on my nose. Another and another. Fuck. In the dark, I had missed his shooting hole and the big balls behind his tiny cock blasted several ropes of goo all over my face.

Now, look at the mess you've made, I chuckled, then burst out laughing.

I fell back onto the floor, one hand over my sticky mouth, trying to suppress further giggles. Mother of fucking Murphy. What it takes to be a mother.

I got up. Tommy was still sleeping and breathing normally. I retrieved the light and went into the hall to get a towel out of the bathroom. Returning with a warm and wet facecloth, I cleaned my son up as best I could and pulled his shorts up. As I crept back into my bed, I severely admonished myself, That was a silly, silly thing to do, you stupid woman.

I would have to sit down to have a long talk with Tommy and broach the topic of his problem. I had to let my son know what the doctor had said, at least that it was expected to be a problem until he was eighteen or so. There was no reason to mention the original prognosis that it should have been resolved during puberty. Tommy wouldn't know that and it would just upset him. I would just act as if his behavior the other night had reminded me about it and we needed to talk, that everything would be ok.

The next morning, I put on a nice dress and threw a cardigan sweater over it which I buttoned up before going down to make breakfast. I was glad to see that Tommy hadn't felt the need to escape the house like he'd done the other day. He was actually chatting amiably with his father who had already finished a bowl of cereal and was drinking his morning coffee. Tommy continued eating his own cereal while I prepared myself some toast.

Normally, I would do other things while waiting for my toast to pop up but this morning I got my coffee first and then pushed the toast down and waited for it with my back to the table. Tommy said something but I ignored him as if I couldn't hear him over my humming. I could feel eyes on my legs and knew it wasn't my husband since he had turned his attention back to the newspaper when I first entered the kitchen. I bent my legs slightly to put more weight one calf to emphasize its lines and to stress the back of my dress on the one side, or rather, buttock. Tommy didn't repeat himself, so I imagine he was content to eat his cereal and admire his mother — I could see him looking at me in the reflection on the side of the toaster.

I sat on the chair between them, swinging my legs in from Tommy's side, but apparently wasn't comfortable and made a big deal of lifting myself up to rearrange the chair, somehow managing to pull my dress up high on my thighs before I could get settled in. Before starting on my toast, I laid my hand lightly on top of Tommy's and asked him to tell me what he was up to that day.

Tommy made a valiant effort to fill me in with details of what he was doing at school while I concentrated on putting jam on my toast and chewing it carefully. I detected several glances at my thighs which were still quite exposed because the dress had remained high on my legs as I sat down. Jim finished his coffee and got up to go, leaning down to give me a peck before he bid his son a hearty farewell which was quite uncharacteristic for him.

I waited until I heard Jim start his car and pull out of the driveway before I complained about how warm it was and removed my sweater. What a clichéd, awkward performance. After unbuttoning the sweater, I struggled to get my arms out of the sleeves, twisting this way and that with first one breast and then the other pushing hard against my dress. I kept my eyes on the task at hand to let Tommy to watch me struggle which should have been rewarding given the plunging neckline no longer covered by the sweater. When I finally finished and raised my eyes, I caught him staring at my cleavage, causing him to blush profusely. Quickly thereafter, he picked up his dishes and mumbled that he had to get going too.

As Tommy passed behind me on his way out, I insisted on a kiss goodbye which was not typical of me either. Nevertheless, Tommy leaned over my shoulder to give me a kiss when I bent backward with my arms stretched out to guide him into place directly behind me. This put him in a perfect

position to stare down the front of my dress, within the safety of my closed eyes, at the contents which were nicely displayed without the encumbrance of a bra.

There was a significant pause before the first light kiss on my forehead so I knew he was taking advantage of the view. The kiss on the cheek followed quickly but lingered, letting me know he wanted to prolong his observation, and the crowning achievement was the soft touch of his lips to mine before he half ran out the door.

I poured myself a new cup of coffee after Tommy had left. I was quite pleased with myself and smiled spontaneously several times for no apparent reason before the cup was empty. I wanted to build Tommy's confidence and also give him something to imagine at night when he was alone, something that would make his masturbation experiences more extreme. That bodily process should have occurred during Tommy's puberty when boys experienced intense sexual urges among other things. As his mother, I meant to see that it happened, and the sooner the better. I couldn't rely on him seeing other women in alluring poses so I resolved to do it myself and hope it triggered the necessary changes. After all, despite being his mother I was still a woman.

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For the rest of that week, I dressed in sexier clothes whenever Tommy was around. Sometimes I had to wear a sweater to hide my revealing attire from Jim but always removed it as soon as he was gone. On a couple of days, I actually went upstairs and changed my clothes after Jim had left. I realized this must have been obvious to Tommy but then that should have helped stimulate his dreams. I knew how powerful the Oedipal urge could be and meant to use it attain my goal. Whatever happened in the

mind wasn't wrong or illegal so dirty thoughts were a useful tool. I hoped to make my son perpetually horny, the way he should have been at puberty.

At night, and sometimes during the day when Tommy went to his room, I crept down the hall and listened intently at his door. However, I never heard the telltale sounds of masturbation, nor did I see any signs on his sheets or in his laundry. My plan wasn't working. I needed to come up with a different plan. Dressing even more provocatively wouldn't work. It would probably just make Tommy uncomfortable and make him wonder about my sanity. So much for the vaunted Oedipal Complex.

I racked my brain. Maybe I did need to hire a hooker. No, that was too weird. What would work then? Why hadn't he reacted to my display? Was he weirded out by it? No, he was definitely looking, I knew that for sure. What then? I knew he was excited that night I touched him. I mean, he blew his wad in no time like one would expect from a teenager. I tilted my head forward and rubbed my knuckles on my forehead. What? There was something, almost there, but I just couldn't quite grasp it.

That's it! I've got it. I crooked my arm and made a fist. Yes! Physical excitement connected to me. Ok, so seeing me in alluring clothes during the day didn't have a sufficiently strong impact by the time Tommy masturbated in the afternoon, if he did, or after he went to bed. So, I needed to bring my Oedipal presence into closer proximity with the act. That might do it. But how?

Just like the other night, I thought. I've done it once and I can do it again. I'll sneak in and do what I did before but this time I'll speak to him. The sound of my voice, talking like the woman he'd want rather than his

mother, coupled with physical stimulation, just might do the trick in the no-holds-barred world of dreams.

Ok. So, I'll need to prime his mind just before bedtime with an alluring display, and I'll have to make sure he doesn't wake up — that would be disastrous — so more sleeping powder, for him and his father — it won't do to have Jim causing a disturbance either.

Things were good. I had a plan.

After dinner, I went upstairs to change early, coming down half almost an hour later covered in my full-length robe. I took a long bath and applied moisturizing creams and perfumes in appropriate places. I wanted to be appealing when I had my talk with Tommy that night to provide him with suitable imagery for his dreams. Unfortunately, I took too long and by the time I arrived downstairs, Tommy had gone to his room.

Darn! I had forgotten to put sleeping powder into Tommy's meal so I made some hot chocolate, put three mugs on a tray, and took one into the living room for Jim.

"I'm going upstairs to talk to Tommy," I said, straightening up and turning away with the tray.

"You smell good," Jim remarked, reacting to my perfumed presence.

"Don't get ideas," I responded. "It isn't Saturday night."

"Are you going to be long?"

"You probably shouldn't wait up for me. I'm going to talk to Tommy about the scholarships. If we get into a deep discussion, I don't want to be disturbed."

"Oh. Ok," Jim seemed happy with that and looked back at the TV.

"This may take a while, Jim."

"Uh huh," he nodded, paying his usual attention to what I said.

"Maybe a few weeks or more."

That made him look up.

"But he'll still be in time to apply for the scholarships, right?"

I smiled to reassure him. "Yes, I think so."

"Ok then," he replied, already back to the TV.

I walked slowly down the hallway, being careful not to spill the hot chocolate and repeating to myself that the one on the right was for Tommy. I had put some stuff in Jim's as well as Tommy's.

I was pleased to see that Tommy's door was open a few inches. Perhaps I was wrong about the failure of the Oedipal Complex and I'd actually been doing my job too well. Maybe Tommy had gone upstairs hoping I would come up to see him without his father around, or maybe he thought there would be a repeat of what had happened the other night. If so, I would have to find a way to deter his advance without diminishing his confidence.

"Hi. It's me," I called cheerfully, pushing the door open.

Tommy was playing a video game like the other night but this time he stopped and turned around to greet me. I made my way to the bed and sat down after putting the tray on the bedside table.

My plan had been to stay in Tommy's room to drink my hot chocolate while he drank his. On the one hand, I wanted to make sure he drank it, and on the other, I wanted to take the opportunity while he played his game to strike various alluring poses while letting my robe become slightly displaced to better display my charms, thus providing him with what I hoped would be suitable imagery for the second stage of the plan.

However, Tommy didn't stay at his computer. As soon as I sat down, Tommy got up and, after sliding his chair over near me, picked up his mug.

"Thanks, Mom," he said, sitting down.

I picked up my own mug and we sipped our hot chocolate in awkward silence with Tommy openly eyeing my body. He seemed strangely pleased and a nervous tingle zipped through my chest, exacerbated by his constant glances at my robe where it had fallen off my knees, exposing my legs to mid-thigh like my dress had done every morning this week. I now thought my displays had been a mistake. I pulled my robe together but it fell apart again as soon as I let it go and I left it like that because I didn't want to make it an issue.

What to do? I couldn't get just get up and leave. That might ruin everything I'd worked for so far. Tommy was obviously interested in me. On second thought, maybe my displays weren't a mistake but rather a roaring success. He wasn't likely to do anything improper with the door open. Given his father was still up, I was relatively safe. What I needed to do was top up my week of displays and leave at the height of their effect.

So I engaged Tommy in a meaningless recounting of my day, a one-sided conversation that placed little onus on him to say anything but gave him an excuse to continue looking at me, especially since I avoided eye contact. I took frequent sips of my hot chocolate, leaning over in exaggerated fashion to retrieve my mug and put it back, each time, slowly working the belt of my robe loose. By the time I laid back on his bed, feigning weariness, the belt was so loose that it barely held together at my waist, falling off to the side of each thigh and gapping significantly down my front. I closed my eyes but kept talking, knowing full well Tommy was helping himself to lurid views of my exposed thighs and glimpses through the robe to my breasts underneath, covered only by the thin nightgown. The deep neckline, I knew, would provide a tantalizing view of the sides of my bare breasts and, for no apparent reason, I took deep breaths.

I lifted my heavily lidded eyes sufficiently to provide a bleary view of my son sitting on the edge of his chair. He was so intent on looking at my thighs and peeking under my robe that he didn't notice me watching; at least, he didn't look at my face. Tommy's own robe had fallen open. He was only wearing a pair of those black boxers but, things being the way they were, I couldn't tell if he was hard even though I could see past the hand dangling over his thigh. While I watched, he tapped his fingertip on his shorts and I knew then that was right where his little thingy was. He breathed excitedly but tried to keep it under control. He was staring at my upper thighs so intently that I realized the robe had parted enough for my panties to show. It was time to leave.

I cleared my throat and actually stated I should get up before opening my eyes to give him a chance to lean back and cover up. I swung up to a sitting position, stood up, and bent down to give him a kiss. I hadn't meant for my robe to fall completely open but when I realized it had, I let the kiss linger and then gave him another one, allowing him to stare at my freely hanging breasts just inches in front of his face. There, that should do it. I left, wishing him sweet dreams, a delicate touch I smiled at all the way downstairs.

Tommy was dead to the wind when I crept into his room hours later, just like his father. I didn't waste much time being cautious. I simply pulled back the covers. In the light from the hallway, I caressed his upper legs and stomach for several minutes, whispering his name and making admiring comments about his physique.

"You're so strong, Tommy," I whispered in the sexiest voice I could muster. I knew it would sound odd, hearing those words in my voice, but I was counting on it having a devastating effect in his dream.

"Such powerful arms and legs, a real man," I purred, brushing my fingers over the front of his boxers, teasing the large lump there until I found the little bump that demarcated the location of his tiny cock.

"Please, let me touch it." I pressed my palm down and twisted it over the knob. "Will you let me touch it?" I asked.

I kept this up until I heard Tommy breathing harder.

"Let me take it out," I begged, starting to tug on the waistband of his boxers.

"Oh," I cried in an awed, feminine whisper. "It's so beautiful."

I circled my fingers around its head and rubbed the tip with the index finger of my other hand. "What a gorgeous cock," I cooed, emphasizing the final word.

Tommy's hips moved slightly, pushing his little nubbin up against my teasing fingers. I encouraged this humping, letting my fingers slide down to tickle and squeeze his big balls, mentally lashing myself for recognizing how pleasing it was to fondle such a nice set. My fingers alternated between teasingly tickling and gently squeezing his little cock. I knew he was close because he was lifting his ass right off the bed now trying to hump my hands. I delivered several hot breaths onto the tip of his cock.

"Do me," I whispered. "Do Mommy."

That was it. Tommy let loose just as I leaned down to deliver another set of hot puffs. I had come prepared this time with a facecloth in a bowl of warm water to use for catching his spunky effluent but he caught me by surprise again and I had to use the cloth to clean up myself before applying it my son's genitals. I was again amazed by how much sperm he produced and, I have to admit, I spent more time than was probably absolutely necessary cleaning his balls. I even rationalized my behavior out loud.

"Let's make sure you're extra clean," I whispered as I fondled, er, cleaned his nuts.

Every night for the rest of that week was a repeat of that evening. I brought hot chocolate up to Tommy's room, drinking it and talking while he watched me, lying back on the bed when I was done and continuing my monologue with eyes clothes and loose robe in disarray. By the end of the week, I was leaving the belt undone even at the start and lying on Tommy's bed with the robe wide open, exposing my body clad by increasingly more revealing nightgowns.

I have to hand it to my son. Even in the face of such a display, he never once tried to touch me, not even when I lingered in front of him, extracting multiple kisses goodnight with my breasts dangling in front of his face. I knew that must have been a huge temptation because toward the end of the week, my nightgowns were very revealing: one was open to the waist except for a single clasp securing it halfway to my neck.

I had given up chastising myself for becoming excited, my nipples advertising the effect these sessions were starting to have on me. They were supposed to get my son excited but then every action has an equal reaction, doesn't it? I excused myself by saying it was just how the world

worked, then rationalized how it was all for the better because seeing my excited breasts would let Tommy know that women liked being around him.

And he did see. I made sure of that. On the last night of the week, while closing my robe, I found that the clasp had come open and my nightgown was parted to my waist. I bent over in the hallway and confirmed what I had feared: my breasts tumbled out, naked, for the world to see, or, to be more accurate, for Tommy to see. I giggled, imagining his surprise and joy that I had extracted at least a dozen kisses that night.

That night, I fondled Tommy's balls for a very long time before teasing his little cock into eruption. I goaded him into lifting his hips almost a foot off the bed, straining to reach my devilish fingers, egging him on with soft puffs of hot air from my whispering mouth. I was shocked when his hands flew up to capture my head, pulling my face down onto his lump, my mouth temporarily opening to encompass his tiny cock.

I frantically extracted myself, panicked, until I realized he was still sleeping. Then, exultation filled me as I understood just how excited I had made him. I examined him in the dark, searching for signs of growth but couldn't find any. Disappointed, I continued my caresses until he was once more straining up to reach me. This time, without the aid of his sleeping hands, I lowered my face and took him into my mouth.

Tommy groaned loudly but I wasn't worried. I knew he was asleep, and so was his father, but I made a mental note to close Tommy's door in future. I sucked, and sucked and sucked. Oh, yes, there was no doubt about it, my boy loved this much more than my fingers. I cupped and squeezed his balls and swirled my tongue all around his little cock.

I was surprised how long it took him to come. It was almost as if he was trying not to so he could prolong the sensations my mouth delivered. When he finally came, I gagged trying to swallow it all, gulping several times in quick succession.

The next night was Saturday and I intended to give it a break to give my husband his weekly reward. However, after making an issue of what was coming, Jim fell into a deep sleep. I had forgotten not to put the sleeping powder in his hot chocolate. I twisted and turned in bed but couldn't get to sleep. Shortly after midnight, much earlier than usual, I made the trip to Tommy's room.

I didn't wait. I pulled back the covers, yanked his shorts down, and started sucking. I loved sucking his little cock. Small it was, but pretty too. I licked and licked, spitting on it to keep it well lubricated, and sucked it inside like my favorite lollipop. I twisted my head down to lick and munch on his balls before returning to savor his cock. After swallowing that night's come, I lingered, whispering sweet nothings to my blissfully unaware son.

I wished he could know how much I loved him. How would he look if he could see my head lovingly twisting this way and that, rotating around the head of his little cock. Maybe he wouldn't be so unhappy if he could see how pleased it made me. I started sucking him again. Even after another mouthful of his come, I was reluctant to leave.

The next week, I sucked Tommy at least two times every night and sometimes three or four. I got in the habit of taking my robe off and lying on his bed, eyes closed, in just my nightgown. It was obvious that I wore

nothing underneath, especially that I wasn't wearing a bra because my stiff nipples poked noticeably through the thin cotton even from my vantage point. And down below, well, I could feel my mound pulsing and had to, several times, turn sideways for a moment to squeeze my legs together.

Halfway through the week, I made a startling discovery. Tommy's cock reached deeper into my mouth. I had thought it had been more filling the night before but tossed it off as wishful thinking. But there was no mistaking it now. I examined him closely, holding the head up and peering from the side. I put my fingers against the shaft. Definitely longer, by half an inch.

Yay! It was working. I hadn't really believed it but there it was.

I sucked him really well that night, and the next, and the next. Jim didn't get any that Saturday either.

Unbelievably, Tommy's cock grew two inches the next two weeks. His mood was incredibly up the whole week too, no pun intended. He was boisterous and happy and he and his father got along famously.

At dinner one night, he blurted out, "I'm going to try for a scholarship" then filled his mouth with potato and beamed at us.

Jim took over the conversation, peppering Tommy with questions and then living future scenarios. He was ecstatic.

At first I was similarly elated but then was strangely sad. Yes, my efforts had worked, and wonderfully so. But what now? There was no reason to continue with my nightly displays and illicit sexual visits. It was done and I couldn't continue, at least, not for my son's sake. Tommy's penis had now grown to maybe four and a half inches, actually closer to five. He was still on the small side but almost as big as his father. My task was done.

I didn't visit Tommy's room that night, and the next night I didn't make hot chocolate, though I felt a desperate desire to. It was almost like kicking a drug habit. Tommy had gone upstairs after dinner, as usual, and I found myself wandering that way several times. The last time, I steered myself into my own room and got ready for bed even though it was far too early.

Returning downstairs, I found myself in the kitchen, making hot chocolate. Automatically, I crushed two sleeping pills and almost put the powder into a mug before I caught myself. I geve myself a little slap on the wrist and put some powder into one and threw the rest away. I'll use it myself, I thought, so I could sleep. However, I gave the mug to Jim instead. He seemed to be missing his last few Saturdays and I didn't feel like making up for them, not tonight.

I found myself going to Tommy's room, tray in hand, as usual. And why not? It was a ritual now and Tommy would wonder why I didn't come if I stayed away. And then what would he think, that I had been flaunting my body in front of him just to get him to apply for a scholarship? What else would he think if I stopped coming the very next night after he announced his intention? Of course, he couldn't know that I had stopped visiting him late at night — how would he know? — but the hot chocolate and conversation, that was a different story. I convinced myself I had to

keep visiting his room and displaying my wares, if only to gradually become more and more respectable until he no longer looked forward to my coming.

And so I went to Tommy's room. I found, however, that I was no less provocative. If anything, I was even more wanton, stretching languidly before his eyes, twisting my body to emphasize the thrust of my breasts, lifting my knees up so my nightgown could slide down to my hips, baring my thighs and exposing my panties. I was a true Jezebel.

When I left, holding my robe over my arm, nipples stabbing through my nightgown in unashamed bliss, I didn't recriminate myself and felt no remorse. So, what if Tommy's applying for a scholarship? Does he not enjoy his time with his mother? Who was to say that a mother and her son couldn't spend an hour or so together, alone, feeling good about themselves? Who would ever know, and who else looked at me with such awe and made me feel this way? Nobody, that's who. I was defiant.

And so, I wasn't surprised later that night when my footsteps pulled me into Tommy's room, right to his bed, and my hands peeled back the covers. One last time, I thought, to say goodbye properly.

Subconsciously, Tommy must have had the same sentiment for he lay before me, naked, and already hard. See, his body has grown dependent on me. I can't cut him off cold turkey, just like that. I need to let him down slowly, perhaps over the next few days. That's right, I'll wean him off over the next week or so.

I lowered my head and sucked him into my mouth. Mmmmm, he was bigger than even two nights ago, the same size as his father, or at least as

far as I remembered since it had been so long since I'd gone down on Jim. I didn't normally like sucking cock, but this was different. I relished sucking my son and, now that my mouth was on him, I didn't know if I really could go without the feel of its head rubbing against the roof of my mouth, bulging my cheeks out, and forcing me to produce more saliva. I drew my head back and gobbed on his prick.

"There you go," I whispered, managing to make even that short phrase sound sexy.

Tommy's hands found the back of my head and pulled my head onto his gooey cock. He moaned as my head slipped down his shaft, obviously a whole new sensation for him this past two week, one he obviously didn't want to give up. His hips pushed up, thrusting his cock into the back of my mouth, an action that only weeks ago had been an unthinkable achievement for him. A crowning achievement, his and mine. I pulled my head up, keeping my lips clamped firmly on his nascent shaft, relishing its almost thick firmness, allowing my withdrawing mouth to make loud sucking sounds. Drawing off with a wet pop, I drooled onto the tip.

"I love your cock, Tommy," I whispered, and I meant every word of it.

His hands were already pressing down on the back of my head. He wants it so badly, I thought, how can I deny him? I stopped resisting and let him push my head down, filling my mouth, bulging my cheeks out. I wiggled my face, drawing another moan and then another when I bit down on his root, shaking my head as I slowly withdrew up to his tip, and off, drooling all over its tingling, purple head.

"Love it, love your cock," I gasped, my tongue already licking the underside, scooping up saliva and redepositing it on the top, folding my lips over the head for a quick swirl and squeeze, then off again, breathing hotly over it to keep it begging for my mouth.

"Oh, Mom," Tommy groaned, pushing up, startling me and getting the head back into my mouth.

Was he awake? I yanked my head away, tossing his hands aside and stared at my son. No. He seemed to be still asleep. Dreaming, he must be dreaming. Elation soared through me. He was dreaming of me, that's why he called my name. It wasn't some anonymous woman that had made him grow. It was me, his mother. I was the woman he wanted, I was the one he dreamed of.

I lowered my head, hovering over his cock, my fingers tickling his balls, and blew hot mother breath all over his big cockhead.

"Say please," I whispered, my tongue flicking out to tease the underside of his glans.

Tommy moaned.

"Say please, Mommy," I urged, directing his dream, drooling my hot saliva onto his cock.

"Please, Mommy."

I wasn't bothered when he spoke in his sleep. I lowered my head, squeezing my lips tight over his shaft and sucking as I forced his cock into my mouth but motherly urges stopped me from teasing him further. I started bobbing my head up and down in a steady, twisting to and fro, only pulling off only briefly to soak his cock with fresh saliva before dropping down to his root. I pulled everything I could out of him, sucking hard when the blasts of his semen began to diminish. I want all of it, my mind screamed, everything. I didn't stop sucking until Tommy was quiet, his moans finally sinking into the night.

I was back again the next night. And the next. I was hooked, hooked on my son's cock. I needed it, needed the feel of it in my mouth, needed to whisper my love to him, needed to feel his hot juice blasting down my throat.

I sucked him twice and then, I did the unimaginable. Instead of pulling up his covers I suddenly pulled up my nightgown, straddled his thighs, and laid myself down over his body, lining my bare pussy up over his soft cock, stretched up toward his tummy. I hovered over him for a moment, looking down at that incredibly exciting sight, my motherly pussy yearning above his sated cock. Talk about Oedipal.

You'd think I would have come to my senses. You'd think I would have torn myself away from him. But I didn't. I lowered myself until I felt his soft cock press against my mound, shifted slightly to make it fit into my soaking wet slit, and let my full weight fall upon him.

"Oh my son, my son," I whispered. "Let me hug you, just for a minute."

I rubbed my breasts against his chest, reaching in to pull the nightgown apart so I could get my bare, hard nipples on him, ripping it in the process. I squeezed my pussy over his cock which was quickly getting hard again. Oh, God. I rubbed it, humping him.

"I want to fuck you," I rasped. "God forgive me, I do, I really do."

I moaned and Tommy moaned too, automatically pushing up against me even in his sleep. I wondered if he was dreaming of fucking a woman, his woman, me.

"*Ohhhhhh*, my God," I cried aloud, humping his cock, rubbing myself furiously over its length.

I pushed my arms under him and wrapped them up around his shoulders, shoving my nipples all over his chest.

"Fuck me, fuck me," I moaned.

His hands were on my ass. I bucked harder. If only we could do this for real. Oh God. I was lost. I would never be able to stop. Never.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh God, unnnnnnghhhh Jesus, ohhhhhh ohhhh ohhh ohh oh."

I collapsed on Tommy, hardly able to breathe. Several minutes later, almost under control, I pushed myself up and looked down at my now quietly sleeping son.

"I love you more than you can know, in every way a woman can."

I kissed him on his lips and was surprised when they returned the kiss. Well, why wouldn't he automatically respond to that too? I kissed him again and again. Finally, a little guilt crept into my head and I got off, covered him up, and dragged myself off to my lonely bed.

The next day was full of self-recrimination for me and I eventually resolved to stay away from my son. What I had down was wrong. Not the first part, I reasoned, that was my duty, but since he had started to grow, it was wrong of me to continue. The process had clearly been triggered. The doctor was right. I was sure he would keep getting bigger until all of his hidden shaft had been expelled from his body. There was simply no legitimate reason for me to continue. My wants, my needs, were not part of the equation.

It wasn't until I was making hot chocolate the next night that I really decided to call it quits. I didn't put any sleeping powder in the drinks, for anyone. After taking a mug into Jim, I carried the tray upstairs, still wearing the rather conservative wool dress I had put on that morning, obviously subconsciously aware of the mental spanking I would later inflict upon myself if I got carried away.

I entered Tommy's room without knocking.

"Knock, knock," I announced cheerfully.

I meant to keep everything light and airy, but conservative and proper. I put the tray on the bedside table, handed him a mug, and perched on the edge of the bed with my own mug in my hand and my knees demurely closed with my legs together along their entire length. I squashed an urge to cross one leg over the other and tantalizingly dangle my foot in front of my son. Tommy started to get up, to pull his chair away from the computer to bring it forward to his usual observation post, but I waved him off.

"I can't stay," I said. "I just wanted to congratulate you on your decision to apply for scholarships. You've made your father and me very happy, and proud. We're sure you'll get one."

Tommy simply nodded but he regarded me closely, almost like he was analysing what I was saying and predicting what I was about to say. I felt we had become very close and that he already knew what was coming. My God, if he only knew how close we really were. I blushed at the thought and, glancing at his lap, became even redder. Tommy's eyes remained focused intently on my face and I knew he had registered my quick peek.

"I've really enjoyed our talks over the past few weeks." I paused before I choked on the next few words. "But I think you need time to yourself to apply for scholarships and, anyway, you don't want to be wasting your time talking to your mother," I ended awkwardly, not anything like I had planned. Tommy looked truly surprised.

"Mom, talking with you isn't a waste of time."

"Well. I know how I can prattle and really, we don't talk so much as you listen to me go on and on about nothing."

"I like listening to you, Mom."

"Oh, be serious now. A grown man like you has more important things to do than listen to me talk about my day."

"No, actually I don't have anything to do that is more important than that, and anyway, that isn't why you've been coming here to talk to me."

"It isn't?" I asked, surprised by what he'd said.

"No, it isn't. Look Mom, I know you've been trying to help me."

My mind was reeling. How could he know what I was doing? He couldn't. He couldn't possibly know.

"That's a silly notion," I responded, unable to keep the nervousness out of my voice.

"Is it?" Tommy asked. He got up and walked to the door, closing it firmly but quietly. He returned, but not to his chair. Instead he walked right toward me, causing a panicked twinge to tickle my spine and really take off when I noticed the bulge in his sweatpants. I averted my eyes.

"You've done a tremendous job, Mom," Tommy said.

"I have?" I asked automatically, not really meaning to ask or to prompt for more detail.

"Yes," Tommy confirmed, his voice unusually confident. "By the way," he said, "that dress looks really nice on you even if it is a bit conservative."

"Oh, thank you," I responded, looking down and smoothing my hands nervously over the skirt. "It is a little schoolmarmish," I admitted. Of course it is, on purpose, I thought. Keep focused, Leslie.

"It doesn't fit in with your usual visits though, does it Mom?"

I was struck by how forward he was, matter of fact and to the point. I couldn't help feeling proud of him. I looked up but my eyes stopped at his waist, staring right at the now not inadequate lump under his pants. I did that, I thought, feeling proud of myself. Christ, Leslie, get a grip on yourself. I tried to raise my eyes, but couldn't, and forgot to answer his question.

"You can see what a fine job you've done, can't you Mom?" Tommy changed back to the previous subject.

I nodded. "I guess I have," I agreed quietly.

"But the job isn't finished yet, is it Mom?"

"Not finished?" I said.

"No," Tommy stated. "We're not finished."

With that, Tommy suddenly pushed forward pressing himself against me, like he had done that first time. Only then, he'd been extremely upset and I was sure he didn't really mean to despite what he'd said at the time. This was different. Tommy knew what he was doing and definitely meant to do it. His hands closed around the back of my head, preventing me from pulling away.

Something else was different. The first time, all I could feel were balls except for that curiously hard little lump in the center. Now, I felt a fully formed hard cock pressing against my face, from my chin, across my lips and up beside my nose and eye. Had he grown even more overnight?

"Tommy, stop it," I mumbled, my voice muffled by his sweatpants. I tore my face away, managing to twist my head sideways. "Tommy, stop it," I cried.

But Tommy didn't stop. Like before, he held my head even tighter, shoving his hard cock against the side of my face, pushing it between my jaws as his thumb entered my mouth and pushed down on my teeth, making a corvette of my cheek.

"Please, Mom," he whispered hoarsely, echoing the words I had prompted him to say. "Please Mommy."

He rubbed himself across my face, chafing against my cheek and the side of my head, reminding me of how traumatic it had been when he'd let loose in his shorts and soaked my ear. He was trying to force me back to face him and the memory of that, and the fear of snapping my neck, diminished my resolve to look away. Slowly, slowly, my head turned until I was facing Tommy's groin. He pulled back and I could see how much bigger he was now, pushing his sweatpants out in a huge pyramid.

"Tommy," I started to say.

The waistband of the sweatpants suddenly flipped down and Tommy's hard cock sprang forth, smacking me on the cheek, bouncing off and then quickly springing forward, entering my open mouth ready to dispel words but instead swallowing my son's eager cock.

"Umphhglllhh," was all I managed. Even I didn't know what I'd meant to say.

Tommy's hand pressed the back of my head forward and his cock plunged against the back of my mouth, already to my throat though I knew by my hands trying to push him away that he wasn't nearly all the way in. I gagged, and Tommy pulled out.

"Arggllllll," I said, before he shoved himself back in.

Keeping his fingers wrapped around the back of my head, Tommy lowered his elbows until his palms covered my ears and he crouched, pulling my head down and pumping his cock up, in and out of my mouth.

I struggled for several more seconds, then relaxed, realizing I couldn't overpower him and hoping that if I stayed still, he would stop.

He didn't. Tommy merely groaned in joy at my acquiescence and started pumping faster and faster, roughly fucking my face. There was no use. I concentrated on holding myself at the most comfortable angle, then started licking the underside of his cock and making moaning, gurgling sounds to encourage an early arrival of his orgasm. I even started bobbing my head the little bit I could move it, trying to make him believe I was eager for it, gaga for his cock, to help him along.

And, in a sense, I was. I liked the feel of his pole — yes, pole; he felt so much bigger than Jim — in my mouth, pushing my whole head back and forth with the strength of his thrusts. It's coming, I thought, looking forward to it now, waiting for the first gush.

Sploosh! *Sploosh*. *Splash*. He had pulled out in his enthusiasm and released a shot on my face. Back in. Sploosh, sploosh. Slowing, almost stopped, rubbing his knob around my mouth, across my teeth, sploosh, and done.

Tommy pulled his cock out of my mouth and turned away, walking awkwardly with his sweatpants around his knees, stooping to pick up some laundry from where it had been thrown on the floor to clean the residue that hadn't been deposited in my mouth from his softening prick. He pulled his t-shirt off and, with his back still toward me, pushed his sweatpants down and off, kicking them away. He turned then, stark naked, standing proud, and walked back toward me, unapologetic.

I was still sitting on the bed, leaning back, braced on my hands behind me, a little dumbfounded by what had just happened and his cavalier

reaction, so different from that first time. He was smiling. I looked away, cowed by his confidence, but stopped at his cock which was already stiffening.

"You like looking at your handiwork, don't you Mom? I can't see you in the dark, but I know you like to look at it."

"What?" I almost screamed. "What are you talking about?" I felt silly crying out like that. What was the use of denying it? In my gut, I knew he knew, somehow, somehow he knew.

Tommy walked right up to me, pushed one foot between my legs and pried them apart, forcing the wool dress half way up my thighs. He stepped between my legs and I had to lean back to avoid letting his cock bump against my chin.

"You know what I'm talking about, Mom. Or should I say, Mommy?" he laughed, but not unkindly. "You can quit these little pep talks, or shows, but please don't stop coming to visit me later in the night."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I insisted.

"Mom," was all Tommy said.

"Well, I most certainly am not going to come up here again, that's for sure" I cried, trying to get up.

Tommy gently pushed me back, not that I had a chance of getting around him anyway.

"Don't go, Mom. I could threaten to tell Dad what's been going if you do, but I don't want to do that, and I don't have to, do I Mom?"

I glared up at my son, grim faced and silent, trying to burst his bubble with the fierce look in my eyes, only then aware that some of his spend still streaked across my cheek, lessening the impact of my defiance.

Tommy smiled down at me and, as if he was playing a game, paraphrased the words I had excitedly whispered to him at night.

"Mommy wants it, doesn't she?"

He grasped his cock in his right hand and held it up, pointing it at my face, only an inch or two away.

"Does Mommy need to rub herself with it?"

It was obvious then, if it hadn't been already, that Tommy had not been asleep the night I didn't put the sleeping powder in his hot chocolate. He had me solid but I knew he wouldn't tell his father, he didn't have to, he knew me better than maybe I knew myself. I didn't just want it, I needed it. I didn't say anything, I didn't have to. Tommy leaned forward and I let his cock slip between my lips and sucked his knob into my mouth.

I worked my lips and tongue and cheeks around it as he unhooked my dress. It poked into my throat as he leaned over to unzip the dress, the sound of the zipper echoing in the dead silent room. I managed not to gag and breathed through my nose as his surprisingly long cock pushed into my throat. Tommy's hands clasped the back of my head and he groaned.

"Oh yeah, Mom. Take it deep."

Tommy pulled out and slowly pushed it back in, deep, all the way in until his balls rubbed against my chin. Three more times like that and then he pulled it all the way out and rubbed it, slick with my saliva, gently back and forth, across my lips and up and down on each cheek. He pulled me to my feet and started tugging the dress off my shoulders. I was surprised I managed to stay on my feet. Even so, I wobbled as the dress was pushed down and over my hips.

"We're going to have to get you some sexier underwear, Mom," Tommy laughed as he pulled my bra apart and drew it down my arms but then he cried in joy.

"I knew they'd be great," he exclaimed, whistling softly. "Man you have great tits, Mom."

"*Shhhhhh*," I said. "Your father..."

"Don't worry about him," Tommy said, grasping a breast in each hand, sliding his fingers underneath to take their weight and flicking his thumbs across my stiff nipples.

"Wait. Please wait... until tonight. I promise I'll come," I pleaded. "Your father is right downstairs... he could come up."

"He won't," Tommy insisted, bending my nipples over with my thumb. "I want to suck them," he murmured, ducking down to take the right one into his mouth.

"Wait, wait," I cried, trying to push his head away but instead cradling it in my hands as he moved over to push his mouth onto the left one.

"Such awesome tits," he cried, sucking it hard.

"Ohhhhhhh Tommy," I moaned. "We can't, we can't."

Tommy pulled away from my breast and looked at me. "Why not?" I looked at the door and started to explain about his father, how he would sneak up to listen, but Tommy spoke before I got a single word out.

"He thought I was gay, didn't he?" he asked.

I nodded, stifling an urge to defend Jim's position.

"And he thought you were going to fix that, right?

I nodded again, my expression quizzical.

Tommy explained, "I heard you talking. You knew there was another problem though, didn't you, Mom?"

I nodded again and Tommy continued.

"But you didn't tell Dad and you let him think you were taking care of the other issue, right?"

I didn't nod but he could see in my eyes he was right.

"So what do you think he thought you were doing to fix the problem?"

Surprise showed on my face. I hadn't thought about that.

Tommy went on. "Do you really think he thought you would just talk me into changing teams?"

I shook my head but I really didn't know what Jim would have thought. Probably yes, I thought. Then, well no, he wasn't stupid, he must have thought I would have to do something to see if Tommy reacted. He must have figured I would at least show something. That must be why he so easily bought my statement, so confidently presented, that I knew for sure that Tommy wasn't gay. He wanted to know so badly, he would let me do... what exactly? How far would Jim want me to go?

Tommy took advantage of my distracted attention while I was thinking: my panties had been pushed down off my ass and were now down around my thighs.

"What a pretty bush, Mom. Who do you trim that for? Not him, I hope."

He hadn't touched me but he may as well have. His look was so intense I could feel his eyes sliding over my mound and through my slit. Tommy leaned down to hug me and whispered in my ear, his hands once more finding my breasts.

"Do you like to have it kissed, Mother?" he breathed. "Do you want me to lick you?"

"Tommy," I sighed. "Really, we can't."

"Why not?" he demanded, sliding his big cock through my legs and lifting up until it nestled under my pussy.

I released a sigh that turned into a long moan. I couldn't help it.

"Yes," he hissed. "You like to rub on it, don't you?" Tommy sawed his cock back and forth along my pussy several times.

I was lost, lifting and curling my arms around his neck. Still, I continued to resist.

"We can't," I whispered, pulling him tight, and moaning as his hands clamped tightly around my breasts.

"Yes, we can," he insisted. "He can sit downstairs or creep into the hall to listen. I don't care, but either way, I'm going to put this miracle inside you."

He lifted his cock against the underside of my pussy and I moaned again as I used my right foot to snag and shove my panties to the floor.

"I'm going to fill you with our cock," Tommy whispered.

I squeezed his neck tight and kissed his cheek, whispering in his ear. "Squeeze my tits hard," I gasped. I jumped up on him then, marveling in his strength and the size of his muscles. He gripped my breasts hard and I gasped in pain and pleasure. "Fill me," I cried, not sure if I whispered or yelled, wrapping my legs around his waist. "Fill me with our cock."

Tommy released my tits and dropped his hands under my thighs to take my weight but they soon slipped onto my ass, a cheek in each hand. He lifted me up then and I knew he was about to enter me for the first time, but definitely not the last. His purple head nudged my slit but before it could squeeze through the oily gate, I whispered desperately in my son's ear. "Fuck me with it," I commanded.

I turned and bit his neck to muffle my joy as he shoved his thick cock into my hungry cunt. He filled me with joy, pure unadulterated pleasure, and I loved him for it. He was my man and I cried when I heard the sounds that showed how pleased he was by the feel of me. I squeezed and twisted and slid around his cock, trying to make my cunt the best he'd ever had, the best he ever would. I fucked and fucked and fucked him, my man, my lover, my son!

I came hard on him and when he sat down on the bed I pushed him over onto his back and fucked him again. Tommy's room reeked of sex when I left. I told him to open a window so I could breathe when I came back later that night.

"You're coming tonight?" he asked, truly wondering. He was so cute.

"What do you think?" I asked.

"Then give him lots so he'll sleep really heavy," he said. "I don't want to worry about making noise."

I laughed at his enthusiasm after two good fucks and a suck but it was a good thing I did slip Jim an extra dose. Tommy really pounded on me that night and I gave him all the enthusiastic encouragement I could muster. He twisted me into all sorts of positions I had never tried, all of them on the bed, at least, or partly so anyway. I did favor him taking me from behind, holding my tits and kissing my back as he crouched over me and slowly shoved that big thing into me. Jim liked the missionary position which made me love Tommy doing me doggy style all the more.

A couple of days later, Jim pulled me aside.

"Tommy's really going now," he said, proudly. "He's back with the chicks."

The way I looked at him demanded an explanation.

"Did you see his neck?"

I shook my head.

"He's got a huge hickey," he stated with a huge smile.

"Oh," I said. "I hadn't noticed."

Maybe Jim really wasn't all that bright. His pleasure grew over the next few weeks. He was especially proud that Tommy sported a new hickey every couple of days.

"The more the better, I guess," I said.

"Damn right," Jim agreed.

Tommy may have got a new hickey every two or three days but he fucked me at least once a day and usually more. There wasn't a room or a piece of furniture that wasn't put to good use and, if none were available, he would lift me onto himself and walk me slowly around the house. I loved that.

I wouldn't let him in my ass, apparently a big thing with his generation. He was too big for that now, but I did let him put a finger in there, and lately, two. It doesn't feel that bad now that he's learned to grease it up and take his time. He insists he's not too big and one afternoon made me

watch some video clips on the web. I couldn't believe what I saw, how some women no bigger than me accommodated, and wildly loved, cocks as big and thick as Tommy's.

Maybe for Christmas, I'll give him a special present.

THE END