

LOVE DO COST A THING

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Son accidentally fucks mask-wearing Mother.

Incest/Taboo

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Hey everybody, thank you for stopping by. What you are about to read is a bit darker than my usual content, and I don't want people to come looking for a love story only to be met with this. Please know going in that the latter portion of this story is less cheery than my previous stories, so please do not continue if you are hoping to find something like Mother of Love.

Thank you, I hope you enjoy <3

-ChloeKendall

It's hard to dress for a job you don't have. At least, at first it is. After a while you get pretty good at pretending certain items of clothing are dirty, you master the art of switching outfits in the car, and hiding your *real* uniform under your clothes so your Son doesn't start asking questions he doesn't want the answer to - questions that would make him wonder things about you as a Mother.

Thomas, or Tom by his preference, was everything to me. His pathetic excuse for a Father left the two of us alone when Tom turned two. I didn't get so much as a "sorry, buh-bye" before he left, turning me into a bitter witch for the better part of a decade: scarred by the man that I let ruin my life. By the time Tom was a teenager it felt like I had put his father behind me for good. Tom didn't really remember his Dad, and if he missed him he never let on that he did.

The two of us were inseparable for Tom's entire childhood, fearlessly conquering the world before us like two soldiers, each made invincible by the other. I gave him everything I ever could and more, even if it wore me down to nothing. I needed to be two parents because that's what he deserved.

I felt like I could do *anything* with Tom at my side, but if that feeling had actually materialized into *something* we wouldn't still be living in a rundown apartment. Yet here I was; applying my nightly makeup in a mirror that had been cracked in half ever since the day Tom threw one of my heels at it in a fit of petulant young rage. Mirrors are expensive, and that was money we didn't have. His tantrum came at the mere mention of a cancelled playdate, which tells you how old he was at the time.

That feeling that we could rule the world together slowly dissolved under the touch of a painful, acidic reality. I found myself scraping together two dead-end jobs just to keep the apartment warm, but even some nights that was a pipe dream. I knew my Son was smart, so I knew if I worked hard I could put him in a school that would do something with that big brain of his.

I think that's when we started drifting apart; when I started working more and talking less, leaving him to wait for me to come home late at night smelling of stale bar cigarettes and cheap liquor on my dress. I thought I was doing the right thing, but I realized too late that as my Son started high school I no longer knew any of his friends. I used to be so involved with his life and now I felt like an outsider whose sole purpose was to waste away at work until I broke down into nothing.

That's when I found my current job; one that I've held for several years now. Ages ago a young "in-the-know" bartender I worked with told me she was quitting for some fancy, prestigious new gig uptown. They had vetted her for over a month before letting her in, but she said it was worth it. She was assured that at the highest level she would be making more money in tips alone than either of us made from both of our jobs combined. Entry level was nominally less lucrative, but depending on how "flexible" you are with the roles you enter you could work your way to up "generous promotions" (those are *her* air quotes, not mine).

She said they told her in one of her many interviews that they were looking for older women. They wouldn't tell her why. She told them she knew just the person (lucky me) and gave them my number. If I didn't want it I could just decline, but it gave me plenty of time to mull it over before their call.

I figured if I could cut down on how many hours I worked, maybe Tom and I could get back to being the iconic duo that I still daydreamed about in my heart. I missed him more than I did oxygen when underwater, so I knew this was something I had to do. Even if I just stayed at the entry position I would be making fistfuls compared to what I did now, and that would give me the security I needed to work less while still providing for my Son.

Waiting for that first interview was the longest experience of my life, but the next day I got a call from a gentleman with whom I got along famously with. He said I fit the description of the type of hire they wanted and specifically mentioned my age, but again failed to mention why that mattered. The call ended just as abruptly as it started, and I was left with more questions than I had before.

Over the course of several long weeks I received calls asking for various, sometimes strange, information. Things about my past, my living situation, my relationships with people they had no right asking about. I didn't know the kind of answers they wanted, so I tried to be honest and hope for the best. I must have said a few things they liked, as I was asked to come for a proper interview in person.

I should have said no. I should have asked more questions. I should have known it was too good to be true. I should have known that a club like this wouldn't be in full operation during the day, when my in-person interview was took place, so I had no idea of the kind of sickening, depraved things I would be immersing myself in when the night crowd rolled in.

But I didn't do any of these things. I didn't say no. I didn't ask questions. I thought it was true.

I got the job, to my surprise, and started working the next weekend. My Son didn't even notice that my schedule changed when I left for work an hour earlier than usual.

My first shift was extremely eye opening: frighteningly so. My interview focused on how I would talk to customers, the importance of discretion, and the amount of money that could be made should I wish to "climb the ladder". I asked my boss-to-be about the ladder, but he told me it was a discussion for later. I was blinded by the promise of riches. I ignored all the red flags because I thought that if I saw anything I didn't like I could just leave and go back to my old job.

At first I was simply doling out drinks to thirsty patrons, making my way through the crowd on nimble feet. They told me to dress sexy, and when I showed up they said it was about half as sexy they were looking for, so I made a mental note to go shopping in the clothing departments I usually avoid at all costs.

I stood out like a sore thumb in my crop top, because I was one of the few women in the building who even bothered to cover their breasts. Everyone from the bartender to the bouncer was shirtless, though the latter was a man so I think he gets a pass.

It dawned on me pretty quickly just what kind of place I was working at. I decided to stick it out despite how perverse I eventually found the dealings in the club to be. I dipped my toe in the water and it was cold, but not so frigid that I was scared away. I told myself I simply needed to wade in slowly.

Once it was clear that I would be sticking around, the owner of the club began revealing exactly how I could make more money at the club. It was like I passed some informal initiation and could now be trusted with more opportunities. The owner broke down the various roles I could insert myself into, raising the hairs on the back of my neck as he did.

First, he explained, there were Servers; women who can be topless by choice, but can't be touched by the patrons. That's where I was at the time and that's all I thought the job was going to be.

The next step, as he called it, were Company Girls. These were the women who strode around fully naked, bodies on display so that even the most averted gaze could not avoid them. For a price, they would spend time with you and your friends. Drinking, dancing, and generally making you believe that they *want* to be there, despite the high fees. You could touch them a bit, but nothing too crazy ever took place.

Above them, in a sense, were the women whose fee matches their talents: Maids. The Maids were designated as the formal prostitutes of the club, and were likely the reason that the bar remained such a well-kept secret. They pulled in the money. They were the stars, and they had to be protected. Maids are made to walk the floor with nothing but a gold necklace to indicate that their services extended beyond that of a Company Girl. With their services procured, a backroom would be booked for the Maid and her client to spend time in. With services ranging anywhere from blowjobs to butt stuff, they truly did it all.

Well, not quite *all*.

A final group, one I was initially told I wouldn't need to worry about, towered above the rest in both hierarchy and fees. They made exorbitant tip money and only had to work sporadically to give them time to relax in between shifts. These were the Genies; women whose sole purpose is for you to fulfil that *one* desire. That one, extremely depraved, thing that nobody wants to do. That thing you won't ask your girlfriend to do because you respect her too much. That is what a Genie is for.

Most of the time a Genie is booked ahead of time with a client's specific fetish in mind, but in the event of a client shortage they are permitted to invent their own idea of what sacrilegious fantasy someone might want to see, albeit for a cheaper fee. This option gave Genies the freedom to pick their own kink to explore, and clients got to try out high-level services for a reduced rate in the hopes that they would be hooked for life.

To the surprise of everyone at the bar, I stayed as a Server for almost six months. Most women don't spend more than a couple months before realizing the value a Company Girl position could offer, so very few stayed on as simple servers. The promise of money was huge, but since I had only been with a couple of men before and after Tom's father it felt foreign to parade my body around like a sex object for complete strangers. Plus, Company Girls have to walk around fully naked and I had never been comfortable enough to do that, even with Tom's Father.

It took time, and a lot of convincing from my co-workers who wanted to see an old gal sexually liberate myself, but eventually I took the job as a Company Girl. I became quite close with many of the younger women I worked with, and their open approach to sex was one that I was too stubborn to accept at first. Once I did, however, things began changing very rapidly.

Now I was sneaking out of the house and hoping my Son wouldn't hear me. Hoping that he wouldn't ask me why I so often wore such a large, baggy coat to work when it was too warm for it. Truthfully, I cannot even conceive of what I would have said to him.

"Oh, don't worry, honey. Mommy's just going to get drunk with a group of strangers and let them stare at her big, fat milkers all night!" Yeah, fat chance *that* would go over well.

I kept it secret; slinking in and out of shadow to build a better life for my Son. I tried my best to connect with him in the free time I had, but he always told me he was too busy. Whether that was true or not I would never know, but I needed it to be true. I couldn't imagine life where he was avoiding me, not after I'd worked this hard.

This is what finally motivated me to turn to something I never thought I would do: selling my body for money. The club insisted it wasn't so dire, that the stigma of old world prostitution had put an unfair black mark on what they viewed as a valuable profession, but that didn't stop me from feeling any less guilty when I said yes.

Tom's friends-what were their Mothers doing for income? I wondered that the first night I slipped into an outfit that would have gotten me a ticket if I hadn't covered it up. I never once dressed like this for my Husband, so it felt incredibly wicked to present myself like a wrapped present to a man whose name I would never bother to learn.

He was not attractive, my first client. He was older than me, and heavier, with an overpowering stench of whiskey and cigars mingling horribly with the scent of the two warring colognes that he had chosen to bathe in. It was my first time in a backroom at the club, and despite the powerful bass pounding on the walls I could hear my heartbeat echoing around the modestly room the entire time.

I kept reminding myself that I was doing this for Tom, right up until I was asked if I wanted to take a bump of cocaine before we started. My heart was already thumping against my throat, and I would have made a Telltale Heart joke if I thought the lumbering oaf would understand it. With a desperation in my heart for anything that would make me feel less like myself, I did drugs for the first time in my life.

Moments later the sweaty, nameless drunk hastily bent me over the desk and shoved his dick inside of me. I went home defeated - shaken to my core, trying to wrestle with my new life while struggling to stay tethered to my old one.

Now, I think back on that night and wonder what I would have done if I hadn't been given the money on my way out the backroom. With cold, slimy cum still trailing down my inner thigh the owner flashed a wad of cash that put a week's worth of tips at my old job to shame. It never happened that way again, so I now recognize that the club was basically waving the money right in my face as a way of saying "see? It was worth it, so be smart. Come back tomorrow."

From that moment on, I never allowed myself to ask if that were true; if it really *was* worth it. I carried on, solemnly showing up to work every day knowing that I was going to be used like a piece of meat and then abandoned the same way. I began fragmenting myself, my personality, into who I

was at work compared to home. I knew what these beasts wanted, what they needed to see from me, and I gave it in spades. I fucked every client I had to, sucked every greasy dick and swallowed every ounce of cum so that I could get what I needed.

But it wasn't working. It was like Tom knew my secret, or maybe I was exploding with guilt in such way that every time I spoke to him he could tell I was hiding *something*. He just didn't know what. We became more distant than ever, but I couldn't let this be for nothing. I couldn't let myself be treated like a whore for so long just to end up worse than where I started.

I told myself I needed more.

When I applied to be a Genie, it was a much different reaction than when I accepted their offer to promote me to a Maid. That promotion was widely celebrated as a formal liberation from my sexual chains. But this, being a Genie, had people asking me why I was taking the "big step". They asked if I was sure this was what I wanted, if I knew what I was signing up for, but they weren't curious. No, they were concerned. They would never understand that I was desperate to retire in the next few years, hopefully right around when Tom finished university. I was scraping every single cum-soaked dollar I could and stashing it away for the right moment.

That money came rolling in when I was promoted to a Genie. Every bill was paid on time, every expense covered, and I finally had time to get myself a car so I didn't have to take the subway home from work every day with a suitcase full of laundry that consisted of more dried semen than fabric.

If I had seen myself now, back when I was hired, I would have never taken the job. If I had witnessed the unabashed lawlessness with which I conducted myself in front of these men I would have been admitted to the psych ward to recover from the trauma. But not now, not after what I'd already been through.

I grew comfortable spending nights at home with the semen of dozens of different men churning like thick, muddy glue my stomach. It became normal to feel it start dribbling its way out of me on the drive home, so I permanently placed a towel on the seat to soak up any of the leaks. It became second nature to lie on my back, let my eyes defocus, and remain still as a man I didn't know pounded his dick against my throat until he bruised it. I had never done anal before the club, but now I was intensely familiar with the sensation of warm, gooey cum slithering through my bowels as I said goodnight to my Son. Sometimes it wouldn't come out until the next day, so I became quite adept at hiding my reaction when the white paste unexpectedly started to ooze out and make a mess of my underwear.

That was how I was at work, but somehow I still felt like myself at home even if I was too bloated with cum from the night before to have the appetite for a proper breakfast. When I entered the club I became an entirely different person; one that I never wanted my Son to meet.

On one particularly fateful Friday night, I said goodbye to Tom as I tightened my coat around my sheer lingerie to hide the lace from view. He was watching TV on the couch to wind down for the evening, while my night was just getting started. "I'll see you in the morning, okay? I love you."

"Sure thing." Tom grumbled with no effort to hide his disdain.

"Is everything okay, Thomas?" I used his full name to try and goad him into responding, but he was a brick wall.

"Nope. It's all good, Mom." He didn't even look at me.

I stepped towards him and laid a hand on his arm. "You know you can talk to me, right? You used to tell me everything."

"Likewise." He yanked away from me and stared at the floor.

"What does that mean?" My voice caught in my throat.

Tom leaned against the doorframe and the wood creaked under his weight. He scanned me head to toe like he could see through my disguise with x-ray vision, and he was disgusted with what he saw. The steely aroma of his cologne stung my nostrils in a way I had come to like. Perhaps because it reminded me of home. I inhaled a little deeper than necessary just to feel it saturate my brain with his comforting scent.

"Where the hell are you going?" He cut right to the chase and yanked me from my blissful state. "Right now; where are you going?"

"To work, honey..." I trailed off softly, certain that he knew my secret.

"It's like 7pm. Why are you working so late? Does that prick manager of yours not care how late you're out?" I heard familiar temper rising in his tone. "I mean, for Christ's sake, Mom, you're forty five years old! There's no way they need you to be there this late."

"I know that." I shuffled my feet. "I ask for the late shifts because they pay better. You know we need the money to-."

"To buy new cars, right?" He stared holes straight through me. "I don't know what the point of working like this is. These last few years you've just been working, coming home to sleep, then going right back out again. It's like you hate being at home."

"No, Tom, no." I shook my head and pinched the bridge of my nose. "I love being here with you, I promise. I know it doesn't feel like it, but I think about you all the time, honey."

"I know, Mom. I miss you, though. Ever since you got this job you've been more distant." Tom shifted in his seat. "Like, I know you have to sleep during the day sometimes, but even on your days off it feels like all you do it wait for your next shift to roll around."

He was right, and I had nothing to say besides a million sobbing apologies that I played on repeat in my head every night before I cried myself to sleep. I couldn't afford to let any of them out, not if I wanted to be in the right headspace for work. Ever the empath, Tom noticed my shaken disposition and his tone immediately softened.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I really am, I'm just so stressed out by finals that I've been snapping at everyone." He took a deep breath and looked like he entered a moment of clarity as a thin smile crept into the corner of his mouth. "You know what? I'm gonna blow off some steam tonight. I feel so wound up it's like I don't know who I am anymore."

"What are you gonna do?" My voice perked up.

"Well, it's like I always say; we do what we've got to, to make do. Right?" Tom dropped his favourite phrase and smirked like he was keeping a secret from me. It's a look I know well. "I'm really sorry, Mom. I didn't mean to upset you."

"It's okay, honey." I fought back the urge to tell him how often I felt the same way. "Maybe if you're free tomorrow we could get lunch, or something? Like we used to."

"That would be nice, actually." When he said that, I bit my tongue to stop from cheering. Maybe the distance was all in my head, I began to wonder. Maybe we could still find common ground to connect on after all this time.

Tom checked his watch and sarcastically tapped his finger against the metal band. "You're gonna be late, even without traffic."

"Okay, honey. I'll see you tomorrow." My heart sunk as I said goodbye. It was getting harder to keep the big picture in frame when these little moments with my Son felt like all that was worth living for.

"I'm around, as long as you don't sleep too late from being out all night." He grinned and blew me a kiss.

He didn't mean to hurt me with that comment, but he did. Tom didn't know that he was basically telling me we could have lunch together *if* I wasn't too worn out from a night of being passed around like a bong at a frat party. I was already running late and I didn't want to miss any high paying clients that might arrive early, so I said my final goodbye and we parted ways for the night.

"You didn't save *anyone* for me?" I pleaded with Rebecca, the hostess that dealt with high-end clients for the Maids and Genies. "I'm sorry I'm late, but there has to be somebody! I really need the money, Rebecca."

She rolled her eyes and repeated the lines I knew she would. "We don't save spots here, you know that. First come first serve, and you came last so you get to work on-option tonight."

Rebecca was referring to the service wherein, in lieu of reservations or prominent paying members, Genies can sell themselves for a reduced fee and are allowed to pick the fetish they indulge in. AKA the "twist". The club was insistent on keeping a barrier between Maids and Genies, so a Genie working on-option had to supply some sort of "twist" to promote the distinction if they wanted to keep their high fees.

"You gonna take the usual, then?" Her eye brow arched as she handed me a black lump of cloth.

"It's better than being tied up, I guess." The first night I donned the mask my hands were shivering. Now they were steady.

I begrudgingly accepted the mask and made my way to the backroom to get ready, cursing myself for not showing up early enough to score a rich douchebag to fuck me. Anytime I was offered on-option, I chose the facemask. That way I didn't have to see the men whose hands roamed my body. I didn't have to imagine what their wives would think any time I saw a wedding ring on the fat, grubby fingers they jammed into my pussy. I got to feel invisible.

I entered a room clad in brilliant red light that seemed too dim and too bright all at the same time. It didn't smell - it never did after it was cleaned, but I knew what it *should* smell like so my brain filled in the gaps for me.

A large king bed sat in the center of the room with a nightstand on one side, with a desk in the back corner. A leather chair was stationed in the opposite corner, in case a client wanted a lap dance, though in my experience it was more often used as a place for one man to relax while his

buddies had their turn with me. There were various closets with cushy, padded doors that housed a seemingly endless array of sex toys and furniture to fuck on. One wall was entirely covered in a floor-to-ceiling mirror, making the room feel like it existed in two realities at once, much like I did.

Handcuffs, lube, whips, and anything else you can imagine were placed neatly on the table beside the bed. I sat on the edge of the bed and squirted a small dollop of lube onto my finger before rubbing the slippery digit between my lips, generously soaking my pussy until I could see my petals glistening in the rosy light. Nothing was worse than having one of these animals try to fuck me before I'm wet, and I was rarely afforded the time and attention it took to make me so.

I stared at the mask Rebecca had handed me and tossed it between my hands, waiting for the last possible second to put it on.

I pick the mask as my twist because it is just weird enough to get people interested, but I don't have to go through all the set up or pain like some of the rope play girls do. Sure, being blind sucks, but once you're deep in the mood you barely even notice who's fucking you anymore. The mouth hole was wide open, for obvious reasons, and in my opinion it's better to not have to see the sweaty, pudgy man towering over you pushing his knob against your lips.

I looked myself up and down in the enormous mirror, its grandiose size making me look like a doll in a fever dream playhouse. I knew customers would arrive soon, but I took a moment for a bit of much needed self-esteem boosting.

My eyes scanned my curvy figure as I tried to imagine how my impending client would see me. How their eyes would roam my body, and what they would be most drawn to. How might they perceive a middle aged Mom, wearing nothing more than a black mask, waiting for them with open arms and mouth agape?

I liked my legs. They were on the short side, but nicely toned with just enough definition in my calves that I felt like a superstar when I wore a nice pair of heels. I was never much for tanning, but working at the club gave me the incentive to routinely get my legs touched up so they were a smooth, uniform color. Never anything too dark, just enough to keep everything in perfect shape.

My knees had faint bruises from working so hard the last few weeks, but in the buzz of the red lights bathing the room they were tough to spot. I had my toenails painted red, too, as I found it meshed best with the lighting, and I wiggled the tiny digits to feel the rough carpet underneath them. The dazzling little rubies were identical to the ones I had on my fingernails, but I liked how they looked on my toes much better.

I turned my leg inward so I could see my ass from the side and jiggled the plump putty so it shook around like a boat in a storm. I used to hate how chubby my bum is, but after a year in this business I came to be quite fond of it. Turns out guys really do like more cushion to push, which I proved every time I took home a mountain of cash from letting some rich idiot dump his load inside my fat bottom. I clenched my butt to tighten up the jiggly cheeks, but they remained a doughy, gelatinous mound of ass meat whose incessant rippling I could not stop.

My breasts hung a few inches above my belly button, swinging back and forth when I walked in a way that would make you swear I was vying for attention. They were too heavy for most bras to support, but I still retained a modicum of the perkiness that made them so alluring to all the boys when I was in high school. I held one of the heavy globes in my hand and watched as my fingers sank into my skin, creating long stretched out lines that accented their incredible weight.

I always admired how, despite the heft and size of my boobs, my nipples somehow managed to point straight ahead. They were shy at the moment; hiding inside the rubbery circle until something - or someone - ended their hibernation. The soft pink colored caps of my areolas was barely visible in this harsh lighting, but the faintest outline of the rubbery surfaces could be spotted with a keen eye. Small, sparse freckles dotted my cleavage, which was a detail I was told looked *amazing* when I'm having my tits fucked. I traced an imaginary line between them like I was drawing a map, connecting the tiny dots scattered over the porcelain surface.

I was unique in the club, or at least my tits were, in at least one special way. All the women at the club tanned themselves head to toe to get that "golden glow", but I did not. I allowed myself to get some color on my legs, but I thought it would be more interesting if I kept my bra on to make some defined tan lines that really made my tits **pop**.

The result was an even color spread across my legs, shoulders, and everything in between - with the sole exception of my brilliant white tits juxtaposed against the beige hue that surrounded them. I loved the accent, and the club owner thought it looked okay so he let me keep it.

Within a month I had people booking me as "the MILF with the tan lines", and I felt guilty for liking it so much. I was holding on to a single shred of individuality in a job where everyone was encouraged to be someone *else's* version of sexy, and that gave me a semblance of power.

The only thing perhaps more eye catching than my tits was the dark, fluffy patch of hair that sat neatly trimmed above my pussy. It was only as wide as a few fingers, and trimmed short so there would be less mess when I had to clean cum out of the fur. I was always too self-conscious to go fully bare, and I liked the mature vibe that I felt when I saw my meaty pussy mound bulging out from below the fluffy brown fuzz. I ran my fingers through it and spread some of the leftover lube, leaving strands of sparkling goo to decorate the short bush.

As I was admiring myself, the egoist that I am, the lights in the room briefly dimmed in unison with a soft **ding** to indicate that my services had been purchased. I took a deep breath to steady my nerves as the familiar adrenaline rush started my heart hammering. Though I was better at managing my nerves now, I was afraid to find that after more than a year of doing this they never truly went away.

I didn't know who was on the other side of that door, or how many of them there were. Maybe they were already plastered and came in here to fuck me roughly enough that I would earn a week off. I had experienced such a night in the past, and while a week off work sounds great it comes at the cost of nursing a raw, swollen pussy the entire time. Going back after that week, when I was finally able to fit a couple fingers inside me without wincing, was tremendously tough. But that's the job.

The door opened silently and my silent suitor entered the room like a ghost, floating over to me with nigh undetectable footsteps. I could feel him standing in the doorway, staring at me, before he closed it. I jumped a little when the latch closed, nervously shifting my weight in place as he strode towards me at a leisurely pace. He stopped a few feet from me and exhaled breath that sounded as though it had been held back for weeks, waiting for this meeting.

I heard metal clinking together as he fumbled with something. Removing a watch, perhaps? Maybe undoing a belt buckle? I was left to guess what was happening around me and had to follow his footsteps intently to track his position. I tried to stay facing him, but he was pacing back and forth like he was trying to tire out his anxiety.

"I've heard about you." His voice boomed, bouncing around the room. It reached me only a second before his sharp, metallic cologne tinged my nostrils. I deduced by the nervous waver in his tone that he was inexperienced, but he didn't want to let on. He probably in his early twenties or so, with a youthful chime in his voice that shone through his poor attempt to pitch it down an octave. "My friends told me there's a girl here..."

His eyes soaked in my body, ravishing every inch with his gaze. Clearly, he saw something that made him correct himself. "No, they told me there's a *woman* here who likes to wear a face mask when she goes on-option."

My heart picked up. People knew about me? Worse yet, they *talked* about me? Being the "tan line MILF" was one thing, but this felt entirely more degrading. I didn't want to be infamously known as the blindfolded slut who sucks cock like a Hoover, and yet my reputation was already there.

"I guess that's me." I said, trying to fit a sultry tone in-between the forced smile while I dug my fingernails into my palms. God, I fucking hate these people, but I had to pour on the charm if I wanted the repeat business that kept my Son's future alive. "So, have I seen you before, handsome?"

"No, never." He said with a deep, shaky voice. "All my friends come here as often as they can, to see if you're on-option for the night. I guess I got lucky this time."

"Oh, dear. You and your friends only wanna visit me when I'm on sale?" I felt like teasing him a bit, so I pushed my elbows together in front of my chest to make my tits pop out as I began to slip into the role I was paid to play. I clasped my hands together and tucked a bicep under each breast so the two water balloons inflated in front of his eyes. "Am I too expensive for you nice, young boys to play with?"

I tried my best to face him so he would get the most out of my presentation, but he made no sound with which to track him. He was no longer pacing. He was standing motionless with every ounce of his focus trained on me. I felt his eyes crawling over me, voraciously absorbing every detail of my body with calculated patience. My heartbeat kicked up a notch as I rolled my breasts back and forth, captivating his attention with pudgy, white tidal waves. I slowly rocked my tits between my arms until I was sure I had him hypnotized.

"Is this your first time at the club, sugar?"

He paused, wrestling with his answer. "Uh, yeah. Yes, it is. Do you get a lot of new guys?" Not even the thick carpet could hide the creaking floorboards as he subtly shifted his weight. Either he was nervous, or I truly did have him swaying in a trance with the motion of my breasts.

"I get a lot of everything, don't you worry." I blew him a kiss to butter him up before giving the curious voice in my head a chance to speak. "So, what exactly did your little friends say about me?"

"A lot, actually." I recognized the sound of a belt buckle coming undone; this time I was sure of it.

"Did they tell you about *these*?" I tucked my hands flat against my pudgy belly and let them wander up my chest until they were hidden underneath my tits. I placed one fat, white pancake in each hand and lifted the weight off my chest so he could see the dough spilling over the sides like thick vanilla pudding.

"Oh my *god*, the tan lines..." That sounded more like an unconscious mumble than a response. He cleared his throat and stepped towards me, but hesitated as he closed the distance.

"It's okay, you can touch them." I poured soothing honey over my words as I let my boobs fall and slap against my tummy. I crossed both arms behind my back and puffed up my chest.

His hands were soft as they mimicked mine; lifting my boobs up and marveling with what I can only imagine was a completely slack jaw. His thumbs tickled my nipples until the firm nubs stood at attention, stiffening as they were finally coaxed out. He rolled the pink diamonds between his fingers with a delicate touch, gently pulling the stiff, rubberycaps like he was trying to see how firm he could make them.

It felt nice, but I played it up to really sell the experience to him. After all, if I was his first Genie I wanted to make a good impression. I took a risk and laid it on thick, the way I knew most of my clients liked. "You like playing with my big, fat mommy milkers, sugar? Are Mommy's boobies big enough for her little man?" The incestuous roleplay wasn't my favourite, but based on the tips it earned me it was worth the humiliation of letting a stranger pretend they were about to fuck their loveable, dotting mother.

"F -fuck yes." He gawked sheepishly with a smile so big I could practically hear it. Jackpot; incest roleplay it is.

I'm not stupid, and I was damn good at what I do. I knew what sort of fetish would generally push a guy to pick an older woman like me, especially when there are so many young, available women walking around. It took a while, but I came to understand exactly why the club owner had been looking for older women when I first applied. Most of my clients, especially the repeat ones, wanted to live out the Mother/Son fantasy that was so unapologetically common in my practice.

Funny enough, there weren't many applicants in the forty to fifty age range, so when I applied it was like answering the club owner's dirty, perverted prayers. I had no qualms with it; I could separate the act from the real thing, even if I didn't particularly enjoy doing it. I had been down this road many times before, so when I took a chance with dirty talk I usually got it right.

"What do you like about Mommy's boobies, sweetheart?" I cooed, cocking my head at him even though I could see only darkness.

"I think...I think they're the biggest I've ever seen, and they're so *heavy*." He was truly in awe, lifting his arms back and forth like he was weighing them to determine which side was bigger. "I bet they'd look so good -no, *amazing*, if they were all full of milk."

"They used to be, you're a couple years too late for that, hun." I blew him a kiss and let my tongue lazily trace my bottom lip.

How much more money would I make if I added "milk play" to my list of services? I thought back fondly on the days when I was breastfeeding, but the memory immediately turned sour when I considered using it for work.

It was not a thought I was proud of, and I impulsively made a joke to try and stop myself from deflating. "They're heavy enough already without the milk; I almost fell over walking to work today. Although, young men like you really seem to like them, so I think I'll keep them around."

"I can't imagine how heavy they must be, I don't know how you do it. But hey, we do what we've got to, to make do, right?"

We do what we've got to, to make do.

We do what we've got to, to make do.

We do what we've got to, to make do.

The words echoed in my head with the reverb at full volume. I knew those words, and I didn't have to think hard to place them. A thousand thoughts fought for center stage, leaving me in a state of paralysis. My eyes darted around behind the mask like ping pong balls as I tried to mentally exorcise the horror that I felt creeping into every molecule in my body. How was this possible? It couldn't be. It wasn't. Was this a nightmare? No. I'm wide awake, but somebody is messing with my head. They *have* to be.

It all snapped into place faster than I was ready for. The steely cologne, the metallic sound of a watch being removed, and the phrase I had heard ever since it became a mainstay in my Son's vocabulary.

Tom, the boy who meant more to me than the life itself, was unwittingly fondling the same boobs that had nourished him as a baby. The ones that he snuck peaks at while I showered, unaware that his silhouette in the mirror gave him away. Young boys are often interested in the first real woman they are exposed to, or rather, that exposes themselves, so I thought nothing of the infatuation even when it continued into his high school years.

Tom massaged me with the enthusiasm of a man parched from weeks in the desert, finally stumbling across a serene, tropical oasis amid an ocean of unrelenting sand.

I didn't know what to do. For a woman who so frequently uses her body with total control I now felt like I was gagged and bound behind the steering wheel, watching the nightmare unfold before me. I couldn't see him, but once my brain was convinced Tom was the man in front of me the panic became undeniable. I had ignored the intricacies of his voice at first, but now that I could place it I knew it was unmistakably my Son complimenting me on how much he loved my breasts.

I couldn't tell him that so many years earlier he had been nursing from them multiple times a day. I suppose the most enduring infatuations start early, confirmed by Tom's powerful, yet passionate touch. I don't think he knew it was me under the mask, but with instincts guiding him it wasn't important whether or not he recognized the nostalgic feeling of caressing his Mother's breasts.

Was it too late to say something? I had to stop this before it went any further. I knew what was waiting for Tom and me at the end of the night and if I didn't put my foot down I would be faced with the knowledge for the rest of my life that I fucked my Son for money. I couldn't do that. I couldn't lay myself bare at his feet and expose the most secretive parts of me to the young man I had raised so lovingly. If he ever found out, our relationship would be over. That thought made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up.

But...what if he never found out? A whisper emerged from the deep recesses of my brain.

Tom had been suffering for a long time. He never had a real girlfriend, so I was his closest female connection. That all but disappeared when his Father left us, and my presence in his life became a shadow. We were dirt poor and he knew there was a lot riding on him to make something of

himself. Even if I expected nothing from him, he would always expect the world of himself. That pressure must be tremendously tough on a man his age.

What could I do? What skills did I possess that could help make his life a better one? I was faced with two options, neither of which were easy to concentrate on with disgust at the front of my mind.

First option; I could take off the mask and tell Tom the truth. I could tell him I had been selling my body for over a year now, and that was why we were more distant than ever, but never had to struggle to make ends meet. I couldn't find a way to spin it that didn't sound like "Mommy chose dick over spending time with you, you're welcome. Also I bought a car." Even though I knew that wasn't the whole truth, I was still terrified that I would be unable to convince him. I was scared he would leave and that I would never speak to him again once he moved out. No boy should have to see their Mother prostituting themselves just to put food on the table, knowing that the only reason she has to do so is because of you. I had to spare him from that.

The other option, the one no Mother should ever consider, was starting to look better.

If I kept my mask on Tom would be able to live life normally without the trauma that I was preparing to subject myself to. He would live without the knowledge that he had paid to have sex with his Mother like an object, but I didn't know if I could do the same without losing the last piece of myself that I still cherished: my motherhood. It was painful to imagine the next hour being spent stifling my tears as I tried to ignore that fact that my Son was the one touching, kissing, and fucking me. So, for his sake, why not lean into it instead?

I love Tom, I truly do. I don't have to justify that love to anyone. I never thought about him in this way so I didn't feel guilty for chasing down some incestuous fantasy. No, I was just playing the hand I was dealt - making the most of a bad situation.

Tom deserved love in whatever form he needed it most. He came to *me* tonight, and that told me how badly he needed this specific brand of love. I had something I was really, truly good at and for once in my life I could use that skillset to make my Son happy. I could give him everything he needed by fulfilling him in a new way, since I had grown so accustomed to failing him by traditional methods.

Now that I knew the man before me was my Son, the simple scent of his cologne was giving me constant reminders of the memories we shared. It made me feel sick to my stomach to be smelling that same aroma under these vile conditions, but I knew that no matter what mental gymnastics I went through it would be impossible to pretend I was with anyone else. With a heavy heart from the weight of my decision, I pressed on with my new mindset at the forefront of my brain.

Don't ignore it. This is Tom, and you need to do this for him. Show your Son how much you love him. Show him who you really are.

It was twisted beyond repair - scarcely representing even the most demented form of logic, but it made enough sense to silence the gnawing voice telling me what a horrible Mother I was. I am a good Mother. I wanted to do this for my Son, and he needed this kind of love from me even if he didn't know I was the one giving it to him.

I couldn't stop my brain from wandering to the confusing imagery of my adult Son drinking milk from my breast. It was a split-second fantasy and, however powerful it was, I was still yanked out of it when I felt Tom's lips close around one of my nipples. His tongue twirled around the rubbery

surface as he circled my areola like a predator trapping its prey. His teeth lightly grazed the bump and I stiffened with an electric jolt.

"Did that hurt, Mommy?" Tom's voice snapped me out of my trance in a flash. I winced at the new context with which I viewed that name, because I certainly didn't feel like his Mom right now.

I didn't realize I had been holding my breath since Tom laid his hands on me, but hearing him call me "Mommy" sucked the air from my lungs. I needed to play along with the fantasy to keep my cover in check. My once cool, seductive veneer was leaving me with every second I spent being groped by my Son. I stayed in the fantasy with him, ignoring the abysmal shame that tore through my heart now that I knew the truth behind the facade.

"No, it didn't hurt, honey." I choked back the rage inside me that screamed at me to shut up. "M-mommy just can't see what you're -um, doing to her."

"So, I surprised you?" Tom clung to the hard nub as he pulled off. As soon as he was done speaking, his lips sealed around the shimmering, saliva covered gemstone as though they never left.

I grunted a weak "mmhmm" in reply to avoid opening my mouth as I bit down on my tongue until I tasted blood. My nipples have always been particularity sensitive under the right touch, so I knew if I opened my mouth at the wrong moment that I would pass out from shame once my Son heard the noises that came out of me. I nearly cracked a tooth from biting down so hard, but I stayed silent.

"You surprised me, too." He said with an audible smirk. "I never get hard this quickly, so you must be special."

"Oh *fuuuuck*." Such a little word that can mean so many things. To Tom, it meant that I was as horny as he was. To me, it was a guttural vocalization of the last shred of hope exiting my body. I undercut my dismay with just enough fake excitement that Tom, in his horny condition, let the palpable panic in my cry go over his head.

Tom took my hand and guided it to the bulge in his pants, laying my hand over top and squeezing my fingers around it. The beast pulsed angrily, desperately waiting to be let out of its cage to wreak havoc on the one who awakened him.

"Oh god, honey...W-when did you get so big?" I clenched my jaw to stop my teeth rattling with nerves. There was nothing but sincerity in my words, they just happened to be hidden by a tone that implied I was impressed rather than mortified. My Son's cock wasn't the biggest I had ever felt, but it was thick enough that my thumb and pinky could not meet around it. Plus, given that I had personally created that cock inside my womb, I felt entitled to be surprised by the reveal that it had more than quintupled in size since I last saw it.

Hesitating wouldn't get me anywhere. I wanted to spend the whole hour just taking his pants off so we could call it a night after just a bit of boob fondling, but that was never going to happen. It took more willpower than ever to override the mental block that stopped me from acting. My instincts were screeching at me to stop, but I knew I had to ignore them. I reached out blindly and fumbled around until I found Tom's zipper, unbuttoning his pants and unzipping him all in one swift motion. Practice makes perfect, I guess.

Tremors were present everywhere I could think to look; my hands, legs, and even my lips were quivering with adrenaline. I lowered myself to my knees for balance and tugged Tom's pants down

with me. I was blindfolded, but still kept my gaze pointed downwards like I was trying to shrink away from my Son as I undressed him. Without looking up from the floor, I grabbed a hold of his boxers.

Tom tucked his hand under my chin. "Look up at me." It was a firm command, but not a rude one. I swallowed the lump in my throat and lifted my head. I didn't need to see to know exactly what the imposing figure standing over me looked like. What I *didn't* know was how big his dick was, so when I pulled his boxers down I didn't expect to feel his dick spring upwards and slap me in the chin.

Naturally, I recoiled with a gasp as the fat mushroom hit my skin. My brow was knit so tightly I thought my forehead would rip, but I tried to keep the lower half of my face as calm as I could. This wasn't supposed to be a big deal; I had a reputation for this, and nobody would believe a woman of my experience was having a hard time handling *one* dick.

With a powerful flex, his dick jumped from under my chin to smack me in the cheek. He wrapped a hand around the back of my neck and his thumb brushed behind my ear. It gave me an unforgiving rush of pins and needles, yet his touch was soothing.

"You seem nervous, Mommy." He wasn't asking, he could tell. Worse yet, he was having fun toying with me.

"I -no, no not nervous. I'm not, I'm okay. Really, I'm okay. Mommy's not nervous, baby." All I had to do was say aloud the mantra I was repeating to keep myself calm. It was increasingly difficult to believe those words as my Son's bloated helmet drifted closer to my lips, nudging against my mouth as it tried to find a way inside.

"Prove it." Tom commanded with the tip of his cock wedged between my lips. He couldn't see the white-knuckle grip I had on my thigh, and if he did I don't think he would have cared. He might have known something was up, but like most of my clients he wasn't paying to care about my feelings.

An audience of a thousand voices begged me to stop, slowing time to give me eons to reconsider my choice as I timidly forced my tongue out of my mouth. I winced as my taste buds scraped along the underside of my Son's dick and the taste of raw, unfiltered manhood washed over my tongue. I admired that I raised him to be hygienic, something I can't say for all my clients, but there was still enough of a natural, musky taste to it that I instantly recognized as cock. My son was still a boy in my heart, but he tasted like the fully grown man he was.

As experienced as I was, this new approach to clientele was giving me reason to pause and appreciate - whether I wanted to or not - how unique the flavour of this particular cock was. I would always remember, even in the deep recesses of my mind, exactly what my Son's dick tastes like. Every girlfriend, or eventual wife, that he brings home will have no idea that we secretly share that truth.

Tom groaned heartily as I dragged my tongue across his frenulum, tickling the thin tissue with a gentle touch. His dick bounced excitedly, leaping off my tongue and poking me in the nose. I gripped the root of Tom's cock and flattened my tongue against the underside, wiggling back and forth until it was coated with saliva. Teasing like this never sated them for long, so I gathered the saliva in my mouth and ushered it to the front of my mouth like a barrier at the entrance. I pushed the bubbly foam through my lips until there was a wall of spit waiting to encase Tom's dick head.

I pressed my saliva covered lips against the tip of the bulging crown. Slowly, with methodical intention, I lowered my mouth onto my Son. The slimy barrier helped ease me over the mushroom head, making the smooth egg slick enough that I could slide right over it with my lips still tightly sealed. My tongue was blanketed over my bottom teeth to make a soft, spongy cushion for Tom's cock to rest on, and I pressed it right up against the bottom of his head like I was swaddling it in a warm, wet blanket.

"Holy *shit!*" He cried in exasperation. "No wonder all my friends talk about you, Mommy."

I widened my jaw and stuck my tongue out until the tip touched my chin, angling my head up at my Son so he could see deep into my throat when I opened my mouth all the way. I kept the head of his dick hovering in the confines of my mouth without touching the walls, taunting him with the occasional nudge from my tongue against the sensitive underside.

"Do you like sucking your Son's dick?" He tangled his hand in my hair as he asked, pulling my face close to his as he bent down. When all I offered was another tepid "mmhmm", he tightened his grip on my scalp and leaned in close to me. His hot breath scorched my cheeks with breath like dragon's fire when he whispered against my ear. "Then fucking *say so*, and I won't have to get rough with you."

My heart broke in half. Tom had been so gentle with me until now, so I didn't expect this side of him. I wanted to stand up and slap the shit out of him for speaking to a woman like that, no matter who she was, but that's how things were around here. If I acted like that I would never work here again, so I caged the primal rage snarling in my heart and answered him obediently.

"Yes," I grumbled. "I do."

Tom's free hand gripped my face and he forcefully squished my cheeks like he was trying to stop a pet cat from swallowing poison. My lips bulged forward in a grotesque circle and my cheeks ballooned out at the sides where his fingers held me firmly in place. Bubbles of saliva dribbled out of the corner of my mouth, but with his tight grip I couldn't swallow any of it and was forced to let the trails run over his fingers and down my neck.

"You do *what?*" He raised his voice and restrained me as I tried to shrink away from him, accepting nothing less than what he wanted to hear. Tom did not let go of me, and when I tried to pull away it only encouraged him to squeeze me harder to stifle my hope to escape.

"I really -I mean, *Mommy* really...really loves sucking your dick, honey." I gurgled through my spit laden maw.

"Wow, *love*, huh? I didn't tell you to say you *loved* it, did I?" Tom, you cocky son of a...wait, nevermind. "You must be a bigger whore than they say you are." Tom released me and shoved me backwards so I was sitting on my knees. I felt his presence towering over me and I stayed low, trying to disappear from existence.

I was afraid. Not of *him*, but of what would happen next. I knew he wouldn't hurt me; nobody ever got away with that here. No, it was the consequences of my decision that were already haunting me. The musky flavor of Tom's dick was still dancing over my taste buds, burning itself into my memory no matter how badly I wanted to forget what it tasted like when his pre-cum started oozing onto my tongue.

"I didn't tell you to stop. Why did you stop, Mommy?" My Son barked at me. I followed his command, sticking my face towards his crotch as I searched blindly for his cock. It nudged my nose again and I obediently dropped my jaw to show off the vines of saliva strung across the back of my throat like a slimy jungle. Tom edged forward against the roof of my mouth, savouring the bumpy texture that caressed his cock head while he ventured further down my throat.

I gagged when he touched my uvula, but quickly regained control. I steadied myself by holding his thighs and waited with patient unease while my Son sunk into my open gullet. His fat egg throbbed against the back of my throat and expanded as blood surged to the tip, cutting off my air. I couldn't taste, smell, feel, or think about anything other than the turgid monster throbbing menacingly against the walls of my throat.

Tom kept most of his cock buried to the hilt while he pumped the last inch or so in and out of my throat, poking the back wall for a moment only to pull back and tease me with the promise of a breath that never came. I focused on not gagging too loudly as he picked up the pace, still ashamed that my Son would forever have the knowledge of what I sounded like with a mouth full of dick.

Gulp, gulp, gulp, gulp.

Like a drum beat, his cock pressed against my my gullet and summoned horrendous gurgles from the depths of my stomach. The wide, spongy head flattened out every time he deeply embedded himself in my throat and deprived me of oxygen. Pulling out of the pocket drew a sickeningly wet sputter from me as I tried to time my breathing with his thrusts. His heavy testicles thudded against my chin every time he bottomed out, splashing me with the specks of the saliva that dribbled over them. I grabbed the slippery sack with one hand and tightened it to a bulb in my fingers, applying just enough pressure to inflate his dickhead in my throat without hurting him.

Tom slowed his thrusts and gave my throat a rest. Without the rough hammering, I could tightly seal my lips around him and let my tongue do most of the work. His new technique brought him in close contact with more of the soggy throat meat he was so fond of, giving me time to make sure every veiny inch of his iron flesh was tenderly caressed. I made sure to hold my tongue flush with the bottom of his cock, where I could feel the muscle bulging out that ran from his balls up to the head. I fluttered my tongue against his shaft with the tip of my long, pink snake gingerly flicking against the bulbous knob of swollen testicles in my hand. I pulled his balls closer to my mouth and tried to get them as close as I could, hungrily lapping at the massive orbs. A long strand of thick drool spilled over my fist, dripping down Tom's tight ball sack and onto my thighs with a quiet *splat*.

Tom took a hold of my head with both hands and drove himself to the root, fully encasing his cock in my throat without hesitation. I squirmed powerlessly, waiting for him to pull out, but he kept me waiting. Salty, bitter tears welled in the pit of my eyes and I clenched them tight to push them away, but as they streamed down my cheeks they were only replaced with more. I tried to ask for a break but the incoherent babbling came out as a sickening muffled gurgle, like I was speaking into a soggy pillow.

I tried sucking air through the tiny space I made when I tried to unhinge my jaw, but only faint whispers snuck through. I jerked my body with gusto, throwing a tantrum to shake my Son off me, but his cock was anchored so deep in my throat that he stayed firmly in place no matter how hard I fought. All I could do was choke out muffled gibberish as I spasmed helplessly, welcoming the bright white stars that decorated the backs of my eyelids.

I tapped on his thigh for mercy but, just like every other power-tripping man with their dick in my throat, he ignored me. The need for oxygen became a priority and I pulled back timidly, hoping for mercy. Tom responded by violently thrusting his dick down my throat until his balls pressed against my chin, with both arms wrapped tightly around my skull.

I convulsed in a panic, throwing my arms up in an attempt to push my Son off of me, but he just pinned them down with his knees. I couldn't hold back a loud, ugly gurgle from escaping my throat as I stretched my jaw as wide as I could, trying to locate a scrap of air to sustain me. I yelped as best I could, but it was muffled by Tom's girth. I knew he heard me, and it hurt me deeply that he didn't care I was on the verge of blacking out. My muscles grew weak like I was slogging through mud. I couldn't find the strength to lift my arms anymore and they fell pathetically to my sides as I relinquished my dignity and prepared to pass out with my Son's cock throbbing in my throat.

It's okay, you're doing this for him. You're making your Son happy, you're a good Mom.

You're a good Mom...

Yore a gud Mawm...

Yor uh gud Mawmy...

I tried to keep happy thoughts in my head as I succumbed to the encroaching darkness. Tom was happy, so I was happy, and that felt like all I could ask for.

With a loud, wet **pop** Tom withdrew his cock from the smothering confines of my throat, with strings of saliva draping over the furiously pulsating length. It was pure ecstasy to have air in my lungs again, and with a deep breath I inadvertently slurped the saliva that dripped free from the corner of my mouth. It shot to the back of my throat and I coughed like an amateur, buckled over and retching like it would remove the taste of my Son's cock from my memory.

"I thought you were supposed to be good at this?" Tom teasingly tapped his spit covered cock against my forehead, leaving wet streaks where he dragged the fleshy brush down my temple to paint my cheek with my own saliva.

"I *am* good at this!" I pouted with a defeated whimper as I gasped for breath.

"I think you can do better." He insisted. "A good Mother would try harder for her Son, don't you think?"

"Do...Do I -I'm trying my best, honey. Do you want to, you know....You can fuck me, if you want to?" The last bit came out as a terrified squeak as my heart leapt into my chest. I pleaded with every deity I knew for him to turn down my offer. Maybe he would be happy with a blowjob if I let him have complete control. My heart was a jackhammer pounding on my ribcage, racing so fast that I couldn't detect a space between the beats.

"No," Tom concluded, saving me from cardiac arrest. "Not yet. Your throat is what made you famous, right? That, and these fat, white milk bags."

I jumped in shock when both his hands took hold of my breasts and clapped them together. The slap they made seemed to echo eternally around the room, but Tom clearly liked it. I sat with my pride in the gutter as he filled the room with the grotesque sound of his Mother's flesh slapping together, childishly amused with their unrelenting jiggle. I winced every time they clashed together

in an overt display of debauchery, their sagging weight pulling my body in whatever direction Tom dictated as he batted around the drooping pendulums.

"I didn't know I *was* famous." I sighed regretfully. I used to think of myself so highly, so hearing that I was "famous" for my cock gobbling talent and my bi-colored skin tone was suddenly a blow to the ego, no longer giving me the sense of pride or individuality that it used to. Tom was poking his dick at my lips like a petulant child being denied sweets, but I had an itching question I had to ask before I let him back inside.

"What do your friends say? About me, I mean." Even with the blindfold on I closed my eyes to hide from the humiliating answer. As if to encourage an honest answer, I made sure to gobble the shiny purple balloon into my mouth before he had a chance to reply. Men always tell the truth when their dick is in your mouth.

I looked up at him through the mask while I nursed on the fat knob filling out my cheeks. I let the saliva trickle out so when I sucked in air it made the dramatic, exaggerated kind of slurping you only hear in porn, or in this club. I was waiting for Tom to answer me about the gossip, but he had been silent for too long for him to still be dwelling on it.

I knew it was desperate, but I had to know. I pulled myself off his rigid cock and dribbled a gob of saliva into my right hand. It squished through my fingers as I wrapped them around the head, delicately trying to extract the answer I needed. I worked the foamy mixture in a circle, twisting and pulling the swollen dome while I repeated myself through labored breath.

"What do your friends say about Mom, sweetheart?" It cut to my core to use cute pet names in this context, but I knew I would get results if I committed to the role. I spat loudly into my palm and circled the slimy mitten around Tom's dick again. "Tell Mommy what makes her so special, baby."

"Do you think you're good Mother?" He caught me off guard.

I had nothing to say, letting the sloppy sound of my fist jerking over his bulging, saliva covered crown fill the silence. My hand trembled, but did not waver. I knew if I kept jerking him off I could withhold my answer for just one more second.

"Yes." I mumbled to the floor.

"Yes *what*?" Tom urged me with such intensity I was afraid he might hit me.

He didn't know of the demons I was wrestling with. He couldn't. He just wanted to hear the dirty talk. It wasn't an empty guise to me, not when I was truly trying to convince myself at that moment that I was doing the right thing. "Yes, I-I think I'm a good Mother."

"Oh, yeah? Tell me, then; where does your Son think you are?" Tom put a hole in my heart as he unwittingly spoke to the woman under the mask. Either he assumed by my age that I had kids, or he simply wanted to take the imaginary dirty talk to a deeper level. "Your *real* baby boy, what does he think you do?"

"He...thinks I'm a waitress." I didn't have the wherewithal to lie. Even the anonymity of the mask could not hide my shame, and by lowering my head defeatedly I knew Tom could sense it.

"Wow, and he doesn't know about this?"

I shook my head earnestly. "He can never know-."

"That you're a whore." The hole in my heart widened to a canyon, but I obediently pumped my slippery fist over my Son's cock as he insulted me for the very job I took just to keep a roof over his head.

"No. He doesn't know." I swallowed the pain tearing through my heart and confronted the insult that I knew he would make me repeat anyway. "He doesn't know that his Mom is a-um...is selling herself for money."

"A whore." He spat back at me and I shrunk into nothing.

"*Whore*." I choked in the middle of the word with a whimper that preceded immediate tears. I couldn't stop the salt water from stinging my eyes, and it wasn't from having my throat torn to ribbons. I couldn't remove myself from the reality that undercut the dirty talk and felt rage bubble in my stomach as I admitted these terrible truths about myself, yet was powerless to change them.

"What would he do if he found out you-."

"I don't *fucking* know!" I snarled, shooting daggers at my Son through the face mask. I could feel the air get heavy and knew I had to backpedal to avoid an inevitable nightmare. Tom was a client, after all. "I - I don't know what he would do. I love him so *fucking* much and I think he would hate me if he knew."

"I would."

"You would...what?" I didn't want the answer.

"I would never speak to my Mother again if she reduced herself to *this*." Tom was laughing off the idea of having compassion for me, unknowingly berating me to my face for fighting to keep him safe and healthy. "My Mom is too good for this. I mean, no offence, but this is pretty desperate for a woman your age. I could never respect my Mom again if she did *this* shit for my sake. It'd feel like I forced her into it."

"You didn't force me, sweetheart!" I sniffled as tears soaked into the fabric hiding my eyes. I realized a second later the implication of my word choice. "I mean, you wouldn't be forcing *her*. It would be her choice to support you however she can...right?"

Tom laughed in my face, clearly taking some leftover resentment out on what he thought was a stranger. "If you need to believe that then go right ahead. But I think we both know you're a shitty Mom who wishes she was still living off a rich husband and giving one blowjob a year to keep her life from falling apart."

I couldn't even feel anger build anymore; I had no more room for it. I accepted after going this far that nothing would make me reveal my identity to Tom. He was free to unload every vitriolic tirade against me that he wanted to. If it was too late to stop when he sucked my nipples, it was certainly too late now. I mulled over the taste of his precum saturating my taste buds and imagined the fallout that would come from revealing myself now. It would ruin everything I had built, all I had worked for. I needed to be strong for my Son.

True to professionalism, I silently stroked my Son's cock with fake enthusiasm. I knew Tom saw me as an object when he restarted our filthy exchange as though he hadn't just spent a few minutes liberally taking a razorblade to my existence.

"Mommy?" He asked in a sweet voice that painfully juxtaposed the hate he had just thrown at me.

"What?" I shot back with my lip curled in contempt. I knew he wouldn't let me get away with a snap like that, so I readjusted with my faux Mommy-tone. "I'm sorry. What is it, sweetheart?"

Tom didn't reply, but I could hear the evil grin spreading across his face; he loved the total control he had over me. I had to move things along to stop myself from zoning out, because I knew what horror awaited me in those quiet moments of reflection. It was waiting for the moment the door closed behind him at the end of the night. Waiting for when I would be left alone, reduced to rubble, to fruitlessly comfort myself at my lowest point.

I knew I was wasting time by lazily jerking him off, giving myself too much time to think in between the long, drawn out squeezes up and down his length. I closed my lips around the head and gently nursed on the spongy egg, building up a net of saliva on my tongue. I batted the head around inside my mouth, my tongue assaulting it from all sides while I doubled down on the sweet talk.

"Go on, honey. Jut...tell Mommy want you want from her." My stomach churned at the possibility of what he had in store next.

"Get on the bed." He commanded with a boom.

No, not yet. Please not this. Oh god, please, not yet.

It was moments like these where I wished to be gagged instead of blindfolded. I didn't need to see, but I needed to let my eyes plead with Tom in ways words could not. I had nothing I could say, beyond the horrible truth, to convince him that this was wrong, but maybe the fear in my eyes would have given him a reason to pause. Eyes are the mirror to the soul, after all.

It broke my heart to have sucked my Son's dick, but what came next was a new level of depravity. I had felt him in ways I never wanted to, but I had not yet been *invaded*. There was a difference, a thin but important line, separating the two. I could not go back on my commitment after what I had already done, so I begrudgingly followed Tom's instruction.

I lifted myself up with shaking legs and inched backwards until I bumped into the mattress. If he had been speaking, I did not hear it. The war drum thumping in my chest deafened me like a bomb had just shattered my ear drums, removing one of the few senses that I had left to tether myself to Earth. I was floating in my own body, blind and deaf to the world as I sunk into a cocoon of fear and shame.

Tom shoved me and I landed on the bed with my legs propped up at the knee. Unconsciously, and against all my experience, I clasped them shut so only the swell of my pussy lips could be seen bulging between my thighs. I knew I couldn't hide forever; my pussy was too fat to keep sequestered behind the curtain, and the more I squirmed the more I inadvertently pushed the juicy mound of meat to the forefront. Rich honey oozed between my petals, and I prayed that Tom could not see how disgustingly wet his Mother had become from sucking his cock. I chastised myself for being so, no matter how powerless I was to stop it.

"Fuck me, wow." Tom climbed out of his pants and threw them onto the nearby chair. I tried desperately not to envision the scene before me as my naked Son approached me like a meticulous hunter. He placed a hand on each thigh and tried to push them open, but I would not give in that easily. "Spread your legs, Mom."

"W-why?" It was hopeless, but I couldn't get my body to listen to reason.

"I want to see your pussy." His hands floated innocently up my thigh as he taunted me, drifting between my legs until he pushed through my slippery slit. "I want to see where I came from, that beautiful -oh fuck, that *wet* pussy."

"Baby, no, oh god no, please just wait! *WAIT!*" I let my truth bleed through the charade, desperately hoping that maybe an ounce of it would actively something subconsciously inside Tom that brought this to an end. He paused as if to give me time to speak my mind, waiting patiently for my next - carefully chosen - words.

"W-we have to stop, we can still stop now and I'll just forget you came in tonight." Everything I said threw more gasoline on the fire. I couldn't push back earnestly without revealing myself, and the half-hearted attempts to quell him only served to encourage the roleplay. He thought it was a game, because to him it was.

"It's too late for that now, Mommy." Tom pushed hard on my thighs, fighting me for control.

"Please, baby." I was losing the fight, leaving my hope in the gutter as Tom slowly pried my legs apart. "Please just wait, honey. Please j-just stop doing this! Stop! Mommy can't...M-Mommy can't do this, please let me go, baby."

"Mom, this is happening." He snarled, throwing my legs open. "Stop being a bitch, and start acting like the good girl I paid for."

My body was fighting against me, colluding to submit me to surrender in an act of desperate self-preservation. Bitter acid seared my esophagus as my stomach lurched in protest, unable to settle amid the flurry of dizzying nausea that weighed me down like chainmail. The adrenaline pumping through my veins told me I was skydiving, as though I was suspended in thin air.

Tom's breath was hot against my skin, but that was nothing to the boiling heat brewing between my legs. It would have been impossible to convince him that I was not turned on, given that he had yet to truly touch me and I was already dripping in front of him. My body knew how to respond to blowjobs, even if I didn't want it to.

Tom's hands were softer than most men, but I winced as though they were sandpaper. Both hands made an "O" around my pussy mound and squeezed delicately, making the white putty bulge between his fingers. His thumbs were dangerously close to my butthole, teetering on the edge where my cheeks sloped down to meet the tiny, puckered hole. He pushed the meat together so the extra pudge around my lips sealed the pink slip from view, rolling it so I felt my juices squishing around.

My Son was taking his time, relishing the feast spread before him. He let go of my lips and they stayed sealed together for a second before peeling apart and exposing the rosy gem glistening inside like fresh fruit. Tom placed his fingers on either side of the chubby curtains and dug into the soft flesh. He timidly spread my petals apart while devouring me with his eyes.

Tom's wandering thumbs nestled in the groove below my pussy, poking up against my asshole so he could get a better grip. I hated doing anal, but at work I was not permitted the luxury of denying it. The wrinkled donut seized up as soon as his digits touched it, like it was trying to escape him. I was so slick with honey that he was having trouble holding my pussy open, but he had not had his fill yet. His thumbs edged their way between my tightly clenched cheeks and pried me open like a coconut, forcefully holding me in place.

"Why are you fighting me, Mommy?" He teased me with a kiss on top of my pussy mound. As much as he liked toying with me, I knew he was getting impatient.

"I'm not fighting, sweetheart." My pride was a baseball in my throat, but I swallowed it. Though my legs felt like they were made of iron, I summoned the strength to lift them. I raised the long, toned branches straight above the man between my legs, revealing more of the voracious display he was so enamoured with. My ruby toenails pointed up to the sky as my legs slowly ascended until they were as straight as an arrow. Only then did I bend and bring my knees close to my chest, splaying out every last crease of juicy pussy meat for my Son to obsess over.

"Are you...ready for me?" I squeaked, failing to find the confidence I longed for.

"I've been ready for years, Mom." Tom grunted as he climbed on top of me. His frame dwarfed mine, casting me in shadow as he lowered himself until our chests met.

"Y -years?"

"I've always wanted to fuck you, ever since I can remember." Tom kissed my cheek and wrapped his arms around my head. I should have felt safe in the arms, but instead found newfound claustrophobia as he pressed against me like he was trying to merge our bodies. "Do you love me, Mommy?"

"More than anything in the world." I did not have to lie to him, but it still felt like a betrayal. It also felt like the only thing I could say to give myself comfort as Tom's cock pressed against my entrance. As it came closer to finding what it sought I was reduced to honest, yet pathetic, mumbling. Though I was the only one privy to the severity of our sin, it was still my motherly duty to comfort my Son, and myself, as best I could.

"I love you, I love you, baby." I tucked my feet behind my Son's knees and drew him towards me. "Mommy loves you, sweetheart. You're such a good boy for me, I love you. Mommy loves..." And on and on I droned, until the words lost all meaning.

My Son's erection throbbed as the head prodded my pussy, parting my lips as he entered the warm, wet pocket he was born from. The bulging knob slipped inside with a soft *pop*, sinking the helmet into me. My lips hugged the round orb, tightly sealing the egg inside so I could flex around it. Tom worked the head into me, teasing my pussy by easing the ridge of the swollen dome in and out so I would instinctively clench up every time it re-entered me.

Tom fed me a few fat inches of cock and my pussy hungrily accepted every last one. I generously greased the thick pipe with juices so he could fit another helping without having to let me adjust, leading to just a few short pushes before he was halfway inside. His stiffness had him poking the top of my pussy, tightly embedded against the fleshy, bumpy ceiling. Every time he urged his cock back into me, he brushed my g-spot like he was taunting me, sending tiny tingles through my spine.

Every clench expertly coaxed honey to the opening of my pussy, encasing Tom with the lube he needed to work his rigid, veiny cock inside. He had his face buried in the nape of my neck, breathing like he was deep in a marathon but unwilling to lose focus. Tom embraced me like a stress ball, trapping me close to him as he inched his hips forward. Our pelvises were nearly together, leaving a mere few inches of girthy cock sticking out of me.

"...anything in the world. I love you, I love you, Mommy loves you so fucking much." I had yet to pause my chant, repeating it like a spell in Tom's ear, channeling every ounce of love I had for him and our family. It sickened me to my core to feel how powerfully his dick flexed in response to my swooning, but I was beyond remorse. I wanted to end this. "You're almost in, honey. One big push for Mommy?"

"A -are you sure, Mom?" He wouldn't have taken "no" for an answer.

"I can take it, sweetheart. Put it all inside your Mother." My legs locked around his back as his balls came flush against my ass cheeks, proudly sealing him inside of me as the rest of his cock filled the remaining space in my cunt.

I placed my hands on either side of his head and tugged his face away from my neck. "You did it, that's my good-."

He kissed me.

I never kissed clients, and he knew that. Every client knows that. Tom pulled back and immediately apologised. "I know you aren't supposed to do that, but you just remind me so much of...well, you know."

"Your Mother?" I choked out. I tensed up in fearful anticipation, but that only served to smother the bulge in my guts with a tight, gooey hug.

"Yeah." Tom whispered, removing the innocent fun that often came from embracing this fetish. His voice was shaking like a leaf. "I know that's fucked up, but-."

"But I don't care." I cooed, finding all the worst moments to employ my comforting motherhood. I pulled his lips back onto mine and held him in place, grinding my cervix against the spongy cock head invading my depths. My tongue fluttered against his lips and he instantly accepted me, twirling his saliva with mine as we intertwined our tongues. I gave in to the wanton lust, abandoning my senses as I hungrily lapped at my Son's tongue. I opened my mouth and he pushed inside, driving his cock against my center as he bore down with all his weight.

"You want to kiss your Mom like this?" I said between passionate, sloppy smooches.

"Uh-huh." He whimpered without pause.

The first thrust came as a surprise. I dumped a hearty groan into Tom's mouth as he withdrew his cock from me and drove it home again, forgetting that I was not supposed to be enjoying myself. Tom continued to assault me with kisses like a horny teenager, giving me little time to collect myself before he pumped his length into me again. I wasn't ready. At least, I didn't think I was. It was becoming real too quickly, and before I knew it my Son found himself rutting me on pure instinct while I writhed beneath him.

His cock was the perfect length to fit me; meeting my womb with a firm, loving smooch each time I felt his tightly pulled balls press against me. I was wetter than I had been in ages, gliding the powerful piston through the buttery tunnel of pussy meat until it reached bottom.

Tom hammered me for long enough that I started to feel my muscles ache. I was no stranger to big cocks, but the unusually tense atmosphere had me tightly wound in more ways than one. The sound of his wet skin slapping against mine was enchanting, hypnotizing me into a lull as I fervently

made out with my Son. He was so deeply enamoured with fucking me that I wondered if he would even stop if he knew it was me under the mask.

My legs jostled against his back as he fucked me in a steady rhythm, pausing only to stir the deep confines of my honeypot before resuming the tender thrusting. Tom laid a hand on my waist and moved us like we were rocking a boat together. My Son and I swayed in unison, matching each other's thrusts to drive his cock home. His hand scrambled up my tummy and found the swell of my breasts, filling his hands with the pudgy white meat and squeezing the dough through his fingers.

My hands wandered his body like I was exploring it for the first time. It had been many years since I held Tom's tiny arms in my fingers like little sausage rolls. Now, with biceps like bridge cables, I was completely helpless under the manipulation of the young boy who once depended on me for everything. The muscles in his back, the firm chest pressed against mine, everything was telling me that the man on top of me was not the one I raised. Yet with every strained grunt, every audible groan, I remembered who I served.

"Oh my god, Mommy. You feel fucking incredible." My Son swooned. "How did you ever push me out of this tight little pussy?"

"I guess Mommy just really wanted to meet you." Once again, all I needed to do was tell the truth.

Tom pulled away from our embrace and raised my legs up so they rested on his shoulders. I suddenly felt more exposed without him covering me, and had to fight the impulse to cover my breasts as the blubbery behemoths fell to the sides of my chest. They crashed together with a loud slapping sound every time Tom thrust into me, mauling each other like feuding sisters.

"Come here, Mom." When Tom pulled his dick out of me, I felt distinctly empty. I did not *want* him back inside, but it felt like my body was missing something. He patted the pillows. "Hands and knees, up here."

I had no time to steady myself; I had orders to follow. I scrambled onto my stomach and tucked my knees under my chest, burying my face in the pillow as I display my backside to my Son; presenting myself to be mated. I wagged my ass back and forth like a light breeze was swaying it, enticing Tom to take me. Either he was stunned, or he was admiring, but something was giving him reason to pause. Perplexed by his hesitation, I did what I do best.

I grabbed a handful of ass cheek in each hand and pried them open. The pudgy meat bled through my fingers and threatened to spill out like a flood, but I held the tsunami back. My pink, puckered asshole shone brightly in the red light, glazed with the nectar drooling messily from my pussy. I winked the donut a couple of times, showing how snug I could make myself, before relaxing the muscle and pulling it wider until stretch lines displayed how tautly each cheek was being held.

Something triggered him, and I didn't care what. The bed creaked as Tom shifted his weight. He laid a hand on either cheek and stationed himself behind my ass, letting his cock poke around my backside as he soaked in the view. I arched my back to give him the best angle, ignoring how devious it felt to contort myself to show off to my Son.

The head of his cock nuzzled between my pussy lips, raw and gawking in its absence, before it eased between the slippery folds. Tom went straight to the bottom like an anchor, burying his entire length in my steamy pussy with one push. It felt good being full again, all things considered, but I was unprepared for how it would feel once he started moving again. I swear I could feel every thick,

imposing vein sprawling across his cock like spider webs. He was so hard I felt my innards trying to squirm to fit around him, relenting their resistance under his unforgiving pumping.

Tom fucked me like a different man, one who was not concerned with showering me in love that way it felt he had a moment ago. He was possessed, and obsessed with getting to the edge that all men crave. The roleplay came to a screeching halt as Tom's carnal desires took center stage, leaving me to play the role of a warm, wet hole to put his dick in.

My Son pounded me in a way I was too familiar with. Being unfamiliar with the woman on the receiving end can make men fuck a little harder, and Tom was no exception. His hands were firmly planted on my hips so he could pull me into him to meet his thrusts. He mashed the head of his cock against me, bottoming out with every entry that shot pangs through my stomach. His dick embedded within the walls of my swampy pussy meat, drenching the pole in the vat of bubbly juices I kept warm inside.

It took a second for me to become aware of how tightly my nails were dug into my palm, and I snatched up a handful of sheets before I drew blood. Even through the mask my eyes were shut so tight that I saw a galaxy of stars exploding behind my eyelids.

"B-be gentle with Mommy, h-honey!" I squealed with my nose stuffed in the sheets.

He heard me, but he said nothing. All he did was bring a hand down like a paddle on my ass cheek, instilling his discipline. I understood, and against my will my brain logged this moment as a painful memory for when I struggled to get to sleep that night. My cheek seared like my Son had branded me, and I could feel the perfect imprint of his hand glowing like a red aura on my behind.

Tom spread my ass cheeks apart and slowly pulled out from the depths of my soggy cunt. I felt every inch slowly slithering from my grasp before it plopped out of me. He spat a gob of saliva onto my asshole and watched as the bubbles trailed down through my ravaged pussy lips, running over every small, subtle wrinkle and invading each crack with the hot, warm lube. Those same bubbles coated the fat helmet as he drove it back into me with one push, jamming against my cervix with a harsh stab.

Minutes turned to hours, I believe, and I did not make a peep. I felt dejected, as I knew I should. I was turned into a puppet for my Son to shove his dick into, left to pick up whatever pieces remained when he was finished. So many men had been in the same position as him, and none had ever made me feel ashamed of what I do. Ashamed of who I am. The only person I could tell about my nightmare was currently watching my vagina gobble his cock to the root.

"Can I, Mommy?" Tom must have been asking me something, but I didn't hear him.

"Can you...what?" I asked timidly as my body filled head to toe with abject horror.

"I asked if I could finish inside you," He swatted my ass again. "And you didn't answer me."

"You want to finish inside your *Mother*?" I couldn't withhold my disgust. Every passing second was giving me a dark new secret to keep and I was reaching a breaking point. "Can you just do it in my mouth? Please, honey?" Somehow I thought that was better.

Something primal in the deepest part of my psyche told me that being bred by my only child would be irredeemable. I was on the pill, but still...What if I somehow got pregnant with his baby? I wouldn't have the heart to do anything other than keep it, but I could never raise Tom's child in

good conscience while neglecting to tell him that he was the Father. I didn't want him to be the one to breed me with his new baby brother, but I was moments away from feeling him do his best to impregnate me and could not fight the fear that gave me.

"No," He snapped, tightening his grip on my waist. "You're gonna take it in this greedy, fat fucking cunt of yours, okay?"

Tears soaked the mask as I bit down on my cheek. I was nothing to him. I felt a rage I knew I would not be able to entertain, and violently fought the urge to let it surface. "O-okay, sweetheart. It's...whatever you want to do. Just finish, please."

Even with strangers there's often a sense of completion when they finish. I hate cum, from the taste to the feel, but here's something oddly alluring about pushing someone's buttons in just the right way. Something about it gives me a sense of accomplishment.

Not this time.

Tom cried like an animal as he sunk his cock into me, bathing his length with soggy pussy meat one last time as the crown ballooned against my cervix. Hot, bubbly semen scorched my insides, splattering against the walls like thick, white mud. I clenched as another rope plastered my tunnel, making a gooey mess that quickly began to leak out of the edges. I lost count of how many times I felt him flex, firing another rope of what should have been my grandchildren deep into my waiting womb.

I hated feeling the pasty butter churning in my pussy, seeping into every corner of me as it invaded my body. Every time he throbbed it made the frothy cum ooze around him, marinating his cock in our collective juices. A dribble of cum ran over my asshole as he continued to spasm, scraping the bottom of the barrel to try and find more baby butter to dump into me.

I couldn't stomach, or ignore, the idea of what I would have to do if he had impregnated me. If I did that I would well and truly unravel, so I was thankful when his dick finally began to soften. The swampy mixture of baby butter and my own honey was spilling from my loosened pussy, drooling onto the sheets as Tom got off the bed.

"Fuck that was incredible." He chimed. "You're really as good as they say you are, you know?"

"Thank you." I mumbled under my breath. I closed my legs and rolled onto my side, tucking them close to my chest in the recovery position as I trembled silently. My mind was reeling with unfocused thoughts, entertaining one dire view of the future after the other. I didn't know what to do next, but every possibility terrified me to the core.

I would have to see Tom at home tomorrow morning. Walk around the house, greet him with the remnants of his cum still lingering deep inside me. I couldn't imagine giving him a hug, or a kiss, without damning myself as a Mother. How would I face him knowing what I had been forced to stoop to tonight?

These were thoughts I did not have to entertain for long, though in hindsight I would have been blessed to walk away without another thought.

Tonight I was not blessed.

"Yes, man! I'm telling you it's real. She's real!" Tom barked into his phone on the other side of the room. I didn't budge, but I tracked him intently with my ears. "I just fucked her, it was insane. You

guys gotta get down here ASAP, I'll keep her booked until then."

What? No. Wait...what?

"Alright, see you guys soon, man." Tom hung up and chuckled to himself. "This is gonna be *wild*."

Part of me thought that if I stayed still I would become as invisible as I felt. Maybe I would sink into the bed and disappear before I was forced into the realization of what Tom was planning, but he gave me no such space.

"You, whatever the hell your name is, are about to have one hell of a night." Tom trudged to the bed with heavy footsteps. "Hey, are you listening to me?"

"No." I offered meekly, burying my head further into my knees. "God, please don't do this, sweetheart."

"Well, I don't know if you overheard, but we're gonna have some company soon." He was getting upset at my lack of reaction. "You should be thanking me; I'm bringing you customers. What's wrong with you?"

The rage. That sickening, furious gut punch that rocked me to my core. I had enough, I couldn't do this anymore. I couldn't fuck a group of strangers while I felt my Son's cum greasing them as they pushed inside me. I lost it, and in an instant I ruined everything.

"I want to go home." I sniffled to stop my nose from running, rubbing it with my hand. "T-Tom, please, baby. I want to go home."

My Son was as still as silence itself. I quivered on the bed like a scared puppy while he slowly worked up the courage to kneel on the mattress beside me. "How..."

Go on, ask. You know you want to.

"How do you know my name?" I could hear the machoism crumble as panic caught like a razorblade in his throat. His fingers trembled as they reached for me, hoping that whatever he found under the mask would be anything other than what he feared.

I fought so hard to stay silent until now. I despised myself for caving after going through hell, but a human can only take so much. The consequences would be worse than I could ever imagine, but self-preservation forced my body to quit before my shattered spirit was ground to fine dust.

Tom bunched the fabric cloth in his fist and pulled it off my head, but he already knew what was waiting underneath.

"M-Mom?"