



Erotica Collection

Last Updated on 27th July 2024

Contents

Bad Walls Make for Good Neighbours	2
His Mother's Voice	67
In the Family Business	128
Lost and Found	192
Ms. Mia and Me - Chapter 1.....	244
Neighbourhood Mom.....	265
That Voodoo You Do so Well	298
The Penned Dragon	363
Two Players, 18 Years of Age and Up.....	385
Viral Sensation	412
Cat Toy.....	460

Bad Walls Make for Good Neighbours

"Is *this* shirt okay?" I asked, coming out of the bedroom. It was the third I'd tried on, the second I'd ironed, and about the last I had time for before the taxi showed up to take us to dinner.

Lacie, my fiancée, was kneeling on the couch, one ear pressed to the wall. Her little black dress was rucked up over her knees and pulled tight across her adorable little behind, so I wasn't about to complain.

"Sh!" She said, waving a hand. "I think I can hear somebody."

"Probably," I said, shrugging. There had been a moving truck in front of the house half the day, and a couple of thick-necked beerbellies toting stuff back and forth into the apartment on the other side of the duplex for hours.

"Aren't you even a little curious?" Lacey said.

"Well," I began shoving the tails of my shirt into my pants, keeping a weather eye on the clock. "It's not like we're going anywhere. I'm sure we'll see whoever it is in a day or two."

"Oh!" Childish excitement crept into her voice. "I can definitely hear somebody. It's a man, I think?"

"A man?" Pushing the last of the fabric under the waistband, I buckled my belt. "I thought the landlord said it was a woman going in there?"

"No, it's definitely a man." She put one hand on the wall, fascinated. I walked up behind her and put my hands on her hips, admiring her slim form. My mother had called her a "tiny slip of a thing," when they'd been introduced, and it was hard to argue with that assessment. The fabric of the dress was silky to the touch, and I wondered what she was wearing underneath. Last anniversary, it'd been nothing. Lacie swatted my hand away. "Stop, Derek."

Rolling my eyes, I said. "the taxi'll be here any minute."

"He's talking to somebody, I think," Lacie pursed her lips. Tired of being ignored, I knelt on the cushion next to hers, and planted my own ear on the wall. There was a low, masculine murmur coming from next door, but I couldn't make out a word.

"Yeah he's definitely talking," I said. "Now can we just-"

"Listen!" She hissed, hitting me playfully. A woman's laugh, low but clear, passed through the drywall.

"There she is," I said quietly. If the sound could pass one way, it could go both ways.

"Think it's her boyfriend?" Lacie asked. Something thudded against the wall.

"Oh fuck!" That time, the man's voice came through clear as a bell. The wall thudded again, and we could hear our neighbour's low chuckle. "What are you doing?" Then there was a shuddering moan of male pleasure. Lacie and I looked at each other, wide-eyed; the wall thudded a third time, then became a steady rhythm. The painting above the couch started tapping the wall in time. We sprang back and stood up unison.

"Oookay," Lacie said. "I hope that's not-

"Fuck! Baby how are you doing that?" The woman's reply was a low murmur, indistinct.

"-something we have to listen to every day." Lacie finished, raising her voice slightly.

"Yeah I hope we don't have to hear people having sex all the time!" I said, nodding, hoping the thinness of the walls would work in our favour. The thudding continued unabated. Lacie screwed up her face. I shrugged. Outside, a car horn blew. "Taxi's here," I said. "We gotta go." My fiancée made a disgusted face, and strode into the porch to find her heels. I followed, leaving the landscape on the wall to its own devices, gently keeping the beat.

- - -

"HelloOoo," I called into the darkened apartment, poking my head through the door. Behind me, Lacie giggled, but there was otherwise no answer. "Coast is clear," I said, and we entered, unsteadily. I reached for the switch, and she slapped my hand away.

"No. I've got other plans," she slurred. "C'mere." Lacie took a half-step towards me, then tripped in her shoes. I caught her easily, and scooped her lithe form up into my arms; she wrapped hers around my neck. "My hero," she said, and laughed as one of her heels *clonked* to the floor.

"I didn't like those shoes anyway." Lacie scissored her legs and sent the other flying across the room. "They hurt," she pouted. I grinned and kissed her hard, on the mouth.

"Come on, princess." I said. "Let's get you into the bedroom so you can rest those feet. I can think of a thing or two to help you feel better."

"Just one or two?" She said with a giggle as I carried her through the apartment. "Let's see - there's your penish, your tongue," Lacie stuck hers out, "your...fingers! That's got to be, like twelve at least!" We laughed as I carried her into the bedroom, and laid her gently down on the bed. The hem of her dress rucked up around the tops of her pale, slim thighs, and I could see no hint of panties hidden between them.

"Well, let's start with one, and work our way up to twelve," I said with a chuckle. Spreading her legs, I knelt on the bed and leaned forward, feeling the smooth flesh of her legs brushing past my cheeks as I did. In the dim light of the bedroom, I

couldn't make out the prize that lay between them, but I could feel the heat as I brought my opened mouth closer-

THUD. The bedroom wall shook as something on the other side slammed into it. Lacie's legs clamped shut around my ears.

"You've got to be kidding," she said with a sigh. We waited for a moment, and there seemed to be no more noise forthcoming.

"Come on, honey." I said, pushing forward. Lacie's thighs relaxed, slightly. I began pushing her skirt up over her hips, and-

THUD. THUDthud. She insinuated a hand between her legs and began pushing my face away. Taking the hint, I sat back on my haunches as my fiancée scissored her legs together, sitting up.

"Maybe we can just ignore them?" I said, hopefully. There was a moment's silence, then the banging against the wall continued, quieter now but more rhythmic.

"You're joking." Lacie said, stone sober now. I could feel the glow of the drinks quickly fading. The woman on the other side moaned.

"God have these walls always been so thin?" She said, wondering. "Do you think that old man who used to live over there could hear us-" She gestured with one hand. "Y'know."

"I don't know," I said, unnaturally loudly. "It sure seems like it'd be real easy for someone next door to hear what was going on!" If they heard me, there was no sign, as there was no let-up in the rhythm. There was a long, guttural groan from the man. With a disgusted look on her face, Lacie swung her legs off the bed and padded into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

Still kneeling on the bed, I let out a long, slow, breath through pursed lips. There was a wet, feminine moan from the other side of the wall, and my penis stirred. "Quiet, you." I murmured as I stood, yanking the tails of my shirt out of my pants. I left the bedroom and headed into the kitchen, followed by the pounding beat of our neighbors. "At least somebody's enjoying themselves."

I glanced around furtively, ensuring that the coast was clear, then opened the freezer door and plucked out a pack of cigarettes; it was tucked away in the back, behind an old tub of stew. I gently closed the freezer again, and slid open the patio door.

Out on the deck, the summer air was cool and sweet. I eased patio door shut, and lit up with the barbeque lighter, and took a long drag. The cigarette was stale - they'd been hiding in the freezer for a month or more - but as soon as the smoke hit my lungs, I could feel the tension melting away from my muscles. I took another drag and looked up, where a few lonely stars winkled, the rest hidden in the light pollution from the city. Eventually, somewhere behind me a door opened and I heard bare feet padding lightly against wood.



"Sorry, babe. This is the last one, I promise," I said, surreptitiously trying to jam the half-empty pack into my pants pocket.

There was a languid, feminine chuckle. "Don't worry, tiger. I won't tell anybody." Wheeling around on my heel, I saw a tall woman in a shimmery white dressing gown approaching on the other side of the half-wall that separated our side of the deck from that of the apartment next door. Long, loose curls of black hair were piled atop her head in a lazy arrangement.

"Oh shit, I thought you were my girlfriend, sorry."

The woman laughed again; she had a voice like slowly-poured whiskey over ice that set the base of my spine a-tingle. She walked over with a slow, deliberate stride, body moving with catlike grace toward the end of the deck, and leaned on the railing.

"I haven't been anybody's *girlfriend* in a very long time." In the dim light, I watched her as she produced her own cigarette from the depths of her robe. She looked older than Lacie and I, possibly as old as the two of us put together, but her mouth was still plush and full and shimmery with the remains of that evening's lip gloss, and her eyes were a vivid, shocking blue against the carefully-maintained deep brown of her skin. She placed the cigarette between her full lips and began patting herself. "Oh damn," she said. "Can I get a light?"

"Sure," I laughed. "Here." I handed over the barbeque lighter. The strong, handsome features of her face lit up in the brief

flare from the Bic as she clicked the trigger. "So, that's not your boyfriend in there?" I asked, as delicately as I could.

"You heard us?" She took a long pull from the cigarette. "Damn cheap walls. I knew I shouldn't have trusted that greasy fuck of a landlord when I couldn't get him to stop staring at my tits." Unbidden, my eyes dropped to the thin fabric of her robe; it was voluminous but the folds were incapable of hiding the swelling bounty of her breasts, or the nipples as they thickened up in the night air. Was she wearing anything under there? Suddenly aware of what I was doing, my eyes flicked up to meet hers, crinkled in a mischievous grin. "No, he's not my boyfriend." As she handed the lighter back, I noticed her nails, well-kept but sharp, and painted a glittery pink to match her lipgloss.

"Tell you the truth, I don't even remember his name. John? Jerry? Jimmy? Something with a J." She shrugged, and a few coils of silky black hair came tumbling down over her shoulder. Giving me the once-over, she said, "what's your name, anyway? So long as we're sharing the house, there's no reason not to be neighbourly."

"I'm Derek," I offered her my hand to shake, and she did, with a warm, firm, long-fingered grip. "Derek Smythe. My girlfriend-
fiancee is Lacie."

"Fiancee?" She said, exhaling a cloud of fragrant smoke and arching a carefully-plucked eyebrow. "Aren't you a little young to be getting married?"

"I'm 24!" I said, defensive. "My parents were, like, 19 or something when they got married. I'm out of school, making good money, no debt. I think it's about time."

That got another appraising look from my neighbor. "Just seems like a waste to me; a young man like you should be out sowing his oats, honing his sexual prowess, not settling down." She turned back towards the yard and took another long drag. "At least tell me you're with someone who can really appreciate what you've got to offer, and not some silly child with more romantic notions than experience."

My brow furrowed as I tried to parse what she was saying. "Well. I mean, Lacie and I have been together since high school, if that's what you mean. I'd never be with someone who was young-"

She laughed in a short bark that cut me off before I could complete my thought. "No no no, honey. I meant someone with **more** experience, not **less**. High school sweethearts are lovely, but you're just setting that girl up for disappointment. She won't be able to hang on to you."

"Excuse me?" I felt my face flushing. "Who the hell do you think you are?"

"Oh I'm sorry, hon." She extended one long-nailed hand. "I'm Roxanne." Despite myself, I took her hand and shook it. Her skin was smooth and warm and dry and her fingers lingered in my palm just a few seconds longer than they had to. "I've seen it a thousand times - some young stud like yourself finds a girl his own age to marry, settle down, breed a few kids with,

all the while not realizing he's making himself into a perfect target for a sexually-aware older woman on the prowl, just aching for the next conquest. And they're such *easy* conquests."

Roxanne stubbed her cigarette out on the rail of the deck and threw it into the yard. "You all think you want some pretty little wifey, some docile pretty doll who'll come running when you snap your fingers." She snapped hers. "But what every young stud like yourself needs, deep down, is a woman, a *real* woman to take the reins and show him what real pleasure is. An older woman, a woman with a mature body, a fully-flowered sexuality, and not a single fuck to give about what you want. To a woman like that, a young man like yourself is like prey to a predator - just waiting to be snapped up. And once you've been snapped up just *once* you'll never be able to give it up, you'll never be able to go back to your safe, boring bed you share with wifey." She grinned wolfishly. "A mature woman knows every inch of her body in a way that no girl ever could, and knows how to *use* it, knows how to make a dumb young stud addicted to it." I don't even think she was talking to me, caught up in the rhythm of her own words, carried away by the arousal in her voice, by the sexuality that dripped from her plush lips.

"Um, okay." I said, not quite sure how to follow up her tirade, and a little dazed by the flood of words. "Ow, fuck!" I yelped as the cherry of my own cigarette, having burned down to the filter, scorched my knuckles. I dropped the smoke and kicked it over the side of the deck, into the grass. "I'll, uh, I'll see you around I guess." I began backing away, towards the patio door.

"I'm sure you will." Roxanne gave me a wink, and turned away towards the yard again. I slammed the patio door closed

harder than I thought, and in the silence of our darkened kitchen, discovered that I was panting hard, and carrying a significant swelling in my pants.

"That was intense," I said to nobody in particular. After stashing the remaining cigarettes back in the freezer, I crept slowly back into the bedroom, where I found Lacie in bed, wrapped up in a thick terrycloth robe. She stirred as I crawled up into bed with her.

"Smoking?" She mumbled, half-asleep.

"Last one babe, I swear," we both said in unison.

"I've heard that before," Lacie said. "Did I hear you talking to somebody out there?"

"Yeah, just the neighbour."

"Oh?" My fiancée rolled over. "What are they like?"

"She." I corrected. "It's just her over there."

"Well what's she like, then?"

I tried to curl into her while keeping my still-deflating cock away from Lacie's body.

"She's uh- nice, I guess. We weren't talking long. But I let her know we could hear her. Them."

"Thank *god*. I couldn't put up with much more of *that*."

"No I took care of it." I slid a hand inside her robe. "Do you wanna pick up where we left off?"

She pushed my fingers away and pulled the robe tighter. "Tomorrow. It's late and I'm starting to feel hungover and I just want to go to sleep, 'kay?"

"Yeah, yeah of course." I rolled over onto my back, and adjusted my cock. "Tomorrow." She'd be too sick to move tomorrow, I knew. As Lacie began to snore gently, I wondered if I could rub one out real quick without her noticing, thought better of it, cuddled into my fiancée and went to sleep.

- - -

The next day found us huddled together on the couch, recovering and watching a Property Brothers marathon on HGTV.

"I don't understand why they just don't get married and get it over with." I said, idly toying with Lacie's hair as it lay in my lap.

"Uh, they're brothers?" She said quietly, trying not to let her skull explode.

"Really? I don't see it."

She punched me lightly on the leg, laughing. "You dope. What's on after this?"

"House Hunters International, i.e., Ridiculously Rich People Agonizing Over Terrible Houses we could nev-"

The doorbell rang before I could finish. Lacie and I shared a look. "Were you expecting anybody?" I said. She shook her head. The bell rang again, and Lacie winced.

"Get rid of them, will you? I'm not in the mood to see anybody." She gestured at herself, wrapped up in flannel pjs and a dingy robe.

"I'm not exactly dressed to receive company myself," I said with a laugh, gingerly laying her head on a couch cushion as I stood, so as not to shatter it.

"Good morning!" Roxanne said brightly as I opened the door. Her dark hair was pulled back into a tight ponytail that feathered out into those long, loose curls; her eyes, an icy-blue in the daylight, twinkled mischievously and a half-smile played across her plush, glossy-pink lips as she brushed past me and into the apartment, and I noted how tall she was, her eyes were level with my own. Our neighbor was dressed casually, as though headed to the gym: an unzipped navy hoodie showed off the close-fitted blue tanktop whose neckline skimmed low over the tightly bound flesh of her sizeable

breasts and lay flat across the toned stretch of her abdomen before ending an inch or two above the adorable divot of her navel; charcoal-grey leggings showed off every ripple and curve of her legs, clearly well-muscled and thicker than Lacie's lean stems, ending halfway down the light-brown plates of her shapely calves, leaving those well-turned ankles bare; the hem of her hoodie skirted well-above the perfectly rounded curves of her buttocks, lovingly cupped by the thin lycra; her feet were bare in a pair of black flipflops, toenails painted a bright peach.

"Huh," she said, striding into the hall. "They really are exactly the same, aren't they? Only mirror images of each other."

I dragged my eyes away from her twitching buttocks. "Uh, now's not really a great time, Rox-"

"Hon, I'm not staying for long I just thought I'd poke my head in on the way to work and officially- oh hello!" She turned the corner into our living room, where Lacie lay sprawled on the couch, trying not to expire. I came in behind her in time to catch a venomous look from my fiancée, which I could only answer with a helpless gesture. "You must be Lacie! Derek was telling me all about you last night."

Slowly, painfully, Lacie gathered herself up and sat up on the couch. "Hi." She said with a tired wave. "Sorry, I'm not really feeling the greatest right now. Maybe you should come back sometime lat-"

"Aw, sweetie," Roxanne said sympathetically, and cast a critical eye over Lacie. "Hungover?"

"Yeah, I had a bit too much last night. Do you mind? I'm not really up for visitors."

"I know just the thing!" Roxanne snapped her fingers. "Old family cure - it works every time! Kitchen's in here, right?" She stalked off into the kitchen and soon we could hear the sound of glasses clinking, cupboards slamming, and the fridge door opening.

What the hell is she doing here Lacie mouthed, gesticulating.

I have nooo idea I responded.

Well get rid of her. Lacie's eyes were wide with anger.

I'm trying.

Try harder! She made a "go, go!" gesture; as I turned to head into the kitchen, I almost ran full-bore into Roxanne, who was returning with a tall glass filled to the brim with a thick, milky-white liquid. She nimbly dodged around me without missing a step or spilling a drop, and walked over to the couch.

"Here sugar," she said, proffering the glass. "Daddy Swift's Patented Hangover Cure. Guaranteed to immediately relieve your symptoms or your money back!"

Lacie took the glass and eyed it suspiciously. "Thanks?" She said.

"Go on," Roxanne gestured at her. "A little drop will do you, but the more you drink the faster it'll work. There you go - a little more than that, honey. Plug your nose if you have to. Take a big ol' gulp and try not to think about the taste too much."

Lacie's throat worked as she loudly swallowed. Putting the glass on the table she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"I'm alright. It wasn't that bad. What did you say was in that?"

"That's a closely-guarded family secret," the brunette winked down at her. "It'll kick in in just a sec. Daddy's cure got me through a lotta mornings when I was fit to kill myself."

"Lord knows I've tried worse cures," Lacie said. "What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't," Roxanne offered her a hand to shake, which my fiancée limply took. "I'm Roxanne. Roxanne Swift. I thought I'd just come over before I went to work and make nice after disturbing you folks last night."

Lacie waved her hand. "Don't worry about it. We didn't know the walls were that thin either." She looked over at the older woman, taking in her outfit. "You're going to work like that?"

"I teach dance, honey. This is business casual where I work." Roxanne leaned closer, peering Lacie's face with a concerned look. "You alright? You're starting to look a little green."

"Yeah, no-" we could all hear her stomach gurgle. "Ohmigod what did you give me?" She bent over double for a moment, and belched loudly. "What was in that? I've got to-"

"Lace? What's going on?" I took a half-step towards my fiancée, but could take no more before she jumped to her feet and dashed past me down the hall towards the bathroom; the door slammed shut. Roxanne slowly stood. "What the hell? What did you give her."

"Family secret, sugar." The older woman began walking towards me. "It'll cure what ails her, promise. Cross my heart." She drew an X over one breast, and I could see a nipple beginning to poke through the fabric of her shirt.

"What are you even doing here?"

"I thought it would be useful to come over and scope out the competition," she kept coming closer and I started taking steps back.

"Competition?"

"After our little talk last night, I realized - here was this adorable little fuckpuppy living right next door, just *ripe* for the taking, and if I didn't get in there first, why, I was only leaving the door open for some other cougar to step in and take what's rightfully mine." I backed right into the wall.

"Jesus are you crazy? There's no competition. Lacie's my fiancée and I love her and nothing is *ever* going to happen between you and me." Disgusting noises began emanating from the bathroom. Could she hear us?

"Are you seriously trying to tell me you didn't think about what I said all night long? That you didn't for a moment wonder what it would be like? To have some older woman take you away from your fiancée and make you sink that big young cock into plush mature pussy?" She was only a few feet away now, her eyes locked with mine like a snake hypnotizing a bird.

Not quite sure what to say to that, I hesitated for a moment, which was all the time she needed to finish crossing the hall and press her body into mine. Her face was inches away as her gaze drilled into my eyes, and my senses were suddenly overwhelmed by the sensation of so much warm, firm flesh pushing me up against the wall.

"Fuck, stop this," I insisted in a hiss. "What if Lacie comes out, what if she sees-" I raised a hand to push her away, but I wasn't sure where to put it. Roxanne grabbed my wrist and pulled it down, placing my hand on one firm buttcheek. Reflexively, I flexed my fingers, feeling the muscular flesh yield just a little. Here was an ass that just begged for a smack; I

could easily palm each of Lacie's little cheeks, but Roxanne's thick, muscular booty was so much bigger, firmer, rounder.

"What if she sees you playing grabass with your older, hotter neighbor?" Roxanne ground her hips into mine. "I'll tell you what, hon. I'll give you one chance to escape." She grinned and bit her lip. "Kiss me."

"What? I'm not gonna-"

"Kiss me. Just once. Once kiss." Her face inched closer to mine. "Kiss me once and if you don't like it, if you don't want more, I'll leave you alone forever. I'll be the perfect neighbor." I could feel her breath on my lips.

"No! No, I can't, I won't!" I could hear the toilet flush.

"Then I guess your little fiancée is going to find us like this and she'll just have to think whatever she thinks." Roxanne grabbed my free hand, and guided it to the other globe of her ass. Despite myself, I squeezed them both. She took the opportunity to dart in, kissing me hard; I'd only ever kissed Lacie before, and I was shocked to discover how much more *luscious* Roxanne's lips were, when pressed against mine. There was a whole new world of firm softness in her pillow-lipped mouth that I could easily get lost in as slippery gloss bled into my mouth and filled it with the taste of peaches. With a nudge, she easily forced my lips open and suddenly her tongue invaded, flickering across mine and teasing the tip with slippery warm flesh. And as soon as she'd begun, Roxanne stopped, dancing back three steps, leaving my head leaning

forward and hands full of the lingering warmth of her ass. Grinning at me, she wiped her mouth.

"Wha-" I began, then the bathroom door opened, and I could feel all the blood drain from my face. Lacie stepped out, looking pale as a ghost and coated in a sheen of sweat.

"How do you feel now, sugar?" Roxanne asked, walking over to take my fiancée by the hand, coming between us.

"Actually, I feel a hell of a lot better." Lacie said in wonderment. "Empty, pretty much, but way better than I did before. I don't know what you did, but thank you!"

"Nothin' to it," Roxanne said with a wink. "Daddy's cure works every time. Anyway, I should go, I've kept you two too long and I've got to get to work."

"Right," Lacie brushed her hair, stringy and unwashed, out of her face. "Where do you work again?"

"Oh I rent time in a little studio downtown; I mostly teach little girls with mommas who didn't become ballerinas, but sometimes jazz and modern dance too. Every now and again I get to put some couples through their paces with ballroom."

"Oh, really?" My fiancée said, wheels turning in her head. "You know, I was thinking of enrolling us in a dance class before the wedding. Derek's got two left feet and..." They walked past me, towards the door, and I stopped paying attention to what

was being said, eyes locked instead on the mesmerizing syncopation of Roxanne's hips and ass. At the door, I watched in a daze as the two women hugged and our neighbor took her leave.

"I like her," Lacie said, crossing her arms. "I think she'll be good for us." Roxanne waved from the sidewalk and blew a kiss in our general direction. My mouth tingled.

- - -

We didn't see Roxanne again all weekend. Well, we didn't see her in person, but I could not get our neighbor out of my head, no matter what I did. It was hours before I stopped licking my mouth, for example, trying to find the last traces of peach-flavored lip gloss, stopping only when Lacie asked me what the hell I was doing.

In my defense, it was Lacie who insisted we social media creep on Roxanne's dance studio.

"Maybe she's not any good; who knows?" She said, and I found myself agreeing with her as she started Googling. The studio itself was easy enough to find - a pretty bland Wordpress template with links to a Facebook page, class schedules and galleries from various events - and the reviews seemed pretty positive, if a little focused on kids' classes.

After scrolling down through a couple of galleries full of little girls in Swan Lake costumes, I said "jeez, does she even teach adults?"

"She said she did," Lacie replied as the mouse wheel clicked along. "There's some teenagers doing modern stuff, hip-hop."

"What about here?" I pointed. "'Instructor Profiles?'"

The studio played host to a dozen or more instructors, and the page listed off their particular histories, what dance schools they attended, styles of dance they were proficient in, classes they led, etc. etc.

"Aha!" Lacie crowed. "See? She is legit." There at the bottom of the list was Roxanne's headshot. "Royal Dance Academy, yadda yadda, played at blah blah blah, teaches modern dance, jazz, tap, ballet and adult ballroom." Each class name had a link to a calendar; below that was another link to Roxanne's Instagram. My fiancée handed the laptop over, and stood up. "You have a look around," she said. "I'll go start dinner. Find us a good class."

I opened up the calendar in a new tab, and browsed around a bit. There were two or three adult classes, one night a week. Monday looked pretty promising, late enough for us to get back from work not too late that we'd be wiped out. Glancing momentarily at the living room entrance, I tabbed back over and opened up Roxanne's instagram account.

The first couple of rows were pretty dull stuff - there'd been a recital lately I guess - and so her feed was dominated by pics of bouquets and blurry videos of dancers on stage and a full theatre. At the bottom, hovering just above the "load more" button was an image of a few shopping bags on a bed; I

recognized some of the brands, Victoria's Secret and Lululemon stood out, and a few I didn't - like "Hard Tail" - or simply generic shopping bags. With a naughty little thrill, I clicked it.

one of the perks of the job, read the caption, *is that *my* 'business casual' is everybody else's 'sloppy saturday' #fashionhaul #victoriasecret #vsx #hardtailforever #lovemylulus.*

Shrugging, I clicked back. I don't know if I hit something by accident or the site was set to auto-load if you scrolled down far enough, or what, but once I was back in Roxanne's instagram feed other pics began to pop up.

What followed was obviously a series of pics from her shopping trip, taken from inside a wide spectrum of changerooms. Again, at first, they were pretty staid pics; she'd tried on a number of full-length skirts and maxi-dresses at Hard Tail - each pic was tagged #hardtailforever - but the flowing jersey utterly failed to conceal the sinuous curves of Roxanne's fit, mature body. A below-the-knee shirred skirt made her hips and thighs look as though they'd been dipped in black spandex. The next pic showed off the prodigious, hard globes of her ass, the fabric stretched tight across it. The hems of the skirts gradually began to rise, revealing yards of taut, tawny skin and lean, muscled legs until at last a shot that seemed to be just legs, barring the narrow blue band of spandex that across her hips. The waistband itself arced over her hipbones, revealing a tantalizing darkness. Beyond that - legs, nothing but the most spectacular legs I'd ever seen, and Roxanne's squatty little toes at the end of them, nails painted peachy-pink.

I licked my lips, and glanced out the doorway, cock surging up in my pants.

"How's it going out there, Lace?" I called out.

"Good," she said. "You want noodles or rice?"

"R-rice," I replied; that would tack on at least an extra fifteen minutes.

luv luv luv my booty shorts! the caption read, *tho maybe a little 2 much booty for work. don't wanna distract all the dads. home use only I guess lol.*

Next came a whirlwind trip through lululemon, where each pair of yoga leggings seemed tighter than the last, and they all needed a shot from the front and the back. Stunned, I goggled my way through an endless parade of ass-shots of our next door neighbour. Her muscular buttocks dominated each picture, especially when she stood on her tiptoes to accentuate it.

who needs squats when you got dance? Thx, royal academy. #glutes #dancebooty

One photo was simply a shot of the vast black globes of her buttocks, poured into glove-fitted leggings. The omega logo at the top of her tailbone winked in the camera's flash.

nope not see thru!

By now I had gone from occasionally adjusting my hard-on to actively (and sneakily) squeezing it in my lap, remembering the way Roxanne's body had felt pressed against mine, the way her ass filled up my hands like Lacie's had never done, firm and springy and muscular and aching to be grabbed and-

"Are you alright in here?" Lacie asked from the doorway. "I've been calling you for five minutes. Dinner's ready."

In a panic, I glanced down. The next trip appeared to involve Victoria's Secret and a *lot* of swimwear, in which bikinis featured heavily. Hastily making note of her username (@r0xxyrawx), I closed the tab and closed the laptop.

"Yeah, no worries." I said, standing and hoping my deflating hardon wasn't too obvious. "I'm coming."

"Good." We walked into the kitchen, where dinner sat steaming. "Did you find us a class?"

"Monday okay?"

"Great! I'll call and set it up."

"Great," I repeated, feeling the shame welling up inside me. It wouldn't be that bad, right?

It wasn't as if anything was going to happen.

- - -

"I can't believe she's *late*." Lacie moaned as we sat around on a hard wooden bench.

"Only five minutes," I said, checking my watch. We scanned the empty dance studio, all hardwood and floor-to-ceiling mirrors. A ballet barre spanned one wall. A stereo stood in one corner but otherwise there was nothing else in the room. We were both wearing our after-work casual kit - sweats and sneakers - which had sucked up a great deal of whatever energy we'd had that day.

Sunday night Roxanne had invited over another "suitor" and consequently nobody in the house had gotten much sleep. Lacie had gotten more than I, mostly because she'd jammed her head under the pillows to muffle our neighbour's wet moans; meanwhile, I surreptitiously slid my phone out and spent the intervening time scrolling through Roxanne's instagram, subtly grinding my cock into the mattress and trying not to alert my fiancée as to what I was doing. Each time I neared orgasm, guilt would sweep over me, and I'd back off and turn off the phone and swear not to do it again; five minutes later, my hand would creep back over to the smartphone and flick it on again, and the cycle would begin anew.

It was deep, deep into the morning before I managed to get to sleep.

The upshot was we were both exhausted and a bit stropky. Lacie crossed her arms and harrumphed. "I don't care. If she's not here in five minutes, we're out of here. I can't believe we paid two hund-

"Hello, lovelies!" Roxanne bound into the room. "I didn't keep you waiting too long, did I?" She was wearing a long grey hoodie draped over the twin mounds of her breasts, a pair of black leggings with VSX printed down one long, muscular thigh in pink block letters, and a pair of flipflops. A gym bag was slung over one shoulder.

"Long enough," Lacie muttered. "Can we start now?"

Our neighbour gave us the once-over and her plush lips split in a grin. "Well don't you guys look, um, comfy. I'm going to get ready real quick, then we can start, 'kay?" She snapped her hair back into a tight ponytail, and reached down to lift up the hem of her hoodie. She yanked her top off, revealing yards of taut, muscular abdomen the likes of which I'd certainly never seen in person. A pink gem twinkled in her bellybutton. A light white t-shirt quickly fell down over it, skimming just above the waistband of her leggings. In the mirror behind her, I could see an enormous keyhole opening from the nape of her neck to her tailbone, revealing the thick band of her sports bra.

"Sneakers, eh?" Roxanne said, unzipping her gym bag and pulling out a pair of mirror-black heels at least four inches in height. She slid out of her flipflops and stepped into them.

"What's wrong with sneakers?" Lacie asked. "I wear heels all day at work and I really don't want to-"

"Are you getting married in sneakers, hon? Are you gonna have your first dance in sneakers?"

"Well," Lacie stumbled. "I mean, I've got heels for the ceremony but-"

"Oh sweetie, nothing looks as dowdy as a bride in sneakers." Roxanne straightened up and tugged at the waistband of her leggings, briefly drawing them into the deep crevasse of her ass. In her heels, our neighbour was a mature vision, the muscles in her legs and behind standing out and clearly visible in the 360 degrees' worth of mirrors that bounded the walls. "You want to look your most fuckable on your wedding night, don't you?"

"Uh-" Lacie stumbled over her words, not really sure what to say.

"Next time, bring heels. You're not practicing in *those*." She gestured at Lacie's dingy kicks.

"Ok sure, whatever." My fiancée jammed her hands in the pockets of her sweats and slumped over, too tired to argue.

"Good girl," Roxanne said, tapping her toe on the floor. Then she clapped her hands. "Now get up, lovelies! I want to see what you guys can do."

Lacie shot me a look and we stood up, walking to the middle of the floor while our neighbour *tik-toked* over to the stereo in the corner. She queued up a classical waltz while my fiancée and I clasped each other. I gave her a hopeful smile.

"Awww," Roxanne said. "I do so love seeing such attractive young people so deeply in love. Now keep it real simple guys, just a box step okay?"

We stepped in unison. Or tried to. Over and over again. Neither one of us was particularly good at keeping the beat, and so we'd step at different times, pick different directions, jam each other's toes.

"No no no stop! What is this, guys?" Our neighbour strode over, and separated us physically. "Who's leading here?"

"Me?" I said, a little uncertainly. Lacie shrugged.

"Well that's your first mistake," Roxanne said, hands on hips. "May I cut in?" Without waiting for Lacie to respond, she insinuated herself in front of me, and slid her arm around my shoulder.

"Hand on my hip, honey." I complied. "No, around back, press close." Palm suddenly sweaty, I slid my hand around the curve of her hip, resting just above her waistband. Her skin was warm and smooth to the touch. "Press close, I said." She leaned into my ear and whispered. "This is a dance for lovers,

after all." Her lips were sticky as they brushed my earlobe. I blushed hotly.

"Lacie, honey, go and turn the music back on and I'll show you how it's done." Again, Roxanne's warm body pressed itself into mine, and my fingers reflexively dug a little deeper into her silken skin. "You can let your hand wander down a little, you know," she whispered. "I know how much you like my ass." A shiver ran down my spine.

"Stop!" I hissed. "I'm not going to grab your ass in front of my fiancée."

"We'll see," Roxanne purred. The music started. "Okay, Lacie, honey." She spoke over my shoulder while she subtly ground her hips into mine. "Now everybody tells you that the man is supposed to lead, but," shocking blue eyes drilled right into mine. "Men - especially young men like your Derek - just aren't equipped to know what they're doing on the dance floor. You see, we've got *hips*." At that, she made an exaggerated motion with her hips, grinding her pubic bone into my rapidly inflating cock. "And boys need to be shown what to do with their *hips*." She ground into me again. I watched, hypnotized, in the mirror bank behind us as her sinuous hips rotated and those magnificent buttocks swiveled likewise. "Now watch."

Lacie didn't say a word as our older neighbour swept me around the dance floor, one hand draped casually across my shoulders, pressed so tightly to my body that not an inch of space existed between us. With each beat, she ground her hips into mine, and I quickly learned to step to follow the pleasure she gave me; each step I followed was rewarded with a thrill of

pleasure rocking through my body as Roxanne teased my rampant cock through my sweatpants.

"See?" said Roxanne. "He just needs someone to show him what to do."

Dizzy with arousal I leaned into her of my own accord, my left hand relaxing as she lead us around the room. My fingers played across the thinly-stretched spandex, worming of their own accord down towards her magnificent ass while I pressed my cock into her welcoming body.

"I don't know if I can do that," Lacie said, unsure. "I'm not a trained danc-"

"Oh honey, don't worry." Roxanne said brightly over my shoulder as her pubic bone ground hard into mine. I bit back a low moan. "You'll learn in time, I'm sure. That's why you're here, after all." She undulated, slowly, pressing down on the swollen needy head of my cock. I could feel the wetness oozing out from my dick, sloshing around inside my pants; there was probably a wet spot down there, but I really didn't care at the moment. "What about you, Derek honey? Are you learning anything?"

I managed a strangled "y-yes!" as she teased my swollen dick with just her hips. A single wrong move one way or another, and I'd be creaming myself.

"After all," Roxanne said. "If Lacie could do this for you, you wouldn't have come to me would you?" She was making almost imperceptibly tiny circles with her ass, and I stared at

those thick black globes gyrating in the mirror. "Would you?" She said, pointedly, suddenly stopping her motions.

"What? No, no I guess not."

"What a good boy," she hissed in my ear, rolling her hips back and forth, sending my hot shaft rolling with it, the head bleeding precum all over myself.

"And you guys will cum again next Monday, right?" Roxanne asked over my shoulder, hunching sharply down on my cockhead as she said 'cum'. My knees trembled. "You'll cum back to me again and again and again," each 'again' brought another sharp hunch down on my cock, and I could feel myself rapidly approaching the point of no return.

"Well, yeah." Lacie called out. "That's what we're paying you for, after all."

"Derek? What about you?" Our neighbour stopped again, expecting an answer. "This doesn't work unless everybody agrees. You'll cum to me next Monday?"

"Nggghh," I growled. "Yes. Yes! We're paying you, aren't we?"

"Oh my god that's so great!" She enthused, suddenly bouncing on her tiptoes; my fingers dug deep into the springy meat of her mature behind as I started to cum, thick cream spilling out into my pants as Roxanne bounced up and down, rubbing and dry humping each wave of cum out of me. I gasped and

grunted and bit back every fucknoise that swelled up in my throat as I felt my knees threaten to give way. "The bathroom is on the other side, lover," Roxanne hissed in my ear. Suddenly, she let go of me, and strode past to talk to Lacie.

It took me a moment to find my footing. Looking down, I could see a huge stain, creeping down my left thigh; one last pulse of cum oozed out through the thick cotton.

"Fuck," I mumbled. "Fuck, I gotta go to the bathroom. I'll be right back!" Without turning around, I dashed for the door, face aflame.

"Don't worry hon," I could hear Roxanne counselling my fiancée as I bounced out of the studio, heading to the washroom. "He's got a lot to learn, but I'll show him the ropes."

- - -

"You're never going to live that down, you know." Lacie giggled as we peeled back the bedspread.

"I am well-aware, yes."

"At least they had a spare pair of pants?" She said, hopefully.

"Oh yes, how wonderful." I picked up the XXL track pants that had been on hand at the studio and held them up to my waist, where you could have fit two or three of me.

"Beats being naked." She said. "I don't understand how a pipe could just explode, anyway."

"What am I, a plumber?" I said, throwing the track pants into a corner.

"If you were we'd probably be able to buy a house of our own," Lacie said, laughing. She slid into the bed. "Jeez are you alright? You've been in a rotten mood since we got back."

"Just embarrassed, I guess. I'm alright."

"Well come to bed, and I'll see if I can't relax you," Lacie waggled her eyebrows suggestively. My cock, still sore and spent from the dance studio, didn't respond.

"I'm just going to go grab a drink and I'll be right in, okay?" I said, heading for the kitchen.

"Don't be long!" Lacie called out after me.

Quietly fuming I tore open the freezer and took out my cigarettes. How **dare** she embarrass me like that? I slid the patio door aside and stepped out into the night air. I hadn't cum in my pants since I was 15! Angrily mumbling to myself, I slid a smoke between my lips and started looking around for the BBQ lighter. And **right** there, in front of Lacie! I shuddered to think what the consequences would have been if she'd noticed. And where the hell was that goddamn lighter?

"Looking for something, lover?" Roxanne's voice purred from the other side of the patio. She was reclining in a deck chair on her side of the patio, bare feet propped up on the half wall separating us. She wiggled her toes at me in greeting as she took a drag from a lit cigarette. Yards of smooth, muscular leg were visible in the moonlight.

"Don't call me that." I said, as sternly as I could. "Did you take my BBQ lighter?"

"Now now," she admonished. "You had fun, don't deny it." Languorously, she lifted one long leg and crossed it over the other at the ankle.

"Look, that was just an- an accident is all." I said, gesturing with the cigarette in my fingers.

"Poor baby," Roxanne pouted. "Did your little Lacie get you all worked up before you came to see me? Did she tease that thick young cock until you were fit to burst, then leave you wanting and needy and just **aching** to explode?" Before I could answer, she said, "mmm, no. I don't think so. I would have heard something through our wonderfully paper thin walls, wouldn't I? Besides, we both know that pretty little fiancée isn't **nearly** interesting enough to do that to you, now is she? So it **must** have been something or some**body** else that got you all worked up before you two kids came to see me."

As she spoke, Roxanne coiled her legs back, then slowly stood; she was wearing the blue booty shorts she'd been showing off online, a gauzy white tank-top that fluttered around her navel,

and very little else. Her nipples, erect in the cool night air, were clearly visible through the filmy fabric; they appeared to be pink, and about the size of the tip of my pinky. She raised the cigarette to her mouth and took a long drag.

"Hmm," she said, exhaling a thick cloud of smoke from glossy lips. "Let's see - I *did* have one of my young men over last night. Oh my," Roxanne raised one hand to her mouth in an expression of mock surprise. "You weren't...listening to us, were you, Derek?" She strode over to the half wall that separated us, unfettered breasts bobbing gently under her shirt. "You weren't lying there in bed next to your frigid little fiancée, touching yourself while some hard young stud pounded my cunt not ten feet from you? Did you squeeze that big young cock, desperate not to wake her up, while I shrieked and screamed and came over and over again? Did you get yourself so worked up, get those sweet young balls so fucking full of cum that all it took was a little dry hump today to get you to go all the-

"Stop!" I said, taking a step back. "Jesus, stop, please. Did you take my damn barbecue lighter or not?"

"Oh, that." Roxanne rolled those laser-bright blue eyes, and stepped back again, sitting down in her deck chair and putting her feet back up on the rail. Reaching underneath her chair, she pulled out the lighter, and spun it on her index finger like a gunslinger. "You mean this?"

"Yes," I said, getting frustrated.

"Come and get it," she said, and laid the lighter on her chest, handle gently nestled between her tits. I watched as our neighbour took another long drag.

Setting my jaw, I stepped over the wall between us and strode over, reaching out for the lighter. Suddenly, her hand snapped over mine and pressed it down onto one of her sizeable tits. Her skin was warm through the gauzy fabric of her tank top, and I could feel the thick nipple drilling into my palm. Reflexively, my fingers sank into the plush flesh; every inch of this woman seemed to invite grabbing, and I obliged despite myself.

"Mmmmm," she purred. "Do you know why I never made it as a ballerina?" Her fingers pressed mine deeper into her breast. "No matter how tightly I bound these, no matter how much I tried to keep them hidden, they kept getting in the way. Ballerinas must be slim, svelte *girls*," Roxanne spat the word out, "and definitely not fat-breasted women with *hips* and *tits*. The boys didn't know how to lift me once they had these in their faces."

"Let go of me, please." I said, though I made no move to slide my hand out from underneath hers.

"Ah ah ah," Roxanne waved her cigarette in the air, making smoky circles. "I think you owe me a little something, don't you?"

"Excuse me?" I asked, fingers kneading her firm titflesh as the tips sank ever deeper.

"Ohhh," my neighbour pouted. "Tit for tat, honey. I let you cum allll over me earlier; it's time for you to return the favour." She gestured at her shorts.

"Uh, n-"

"You don't have to fuck me, loverboy," she said with a chuckle. "Just get down on your knees and use that pretty mouth of yours to make me cum."

"You're fucking crazy if you think I'm going to ch-"

"Awww," Roxanne pouted again, and slid her hand from mine. Raising her arms above her head, she stretched, catlike, pushing her breast into my hand. "I guess I'll just have to tell your fiancée all about what happened in class today. I'm sure she'll be oh-so-happy to hear about her hubby-to-be dry humping all over his sexy older dance teacher until he creamed himself." She uncrossed her legs, and spread them wide on the railing, smirking up at me. "I can only imagine what'll happen to that whitebread future you two have been planning."

I huffed, impotently. Then I glanced back at the patio door leading into our apartment; then down at Roxanne's stretched out, mature form.

"It's okay loverboy," she raised her hips off of her chair. "It probably won't take long. Though, if you like it, you can take as long as you want. It's been a while since I had a good, thorough tongue fuck from an eager young stud like yourself."

All the boys your age want to do is pump and dump their cum. Now be a good boy, hurry up and get down on your knees, or I'll ruin your fucking life." Defeated, I let my hand slide off her tit (though it lingered there longer than I'd have liked), and Roxanne bent one long stem to let me in between them. "Don't scowl, sweetie. You're so much cuter when you smile."

She replaced her foot on the rail, trapping me between her firm thighs. Slowly, I sank to my knees between them.

"Pull down my shorts, hon," she instructed, taking another drag from her cigarette while her other hand toyed with one thick pink nipple through her shirt. My neighbour raised her thick milf behind off the deck chair and I slid my hands underneath, briefly filling them up with her meaty ass cheeks before I took hold of her waistband and yanked her shorts down in one hard pull. "Mmmm, that's it," Roxanne said. "Get a little aggressive, loverboy. That's the way I like it." She pulled a leg up and out of her shorts, letting them dangle from one muscular thigh.

I stared between her legs. Roxanne's pussy could not have been any different from Lacie's. My fiancée didn't shave herself bare, so she was covered with a thin golden fleece that framed her peachy little vulva; her delicate pink inner lips were completely hidden within that adorable little pouch, and had to be prised out with a tongue or fingers. Our neighbour, on the other hand, had shaved herself baby-smooth bare, aside from a coal-black triangle at the very apex of her thighs, which pointed downwards into her plush crack; Roxanne's plush labia hung clear and free of her vulva, thick and meaty and dripping wet with pussy cream. Her clit stood out like an angry thumb at the very top, unlike Lacie's tiny nubbin. Everything was so much bigger than Lacie's it was almost obscene; I

couldn't help but stare nonetheless, as a thick dollop of juice sluiced between those pendant pussy lips, spalling down to the surface of the deck. And the smell! Lacie's aroma was barely noticeable, even when I was down there, but Roxanne's cunt had a heady, musky perfume that filled up the air between us and made me dizzy.

"Do you like it?" Roxanne asked in a husky voice. I made a strangled noise that I hoped sounded like a "no." She laughed that throaty laugh, and said "get to it. It's not going to lick itself."

I hardly knew where to start. Leaning in, I gingerly slurped one of Roxanne's thick labia into my mouth; I was rewarded with a warm moan as I swallowed her sweet, tangy cream. Head full of her thick perfume, I tried to get both of her lips into my mouth at once, flickering them with my tongue and swallowing noisily. She squirmed a little, and I crowed silently, knowing I was having an effect on her. I let her labia fall out of my mouth and reached in to spread them before diving back in again. The sensation was incredible as Roxanne's mature pussy lips enveloped my face, drowning me in a luxurious, decadent warmth and wetness that made it hard to think. She clamped her thighs down hard around my head and suddenly my entire world was reduced to the smell, the taste, the heat of her cunt as it sealed around my own lips.

On instinct, I drove my tongue deep inside her, seeking more of that thick pussy cream, and that pulsing hole clamped down hard on it, tighter even than Lacie ever had. I tongue-fucked her furiously, grinding my face into her clapping cunt until the lack of oxygen forced me to pry myself away from her an inch or two, only to have her legs scissor behind my neck and pull it back in again. I slurped that thick, angry clit of

hers into my mouth, sucking and flicking it against my palate with my tongue; Roxanne's body jolted with each flick, and somewhere in the outside world, she cooed.

I drank of her like a man dying of thirst, hungrily and noisily slurping down all the sweet cream I could get, alternating between her clit and her vagina in long, slow, swipes of my tongue, those long labia caressing my cheeks as I did.

"Oh, what a good little cuntsucker you are, loverboy," she moaned wetly. "I knew, as soon as I saw you, that I needed that pretty face down between my legs. I just *knew* you'd be the best little cuntboy I'd ever had! Oooh YES, lover! Right there! Harder! Just like that, ooohhhh, HARDER! HARDER!"

Suddenly there was a flood of thick cream as Roxanne's hips lifted off her chair; she clamped those thick, muscular thighs around my head again as she forcibly ground her spasming cunt against my face, her hands in my hair, yanking hard.

And as suddenly as it began, it was over. Roxanne let go, and dropped her hips back down, falling back to the deck chair, leaving me panting and dripping with her juices as I knelt between her legs. With a lazy, satisfied smile, she looked down at me. "Now tell me you didn't like that."

"I-" the lie hadn't even formed on my lips before her leg shot out like a piston, slamming me into the half wall between our decks, pinning me there with her foot. Her toes wiggled as they wormed their way into my chest.

"Don't lie to me," she said, darkly. "The truth is written all over your face, your fucking crotch." With her other foot, she nudged the rampant erection in my pants. "Now tell me the truth. Tell me everything I want to know and I'll leave your engaged ass alone, I promise. You liked it, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said, between gritted teeth. "Yes, goddamn you. I liked it, alright. I like eating pussy. I liked eating your pussy."

"Mmmmm," her foot relented a little. "Good boy. That's the truth. Tell me, my mature cunt is so much better than your fiancée's prissy little cunt, isn't it?"

"I-" her foot slammed back into my chest as she exerted those steel coils in her legs. "Yes, okay? Yes. Your pussy tastes better than Lacie's pussy." Roxanne bit her lip and let one hand slide between her thighs. "I've never eaten a cunt as delicious as yours, you bitch." Her foot relaxed and slid down into my lap, her darkly-painted toes curling around the thick head of my cock.

"There's nothing as good as a well-maintained mature pussy, boy." She purred. "Just wait until I have you kissing my a-"

The patio door on the other side of the deck slid open. We froze.

"Derek? Are you out here?" Lacie called from within. I rocketed to my feet, hastily wiping Roxanne's fragrant cream from my chin and face with my shirt. She padded out in her nightgown, and spotted me. "There you are! I thought you fell down the

drain or something. You've been gone forever. What's going on? Why are you over there?"

"I, uh, I was just-"

"Having a smoke with me," Roxanne supplied from the far side of her end of the deck. She waved a lit cigarette around. "I'm sorry Lacie, hon. I'm a terrible influence."

"Ugh," Lacie wrinkled up her nose. "Derek! I thought you quit?"

"I am! I did! I just kept some around for, uh, emergencies." I pulled the half-empty pack from the freezer out of my pocket.

"Well hurry up and finish whatever it is you're doing." She turned back to the house. "And make damn sure you wash your face when you come back in; I don't want to smell any of that smoke on you. Yuck. And you," Lacie pointed accusingly at our neighbour. "Don't you go tempting Derek again."

Roxanne raised her hands in a gesture of surrender. "I swear hon. I won't tempt your fiancé again. You have my word on that." She gave me a significant look. I nodded at her.

"Good." Lacie said, walking through the door. Shooting Roxanne a final, warning look, I grabbed our BBQ lighter, and followed her inside the house, where I wasn't particularly looking forward to getting an earful about the health hazards of tobacco.

- - -

As it turned out, Roxanne was as good as her word. I didn't lay eyes on her again for weeks, with the exception of Monday evenings at six, when we saw her at the dance school. There, she was nothing but a consummate professional; she and I never danced together again at the school, and Lacie and I slowly improved under her tutelage. She even dressed down for class, sometimes showing up in sweats or a flowy cotton dress that ended well below the knees. Our neighbour even slowed down her personal life; either she ceased bringing her boyfriends home, or she took her activities outside the house, as in the weeks that followed, the noisy sex on the other side of our bedroom wall came to an end.

For my part, I put some real effort into quitting the cigarettes, for whatever that was worth, and tried my best to forget the taste of our neighbour's lush, mature cunt. In the second, I wasn't quite as successful as I might have hoped. At first, Lacie was pleasantly surprised by how aggressively and single-mindedly I dove face-first into her pussy in the days that followed. But no matter how far I pushed my face into my fiancée's sweet little peach, or how hard I sucked at her petite clitoris or those shy, delicate labia, there was no drawing out the kind of wonderfully thick cream that Roxanne had dripped with. And the harder I worked at her, the more frustrated I got, and the more frustrated I got, the more aggressive I became.

Lacie was not a fan of aggressive sex, and she told me again and again to stop getting "so crazy" while I was going down on

her, and eventually she shut down my oral advances altogether.

By the time our wedding rolled around, I hadn't tasted her in six weeks. I told her as much at the reception while we had our first dance.

"I need to taste you," I hissed in her ear as we waltzed. "I need your pussy, honey. I need it so bad."

"I **have** been a bad girl," Lacie slurred. She'd had a fair amount of champagne during the speeches, and was slightly unsteady on her heels. "Maybe if you play your cards right, you can have some dessert up in our honeymoon suite." She giggled and ground her hips into mine. "But you gotta promise to take it easy, mmkay?"

"Baby, I swear I won't-" I saw a flash of white in the crowd. "I mean, it won't be too rough and-" I saw it again, a familiar face among our friends and family, a tall woman with black hair and bright blue eyes in an abbreviated white dress. "Is that Roxanne? What's she doing here?"

"She helped so much," Lacie explained. "She gave us a break on the dance lessons, I figured she earned an invite to the party. I can't believe she wore **white** though." My eyes met our neighbour's and she gave me a long, slow wink, then vanished into the crowd. Our dance soon came to an end, followed by the wedding party's dance, the father/daughter dance, and a hundred others determined by societal convention, enough that I almost forgot what I'd seen; a steady flow of champagne into my flute helped, too. Of course, as my glass was refilled, so too my bladder slowly topped up.

"Hon," I leaned into Lacie's ear as she chatted with her mother at the head table. "I gotta go to the washroom. I'll be back in a minute." I kissed her on the cheek, and crossed the hotel ballroom and exited into the lobby.

The nearest men's room was across the hall, a big one staffed by an attendant and full of drunk reception guests with less-than-stellar aim. On a whim, I went around the side, closer to the elevator bank, where I knew there was a smaller bathroom - just a stall and a urinal and probably not yet awash in piss.

It was empty as I pushed the door open. I crowed quietly to myself as I walked over to the urinal and unzipped.

"Ahhhhhh," I sighed as the piss splashed against the bright pink urinal puck. Behind me, the door swung open; as it shut, I thought I heard a metallic noise, like something sliding closed. Footsteps sounded behind me.

"Just a sec man," I said, shaking my dick. "I'm just about done." Suddenly, warm, soft flesh pressed into my back and slim arms slid around my waist. Slim, strong fingers wrapped around my shaft, fingernails glittering gold in the dim light of the washroom.

"Want me to do that for you, loverboy?" Roxanne's voice purred in my ear.

"Roxanne, what the fu-" her hand snaked down and grabbed my balls, and squeezed lightly.

"Now now," she admonished lightly. "Don't curse at me, honey. It's impolite to use four letter words with your elders." Those long fingernails scratched my balls gently, and I could feel a stirring down there.

"Roxanne, you've got to stop!" I insisted as I put one of my hands over hers to peel her claspings, tickling fingers away from me. "It's my fucking wedding night, and you promis-"

"I did promise, didn't I, loverboy?" One of those fingers began teasing around my piss slit, and my cock began swelling up. "What was it I said?" Fingernails brushed up and down my rapidly growing shaft. "I remember! I said I'd leave your engaged ass alone, didn't I?" I stifled a groan as her thumb and index finger circled my cock. "Well your ass isn't engaged anymore now, is it?" They slowly corkscrewed around the flared head of my engorged prick. "Now that you're married, I figure you're fair game." Her tongue flickered at my earlobe.

"I *just* got married!" I braced one hand against the wall and pushed against it, trying to push her back. Her steely thighs pressed against mine, locking me in place.

"Mmmmm, I know." She said. "It's just so nasty, isn't it? You probably haven't even gotten up inside Lacie's poor little married cunt yet, have you? She's out there, laughing and drinking with her family and friends, and here you are with your fat young cock throbbing in the fist of the older slut from next door." Roxanne's fingers folded themselves around my dick and she cooed. "Oohh honey, I can barely get my fingers around this thing! How did that skinny little bitch of yours ever get it up inside her?"

"Please," I pleaded. "Please just leave us alone. I don't want this!"

"Oh, poor baby," Roxanne said. "Is the mean old lady torturing you?" Her hand relinquished its hold on my balls, though she carried on slowly stroking me. "I'll tell you what, loverboy: tell me you haven't been thinking about my pussy every day since that night on the deck, and I'll let you go."

"I hav-"

"Ah ah ah," she cautioned as her fist tightened threateningly around me. "Remember, no lies." Roxanne's long fingers appeared in front of my face, dripping wet; the perfume of her cunt filled my nostrils. "Tell me you haven't missed this, and I'll let you go and disappear forever, loverboy."

I stared at the thick, gooey cream dripping from her index finger, and despite myself, I licked my lips. She laughed, throatily.

"Here, honey. Let me help you." Roxanne roughly smeared her mature pussy juices across my lips.

"Stop, please," I said, weakly. The thick cream on my mouth seeped inside my lips and flooded my tongue with the taste of her. My knees trembled and my cock surged in her fist. Filled with a sudden hunger, I smacked and licked my lips clean.

"You missed it didn't you, honey? You missed my sweet pussy, didn't you?" She waved her fingers, dripping anew under my nose. "Just tell me the truth, and you can have another taste."

"God damn you," I grunted, a moan welling up deep in the pit of my stomach. "Yes, yes alright? I can't stop thinking about your fucking cunt."

"Mmmmmmmmm," Roxanne purred. "That's my good boy," her fingers pressed themselves against my lips and I eagerly sucked them inside, tongue laving them as I slurped and sucked every particle of her cream away. "And good boys get rewards." She pulled her fingers out of my mouth with a 'pop!' and wrapped her spit-slick hand around my shaft as she let go with her other hand. "Does my good boy want a taste right from the source?"

"Yessss," I hissed, her slippery fingers sliding over my greasy cockhead. "I want to taste your cunt."

"Now, is that how you ask? Didn't your mother teach you any manners?" Her sopping wet index finger appeared in front of my nose.

"Please," I said, nose and brain full of her scent. "Please let me taste you from the source, Roxanne."

"That's better," she said, letting go of my shaft, and stepping back. I turned around, cock bouncing obscenely through my tuxedo pants. Roxanne was leaning back against the sink on the opposite wall. She was wearing a skintight white bandage

dress that simply glowed in the dim fluorescent lighting in the bathroom, cut low over her sizeable breasts, their deeply-tanned flesh a stark contrast to the fabric of her dress. The hem fell just below those thick, muscular asscheeks, exposing virtually every inch of her toned, browned legs. Her platform slingbacks glittered gold in the light, and I could see her darkly-painted toenails wiggling through the peep toe. I glanced at the door, momentarily considering escape, but then I saw it - a silvery trail of moisture oozing down Roxanne's taut thigh, running over her knee and shin to her finely-turned ankle. I licked my lips.

"Tell me," she said in a husky voice. "Tell me how much you want it."

"Please," I said, sinking to my knees. "Please let me taste your cunt, Roxanne. I need your pussy. I can't stop fucking thinking of your cunt."

"Even when you're eating your little Lacie?"

"Yesssss," I hissed. "Her pussy only makes it **worse**. It's nothing like yours. I need your cunt, Roxanne. I'm so fucking desperate to eat your cunt, I'll do **anything**."

She laughed, throatily. "You're so cute when you beg, hon. What if I told you that you couldn't kiss your wife's prissy little pussy anymore if I let you eat me? What if I told you my fat mature cunt was the only one you'd ever eat again?"

I groaned through gritted teeth. "Yesssss, whatever you want!"

"Oh hon, you've got it bad." She recrossed her legs, and from my vantage point on the ground, I could see a hint of her bare genitals. "Luckily for you, I'm not possessive. But I don't think wifey's little pussy is going to be enough for you anymore."

"What?" I asked, staring intently at the bead of pussy cream rolling down her leg, then glancing back up at her smirking face.

"I've seen it a thousand times, loverboy." Slowly, Roxanne spread her legs, revealing the thick hanging lips of her luxurious cunt. "Once a young stud like yourself gets a taste for mature pussy," her hand sank between her thighs, and splayed her lips apart. I licked mine as her pulsating pink hole came into view, the thick knob of her clit staring down at me. "He'll never be satisfied with anything else; he becomes a slave to it, an addict."

"That's not- that's not true," I insisted as the perfume of Roxanne's cunt filled the tiny bathroom.

"It'll get even worse once I let you inside it, loverboy," she slid a finger inside herself, gasping and stifling a little moan. "I'm going to make you a slave to cougar cunt." She began pistoning her index finger in and out of her pussy, pushing a steady flow of cunt cream down her thigh and into her shoe. "You'll never be able to look at an older woman ever again without wondering what her pussy tastes like, what she'd feel like to fuck, what you'd give up to get access to her." She began pumping her fingers faster. "Once I'm done with you, sweetie, you probably won't even be able to get it up for wifey without thinking about some mature woman, without fantasizing

about fucking some milfy neighbour, or woman at work, or..." Roxanne grinned wickedly. "Your mother-in-law's a pretty lady." Lacie's mom, Monica, was a tall, willowy blonde with mile-long legs and a domineering personality; she was out there tonight, dressed in a floor-length ballgown with a thigh-high slit, and now I wondered if she was wearing panties, if she shaved her pussy, if she and I could sneak into some dark corner where she'd let me kneel and-

Roxanne laughed. "There'll be time enough for that later, loverboy," she said, reading my mind. "First, I've got to ruin your wedding night for your pretty little wife. But before you get that cute mouth of yours on my superior pussy, you've got to earn it. Why don't you clean up this mess I made?" She extended one long leg towards me, and I stared intently at the long slime trail running from thigh to toe. She wagged her foot, and I scooted forward, taking her ankle in one hand while I held her heel. Gently easing her shoe off, I saw that the thick pussy cream had run right down to her toes, and without a second thought, I plunged her big toe into my mouth, only to eager to clean off the well-aged pussy juice I'd been craving.

"It feels so natural, doesn't it?" She asked as I lapped at her toes, sucking and slurping my way up to her ankle. "On your knees in front of an older woman, doing what she tells you to do?" My tongue bathed her calf in tiny, kittenish laps as I sucked her juices down. "You've never wanted anything in your life more than this, have you?" I shook my head as I cleaned off her knee, my hands wrapped around the steel coils of her thigh as her foot rested in my lap, pressing into my steely cock. "You've never wanted Lacie as much as you want to suck the cunt cream off my leg, have you?" Again, I could only shake my head as my lips worked up the velvety flesh of her thighs, towards the wet heat of the meaty pussy above me. It was as if her words were writing themselves in searing hot

lettering across my libido, and if they hadn't been true before, they were certainly true now.

"Once I'm done draining you, Derek," Roxanne spread her legs wider as my mouth lapped its way across the crease between her thigh and her vulva. "Lacie won't be able to raise your cock with a syringe of Viagra." I slid one thick lip into my mouth and sucked hard as she shuddered and moaned above me. "There'll be nothing left for wifey unless I say so," she moaned and stroked her clit above my face as I plunged my tongue deep inside her leaking hole. "Ooohhh honey yessss! Fuck my cunt with that talented young tongue," I drove my tongue in and out of her, drawing out gouts of thick cream, which I eagerly swallowed as her toes worked my cock. One of Roxanne's hand grabbed hold of my hair as she ground her clit into my forehead, cutting off my air as her plush pussy lips vacuum-sealed around my face. Everything was reduced to the deliciousness sliding down my throat as I tried to push my face deeper into her cunt, and the sensations of her toes gripping and stroking my cockhead. Somewhere in the world beyond, Roxanne grunted and moaned incoherently while she ground herself against my face.

Pussy cream flowed freely down my chin while I fed from her, turning my shirt and bowtie into a sodden mess; meanwhile, precum oozed out of my throbbing cockhead all over her clever toes. I fucked my face into her claspng pussy, feeling her lips pulling at my cheeks as I pulled back a fraction of an inch only to drive it deeper. My own groans were muffled by the wet gag of her cunt. Lights began to flash in my vision as my air started running out, I grew dizzy but no less hungry for her.

Suddenly, light and air flooded my senses as she yanked my face out of her pussy. I desperately lapped at the air for a moment, gasping and confused.

"Suck my clit you fucker," Roxanne said, using her fingers to peel back the hood so it stood out like a tiny cock. It glistened, pink and wet and angry and my head shot forward like a snake's as I slurped it into my mouth, tongue flapping over the surface while I humped my cock into her clasping foot. "You FUCKER," she grunted. "You wonderful FUCKBOY! Suck it like that! Yes! YES!" She pumped her angry little clit in and out of my mouth as I tried to flutter it with my tongue, rapidly losing what little control was left to me. "You fucking FUCK. Suck me! YES! YESS!" Roxanne arched her body, pressing her clit into my sucking mouth as she passed the point of no return, bringing a sudden flood of pussy cream out of her clasping, spasming hole. Her big toe pressed down on my cockhead, HARD, and suddenly I was cumming with her, thick spurts of my own cream flooding out to coat my tuxedo pants and the sole of her foot. We stayed like that for a minute, frozen in ecstasy until she shoved me away with her hand, gasping and grinning and holding up a foot that was dripping in my cum. I watched as a big slug of it oozed down over her toes and splashed onto the floor.

"Now," she said. "Do you have a key to the honeymoon suite in those ruined fucking pants?"

- - -

The electronic lock beeped, and we stumbled in through the door in a tangle of arms and legs; hands roamed over each other's bodies as our tongues danced. I filled one palm with a

thick, meaty asscheek while the other scooped a tit out of the bodice of her dress.

Roxanne laughed, a lusty triumphant chuckle, as she pulled away from my mouth. She looked around the suite.

"Where's the bedroom, loverboy? I want to fuck you on your marital bed before wifey gets the chance."

"Stop talking about her," I growled as we stumbled in the direction of the king-size bed in the room on the other side of the suite.

"You don't get to make the rules here, fuckboy," she said with a wolfish grin as her hand dropped to my crotch and squeezed. I gasped and my knees buckled as the world swam around me. Laughing again, Roxanne shoved me onto the bed. "Oooh, what do we have here? Luggage?"

"Whoa, wait-" I began; Roxanne bent at the waist, legs ramrod straight, and I stared helplessly at those toned, bronzed stems and the slice of thick ass that became exposed as the hem of her dress slid up. The keyhole at the top of her thighs was filled by the dripping mouth of her pussy. Suddenly the room was filled with the sound of a long zipper being undone. "No seriously, leave that shit alone. She'll find out."

Roxanne looked back at me over her shoulder, smirking. "If you really wanted me to stop, lover, you wouldn't be so hard right now." She turned back towards Lacie's suitcase. "Oooh, honey. I think someone was planning to get *frisky* tonight.

"I **told** you," I said, sitting up a little. "Stop. Talking. About. Her."

"And I told you," Roxanne turned around, clutching a bundle of white fabric. Her talon-like fingernails gripped my sac, and the world swam around me. "You don't get to make the rules here, Derek. This is **my** night, and I'll do whatever I goddamn please." I fell back onto the bed, and she whirled around again. "Now, be a good boy and don't peek." Reaching behind her, I watched as my neighbour unzipped her dress, and as it peeled apart to reveal her naked back, all tanned, smoothly-muscled skin, right down to the twin dimples that bracketed her tailbone. She wiggled out of her dress, ass jiggling in time with her motions, and kicked it away; I stared, agog, at the magnificence of her bare behind, that thick bubble butt standing out proud and perfect and utterly dominant and I wanted nothing more in that moment than to kiss it, bite it, slap it. I almost didn't even notice the bare half-moons of her tits as they rounded her abdomen. Suddenly, a gauzy white veil dropped between us, falling halfway down her prodigious behind, as she slid a filmy babydoll over her head. She bent over again and, with a snap, pulled a pair of white panties up her legs, snapping it in place across her ass. They were barely able to stretch across all that perfectly rounded flesh and retreated deep within her crack; they were probably fullback panties for Lacie, but on Roxanne's cougar ass, they were practically a thong.

"What do you think, baby? Does it look good on me?" She twirled on one stiletto for me; the flimsy fabric could only just restrain the flesh of her breasts as they poured out of the transparent cups, her thick pink nipples clearly visible as they were smashed against the mesh. The spaghetti straps dug

deep into the skin of her shoulders under the strain of her tits, so much fatter than my wife's. Between her thighs, the gusset of those panties appeared to bulge with her creamy, dripping cuntlips, while rhinestones twinkled across her mons, spelling out the word "BRIDE." "I'm not a big fan of lingerie, myself," she said, putting one knee up on the bed. "It gets in the way while I'm trying to get to the good part of the evening, but I just couldn't resist." Roxanne crawled between my splayed-out legs. "It's too bad her wedding dress isn't here." Her tits hung down, heavy and pendant and swaying gently.

"Maybe we can do that after the honeymoon, loverboy." She took my cock in one hand, and gently rubbed the thick head against her cheek, where it left a slimy trail of precum. "Would you like that?" She licked the underside of the head. "Would you like to fuck me in your wifey's wedding dress?"

"You- you fucking evil," I started to say, but the words fell from my lips as her tongue worked my thick head.

"Not evil, honey." Roxanne sucked the tip into her mouth for a moment, then pulled off with a 'POP!' "Just superior. In every fucking way. Aren't I?" She swallowed the head again while her fingers tickled my balls. She pulled off. "Admit it! My ripe fucking body is better than hers in every goddamn way, isn't it?" I could feel those glittery gold fingernails drift down below my balls as her tongue gently washed the shaft of my erection, which had swollen to a size I'd never seen before, despite the fact that I'd already cum once that night.

"Nghhh," I grunted, eyes rolling back in my head as her tongue swirled around my glans.

"She's half my fucking age," Roxanne slurped gently at my asshole, "but I'm sooo much fucking better than she is. My legs are more muscular, longer," she kissed the glans again. "My ass is a showstopper, hers barely fills out her jeans." Her tongue circled around the flare. "My *waist* is even smaller than hers, loverboy." My balls felt cool as they were bathed in her saliva. "But these big fucking tits sure aren't," she smacked her lips around one of my testicles, and I quivered and humped the air. "My mouth," *kiss* "my eyes," *kiss* "my hair." *kiss* "Every fucking inch of me is better than Lacie, isn't it?"

I groaned incoherently in response. "Not a good enough answer, loverboy." Without warning, one of those long fingers speared my asshole and I yelped, jumping my hips off the bed as her glittery golden nail scratched against my prostate. "Say it!"

"Yes!" I shouted at the top of my lungs. "You're fucking better than my fucking wife!" Each word brought a rewarding scratch and I could see fireworks bursting in my vision. "I knew it the first fucking moment I saw you!" I felt that finger curl in my asshole and my legs jumped.

"Good boy," she said in a low voice. "Since I'm superior to her, that means I deserve this cock more than she does, don't I?" Her finger stopped moving, and I desperately wiggled my hips, trying to scratch the itch she'd awoken down there.

"Yes!" I agreed. "It's yours, oh god yes it's yours, okay?" I whimpered as she did something with her fingertip that made my toes curl.

"Good boy," Roxanne purred. "And since it's my cock, I get to say who you get to cum in, don't I?" Her finger rotated while she fisted my cock in her other hand. "And if I say you don't get to cum in wifey until I give you my permission, you'll do as I say, won't you?" Her tongue flickered all over my rampant cockhead.

"Yes! Yes! Anything!"

"You can cum in any other cougar cunt you like," she said with a laugh. "But not a drop of it for Lacie until I give you the green light. Maybe you'll knock up some older slut before you manage to get wifey pregnant. How does that sound, honey?" Suddenly, she drove her open mouth onto my cock, swallowing half the fat shaft in one swift move.

"Oh fuckkkk!" My back arched off the bed as Roxanne expertly fucked my cock down deep into her throat. "Oh fucking god yes! That sounds so fucking sexy. Yes! Whatever you say!" Roxanne crowed triumphantly as she pulled my cock out of her throat. It slapped against my stomach, dripping with saliva and pulsating with need. "Wha- what are you doing?"

"I've got lots of time to drink your cum, loverboy," Roxanne said, crawling up my body. "Right now, I want this fat fucking cock inside of me." Straddling my hips, she yanked the gusset of those panties to the side, letting her thick pussylips fall free; cunt cream began dripping against my cock, hot and slick. "Now you see it," she raised her hips high above my erection, grabbing it by the base. "Now you don't." I gasped as she dropped herself down onto my cock, that thicklipped hole eagerly swallowing every inch of it in velvety heat. It always took Lacie four or five minutes of good hard work to get it all

up inside of her, sometimes with the assistance of considerable lube. As she slammed her hips down into mine, those fat tits jumped and threatened to burst forth. Roxanne rolled those hips around, grinding my cockhead against her cervix. "Ooohhh loverboy you filled me right up. This is why I love young cock - always so *full*."

Mesmerized by her mature body as she ground herself on my cock, that trained cunt clasp and unclasp like the tightest hottest fist. She raised her hips an inch and slammed them back down again. One of her tits slipped out of its cup, strawberry pink nipple flicking past the spaghetti strap as it did. On instinct, I reached up and grabbed it, squeezing that suckably fat nipple tight.

"Finally, some initiative," Roxanne laughed. I frowned, and reached up to grab her other tit while I shoved my cock up into her. Her hips jumped off the bed an inch. "Now fuck me you stud; fill me up with that thick young cock and make me fucking scream." She raised her ass up off of my cock and I followed her upwards, slamming it into her, making her gasp while I mauled both of those fat tits at once, savouring the luxurious wealth of flesh on offer. We quickly achieved a hard, fast rhythm, clapping and slamming together; folding one arm around her back, I sat up and latched onto one of those bouncing nipples, sucking and biting it.

"HARDER," she enthused. "You don't need to be gentle with me, hon. Suck that fucking tit." Roxanne's experienced pussy rippled around my cock. My other hand fell to her hip, sinking into the plush flesh of her ass cheek as she fucked herself onto my cock. Suddenly filled with the frustration and need that had been building for weeks now, I forgot myself and began forcefully fucking her thicklipped cunt as she rode me.

"That's right you young fucker, give it to me!" She fell forward onto her hands and knees, and that tit was suddenly drowning me as she pistoned her hips onto my cock while I pumped upwards to meet her. "This is why mature pussy is soo much better, loverboy," she hissed. "I can take everything you have to give and still ask for more; pleasing mature pussy is what you thick young studs were designed for." Roxanne ground her hips around the head of my cock, polishing the knob with her cunt. "Wifey's prissy little pussy will *never* do it for you again, loverboy. From now on, you'll *crave* cougar cunt, MILFy pussy, mature tits, ripened asses." Short, sharp, rabbit strokes as our hips met in loud wet slaps. "She'll never be able to fuck you like her mother can." I tried not to think of Monica, spreading her legs, and beckoning me to satisfy her.

I grunted, nostrils flaring, and grabbed Roxanne's hips in both hands, fucking her as hard as my hips could manage.

"Ohhhh, yes!" She laughed and gasped at the same time. "That sparked something, didn't it, loverboy? Fu-fucking your mother-in-law's cun- CUNT. Oh yessss! Harder, honey, harder!" Roxanne's voice became ragged. "Maybe she'll let Lacie watch while she fucks you, baby. Show her little girl how a real woman fu- FUCKS. YES! YES! YES!" Roxanne's words were lost in a high-pitched shriek as she lifted herself upright, yanking her nipple out of my mouth as her body became rigid and her pussy clamped down tighter than ever. Her heavy tits, shimmering with sweat, jumped and jiggled and I felt my own orgasm begin to overtake me; my voice joined with her as my balls began to pump their load deep inside her claspng wet hole, a searing hot electricity shooting through me from root to tip. She looked like an erotic statue, some Greek sex goddess, all divinely sculpted curves arched in ecstasy, with

my wife's honeymoon lingerie a shredded band of nylon around her taut tummy. She began laughing and gasping in triumph as her body slowly relaxed, falling on top of me and rolling to the side onto her back as my sopping wet cock slid out of her.

"Fuck yessss," she sighed. "That was so good, loverboy," Roxanne said in a ragged voice, then looked down at herself. "I guess Lacie's not going to get a chance to wear this," she said, fingering a snapped strap. "Oh well." There was a sharp tearing noise as the filmy nylon gave way, and she tore the fabric from her body. "You made a hell of a mess, hon." Wet noises filled the room as she fingered her sloppy hole. Scissoring one leg off the bed, she stood, still wearing those gold-encrusted heels, and pulled those 'BRIDE' panties off her hips. "Oh well, one cumrag is as good as another, isn't it?" With a satisfied moan, she drew them between her legs, gently fingering herself with my wife's underwear.

"Here, sweetie, toss these in the trash or something. It's all they're good for now." Roxanne tossed them onto my heaving chest, dripping with our obscene juices, and chuckled. In the quiet of the room, there was a sudden *blup*, and a thick roll of cream went sliding down the inside of her thigh. "God, even her panties are worthless," she said, derisively. Turning around, she placed both hands on the dresser and bent slightly at the waist. I stared at her clasp, still spasming hole as it oozed with our pearlescent cream, and the pink star above it.

"Now, Derek," Roxanne said, looking of her shoulder at me and curling a finger. "Why don't you get that adorable mouth where it belongs, and clean me up?"

Without a second thought, I rolled off the bed and put my face where it belonged, deep inside Roxanne's goddess flesh.

-

The wedding night was a disappointment for Lacie. Hardly a surprise, given that our room had been broken into, and some of her luggage stolen. Which was just as well, since I was too tired from the day, and too drunk on champagne for anything more strenuous than going straight to bed.

So much champagne had been drunk that night, in fact, that the hangover lasted until I got food poisoning on our honeymoon in the Caribbean. All of Lacie's new bikinis and panties were wasted on me as I spent the whole time too nauseous to show any interest in her slim little body. I somehow managed to avoid fucking my new wife for two straight weeks, until we returned to our apartment.

"Home sweet home," she enthused, dropping her bags in the bedroom. Lacie turned to embrace me, her mouth seeking mine. As her little tongue flickered against my lips, I gently tried to pull away.

"Baby," I said, softly. "It was a long flight and-" On the other side of the wall, we could hear Roxanne chuckling, followed by a long, soft moan.

"Goddamit," Lacie said, frowning. She tried to pull away as Roxanne gasped wetly. I held her fast.

"No, wait." I took her hand, and guided it down to my rapidly-swelling member. Our neighbour's voice rose in a crescendo, and my cock rose with it. "It's been so long, honey. I don't care."

Lacie chewed her lip, glancing at the wall, thinking about it. "YES!" Came Roxanne's muffled voice.

"Just this once, baby," I insisted, squeezing her fingers over my cock. Lacie made up her mind, and began pulling my belt open.

As instructed, I made sure to dump my load on the bed.

It was nearly impossible thereafter to fuck my wife unless Roxanne provided accompaniment from her apartment. This was complicated by regular drainings from our neighbour as she dropped by "for tea" or "sugar" or "to see the wedding pictures." Lacie never did figure out why the pages of our photo album seemed to be stuck together.

Until, one day, a moving truck appeared in front of our duplex. Thick-necked beerbellies poured out of it and began toting things out of Roxanne's apartment.

"What the hell's going on?" I asked, watching from the window. "Where's she going?"

"She's gone," Lacie said, behind me. "Roxanne didn't tell you? She's setting up a new studio on the East Coast to-" she kept nattering on, but I couldn't hear her over my own crushing disappointment. How was I supposed to cum how? How would I live without having Roxanne's mature cunt to drink from? How was I supposed to get my cock hard without her silky voice in my ear? What was I supposed to do now that I was... free?

Free! A grin crawled across my face. Maybe there was still time to repair things, to get clean, to forget those delicious, meaty, dripping cuntlips that had brought me so much pleasure.

"-for a week."

"What?" I said, coming back to reality.

"Jesus, don't you listen to me at all Derek? I said, my mom's driving down tomorrow. She's going to be staying with us for a week or so, I guess. Okay?" The thought of Monica's legs, long and lean, flashing through the thigh slit of her ballgown, raced through my head. "I hope you guys get along."

"I'm sure we'll get on like a house on fire," I said in a distant voice.

"I hope so; she can be kind of pushy. She always has to have everything her way." Lacie patted me on the shoulder and walked into the kitchen, leaving me to my own thoughts, and swelling cock.

fin.

His Mother's Voice

The doorbell rang, then rang again, followed by an insistent knock.

"Ty, can you get that please?"

"Yeah, yeah, just a minute."

"Now, please, Tyler. I've got my hands full, here." His mom's voice, her no-nonsense voice, rang out from the acoustically-balanced first floor bathroom just before the doorbell went off again.

"Fine, whatever." The broad-shouldered 21-year-old pulled himself up off the sofa and slouched his way over to the front door. The UPS guy on the other side only looked a few years older than he did. "Hey."

"Hey. I got a package for-" he read the label on the side of a much-abused cardboard box. "Kimberly...Hayes?"

"Mom!" Tyler shouted back over his shoulder. "Package!"

"Well, sign for it," came the reply. "I've been waiting for that."

Tyler rolled his eyes but took the electronic pad offered by the courier.

"Wait, is your mom that Kim Hayes? 'Mommy Muscles' Kim Hayes?" The guy looked past him to where a cardboard stand-up version of Mrs. Hayes lay propped against a wall. "Holy shit she is! Dude we had all those tapes when I was-"

"Yeah, yup I already heard it." Tyler shoved the pad back out the door and snatched the package. "Get the fuck."

The door swung closed with a bang that shook the house.

"You're welcome," he hollered and threw the package onto a side table before falling back into the sofa.

"Oh perfect, thanks!" His mother emerged from the bathroom, pulling off a pair of canary-yellow rubber gloves. If you ignored the lines around her mouth and eyes, she was still visibly the woman on that old cardboard cut-out, minus the atrocious mid-90s haircut, some off-brand variation on the 'Rachel.' Tucking her gloves into a pocket, Kim pulled off the kerchief holding back her razor-straight black hair. She wore a pair of Tyler's old grey sweats, hacked off at the knee, ragged hems swinging around her tawny-brown calves like bells around clappers. Kim gave her hands a final wipe in her much-abused t-shirt (emblazoned with a faded image of her 20-something self, flexing a bicep), and said, "gimme gimme gimme."

"It's on the table," Ty said, not looking up from his phone. It was obvious even to a passing observer that Tyler was his

mother's son: the same dark hair, same nose, same eyes. He had his father's chin and cheeks, which gave him a slightly aristocratic, intellectual air, the kind of guy who got cast as the heart throb nerd in a teen movie, especially after the summer working at the lumber yard had filled out his chest and shoulders. Sometimes when Kim actually spent the time to do her makeup properly before a fancy dinner or special occasion, people would mistake her for Tyler's older sister, to her constant delight and his equal embarrassment.

His mother's nails had been trimmed to a utilitarian length, but they made short work of the packing tape anyway. Foam peanuts scattered on the floor as she lifted the contents from the box.

"Perfect!" Kim crowed. "Can you help me set this up, please?"

"Ugh. What is it?" Peering over the back of the couch, he saw she was holding aloft a sun-faded box with a big cellophane window revealing a brassy-looking microphone. The block-letter legend below the window read CYREN6000. "What the hell do you need a microphone for?" Tyler stood back up with a grunt.

"It's for my podcast," said his mother, bouncing on her toes.

"What are you going to do with a podcast?" He took the box from her, turning it over in his hands.

"We can't live off those 'Mommy Muscles' royalties forever. For starters, they get smaller every year," Kim began listing off

reasons on her fingers, "second, I can't coast on one success for the rest of my life. Third, I'm bored to tears. Fourth, all these Instagram girls seem to have a lifestyle and fashion website, and I don't think there's anything out there for women my age. Finally, I think I still have a thing or two to teach all those moms out there."

"So you're starting a podcast?"

"Well, that's part of it. It'll be a whole website, with food and fitness ideas, makeup and fashion tips, all that stuff." Her hands closed over his forearm, as she bobbed excitedly.

"Dad isn't uh-, I mean he's not going to-, I mean his involvement is going to be pretty um-" Tyler tried to find a more or less polite way to talk around his father.

"Him? Ha!" Kim laughed derisively. "I might ask him to help with maintaining some of the tech stuff, but there's not a chance in hell that I'm going to let your father get any more involved than that. If it wasn't for him-" she rolled her eyes. They'd both heard it more than enough. Dan Hayes would never live down losing all a fortune, her fortune, hard-earned from the creation of the Mommy Muscles fitness system that made Kim Hayes a household name in the 90s, by betting it all on pets-dot-fucking-com. "Anyway, so long as you're around this summer, I thought you could help me set things up, starting with this." She poked the box.

Ty scanned the back of the box, which read:

THE CYREN6000 AUDIO RECORDING SYSTEM is a fully Windows 95 and SoundBlaster32-compatible sound recording system that comes complete with an on-the-fly Mini Mixing Board so you can change your voice as you record! They'll never hear your voice the same way again when you're speaking through the CYREN

"You would not believe the deal I got on it," she said, big brown eyes flashing with excitement. "It was the last one in stock."

"No kidding." Tyler made a face. "Mom, this thing might be older than me."

"Is that...bad?" Kim's own face fell, two decades of disappointments suddenly pulling on her demeanour. "I can still use it, right? Please don't make me have to go ask your father."

"I mean-" he struggled for the words, then, "Look. A mic's a mic, right? We might need some, uh, attachments to get it to connect to the computer but I think we can figure something. We probably just need an adapter or something."

"So you'll go to Radioshack for me?" His mother went back to bouncing on her toes, the top of her head bouncing just above his shoulder.

"Radioshack? Mom, Jesus. Didn't they all close down?"

"Best Buy or whatever, will you please?"

"Yes, yes yeah sure. I'll have to borrow your Visa." Tyler shook his arm free from his mom's grip.

"What? They don't pay you down at the lumber yard?"

"That's for," he thought for a second. 'Motorcycle' was probably the wrong answer, there. "School."

"So you're definitely going back, then?" One of Kim's eyebrows shot up.

"Uh, well, it wouldn't hurt to put some money aside, right?" Ty gave her what he hoped was an ingratiating smile.

"I'll get my Visa," his mom said with a laugh, rising up on her tiptoes to kiss him on the cheek. "But bring it right back, okay?"

"Right, yeah."

* In fact, it took two trips to Best Buy, and one to an electronics recycling depot to build the chain of adapters and ports required to link the mic to Kim's computer over the course of three days, not counting the time spent finding a set of compatible drivers to make the thing work.

It sat on her desk, next to the keyboard, a great big fake-brass slotted lozenge atop a heavy swivelling arm. There were a

number of buttons around the base of it, fat plasticky-looking "jewels" with stuff like REVERB and HI-TONE on them: one purple button was bigger than the rest, and just read VOG.

Tyler thought it looked like a kid's toy, and said as much. Kim thought so too, but she'd paid for the damn thing, and all the hardware to connect it, and as far as sunk costs went, she wasn't about to say die on this one. Not yet, anyway.

"So, it works?" She leaned back in her chair, idly swivelling it back and forth. Kim held one toned, brown leg against her chest while swinging the other; a pair of loose, black running shorts left them almost entirely bare in the sticky summer air. She fanned the hem of her aqua-blue tank top a little, motivating some of that air around her chest, while sweat ran in rivulets down into her cleavage.

"Theoretically, I guess, yeah." Tyler shrugged. "I mean, all the connectors connected. Only one way to find out-"

"Hey guys, what's up?" Dan Hayes poked his head around the door into Kim's office, hair plastered against his forehead with sweat. His wife and son shared a look.

"Nothing," they said, almost in unison.

Kim, realizing that looked even more suspicious, ventured, "Ty was just asking me about, a...personal problem."

"Oh? Maybe I can help." Dan's paunch-strained t-shirt nosed around the corner.

"Sure, Dad, sure. I've got this rash, right-" Ty turned around and made to pull down his basketball shorts.

"Whoa, wow. Okay, wow I'm fine." His father threw up his hands and backed out of the room. "That sounds like some quality mother-son time I'm interrupting. You guys have fun." They breathed a sigh of relief as he stepped away, only to seize their breath again when he poked his head back in. "Hey, if you're still thinking of revamping your website, I've got some ideas that you might-"

"Yes definitely, of course." Kim nodded vigorously. "Now Tyler, honey, why don't you show me where the itching is?" Parting shot taken, Dan hurried away before things got gross.

"Anyway," Tyler turned back to the computer. "I don't see why it shouldn't work. Everything is connected. Just hit record and you're good to go." He adjusted the height of the mic. "What the hell is VOG?"

"Oh I don't know, I haven't read the manual all the way through yet," Kim waved a thick, yellowing booklet around. "I'll play around with it, and let you know if anything's wrong."

"Yeah, sure." He shrugged, and sauntered away.

"Thank you honey!" Kim shouted at his retreating back, earning another shrug. "VOG...VOG..." she thumbed through the manual.

"Variable...voice...voltage...volume...wait. Voice of the Goddess, page 87." She flipped to a crude photostat of the button layout; sure enough, there was VOG, the Voice of the Goddess button. No explanation followed. "That is...unhelpful." Kim's brow furrowed. She put the book down and turned back to the computer where the recording software waited.

"Test test test," she put her lips, soft and pink and bare, almost against the metal of the microphone. Nothing. "Hello?" No response from the computer. Feeling slightly helpless and older than her forty-five years, Kim was almost considering calling out to her husband for help when she noticed the little black switch at the base labelled POWER. She flipped it, and feedback howled from the computer's speakers, while the buttons came to life with a gently pulsating light.

"Hello?" Kim tried again, and just about clapped with glee when the equalizer on screen leapt to life. Who needed a man around, anyway? Specifically, who needed Dan around, anyway, so long as Ty was home? "Test test test."

Noodling around with the audio software, she eventually found the REC. button.

"Test one two, test one two."

Too bad he was only hanging around for the summer, taking a "gap term," while he sorted out his courses. She'd be sad to see the back of him. Even when he was in one of his sullen moods, Ty was twice as useful to have around the house as his father. Dan had two modes: eager but incompetent, and lazy and incompetent, except where it came to one or two fairly narrow fields of experience, such as late 90's HTML coding, or losing money.

"Thank you, Tyler." Oops. She hadn't meant to record that, but there it was, all sine waves and things on the screen. Oh well. A thank you .mp3 might be nice for him? Kim smirked. Too bad there was no way to get some real work out of him. Her fingers played with the sound effect buttons. On a whim, she pressed VOG.

"Now go and clean the kitchen," she said, laughing. Kim played with some of the other buttons, then started poking around with the software, looking for a way to save the files, export them into the format she wanted. There were a...lot of options. She'd have to get Tyler to show her what a lot of them meant, at some point, but she eventually happened on an "Export File to MP3" command, and out popped a wee 10 second sound file. She listened to it a couple of times; the VOG seemed to add a little depth to her voice, a little extra...assertiveness or something, just a little oomph that was almost imperceptible if you didn't know it was there.

Then it was off to her email, attached as a file, sent off to her son, subject line "TEST - Let me know if it works."

Even if it worked, there was still a lot to do. For starters, there was Lydia -- the whole website thing was her agent's idea, after

all -- she'd want to know when the wheels started turning so she could sort out a marketing strategy, get her in touch with the right people to promote it, revamp it, host it, all that technical stuff; then she'd have to find a decent photographer, figure out a reasonable schedule for posting, a rota for articles and content, et cetera.

And that was all before she even started writing anything. No, it was a lot of work, but it still beat making the convention circuit for the umpteenth time, addressing dwindling crowds and hawking the same old same old.

Maybe it was time to hire somebody, an assistant or something. Dan would be pissed, but there was probably some harmless corner she could give him, something even he couldn't fuck up.

Someone to share the load would be-

Outside, a cacophony of metal striking and sliding and scattering across tile broke her train of thought.

"What on earth?" Kim rose from her desk, shutting down the software, and followed the racket into the kitchen, where she found Ty on his hands and knees in the middle of a gleaming, freshly-mopped floor (the mop stood in its bucket close by), trying to reassemble the precarious stack of pots and pans that lived in the open cupboard next to him.

"How," he said, not looking up. "The fuck." Two cookie sheets banged together. "Do you stack." He nested a couple of pots

atop them and slid the works inside, where it promptly poured back out again. "These fucking." A muffin tin joined the avalanche this time. "Things?"

Kim laughed and immediately dropped to her knees to help her hapless son.

"Practice, mostly, and a little bit of skill, I guess." She said, nimble fingers quickly assembling the cookware in the one configuration that worked. "What in heaven's name are you even doing?"

"I'm-" a look of confusion crossed his handsome features. "I'm...cleaning? Cleaning the kitchen?"

"Honey, I appreciate the thought but why? Was there even anything to clean in here?"

Ty ran his hands through his hair, clearly making a great effort to think through something. "You...you asked me to? Clean the kitchen?"

"Oh." Kim said, quietly. "Oh, I see." She bit her lip, watching him. "Well, let's finish this together and then we'll start thinking about supper. How does something on the grill sound?"

"That sounds great to me," and he was back, confusion gone.

"Ty," she asked, as they slid the pans home. "Did- did you get that email I sent you?"

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah, I think so? The audio file?"

"That's the one." They both stood at the same time. "Did you listen to it?" Kim looked up into her son's handsome face, searching his features as his brow furrowed with concentration.

"Yes?" He scratched his head. "Yes." More firmly. "Yeah, I listened to it."

"Good," she said, thinking. "Good. I'm glad it worked." Kim clapped her hands, clearing the air. "Now, let's start talking supper. Steak ok?"

* If it took a few days for Kim to get back to playing with her new toy, it was because she was busy getting her new venture in order and definitely not because of its apparent effect on Tyler. After all, there were probably a dozen good reasons for a recalcitrant young man to be cleaning a kitchen for his mother, no matter how incompetently, on a beautiful summer's day that had nothing whatsoever to do with weird vocal effects, even if Ty couldn't give any himself.

Easy enough to believe in the summer sun, when there were ten other things that needed doing and twenty more that she'd rather be doing. But eventually the air got fed up with the humidity and sent it all crashing back to earth in great warm sheets of rain. Thus, Kim found herself seated in front of the

computer again, staring at a handwritten list of topics she and Lydia had come up with and nursing a mojito (leftovers from last night's brainstorming session).

"You need at least six weeks' worth of content ready to go," her curvy pixie of an agent had advised. "Or at least that's what Lyam tells me."

"Liam?"

"No, 'Lyam' with a 'y'."

"That poor child, what were his parents thinking?"

"Honey, so long as he's still got that big young dick he can spell his name with as many 'y's' as he wants."

Once she got started, it was nearly impossible to get Lydia off the topic of her latest conquest, so the last three bullets on the list were "cocks," "BIG cocks" and "sexual stamina of college-age cocks," whereas the rest of the entries were all stuff Kim had given hundreds of extemporaneous talks about on the conference circuit: nutrition, supplements, aerobic exercise, weights, squats, etc., etc.

She stared at the list for a bit, sipped her drink, then stared some more. She got up, walked around the room, flexed her quads, picked at the light-grey leggings stretched taut across her muscular thighs and squat-hardened ass, straightened her flowy blue tunic and sat down again. Kim stared at the

screen, feeling immensely silly. It was one thing to talk to an audience of actual humans, but wasting an afternoon just talking to herself seemed ridiculous.

She drummed her fingers lightly against the keyboard, scowled, then picked up the phone and dialed Lydia.

"Kimberly darling," her agent enthused breathlessly, "how are you? I had an absolute beast of a hangover this morning but I'm working...it...out."

"Are you on a treadmill?" Kim could hear the other woman grunting with exertion. "Getting extra dehydrated is not a great way to-

"Me? Please." Lydia laughed. "No, this is more like, um, oh! Acupressure. Just a moment." There was a loud fumbling at the other end of the line, then the weird faraway echo of being put on speakerphone. "There we are, that's much more comfortable, isn't it?" There was a noncommittal male noise somewhere in the background. "Now, um, now Kim what can I do for you?"

"Help me not feel like a fool," she said, twirling the phone cord around her finger.

"Whatever, oh! Whatever do you mean?" Kim could have sworn she heard a slap.

"Talking to this computer is what I mean," she twanged the cord once, twice, then started running a fingertip around the keys of the keyboard. "I feel like an idiot, trying to chat away in a room by myself."

"Well, why don't you close your eyes and try to ooh imagine an audience?" Lydia's sigh was loud enough to make the handset vibrate against her ear. "They can be naked, if that makes you more comfortable." The agent laughed again.

"Oh, so instead of just talking to myself, I can go for full-blown delusion instead? That's an even worse idea! Lydia, what if I can't do this?" Kim played with the mic's on/off switch. "Lydia? Lyds? Hello?"

"Ummm, sorry darling. He's just really hitting those deep tissue pressure points. What about a co-oh-host? Somebody from the cum-community?"

"Everybody in the 'community' these days is either a 20 year old hardbody -- and I will not be upstaged on my own damn site -- or a handsy old 'roided-out gym rat with balls the size of jellybeans." Her fingernail traced around VOG; the button pulsed with a soft purple glow.

"Honey you can give those little bitches a run for their money and you know it," Lydia was audibly panting on the other end. "What about that scrummy young man you keep around the house?"

"Tyler? He is not going to want- wait, what do you mean by scrummy?" Kim scowled.

"Darling I've seen the photos you keep on Facebook," the agent panted. "He's becoming quite the handsome young man; so tall and broad and tanned. His hands look really very...large."

"You can keep yours off Tyler, thank you very much," she could feel the heat rising in her face. "Why don't you tell whatsisname, Lyam to fuck your damn brains out and stop leering at my son."

"Kimberly, there's no need to- what on earth are you-" there was loud fumble of fabric and a clatter on the other end and suddenly Lydia's voice was far away. "Lyam- oh! Oh fuck! Oh my fuck!" The rhythmic slap of flesh on flesh filled the line as the agent's voice was lost in progressively more animal grunting.

Kim made her own disgusted snort and slammed the handset back into its cradle. She took a deep, cleansing breath, and then noticed the throb in her other hand, where she'd balled it into a fist and brought it down on the VOG button. She lifted her hand, flexing the fingers, and thinking. And thinking.

"Ty! Can you come here a moment please?"

"What for?" Came the irritated reply.

"I need a hand, Tyler. Can you just come here please?"

"Ugh, fine." Kim could hear his plodding, reluctant step from the living room to her office.

"Yeah, what is it?" He appeared in the doorway, slouching against the frame, not looking up from his phone.

"Nothing too taxing, I promise." She rolled her eyes. "I just need you to stay here and listen to me recording this thing so I don't feel so foolish."

"How long is that gonna take?" Ty asked, checking his wrist for a watch he wasn't wearing.

Kim scowled. "I don't know. Fifteen? Twenty minutes? Do you have something better to do?"

"I wanted to catch the highlights from last night's game, then I gotta get ready for work, and I dunno, I'm busy." Those broad shoulders sagged in a lazy shrug.

Her fingers found the VOG button all on their own, and gave it an experimental press. "Why don't you stay here, instead of watching some game you've already seen, and just listen to me?"

Tyler's posture stiffened for a fraction of a second, then sagged again. "Sure. Fine. It's only twenty minutes right?"

"Right! Thank you!" She chewed her lip for a moment, thinking, then tried the button again, just to see. "But first, why don't you get me a glass of water so I can wet my whistle?"

Again, he stiffened, then relaxed. "Yeah, sure." Ty rolled his eyes, but peeled himself away from the doorframe and headed towards the kitchen.

Kim let out a long breath, her body suffused with a sudden giddiness, head spinning. What a rush! She had to work hard to suppress a giggle, but the overwhelming feeling of...of power made it difficult to keep her emotions in check. Her heart pounded hard against her ribs, and her face was a little numb with excitement as the adrenaline coursed through her; looking down at her shaky hands, Kim could see that her nipples were hard as rocks, drilling through the light jersey material of the tunic and the unlined bra she wore underneath.

Kim flexed her fingers and took another long breath, trying to calm herself.

"A girl could get used to feeling like this," she said.

* When you looked at it objectively, Dan didn't have a bad dick. In fact, some twenty years earlier, it had been a pretty nice dick indeed: a tidy, uncut seven incher that had done a very good job of filling her up where she needed filling, and its owner had at least demonstrated some competence in fucking her until he dragged ragged, ecstatic screams from her throat. But losing all of their money in the first dot-com crash had been a serious blow to his self-esteem that he'd never really

recovered from, and a decade and a half of an increasingly-sedentary lifestyle had done the rest. While she was out there, busting her ass to stay in shape and hawk an out-of-date fitness system to people who mostly remembered her as an enthusiastic twenty-something with bad hair on QVC, he was home, wallowing in beer and never-was regrets and new ways to waste their money, her money.

Kim had loved him once, and still felt a great swell of pity for him when he got up the nerve to try to please her; indeed, if someone had hard pressed her for a reason why she stayed with Dan all these years, "pity" would have been her first answer ("being terrified of starting all over again" would have eventually been the second), and pity was why she still let him make his bi-monthly attempts to climb on top of her and prove his manhood on her aching pussy, even though she knew that disappointment awaited after he was finished his frenetic five minutes of half-hard thrusting.

Sometimes, lying there under his sweating bulk, waiting for him to deposit his watery load, she reflected on what a cruel joke of nature it was that as his libido and stamina had waned so sharply, her own had only increased in equal proportion. Which is how Kim found herself lying next to her satiated, snoring husband, fingers playing over the smooth skin of her well-trimmed mons (too much bush did not do in the kind of tights that were de rigueur at the gym these days), dreaming idly of a big thrusting cock, plowing relentlessly between the scarlet folds of her pussy, giving her the kind of fucking she hadn't had in over a decade.

In her fantasy, it didn't seem to belong to anybody in particular, though somehow she knew it was rampant with the vigour of youth. Maybe one of those forward boys from her

gym, the ones who weren't too shy about ogling her sculpted legs in those tiny running shorts, or staring at the dramatic curves of her ass, outlined in paper-thin spandex. Or what about that kid Lydia was nailing? Turnabout was fair play; if her agent was going to leer at her son, fantasizing about that bottle blonde's latest boy toy was just desserts. Anyway, Kim had seen the way his eyes fell into her cleavage, hard as it was to hide, especially in the v-necks Kim tended to favour in the summertime. He was a pretty "scrummy" young man himself, tending towards dress shirts just a fraction too tight for his muscular frame, and khakis that were similarly complimentary to his squared-off behind. She wondered what he'd look like with those pants yanked down around his shoes, heavy cock bobbing between the tails of his shirt, an intimidating shaft of meat that would just throb and pulse in her-

Downstairs, a door slammed so hard the house shook a little.

Kim sat up straight in bed, heart racing.

"Dan!" She shook her husband. "What the hell was that?" He snorted and rolled onto his side.

"Prolly just the kid coming home," he mumbled, half into his pillow. "He said he was going out after his shift."

"You're not going to look?" Kim turned to him, but he was already snoring gently. Huffing, she got out of bed and straightened the dove-grey nightie that had somehow risen up above her hips, then shrugged into a silky, much-abbreviated dressing gown.

She had only laid her hand on the doorknob when Kim heard feet on the stairs, trying and failing to sneak up. Then, a voice in the hallway, speaking softly, the words indistinct but definitely Ty's. Her fingers relaxed then tenses right up again when she heard a second voice, one Kim didn't recognize.

"A girl," she mouthed the words at Dan's sleeping bulk. An unwinnable battle with her curiosity raged while her son and his friend crept past, and by the time Kim succumbed and opened the door a crack, she only managed to get a glimpse of a slim blonde figure in a scrap of a dress before Tyler hustled the girl into his room and shut his own door.

Kim chewed on her lip for a moment, and then it was her turn to go sneaking down the hallway, bare feet padding against the carpet until she reached Ty's room. The voices within were low, unintelligible until she put her ear against the door.

"...Jordan was right, wow." The girl spoke in a lilt that set Kim's teeth on edge.

"So are you gonna-" Ty sounded hesitant, nervous.

"Oh my god, no." Then, giggles. "You'd, like, break my jaw or something."

"Well if we're not going to do anything then why did you come up in the first place?"

"Um, who said we weren't going to do anything?"

A moment's silence, then Ty went, "whoa okay."

Kim knew it was well-past time to peel herself away and go back to bed, but she couldn't help it, especially not when the girl in her son's room said, "I've never had to use both hands before. You like that?"

"Uhh yeah that- that's real good." His voice was barely audible now. Kim felt her breast swell with an absurd mix of pride in her son's above-average member and offence on his behalf. Silly little bitch wasn't even going to try oral? Lord knew you didn't have to deepthroat it like in those damn pornos; there were all kinds of things you could do with your mouth if you tried-

"I bet I can fit these in my mouth," loud, wet smacking sounds filtered through the wood, and Tyler let out a low moan. "Did you shave just for me?" More obscene wet noises.

"Uhhh I guess- umm fuck- fuck yes?"

"You got a condom?" The girl asked after a few more minutes of ministering to her son's balls. "These feel suuuuper full. I don't want to get knocked up, but I do want to go for a ride on this thing."

"Huh? Yeah, I got some right here," the rattling of a drawer, then the frantic crinkle of foil. Kim shook her head; surely that

slip of a thing wasn't going to try to fuck something she couldn't manage in her mouth without some foreplay first. Unless she was a significant self-starter, there was no way the teen was wet enough to get Ty's big dick in her. Kim ignored a squishy sensation as her thighs squeezed together on their own.

"Oh my god." More giggling. "It's like getting up on a horse or something."

"Holy shit, holy shit that's umm that's tight."

"No, you're just, like, big." Muffled grunts of effort, high-pitched and low. 'Relax your pelvic floor' Kim mouthed, trying to telepathically instruct the young couple. More grunts. She rolled her eyes. The girl probably couldn't even spell kegel, never mind having the kind of muscle control Kim had learned over the years.

"Come on." You could almost hear the clenched teeth.

"What? It's not even half-"

"It'll um, it'll loosen up. Just, like, go slow okay?"

"Like this?" Ty's bed began to squeak softly. If Kim was squirming, it was almost definitely because she was thinking of the chafing, and not the heat building between her thighs as she imagined a fat shaft, making teasingly slow, short

pumps. One of her hands fell to the hem of her nightdress and started making an extended series of adjustments.

"Oooh slowslowslowslow," the girl cooed in a shaky voice. "Fuck- fuck get on top and- no! Don't pull out, just, like, switch." Complicated rustling followed, then more squeaking. "Yeah, yeah that's it." One of Kim's fingers probed around her mons, feeling the dewy stickiness before questing in between them. There was a little 'shlick' as she investigated the volume of slippery lubricant emanating from her sensitive flesh. From behind the door, there were only grunts and the occasional feminine gasp.

Then, after what seemed like an eternity, Ty said: "oh, fuck. It's in. it's in all the way."

"God it's so. Fucking. Big!" The squeaking of his bed became faster, louder, almost too loud for Kim to hear her fingering herself, digit circling and curling inside of her pussy, then sliding it back out again to strum her clit, hard. "Oh fuck Ty, fuck me!" There was a steady drumming now, as something started beating against one of the walls; in her mind's eye, Kim could see Tyler's headboard bouncing off the drywall with each thrust, his tall, muscular form working hard over the girl's. In each hand he held a slim ankle, her toes curling with each stroke, Tyler's rock hard ass flexing every time. Then the knocking on the wall got louder and faster and he leaned low over her, hand grabbing her hip, the other braced against the bed as her legs locked around his waist, dainty feet kicking the base of his spine, spurring him on to fuck her even harder.

For her part, Kim was braced hard against the doorframe, two fingers exploring her sopping wet puss; her other hand was

busily working her erect pleasure button. The headboard was drumming so hard now that she was sure they'd put a hole in the wall, but she was too interested in keeping up to care very much; she imagined that Ty's ass was a pistoning blur, his body coated in a sheen of familiar-smelling sweat, handsome features set in grim determination as he fucked them both inexorably towards orgasm. His big cock ploughed through the slick folds that grasped and clung to that veiny shaft, balls swinging and smacking against her ass, their bodies a single frenetic machine.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Her son growled in a rising crescendo, and the girl underneath squealed with pleasure; faked or not, Kim didn't care, as their racket covered her own stifled gasps nicely.

What the fuck was she doing?

"Did you hear something?"

Tyler's mom staggered back from the door, pulling her sticky fingers free from the nest between her legs. Cold realization stole over her. Clumsily wiping her hand in her robe, she stumbled down the hall as quietly as she could, nearly tripping over her own feet before she managed to snatch open her bedroom door and almost fall inside, where Dan was snoring like a hibernating beast.

Heart in her throat, Kim leaned hard against her door as Tyler's opened.

"Nah, nothing." He said. His door clicked shut.

What the fuck was she doing?

"You need a real fucking, Kim."

Dan didn't even stir as she clambered back into the bed, trying to ignore the yawning need that had been awakened in her.

*

"Here?" The pyramid stack of free weights thumped onto the floor, muffled somewhat by the yoga mat they landed on, next to the padded workout bench that once lived in their basement.

"No, to the right," Kim said, swivelling back and forth a little in her office chair, knowing she was being kind of a bitch, but loving the little thrill of power that danced up her spine.

"Here's an idea," Tyler straightened up and crossed his arms, corded with muscle in his white tank top. "How about you figure out where you want it to go and move it yourself?" His mother briefly considered a barbed retort of her own, then simply depressed the VOG button.

"Or, how about you do as I tell you, and you move the weights a little to the right, off the mat? And don't drop them this time." Kim bit her lip as she watched that momentary tremor run

through Ty's body, the command taking hold, feeling the tingle in her extremities as she exercised her power over him.

He did it, grudgingly, but he did it. She watched her son pull a face then bend and pick up the stacked weights, loose basketball shorts slithering around, pretending that she wasn't trying to gauge the size of his dick through the material. It had been on her mind all night long, wondering exactly how big it was, how thick, how smooth, what his sac looked like, swing-

"Here?" Tyler asked, shortly. The weights sat kitty-corner to the yoga mat, now well out of the way.

"Perfect." Kim rose from her chair, stretching long and tall up on her tiptoes, feeling the hem of her bright yellow running top rise above her navel; she didn't quite have a six-pack anymore, but her stomach was flat and smooth.

"Are we done?" He said, as his mother stretched her quads, legs bare and muscular and brown and almost entirely bare in their peach compression shorts.

"Just about." She started on the other leg. "Did one of your friends sleep over last night, honey? I thought I heard somebody leave this morning." Kim's voice was saccharine as she scanned his face, watching it flush adorably.

"How uh how much did you hear?" He shuffled his feet, suddenly nervous.

"Enough to know it wasn't Mitch or Benny," Kim gave him an arch smile. "Who was it?"

"Uh her name is Jessie, Jessycka."

"Jessica?"

"No, Jessycka. She says it has a 'y'. And a 'k'."

"Are you two...together?" Kim bent at the waist to one side, then the other, feeling her abs release tension; her pitch black ponytail swung like a pendulum.

"No! I mean, no. I mean, she's just a girl from work, one of the cashiers. She's taking a gap year like me."

"You're taking a gap year to save money," she admonished, "not to waste it on some girl and knock her up. I don't think you should see her again, Tyler."

His face went from prettily embarrassed to dark with anger.

"What the fuck!?" Her son roared. "I've been busting my ass for you all damn summer and now I can't even date?! What the hell, mom! This is some bullsh-"

"Tyler Hayes," she spoke softly, purple button glowing intently under her finger. "You are not going to make me a grandmother at 46. No. More. Jessycka this summer. In fact,

no more of these young girls at all. Understood?" His face screwed up like a child's, but he nodded his acquiescence. "Good." Kim felt a rush of arousal and excitement.

"Are we done here? I'm out." He turned to go, radiating a barely-concealed resentment.

"No," Kim's hand fell on a used DSLR camera she'd borrowed from Lydia. She held it out. "Here. I need you to take some shots while I demonstrate."

"Jesus Christ," he was halfway through the door. "Can't you get somebody else for a change? I'm sick and tired of being your gopher, and I'm not a professional photographer or anything."

"No, but you did photos for your school paper, and we can't swing a professional right now. Why do you think we're doing this in my office and not a damn studio?" The camera strap flapped around as she proffered it. "Take it."

"Fuck that," Tyler snarled. "I am done, Mom. Find yourself another servant. Maybe Dad will-"

"You. Will. Come. Here and help me." His body trembled. A thought occurred to her. "You will do as I ask and you will like it, Tyler. Understand?"

"Yes." His voice sounded very far away, but the anger visibly drained from his posture, and he was almost smiling when he came back into the room.

"Ready?" Kim held out the camera.

"Sure," Tyler enthused, taking the device without an ounce of sarcasm or irony. His mother's heart was trip hammering in her chest; Kim hadn't expected any that to work, not really. Getting him to help her move things was normal, par for the course in parenting, really, nothing in comparison to getting him to give up regular pussy for the summer, nothing in comparison to the genuinely pleased expression on his face as she handed him the camera with trembling fingers. It frightened her more than a little, but there was no denying the rush, either, or the trickling wetness she felt in her shorts.

"I-I figured we could start with some easy stuff: squats, lunges, military presses, nothing too complex." Kim recovered her composure quickly, striding over to the little mock gym they'd erected on the far side of the room. Bending down, she grabbed a pair of ten pound weights, steel chrome plates shining in the light. When she turned to look at Ty, he was staring. "Are you okay, honey?"

"Oh yeah, I'm great," he beamed at her, a smile she hadn't seen in longer than she could recall.

"Good. Now, get a couple of shots from the side, and a couple from the front, in both positions, understand?"

"Yeah, I got it." He laughed. "It's not rocket science, Mom."

"Okay, good." His laughter did a lot to alleviate her fear, leaving only the arousal behind. "Now, two from the side." Kim positioned herself on the mat, left foot in front, right behind, back and hips and shoulders all in a straight line, the dumbbells hanging down by her sides. "Now, one." She looked straight ahead, and heard the shutter fire. "And two," Kim lowered herself until her left leg was bent at a 90 degree angle you could set your protractor by, right knee hovering steady a half inch above the mat. The camera whirred.

"And now from the front." Tyler obliged, snapping a couple of pics as she switched legs, muscular thighs rippling beneath taut olive skin. As she lunged downwards, Kim could have sworn his gaze followed, keenly interested in the twin mounds of her breasts; tightly bound though they were in her sports bra, there was no hiding those swelling, mature curves. She held the pose maybe a moment longer than necessary, then straightened up. "Did you get any good ones? I don't look like an old fool, do I?"

"Not at all. I like the wa- I mean, you look good."

"Thank you, honey. Okay, squats now." Kim put the ten pounders away and turned to the side, planting her feet shoulder-width apart. "Ready, Ty? One." The camera clicked, and she slowly sank down, raising her arms in front of her, fingers knitted together in one big fist. "Two. Now from the front." She rose again, and turned to face him, assuming the position. "One...and tw-" Now at eye-level with his crotch, Kim's vision was dominated by the colossal tent her son was pitching, the stretchy, silky nylon of his shorts straining to the limit to contain the swollen shaft bobbing just underneath.

Apparently, Tyler had taken her command to heart: he was really liking to help her out.

"What are you looking at?" Her son glanced down, gasped, and looked back up with an expression of dawning horror. "Mom, Mom, Mom, I'm sorry, I didn't," his hands dropped to inadequately cover his rampant cock as he hunched over. Without another word, Kim shot to her feet and crossed the room in three long strides, passing her stammering son to slam her hand down on that damnable purple button.

"Stop. Relax." There was a woosh of air from Tyler's lungs as he did as she commanded, straightening again. Kim sighed her own relief, and sat down in the chair again. "This is just a dream, honey. A very nice dream. Do you understand?"

"Yes," he said, in a faraway voice.

"Good. Now come here, please." A step or two and there it was, bobbing just beneath the thinnest layer of synthetic fabric. Kim knew it was wrong, that she should never be so close to her own son's huge erection, but that only made the taboo thrill worse. She had to check, had to see for herself, had to know, or else it would haunt her imagination for who knows how long. "Take your shorts off, Tyler."

Her voice was so low and husky she thought for a moment that he hadn't heard her. But then, oh god but then: Kim watched her son hook his thumbs into the waistband of his shorts, and yank them off in one pull. Tyler's cock bounced into view as though it were spring loaded, long and straight and solid as concrete, skin smooth as marble, except where it

was crisscrossed by a tracery of throbbing veins. The hood of his foreskin looked drum-tight, pulled just far enough for her to glimpse the winking pink eye beneath, a droplet of clear liquid beading already forming.

It was bar none the biggest dick she'd ever seen, matched by a heavy set of velvety smooth balls swinging beneath. Fascinated, like a bird caught by snake, Kim brushed the backs of her nails down the length of it, and he shivered from head to toe. It was hot to the touch, and visibly pulsed.

"I made this," she muttered. "Did I do this?" Looking up, his eyes were lidded, unfocused. "Tyler, is this for me?" He gave her an indistinct grunt.

VOG glowed brightly under her insistent fingertip.

"Honey, do you like helping out your mom? Does it feel good to do things for me?" The nails of her left hand scratched lightly against his skin, travelling from tip to root and back again.

"Yeah," he rasped, unable to keep the shiver out of his voice while his member quivered under her touch.

"Do you think I'm pretty, honey?" Kim's finger circumnavigated the flare of his mushroom head.

"Mom, I-" his face screwed as he brought up short against propriety.

"This is just a dream, sweetheart, remember? You can tell the truth."

"Mom, every guy at school, almost every guy I've ever known won't shut up about how hot you are; I hear it from strangers that find out who my mother is. I hate- I hated it, but," his voice faltered.

Kim frowned. "But what?"

"Something weird, something changed, today. I don't- I don't know what it is. I always knew you were pretty, Mom. Better looking than any of my friends' mothers. But now I-" her hand stopped. "Now I know what my friends meant when they called you a MILF or a cougar."

"What are you saying, sweetheart?" Kim's fingers began to slowly peel back his foreskin, bringing his cockhead into view. A crystal clear bead of precum spilled down on a viscous tether for a second before it snapped and splattered on her bare knee.

"Mom, you're probably the most beautiful, the sexiest woman I've ever met, but I know it's wrong, I know I can't, I shouldn't-"

"Shh-shhshhshhh," Kim cooed gently, calming the moral panic rising in his voice. "This is a dream, remember? A very nice dream. It's okay, everything's okay in a dream, darling."

"So this is for me?" She asked, lightly rubbing the spongy pink flesh. "I made you like this?"

"Y-yeah, yes mom."

Kim considered his frankly enormous cock. It even smelled good, a heady cologne of male ardor and youth.

"Good," she said. "Then I am definitely not sharing with Jessycka." Ty let out a shocked gasp as his mother's head snaked forward, lips embracing him, nursing on and tongueing the tip as she savoured the taste.

Her hand attempted to encircle the shaft but the girth of him made that impossible; soon she was stroking him with both, nibbling greedily and hungrily with her mouth. His knees almost buckled when she paid the same attention to that tiny bundle of nerves just under his weeping slit. Kim's lips burned with the heat of it as her lips slid down the thick column slung on the underside of it to wash his sack with her tongue, taking her time to lovingly attend to each of his testicles. Little kittens nips and licks led her back to the top of his shaft, where her palm was making vigorous orbits, smearing an obscene mix of his precum and her saliva around.

"I made this," she said, punctuating each word with a loud pop as she drove his head between her lips. "This is mine. Which means, this is mine too," his sac was wet and heavy in her hand. "And everything inside it. Are you going to give it to me, honey? Will you be a good boy and give Mommy what belongs to her?"

If Tyler had an answer, his mother wasn't waiting for it. She opened her mouth wide, sliding his cockhead against her waiting tongue and she pumping him with both hands; never one to shirk from a challenge, Kim tipped her mouth over the head of his cock and fed it inside, jaw stretching wide to accommodate his girth. Inch after inch, she eased his mammoth cock inside, feeling the muscles in her face nearing their limit, jaw dropping like it had when she'd issued this cock from her pussy in the first place.

"Oohhh god, Mom, nobody's ever, I've never," Tyler's hands dropped to either side of her head, fingers twining in her hair. She rolled her tongue against the underside of his dick as she drew it out again, cheeks hollowing in a brief, hard suck before it popped out.

"That's because," she smacked her lips on his tip, "those little girls you date," her tongue swept around and around and around the flare, "don't know how to handle a real cock," Kim flickered around his tasty precummy piss slit, "like a real woman." She dove back down on his dick, easily taking the first half, until she felt it wedge against the back of her throat, then drew it back, lashing him wildly, pumping each slick new inch of dick as it appeared. Her other hand massaged his balls, feeling their fullness, fingers relishing the velvety softness of his skin.

Kim's head began bobbing up and down on her son's thick member, ponytail lashing against her shoulder blades. Now that she knew his circumference more intimately, she felt much more secure in fucking her face down on him. Thick rivulets of drool began to pour down the shaft as she sucked,

pooling around his root and dripping onto his sac, turning it into a silky, slippery mess. Her hand flew along his shaft, pumping him hard into her mouth, milking out a steady drip drip drip of precum onto her waiting tongue, a tasty appetizer for the meal she knew awaited between his legs. Tyler was gasping now, holding onto her head to steady himself, head thrown back.

"Are you going to cum for me, honey?" She asked, fist working in short, sharp, pumps. "Are you going to feed your Mommy all that sweet young cream I made?" Kim slurped on his dick, stroking it another half dozen times in quick succession. "Give it to me, Tyler," she slapped him against her outstretched tongue. "Give me your fucking cum." Kim's hands were a blur, pumping him hard, slurping lightly against the tip.

"Give Mommy your cum, baby, give it to mphhh!" His hands curled into fists in her hair, and his dick jumped, and suddenly his body was bucking and her mouth was filled with searing-hot cream, rope upon rope of it, splashing hard against the back of her mouth and sliding down her throat. Kim kept up the suction, and was rewarded with Ty's shuddering, gasping groans as he came; even so, she found it difficult to keep up with the volume of his load, and could feel it splashing back out again around her lips, a thick ring of foam quickly shaping up around her flying hands. She pulled off entirely for a moment, gasping for air, his cream spilling out of her slack mouth, and two fat jets of it splattered across her features, sealing one eye closed, and splashing up into her hair. Kim's hands slowed as his cum did, grinding out the last dribbles of it with paired thumbs running up the underside, her mouth eagerly meeting it as it spilled out, rolling it across her tongue, savouring the strong flavour of youth.

Smacking her lips, she sat back in her chair, looking up at him. Tyler's chest was heaving, his face a mask of sweat, staring straight ahead, eyes unfocused. Kim wiped the cum from her cheek, and slurped it down, then pressed VOG.

"Tyler," she said, voice raspy. "I want you to go upstairs and take a shower. After your shower, you'll go into your bedroom and lie down. As soon as you do, it'll be like you just woke up after a good night's sleep. We'll finish the photoshoot after. Do you understand?"

"Yah, I got it." He said, pulled up his shorts, and stumbled out on shaky legs.

"Kim Kim Kim," she shook her head, watching her son go, licking her lips, drawing in the traces of his sweet boycream. "What are you doing? What are you thinking?"

A line had been crossed. The only question now was how far over it was she willing to go?

Savouring the taste of Tyler's cum, Kim sat and thought for a very long while.

*

"No, of course I'm not breaking up with you." Tyler paced around the kitchen, vaguely watching the sun going down outside. "How can I be breaking up with you we were never together, Jess?"

Weirdly, she wasn't taking the news very well. He did another circuit of the table.

"Yes, obviously I had a good time, but I didn't realize that meant we were married or whatever."

Crossing the room, he opened the pantry; there was nothing particularly interesting in there.

"You're the one who said we shouldn't 'make it complicated' or- Jesus fucking Christ, no, I'm not seeing- who?" Peering into the hall, he caught the merest murmur of voices.

"Mel? From the back office?" He snorted. "Are you fuckin' high right now? She's probably old enough to be my m-" The word stuck in his throat in a way that it probably shouldn't have. He probably would have had time to think about it if he hadn't been sure this time that he could hear somebody else talking, probably his mother.

"I am listening," he turned away from the hallway. She probably wasn't calling for him. But she might be. Ty's heart skipped a beat.

"Look, I've just got other stuff I need to concentrate on ok? My mom needs my help to get this business together and I need to save money and uh-" Those sounded like much more compelling reasons to him than they did to her.

"I'm not blowing you off, I'm just, I dunno, saying I've got to focus on more imp-" Definitely his mother's voice. Ty followed it into the hall.

"Yeah, whatever." The door of her office had been pushed to but now it was slightly ajar, revealing a widening wedge of light. "Same to you." He tucked his phone into a pocket and crept forward a step.

He could hear two voices now: his mother's, and an extremely muted man's that could only be his father. They weren't fighting -- Tyler had borne witness to enough blow ups to know what that sounded like -- but it definitely wasn't a normal conversation. His dad was never that quiet unless he was asleep, and even then his snoring could rock the house. He tiptoed a step or two closer.

"-ever again, unless I say otherwise. Do you understand?" His mother spoke firmly but not unkindly. There was some kind of funny reverb that made his ears buzz.

"Yes, yes of course." Dan's voice sounded small and faraway, like someone holding a phone far from his ear.

"I'm sorry it has to be this way," she sounded genuinely sad. "But I just cannot abide another of your fumbling, half-hard rabbit fucks. You don't mind, Dan." That weird sound again. It was familiar, but he couldn't place it. More importantly, were his parents breaking up?

"No, I don't mind." There was no apology or anger or regret in the response: robotic, almost.

"You can move into the spare room in the basement." Tyler peered through the crack between door and jamb. All he could see was his mother, sitting tall in her chair, hair piled atop her head, looking for all the world like a queen on her throne. She was wearing a jersey maxidress that skimmed closely over every tightly-packed curve and hollow in her body, broad blue and white horizontal stripes revealing the sensual topography built out of a quarter century's hard work. The bodice was cut square over deep olive cleavage, held in check by a white bra that peeked out beneath the dress' own strained spaghetti straps. Her legs were crossed at the knee; he could see the tips of her bare toes peeping out, nails painted a matte white to match her fingers.

"I don't hate you, Dan, it's not about that. I feel sad for you; you used to be a good partner, and I haven't forgotten that. But we both know we haven't been anything more than housemates sharing a bed for a long time now. Right?" Tyler's father barely managed a mumbling affirmative. Straining to see more, his forehead nudged the door open an inch, and he could see his father now; Dan knelt on the floor in front of his beautiful wife, head low in a familiar hangdog attitude.

Less familiar to Tyler's eye was his father's naked form, all quivering pallid flesh and slack, noodly limbs. He'd seen his father in swim trunks before, but never like this, never noticed how time and a life spent on the couch, eating a steady diet of regrets, had stolen the muscle in his chest and arms, had swollen his belly into a sagging bulk that overshadowed the semi-erection barely visible beneath it. A wave of revulsion swept through Ty's own body, and he silently swore to never

let the same thing happen to him. The difference between this decrepitude and his mother's lean, muscular lines could not have been more stark.

"But I will do you one last favour, Dan." Kim leaned forward in her chair; Tyler recognized her feral grin, the outward expression of an inner, seething anger. "You may not be allowed to fuck me anymore, but I will allow you to cum in my presence one last time. That sounds good, doesn't it? And every night when you jerk yourself to sleep you'll think of this body that you can't touch thanks to your own laziness and incompetence. How does that sound, Daniel?"

Outside the door, Tyler was held spellbound as his mother stood up from her chair and slid the straps of her dress off her smooth brown shoulders. Her undergarments were simple, smooth, and a bright shimmery white; the meaty globes of her breasts swelled up against the restraint of her bra with each breath. Her briefs rode low over her hips and well under the divot of her navel in her sculpted abs; those panties were a wide band of microfibre that dipped between smoothly muscled thighs and framed the mound between her legs. Ty had seen her in a bikini before, but this was different, this was like something out of... he shifted uncomfortably, remembering the vivid dreams he'd been having lately, feeling his cock stir and begin to swell in his shorts. He was so busy staring at his mother's body that he didn't even hear his father's mumbled assent, but he did notice when Dan began to stroke his dick in front of her.

"That's right," Kim said, releasing her hair from its ponytail, letting it cascade down over her shoulders. Cradling her breasts in her hands, she leaned forward a little, letting them flow outward and threaten to spill into the open. "Jerk that

useless dick for these breasts you'll never touch again." Kim's bright white fingernails dug deep into her cleavage.

"You'll never touch them; you'll never even see them, unless..." a wicked look stole over her face, "unless I let you watch me fucking a bigger, better, younger cock like I fucking deserve, Daniel." She turned around and leaned over the back of her chair. Kim's panties were stretched tight across her perfectly rounded, muscular bubble butt, the fabric moulded to her pussy in a bright white peach. She reached back to grab and smack her ass.

"Just like this, Dan, he's going to bend me over and fuck me like I need to be fucked, like you never could. How does that sound? Are you jerking that cock, honey? Are you pounding that sad dick for me?" Her husband's only reply was the repetitive fap-fap-fap of flesh on flesh as Kim wagged her thick ass just out of reach.

Tyler was rooted to the spot, spellbound by shock, watching his mother verbally abuse his father, who just knelt there, beaten and beating his meat with a will. The regal queen had been replaced by an evil queen and he'd be damned if it didn't look good on her, her face alive, her sculpted body taunting Dan with what he'd never have again. The young man watching them couldn't help but get hard, could stop himself from playing with the burgeoning erection in his shorts. He'd never seen anything so relentlessly sexy in his life as his own mother.

"Are you going to cum, Danny?" Kim's fingers ran between her legs, over the fabric concealing her pussy. "Are you going to dribble that cum all over your fist thinking of me, screaming

in pleasure while a hot young cock opens me up in ways you never did. Maybe I'll even let him have my ass, honey. Let him take my ass while you watch and whimper and fuck your fist and-

Ty's dad grunted and his whole body shook and suddenly there was a weak spurt cum drooling out over his knuckles, spilling out onto the floor, followed by two more. Kim stiffened and stood, then seated herself back in her office chair, crossing her legs, bouncing one dainty foot.

"Now wipe that up with your shirt and get out of here, Dan," she said. Ty shook his head as the reverb echoed through his brain. Why was she using the mic? What sense did that make? What sense did any of it make. "When you leave here, I want you to go up to my bedroom and start packing your shit. Understand?"

"I understand," Dan said in a distant voice as he mopped up the puddle with his discarded shirt, then gathered up his other clothes and dashed out of the room. Tyler barely had time to press himself tight to the wall to avoid colliding with his father's bloated naked self.

The old man was still thumping his way upstairs when he heard Kim call out, "hello? Is there somebody in the hall?"

Tyler froze, every muscle in his body locked in terror. Damn her hearing. There was no escaping her Mom ears unless he kept very very still and-

"Tyler?" Her voice buzzed between his ears. "Is that you?"

"Yes?" He cursed himself as the word popped from his lips of its own accord, but also felt a little thrill in obeying her.

"Come in here, please." There was no denying that voice and anyway there was a not-small part of him that ached to do as she said. That part throbbed its way into the office and he followed it, assiduously avoiding the still-damp patch on the floor.

Sitting in her chair, gaze flickering over his body, Ty's mother made no move to cover herself. Instead, she chewed idly on her index finger, gently swivelling her chair back and forth, her other hand playing with the mic.

"Ty-ler," Kim said slowly. "How much of that did you hear, sweetheart?"

He briefly entertained lying to her, but he knew that telling the truth would make her happy, would be helping her, and he liked helping her. It made him feel really good.

"Um," he groped for the words, "um, a lot I guess."

"I suppose you have a lot of questions." Kim's hand trailed down from her mouth, over her bosom, across the plain of her tummy, the rest on her silken thigh. He didn't realize that his eyes had followed her brightly coloured nails until he had to drag them back up to meet her gaze.

"Understatement of the year, Mom." Tyler laughed nervously. "Are you and Dad...I mean, did you... I mean what was..." He gestured in frustration. There didn't seem to be any words to capture what he'd seen.

"I don't suppose I need to tell you that your father and I have not been very...close now for a while," Kim's fingers traced lazy circles up and down her thigh. "In fact, if I'm being strictly honest, I've resented him for a very long time; for losing our money, for coasting on my accomplishments, for squandering his life on the couch, for other...things. If I'd been braver or stronger I'd have kicked him out years ago." She snorted.

"Actually, I still haven't kicked him out, have I? Even now I'm too damn nice. Anyway," she recrossed her legs, laying her left ankle across her right knees, spreading her steely thighs wide as her fingertips toyed along the waistband of her panties. Tyler's mouth was suddenly dry.

"I don't know if you've noticed, but things have started to change around here, and one change I want to make is acknowledging that I deserve better than the lot I'd been handed by a weak man who only gave me one good thing in this life: you." Kim's fingers idly stroked up and down across the front of her panties. "I deserve a better man and a better cock and I know exactly where I can find both."

"Mom, uh-" Tyler reluctantly met her gaze, pausing to take in the heaving weight of her bosom. "Thats- that's great, I guess? Don't, um, don't you think you should get dressed?"

"Why?" She smiled. Her free hand languidly depressed something on the mic. "Isn't it my house? I bought it; I pay for it; I make the rules; what I say goes." Her voice reverberated in his skull, then stopped. "I'll strut around naked if I want; in fact, if I decide that everybody else in this house should be naked, you'd have to obey that, too." Kim sat up from her relaxed slouch and stretched in the chair, legs curling in underneath, back arching like a cat's, breasts thrust outward, a satiny-smooth double cushion that cried out to be manhandled. Ty shifted uncomfortably under an appraising look.

"Maybe I will. Besides, I look good like this, don't I?" She relaxed back into her seat again, legs outstretched, the tips of her toes almost within reach of his feet. When he didn't answer she laughed and said, "that's alright, I know I do, I bust my ass every day to look good in my underwear. I already know how you feel anyway, honey." Tyler's mom winked slowly, deliberately.

"What's that supposed to mean?" He shuffled nervously, trying to will his cock back to softness, but it persisted in throbbing down his left thigh.

"Well," Kim stretched the word across her tongue. "Let's just say that you talk in your sleep, dear." She pressed her finger to her lips as he tried to reply. "Shush now, and stand still. I'm not done with you yet."

Tyler stirred as she slowly rose from her chair, but didn't move, any urge to flee quickly subsiding under a wave of pleasure at obeying his mother. She did a long, deliberate circuit around him, like a lioness stalking prey, hands sliding

across his chest, his shoulders, his abs, even dropping to grab his ass and give it an appraising squeeze.

"Yes, that is very nice, very nice." Kim smacked his behind playfully. "But I'm going to need to see the goods. Strip, please."

The order to move seemed to loosen his tongue again.

"M-Mom, what's going on," Tyler stammered, pulling his shirt over his head.

"You're being a good boy," Kim purred from behind him. "Shorts, too. Why? Don't you like doing what I tell you?" He couldn't suppress a pleasurable shiver as he unbuttoned his shorts and let them fall to the floor.

"Y-yeah," he said in a thick voice.

"And these," the waistband of his briefs snapped against his skin. Tyler quickly yanked down his underwear and kicked them away.

"That's what you're doing. What I'm doing is finally taking what I deserve instead of settling for what I'm saddled with." Her hands were warm against his skin as they slid across his bare buttocks then around his waist, fingers playing over his abs and then up to grasp his pectorals.

"And what I deserve is something a little less like your father, and a little more like this." Tyler gasped as her fingers wrapped around his shaft. "Something big...and hard...and smooth...and young...and very...close at hand." Hand-over-hand his mother stroked him, teasing and pulling and making him shiver. Her body pressed into his back, the softness of her pillowy breasts oddly comforting as she slowly teased his rampant cock.

"M-mom," he said in a shuddering voice. "We can't do this, it's-it's wrong, isn't it?"

"Is it?" Kim purred, not relenting on her teasing handjob. "It doesn't feel wrong when you do what I tell you does it?"

"N-no, Mom, no," Tyler breathed. One of her palms was polishing the head of his cock, smearing slick precum all over the sensitive flesh.

"In fact, you like it, don't you?" Soft wet noises accompanied the soft motion of her hand. "It feels good to do what I tell you, doesn't it?"

"F-fuck," he leaned back into the warmth of his mother. "I mean, yes. Yes it does, I'm sorry, I don't know why-"

"Shhshhshh," Kim whispered. "It's okay, baby. I want you to feel good. I want you to do what I tell you." While one hand massaged his swollen staff, the other greedily took measure of his balls, heavy and smooth between his thighs.

"And I want you to help me feel good," she began kissing her way across his bare back, her lips heated and sticky and lingering. "Believe me, that will feel better than anything. How can that be wrong?"

"But Mom, what about other peop-ah!" Kim squeezed his balls, gently.

"Why don't I worry about what other people think or find out?" She slithered around him, never letting go of his cock, only momentarily relinquishing her grip on his sac. "All you have to worry about is doing what I tell you and making Mommy happy, okay?"

Tyler's dick was pressed tight between their bodies, ramrod straight and burning hot, the tip of it pushing against the bottom of Kim's bra.

"You can touch me, Tyler. Put your hands on me, I want to feel them." It was as if a dam had burst: a sudden energy flooded his limbs, a need to feel her. His hands were suddenly everywhere they could reach, drinking in the sensation of her skin on his, pawing and groping at her, relishing yielding firmness of her flesh. His fingers entwined in her silky black tresses and then they were kissing, tongues duelling back and forth; had she always smelled so good, he wondered, had her lips always tasted so sweet? His fingers slipped underneath the waistband of her panties and grabbed a double handful of meaty ass, pulling her even tighter to him.

Kim let go of her son's balls to slip one bra strap off her shoulder, then the other. Reaching up to grab the nape of his

neck, she dragged his questing mouth down, down to the hollow of her throat, the arc of her collarbone, the thick dark nipple bobbing free and proud from its confines. She gasped as he suckled and nibbled at that rubbery nub, smacking and flicking it hungrily. Deep down somewhere, Ty knew that this was wrong, but that only added an extra frisson of taboo to the pleasure, made making his mother happy just that much better; and he was making her happy, if her throaty moans were any indication.

"Such a good boy," she crooned, fingers playing with his hair while he nursed on her. "But I can think of a better use for those lips. Get down on the floor." Her hands were on his shoulders now, pressing, pushing him down, down, down until he was lying on his back, looking up at her as she stood over him. Kim pulled her panties away from her body, giving Ty a glimpse of her dark, slick labia and the crystal clear filament of pussy sap that connected them to the silky fabric for a moment before snapping. With a little dance that made her bare breast shimmy in time, his mother slid out of her underwear and kicked it away. He didn't get a chance to see where because she was descending rapidly onto his face.

Kim's tender folds met her son's features, and he opened his mouth to meet their embrace, first slurping and sucking on them, drinking her essence, then using his tongue to explore around and between them before finding the silky furrow between the thick protrusion of her clitoris and the dripping-wet opening of her pussy. He could feel her thighs quiver as he flicked her sensitive little nubbin in an insistent rhythm, and was rewarded by a new gush of deliciousness when his tongue slid down and as deep into her as he could get. Ty's fingers played their way up his mother's body to palm one of her breasts, toying with her nipple while the other hand came

to rest above her broad buttocks, pushing her down harder onto his face.

"Ohhh, good boy, good boy, good boy." Kim ground her hips into her son's face with an increasing insistence, panting and sighing as he lapped away at her, sometimes hard and slow, sometimes fast and soft, sometimes fluttering circles, sometimes driving so deep in her she thought her vagina might swallow his chin whole. Tyler pulled her other breast free of her bra and began playing with both at once, fascinated by their smoothness, their heat, their weight. Jess' meagre bosom had nothing on his mother's heavy mammaries, just as her scrawny form had nothing on Kim's taut, sculpted curves.

"Ohhhh Tyler honey," she breathed, pulling on his hair. "Nobody's ever made- nobody ever did this like- oooohhh fuck! Especially not: Your. Deadbeat. Dad!" Kim ground herself hard on her son's face, smashing her clitoris into his handsome features with every word. Ty knew that he should be mad about the way she was talking about his father, but knowing that he was doing a good job, making her feel better than she ever had, made his heart swell with pride and his cock quiver and he redoubled his eager munching on her overflowing pussy.

Tyler watched his mother as she rode his face, towering over him, looking like a golden goddess with her tawny skin and finely-crafted curves, hair shivering over her smooth shoulders like a curtain of silk, her eyes shut tight and plush mouth slack as she approached the crest of her pleasure. He'd never seen anything more erotic than Kim's body, twisting and shuddering, rapidly losing control under the mounting ecstasy. She had to reach back to steady herself or risk falling

over, her hand landing upon his thick root, hard and smooth and unflagging. Her fist tightened around it.

"So fuckng hard," she said, gasping for breath. "I can't wait to get this big college boy dick in me, where it fucking belongs!" Her other hand was wound in his hair, pulling up on it hard, jamming his face into her sopping cunt. "Ohh fuck yes, Tyler honey, that's so fucking good! Just like that, just like that and you're going to make. Mommy. Cum!" Kim's breathy gasps dropped to an animal growl and her back described a perfect arc, heavy brown breasts thrust out high and proud. Her cries of pleasure would have left Ty's ears ringing had they not been muffled a bit by her thighs.

Suddenly it was over, and Kim's body relaxed in a long shuddering sigh. The coiled steel tension around his head relented, and then she was falling forward onto her hands, hips lifting away from his sopping wet face.

"You're not done yet," she said, panting. "We still haven't put that big dick to good use. Don't you want to tap Mommy's ass, Tyler?" Kim wiggled her hips. "I know you like looking at it. Why don't you grab it and fuck me like an animal, honey? Make me scream on that fat young cock and maybe I'll let you cum. How does that sound?"

He needed no more encouragement: his cock was so hard it felt like the skin was going to split. In the space of a breath, Tyler sat up and rolled onto his knees, hands falling onto his mother's hips, fingers digging into the meat of her ass. Kim reached back and slid the tip of his rampant meat against the slippery folds of her pussy. She opened her mouth to say something, but lost the words in a gasp as he took the

initiative and began feeding his dick into her wet, waiting, hole.

Kim hunched back against him as inch after delicious inch of his cock bullied up against the clasping walls of her pussy, stretching them wider than they'd been in two decades, accommodating his penis as it sought to return whence it came.

"M-mom! Fuck, you're so tight, I don't know- I don't want to hurt-" Tyler grunted as he struggled against the clasping fist around his shaft.

"That's sweet," Kim chuckled, her fingers scrabbling for purchase on the floor. "But I'm not one of your breakable porcelain teenage fuck friends, honey. I can take whatever you have to give." She winked at him, and the pressure surrounding his dick changed, relaxed, and suddenly he was being drawn inward with a massaging ripple from his mother's agile pussy.

A tremor of ecstasy ran through him as his hips came to rest against the broad curves of her ass, cock fully seated inside of her at last. She wiggled her hips, and Tyler groaned as the head of his cock rubbed up against back wall of her vagina.

"Are you going to- oh!" The smack of flesh punctuated her question as Tyler pulled back an inch and drove himself into her, hard. He smacked her ass with an open palm, and drew back again. Kim braced herself against the floor as he slammed his cock down. He mauled and spread her cheeks as he speared her pussy again, relishing the feel of the taut flesh

and the twitchy wink of her wrinkled little asshole as his dick slammed home. "Fuck! Yes! Like that!"

Tyler's nostrils flared, and his mouth drew up in a snarl; any reservations he might have had, any lingering, niggling moral compunctions about incest evaporated under the burning, overwhelming need to fuck his mother. He snorted like a bull and began to saw his cock in and out of her with a wild abandon, balls smacking loudly against the backs of her thighs.

"Yes! Yes! Harder, honey. Fuck mommy harder, Tyler!" Kim growled through gritted teeth. One of her hands slipped, and then she was face down on the floor under the relentless pounding her son was giving. The angle of his cock changed just enough that it drove a new howl of pleasure out of her supine, tawny body with each long stroke in and out of it. Their bodies rebounded off each other in a steady, intense rhythm counter scored by the animal noises being fucked out of them.

Their bodies rebounded in a steady, driving rhythm counter scored by the animal noises being fucked out of them in long, relentless strokes. Tyler's body had become a single purpose engine, designed to piston his cock in and out of his mother; he'd never been able to get his whole member inside a pussy before, never mind one that was so eager to be power fucked, and he finally knew what it was to fuck as he was meant to.

Kim's bare feet began to kick against the floor as she lost control of her own body, hips bucking back to meet her son's downward strokes. A raw, shuddering cry rose in her throat.

He leaned close over her back, one hand sliding around her to palm a sweaty, swaying breast. His face pressed against her shoulder as he changed pace, his mouth open and tasting her sweat, her shampoo, her skin. Tyler's lips, his teeth, closed against her flesh; he needed her, he hungered for her like nothing else before in his life. His mother yelped, and jumped under him, and his strokes became shorter, harder, a jackhammer pounding.

"Tyler! Fuck! Yes! Fuck! Just like that honey! Oh god you make Mommy feel so good!" He was dimly aware of a bright purple pulse emanating from the desk but he was too busy enjoying Kim's cries to care. "Yes! Fuck! Baby yes!" She was babbling now, just vocalizing the sensations in her pussy as Tyler drove her to the edge. "Ty! Ty! Ty! Fuck baby, you're gonna- fuck I'm gonna- fuck I'm-"

His mother howled, and suddenly she was writhing and bucking on his shaft, the velvety wet glove of her pussy clenching and spasming around him. The light got brighter and brighter, almost enough to distract him. Tyler carried on fuckng her through orgasm anyway until Kim had recovered enough of herself to scream over her shoulder, "fucking cum in me, you big dicked motherfucker. Fucking fill me up with your cum until I can taste it! Mommy needs you to drain those beautiful young balls!"

The college-aged stud had been riding the edge of orgasm almost from the moment he first entered his mother, but had somehow managed to keep from cumming. Now, as Kim was coming down from her second orgasm, granting him permission to empty his heavy, swaying sack deep inside of her, he could feel the dam getting set to burst. All he needed was her permission; and being granted permission by her felt

like nothing else on this earth. Making her happy, catering to her whims, making her feel good, inspired such a deep, soul-searing ache in him that Tyler knew he'd never be able to refuse her anything. He belonged here, with her. He belonged here, inside her.

He belonged to her.

"Oh god, Mom! Mommy! Fuck!" The first thick spurt of cum erupted out of his cock, rapidly filling up the little remaining space inside of her and quickly splattering out again in the next thrust, only to be replaced by each successive blast of scalding hot sperm. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Each cummy rope pulled another grunt and another 'fuck' out of him as he deposited his lust deep inside of his mother.

Something somewhere distant made a loud pop, followed by a soft electric fizzle. The purple pulse winked out.

Tyler and Kim couldn't have cared less. They lay on their sides on the floor, panting and sweating, cum smeared and dripping from their conjoined bodies. His face was still buried in her shoulder, kissing and biting. She reached back to tousle his hair.

"I love you, Tyler."

"I love you too, Mom."

"How long until you can go again?"

"I don't know l-" Kim shifted. "Not long if you keep doing that."

"Good." Her fingers curled in his hair, yanking it playfully.
"This time I'm on top."

*

The doorbell rang, then rang again, followed by an insistent knock.

"Dan, can you get that please?"

"Yeah, yeah, just a minute."

"Now, please, Daniel. I've got my hands full, here." Kim's voice, her no-nonsense voice rang out from the computer room.

"Fine, whatever." He grumbled, rising from the couch and brushing the crumbs from his growing paunch. The UPS kid on the other side of the door couldn't have been much older than his son; he held a box under one arm.

"Yeah, uh delivery for Kim Hayes?" The kid craned his neck around Dan, pointedly scoping the place out.

"I'll take it."

"You sure? I think I need a sig-" he wouldn't even look at Dan, who snatched the electronic pad out of his hand, and scrawled over it.

"Yeah I'm sure. Have a good one." The older man snatched the box away and started closing the door.

"Hey is Kim around, my, uh, mom is a big fan and-" the door slammed shut in a most satisfying way. Dan spun the box around in his hands for a moment, then went to toss it on the couch.

"Is that for me?" His wife called out.

"Yeah."

"Can you bring it in? I've been waiting for that." A flush rose in his cheeks. "Now please, Daniel."

"Sure, sure." He let out a long breath. "Yeah, sure." Tucking the box under his arm, he headed down the hall, where the office door was ajar. She must have heard his step hesitate outside.

"You can come in," She said, a little breathlessly. Dan swallowed and pushed the door open. Kim sat astride their son in the office chair, legs draped around his back, hands gripping his shoulders as she bounced on Tyler's enormous dick. The boy's own hands were busy mauling her taut ass, his face buried in her breasts

"Thank you, Dan." Neither bothered to pause or look at him. "You can just leave it on the desk."

He passed so close to them that he could feel the heat from their entwined bodies. Kim glanced over at the box.

"I knew it, the new mic is here!" She pulled Tyler's face from her bosom and kissed him, hard. "We can finally get started! You don't mind," she said between thrusts of her hips, "staying home to help your mommy do you, Tyler?" The boy had no coherent reply, just staccato grunts of pleasure when their bodies met with a loud smack.

"Are you still here?" Dan froze, suddenly on the spot. "Don't you have something you need to take care of?" Her gaze dropped to his crotch, where a tent was rapidly forming. Dan started excitedly fumbling with the button on his shorts. "Go downstairs and do it in your room please. I don't want to look at that." Her voice was imperious, face set.

"Yup, okay, okay." He scurried out, sprinting for the stairs as fast as his unbuttoned shorts would allow. Somewhere behind him, Kim began to cum, loudly, on their son's cock.

Today would be a good day.

fin.

In the Family Business

DISCLAIMER: The following story may contain elements of incest, cuckoldry, light femdom, women who like to fuck, and lawyers. If these are not to your particular taste, the management suggests you stop reading immediately; any and all complaints that this story has not been written to your particular tastes will be roundly ignored. The management advises you to find something else to read, and offers abject apologies to any members of the legal profession in the audience.

"This is not going to be an easy clerkship for you," Margaret said, checking her makeup in the rear view mirror for the second time since they'd gotten in the car. "I am not going to be soft on you just because you're my son."

Ben laughed that easy laugh of his, grinning. "Mom, Dad said-

"Benjamin John Fletcher, I do not care a single iota of a jot what your father said." She fixed him with a hard glare, green eyes flashing. "It may be his last name above the door, but he doesn't deign to come into the office more than a couple of times a month; for all intents and purposes this is my practice and my livelihood and I will not risk my professional reputation just because your father thought you could use an easy ride. Is that understood?"

Her son just nodded, wide-eyed. He'd seen his mother angry, before, of course, but he'd never seen her like this before: she seemed like a seething volcano of rage, moments away from going off altogether. The knuckles of long, elegant fingers were white with tension as they gripped the steering wheel; her face was flushed beneath the impeccably professional makeup; and her eyes flashed with anger as she turned them back to

the road. He was flung against his seatbelt as she dropped the clutch and tore out of the stop.

"Mom, look-

"And that's another thing," she said, pulling their big BMW SUV sharply to the left. "That is the last time you call me that today. So long as you're clerking for me, I expect you to behave exactly as any other clerk. That means from now on, you will address me as 'Mrs. Fletcher' or 'ma'am,' understand?"

"Yes Mo- ma'am, I mean ma'am." Ben felt like he was somehow five years old again instead of a twenty five year old law school graduate who was this close to taking the bar. He didn't know how the old man had fucked up this time, but it seemed to be pretty badly.

"Furthermore, if you're going to be working for me, I expect you to dress the part," Margaret said, shooting him a baleful look. "What on earth are you wearing that godawful suit for?"

He tried to sink into the warm leather of the seats, feeling his jacket sag around him. When it had been his only suit, for funerals and weddings, it had been just fine, he reflected.

"You'll find most of our clients are a: rich and b: women, and they respond much better to a man in a sharp suit than they do to somebody who looks like he just left the Burlington Coat Factory." Hand over hand, she wheeled into their parking lot, pulling into her spot next to the door. They stepped out into the warm summer air.

"Come on," Margaret said, curtly. On long legs made longer by mirror-black heels, she strode into the building, auburn hair flying behind her, looking for all the world like some legal valkyrie. He followed suit, feeling younger and dumber than he had on the first day of law school.

He passed through the door for the hundredth time in his life, looking around at the clean, modern interior (routinely refreshed and hand picked by his mother every two years) as though he'd never been there before.

"Hi Ben," chirped Glenys, the longtime receptionist. "What brings you in today?"

"Mister Fletcher," Margaret wheeled about on one heel, "is going to join us this summer as our clerk, Glenys, and we will treat him just like any other clerk won't we?" Even in the air conditioned office, her voice was cold enough to drop the ambient temp a degree or two.

All the color drained from Glenys' face as she looked at her boss.

"Really? Are-are you sure about that? Should I call Mr. Fl-"

"This was his idea," said Ben's mother. "So if you want to call him, feel free to do so. He'll tell you exactly the same as I have. Benjamin here is going to be treated like a normal, average, everyday law clerk until the end of the summer. Do you understand?"

"Oooohh." Relief spread across the receptionist's face, followed by the merest flicker of disappointment, then her usual sunny smile. "I gotcha. Welcome to Fletcher & Fletcher, Family Law, Mister uh, Fletcher."

"Get the necessary paperwork ready please, Glenys. He'll need a door code and a desk somewhere. He can get his own office supplies from the cupboard." Margaret turned her attention to her son. "She will help you find whatever you need, but bear in mind she is my receptionist, not your secretary. As far as I'm concerned she outranks you, and you will show her the proper respect by calling her Ms. Button at all times. Is that clear?"

"Yes m-ma'am," Ben considered saluting but didn't think it would go down well.

"Good. In my office please, Mister Fletcher. I believe you know the way." She turned and strode on. He followed, but not before shooting a backwards glance at the receptionist, who smiled warmly back at him, then silently mouthed the words 'I'm so sorry.'

His mom's office was the biggest in the building, twice the size of his dorm room. An enormous antique desk dominated one side of the room, the wall behind it covered in her degrees, and an overstuffed leather couch divided it more or less in half. In the corner by the couch were two sizeable bookshelves that held volume after volume of legal decisions: her own private legal library. A one-way picture window took up most of the remaining wall, looking out on the pond in a nearby park.

"Sit," she said, taking her own seat behind the desk, stacked high with file folders. Ben moved to take one of the client chairs, but there was a slim folder there; a post-it on the cover said, 'Glenys.'

"What's this?" He picked it up, and a photo slid out, fluttering to the chair. It was a shot of a couple at a bar, obviously after a few drinks. She was sitting in the man's lap, her short leather skirt hiked high enough to reveal yards of long, toned, fishnet-clad leg, one of which was kicked out playfully, while her head was thrown back in raucous laughter, auburn hair flying. The dark haired man whose neck she had wrapped her arms around was younger, much younger, by about 20 years. His eyes were firmly fixed on the white blouse she was wearing, specifically where she had undone about half the buttons to reveal a prodigious, mature cleavage. His mother's cleavage. "What the f-"

"Give that to me, please," she snapped, holding out her hand. "The folder, too. All of it. That's not for you."

"Mom, what-"

"BENJAMIN JOHN FLETCHER you will hand me that photograph now and you will address me as Mrs. Fletcher or you can march yourself out of this office immediately!" His mother snapped her fingers imperiously.

Ben's nostrils flared. He met her eyes, and wilted a little under that familiar glare. Sliding the photo back into the folder, he handed it over.

"Thank you," she said, putting it on the desk. "If you must know, every summer we give our departing clerk a little party as a kind of a send-off; these are photos of last year's wonderful idiot, Jordan. A very nice young man with not very much going on upstairs. I hear he passed the bar in April, thanks to a very strong recommendation from me. If you want a similar one, I trust you'll put in the effort he did." An expression he didn't recognize flickered across her face. "Well, not necessarily all the effort, but similar."

"You looked like you were having fun." He regretted saying it as soon as the words were out of his mouth.

"I am fun, thank you," his mother replied, suddenly wounded. "And you know it."

Ben laughed, and the tension was broken.

"Sorry, yes. I'm sorry, M- Mrs. Fletcher. Can we start again?"

"That sounds like a good idea to me, Mister Fletcher." Margaret smiled at him, and all was right with the world again. "Please, sit. Let me tell you about some of these case files..." She began to speak, outlining whatever was currently on her desk, and how she saw his role in their office, or the "family business" as the old man liked to call it. Benjamin only half-paid attention, studying her face as she talked. His mother was forty-six, but a young forty-six, as they called it. Thanks to a rigorous evening regimen, a strict diet and the addition of a gym in their basement, she'd mostly kept time away, and looked like a woman at least ten years younger; if there was dye in the

glorious mane of hair that shimmered and bounced when it was down (as she kept it at home), that was a secret between her and the expensive hair salon she patronized. His mother was beautiful, he knew that, in a disinterested kind of a way - - his douchebag friends in high school had been very vocal about it, if nothing else -- but he'd never seen her looking as she had in that photograph, full of verve, having the time of her life, completely relaxed, completely herself. Always the mom or the long-suffering wife, never just Maggie Fletcher.

A stray thought wandered through his head: had her legs always been that long or was it trick of the photography?

"...ready?" She asked, coming to the end of her spiel.

"Hm?" Then, before she could get angry again, he said, "yes. I'm ready! Let's do this thing."

"Good!" His mother stacked two or three folders together and laid them with a thump before him. "Take these and talk to Glenys. She'll tell you how the filing system works." Grunting, he lifted the stack and turned to go.

"Mom? Mrs. Fletcher?" Ben hesitated at the door. She had the file with the photos in her lap, apparently leafing through them.

"Yes?" She didn't look up.

"I think dad went around you on this, and I know he's a shit, but thanks for this opportunity. I appreciate it."

Margaret's face softened as she raised her eyes and she gave him a grin. "Sucking up won't get you brownie points here, young man. But nice try."

As a small family practice, there weren't many other staff or lawyers beyond his parents: just Glenys, who doubled as a paralegal, a junior partner named Danny who handled routine, unremarkable stuff (mostly real estate filings) and Nancy, a notary public who maintained a desk there but only worked half time. Thus, working space was at a premium, especially since his father's own office was out-of-bounds. Glenys found him a more-or-less functional table out of the way in a corner where he could set up his laptop and such, giving him a fairly commanding view of the entire office.

He was sitting there, trying to get set up on the WiFi, when his mother emerged from her office, folder in hand. Ben watched her walk purposefully over to Glenys' desk and hand it over. The receptionist opened it at and the two began to talk in low tones. She'd left her jacket back in her office, leaving her only in a high-necked sleeveless blouse that left her gym-toned arms exposed, and a satiny knee length pencil skirt that skimmed closely across the curves of her behind. Margaret tossed her hair back absently as she chatted with the receptionist, shifting her weight from one foot to the other, making the muscles of her calves play underneath the sheer hose she wore.

"Hey kid, having some trouble?" It wasn't until Danny broke his reverie that Ben realized he was staring.

"Huh? Yeah, uh, I just can't get this key for the wireless to work." The old lawyer, smart enough in his own way, but nowhere near energetic enough to strike out on his own, came around to the other side of the desk.

"Well, your mother says we have to make you call us 'sir' and shit while you're here, but I'll let it slide this once and do you a solid." Danny stroked his handlebar moustache and started typing. On the other side, Margaret said something that made the receptionist go bright red, and his mother's throaty laugh rang through the office. She rested one hand on her hip and bent over the desk, fingernails drumming against a tightly-packed buttock.

"There! That should do it. You gotta Lexis login?"

"Huh? Oh." Ben looked back at the laptop, shaking his head as if to clear it. "Sorry man, I don't know where my head is. No I don't have a login for that yet."

"I'll let you borrow mine for now, but you should talk to your mom about getting one."

"Yeah, sure." Ben looked up again, but his mom was gone, back into her office. "Thanks Danny."

"No problem kid."

The young graduate let out a long breath, then just sat there and stared at his computer for a while, thinking.

*

Margaret closed the office door behind her, and leaned against it, letting out a long frustrated breath. Then she locked the door with a flick of her wrist. She shook out her hair and strolled back to her desk, casually unbuttoning her blouse as she went, opening it far enough to reveal the lacy white La Perla bra beneath. With a naughty half-grin, she began toying with a nipple through the thin silk.

The nerve of that man! To think he'd come up with such a harebrained notion. Her son! Their son! Here! It was almost enough to make her think he might be suspicious.

Tweaking the nipple hard, she yanked open a drawer of her desk, and pulled out a discreet but powerful little bullet vibe. She tested the battery, and the silver lozenge gave a very satisfactory buzz that rattled the pens in her cup.

Who did he think he was anyway? To tell her what to do with her practice? To ruin her summertime fun? To take away another opportunity to get some big young cock between her legs?

Margaret unlocked her computer and called up her dropbox with one hand while the other rucked her skirt up over her thighs. She navigated into a folder marked "Clerks - HR" and opened it. Her other hand grabbed the business end of the

bullet and slid it under the waistband of her hose and panties. The folder marked "Jordan M" was the most recent and easy to find.

Margaret gasped as the bullet vibe came to life; at the same time, she opened the file and clicked on the first of a set of images: the shot of them at a pub across town. Grinning, she began to click through the pictures, most of them selfies she'd taken that night for posterity.

A few were taken at the pub, the subjects becoming obviously and sloppily drunk; she paused for a while on a shot that was mostly just her in the restroom, perched on a sink and holding Jordan's head between her legs with one hand.

She purred as she remembered his clumsy but enthusiastic cunnilingus, making up what he lacked in talent with an energetic tongue that seemed everywhere at once. Her fingers pressed the humming vibe up in between the folds of her labia, seeking the slick fluids already being produced by her needy pussy.

The next pic was of Jordan's meaty eight-inch uncut cock, resting on her lap, thick head glossy with precum. Over the years she'd gotten very good at figuring out which of her clerks were packing heat during the interview stage; it had been a very long time since she'd been wrong.

The vibrator slid along the channel between clit and vagina, up and down, making her shiver with the sensation as she recalled the weight of his cock in her hands - it took two to encircle the girthy shaft - pulsating with life in that grungy

bathroom, and the way the young man it belonged to had groaned as she stroked it.

The image that followed was functionally the same, only sans skirt, revealing that Margaret had somehow neglected to wear panties that night, her neatly trimmed pubic hair fully exposed under the wide net of her fishnets, that big club of a dick resting atop it, ready to bully its way inside of her.

Margaret teased the opening of her pussy with the tip of her vibrator, subtly circling around it while she ground the heel of her palm into her juicy little clit, making tiny squishing noises as she did. She was gasping a little now, little short breaths as the feel of that cock came back to her, plunging deep inside of her mature cunt.

He'd clearly been expecting more resistance, but Margaret knew what Jordan would soon learn: mature women were made to take big young dicks, over and over again. Even so, it had taken three days for it to stop aching after that night with Jordan, as they fucked their way through the evening, first in the bathroom, then the cab on the way back to the office, then on her desk, then...

A sharp knock at the door pulled her out of her reverie.

"Goddammit, god god fucking dammit." She yanked the slippery vibrator out of her pussy, leaving only a needy emptiness, and shoved it back into the desk. Margaret stood up on slightly shaky legs, cleaned her fingers with a Wet Wipe, and straightened her skirt. The doorknob rattled as she hastily

buttoned her blouse back up, striding over to grab it, unlock it and open it four-five inches.

"What?" She snapped in Ben's face. Taken aback by his shocked look, she took a long breath and tried, in a softer voice: "what?"

Her son raked his fingers through his sandy-brown hair and gave her that familiar easy smile.

"Glenys told me to get you the Carmichael file; apparently she'll be here in fifteen." He offered a thick file folder.

"Damn. Already?" She took it and absently thumbed through. "You should be there, you might learn something." Big green eyes appraised him; Ben was tall and lean, and broader of shoulder than she remembered, his trim figure mostly hidden inside a jacket clearly too big for him.

"Take that off," she said, opening the door and grabbing his lapels. In one yank, it was down around his shoulders; in another, it was off entirely. "Turn around."

She tossed the offending jacket into a corner, and grabbed him by the waist, pulling him closer and spinning him 180 degrees with a deft push.

"What are you doing?"

"Fixing this." Margaret's sharp fingernails raked across his stomach as she reached around him -- it was flat and hard and she could feel the familiar ribbing of abs underneath -- and pulled the fabric backwards, tightening it and darting it with a couple of clever folds until it looked like it had been professionally fitted.

"Don't move too much or it'll come out," she said, giving him another appraising look. The loose gabardine flowed easily over the squared-off hardness of his own ass. Margaret shook her head and gave him another turn. "Roll those sleeves up, show off those forearms." The vee of his torso was much more obvious now, pointing straight down at sizeable shadow lurking beneath-

What was she doing? She took a step back from her son, trying not to think too hard about the subtle outline of what was clearly a very large piece of equipment.

"Yeah, yes. That's good. You can go now. Come back when she gets here."

"Yes Mrs. Fletcher," her son said, never losing that easy grin. "Thank you Mrs. Fletcher." He turned to go.

"And remind me," she called out to his retreating back, "tomorrow we go shopping."

"Yes Mrs. Fletcher!"

Margaret watched him go, thinking.

*

"Mrs. Carmichael is uh, something, isn't she?" Ben asked as he slid into a pair of pants. They were a much slimmer leg than he was used to, but there was no denying how good the luxurious fabric felt against his skin.

"Mrs. Carmichael pays us very well to be discreet and not discuss her business in public," his mother warned from the other side of the door. Then she chuckled softly and her tone changed. "And if by 'something,' you mean 'very loud and kind of handsy,' you're correct. Step on out please, so I can see."

"Kind of? That's putting it mildly." Emma Carmichael was a boisterous botoxed blonde well into her 50's, a onetime trophy wife with a husband some thirty years her senior; she seemed to have more hands than letters in her cup size. From the moment she'd entered the office, she'd taken hold of the young clerk and hadn't let go.

"She grabbed my ass, twice." Ben opened the door and stepped out into the fitting area where his mother waited, arms crossed across her chest, a dark look on her face. "Twice, M-Mrs. Fletcher."

Maggie's hard look evaporated. "We're not on work time, you can call me mom." She gave him another of those long, appraising looks, and twirled a finger in the air. He turned around obligingly.

"Touch can actually be a very important tool in our kit," she said, tugging critically at his short. "Playing grabass with a client is obviously beyond the pale, but with one touch," her fingers rested at moment on his hip, "we can redirect a client's focus," they moved to his waist, "reassure and show empathy," his mother walked around him as she spoke.

"Establish trust and rapport," she stood in front of him now, eyes an inch or so above his in her summery, cork-heeled wedges. "An instant connection. So for instance, when I say," her hand was suddenly on his left pectoral, fingers lightly massaging him, while her eyes held his, "you look good enough to eat," Maggie's hand stayed on his chest for a moment before sliding away, "I know you'll believe whatever I tell you."

It was a long moment before Ben realized he'd been holding his breath.

"Um, yeah. Yes. Yup."

"See? I bet you wouldn't learn that stuff in school," his mom smiled brightly, and leaned in to give him a peck on the cheek, leaving a sticky warmth on his skin that lingered for a few seconds before she sauntered away; the hem of her cream-colored sundress danced around her knees as her hips clocked an eye-catching rhythm, big red flowers twitching back and forth. Margaret sat down again in her chair, crossing those long, bare legs and rearranging her skirt above her knee. One foot bobbed idly as she snapped her fingers imperiously and called out for the owner. Her toes were painted a soft, matte pink to match her fingernails.

Giuseppe, the obsequious little man who ran the shop, ran in through the curtain separating the fitting rooms from the main retail area.

"Yes Missus Fletcher? What can I do?"

"The inseam is still too long," Maggie waved her hand at Ben, standing now in the centre of an array of mirrors. She recrossed her legs, watching his eyes flick down towards the movement; it was good to know she had his attention. She rearranged the hem again as the skinny tailor played with Ben's pant leg, tugging and pulling.

"But they fit ok? Not too tight?"

"No," she said before Ben could respond, eyeing him in the mirror. The fabric flattered the shape of his behind much better than the pants he'd worn yesterday. "The fit is...fine, just the inseam needs to come up."

"You're the boss," Giuseppe knelt in front of the boy, spooling out a long measuring tape and hanging it over his neck. "Spread 'em, please." She watched the little man fussing over her son, pinning and chalking and generally being a nuisance.

Not nearly as much of a fuss as Emma had yesterday, that harlot! Maggie felt the heat rising in her cheeks. The way that old bat had kept pressing her enormous fake tits into his arm, slutty red nails stroking his chest as she'd explained the "irreconcilable differences" between herself and her husband, the octogenarian publishing magnate who hadn't had an

erection (real or pharmaceutical) in five years. The way that silicone-enhanced bitch had said 'erection' to Ben, to her son! And then tweaked his ass, right there in her office!

He was so cute when he blushed.

It had happened before, of course; handsome clerks were half the reason these soon-to-be divorcees showed up on Maggie's doorstep. A little beefcake went a long way towards securing horny wives as clients. But she'd never felt this way about it before, never so jeal-

"Hey!" Ben's sharp rebuke pulled her out of her reverie.

"I'm sorry, so sorry, but I gotta, I have to."

Angrily tugging on her skirt, Maggie looked up to where the skinny tailor was trying to take Ben's inseam again.

"Can you keep your hands out of there, please?"

"I'm sorry, I got to! Missus Fletcher, I have to make sure I took it right the first time."

"That's fine, Giuseppe. Benjamin John Fletcher," her voice was soft, the velvet glove around an iron tongue, "you will behave like an adult and let the man do his job."

"Yes mom," he said, stiffened up. He was such a good boy, so willing to take direction, she reflected. Much better than Jordan, much better than most of these know-it-all sons of rich men who clerked for her; they were arrogant, and self-important, and very aware of what kinds of favors their big cocks could get them. She always broke them before the end of the summer, of course, like any good rider. Ben, on the other hand, had been learning at her knee all his life.

Maggie watched as Giuseppe's hand zipped up the inside of his leg, sliding along the tight, smooth fabric until it bounced against-

Ben shifted uncomfortably, but didn't protest this time. Instead of focusing on the tailor, he kept his eyes locked on his mother, who was watching the proceedings. For some reason, a look of shock flickered across her features. The tip of her tongue swept across her mouth and the look was gone. She began fiddling with her hem again, letting it slide further and further up her thigh. None of the girls at school had legs like that, except the ones who dabbled in track: long and lightly muscular, velvety smooth and blemish-free.

Giuseppe was saying something, but it seemed far away as he watched her leg bounce, fingers drumming against her bare knee now, sharp pink nails looking like candied almonds. She was in control of the situation, as always; when he was away at school, he'd forgotten how easy it made life to let her run things, to follow her direction. It was much less stressful to let her figure out how this tailoring shit worked, for example, than it would have been to try to muddle through it himself.

"No, the shirts are perfect," she said. "We'll take four; I'll let you know the colors. These pants will do once the inseam is fixed, and a navy pair in the same style, with the matching jackets. Do you still have his measurements for those?" The tailor nodded, and she rose quickly out of the chair. "Good. Let's go look at some ties. Benjamin, honey, you can change back to your street clothes now. Once we're done here, we'll see if we can't find you some appropriate shoes. God knows you can't come back with those awful brogues of your father's."

*

Maggie sat on the fitting bench, thinking she'd made an error in judgement, which was neither a familiar nor a particularly good feeling. Her sandals sat on the bench, among a number of half-opened shoeboxes, including a new pair for Ben that they hadn't yet paid for.

Logically, killing two birds with one stone like this made a lot of sense. He needed new shoes, she needed to replace the year old Pigalle pumps she practically lived in, why not do both, especially if she could get in a little browsing on the side?

Logically, it should still make a lot of sense. And yet, she felt-

A snarl drew itself, unbidden, across her mouth as the petite blonde salesgirl laughed by the counter; it was like nails on a chalkboard: a high-pitched, nasal, girl- no, babyish giggle. It was affected, insincere, aimed at the worst, stupidest impulses of rich, inattentive husbands who wandered in with their wives.

Naturally, she'd attached herself to Ben the second they walked in.

"Those shoes are, like, so good on you," had been her enthusiastic endorsement of Maggie's own pick for her son, giving him that insipid laugh and twirling a badly-dyed strand of blonde hair around one finger.

No, that wasn't it. Not alone. She'd dealt with her share of idiot salesgirls. What galled her was that he was falling for it, the great idiot.

Maggie watched the two young people chatting in subdued tones at the sales counter, leaning in close to one another, apparently having a great time ignoring the customers in the store. She said something, he responded, the girl laughed that laugh again and it made Maggie's teeth grind.

Ben was smarter than that, she knew it. He was just letting his hormones get the best of him, letting his cock lead the way. His big, young cock that she'd spied lurking underneath the ludicrously expensive tailored pants she'd just bought him. It might even be bigger than Jordan's, hard as that was to believe. Once it got up to full mast, who knew? She sucked her lower lip, trying to banish the thought of her own son's dick.

Then that laugh. "Benjy that's, like, ugh!" The girl playfully pushed against his chest.

"Benjamin," Maggie called, softly. No response. An angry flush stole over her face, and she opened her mouth to shout, but thought better of it.

"Benjamin John," she called again, in a sweet-but-firm, sing-songy kind of a way. His head snapped up like she had yanked it by a lead.

"Yeah? I mean, yes?" He asked, giving his head a shake.

"Can you help me here, please?" Maggie said, pouring on the sugar. "If you're not too busy?"

"No of course not, but don't you need Bryci to-"

"No," she shut that down immediately. "I don't think we need Bryci."

"Uh okay," he gave her a confused, puppy-eyed look, but sauntered over.

"I need your opinion, sweetheart," Maggie said, looking up at him. "Which do you think, black? Or nude?" Slowly, she extended first one leg, then the other, demonstrating the pumps on either foot. It gave her a little internal thrill to see his eyes zero in on her gams, eyes crawling dangerously far up her legs. He'd already forgotten about that little bitch now.

"It's a hard choice, isn't it?" She crossed her legs and dangled the nude pump from her foot.

"Yeah," Ben's voice was a little distant.

"I guess that means we're taking both." Leaning back on the bench, she lifted both legs at the same time. "Be a dear and put them back in their boxes? We spent so much time picking out suits for you, my feet are really quite tired."

Her son hesitated for a moment, and she gave him a little expectant moue. He laughed -- a real one -- and took a knee in front of her. His fingers felt warm on her calf as he slipped one shoe, then the next, from her feet.

"Thank you, honey." Maggie scrunched her toes up against his left thigh. "You're such a good boy for me." That brought another smile to his face. "It's not so bad helping your old mom out, is it?"

"You're not old," Ben chuckled as he put the shoes back in their respective boxes. "And no, it's not so bad."

"Well," she put on her business voice now, "hopefully we can get a few notches above 'not so bad' before the end of the summer, Mister Fletcher." He froze, and looked half terrified until she broke character and they both laughed their way to the cash to pay for their footwear.

*

"So," William Fletcher, patriarch and technically controlling partner of the family practice, slurred through a mouthful of food, flecks of it spraying onto his chin. "How's it going at the office?"

"How good of you to remember our little arrangement, dear." Ben winced at the acid in his mother's voice. "It was only your idea, after all." Her fork clinked against her plate as she stabbed it through a noisette of halibut.

"Hey listen, just because I'm at the courthouse all day long taking care of business and not at a desk, holding some old biddy's hand because her husband had a wandering eye doesn't mean I don't care." The elder Fletcher wagged his fork at her, not caring where the risotto fell.

"And how many of our clients have court dates this month, darling?" She asked archly. Everybody at the table knew 'at the courthouse' meant 'carousing with the other overstuffed lawyers at the bar across the road.'

"Networking," Ben's father deflated a little, skewered by his wife, his paunch somehow swelling as his body slumped into the chair. "Anyhow, how's the kid doing?"

"Benjamin," she said, emphasizing his name, the hard look on her face evaporating fast, "is doing fabulously. Over the last few weeks, he's distinguished himself as one of the best clerks we've ever had."

"Really?" Ben felt a flush creep over his face, suddenly a little giddy with praise.

"Really, honey." Maggie smiled at him, eyes glowing with maternal pride. "You're smart, for starters, and you've got a keen eye for detail. I didn't even see Mr. Carmichael's property up in the Poconos. Plus, you know when to pay attention and take instruction from your boss; you don't object to extra work or constructive criticism..."

"Momma's boy," Bill muttered under his breath, not quite covering it with an untidy belch. His wife shot him a look.

"To answer your question -- the one that you asked, about your son, at our practice, which was your idea -- he's doing quite well, thank you."

"Sounds like you've got everything well in hand." Ben's dad tossed his napkin over the remains of his meal, and pushed away from the table with a grunt. "I'm headed down to the big room to watch the game, kid; want to come?" He picked up his half-empty pint glass and drained it in two pulls; there was a lot of beer to get through down there.

"Uh, yeah. Sure, dad. Maybe." The young clerk glanced at his mother, who was glaring elsewhere. "Once I'm done."

"Sounds great," his father belched again, put the glass back on the table and sauntered away. It wasn't until they could hear his heavy tread heading downstairs that either of them spoke.

"I'm not hungry," Maggie said, throwing her own napkin down. Standing, she picked up her glass of white and her plate. "Can you help me please, Benjamin?"

"Sure, yes. Of course." Ben stacked his own empty plate atop his father's, and the two gathered up the silverware.

"You're such a good boy, honey." She gave him a tired smile. He took the serving dishes in his free hand, and followed her into the kitchen. The hem of her loose cardigan was only slightly shorter than the abbreviated emerald-green satin shorts she wore underneath it, letting her long, bare legs breathe in the warm summer air. He watched the smooth fabric flutter and slide over her skin longer than he meant to, and almost tripped over the lintel between kitchen and dining room.

Maggie laid the dishes on the countertop, and leaned against the island, sipping her wine.

"In the there please, sweetheart," his mom vaguely waved the glass around.

"Did you mean all that stuff from before?" Ben asked, as he scraped the plates clean before loading them into the dishwasher.

"What stuff?" Maggie polished off her drink and poured another.

"You know, about me being the best clerk you've had?" He began slotting the dishes into place.

"I've had-" his mother let the sentence trail off, thinking. "You're doing well enough that I'm already thinking about offering you a permanent position -- after you pass the bar, of course. That's not an offer I'd make lightly, son or no son."

"Seriously? This isn't some weird game with dad?" Maggie began idly sliding her left foot up and down the calf of her other leg; there was a loud clatter as Ben almost dropped one of the plates.

"I don't play games with the practice, Ben," she said, suddenly serious. "So long as you don't mind working under your mother, you'll have earned a place with me."

"Why would I mind?" He shot her a grin. "Gotta learn from the best, right?"

"Some of the other clerks, bristled at first, working under a woman." Maggie plucked open the button of her cardigan, a faraway smile creeping over her face as she drank. "Most of them eventually settled down and learned a thing or two..." The light grey sweater fell open, revealing a silky green camisole underneath to match her shorts, the scalloped black lace around the neckline not nearly enough to hide the swells of her breasts, and certainly doing nothing to disguise the shape of her nipples poking through the thin fabric. Suddenly, she came back from wherever her smile had taken her.

"But none of them showed any real aptitude for the law, certainly not the kind we practice. Not like you do. You're a good boy, and I think you'll be a great lawyer."

"You know me," Ben said, standing and slamming the dishwasher shut. "Always trying to impress."

"Oh you've definitely made an impression." Maggie refilled her wineglass again, looking at the bottle in mock confusion as the last couple of drops plunked out of the neck. It rattled and spun once as she placed it back on the counter. "You're...very impressive. I think you're more impressive than Jordan, and he was the most impressive I've been impressed by yet."

"Didn't you say he didn't have much going on upstairs?" Ben took the bottle and washed it out in the sink.

"That is true," she ventured, slowly, measuring out her words. "But he did show a very improved performance by the end of his clerkship."

"Well, I hope I measure up- what's so funny?" His mother was giggling, now.

"Nothing, nothing. Just an inside joke, honey. You wouldn't get it. I am sure you are a much better boy than Jordan was." Maggie drained the glass one final time, and gave him a once-over. "Why aren't you wearing those pants I bought you? They were very impressive."

Ben felt slightly shabby in his basketball shorts and t-shirt. "I didn't think \$500 dress pants were appropriate for dinner at home?"

"You should have more of them." His mother pushed herself away from the counter, and sauntered over with a crooked smile. "If you're a very good boy," she said, pressing one sharp nail into his chest and leaning close. "Maybe you'll get a closetful when you finish your clerkship, Ben-ja-min."

"Do you buy all your clerks closetfuls of pants?" He arched an eyebrow. "I thought you were going to treat me like all your other clerks?"

"Do you...want me to treat you like all the others?" His mother asked, arching a professionally-shaped eyebrow to match his own. She licked her lips, clearly thinking about something.

"Of course," Ben said. "I'm really looking forward to that end-of-the summer party the other guys got."

"I will..." Maggie's eyes narrowed. "I will...consider it." She swayed dangerously, leaning against him, the soft warmth of her breasts pressing against his chest. "But I have had too much wine to think about it." She nuzzled into his shoulder for a moment, filling his nostrils with the scent of her hair. "Can you carry me upstairs, Benjamin John Fletcher? I'm not sure if they're safe right now."

"Do you get all of your clerks to carry you to bed?" He laughed as she turned her head to look up at him, pouting.

"Only the very very best boys," Maggie wrapped her arms around his neck. "And you're a very good boy, I already said so."

"Well, I do want to be the best," Ben said, as he lifted her into his arms.

"That's my boy," she said, cradling her face into his bicep.

Like that, they ascended to the second floor, heading for his parents' bedroom, though there was no telling how often they shared the same bed these days. He suspected it wasn't often. She deserved the best, after a lifetime of labor to build and maintain his father's practice, their beautiful home, and what she got was a husband who seemed entirely uninterested in her or their business.

It didn't make a lick of goddamn sense, he reflected, as he gently laid her out on the bed. She was easily one of the most beautiful women he'd ever known, something he'd become painfully aware of over the last few weeks. Maggie Fletcher had always been "mom" to him, but since coming to work under her, knowing her as her employees did, seeing her operate with clients, finagling the best deals for them in separation, divorce, pre-nuptial, she was something else, she was herself. Now, lying on the bed, hair a tousled curtain spread across the duvet, the barest smile curling those plush lips, breasts just barely hidden from view as the green satin slid across them in each breath, impossibly long legs cycling as she tried

to kick some of the covers back over herself, now she looked like some kind of nymph, some kind of seductive mythical creature who-

"Ben?" She asked, barely awake now.

"Yeah, mom?"

"Get me a glass of water, honey. I don't want to be a mess in the morning."

"Yes mom," he said, turning to leave.

"Such a good boy," she said, in a faraway voice.

*

He's such a good boy, Margaret thought dreamily as she watched him from the other side of the desk, chin cradled in one hand. Ben was talking animatedly to Emma Carmichael, explaining the offshore and out of state properties that her husband had hidden during discovery, and what kind of leverage that gave them. None of the other fuckboy clerks could have done as well without a hand-written script and serious coaching beforehand.

"Once we have a talk with his lawyers -- off the record of course -- we think he'll make a significant settlement in your favor."

"Really?"

"If he doesn't want to have to explain Carmichael Seychelles LLC to the government he will." Ben leaned over, and laid one of his hands atop hers. "We'll take good care of you, Emma. I promise."

A little thrill of motherly pride tingled up Margaret's spine.

Emma sat up, staring into Ben's big eyes, her hands caressing his forearm, those big fake balloons she'd had strapped to her chest almost pouring out of the frilly blouse she wore.

"Well, I do like to be taken care of," big garish rings sparkled in the light as the frosted blonde traced figure eights up his arm. "Do you promise you'll always take such good care of me, B-"

Margaret felt the heat rising in her face. "Mister Fletcher here has done a fantastic job," she said in a louder-than-necessary voice, straightening herself in her seat, tugging fitfully at her blouse. "He's one of the rising stars at our practice."

The soon-to-be divorcee turned to regard the other woman, but her hand never left Ben's arm. Mrs. Fletcher's nostrils flared, but her voice remained under control.

"Once we make Carter see sense, I'm sure you'll end up with almost everything you want," one of Maggie's hands curled into a fist, then relaxed.

"Almost?" Fingers wandered upwards, over Ben's bicep.

"You lived with Carter Carmichael for over thirty years, I'm sure you can manage one last small disappointment." She made a fist, but didn't let it go. "In fact, why don't we have a look through that asset list one last time, see if we can't find some concession so we can at least appear reasonable. Mister Fletcher," Margaret turned to regard her son. "Can you go speak to Glenys, and have another copy of the full list printed?"

"Right away, Mrs. Fletcher," Ben gave her a little nod, stood, and left. Emma turned in her seat to stare as he walked away, leering at the hard, square maleness of his behind.

"Well, while we're waiting, I think I shall go and powder my nose," the older woman said without turning back around, snapping her clutch shut.

"What a fabulous idea," was her unheard reply as Margaret watched her go, tottering away on platforms too high for her to really manage. No sooner was her client out of the room than the red-haired lawyer was reaching up under the clingy jersey of her dress and extracting the sticky silver bullet of her vibrator; she'd detached it from the connecting wire in her haste to hide the evidence when Ben strolled in to let her know that their two o'clock was in the building. It had been a very long time since she'd managed to get any kind of alone time in her office to take care of that particularly personal business. She cleaned it with a wipe and put it back in its place in the desk.

Outside, in the main office, Ben was chatting with their client, she could hear them. Emma laughed at something he said, and Margaret couldn't suppress her eyeroll. The woman was relentless!

"Not that I can blame her," the lawyer settled in her chair, feeling a familiar wetness in her panties now that the vibrator had been removed. It was an old story, after all. Attractive wife marries promising, handsome, older husband, spends her life taking care of his business, his house, his son. Then what does he do, just as she's hitting her stride, becoming successful in her own right, discovering just how powerful the engine of her libido could rev? He loses interest, can't keep it up, would rather hang out at the bar with the other threadbare old fuckers with hot wives they don't fuck. Who could blame a woman for starting to look elsewhere? For really going for it for the first time in her own life? Taking control of her own goddamn sex for once? Especially with such a fine specimen right in front of her, practically parading his big, young cock right in her face?

Ben reappeared in the doorway. "I've got those files, Mrs. Fletcher."

"Good. Put them on the desk." Not just the best clerk they'd had in years, but probably the best-looking as well, with his lean, swimmer's body, boyish good looks and easy smile. A real tempting target for a frustrated older woman. A wicked thought struck her suddenly, and before she could second-guess herself, she said. "And when you're done that, can you get me one of the volumes from the top shelf? The State Supreme Court decisions?" He plopped the redundant stack

of papers down on the desk and sauntered over to the bookshelves; the hem of his jacket stretched high as he reached, and the fabric pulled tight on his ass. Margaret found it hard to suppress a smile. "No not that one, to the left," she said, idly swivelling her chair back and forth.

"Have you thought about it?" He asked, apropos of nothing in particular. "This one?"

"No, keep going left. Volume 51." Margaret made up a number, and played an index finger over her lower lip. "Thought about what? Offering you a permanent position?"

"Not a heck of a lot of left left up here." He scanned further along the shelf. "No, I meant treating me like the other clerks, getting a big sendoff when I'm done clerking. This one?"

"No that's 41." She watched him for a long moment. "Is that what you want?"

"Heck yeah," Benjamin stood down from his tiptoes. "If it's up here I can't see it."

"Do you trust me, Mister Fletcher?" Margaret asked as he seated himself again.

"Yeah, of course."

"Do you like working under me?" One of her hands dipped below the desk. "If we do this, you're going to see a different side of me."

"Mrs. Fletcher," Ben said, sitting ramrod straight. "Believe me, working under you has been one of the best experiences of my life; where you lead," he leaned forward, "I will follow."

"I'll make you a deal," she said, as her right arm moved back and forth under the desk, those big green eyes practically glowing. "If you promise to listen to every word I say, and if you get to the end of the summer showing the same passion for the job, the same attentiveness to my...needs, I promise I will give you exactly the same treatment as the other clerks. Deal?"

"Deal," he reached across the desk to shake her hand. Without thinking, Margaret slid her hand out from underneath and shook it once, firmly. "Are you okay, Mrs. Fletcher? You look kind of pale?"

"I'm sure," she said. "I mean, I'm fine. It's just been a long day." Her right hand slipped back under the desk. Ben looked down at his palm. "Can you go and find out if Emma's fallen into the toilet? I'd like to get this wrapped up today if at all possible."

"Yup, yes. I mean, yes Mrs. Fletcher." Ben snapped a salute, and left. His mother stared at his ass just as Emma had, her hand working rhythmically under the skirt of her dress, two fingers playing idly with her slick mons before dipping in between her folds, pressing and circling her clit; she felt dizzy and slightly stupid with arousal, but it was so good, that

frisson of extra naughtiness, dancing on the line of the taboo, was so much more exciting even than just fucking the brains out of whatever dumb stud happened to be working there.

She'd never go through with it, probably, would she? Giving her son a send-off fuck at the end of the summer before hiring him full time? No, of course not; it was just an extra-sexy fantasy from a woman who hadn't been properly fucked in months. Just pent up arousal making her think of Ben's big cock under those pants, the pants she'd bought, the cock she'd made. That made them hers, didn't it? She could do whatever she wanted with her property, couldn't she?

Those fingers were sliding deep into her pussy, now, curling at the down thrust, making her shiver and pant in her office as she gave herself the fastest fingerfuck she could manage.

All that work she'd put into him, making him a good lawyer, making him a good boy, an obedient boy, didn't that make him hers to do with what she would? And if that meant pushing him down into that chair and riding his thick youthful cock until it filled up his boss', his mother's pussy with so much fuck cream that it poured all over his lap and onto the floor, wasn't that her prerogative?

Little squelching noises filled the office as her fingers sawed in and out, her eyes closing as she got lost in her horny reverie.

And if she wanted to lead him around the office by that silk tie in nothing else but his socks, pulling that boyish, eager face between her thighs and into her sopping wet pussy so he could make her scream with pleasure and feed him all the sweet

juice leaking out around her digits, that was her prerogative too, wasn't it?

Margaret's breath caught in her throat and her body arced in the office chair as an orgasm washed over her, the walls of her pussy clamping down hard on her fingers as they did their job, carrying her through the pleasure as fast as she could drive them.

"You. Fucking. Belong. To. Me!" She grunted, coming down now, gasping for air as the last of the ecstasy ebbed, and she momentarily crashed down in the chair before the realization of what she'd done stole over her.

There was no time to consider it, though. Her hands were a blur as she hastily composed herself, hearing Ben and Emma just outside the office. She was still wiping her hand clean when they strolled in, the old bag laughing at something he'd said.

"Now," Margaret said, in a loud voice. "Let's put this to bed for the day, shall we?"

*

Carter Carmichael, the county's elder statesman, publishing magnate and (alleged) inveterate tax cheat, could afford representation from one of the biggest, most expensive firms in the country.

Their bathrooms were almost as nice as the ones at Fletcher & Fletcher but when Emma shoved it with one firmly planted foot, the door to the ladies' burst inward and bounced off the wall like the one at any old roadside dive. She dragged Ben inside by his tie.

"Mrs. Carmichael, I don't-

"Emma," she corrected him, running a hand down his chest. "In here you can use my first name, Ben-jamin."

"Emma," he tried again, trying not to squirm under her touch. "This is not a good idea. Your husband,"

"Ex-husband," the older blonde pulled him downwards by his tie and began nuzzling against his neck.

"Almost ex-husband, and his lawyers and my m- Mrs. Fletcher, are all just outside in the boardroom." She wore too much perfume; it made him a little dizzy.

"Exciting, isn't it?" Her lips brushed against his ear, hot and moist. Nimble fingers undid a button or two and suddenly there were nails taking lightly over his abs. "You take very good care of yourself, Benjamin."

"Look," a tremor ran through him as her fingers wandered south of his navel. "Look, if somebody finds us- ah!"

"There'll be real trouble, won't there?" Rings caught against his belt for a moment, then with a push, she had slipped down into his pants. "You might have to start looking for a new job. Maybe I can find you an opening with me." She laughed softly. "I will need a poolboy."

"You've got to stop," he insisted. "We don't have time to do this."

"I don't think I will, no." Emma said, letting go of his tie and grabbing his belt. "I'm tired of playing the passive housewife: it's high time I took what I wanted, don't you agree?" There was a little metal noise as the belt fell open, giving the hand in his pants much more room to play.

"Hey-"

"Besides," her fingers wriggled downwards as her other hand started on the button of his fly. "I'm pretty sure you like aggressive women, don't- ooh yes you do!" Ben gasped as those long talons curled around the big lump hiding in his briefs. Locked together like that, they danced their way into a stall, Emma dragging him by his hard on, Ben weakly protesting as her mouth worked on his ear.

"It's okay, honey," she hissed in his ear, "the way you hop every time your boss snaps her fingers, I figured you liked being told what to do."

"What? No! She's my m-fffuck!" He lost the rest of the sentence when she squeezed him; the catch on his pants finally popped open and the zipper hummed as it obliged her questing arm.

"I know she's your boss, sweetie," Emma fiddled with the waistband of his shorts. "But you should see your face light up when she tells you to do something. It's okay," she yanked the waistband down and his fat, veiny cock sprang free, hard as a rock and thicker than her wrist. "I hear from my friends that lots of young men are into it these days."

"Into what?" Her fingers were cool as they danced up the velvety skin of his shaft.

"Older women, women who know what they want, women who aren't afraid to take control." Emma seized his cock. Ben opened his mouth to object, but couldn't find the words, and not just because of the teasing hands working his cock. Was that why he liked working for his mother so much? Because he liked being ordered around, because he got off on letting his mom dictate to him? "Women who know that the best thing for a boy like you is to stop asking stupid questions and use that mouth for something useful like-"

"What. The fuck. Is going on in here?" Margaret's strident voice echoed off the bathroom walls as she stood just outside the stall, staring at the pair of them.

"Now Margaret, don't be such-"

"You will get yourself and those awful bolt-on tits," Ben's mom spat the word like it left a foul taste in her mouth, "that Carter bought you, out of this bathroom and into that boardroom immediately, so that we can finally put an end to this nonsense and I will hopefully never have to look at you ever again." Their client let him go, and made a show of straightening herself, rearranging her skirts, checking her makeup in the bathroom mirror.

"And Emma?" Margaret said, just before she exited. "This will most certainly be reflected in your invoice at the end of the day."

"And as for you," she stepped inside the stall to prod him in the chest with a finger.

"How- how long were you standing there?" Ben stammered, head spinning, trying to remember what had been said.

"Long enough." Her fingernail drilled harder into him, even as the tip of his cock brushed against the silky fabric of her pinstriped pencil skirt. "As for you, young man. You will put that...that-" Margaret looked down at his cock for a long moment, and Ben thought he could hear her breath catch.

"That thing," her finger dropped from his chest to his cock, and stayed there a little longer than strictly necessary. "Away and join us outside in five- no, ten minutes, and you had better pray to god in heaven above that nobody walks into this bathroom in that time."

"Mom- Mrs. Fletcher, I am so sorry. So so so sorry I don't know-

"We will have a very long talk about this later," she said, voice softening. "It's not all your fault. It's very easy for a woman like that to lead a young man astray." Margaret shot a meaningful look towards the bathroom door. "But I am very disappointed in you, Benjamin. I thought you knew better."

"I do, I swear!"

"Then prove it to me." She wheeled around on one tall heel and stalked out. Ben's eyes, already low, dropped to her calves as she left, watching them flexing underneath their sheer nylon, catching a glimpse of the prominent curve of her behind in profile. Somehow, his own fist had wrapped around the shaft and was stroking it lightly.

"No, Jesus. What am I thinking?" He stuffed the solid mass of his disobedient dick back into his pants and rearranged himself.

It took almost the full ten minutes for his erection to go away completely.

*

"Glenys said you wanted to see me?" Benjamin poked his head inside the door.

"Yes, Mister Fletcher." Margaret closed the file she was looking at and regarded him coolly. "Have we received the documents back from Mr. Carmichael's representatives yet?"

"Yes, they came in this morning."

"Completed?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Any amendments?"

"None that I could see."

"You're sure? I don't trust that old fucker."

"I checked three times myself and asked Danny to check again just in case. No changes."

"Good. Get it notarized and we'll file it with the court tomorrow. It's too late to send it over now."

"Yes, Mrs. Fletcher. Was there anything else?" Ben began preemptively pulling himself out of the doorway.

"Why yes, I believe there is," Margaret said, archly. "It's four o'clock, isn't it?" She rose from her desk and made a show of checking her watch. "Why so it is." With the snap of an elastic

her hair came tumbling down out of its loose ponytail; strolling around the corner of her desk, the hem of her red shirtdress swirling around her thighs, black with her opaque tights. The black patent leather of those tall pumps looked slick and glossy. A narrow black belt nipped in around her waist, revealing the sweep of her hips and the swell of her breasts under her dress. Two or three of the top buttons were undone, revealing a deep cleavage where a tasteful opal pendant lay nestled.

Margaret toyed with the necklace as she approached her son, grinning.

"Come in, Mister Fletcher, and please close the door behind you." She let one hand drag across his chest as she passed him in the doorway and sat down on the big leather couch, crossing her legs showily, letting a heel dangle from her left foot. Ben did as she instructed.

"Now," she said, "You did such a good job on my neck this morning, I thought I'd let you rub my poor, tired, aching feet. No," Margaret warned him as he moved to sit on the other end of the couch. "On the floor, I think."

"Mrs. Fletcher-

"Are you complaining?" She asked, recrossing her legs. "It's not enough to humiliate me professionally and personally, but you think you can complain about your punishment? I suppose I could just fire you, and make sure the bar association knows about your penchant for 'indiscretions' with clients. Besides," Maggie's voice softened; she leaned

forward and watched his eyes drop into the depths of her exposed cleavage. "Don't you want to help out your mom, Benjamin John Fletcher?"

"Sorry, yes, of course, of course." Ben said, taking off his suit jacket and neatly folding it before laying it over the nearest arm of the couch. He rolled up one sleeve, then the other before taking a knee in front of his mother, the muscles in his forearms standing out as he flexed his fingers.

"Shoes." A foot circled in front of his face. Her son's hands were warm and strong as he cradled one calf, then the other, taking care to place her shoes neatly next to the couch. "Good boy," Maggie cooed. "When you want to be." The heel of her left foot sat in his outstretched palm as he pressed a thumb into the arch, pushing upward towards her toes.

"Mrs. Fletcher, I don't know how many times I can apolo-"

"Apologies don't mean anything unless they're followed by some corrective action, Benjamin," she could feel the tension starting to let go as he worked through her arch. "Show me how much my approval means to you, don't just tell m-ooohhhh." Maggie let out a long, slow moan as her son worked the kinks out of her foot. She relaxed back into the embrace of the cushions as he pampered her feet, switching back and forth between them as she demanded.

"You're making your mom feel so good, honey. Keep it up."

"I thought it was 'Mrs. Fletcher' while we're in the office?"

"I think we're close enough to the end of the work day that we can suspend the formalities for now, sweetheart."

"You're the boss, mom."

"That's right, mom's the boss," she purred, watching him vaguely through heavily lidded eyes as she stretched, laying her idle foot on his thigh. In his shirt and tie, he looked like some kind of high-class gigolo she'd hired as a masseur. "I guess that means I get to order you around when we're home, too, don't I?"

"Yes, I guess so," there was a new husky note in his voice that attracted her attention. Opening her eyes a little more, she saw that his were locked on her legs, crawling up the length of them, and back down again as he worked, a faraway look on his face. Suddenly curious, Maggie let her idle foot slip up his thigh, quarter inch by quarter inch, until it encountered something thick and steely in his tight pants.

"You don't mind that I'm in charge, do you?" She scrunched up her toes, just barely brushing the tips against that lump, and was rewarded with a tremor that ran through his body.

"No," he said, not apparently caring that he'd been circling the same big toe now for five minutes.

"It makes sense, right? I'm the boss, here and at home."

"Yeah, yeah sure." Ben said in a faraway voice. She scrunched her toes again, rewarding a correct answer and feeling that tremor run through him.

"In fact, you probably like it, don't you? Switch, please." His hands moved automatically to take her other foot and she let the first fall as close as possible to his cock.

"What, huh?" He seemed to rise up out of his reverie a bit.

"I mean, it's just easier, isn't it? More relaxing? To let me make the decisions, to think for the both of us?" Her toes flexed again, and he shivered.

"Mom, I don't understand what you're talking about?"

"Benjamin John Fletcher," her own voice dropped to a husky, pregnant tone, and she leaned forward. His eyes rose to meet hers, but not before taking a long rest stop in her cleavage. "It's okay to admit it, honey. It's just the two of us here. Nobody else needs to know." She planted one finger on his chin, drawing it down his throat, hooking it in his tie and loosening the knot. "You like that I'm in charge; teaching you to be a better lawyer, a better m- a better boy for me. Don't you?"

"Yes," he hissed, looking away. "Yes. I like it. I've learned...a lot, here."

"Good boy," Maggie relaxed back into the embrace of the couch, stretching her legs out again into his lap. "That wasn't hard, was it?"

"No," Benjamin agreed in a quiet voice.

"Do you see something you like, honey?" She toed the tip of his tie with her right foot, then crossed her legs again, feeling the hem sliding between her thighs.

"What?" His eyes snapped up and locked with his mother's.

"You're staring, Benjamin. I assumed you saw something you liked. I'd hate to think you were off in la la land and not paying attention."

"No! I mean, yes! I mean, that dress looks really...good on you, mom."

"Flatterer," she chuckled. "It won't get you out of finishing the job on my poor feet." She toed his tie again.

"Sorry! Yes, right. Sorry, I don't know where my head is." Benjamin set to his work with renewed vigor, working his fingers hard into the muscles of her foot.

"Ohhhh, yessss...if your standard of work stays this high, honey, you'll get that end of summer treatment that I promised."

"Really?" He asked, face brightening.

"Mmmhmm, definitely. You are well on your way to earning that privilege, but only," her foot pressed hard against his chest, "if you do this again when we get home. After you clear away dinner, and start my laundry, maybe. I'm not sure if I trust you that far, yet."

"You can trust me, mom." Ben laughed.

"Of course I can," Maggie's voice was almost as warm as the moist heat between her thighs. "You're my good boy."

*

It was well past midnight when the front door of the Fletcher residence flew open, admitting a more-than-tipsy mother and son.

"That," Ben said as he stumbled in through the foyer. "That was a lot fancier than I expected."

"Oh?" Maggie asked breathlessly, leaning against the front door, pushing the deadbolt over. "What did you expect? TGIFriday's?"

"I did not expect La Poêle on a Friday night, that's for sure. Or so much of that, that- what was that wine?" Ben's jacket slid out of the crook of his arm and flumped to the floor, unheeded.

"It was," Maggie's lips pursed in thought, as she shook her hair out. "It was French."

"Yeah," he agreed. "Yeah, French. Both bottles were definitely French. C'mon, you don't take all your clerks there. I saw that picture of that guy that time, that was definitely a bar."

"Nothing but the best," she said, taking his face in her hands, and kissing him sweetly on the cheek. "For my best clerk." Maggie danced away again, heading for the living room, heels making sharp reports against the hardwood. The diaphanous wrap she'd worn around her shoulders fluttered to the floor. "Be a dear and pick that up, won't you, Benjamin?"

"Yes'm." He followed close behind, scooping the discarded fabric from the floor with a slight wobble in his step but never losing sight of his mother's long bare legs, the backs of her thighs flashing through the slit up the back of her tight, black, knee-length dress, chunky zipper glimmering in the low light, all the way from the top of the slit up to the middle of her back, which was otherwise more or less bare like her arms, except for a couple of minimal spaghetti straps arcing over her creamy shoulders.

By the time he got to the living room, his mother was sitting on the sectional couch, arms stretched out across the back of it, her high-heeled sandals dangling from her fingers by their minimal ankles traps. Her breasts were twin shadows beneath

a mesh panel across her chest, heaving slightly as she watched him approach. A simple silver chain glimmered around her neck.

"These as well, please," she proffered the shoes, and Ben hooked his own fingers in the straps, and took them from her.

"Good boy," Maggie crooned as he obeyed.

"So is that all there is to it?" Ben said when he returned, loosening his tie.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," he sat down on the coffee table in front of her. "The way you talked it up, I thought there was going to be a bash in my honor with the whole office or something. Dad didn't even show up."

"Your father," Maggie laughed in a short sharp bark, "your father couldn't be bothered to meet any of the last half dozen clerks, never mind go to party for them. I didn't expect him to break with tradition just because you're his son. No, he's asleep here somewhere, either downstairs in front of a TV or upstairs in front of a different TV."

"If you're so unhappy with him, why are you still with him? Surely you of all people would know better than to stay married-"

"That would be a great joke, wouldn't it?" Maggie laughed again. "The great divorce lawyer, getting the short end of the stick in a divorce. The practice is his, it's his name over the door. I built it, I expanded it, but if I leave him, then I lose it. Even if my clients follow me, I lose the name, the brand I've been building for years. Bill's not evil, just stupid and neglectful and lazy and soft. He wasn't always that way, but there's no going back. No, he does his own thing now, and I do mine, and that's alright. For instance," she slid a bare foot against his knee, "the clerks are all mine, to do with as I please, which is why our little send off parties are usually private affairs."

"What do you mean?" Her foot was sliding higher and higher now; her skin looked so smooth, so touchably silky, and he knew it was from these last few weeks as her personal in-home massage therapist. "I've seen the pictures."

"Oh those? Those are just selfies for Glenys'...personal use. I'm not sure what she does with them, but I hope she enjoys them. There must be quite a collection by now." His mom made a big show of yawning, arching her back like a cat, pressing her breasts up against the transparent mesh covering them, upper slopes threatening to pour out of the top of the bodice. "She'll just have to make do with what she's got from now on; there certainly won't be any more. I'm done with taking on students. Once you're on board full-time I won't have any use for one."

"What if I say no?" Ben teased. Both of his mother's feet landed in his lap.

"You won't say no," she said. "Not once you get a taste of the perks and benefits. Besides," a lazy, predatory smile crept over her face. "I don't think you can say no. Not to me, anyway."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I mean that Emma Carmichael née Jones is a horny old bitch, but she had you pegged: you're a sucker for women like us. You crave to be a good, obedient boy for the approval of an attractive, confident, mature woman. She just didn't realize that woman was your mother."

"Hey, w-wait a minute."

"You'll get a chance to cross, counsellor. Right now, the witness is mine." She flashed her teeth at him, snarling or smiling, he couldn't tell which.

"Mister Fletcher, are you a good boy for your mother?"

"What? I don't-"

"I'll make it easy for you: on a number of occasions, hasn't your mother called you her good boy. In fact, a very good boy?"

"Yes, she has."

"Do you think that's because you made her happy? Made her feel good by doing as she told you? Helping around the office,

the house? Rubbing out all those aches in her neck, her back, her feet?"

"Yes?" Ben's head was swimming, from the wine and the interrogation. "Yes."

"Do you like making me feel good, honey?" Her voice softened.

He licked his lips, then, quietly: "yes."

"So you like being my good boy? Pleasing me gives you pleasure," Ben watched as his mother's soft pink lips dragged out that last word, tongue flickering. When he didn't answer straight away, she said: "exhibit A: you've been rubbing my tired little feet for the last five minutes without even being asked. No, don't stop." His hands unfroze, went back to work at her bidding.

"See? You're such a good boy you're starting to anticipate my needs without even being asked." Maggie purred as she relaxed under his touch, a flush rising in her chest.

"Now that we've established that you like to be obedient," she said, pressing her free foot into his knee, and Ben's gaze slid, of its own accord, up along her bare thighs, and momentarily flickered over the darkness past the hem of her skirt. "You think I'm attractive, don't you?"

"Mom," he began; her foot pressed harder.

"Please do bear in mind that you're under oath, Mister Fletcher." Maggie toyed with her silver chain. "Let's try again: do you think I'm more attractive than, say, Emma Carmichael?"

"Oh wow, yes," Ben said without hesitation. "No comparison."

"And you think Emma Carmichael is sexy? So sexy that you risked your job to almost get a handy in a fucking public restroom?" Her heel dug painfully into his thigh, just above the knee.

"I-"

"Please bear in mind I've got corroborating eyewitness testimony, Mister Fletcher."

"Yes, alright? Yes, I wanted to fuck her."

Maggie purred again. "You should know better than to volunteer information on the stand like that, honey. Looks like I still have a few things to teach you."

"So, logically," she pulled her feet back, sitting up on the couch, leaning forward. "Logically speaking, you must think that I'm sexier than she is. Logically speaking, maybe you want to fuck me more than you wanted to fuck her."

Ben opened his mouth; his mother laid a finger across his lips.

"Before you respond, I'd like to submit Exhibit 'B' to the court." She slid from the couch to the floor, kneeling between his legs, fingers hot and fast in his lap, making quick work of his belt and fly; suddenly they were searching inside, wriggling around until they found what they were looking for.

"Aha!" Maggie said. "Here we are," with an agonizing deliberateness, she pulled her son's cock free from his shorts until it stood straight and tall in his lap, a big meaty spire of dick that visibly pulsed even in the low light of the living room.

"You may answer the question now," she said, dragging the tip of one sharp nail down along the fat vein running along the underside of his member.

"Mister Fletcher?" Her finger slid over his smooth, shaven sac. "Do you think." His leg quivered as she tickled his balls. "That I am sexy?"

"Yes," he said in a husky voice.

"Good boy," Maggie's fingers trailed upwards, peeled back his foreskin and started describing little circles around the head. "Do you want to fuck me?"

"Oh god yes," he breathed.

"Then I rest my case," she said, leaning in so close to his cock that her lips brushed against the skin as she spoke. "Unless

you want to rebut?" Maggie began kissing the underside of his shaft, leaving sticky trail of lipstick behind.

"N-no," he gasped, knuckles white as he held onto the edge of the table.

"No, what?" Her lips folded over the very tip, smacking loudly.

"No Mrs. Fletcher, ah!"

"Oh sweetheart," Maggie's tongue flickered against the sensitive bundle of nerves just under his weeping piss slit. "I think you should call me mom while we're home."

"Yes mom!" He enthused as she slurped noisily. "Oh fuck yes mom!"

There was a loud pop as she pulled away. "Good boy. Case closed, I think." Maggie gave his cock one last, long lick from top to bottom, and stood up, turning around.

"Unzip me," she said. Fingers trembling with need, the saliva she'd left on his cock cooling in the air, he reached up and slowly ran that big silver zipper downwards, revealing yards of smooth, creamy skin until he reached the base of her spine. His mother shrugged and the dress collapsed in a puddle around her feet; Ben found himself face-to-cheek with the powerful curves of her ass, barely hidden beneath a pair of silken briefs, black lace scalloping around the legs arched across those dramatic curves while the ivory-shaded silk

dipped briefly between buttocks that a man could get lost in. Maggie turned again, and sank her fingers in his hair, pulling him close to the mound just hiding beneath the gusset of her panties; so close he could smell her.

Ben's mouth started to water.

Fingers still entwined in his hair, Maggie stepped back, sitting on the couch, drawing him forward, down, onto the floor, onto his knees, between her outstretched thighs.

"It's time to be a very good boy for mommy," she said, reaching down to pull her panties to one side, revealing the smooth, plump lips of her mons, framing delicate scarlet folds that glistened with wetness dripping onto the upholstery. The hand on his head applied just a little pressure, and Ben dove in, mouth snaking forward to engulf her slippery labia, tongue sweeping between them and diving for the source of all that musky sweetness. A new and insatiable hunger awakened in him, he drove his tongue deep and deep and deep again, desperately searching for the source of her juiciness. When he couldn't he swept it back out again, hungrily drinking from his mother, tongue circling and beating a rapid tattoo against her clit, his reward a renewed gush of that addictive sweetness from her vagina and the increasingly desperate moans coming from somewhere far away, far above.

Everything went dark as her thighs tightened around his head and her hands pulled hard on his hair; her hips grinding against his face as he slurped and sucked and worshipped her divine pussy. Ben's whole world was reduced to the feel of her silky folds against his tongue, the flavor of her sex filling his mouth, the grinding pressure against his face. And he loved

it; his cock flagged not an inch as he gave himself over to her, wanting only to get the treat flowing freely from her for a very good boy.

"No," Maggie said, suddenly yanking him free from her. Ben stared up at his mother, dazed and dripping from his chin. "I want to cum on your cock first, you fat-dicked stud. You can eat me anytime, but I need that fucking cock." She kicked the coffee table away and shoved him, pushing her son down onto his back.

Maggie straddled his prostrate body, rubbing the tip of his cock between her labia, teasing it with her slick heat.

"Do you want to fuck me, honey?" She asked, leering down at him.

"Yes I told you yes!" He grunted, arching his hips up, trying to find purchase in her pussy.

"Oh no," Maggie chuckled. "When we fuck we fuck on my terms, do you understand? When we fuck I'm the one who does the fucking. I'm the one who's in charge. I'm the boss, get it?"

"Mom mom yes mom," Ben whined in desperation. "You're the boss."

"Now and for always."

"Whatever you say, mom, now and for always!"

"Good boy," she snarled, and wedged the head of his dick in her pussy, slippery slick with a mix of her juices and his saliva. "Now you'll see something I bet those little bitches at college never did." Maggie shifted her weight and began to sink down, slowly feeding inch after inch of her son's member to her vagina. Ben gasped and his eyes rolled back in his head as those claspings molten walls closed around him, working his cock as she came closer and closer to taking the whole thing inside of her, whence it had originally come.

"Look at me." Their hips touched. His mother sat perched atop him, like a rider natural in her saddle, one hand resting between their bodies grinding against her clit. "Get used to this view," she said. "You'll be seeing a lot of it."

With that, Maggie lifted her hips a few inches, and dropped them down again with a satisfied grunt.

She'd never been so full in her life. She'd never felt so alive, so complete. She leaned forward a little, changing her leverage and began working her hips in a slow, sweet rhythm that pulled a moan from her son's mouth, his eyes crawling over her naked form; one of his hands reached up and palmed her breast as she fucked herself onto him, thumbing and toying with her nipple. Ben's other hand slid up over her left hip, just riding there as she pumped, as she relished the sensations of her son's cock plunging in and out.

The room soon filled with the slap of flesh against flesh. Ben's hand slid further up her back, and Maggie leaned into him,

their bodies almost parallel now, her hips pumping and circling and working the colossal slab of dick filling her up. He bent his neck and slurped her free nipple into his mouth, lips working and pinching, teeth gently grinding against it, tongue flapping and teasing it.

"Ffuck! Fuck yes!" She grunted, fingers flicking her clit. "We're going to do this every fucking day. I'm going to need this cock in me every goddamn day; no more fucking clerks, no more end of summer dicking, just one, big, young, yummy, full-time fucking cock! Do you understand?" Ben, his mouth full of her tit, nodded and mumbled his agreement.

"Oooh goddd," Maggie's voice rose to a feverish whine. "Every! Fucking! Day! Twice if I want it, whenever. I. Fucking. Want it!" She was pumping hard on his dick now in short sharp strokes, her hips almost a blur as they beat out a loud, rapid tattoo.

"Ben Ben Ben honey you're sooo fucking big, you're such a good boy for mommy," her nostrils flared, breath coming in short sharp huffs as she neared the edge of her orgasm. "I want you to cum for me, honey, I want you to fill me the fuck up with your hot young cream, can you do that for me Benjamin? Can you fucking cum for your mom? For your boss? Cum cum cum cum for me you sonofabitch!" Maggie's voice rose to a shriek as she tumbled over the edge, body wracked with ecstasy as she came on her son's cock. Ben, feeling her writhing and squirming and grinding reach its crescendo, followed her off the cliff, grunting like a rutting animal as he felt the sap rise and spurt, flooding his mom's pussy with his cum, feeling it sluice around his shaft as her hips carried on pumping him, splattering around the base; fireworks went off behind his eyelids and it was hard to stay

conscious. His head swam, his limbs filled with an irresistible pleasant lassitude as he shot the last of his load deep inside of her, slumping to the floor underneath her, Maggie's sweaty body falling atop his.

They lay there like that for a long time. Ben could feel sleep stealing over him, accelerated by the wine and the post-coital bliss. Then his mother's form went stiff, quivered. She was saying something. He untucked his head from her pillowy cleavage.

His father stood at the head of the stairs leading down to the basement, face ashen and slack.

"Bill?" Maggie said, panic rising in her voice. "Bill-"

Bill's eyes rolled back in his head and grabbed his left arm with the right. Benjamin watched him tumble backwards over the stairs.

*

It only took another three months for Ben to pass the state bar, helped along by a generous letter of recommendation from his mother, and another from the firm that had represented Carter Carmichael.

They followed up with a surreptitious job offer a week later.

"No I don't think so," he said, cradling the phone receiver between shoulder and chin. "I've got a good position here." Ben

pretended to listen for a while as his hands worked his mother's neck, her head lolling as a silly smile spread over her face. She reached back to grab his tie, the only article of clothing he was wearing, and pull him down into a deep, wet kiss that they only broke when the receiver fell to the floor.

He snatched it back up.

"No, I've got it good here," Maggie started stroking his cock back to life for the third time that day. "I'm a junior partner; they didn't even have to change the name on the place. Thanks for the ah!" His mother giggled around his cock as she nursed gently on the head. "The ah, the ah, the offer, but I'd rather stay in the family business."

fin.

Lost and Found

"Hey!" Tom's sneakers crunched on the asphalt as he galloped down towards the retreating figure. "Hey, wait! You dropped this!" For an old lady, she sure could move, he thought, feet pounding against the pavement. Her grey curls were wild, bobbing gently while she made her way out of the parking lot.

"Jeez, stop already!" He shouted. "You dropped something!" On the sidewalk, she stopped, and turned. Tom skidded to a halt, arrested in the heterochromatic gaze burning gently under her grey curls.

"Yes?" She asked, her voice inflected by an accent the college track star couldn't place.

"Sorry," he said, brushing his brown hair out of his eyes. "You dropped this, ma'am." He proffered a cellophane-wrapped rectangle. Her weathered features split into a grin, revealing a brilliant white smile.

"Thank you." She took the package from him, inspecting it for a moment, then handing it back. "But it's not mine."

"What?" Confusion marred Tom's otherwise-fine features as he took it back. "I'm sure it's yours, I saw you drop it outside the store."

"Not mine," she repeated, curls bouncing. "See, it's pantyhose." The old woman tapped the package. "I don't wear 'em." To prove her statement, she reached down and hiked up

the hem of her skirt, revealing bare, skinny chicken legs that fed down into an ancient pair of Birkenstocks. "No hose." The skirt dropped again. "Are you sure they're not yours?"

"Mine?" Tom was taken aback. "No, I don't wear- I mean, mom sent me down to buy- I mean, she's gotta go to work and she asked me to-"

"Thank you." Warm fingers reached up to caress his cheek. "You are a very good boy. I'm sure you'll make your momma very happy."

"What?" He said. "Listen, are you sure-"

"Aren't you late?" The old woman asked.

"What? I-" Tom glanced down at his watch. 8:19. Fuck! His mom was waiting for him back at the house; he was probably going to make her late for work. Desperately he looked back at the drugstore, then back at his watch, then down at the package in his hand. He poked his nose in the opened end. They **looked** black, anyway. That would have to do.

"Fuck. Fuck! I've got to go! Bye!" With a wave, Tom was off again like a shot, galloping back towards the house. If these things turned out to be the wrong size or color or whatever, she'd just have to deal.

--

Amanda Werner checked her watch for the tenth time in as many minutes, tapping her foot impatiently. She never should have sent him. She should have just gotten in the car and gone herself and been late or just sucked it up and gone without. But he'd been so damn eager to please, hadn't he?

"He must be angling for something." She said to herself, checking her watch again. The car, probably. Home between semesters, Tom didn't have transport and had taken to borrowing hers at every opportunity; after finding a third used condom underneath the driver's seat, she'd put a pretty quick stop to that, but that didn't stop him asking, wheedling, bargaining or buttering her up like earlier.

"I don't know why he didn't just drive." Amanda paced back and forth. "He doesn't actually **have** to run everywhere." Now she was stuck waiting. She probably **could** leave, but didn't know if he had his house key, and didn't want to lock the kid out.

"It's not **that** far," she said, checking her watch again. Then there was a clatter downstairs as somebody blew through the front door; heavy feet thudded up the stairs.

"Got 'em!" Her son shouted as he reached the top. "I got 'em, mom! Here!" He thrust a package into her waiting hands.

Amanda turned it over. "This isn't my usual brand. There's nothing on this. Did you even get the right size?"

Tom shrugged. "I just asked the lady at the store. She gave 'em to me."

She pulled them out of the package. Black nylon hung limp from her fist. "Well, they're the right colour, anyway." He was watching her, expectant. "Thank you." She said, then drew herself up to her full five-foot-nothing height and looked up into her tall, lanky son's hazel eyes. "Get out so I can put these on, will you?"

"Shit! Sorry mom, sorry." Tom wheeled around and clomped down the stairs. She shut the door behind him, and sat down on her bed. Amanda stuck one hand inside the hose and stretched out her fingers; they looked like mid-denier opaques with just a hint of sheen and-

"What the hell?" She bent close to her hand. In the weave of the fabric, there appeared to be a subtle, winding pattern, almost like snakeskin. It was barely visible, but definitely there. She huffed. There was no way the old bag at the office would let her get away with patterned damn hose. She closed her eyes and imagined the snide, barely-heard comments about side-stepping dress code and a certain local manager's upcoming promotion. But going without would be worse. Amanda flexed her fingers in the hose experimentally; they **felt** good, anyway. Better than her usual cheap l'eggs stuff. Much better.

8:34, read the clock. Fuck it, she decided, easing one foot into the waistband of the hose. A shiver ran through her body. Whoa. They felt even better going on; as she drew them up her leg, Amanda felt as though the nerve endings in her skin were coming alive for the first time.

"Holy shit," she muttered, pulling them up over her thighs and pert little butt. As the waistband snapped into place, a tiny gasp escaped her mouth. Amanda looked at herself in the mirror. At her diminutive height, her legs weren't long, but they had been sculpted through a tireless regime of morning runs and yoga. They looked great even on a normal day, but today they looked spectacular. She flexed one leg, turning this way and that. There was a slight glimmer in the morning light, and she could have sworn she saw something, the pattern crawling up her toned thigh. Now it was gone.

She shook her head, brushed her auburn hair out of her eyes, slipped into a pair of black flats and down the stairs.

In the kitchen, Tom was bent low over a bowl of Cheerios, reading the sports page.

"Hey," she said. "I told you *plain* black pantyhose. These are patterned or something."

"Sorry mom." Milk dropped out of his mouth to splatter in the bowl.

"Can you see it?" She asked. "Is it obvious? Look at me!" Amanda extended one shapely leg toward her son. He glanced up from his cereal, or tried to, as his gaze locked on his mother's leg. Amanda watched as his eyes lost focus for a moment. "Hey, wake up! Can you see anything?" She waggled her leg back and forth. The subtle sheen glimmered.

"Uh," he said, vaguely. "No?"

"You're sure?" She said again; she could have sworn she *just* saw the pattern shimmering along her calf.

"Yeah," Tom replied, not looking away. "I'm sure."

"Good." Amanda straightened up, adjusting her modest, below-the-knee skirt. Tom's face still a little far away. She looked around the kitchen, where stacks of discarded bowls and spoons and spilt milk greeted her. "I'm out of here. Try to clean this up, will you? And wake up, for god's sake!"

"Sure, yeah sure." Tom said, then he seemed to wake up. He blinked, sat up straight, then: "hey mom, if it's alright, I was wondering if I could borrow the car Sat-"

The front door banged shut. She was already gone.

--

Work turned out to be pretty good that day. If anybody noticed the pattern in her hose, nobody mentioned it, not even that old bag at the top. In fact, if anything, everybody seemed just a little bit nicer to her, just a little bit more willing to accede to her requests. She really would have gotten a lot accomplished if she hadn't been so distracted. It wasn't her fault, really. It just so happened that every time she sat down in her office, her thighs would rub together with that delicious swish, and the sensation of nylon on nylon would send a little

thrill up through her; so she'd rub them together again, just a little, and that wonderful woken-nerve-ending feeling would ripple up and down her legs, from her toes on up to her thighs. Next thing she knew, fifteen minutes would pass and there she'd be, just rubbing her legs together.

They just felt so *good*! Amanda couldn't help herself; and it's not as if she had missed anything she couldn't catch up on tomorrow.

She was in a happy daze when she got home, coming in through the front door, not hearing Tom's shouted greeting as she leapt up the stairs. Really, she it was almost *too* happy a daze; she realized, coming in through her bedroom door. There must be something going on with the pantyhose.

Amanda kicked off her flats, and stood in front of the mirror again. She turned her leg back and forth, watching the subtle gleam. The 43-year old mom lifted up the hem of her skirt, raising it up until it was dancing around her thighs, and watching herself in the glass. Her legs shimmered and there was that it? Was that the pattern, crawling behind her knee? She turned, as the gleam twisted around her thigh, heading upwards. Her hem followed.

"Hey mom, I wanted to-" Tom walked in through the door. Amanda scowled at herself in the mirror. Not at her legs, though. They looked even better now than they had this morning, all wrapped up in their clingy nylon, dark fabric shadowing every hollow and curve of her stems. Tom's mom perched up on her tiptoes, watching the muscles bunch. Maybe heels tomorrow?

"I didn't thank you for getting me these this morning," she said, turning this way and that. "They're not what I asked for, but they're great. *Really* nice. So, thank you. You're a good boy, Tom."

"I know," he said, distantly. "That's what the lady sa-"

Another gleam around the tops of her thighs.

"Do you really not see that?" No answer from Tom. "I mean, *I* can see it, but nobody else-" Amanda glanced over at her son, who was staring at the mirror, eyes slightly glazed. "Tom! Wake up." She let the hem of her skirt drop. Tom blinked once, slowly, shaking his head.

"Sorry mom, just tired I guess." He said, coming back to life.

"Did you clean up the kitchen like I asked?" Her voice was stern but soft.

"Hm?" His eyes focused on hers. "Oh yeah, yup. All done."

"Good," she said, pleased surprise breaking through her stern facade. "Did you have something you wanted to ask in return?"

"No, I don't think so," he shook his head. "Just...just happy to do it for you." He blinked.

"You're sure?" Amanda asked, confused.

"Yeah, I'm sure." He smiled.

"Uh okay," she said. "Well, keep up the good work, and maybe you can use my car again. Now, you head on down, and I'll come start dinner, okay?"

"Sure thing, mom!" Tom enthused, clomping on back down the stairs.

Amanda turned back to the mirror. Had he been staring at her legs? Her thighs rubbed together, sending a little frisson of pleasure up her spine. No, it couldn't be. He was just, tired or something, pent up after she'd cut him off from getting the car. That had probably put a pretty serious kink in his sex life. That must be it.

She looked down at her feet, wiggling her toes in their cobwebby wrap. Maybe it was time to paint them again.

--

When Tom woke up the next morning, it was from a fitful night's sleep of half-forgotten dreams. The harder he tried to remember the details, the faster he forgot them, though he definitely remembered something silky and gauzy and warm against his face. There had been a woman there too, right? A woman's voice, anyway, whispering something, telling him he was a good- a good- it was gone in the morning light.

What wasn't gone was the enormous erection he'd woken up with. Lying in his bed, Tom looked down at the massive tentpole in his sheets. At 20 years old, he was not unfamiliar with the experience of waking up with morning wood, but he'd never seen it quite like this before. Keeping a weather eye on the door, he let his fist wrap around the throbbing meat, and began to gently stroke it. It must have been a hell of a dream, he decided, fist sliding up the sensitive shaft, trying to remember what it had been about. There had been a woman, he knew, a woman who had- a woman who-

Down the hall, there was a crash. Tom squeezed his shaft and tried to ignore it.

"Fuck! Damn, fuck!" His mom shouted. "Tom!"

Gritting his teeth, the young athlete sprang out of bed, yanked on the nearest pair of shorts, and padded down the hall to his mother's bedroom.

When he walked in, Amanda was sitting on the edge of her bed, holding her left leg tightly. She was wearing the pantyhose he'd "bought" her yesterday, her right leg stuck straight out, bare toes wriggling in discomfort. She'd painted them red, he noticed.

"Um," he said, carefully. "Mom?"

"Goddamn that hurt like a sonofabitch," she complained, then unfolded her knitted hands. Underneath, a laddered run in the nylon scored her shin, revealing a scarlet mark where

she'd barked it against something. Amanda extended her left leg, surveying the damage. "Fuck," she muttered under her breath. "Another pair gone. Goddamnit I *liked* those." Looking up, she caught Tom's distracted gaze. He was looking straight down at her legs, his sculpted bare chest heaving.

"Tom," she began. "I'm going to have to ask you to run back to the store, honey." Without thinking, Amanda stood, hiking her skirt up and hooking her thumbs in the waistband of the hose. She turned her back to her son as she wriggled them down her thighs to kick them off her foot.

Tom got a good long look at the black cotton briefs that were wrapped tightly around his mother's pert buttocks, cradling those tight little spheres, before he realized he should be looking away. Blushing hotly, he looked straight down at the carpet, where her scarlet toenails dug deep into the thick pile. He was suddenly very aware that his morning wood hadn't really gone anywhere, and jammed his hand in the pocket of his shorts to grab the shaft and keep it under control.

"Throw these away before you go, will you?" She said, holding them out. "Hang on. I'll get the pack-" Tom took the wad of black nylon while his mother scooped the discarded package they'd come in off the floor. "Put 'em in here and just chuck it-" Amanda looked inside the pack, then looked again.

"What the hell?" She said, wondering. Tom watched as she pulled another wad of nylon from the depths of the packaging; they were a smoky grey, this time. Amanda tossed the package on the bed, and unrolled them. A smile spread over her features as she slid a hand inside, feeling the fabric. "I guess they were tucked away in the corner."

"I...guess?" Tom said, not sure it was the right time to tell her how he'd gotten them in the first place. His fingers absently worked the discarded pantyhose in his fist.

Amanda thought for a moment. "Okay, I can work with this." She shrugged her suit jacket off and began to quickly unbutton her blouse. Suddenly remembering her son was in the room, she addressed him. "You can go. I'm getting dressed."

"Yeah, yeah," Tom said, backing up a step. "Obviously. I'm not hanging around for that. Pfft. Did you still want me to, uh-" he held up the old pair.

"Chuck 'em," his mom said with a dismissive shake of her head. She opened her closet and pulled out a red skirt.

'Yup, sure." Tom stuffed the pantyhose into his other pocket and backed away. He shut the door behind him. In his shorts, his hand hadn't let go of his cock; the whole time he'd been in her room, it hadn't flagged an inch. Feeling the head rubbing gently against his thigh, Tom made a snap decision and ducked into his own bedroom.

Before the knob had even clicked, he was lying on his own bed, one hand inside his shorts, furiously working his swollen member. Tom grunted, and lifted his ass off the mattress, wriggling the gym shorts down his legs to his knees, kicking them off. As he did, Amanda's pantyhose fell out onto his stomach, landing between his rigid pectoral muscles. Tom stared at the empty, reinforced toe of them as they unrolled,

one long black leg unfurling across his stomach and onto the bed.

He froze. The toe lay just at the apex of his sternum. If he craned his head down, he'd be able to kiss the-

Tom shook his head. What was he thinking? The image of his mother's red toenails, all wrapped up in nylon flashed across his vision. Tom blinked, then wriggled a little, trying to get the pantyhose to fall off all on its own. The nylon was warm. Up close like this, Tom realized that he could *almost* see a pattern in them, like snakeskin almost. He shuffled a little, and the nylon glimmered in the sunlight pouring in through his window. He stared a moment, watching the light dance, eyes trying to trace the pattern as it snaked away from his vision. Meanwhile, the pantyhose refused to dislodge.

With a grimace, he gingerly plucked at a fold with thumb and forefinger. Despite himself, Tom rubbed the fabric between the pads of his fingers. The nylon glimmered. It was smooth. Very smooth. He rubbed it around and around, enjoying the swishing sound. No wonder his mom liked wearing them so much, he thought, other fist still idly pumping his cock.

Tom slid them around his fingers, drawing more and more of his hand into the nylon web. His fingertips tingled, almost as if the nerve endings were waking up for the first time.

"It's so soft," he said quietly as the nylons sizzled in his fingertips. "So soft, so smooth." Tom's gaze fell on his own cock, rampant and thick and leaking in his fist.

No. No, he couldn't, could he? How wrong would that be? The nylon glimmered. Tom glanced at the door. It was still closed.

With trembling hands, he released the shaft and reached down to grab the leg of his mother's pantyhose that had rolled off to the side, sliding his fingers into the hole revealed by the run. As his arm slid into the lower end of the nylon, the skin woke up, tingling and electric with the sensation. He wriggled his fingers, experimentally, watching them stretch it out. Suddenly, he was struck by how much it seemed like the gauzy blackness from his dreams.

Tom's cock surged in his fist as he wrapped his hose-coated fingers around it, and he had to suppress a groan as he gave it an experimental pump.

"Ffuck," he grunted. He'd never felt anything quite like it. Sliding it up the shaft, he circled his fist around the head and made an incoherent noise deep in his throat as the nylon caressed the flared tip. Topping the shaft, he spread his fingers wide and allowed the fabric to cast a wide, silky net across the head.

"Ungh," he said, hips pumping involuntarily upwards, fucking into the pantyhose, stretching it out, making it glimmer in the light. The pattern flashed momentarily, circling the head, just as it had circled his mother's thigh the day before. Tom closed his eyes, and all he could see was the pattern, flashing along her thigh, circling her taut, firm flesh before it slid downwards, behind her knee, across her calf. Tom's hand did likewise, a marionette limb caught in the pantyhose. He watched her stand on her tiptoes, calves bunching, soft little feet arching; he had to stifle a gasp.

Fucking faster into the nylon web, Tom opened his eyes to see the empty toe of the other leg, still somehow on his sternum, staring at him accusingly. The nylon was empty but only a few minutes before his mother's toes had been in there, wiggling, red-nailed. He licked his lips. They had been so bright, like cherries. The pattern glimmered; seconds later the nylon was trapped between Tom's lips as he fucked himself into the pantyhose, stretching it beyond any reasonable expectation of its tensile strength.

"Honey?" The door opened a crack. Tom looked over, face panic stricken as he saw his mother appear in the doorway. Amanda had changed into a crisp white blouse with an extra button undone to reveal a tasteful hint of her lightly-freckled cleavage, and a tight red pencil skirt that emphasized her diminutive waist and the swing of her hips. She carried a pair of dark red heels in one hand. The smoky grey nylons were sheer and shimmery in the light, and her toes wriggled once, in surprise at discovering the tableau laid across her son's bed.

Before anyone could say anything more, Tom glimpsed the pattern flashing up his mother's shin, and suddenly he was cumming, grunting and fucking hard into the dark pantyhose as the cream poured out of him in great hot gouts; his eyes rolled back in his head as the pleasure overtook him, brain washed clean by the white hot pleasure.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" The noises were dragged out of him by the plumes of semen that jetted around his fist. Amanda watched as her son's body was wracked by orgasm, every finely-tuned muscle in his body standing out as he arched and humped and came. The last spurts of cum dribbled out of Tom's fist, through the pantyhose and down his fist.

Panting and spent, he opened his eyes.

"Mom-" he croaked weakly, trying to formulate an explanation, an excuse, anything. Before he put another word together, she was gone.

Amanda's head was spinning as she slid in and slammed the car door. What was that? What had she just witnessed? When had her son started doing **that**? When had her son grown such a big **cock**?

The tires screamed as she roared out of the driveway.

But there was no driving away from the heat smouldering between her thighs.

--

If yesterday had been spent going in and out of a daze, today Amanda was in there for a full eight hours. For starters, she'd picked that pencil skirt specifically because no matter what she did, how she moved, or walked, or sat, her nyloned thighs would rub together, and send that delicious thrill up through her, as her sensitized skin slid against the hose. Which is to say, the sizzle of gently pleased nerve endings followed her around all day long.

Secondly, any time her mind started to wander, Amanda's imagination would begin conjuring up images of Tom, naked

as the day he'd been born, fucking his fist into her discarded pantyhose, looking for all the world like a golden god seized at the peak of ecstasy, manhandling a rod which had looked as though it rivalled in size the big pink vibrating pussy pleaser one of her friends had gag-gifted her on the fifth anniversary of her divorce. She jokingly called it "Big Jim," but Tom's cock - the first live dick she'd laid eyes on in an embarrassingly long time, and far and away the biggest - was no joke. The uncomfortable knowledge of her son's endowment made her squirm, which only added to the sizzle of pleasure radiating up through her lower body to the base of Amanda's neck.

And that image launched a myriad of questions that battered against the inside of her skull all day: had he done that before? did he do that often? why pantyhose? why *her* pantyhose? why was it in his mouth? when did he become so *handsome*? why couldn't she stop thinking about his cock, his abs, his lips (so pouty) gripping the hose so tight in his mouth? when was the last time she'd had a cock, any cock?

Luckily, Amanda was able to fob most of the day's work off onto one of the interns working downstairs; he'd looked so cute and eager when she'd sat on her desk, crossed her legs, and offered him a chance to do some grownup work. What was his name? Chad? Brad? Something like that. Big brown eyes and charming smile and broad shouldered in his brand new suit.

What was his cock like, she wondered? Was it as big as Tom's? Amanda tried to imagine it, a big fat tool straining through those slim navy pants of his as she perched her ass on the desk, dangling one shoe from her little foot, until it eventually clattered to the floor, and she began sliding her toes up his thigh...

Back in reality, Amanda whimpered and squeezed her thighs under her desk. The hose slid together, and the diminutive MILF tried not to move any further. The wetness down there was getting too insistent to ignore.

Really, she should just take them off. Take the hose off entirely and let her head clear so she could get properly mad about what she'd seen, and figure out what to do. Under the desk, the nylon gleamed, and she thought she saw that pattern, snaking its way around her ankle. They were so *pretty* and they felt so *good*, she just couldn't make the sacrifice. It wasn't worth it.

Maybe she just needed to get laid, instead. That sounded pretty logical. Did Brad/Chad have a girlfriend?

The day went on like that, round and round in distracting circles, until five o'clock passed and Amanda realized she'd have to go home and find some way to address the morning's events.

For good or for ill, the house was empty when she got back around six. Tom was nowhere to be seen, but the kitchen still gleamed from the surprisingly thorough cleaning he'd given it the day before.

"He's a good boy," she said to herself, sitting down at the one of the stools around the kitchen island, where she'd have a good view of the front door when Tom came back. "I'm sure he didn't mean anything by it. We'll talk it over. It'll be fine."

Amanda crossed her legs and watched the door, letting the pleasant tingle radiate up through her.

One of her heels *tok*ed against the lower rung of the stool. The clock on the wall ticked away the minutes. Seven o'clock came and went.

Amanda checked her watch, then the clock on the wall, then the clock on the oven, then her watch just to be sure they were all in sync.

Eight o'clock ticked past.

Her fingernails tapped at the screen of her phone. No messages from Tom, no replies to her messages. She paced, shoes clicking on the tile.

Nine o'clock.

She thumbed through the contacts on her phone. Did she have any of his friends' numbers? Their parents' numbers? What about that Michael kid? Or the rich one...what was his name..de something. De Walter? De Winter? De Wynter? She couldn't remember.

Ten o'clock. Ten-thirty. At ten thirty-nine, her son waltzed in through the kitchen door, not the front, obviously hoping to slink past unnoticed. Instead, he found Amanda standing there, glaring. Her arms were crossed underneath her breasts, the sleeves of her once-crisp blouse rolled up unevenly; her

auburn tresses had been pulled back into a slightly-wild ponytail that was tight at the scalp and made her look more severe.

"Well," she said. "And where the *hell* have you been?" She clipped her words, looking up into her son's face. Tom wouldn't meet her heated stare.

"Just- just," the young man floundered. "Out. Just out. With some of the guys."

"Did you lose your phone? Did you break it? Was it off?" Questions fired like machine gun rounds, each punctuated by her heel. "Did you not get my texts? Were you too busy to notice it going off? Or just didn't care?"

"Mom, I-" he groped for the words, eyes desperate. "I'm a grown man now, mom. I shouldn't-"

"Sit. Down."

Tom pulled a face but dropped into a seat at the kitchen table. He looked miserable. Amanda's voice softened.

"Honey," she said. "I worry. You know I do. I don't ask for much. Just let me know when you're going to be late coming back." Amanda hopped back up on one of the stools.

"I know you're a good boy," she said, crossing her legs absently, trying to ignore the pleasant tingle. As the hose

sizzled, Tom glanced up. "Just let me know, okay?" She recrossed her legs.

"Okay," he said, then blinked, and looked down at the floor. "I'm sorry mom. It won't happen again, okay? Can I go now?"

"No, you can't go," Tom sighed and rolled his eyes, and stretched the full length of his legs out under the table. "Don't roll your eyes at me, either." Amanda recrossed her legs, and saw his eyes flicker up. He straightened up, and mumbled an apology. "We still have to talk about- about- about what happened here this morning."

A wretched look crossed Tom's features as the heat rose in his face. "Mom, I- I mean I don't- I mean I'd never- I mean it's not-"

"It's okay, honey." The hose sizzled and his eyes flickered and the blush faded a little. Amanda felt the heat of her anger drain away as the tingling in her legs radiated from the tips of her toes on up to her scalp. "I know-" she swallowed. "I know that young men have- have needs. And I know you haven't been able to take care of them the same way since I said you couldn't borrow my car." Amanda let one shoe slip from her heel, and dangled it on the end of her toes. Tom watched it bob, and listened to the sizzle of her hose. "Isn't that right, honey?"

"Y-yeah," he said in a faraway voice. "That's right, mom." Tom shifted in his chair, eyes on the arch of his mother's size-five foot. Amanda's fingers toyed with the hem of her skirt, which had wandered somewhere north of her knee.

"So, I understand." The hem of her skirt inched higher up her thigh. "I understand why you- why you ended up-" pumping that thick young cock into my sexy fucking pantyhose, part of her wanted to scream "-doing what you did, okay? But I don't ever want to see you doing that again, alright Tom?" There was a glimmer around her well-turned ankle, and Tom's eyes chased it up the muscles in her calf, over her knee, and across the expanse of smooth, smoky-grey thigh.

"Absolutely, mom." Tom agreed without thinking. "Never again."

"Good," she said, smiling. She recrossed her legs, letting the other heel dangle, and relishing the building giddy pleasure deep in her core. "Good. Now, if you're good. And *only* if you're good for the rest of the week, I'll let you borrow the car on Friday. How does that sound?" The hem of her skirt had rucked all the way up around the tops of her thighs, and as they worked, Tom's eyes were locked on the glimmering pattern circling just below where the fabric ended.

"That sounds great, mom. That all sounds amazing." One of his hands was under the table now, in his lap. Amanda could see the muscles in his arm working; he must be itchy.

"Good," she said again. "Good. I'm glad that's settled. I'm just going to go to bed now, honey. You have a good night." Amanda hopped down from the stool, and walked over to her son on slightly wobbly legs. His eyes were unfocused, and a light sheen of sweat sparkled on his brow. She could smell him, a slightly musky, animal smell as she leaned in to kiss

him on the forehead. Her lips lingered for a few moments, tasting the sweat before she parted. "Good night, Tom."

"Night, mom." He replied, watching her, not moving from his chair.

She was unzipping her skirt before she reached the top of the stair, and it *flump*ed to the floor just inside her bedroom door. The air was cool on her damp thighs as Amanda peeled the hose off, skinning them down the sweetly rounded curves of her ass, stepping down out of her heels as she did. The diminutive redhead laid the pantyhose reverently on the bed once they were off, smoothing them out, hands relishing the silkiness of the fabric. No wonder Tom had stretched the other ones across his cock; it took considerable effort for her to stop touching them with her hands. Idly she wondered what they'd feel like, tickling her nipples, or sliding between her pussy lips...

"Get a grip, girl." She whispered to herself, fingers sliding off the nylon. Casting about, Amanda spied the package on the floor and picked it up; they'd be safe tucked away in there and-

Tucked away in the corner was a wad of bright blue fabric.

"What the hell?" Reaching inside, her delicate fingers drew out a pair of electric blue nylons. They definitely hadn't been there this morning, she knew that. There was no way there'd been room for *three* pairs in there. It simply wasn't big enough.

Laying the new pair next to the grey ones she'd just taken off, Amanda looked inside again. Nothing. Blank white cardboard stared back. She laughed, and if there was a slightly hysterical edge to her laughter, nobody said anything about it. She looked again. Nothing.

"Get a grip," she said again. It wasn't a magicians' top pocket. An endless stream of pantyhose wasn't about to come flying out. That simply wasn't possible. Right?

Amanda looked at the new pair. There was no way she could wear these to work tomorrow: the colour was too outlandish, too bright. Nonetheless, she smoothed them out, spreading them over the sheets, two long slashes of searing blue, connected at the top by a narrow bridge of the same colour.

These were obviously not her usual sedate work safe pantyhose. There was no crotch in evidence, for starters. They almost looked like stockings and a garter belt, all of a single piece. Her fingers toyed with the fabric. Amanda had never worn stockings before.

She picked them up by the waistband, holding them just under the shadow of her navel. The big black briefs she was wearing looked ugly, utilitarian, against the wild blue. Amanda fingered the nylon. Then, she made a decision. Stepping back from the mirror, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and yanked them down. The sudden inrush of air made her very cognizant of the creaminess that stained the gusset of her panties.

Feeling giddy, and a little girlish, Amanda dropped the panties to the floor where they lay in an unsightly little pile, and remained there forgotten, as she slid her foot into the blue nylon. The single mother had to repress a shudder as the fabric stretched and across her skin, creamy pale underneath the opaques. Again, the delicious sensation of nerve endings awakening and tingling to life rippled throughout her lower extremities. Her toes curled as the fabric crawled up her calves, past her knees, silkiness sliding across her taut thighs until the waistband snapped into place just below her navel.

Amanda pulled her ponytail loose and shook her head, letting her hair tumble down to her bare shoulders in an auburn cascade. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her skin had the ivory smoothness that came concomitant with the red in her hair, though the early summer sun had kissed her shoulders and the upper slopes of her breasts, concealed beneath their nude cotton bra, with a sprinkling of freckles. She spread her hands across the expanse of her stomach, kept trim by constant attention, though perhaps a little softer than she'd like. Her fingers found the waistband of the hose and tugged them upwards, relishing the new sensations radiating up through her legs as they stretched a little tighter across her skin.

Amanda turned and looked over her shoulder into the glass. An electric blue band of nylon skimmed across the tops of her buttocks before sweeping down in a dramatic inverted U that left her firm cheeks half-bared, elastic digging into the muscular flesh. She reached back to snap the band, watching the slight jiggle in the meat of her behind before standing up on her tiptoes and flexing it, feeling those globes go steely hard under her fingers. Her legs looked like they'd been dipped in Blue Raspberry flavouring. Wheeling about on one toe, she inspected the well-trimmed, bright ginger tuft of hair left

exposed at the apex of her thighs, and fluffed it with her fingernails. Not too long, but could do with some grooming soon.

Below, she saw moisture glistening on the inside of her thighs; spreading her legs slightly, she looked down. Strawberry-pink labia peeked out from between Amanda's vulva, dripping steadily with wetness that had been oozing into her panties all day. Her fingers slid easily between her lips with a little wet noise, and she gasped. Straightening up, she reached back with sticky fingers and unhooked her bra before flicking it into a corner with a disdainful look.

After she'd had Tom, her breasts had swollen through the first three letters of the alphabet, settled somewhere north of D, and stayed there. As they wobbled into view, all milky white mature flesh, capped by dusty pink nipples standing at attention, Amanda regarded herself in the mirror, letting her fingers do the walking past her tidy nest of pubic hair.

She looked good, she decided, slick fingers sliding back and forth between clitoris and vagina. Her hips tilted back as she spread her legs a little more, and the suspender hose glimmered. Better than good.

"Fucking *hot*," she hissed through plush lips, lifting one heavy breast, mauling it with her fingers. Where was Brad/Chad now, she wondered. There's no way he'd be able to resist her like this, ethics be damned. Then she could throw that strapping young body down on her bed, tear those tight-ass pants off him and-

Amanda crawled up onto the bed, opened the drawer in the side table and scrabbled around inside before pulling Big Jim out from his resting place. It had always seemed so intimidating before, she'd never actually put it inside of herself, simply used the vibrating function to get off; now, it seemed, if not actually *smaller* then certainly more *manageable*.

Her mouth twisted up into a grin as she twisted the base and it roared to life in her fist. Getting up on all fours, Amanda rubbed the tip of the thing against the slippery folds of her pussy, and it slid easily into her ripened depths.

"Unf," she grunted. "That's right you fucker, fuck that young cock right up inside of me." The dildo, buzzing away in her cunt, squelched as her juices sluiced out around her fist. "I've been waiting all fucking day for this, and you'd better fuck me right." Amanda imagined the intern saddling up behind her, taking her hips in his big hands and-

There was something wrong with that picture.

She flipped over onto her back, furiously plunging Big Jim's humming pink shaft in and out of her clasping hole. Looking down, she raised her electric blue thigh, and Brad/Chad loomed over her, sculpted young body tense as he thrust into her, her legs stretched wide and high in the air, pantyhose glimmering and-

"Ffuck," she said through shivering lips. "If you're not gonna fuck me right, hon, then momma will just have to show you how it's done." Amanda rolled over onto her knees, righting

herself, fingers holding Jim tightly inside her juicy hole. "How's it feel to get fucked," she asked an imaginary Brad/Chad, mauling one tit as she palmed her clitoris. "How's it feel to get fucked by a real woman for once, and not one of your stupid college sluts?"

Amanda gritted her teeth as the pleasure rolled through her body. "You fucking love it don't you? You fucking love this fucking cunt, old enough to be your-" the hose glimmered. She gasped, had to catch her breath. "That's right old enough to be your fucking moth-" She humped the humming plastic filling her up with ever-increasing desperation, barely aware of the words falling out of her mouth while the suspender hose glimmered and the pattern raced around her thighs, unseen by the wearer. "Your *fucking* mother!" She gasped. "Your fucking *mother*, motherfucker!" The fire between her thighs, smouldering all day long, burned searingly hot now, achingly so, a dam of white-hot pleasure so ready to burst. "Fuh-fuh-fuck! Motherfucker! Fuck motherfuh-fucker! Fuck your fuh-fucking muuuuhhhhhhHHH!"

The words were lost in a rising shriek as she started cumming, juices pouring out around the pistoning plastic cock, her back arched and hair a wild mane of sweaty loose curls as the orgasm ripped through her body. Ecstasy sang through her legs and thighs, the tingling song of the pantyhose firing neurons through pleasure centres she hadn't even known she had.

Amanda's body jerked its way through orgasm, electric shocks coursing through her limbs, leaving behind an irresistible lassitude that ended in her crumpling helplessly to the bed. Too exhausted to move, she let sleep take her, but it couldn't take the smile from her face.

She fell into unconsciousness even before she could hear a door quietly shut further down the hall.

--

Amanda awoke early the next morning from a night of pleasantly sexual dreams. Big Jim slid easily out of her as she stirred, cycling her hosed legs in the sheets. The pink plastic glistened and dripped in the morning light and she idly considered sliding him back in again to go another round; but the batteries were dead, she found, twisting the base this way and that.

Oh well. That would have to be a trip to the store later. Amanda sat up, crossing her legs, letting her fingers toy idly with her still-slippery though achy labia. She glanced at the clock; it was way too late for a run, now.

With a sigh, Amanda unfolded herself and stood up, stretching, pushing her milky mature tits up and out. Padding into her ensuite bathroom, she cranked open the shower faucet. It was with great reluctance that she stepped out of her hose, letting them fall to the floor, but there was really no way to wear them to work. Under pants, maybe, but then there'd be no way to show them off, to let Brad/Chad ogle her electric blue legs, invite him back to her office for a little lunchtime meeting.

No, it'd have to be the grey ones again, she decided, towelling her hair. Maybe a shorter skirt this time?

Striding out into her bedroom, Amanda tossed the last night's pantyhose onto the bed, and looked around for the grey pair. They were nowhere to be seen. Not on the bed, not next to it on the floor, not under it. She couldn't remember actually putting them away, but she picked up the packaging anyway, and peeked inside.

As before, something dark was tucked away in the corner.

"This is getting ridiculous," she muttered, pulling out the scrap of fabric. "Where did that kid even get this thing?" It turned out there were two scraps of silky black nylon inside; stockings. Sheer black. Stayups.

--

Tom rolled over out of sleep when his mother shook him.

"Good morning, lazybones." She said, smiling gently down at him. Her auburn curls glowed in the sunlight. He just stared, dumbly, into her face for a long moment. Heat rose in his face.

"Um, hi." He said, cautious. "What, uh, what's up?"

"Tom," Amanda folded her hands in her lap and crossed her legs. He sat up a little, suddenly aware that she was wearing an abbreviated, black cotton jersey mini dress, a cocktail dress that had been re-appropriated as workwear with the addition of a white cardigan draped across her shoulders. The cotton jersey lovingly flowed through his mother's tightly

packed curves, but his eye was drawn to the retreating border of her skirt as it crawled alarmingly high up her nylon clad leg. The silky fabric was smooth and sheer and black and Tom thought he could see a hint of a darker black band just peeping out from underneath her hem. His fingers flexed under the bedsheet. "We need to talk about something."

"Um, ok?" He said, then: "I thought everything was OK after last night." He shifted uncomfortably. Amanda laid one hand on his leg, and her skirt crept in a millimeter higher, confirming the black band that encircled her smooth thigh.

"Honey," she said, "everything is fine. I just wanted to ask you: did you really go to the drugstore the other day?"

"Of course I did," Tom said, straightening up. His mother's hand slid up his muscled thigh. "Why do you want to know?"

"Just curious," his mother reassured him. "They are so different from my usual brand, I wanted to go back and pick up a second pack. You bought them at the store around the corner, right?" Tom couldn't meet her gaze, and let his eyes drift back down to her legs instead. The pattern, like snakeskin, flashed across the nylon; it twisted and turned it moved along her stems, like something alive.

"Bought?" He asked. Sweat appeared at the fringe of his shaggy brown hair. "Not exactly."

"Not exactly?" Amanda raised one carefully shaped eyebrow. "What does that mean?"

Tom looked miserable for a moment. His mother's hand slid a little higher. He bit his lip, then appeared to make up his mind.

"Well," he began, "this is how it is." He told Amanda all about the old woman with the crazy eyes and the unmarked package and how she'd dropped it but wouldn't take it back.

"I see," she said, not sure what to make of it. It couldn't be true, not really, but she wasn't about to call her only son a liar. "Well, I guess that's it for that, then." Amanda gave him a squeeze and stood up. Tom lay there, half covered by the sheets, chiseled chest golden in the morning sunlight. His hands were somewhere under the covers. She straightened the hem of her skirt.

"Now be good," Amanda said, looking around at the mess. "And clean up this pig sty of a room before I get home, okay?" His eyes were glued to her legs as they fed into mirror-black pumps, calves standing out beneath silky sheer stockings.

"Yes, mom." He said. His left arm moved, just a little, under the sheets.

"Good boy," she said. Her voice was warm. Amanda leaned in and kissed her son on the forehead, tasting his sweat. Her lips lingered a few seconds longer than necessary. A shiver ran through Tom.

She turned and left, the skirt of her dress wrapped tightly around her hips, hem dancing around her upper thighs. She

didn't see Tom's hand reaching under his pillow to extract something.

The day passed. Amanda relished the sense of freedom the stockings granted, the air swirling under her skirt as her skin tingled beneath the nylon. Brad/Chad came by to ask a series of increasingly-distracted questions about his project as he stared at the older woman's legs, trying not to be obvious about getting a glimpse up her dress while she crossed and recrossed them for his viewing pleasure. In Brad/Chad's defense, she made it spectacularly difficult to do otherwise, perched on the edge of her desk, dangling one heel while her stockings glimmered. Amanda was happy to see that her efforts had the desired effect, as evidenced by the obvious bulge in his tailored pants as he left.

She'd have to find a way to suitably reward him for all his hard work once he finished, Amanda reflected, sitting back down in her chair. The scent of her own arousal wafted up from between her legs.

"Buy batteries," she told herself, resisting the urge to let her fingers slide up under her skirt, forcing them to glide along her silky thigh instead. Amanda's toes curled inside their shoes. Thus, she passed the day in a light, pleasant buzz, rewarding herself for tasks completed with radiant tingling sparked by fingertips against the nylon.

Around five, she fairly danced out of the building, limbs buzzing with energy, brain a little foggy with pleasure, and so just distracted enough that she walked straight into a homeless woman outside, knocking her over.

"Oh my god I'm so sorry!" Amanda gushed, blushing hotly as she gave the other woman a hand.

One green eye and one blue eye regarded her from beneath a fringe of tight grey curls.

"Don't worry about it, honey." Amanda couldn't place the accent.

"Do I- do I know you?" She asked, memory triggering somewhere in the fogged-in back of her head.

"No." The other woman's teeth gleamed as she smiled. Amanda helped her scoop up a collection of gewgaws and clutter that had fallen out of her overstuffed carpet bag, unmindful of how much leg she was showing off as she did. "Thank you child."

Amanda didn't hear her. She was too busy staring at a cello-wrapped oblong package; the cardboard within was white, but a tiny square window revealed a stretch of opaque black nylon.

"Is this-" she began, heart trip-hammering in her chest, "where did you get these?" She asked, waving the package.

"Oh, somewhere," the old woman waved a hand. "I forgot they were there. I don't wear them, me." She lifted the hem of her broomstick skirt to prove it, but Amanda wasn't watching. "Do you like them?"

"I love them." The response was immediate and emphatic. "If you don't want them, will you sell these to me?"

"Sell them?" The old woman laughed. "No, but I'll give them to you. Just enjoy them, enjoy your life with them, enjoy your family with them. That's all I ask."

"Sure, sure." Amanda agreed, not really listening. Her fingers wanted to open the pack so badly. "Oh thank you so much!" Suddenly, she was hugging the other woman, face buried in clean-smelling curls that crunched as she did.

"Don't worry about it," the woman chuckled. "Us mothers gotta stick together, don't we?"

"Thank you, thank you!" Amanda kissed her on the cheek, and danced away.

The whole way home, she kept one hand on the package, fingers peeling the cellophane open, sneaking inside to rub the unworn tights. She squeaked through three yellows rushing home, running one red that changed **just** before she entered the intersection.

"Hello~o!" She called out, tripping into the house on light feet. "Tom? I'm home!"

"In here," he called out from the living room. Amanda poked her head in, and saw him laid out on the couch, watching TV,

wearing a pair of grey gym shorts that ended above the knee and a soft blue wifebeater.

"Did you do what I asked you?" She asked, chipper.

"Yup," he said, not looking away from the television.

"Good boy," Amanda said, and a blush rose in Tom's face. He shifted on the couch, rolling over onto his side. "I'm just going to change, and then we can start supper, okay?"

"Sure, mom." She was already halfway up the stairs, heels loud against the hardwood flooring.

Bounding up the stairs, cellophane crinkled as she tapped the package against her palm. Passing Tom's opened door, she took a moment to peer inside.

It was certainly clean-er. The clothes had been picked up and stacked neatly on his desk. The floor was devoid of magazines and video game cases and various dinnerware. The covers had been pulled roughly over his bed. Amanda went to leave, then glanced back through the door.

Something smoky grey peeped out from under one corner of Tom's pillow. Amanda's brow furrowed; she stepped into the room and plucked at it with thumb and forefinger. Pantyhose, *her* pantyhose, her *missing* pantyhose, came tumbling out, pooling on the floor. She tossed the pillow aside, revealing a small nest of nylon underneath, black and electric blue.

Amanda scooped up the grey hose, and held it up against the light. It looked unstained, intact. She did the same for the other two pairs. They seemed clean.

Her nostrils flared. She drew herself up to her full height and bellowed, "Tom! Thomas Michael Kennedy! Get up here! Now!"

Her son appeared in the doorway, seconds later.

"Mom? What-" She turned to face him, nylon dangling from her fingers.

"What." Her words were clipped. "Is. This?" Amanda thrust her hands out accusingly. He blushed, then paled, mouth working but unable to produce any sounds. "Sit down, young man!"

In a rush, he seated himself on the bed.

"Explain yourself, please." Amanda gestured at the pantyhose still lying where his pillow had been.

"Mom," he started, licked dry lips, then started again. "Mom, I don't know. I was home and I was cleaning up and I saw them and I picked them up and I just liked, I just liked the way they felt and I put them there for safek-"

"Do **not** lie to me, young man." She waved the grey nylon under his nose. "These were missing from my room when I

woke up this morning. Those," she pointed, "I told you to throw out yesterday. *Those* I left lying on my bed when I went to work this morning." Tom squirmed under his mother's glare. She fumed, waiting for an answer.

When none came, she said, "lie down."

"What?"

"You heard me. Lie. Down." Hands on her hips, Amanda stared down her lanky son until he complied. She grabbed hold of one wrist.

"Mom, what are you-" a twist of her hands, and the grey pantyhose was looped around his wrist. She yanked it up, and fed the loose end through the spindles of his headboard. "Mom?" Not saying a word, she tied the other end around his free wrist and let the nylon snap back.

Tom looked into his mother's face. Her features were set, angry, but her eyes fairly shone with manic energy.

"This is cr-"

"Shut up," she said, snatching the ruined black hose from behind his head before stuffing it into his opened mouth. Tom's eyes rolled back in his head, and he pulled at the pantyhose restraining his arms, biceps standing rigid as he did. Somehow, the hose held.

Amanda seized his ankles, tying them to the foot of his bed with her electric blue hose. Again, Tom pulled hard at his restraints, powerful legs straining to free themselves to no avail.

"How's that?" She said. "How's that feel? Do they feel nice now?" Tom looked at her, mouth full of the taste of his mother's sweat. "Are you going to tell me the truth now?" He nodded. "Good." She plucked the sodden nylon from his mouth.

"Why didn't you throw these out like I asked you to?"

"I...I liked the way they felt," he said. "I had them in my hand and- and I just, I just couldn't. I had to touch them, feel them on-"

"I know where." Amanda said curtly. "What about these?" She gestured at the head of the bed. "When did you steal these?"

"Last night," he said in a quiet voice.

"Last night?" His mother echoed. "Last night? While I was asleep?" Tom nodded. "You mean you saw- you saw me wearing my blue hose?" And nothing else, his mother left unsaid. She sat on the edge of the bed, one hand on his bare calf.

"I only stopped to close the door," he said. "But you were there, and they were there and you looked so-" he groped for words.

"I mean, I know it was wrong but I saw you and you looked so-"
"

"Saw me?" Amanda raised an eyebrow. "You mean you watched me - watched your own mother - pleasuring myself?" He nodded again. "And then you took them?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm sorry mom, I'm so sorry. You just looked so... beautiful. I had to feel them."

"Is that why you took these, too?" She fingered the pantyhose wrapped around his ankle. "Did you...use them?"

"I'm so sorry mom," he said. "I couldn't help myself. I couldn't stop it. They felt so good and you looked so fuc- so beautiful. I picked them up and I started thinking of you and how you looked and I just-"

A queer look crossed her face, pride and uncertainty and excitement. She shrugged off her cardigan, revealing smooth, bare arms.

"What about these?" Amanda asked, standing. Tom looked at her as she hiked up her abbreviated skirt until the hem was above the welts of her stockings. "Do you like these?" Tom stared as her stockings glimmered, eyes chasing the pattern as it raced down her legs, vanishing into the vamps of her black pumps. He nodded. "Were you planning to steal them later, to touch them?" Another nod. "To touch yourself with them?" Again.

Amanda regarded her handsome son. "Do you want to feel them right now?"

He grunted, then nodded emphatically.

On shaky legs, his mother stepped out of her pumps and onto the bed. Crouching between Tom's outstretched thighs, Amanda extended one shapely leg and brushed his cheek with her toe.

"How about that?" She asked. "How does that feel?"

"Good, mom. It feels real good." Tom's voice was a ragged croak.

She dragged her big toe across his lips, dragging a needy moan out of him.

"Kiss it," she husked. Tom craned his neck forward and slurped his mother's toe into his mouth. As his tongue slid across the sheer nylon, Amanda gasped sharply; she could see the pattern radiating up her leg now, fast and brighter than ever. He bathed each toe, suckling them reverently, then dragged his tongue across her arch.

"Good boy," Amanda said in a low moan. Tom watched her through lidded eyes as she extended her other foot for the same treatment. As her son worshipped at her feet, each flick of his tongue sent shivers through her clit, as though his face were buried between her legs.

She reclined on her elbows, watching his pouty mouth working her pinky toe. Somewhere, in the back of her brain, a voice screamed about stopping, about cultural taboos, about resistance, but there was nothing it could do against the radiant pleasure the stockings were wiring straight into her nerve endings.

"You're making mommy's feet feel so good honey," she said, voice ragged. "I think we'll do this every day after work mmmkay?" Tom groaned into her delicate arch.

"Yes mom," his voice was muffled by her foot as his tongue sought to cleanse every inch of it. Amanda smiled triumphantly, then dragged her free foot down his chest, under the hem of his shirt, and back up his body, head spinning as her sensitive sole travelled up his bare skin, tracing the contours of his laddered abdominal muscles, up to his lean pecs, toes scrunching over her son's left nipple. Tom shivered and arched his back, pulling against his restraints.

The sensation of holding power over his sculpted body, of his hot skin flush with her foot, pressing helplessly into it, was intoxicating. Curious, Amanda let her fingers slide up Tom's thigh, into the leg of his shorts. It wasn't long before her delicate fingertips were brushing against the leaking head of his swollen cock.

"You love this, don't you?" She asked. "You love mommy's feet, mommy's legs, all wrapped up in their hose?" Amanda ground her foot into his face as he nodded, while her nails danced around his glans. Precum made her fingers slippery against his heated member. "That's why you had to steal mommy's

hose, wasn't it? So you could fist this thing," she wrapped her hand, just big enough to encompass the swollen plum, "and think of me."

"Yes mom," Tom mumbled. "You're all I can fucking think about."

"Good boy," she twisted her palm around his head. "Mommy's legs and toes caught you, didn't they? Got you all snarled up in her cobwebby nylon trap?" Tom couldn't answer - her toes were stuffed into his mouth, but the surge in his cock was all the response she needed. Amanda's fist slid up his shaft, and her son arched up into her fingers, desperate for more.

"Right from the first day I walked in with these," Amanda transferred the sodden black pantyhose to the hand inside Tom's shorts, and she wrapped it around his shaft. "You were caught, weren't you? This big," she pumped it, "fat," sharp stroke around the top half of his cock, "young," twisting her fist, "young cock, all caught up in mommy's leggy web. I guess- I guess that means it's mine now, doesn't it?"

"Wha- what?" Tom asked, head spinning, barely able to tear himself away from Amanda's toes.

"I said," Amanda stretched the black nylon across his rampant cockhead and sawed it back and forth. "I caught this cock. It's mine. Right?"

"Nggghh!" Her son growled and grunted through gritted teeth. "Yes! Yes! It's yours."

"Good boy," she rewarded him by pinching his nipple with her toes. Amanda's fingers traced along the shaft; it was well-beyond Big Jim's now less-than-impressive thickness, so much so that her fist couldn't close around it. "Mommy's going to enjoy her cock baby, and you're going to *love* it, I know."

"Yes mom," he mumbled, chasing her toes with his mouth, not really aware of what he was saying, just aware of how good it felt to go where the pattern led him, to let Amanda's nylons massage him, to feel her hand on his cock and her toes in his mouth.

"Good boy," suddenly she snatched her legs back, rocking herself upright, thighs straddling his torso. Her stockings caressed the sides of his abdomen as she reached down, grabbed the hem of her skirt, and peeled the dress upwards, revealing first the satiny, hip-skimming bikini panties that barely covered her pubic thatch, then her deep, shadowy navel in the smooth expanse of her stomach; Amanda's mature tits bounced into view, freckled and capped by those thick, plug-like nipples, their dusty pink colouring giving way to an deep angry rose. "You like?" She asked, lifting one tit to her mouth, and giving the nipple a loud slurp.

Tom just stared at his mother, but his cock pulsed in his gray shorts, threatening to burst the inseam. Amanda grinned, then wiped the precum from her fingers with the wadded-up nylons.

"Here," she said, a wicked look crossing her face. "You messed them up, you clean them." Before he could say anything, Amanda was stuffing them back into his mouth, where his tongue was suddenly activated by the wet black hose, sucking

almost of its own accord, relishing the admixture of flavours. Then, her fingers were under the waistband of his shorts, searching.

"You dirty, dirty boy," she chuckled as she fished his cock out. "You like it, don't you? Doing what mommy says?" He nodded, sucking noisily. "You like it when mommy makes you suck your filth out of the hose that caught you." His fat cock, emerging from his shorts, snapped to attention.

"It must taste good," Amanda said, and leaned forward. One hand pressed his insistent member against her tightly muscled ass while she caught her son's mouth in a kiss, her tongue searching for his through the mass of nylon in his mouth.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred, then broke away. Her eyes bored into his. "That **does** taste good. Maybe later, mommy will have to get a taste direct from the source, but right now," Amanda slapped his cock against her ass with a loud crack, "I have better uses for **this**." With her other hand, she swept the gusset of her panties aside, revealing her dewey labia, dripping directly onto Tom's treasure trail. "Do you want it, baby? Do you want mommy to take your cock like this?"

Mouth full of pantyhose, Tom couldn't say a word; instead, he made a needy, gagging, slurping sound, thrusting his cock up into her hand, dryhumping her exposed asscheek.

"There's no going back after this," she warned. "Once we do this, you'll be mommy's pantyhose slave forever, honey. You'll spend every damn day doing what I want, fucking me how I

want, pampering me how I want, and as a reward, I'll let you touch my nylons, I'll let you fuck your cock into mommy's pantyhose, I'll let you arrange and clean and put them away." Even Amanda didn't know what she was saying, but the words fell out of her mouth of their own accord, drawing up a verbal contract that would tie them together forever. "Is that what you want, baby?"

Tom's head bobbed up and down furiously, even as his cock thrust upwards against her soft skin. Amanda purred, and let his cock slide between her legs, rubbing up against the slippery wetness of her dripping labia.

"Ohhh honey," she crooned. "Mommy's going to fuck this cock so good you won't even remember there are any other pussies out there." With her index finger and thumb, Amanda positioned the thick plum head at the entrance of her waiting hole, and began lowering herself. Tom thrust himself upward, as far as the limits of the pantyhose restraints would allow (not very far), suddenly desperate for the clasp heat of his mother's pussy. It felt, for all the world, as though his cock was being swallowed in a silky, slippery nylon mouth, the muscles in her cunt spiralling and twisting around his meat just like the pattern had twisted and spiralled around his mother's leg.

"Fuck! God, Tom," Andrea said, biting her lip as her son's cock slid deeper inside of her, bullying into her needy cunt, "God, you fill mommy up so fucking *good*." She rolled her hips forward, gasping as it slipped another inch inside. "Fuck baby, mommy's gonna need this every day. Are you okay with that, honey? Mommy taking your cock every," she ground her hips counterclockwise, "fucking. Day?"

Tom just thrust up into her, grunting into the pantyhose stuffed into his mouth, desperate to get more of himself inside of her, aching to feel every square inch of her divine pussy. Amanda began grinding in the other direction, knowing she was in complete control of her pleasure, his pleasure, unable to keep a giddy smile from her face. This handsome young fuck god was hers to do with as she pleased, hers to keep here in her house as a toy and a slave and lover, armed with a relentless young cock that would pound her ripened, mature cunt whenever she wished. That he was her *son*, her only child, only made it more attractive somehow, as though she had created the perfect lover for herself, the wrongness adding a heated frisson of the taboo that made her pussy churn and nipples tingle.

Amanda frantically strummed her clit.

"I *own* you now, don't I honey?" She asked, leaning forward into Tom's face, one hand splayed out on his chest. "Mommy's hose caught you and now I own you forever, don't I?" Tom sucked noisily on the hose in his mouth, the black nylons that had captured his eyes in the first place. Looking his mother in the eye, he nodded. Amanda purred, and began thrusting her hips atop his shaft, slowly pistoning him in and out of her while her sucking pussy massaged the length of him. "What a good boy," she said, and Tom tried manfully to pound his cock up into her, arms and legs straining, the tendons in his wrists standing out like steel cables.

"Poor baby," she cooed, kissing his face while languorously fucking him, each upstroke pulling obscene wet noises out of her cunt as she creamed all over his cock. "Does baby want

mommy to make him cum? Does he want to fill mommy up with his hot boycream?" Tom nodded desperately.

"Well, tough." Amanda righted herself, sitting straight up on his cock, licking her lips as she watched him struggle, so desperate to pound his mother's pussy. She raised her hips a few inches, and dropped hard onto him with a loud smack. "The first rule of this relationship, honey, is: Mommy. Cums. First." Smack. Smack. Smack. "Understand?" Smack. She began fucking herself on top of his cock faster, tits jiggling as her body dropped again and again. "Mommy. Cums. First!" Her hands crawled under his shirt, fingernails burning scratches in his taut golden skin. "You don't get to cum. Ever. Again. Unless I say so. Get it?" Tom head bobbed up and down frantically. "If I want to leave these balls aching and swollen for weeks, that's my prerogative, isn't it?" She reached back and grabbed his bouncing sac while he signed his approval. "And you fucking love it, don't you? A strong older woman taking control of you; your own *mother* taking control of your sexual life like this?"

Tom redoubled his efforts to fuck his cock up inside of her, to no avail, grunting out a muffled "YEFESH!"

"Good boy," she cooed, her hips a blur atop his cock, skin slamming on skin, beating a rapid tattoo that filled the room. "I'm going to train you to be such a good. Boy! Good! Boy! Good! BOY!" Amanda reached out, grabbing his shoulders, leaning into him hard as she started cumming, hips cycling and pussy clenching down on Tom's cock. Her body jerked, spasming, tits jumping in his face, sweat pouring from her diminutive, tightly-packed body to splatter down onto his. Her eyes were wild and fierce, shining with her newfound power

over him, power he'd willingly given up to her in exchange for the intense pleasure pounding through his cock.

She growled, and lifted herself up off his rampant member, letting it fall back, sticky with her juices as they dripped out of her. She plucked the nylons from his mouth, and wheeled around atop him.

Tom stared up at his mother's pink hole, pulsing and running freely with cream. Without a word, she dropped her pussy down, onto his mouth, and he eagerly slurped at her sopping labia.

Amanda looked down at her son's twitching cock, head slick with precum. She unrolled one empty leg of the sodden black hose down over his shaft, the loosest possible condom, and stretched it tight. He shivered, and the nylon glimmered, the pattern crawling over her son's thick shaft.

"Is this what you wanted?" She asked, leaning close. "Mommy's worn pantyhose on your cock?" Amanda stroked the shaft, fingers sliding over the stretched fabric. Tom quivered from head to toe. The tip of it was so fat. "Or something more?" Tenderly, her lips pressed against the weeping piss-slit through the thin veil that separated them. Underneath her, his tongue thrashed around in her pussy, body straining to do likewise. Amanda gave it a long, experimental lick, savouring the mix of tastes - the nylon, the pussy cream, the precum - then lapped at it again, kittenlike. Her pussy buzzed as Tom let out a long, low moan into it.

"I'll take that as a yes," she said, tongue flickering around his glans while she slowly fisted his cock. Had he always tasted so good or was this some weird side-effect of the pantyhose? The pattern glimmered. It didn't matter. She began to suckle at the tip of his dick, nursing on the gentle pulses of sweet precum that flowed through the hose. Amanda smeared it all over her lips like lipgloss, then licked it away before stuffing the head back in her mouth, grabbing hold of his shaft with the other hand. It was a two-fist job, she decided, offering her son long, nearly continuous downstrokes while she suckled on his enormous phallus. He squirmed under her ministrations, his own tongue clearly unfocused on the job at hand. Each teasing flicker of her tongue brought a new shudder to her son, and it took a second for him to refocus on her pussy. Amanda stroked him faster, now, tongue swiping back and forth across his pisshole, cleaning away the steady stream of fluid leaking out.

"Mommy's hose caught you," she said between laps, "so it's only fair," her fingers interlocked in a clasping nylon tunnel around his shaft, "that you spill your seed for mommy's hose first before you get to cum inside of her. That's fair, isn't it?"

Tom's muffled 'yes' was indistinct and slurred.

"Of course it's fair," the sizzle of the hose on his cock grew louder. "Whatever I say is fair because I'm your fucking pantyhose queen, aren't I? I fucking own this cock, don't I? What I say goes, and you fucking love it, don't you?"

"God yessss, mom. Mommy." Tom said, his chin momentarily breaking free of her clasping labia. "I love it. I love you. I love

your pantyhose. I love your pussy." His voice was lost as she pressed herself down on him again.

"Good boy," she cooed, slurping noisily at the head of his cock, fists pumping hard. "Now be mommy's good dirty boy and fucking cum for me. Cum for mommy! Cum! Cum! Cum!" Amanda felt every muscle in his body tense and jump as his heels and shoulders dug into the mattress, raising them both into a rigid arc as cum burst into her mouth, filling her tongue with the taste of his final submission to her will. The sheer sense of power over his pleasure sent her careening over the edge a second time, gushing hot pussy cream all over his digging mouth while she eagerly drank down the semen his balls shot across her tongue. Pulling off to let out a scream, she carried on pumping him through his orgasm, watching as each plume of cream burst forth from his pulsing cockhead, fountaining up to splatter down across her knuckles.

"Good boy!" she enthused. "Give mommy all that fucking cream!" This drove a strong spurt up and out of his cock, soaring a foot above the tip before splashing on her forearm. Eventually the spurts subsided to a dribble, then ceased. Tom's body flopped to the bed, cock beginning its long journey to softness. Amanda licked her fingers clean like a cat.

"Mom," Tom panted, "Mom that was incred-"

"There's more where that came from." Amanda scissored her legs, standing. She plucked the cum soaked pantyhose from her son's cock. "Clean these," she said, tossing them onto her son's face. "Clean them and I'll let you see what's in here." His mother scooped up the unopened package of pantyhose and held it up for him to see.

Her stockings glimmered in the light, snakeskin pattern speeding around her legs.

With a will, Tom began feeding himself the nylons as his cock began to stir.

"Good boy," she said, softly.

Outside the house, heterochromatic eyes watched Tom's bedroom window. They crinkled as a smile spread over their owner's weathered features.

"They're all good boys," the old woman muttered to nobody in particular. "They just need to be shown the way."

fin.

Ms. Mia and Me - Chapter 1

Author's Note: Just a quickie, probably first in a series. Contains femdom, cheating, foot fetish and CFNM. If these elements are not to your taste, please don't waste your time telling me as much.

That said, enjoy!

You see, the thing was - staring down at my laptop all the time was kinking up my neck something fierce.

That summer, my girlfriend Kara and I had decided to stagger our vacations such that her time off and mine only overlapped by a week. This arrangement was ostensibly so that I could get around to doing some stuff around the house that I'd been promising to get to - repaint some of the baseboards, clean out behind the stove, refinish a table - but in practice, the first thing I was doing every morning after the door shut behind my girlfriend was opening up my laptop for a nice, long, lazy wank.

It's not that Kara couldn't keep me satisfied or that we didn't have sex often enough or anything; it was just that I was 25, and had some time to myself, one thing led to another, and nature took its course. Consequently, I was probably masturbating a few hours a day, staring at porn on my laptop as it whirred away in the summer heat. The bottom of the computer would get uncomfortable, especially as the July days blazed away outside, but it was really when I started to notice my neck hurting that I decided to do something about it.

"Something" turned out to be a fairly kluge-y solution whereby I'd torrent a selection of porn movies overnight while Kara and I slept in the next room, put the most promising of them on a USB stick, jam that into the game console under our TV, and enjoy myself at full HD on our 55-inch TV.

On that particular day, I was two or three movies deep into my queue, shirtless and sprawled out on the couch, shorts around my ankles while I stroked my cock. On the TV, a luscious blonde was kneeling between the legs of some faceless porn stud, quietly moaning and enthusiastically describing what she was going to do to his cock. Sweaty and rock-hard, I didn't dare any full strokes, lest the party ended too soon; instead, I held the base between thumb and forefinger and lightly slapped my cock against my bare stomach, plum head bouncing off my abs.

The blonde was just wrapping her lips around her co-stars thickness when somebody knocked on the front door. Three sharp raps. I froze, heart in my throat. Maybe if I just stayed **very** still, they'd go away of their own accord. The knocking came again, and the sickening realization that I could hear the sound coming from both inside and outside the house stole over me. Eyes wide, I glanced over at the windows; a single breath of hot summer wind stirred the curtains, then petered out.

"Holy shit!" I scrambled for the remote, trying to yank my shorts up with one hand and jam on the 'MUTE' button with the other. Whoever was at the door knocked again.

"Hang on! I'm coming!" TV safely muted, I hit pause on the console just for that extra layer of security, and stood up,

struggling with my belt as I did. Outside, a dog barked. "Hang on, hang on!" I got it buckled through the first hole I found, rushing for the door, heart pounding in my chest. "I'm coming, I'm com-"

A tall woman stood on the other side of the door, an equally long-limbed Great Dane seated beside her. Her jet-black hair was pulled through a bright white ballcap, cascading down her back in a long, straight, shimmery curtain, dusting around slim, olive-skinned shoulders that showed every sign of having been sculpted in a gym somewhere. Her turquoise halter-top contrasted with the deep colour of her skin, bright technical fabric skimming closely along her trim form, compressing her breasts into a uniform bulge above her taut stomach; the hem came to just above her navel, where a silver ring sparkled in the sun. From there, it was a long hop to the zebra-striped compression shorts that were stretched tightly across the broad sweep of her hips, the inseam only fractionally long enough to make them shorts and not simply panties. Though she stood with her legs together, a shaft of light shone through a keyhole gap between her thighs, where lean, sculpted muscle bunched on down to her knees, past which the plates of her calves rippled beneath smooth dark skin. On her feet, she wore a pair of flip-flops, revealing a bright nail polish that matched her top, and a tattoo of an intricate Aztec lizard, its head biting her left ankle, the tail sliding down between her big toe and the next.

From under the brim of the hat, cool green eyes took me in, and I was very aware that I wasn't wearing a shirt.

I recognized her almost immediately; after all, we saw her practically every day, walking her dog, going for a run, or both. Kara noticed because of the dog, I noticed because of her

penchant for day-glo running outfits and brightly-printed compression leggings. She was older than us, we'd decided, maybe early forties ,though it didn't show much except in some creases around her mouth, and the crinkled smile-lines around her eyes.

"Um- hi?" I offered.

"What's going on in here?" She asked, crossing her arms under her breasts, pushing them up. "What are you doing?"

"Uh, nothing?" I said. "Nothing at all, just hanging out, trying to ignore the heat." I tried a friendly smile but it didn't quite work out.

"Nonsense," the woman said, putting one foot inside the door. I stretched my arms across the doorframe in a clumsy attempt to block entry. "I'm sure I heard a woman being slapped in here."

"Whoa, wow." My eyebrows shot up, and I could feel the blood draining from my face. "Definitely nothing like that going on, I promise you."

"Well, I don't think you'd tell me if you *were* beating up your girlfriend in here, would you?" Her eyebrows furrowed, and she set her mouth in a line, which was a difficult feat for such pillowy lips.

"Trust me," I said, emphatically. "I am definitely *not* beating anybody up in here." She stepped inside my arms and suddenly her face was very close to mine. She smelled faintly floral; Kara used the same deodorant.

"Prove it," she insisted.

"Prove it? How am I gonna prove-"

"Let me in and I'll see for myself." The hand that wasn't holding the leash pressed against my chest. Her nails were long and colored to match her toes. "Or I can call the cops, I guess."

"Lady, there's nothing going on in here, I swear."

"Brutus," she said in a low voice. Two hundred pounds of canine unfolded itself on my front step and set up a growl that was so deep it was almost subsonic.

"Okay. Fine," I said, relenting. She swept past me into the house; Brutus stopped growling and trotted after her, nails clicking on the laminate floor. Seconds later, it dawned on me that she was heading straight for the living room.

"Hey! Wait! Wait!" I rushed after this imperious woman, only to find her standing in the middle of the living room, eyes on the TV as a bemused look crossed her face. Brutus sat at her feet, panting in the summer swelter. On-screen, the image of the blonde hung frozen, lips drawn outward as she slurped on somebody's fat cock.

"I see," she said.

"Exactly," I said, with a nervous laugh. "Nobody getting slapped. Just me and-"

"-and your hand." The woman laughed. "Is this what you get up to when your girlfriend's at work? She must not be very satisfactory in the bedroom."

"Hey," I said, puffing up my chest. "That's not what it's about."

"No?" She asked, arching an eyebrow. "Tell me: how long did you wait to put on this...filth...after your girlfriend left for work? Was it 'about' five minutes? Less?" I didn't reply, but the heat rising in my face spoke on my behalf, and she laughed again. "I thought as much. You young men are all the same: just looking for the next five minute break when you can touch yourself. Especially if your partner doesn't quite do it for you. You've got to find release somewhere, don't you?"

"I think it's time for you to go," I said. "I showed you what was happening, there's nobody in trouble here, you should definitely leave. Now."

"Wrong on all counts," she swept off her ball cap, tossing it into a nearby armchair. "You haven't shown me anything, *some*body is very much in trouble, and I decide when I come and go, thank you very much."

"Lady," I began, and took a single step in her direction. Brutus' bass tone rumble stopped me mid-stride.

"See?" She said. "Brutus agrees with me, don't you honey?" The Dane barked, once.

"I don't understand any of this," I said. "I don't even know your name! What do you want?"

"For the moment," she said, seating herself in the armchair. "You may call me Ms. Mia, or Ms. for short." Mia crossed her legs at the knee, letting her flip-flop dance on her toes. "As for what I want, I think I was very clear on that point: I want to know what you were doing in here. Show me."

"What?" I said, incredulous. "You want me to-" I gestured vaguely with my hand.

"You heard me. I want to see exactly what you were doing."

"And if I don't?"

Mia shrugged. "Then we can sit here and wait until your girlfriend comes home and explain this all to her. I'm sure that will be a **lot** of fun for you. Otherwise, I don't think trying to kick us out is a particularly good idea." Brutus walked around in a circle, then laid down next to the chair. Mia rested one hand on the dog's head.

I looked at them both, feeling helpless. She waved her hand at me. "Go on. Show me."

I sat back down on the couch. Picking up the remote, I unmuted the TV, then unpaused the movie. The blonde carried on with her work, and the room filled up with the obscene wet sounds of her head bobbing up and down the veiny shaft onscreen.

"I'm waiting," Mia said.

Reluctantly, I slid my hand under the waistband of my shorts and-

"Wait!" I pulled it out again. "I'm *sure*," she said, "that you were not wearing *those*. Lose the shorts, please."

"Lady. Mia." She scowled. "*Ms.* Mia, I can't just sit here naked with you-"

"You can and you will," she said with an imperious toss of her head, paying little attention to the action onscreen. "I know how much you young men like letting it all hang out. Now, do as I say: shorts. Off."

With a resigned sigh, I unbuckled the belt, and undid the catch. I could feel her gaze on me as I did, eyeing my naked form.

"See?" She said. "That wasn't so hard, was it? And I must say - your little girlfriend is quite the lucky lady. Strapping young men like you don't settle for girls like that every day. Now. Begin."

I thought about saying something in Kayla's defense, but decided against it. Better to just get this done and over with, fast. I grabbed the base of my flaccid cock, and began to stroke, trying to keep my eyes on the TV, and not let them stray to the attractive older woman seated not five feet away.

"That's better," Mia cooed. "Slow it down. You don't want to hurt yourself, do you?" Despite myself, my hand slowed down some as I felt some of the blood begin to flow back into it, swelling up in my fist. "Good. Good. Just like that. Lean back so I can see it, now." In the corner of my vision, her foot bobbed up and down. I grunted, and refocused on the movie.

On screen, the plush blonde was rubbing a spitslick cock over her face, smearing her artfully-done makeup. She purred and grinned for the camera.

"Oh my," Mia said, "somebody's certainly enjoying herself, isn't she? Has your little girlf-"

"Kara," I corrected her.

"Your little girlfriend ever done that for you? Given you a sloppy, wet blowjob? Worshipped your thick young cock with her mouth? Rubbed it all over her face while telling you how much she loves it?" I didn't answer. In my hand, my cock had

swollen back up to full hardness. "No, I bet she hasn't. I've seen your girlfriend, leaving for work in the morning, she looks very...prim. I bet there's not a nasty bone in her body, and it looks like her body is mostly bone. Not like our friend here," Mia gestured at the TV.

"She looks a bit more, shall we say, ripe to me? Mature." The blonde was slapping the cock against her pursed lips, now, whispering encouragement to her co star. "What is this movie?"

I grunted, then in a ragged voice, "Moth- Mother Blows Best. Five."

Mia laughed and clapped her hands. "Oh my. You have a taste for MILFs? You poor boy." On the TV the woman was standing, all thick, ripe curves. She turned around, presenting her booty to the camera; she slapped her ass with the cock.

"What- what do you mean?" I asked.

"You'll never be satisfied with your little Kayla now," Mia said, laughing.

"Kara," I corrected her.

"Whatever." She waved a dismissive hand. "Once a young man like yourself has a taste for MILFs, there's no getting over it. It's addictive, for a cock like yours. You'll never stop wondering what a woman like that," she waved at the TV, "could do to

you that a girl like Kayla can't. Look at her. A woman, a real woman in her sexual prime is a machine, designed and refined by nature for one purpose: fucking. A mature pussy is ripe and ready in ways that some young slip of a thing simply isn't."

"That's not true," I argued. "Kara's perfect. I love her."

"Of course you do, honey." She laughed. "That's what makes it all the worse. You love her, but you'll never be able to get mature women out of your head, you'll never stop thinking about them, filling up your fantasies with them, making yourself so weak for the advances of the first lucky cougar who decides to take you away from her. You'll hate yourself for it, but your cock won't let you enjoy her the same way ever again."

"Stop talking about her!" I insisted, fisting my cock faster now.

"Sure," Mia said with a shrug. "But shouldn't you be watching your movie instead of looking at me?" During her speech, I realized I'd been staring at her, eyes locked onto the vast expanse of smooth brown skin left exposed by her tiny booty shorts. "After all, I'm not the one sucking cock with such enthusiasm; I'm not the one who's ass is riding some thick pornstar cock; I'm just sitting here, enjoying the show. Aren't you?"

I didn't reply, just turned back towards the TV, where the blonde's meaty asscheeks were rippling with the impact of each thrust as she fucked herself into her costar. The smack of flesh on flesh filled the room.

"That's not the sound you were making up here," she said, after a moment. "What were you doing to make it?"

"Slapping it," I grunted. "Slapping my cock against my stomach."

"Do it," Mia said. "Show me." Leaning further back into the couch, I began lightly tapping my throbbing cockhead against my rigid abdominals, keeping time with the porn on the television. "Harder." The bitten command sent a thrill through me that I scarcely dared to admit; being told what to do, having this older woman watching me, instructing me, was thrilling. It felt so taboo, so forbidden.

"That's it," Mia said. "That's what I heard." She recrossed her legs. "You can stop now if you want. Do you want to stop?" Some part of my brain wanted to scream out 'yes!' and tell her to get the hell out of my house, our house. But each time my cockhead smacked against my stomach, that voice got pushed further and further back.

"No," I grunted. "Please don't make me stop."

"It's addictive, isn't it?" She said, laughing. "Doing what you're told is addictive. Obeying a superior, mature woman is addictive."

"It feels good," the words rushed out of me. "So fucking good."

"I was right," Mia said. "You **are** in trouble." I shuddered and slapped my cock harder. "Come here," she said, beckoning me with a curled finger. I fairly leapt off the couch, crossing the space between us in a bound.

"My. That does look hard, doesn't it?" My cock was on a level with her cool green gaze. "Has Kayla ever made you this hard before?" I shook my head, and she said. "No, I thought not. If she knew it got as big as this, I doubt she'd even let it near her, would she? Little thing like that, I'm sure she finds it intimidating." Mia leaned in close, inspecting my quivering rod. I could feel her breath, cool against my heated skin.

"You must be simply **aching** to cum, aren't you?" I nodded, frantic, half thinking the breeze from her mouth might pull my trigger. "Well. I don't think you're going to fuck anybody today. You haven't earned that privilege yet, especially after your behaviour at the door." The frustrated groan her words pulled out of my throat felt like it came from the very depths of my libido. "But I **do** want to see how hard that thing is. Kneel."

"What?" I said, dazed with arousal and excitement and the thrill of the forbidden.

"Please don't make me repeat myself," she gestured at the floor in front of her chair. Brutus looked on, not particularly interested, content to wait until Mia had finished her business in my living room. Looking back at this strange woman who'd taken over my life for the moment, I did as she asked, and got down on my knees in front of her. "Hands behind your back, please. You haven't earned the right to touch me, not after lying to me in the porch, and I'm afraid I don't much trust your sense of self-control." I folded my arms behind the small of my

back, grasping each elbow in the opposite hand; I suddenly felt more vulnerable than ever here, naked, kneeling, this imperious older woman directing me with hardly any resistance on my part. Brutus was an obvious, unspoken threat, but more than that I was more excited than I'd ever been, harder than I'd ever been.

"See?" She said. "That wasn't so difficult, was it?" With a flick of one ankle, a flip-flop clattered to the floor.

In all honesty, I'd never been a foot guy. Foot guys are kind of weird. But kneeling there, looking at Mia's tattooed foot, skin looking so utterly buttery, smooth, watching her wriggle and flex her turquoise-painted toes, her wrinkled soles so sweetly pink and fleshy, I had to admit I found it searingly fucking hot. I assumed it was the heat of the moment. And so, when she raised her foot and pressed her big toe against the tip of my cock, pressing against my hardness like she was working a clutch, I couldn't bite back the gasp or repress the shudder that thrilled through me.

"Mmm yes," Mia said, as though she were inspecting a piece of furniture. "That **is** quite hard, isn't it?" She dragged her big toe down the head until it slid off, snapping up again as she let the top of her foot slide in underneath the shaft. "You must be simply **aching**. Would you like Ms. Mia to make you cum, darling boy?" She pulled her velvety-soft foot upwards against my cock, letting her nails scratch lightly against the skin.

"Yes," I mumbled.

"I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch that?" She leaned forward, cupping an ear. "Remember to ask nicely, dear." Her big toe pressed hard against my leaky cock.

"Please make me cum, M- *Ms.* Mia," I said, remembering to call her by the right name.

"Oh I don't know," she said, scrunching her toes, clasp my cock tight. The dragon on her foot flexed its muscles. "Are you sure you shouldn't just wait 'til what's her name - Karla? - gets home?" The tip of my shaft slipped easily in between her toes as she teased around the crown. At her feet, my body quivered.

"Please," I said, as she twisted her foot and I struggled to stay upright. "Please make me cum, Ms. Mia."

"You're sure?" She said, kicking off her other flip-flop. Mia's other foot rose up under my shaft, holding it steady. "You'll have to do something for me in return, and you might not like it." She sandwiched my cock between her feet and began to stroke, little light movements.

"Ah!" I gasped. "Yes, yes I'm sure! Anything. Just please let me cum."

"Young men," Mia sighed and shook her head. "Always so impatient." Her toes scrunched over the head again, squeezing it against the nails of her other foot, and I poured every ounce of energy I had into resisting the urge to grab her smooth leg. Her top foot started making tiny circles. "Of course if you're sure, I certainly don't mind doing you the favour. I mean, it's

not as if little Kayla would be up to the task anyway; we already established that she simply wouldn't know what to do with you when you're *this* hard, haven't we?" Her toenails looked like little blue chiclets, bobbing on my cock. "No, I suppose it's just as well that a real woman do the job." Mia held one foot steady while the other slid back and forth, grinding my glans.

"I certainly hope this doesn't affect your relationship," she said, filling up the air while I grunted and shuddered beneath her. "I'd hate to think that fucking my feet made it difficult for you in future to satisfy Karla."

"Wh- Wha?" I said, her words percolating through the befuddled fog in my brain.

"Nothing dear," Mia said, mildly. "I just hope that this experience we're having doesn't make you addicted to the kinds of pleasures that a mature woman offers." Her toes made wet noises as she trapped my cock between them and stroked down the shaft. "I mean, you were already watching MILF porn, so you already had one foot in the grave, so to speak. But once I make you cum," she started stroking faster, "there may not be any going back for you. You might find it difficult," her toes scrunched over my cockhead, other sole sliding up the shaft, "staying interested in your little Karla or Kayla or whatever." She trapped the head between her toes, and began rubbing against the pissslit with one big toe. "But I guess that's just a risk you're willing to take, isn't it? So long as you get to cum. So long as Ms. Mia makes you cum."

"Yes," I gasped. "Yes! Whatever! Just make me cum, please, Ms. Mia."

"Good boy," she enthused. Her toes were a turquoise blur atop my cock. "I'm going to make you cum, now. And I guess you'll just have to live with the consequences. Are you ready to cum, dear?"

"Y-yes! I wanna c-cum, Ms. Mia!"

"Then what the fuck are you waiting for?" She held one foot steady and rasped the toes of the other exclusively against the crown of my cock. "Cum for me, you hot young fucker! Cum all over my fucking foot! Coat my fucking toes in your hot fucking cum! Cum for Ms. Mia! Cum! *Cum!*"

That was all it took. A shudder ran throughout my body and suddenly, with a final gasp, I was spewing heated cream all over Mia's waiting foot. Looking down, I stared at it, hot white seed contrasting sharply with her smooth olive skin, ropes of it splattering up her foot and shin, raining down on the flexing Aztec dragon. I shook and spasmed and felt my prostate clench up as it worked to pump out every last drop of cum. Mia helped things along with long strokes in time with each spurt, milking my cock with her feet, right down to the last dribble she squeezed out between her big toes.

"There," she said, wiggling and stretching her foot, watching the ropes of semen snap and cobweb between them. "I bet that feels better, doesn't it?"

Falling back on my haunches, I nodded, unable to formulate a sentence.

"Young man like yourself, really ought to be kept properly drained," Mia tut-tutted. "Good, hard, regular orgasms keep you nice and docile. Now. You promised me a favour after I made you cum, didn't you?"

I nodded again, dazed and panting, cock oozing onto the floor between my legs.

"Good." She raised her bare foot, glistening with cum, until her sticky toe touched my chin. "I simply cannot go home with dirty feet. Clean up your mess, please."

I actually opened my mouth to protest, but she seized the opportunity to shove her cummy toes past my lips. The soft pads wiggled against my tongue, and despite myself, I was lapping away seconds later, swallowing my own cum and the taste of Mia's toes.

"There you go," she said. "Drink it all down. Swallow all those little spermies Ms. Mia milked out of you. Don't forget the top of my foot, dear." Relinquishing her toes, I dragged my tongue over the bridge of her foot, following her tattoo, getting each stray rope of semen.

"Good boy," this was my tongue slid around her ankle. "Now, smile." Looking up, I saw she was holding my phone. The LED flashed. Looking at the screen, she said, "Oh that's a good one. Much better than the last couple of shots. See?" Mia turned it around, showing a picture of my naked body, kneeling in submission in front of her. Her long nailed finger flicked through three or four other pictures of me, working hard at

cleaning her foot. If one was any better than the other, I couldn't tell.

"I think that'll do," Mia said, tossing my phone on the couch. She slid her spit-shiny foot into its sandal as I scrambled to recover the device. Mia stood and Brutus unfolded himself. I scrolled through a dozen or more pictures: me, sucking her foot, me cumming on her toes, me kneeling naked on the floor, me getting a footjob. They'd all been sent to a number I didn't recognize.

"What is this?" I said, trembling.

"Oh, just souvenirs." Mia replied, strolling casually away. "Enjoy your afternoon, dear. Remember to keep that window closed." I could only stare as her muscular ass swayed out of the room, the zebra-striped spandex a contour map of the dramatic curves of those twin globes. Brutus trotted alongside her, and then they were gone, quietly closing the door behind them.

Peeking out around the curtain, I watched them go. The sway of Mia's tightly-packed ass was hypnotic, drawing and holding the eye under its spell, and I couldn't turn away from the window until they'd turned a corner and went out of sight.

On the TV, the blonde had finished up her co-star, and was licking her fingers clean. I licked my own lips. It didn't taste too bad, I reflected.

Grabbing the remote, I turned it off. The porn didn't really seem all that interesting anymore.

--

When Kara got home, hours later, she noticed I was being unusually quiet, and asked if I was okay.

"I'm good, I said. Just the heat." I laughed, a little nervously. "You know me."

"I guess," she said, worry creeping over her delicate features. She opened her mouth to say something, then her phone chimed. She picked it up, swiped.

"Hey," she walked over to the sink, where I was doing the washing up. "Do you know anybody named Gutierrez?"

"Uh," I shook my head. "I don't think so?"

"Mia? Mia Gutierrez?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Well, she just invited me- us, I guess - to a party at- oh!" Kara gasped in surprise. "She's the lady with the dog. The Great Dane! See?" She showed me a profile pic of Mia, arms wrapped around Brutus. "I wonder how she ever found me?"

"Haha weird, right?" I tried to laugh it off. "You didn't want to go, did you?"

"Are you kidding? I want to see that dog up close and personal for once! We're totally going."

"Oh. Oh good," I said. The water churned in the sink. "Ow! Fuck damn fuck shit ow." I pulled one hand out, and sucked hard on a slit finger. "Broke a glafsh," I said, rushing towards the bathroom.

"It's Saturday night," Kara called out as I fumbled under the sink for a band aid. "We don't have anything going that night, right?"

"Right," I called back, then, quietly, "Right."

What now?

fin.

Neighbourhood Mom

A brief tale of erotic horror. It doesn't end well for Our Hero, so if that's not your schtick, read elsewhere.

"You *do* have the key." It was a statement, not a question.

"Yes, Jan. I've got the damn key. Hang on." I dug around in my pants pockets, then my jacket, then inside my jacket, then:

"Aha!!" I crowed as I produced a single bronze key from my shirt pocket. Grinning at my wife, Janice, I slid it into the deadbolt, and unlocked the door. "Milady," I said mockingly as the door swung open. Within, the hardwood floors gleamed as we stepped inside.

"Jesus," Janice breathed as we walked through the empty house. "I still can't believe it, really. What a deal!"

I shrugged as we went from room to room. "Look at that counter - do you think it's real marble?"

"That's what the agent said." I slid my hand down the slick polished surface of the island in the middle of the kitchen. Stainless steel appliances gleamed in every corner while our shoes tapped on the tiled floor.

"There's gotta be something wrong with it," she said, shaking her head.

"Like it's built over an indian burial ground or someth- wow!" We passed through the sunroom, where an infinity pool lay silent and empty and the floor-to-ceiling windows looked out over an expansive yard. "The agent said that the lady had to get rid of it fast, and I guess she did."

"At that price, we were lucky to get it at all."

"No kidding. We got twice the house for half the price." I ribbed Jan in the side. "How's about we go on up to the bedrooms and see-"

DINGDONGDINGDONGDINGDONGADINGDONG

"-if we can change that doorbell." I pulled a face. The bell sang its song again, and we looked at each other. "After you," I gestured towards the front of the house.

"Welcome to the neighbourhood!" Enthused the woman on the other side of the door as we opened it. She was short, no taller than 5'3, at least half a foot shorter than my willowy wife, and wore a bright red, flared sundress with white polka dots. Her frosted hair, so bright in the direct sunlight that I couldn't tell if it was white or merely platinum blonde, tumbled down over her shoulder in light waves. She reminded me strongly of Morgan Fairchild, only her face didn't seem frozen with botox as she smiled. Vivid green eyes smiled with her.

"Hello!" She said, proffering a large Tupperware container with a tan lid.

"Hi," we said in unison, then gave each other a look.

"I'm Regina. Regina Matronalis. I'm your next door neighbour, but you can call me Gina." She gestured with her head at a bright-yellow bungalow on the next lot over. "I saw the moving truck and I thought I'd come right over and drop off a little housewarming treat. I hope I'm not interrupting anything?"

"No! No, come right in," Jan said, waving on our neighbour, and we parted to let her in. Regina passed between us; a narrow white belt was wrapped around her, emphasizing her wasp-waist. The flared skirt of her dress *swished* as she walked, the hem skirting below her knees, but revealing a set of surprisingly firm calves perched atop a pair of gleaming white pumps with stiletto heels. Not bad for a woman who looked like she might be on the wrong side of 55. "Right through here. It can be the first thing in our kitchen!"

"Oh I know where the kitchen is, sweetheart." Regina said, mildly. "I was good friends with the previous owners, Nicholas and Holly."

"Really?" We said in unison, suddenly intrigued as we followed this stranger into our own kitchen. "Do you know what happened? Why they had to sell the place?"

"Tragic, really." The platinum curls shook as she shook her head. "Nicholas simply up and vanished one day. No note, no trace. As if the air swallowed him up. Holly was devastated; she held on for a year, but I guess she just couldn't keep the place with all the memories." Gina placed the tupperware on

the kitchen island. "I'm sorry dears, I didn't catch your names?"

"Oh, shit. I'm Marcus, and this is my wife Janice. I write, she has a real job pushing papers. We're the MacNichols."

"Lovely to meet you, Marcus," Gina held out a hand, and I shook it. Her fingers were warm, and lingered in my palm a few moments longer than they had to. Those kelly-green stared straight into mine, and I felt as though I were being appraised. "And you Janice," they shook hands. "And these," she pried open the lid of the container, which popped and suddenly a warm, cinnamon scent filled the kitchen. "Are my one-of-a-kind, secret recipe, life-changing, Housewarming Cookies. I'm the neighbourhood mom, and it's my job to keep the treats flowing."

I peered inside, where a couple dozen cookies lay neatly stacked. They didn't appear particularly life changing, though the chocolate chips looked good. The smell, however, made my mouth water.

"Well, who could resist a pitch like that?" We reached in and each pulled one out. I bit into it and my mouth came to life with taste, the warm sweet cinnamon laid over something else my tongue couldn't identify but filled it. My face felt flushed as I chewed and swallowed. I took another, bigger, bite, eating the rest of the cookie. "Oh my gofsh!" I ejaculated, crumbs spraying. "Gina, thefshe are fantashtic!" Somehow, I felt more awake, more excited. It was like the spice in the cookie had cleared out the front end of my consciousness.

"Yeah, they're pretty good," Jan said without much enthusiasm as she swallowed her first bite, laying the cookie on the counter. My hand snapped out and snatched it up. Gina laid her hand, soft and warm, atop mine.

"Enjoy the cookies, dears." She said, quietly. "I'll leave you to it. I'm sure you two have a lot of work to get to."

"These are amazing!" I said, shoving Jan's discarded cookie in my mouth. "You don't like them?"

"No," she said, emphatically. "I'm going to go wash my mouth out, then we're going to unload the truck."

"More for me!" I shouted after her as she retreated to the bathroom. I snatched another cookie. How could she not **like** these?

All told, there were thirty-six cookies in the box. They didn't quite last through the week, even with just me eating them. The first half were gone in a day or so, and once I realized how quickly they were vanishing, I started to ration them. Somehow, waiting a couple of hours between cookies made them taste even **better**, and I found myself spending a **lot** of time thinking about the next opportunity I'd have to get a cookie, and since I was home by myself almost every day, that added up to a lot of thinking.

Nonetheless, they couldn't last forever, and by the end of the week I found myself standing in the kitchen, looking forlornly at the empty container, and running my finger around the sides to catch any stray crumbs that remained. Idly, I wondered what would happen if I licked it; would there be any traces to pick up or-

DINGDONGDINGDONGDINGDONGDONGADINGDONG

"Good morning, Marcus honey!" Gina said as I opened the door. "You don't mind if I come in, do you?" She was wearing a knee-length, sleeveless pencil dress in a green floral print that matched her eyes with a similarly-coloured kerchief keeping her hair back. The dress fabric skimmed closely over her curves, which were surprisingly trim for a woman her age, exaggerating and showing off that spectacularly slender waist again. Although it was buttoned up to her neck, her bust swelled the front of the dress impressively. Opaque black hose hissed as she strode past me into the house, mirror-black pumps clicking on the hardwood. I thought for a moment about protesting the damage to our new floors, but then I saw the plastic container she held cradled in her arms.

"Not at all!" I said, suddenly excited. Like a puppy, I followed Gina into the kitchen. I could smell that subtle, under-the-cinnamon aroma as I trailed after her, and my mouth started to water.

"I thought perhaps you two were finished with the cookies, and I could get my container back," she said as she walked into the kitchen. "Ah! There it is!" Gina laid down the new box and peered into the old. "I see you two sweethearts enjoyed them?"

"Um, well-" I began. "*I* did, anyway. I don't think Jan liked them very much."

"Oh what a shame," Gina said, clucking her tongue. "I suppose that means you won't want-"

"More cookies?" I asked eagerly. She laughed, and I could see her breasts shift slightly in her dress.

"Don't be greedy," she said, gently remonstrating me. "These are muffins. My Settle-In muffins."

"Oh," I was suddenly downcast.

"But they're made with my special secret ingredient," Gina's nose wrinkled as she gave me a conspiratorial wink. "But I'd hate to think they're not welcome here. If Janice doesn't like them, then maybe I should-"

"No!" I said, more emphatically than I'd intended. "They're welcome, they're welcome. *I* want them!"

Gina chewed one surprisingly plump lip thoughtfully. "I *could*," she began, "but I really don't want your wife to think I'm dumping all this terrible food off at her house." Her tongue traced a circuit around her lips and I found myself watching it, slightly dazed and wanting only to rip open the container she'd brought in. "But I *hate* to disappoint such a nice young man as yourself. I'll tell you what -- if you can keep it our little

secret, if you can make sure to hide them from Janice, then I'll keep you supplied with treats for as long as you like."

"Uh," I began. "I'm not really sure how comfortable I am with-

"Oh it'll be easy!" Gina suggested, cracking open the top of the container and letting out more of that heady, spicy aroma. "A young, *modern* woman like Janice probably doesn't even know her way around the kitchen, does she? Not like some old fashioned homebody like myself. I bet you could stash these here easy and she'll never know!"

"You're not wrong," I said, uncertainly. I peered into the container, where a dozen (a *dozen*!) muffins waited, with the promise of more (as many as I wanted!). "Okay, you've got a deal."

"A secret, you mean," she giggled. "We've got a secret. Just a little white one."

"Right, right we've got a secret," I agreed. Gina reached into the tupperware and pulled out one of the muffins. Her fingernails were long but well-kept, and painted kelly green. I plucked it from her fingers and bit into it; I stifled a tiny moan as the flavour flooded my mouth, waking up heretofore dead tastebuds. "Mmmmm," I said, closing my eyes.

"Just a little white one," Gina repeated. Standing on her tiptoes, she kissed my cheek. "After all, the neighbourhood mom has to take care of her special boys, doesn't she?" That

sounded a bit odd, but I could get weird about it later. Right now, I was too busy overwhelming my senses with flavour. "Same time next week?" She asked, picking up the empty box.

"Itsh a date!" I said, mouth full of muffin.

"Good boy," the neighbour said, a warm smile crossing her features. Had her mouth always looked so luscious? I swallowed my mouthful and took another bite, feeling my cheeks getting flushed. "Eat up, honey." She patted my cheek. "There's more where that came from." And then she was gone, stalking out the front door on her heels. I polished off the muffin, and reached in for a second.

I wasn't until I bit into the second that I noticed I was sporting a semi-hardon.

Time passed, and with it a steady flow of baked goods through our kitchen. Gina was right; it was easy to keep them a secret from Jan. I kept the containers tucked away in the back of the cupboard where the pots lived; she never found them, and every Thursday morning like clockwork, our neighbour appeared with another.

Cupcakes, cookies, muffins -- even a pie, once.

"How *are* things, Marcus?" Gina asked as I cut myself a slice. "Is Janice well? I see her so rarely." A tall cork-heeled wedge

sandal dangled from one foot as she sat on one of the stools around the kitchen island; a red gingham strap arched across her toes, matching the sleeveless blouse she was wearing -- she'd left a couple of buttons open to reveal a surprisingly deep cleavage in the summer heat. Her capris were a dark indigo and appeared to be painted on, showing off the finely-turned curves of her calves and ankles, as well as the broad sweep of her hips. It was the most skin I'd ever seen her showing off, and it marked first time I noticed just how pale she was; not merely white but a porcelain pale that was practically translucent. At the same time, it appeared shockingly smooth, devoid of varicose veins or the usual spotting I would have expected from a woman of her apparent age: somehow it was like undisturbed milk.

"Things are okay, I guess." I said, lifting the slice out onto a plate. It was still warm and steaming, as if it had just come off Gina's windowsill.

"Just okay?" She pouted, her bottom lip looking surprisingly full this morning. Probably just the pink lipgloss she'd applied earlier. "Don't forget the cream, dear."

I spooned a dollop of her homemade cream on to the plate. It was slightly runny in the heat, but somehow looked divine. "Yeah, well." I took up a forkful. "Everybody's got problems, you know?" I slid the fork into my mouth; the cream as cool and slightly viscous and set off the warmth of the pie wonderfully, and I closed my eyes to better savour the it. When I opened them again after swallowing, I found Gina staring at me intently. I felt the colour rising in my face as the taste of the pie filling lingered on my tongue for a moment, making it tingle. "Are you sure you don't want any? I feel like a pig, eating it all by myself."

"Oh no, honey. I have to watch my figure, you know." She ran a hand down her side, resting on her rounded hip. Her figure didn't seem to need any watching, but I had to drag my eyes up out of the depths of her cleavage. I shifted uncomfortably and looked down at my pie. "What kind of problems? You can tell me, Marcus." She laid one warm hand on top of mine and squeezed, reassuringly.

"Well," I said, taking another bite. "Just, um, bedroom stuff. You know, nothing serious. Just, things have been slowing down a bit lately." Which was true, as far as it went. If anything, I'd been super-eager of late, waking up each morning with a huge hard-on that didn't seem to go down appreciably for hours, but Jan kept begging off. "She says my breath is foul," I complained. "That makes it hard to, you know-" I made a helpless gesture with the fork, then took another bite. "I don't know what it is, I'm brushing my teeth three-four times a day." I licked my fork clean.

Gina's kelly-green eyes sparked in the sun as it streamed in through the kitchen window. "You have a little something, dear. Right here." Her tongue peeked out of her mouth to swipe at the corner; I followed suit. "Whatever it is, I'm sure it'll sort itself out, dear."

"I hope so," I said, through a full mouth. "We're not even in our thirties yet. It's way too soon to stop having sex, you know?"

"I understand," she said. "Everybody has needs." Gina patted my free hand as I swallowed the last bite of the slice I'd cut. "Anyway, I must be getting back. Same time next week?" Her

breasts jiggled underneath her blouse as she jumped down from the stool.

"Hell-"

"Language, Marcus." She admonished with a finger. Suddenly cowed, I shrank a little.

"Heck yeah," I enthused.

"Good," Gina scooped her empty container up under her arm, and strode towards the kitchen door. As she retreated, I took the time to unabashedly watch the syncopated motion of her hips and rounded behind as they sashayed out of my kitchen in her skintight pants; at the door, she paused, and turned. "Don't forget to eat up all that cream," she instructed. "Marcus, is there something on my pants?" She reached down to brush one prominent globe.

Suddenly embarrassed at being caught out staring at my neighbour, I stammered out a reply. "N-no. Nothing. I thought there was, but it must have been a trick of the light." Underneath the counter, I slid my hand away from my needy cock, suddenly rock hard in my pants.

"Of course," Gina said, smiling. "Same time next week?"

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," I said, red in the face.

"I know you wouldn't, darling." Then she was gone.

It was around that time the dreams started. Not always the same dream, but close enough that the differences got blurry when I tried to recall them.

They always started at my house. Not the new one I bought with Jan, but my childhood home, my parents' house. I know because they began with me staring at the cracked chrome bumper that rimmed our kitchen table, a relic from one grandparent or another.

But my parents' house never smelled so good. My own mother, no deft hand in the kitchen herself, had never been much of a baker, and only did so for birthdays, usually to disastrous results. As such, the kind of warm, delicious, comforting aroma that filled and surrounded me was alien to my childhood, but not to my dreams. So I sat there, inhaling and relishing it and letting the warmth suffuse through my body.

I felt hands on my shoulders, and then nails scratching down over my chest -- had I been wearing shirt before? I couldn't remember.

"*Breathe*," a familiar female voice whispered in my ear. "It feels so good to just relax and *breathe*, doesn't it?"

"Mhm," I agreed, a beatific smile spreading across my face while I filled my lungs.

"Let it fill you," the voice breathed. "Let the bad air out...let the good air in. It feels so good to just let everything go and let the smells of mother's kitchen fill you, doesn't it?"

"Yeah," I said, relaxing in my chair as the perfumed air filled me up with warmth.

Soft fingers stroked down. "Bad air out." Hard nails scored tingling trails upwards. "Good air in." Fingertips traced across my stomach. "Out." Scratching across the trail of pubic hair leading downwards into my pants. "In." Skin sliding over my bare thighs (had I been wearing pants before?). "Out." Nails tickled up the length of my hardening length. "In." Fingers wrapped around my shaft and stroked downwards, slowly. "Out." Then up. "In."

I looked down in my lap as ghostly-pale hands worked my manhood, which had swollen to a size I'd never seen before.

"It feels so good to let out all the bad," the voice whispered. "And let in all the good."

"So good," I agreed, happy to let the hands take control of my member.

"Would you like a treat, Marcus honey?" The hands on my shaft felt like a continuous warm tube, gently massaging and pulling on my meat.

"Yes please." A plate, piled high with steaming cookies appeared on the table.

"Now be careful dear, they're hot." Looking over my left shoulder, I saw Gina standing there, wearing a crisp white apron; crimson lettering across the front read 'MOTHER KNOWS BEST.' Her stiletto heels were the same colour, as were her lips and fingernails -- and they all glistened wetly in the light. She smiled at me, and the hands wrapped around my shaft squeezed and corkscrewed around. "Go ahead," she said. "Try them. They're baked fresh, just for you." I watched as she turned around to close the oven; her back was bare, nothing but an expanse of creamery-smooth, white skin, broken only by the apron's ties, knotted in twin bows at the nape of her neck and above the firm, muscular globes of her ass. One of the hands on my cock began rubbing furiously at the head as I stared at her, reaching blindly for a cookie. She bent at the waist to shut the oven door, and I watched as all the muscles in her legs bunched and sculpted themselves and if I craned my neck *just* so, I could almost see...

"What about me?" Jan whined. Reluctantly, I tore my eyes away from Gina to look over my right shoulder, where my wife was standing, holding a plate similar to the one on the table. She was also wearing an apron, stained and dingy grey and bearing the legend 'WHAT ABOUT WIFEY'? The ghostly hands slid away from my cock, and I was suddenly aware of a different smell. Jan laid her plate on the table in front of me, and I could see that the cookies on it had succumbed to mold and corruption. Instinctively, my nose wrinkled. "I'm your wife, Marcus. Try one of mine, first." I could feel my cock shrinking, shrivelling up.

The oven door slammed, and I could hear Gina's heels make sharp reports on the linoleum as she walked over. As our

neighbour stood next to my wife, who towered over her by almost a foot, I noticed for the first time just how *thin* Janice was. They both appeared to be wearing nothing but aprons, and I could see the stark difference between Gina's luscious curves and my wife's lean bony-ness. Jan's legs looked like sticks compared to Gina's sculpted muscle, and there was simply no contest between the slice of half-moon peeking out behind the curtain of our neighbour's apron and Jan's skinny little butt. I watched as Gina raised a finger to admonish Janice, looking up into my wife's peevish expression, and my mouth watered as a wealth milky sideboob came spilling out of her the apron as she did so.

"Don't you pressure him, young lady." The platinum blonde cautioned. "Marcus is free to choose whichever cookies he wants. Yours or mine," the ghostly hand brushed against my cock.

"In fact," she said, "I bet what he could really use right now is some milk to wash those cookies down. Here, sweetheart." Gina turned to face me, and reached behind her neck. The apron ties fell slack, and the front of her apron began to gracefully droop, then descend and-

I woke up. Sweating and short of breath and hard as a rock I sat ramrod-straight up in bed.

"Jesus, are you alright?" Jan's said, in a sleepy, pillow-muffled voice.

"Yeah, just- just a dream." She raised her head from the pillow, and regarded the huge tent I was pitching in the sheets. It had been a couple of weeks now since we'd last had sex.

"Must have been some dream," she said with a lazy smile. Under the sheets, her hand snaked over my thigh and wrapped around my cock. Unbidden, the thought of those moldy cookies, lying rotten on the plate filled my head, and my dick began to rapidly soften. She made a disgusted noise, and rolled over. "S what I get for trying to be nice, I guess." Soon the soft noise of her snoring filled the room.

Still awash in sweat, I peeled myself out of the bed and padded downstairs to the kitchen, where I poured up a glass of milk, and retrieved a cupcake from the secret stash in the pots and pans cupboard. Chewing thoughtfully, I gazed out the kitchen window at the bright yellow bungalow next door; there was a light on in the back, and I could see a shadow moving behind a drawn shade.

"Wow, up and baking already?" I said, softly. I took another bite, letting the tingly warmth overwhelm my tongue. I knew I should be worried about Jan's reaction, about the way my cock reacted, about my dream, but it all seemed so distant, somehow. It was easier to just let go of the worry and eat my cupcake. Sitting at the island, watching the shadow pass back and forth, I let my mind conjure up the image of our neighbour, wondering if she was baking naked in heels, bending over her oven, pushing that cushioned behind out, licking batter from those long, slim fingers, getting frosting on her wet, crimson lips, so pouty and achingly kissable and-

I bit my lip and grunted, hunching over the countertop as I fisted my cock. I stuffed the last of the cupcake into my mouth, wondering what her nipples looked like, whether those milky, pendant, mature tits were still brimming with milk and if she'd let me drink from her to wash down whatever she happened to be baking for me over there, all luscious curves and silkysmooth skin and subtly spicy aroma and-

"Fffuck," I bit back a moan as a tidal wave of pleasure washed through me. Thick gouts of my own cum splattered noisily against the underside of the countertop as I milked it out, sucking the last of the cupcake frosting from my own fingers. I panted and shook and grunted as my orgasm swept through, eventually coming down to a kind of sober clarity as I felt my semen dripping back down onto my thighs, cold and spent.

"What the hell am I doing?" I stood up, and grabbed a fistful of paper towels. "Jesus, I need to get laid."

Not long after, Thursday morning found me seated in the kitchen, fingers idly drumming against the empty plastic container that had held Gina's cupcakes, watching the door with steadily growing anxiety. Our usual time -- ten o'clock -- came and went and nothing happened. By Noon, I was pacing the floor, wondering if I had done something wrong, if I had said something wrong. The notion was ridiculous, of course. Gina had been nothing but gentle and kind and sweet to me.

I wondered if something had happened to her. Glancing out the kitchen window, I saw her shadow passing back and forth

behind the shade. My nameless fear somewhat assuaged, I sat back down on the stool and kept an eye on the door.

My stomach started growling around two, and I realized I hadn't eaten anything all day. Standing up, I stretched, popping aching joints in my knees and hips and began poking through the cupboards. Hunger gnawed at me but nothing in the pantry caught my eye, nor did anything in the refrigerator.

I slammed it shut and opened the tupperware, turning it upside down. A few crumbs sprinkled across the countertop, and I picked them up with a moistened fingertip.

I sat down again, suddenly embarrassed for getting all worked up over, what? cookies? I shook my head, stood up, opened all the cupboards, then closed them again.

I played with my phone. I washed down the counters. I swept the floors and scrubbed the sink and God help me I scraped the burned-on food from the glass surface of our stove.

"Holy shit what happened here?" Jan asked when she came home from the office at 5:30.

"Nothing," I said curtly. "I just cleaned. I do do that, you know."

"Alright, calm down." She raised her eyebrows. "What's for supper, anyway?"

"Fuck I don't know, but I'm so hungry."

"Did you eat at all today?"

"I don't remember." I said, sullen.

"Well, how about we go out somewhere for dinner?" Jan looked at her watch. "We can make a date of it, go to that Korean place you like."

I made a face. "I'm not really feeling up for going out. How about we order in and have a date night at home?"

"Sure!" Her features brightened immediately, as she walked over to the island and pulled open the drawer to fish out the phonebook. "Hey, where'd the tupperware come from?"

"Oh," I said. "Uh, I think it's Gi- whatshername's? The neighbour's?"

"Oh right," it was Jan's turn to pull a face. "The cookies. Well if she's not going to come back for it, I guess I'll walk it over." She picked up the container and a sudden wave of jealousy swept over me.

"NO!" I said, louder than I'd intended, but feeling suddenly very stupid about not having thought of that before. "I mean- I'll bring it back tomorrow, babe. How about we just get dinner?"

"Okay, okay Romeo," Jan said, smiling. She gave me a peck on the cheek. "That prescription toothpaste we got for you is finally kicking in, I think." Flipping open the phonebook, we picked a Chinese place more or less at random and phoned in a selection of our usual favourites.

"I'll be back in twenty, twenty-five minutes. Tops." Jan said. "Unless you want to come with?"

"No I'm good," I said. "Maybe I'll crack a bottle of wine while you're gone."

"Great idea!" She enthused. "Don't get into trouble while I'm out." I laughed.

A minute later, she was gone. As soon as I heard our car pull out of the driveway, my eyes drifted over to the tupperware. In my head, I quickly did the math on how long it would take to dart next door, see Gina, and swap the empty for another selection of goodies. Before Jan had turned off of our street, I was quietly slipping out the front door, container tucked under my arm.

As I crossed her lawn, for the first time, I noticed how long the grass in front of Gina's house seemed to be, and realized I'd never seen anybody out there mowing it. Maybe I'd offer to do it for her later, in exchange for an extra dozen cookies or something. Standing on her front step, I tapped my foot while the doorbell rang out a single, sonorous *BONG* after I pressed the button. Listening to the reverberations as they died away, I impatiently glanced around, looking for motion

through gauzy curtains in her front window. Her doorframe and window trim looked like they were going rotten as well, flaking away under a thin veneer of whitewash. Up-close, the bright yellow siding appeared to be clapboard as well and-

"Marcus, *darling*! Hello!" Gina enthused as her door swung open, releasing a cloud of spicy warmth; a sudden relief washed through me. Her dress was black with white polka-dots and fell to knee-length; bright, pearlescent buttons traced down the front of it while a satin ribbon encircled her waist. A string of pearls lay in the deep V exposed by three undone buttons, and fell over the upper slopes of her cleavage. "What brings you over this lovely evening?"

"I-uh," I began, suddenly feeling like a 15 year old boy asking a girl to the spring formal. "I just wanted to-uh, I mean, I'm returning this, um-" I raised the empty container.

"Oh no!" She said, raising one delicate hand to her brightly-painted mouth. "Did I forget? Is today Thursday?" I nodded. "Well, luckily for you young man, I was *just* finishing a whole tray of cookies. Won't you come in?" Gina stood to one side, and waved me in. Grinning, I stepped inside her house.

The front hall was dark - poorly-lit and papered in a dismal green print. "Straight on down to the kitchen, Marcus." Gina said behind me as she shut the door. I followed her directions, but couldn't help peeking in on the rooms as they opened up off the hallway; there was a sitting room and a small study, both very dim and apparently very dusty. Motes of it hung thickly in the air as I passed by. The sound of my footsteps and Gina's tall black heels was swallowed up in the silence of the place even as we walked on the hardwood floors.

"There's no, uh, *Mister* Matronalis?" I asked. The sofa in the living room was buried under a thick plastic cover that looked as though it could withstand a nuclear blast.

"Oh no," she said, coming up behind me. "Not for many, many years. Which is not to say that I don't have my gentleman callers." A hand pressed into the small of my back and pushed me along with surprising strength. The kitchen, at least, was bright and polished, under the glare of the lights; every surface appeared to be immaculate: countertops, stovetop, refrigerator. A lime-green table ran the length of one wall. Its chrome bumper -- so much like my parents' that a chill ran down my spine -- shone.

Laid out on the table were a couple of thick ceramic bowls, freshly-cleaned and spotless, a single glass bowl with a wet-looking pastry brush and (most importantly) a wire rack full of cookies, glistening in the light. My mouth flooded with saliva instantly and I felt my heart-rate pick up. I looked back at Gina; a sly smile was creeping over those pillowy red lips.

"Can I...?" I said, gesturing at the table.

"Of course, dear." She waved me on. "Be careful. They're a still little sticky. I *just* finished glazing them."

"Glazing them?" I asked, picking one up and shoving it in my mouth. It was gooey and warm and I couldn't suppress a satisfied moan as that deliciousness, so much more intense than before, filled me up with warmth. My fingertips were slightly sticky with that gooey glaze, and I licked them clean

after swallowing my cookie, savouring the spicy sweetness and feeling a new thrill between my legs. "Mmmmmmm."

She laughed and strode past me to pick up the pastry brush. "That's my secret ingredient," Gina said. "Do you want to lick it clean?" I took the proffered brush and jammed it in my mouth, noisily slurping at it like a child, tongue searching the bristles for each particle. My neighbour watched as I did, idly fingering her pearl necklace while her gaze raked over me. "It's good, isn't it?" She asked in a slightly husky tone.

"Yeah," I agreed. "It's amazing. What is it?"

"Do you really want to know?" Gina bit a lip.

"God, yes." I enthused. "Tell me."

"It's an old family secret," she said. "But you have to promise me you won't tell anybody."

"I promise!" I said, without hesitation.

"It's no joke," Gina warned. "Do you swear on your life?"

I licked my lips, searching for a taste of her glaze. "Yes! I swear on my life, on whatever you want. Anything! Just tell me."

"I take promises *very* seriously, Marcus." She said. "There's no backing out of it. Give me your hand and swear." Gina extended one delicate hand.

"I swear, I promise, I solemnly give my oath I will not tell a soul." I took her hand. Gina's skin was warm but silky smooth, like nothing I'd felt before. Her hand slid from mine after a moment, and there was a sudden sharp pinch. "Ow! Shit." Looking down, there was a tiny streak of blood in my palm, and a pinhead bead of it welled out of a scratch.

"Oh I'm so sorry," she apologized, raising one long fingernail to her mouth. I watched as her tongue flickered out to touch it. "They're so sharp, sometimes I forget myself." Her fingernails traced down from her mouth over her pearls and the smooth skin of her cleavage. They drifted down past the ribbon cinching her waist.

"Now, are you ready to learn my little secret?" Her fingers dropped to the hem of her skirt, where they toyed with one of the little pearl buttons, popping it open. "There's so much more where that came from." Another button popped open, exposing thighs as smooth and pale as porcelain.

I licked my lips again, suddenly uncertain but powerfully aroused. "Yes?" I said, as a third button came undone. The upper reaches of Gina's thighs were coming into view, and I tried not to stare at the widening gap appearing in her skirt. "What- what are you-"

"What does it look like, silly?" Gina laughed, and popped three more buttons.

"Look, this is not what I was-" she parted the sides of her dress, and I stared, agog. Ironically, there was nothing to see; between her thighs was a smooth, featureless mound without crevice or crack, like a doll's.

"Oh I'm sorry, hon. I have to keep things closed up, otherwise it can get a little too intense, even for me." As I watched, Gina spread her legs wider, and suddenly a dark seam appeared at the apex of her thighs, splitting then running back between her legs; it was a long, narrow strip of the purest white that suddenly fell back and away from her in a loose, eight-inch paper-thin ribbon that hung down from between her buttocks and revealed a long, narrow slit of the lightest rose-pink. Liquid dripped from the chiselled chevron point of her new appendage, splattering on the floor. The room was suddenly full of the scent, **that** scent; I could taste it in the back of my throat.

"Oohhh, Marcus you have no idea how **good** this feels!" The skin along either side of that paper-cut-slim slit between her legs rippled and swelled up, then split like a time-lapse photograph of a crocus opening in the spring; six, thick, scarlet petals burst forth in a mesmerizing spiral, undulating gently around the oozing circular orifice in the middle. The sweet spiciness of her glaze hit me like a fist to the brain and I was suddenly overcome, senses reeling and overloaded; nausea and shock flooded through my body and I staggered backwards, away from her. That petite porcelain body, fully a foot shorter than my own, was somehow now radiant with power and imposing in that otherwise immaculate kitchen as that thick, sweet goo drooled from between her legs to pool between those mirror-black heels.

"Oh my God, what is- what are-" I fumbled for words as I stumbled over my own feet, crashing down on my behind; Gina towered over me, and ran a hand between her legs. Those petals there moved to grip and caress her fingers, which came away sticky with viscous fluid; her heels clicked loudly against the tiled floor as she stepped towards me, fingers outstretched.

"Does it matter?" She said, softly. My eyes locked on her fingers, on the goo cobwebbing between them, clear and sweet and spicy and so mouthwatering that I was drooling despite myself, even as I tried to scramble away.

"It's so cute when you try to resist," Gina said with a giggle. "Marcus honey, we're bonded now. I've been feeding myself into you for *weeks*; I'm *inside* you, coiled around your heart and soul. That's what the dreams are about, sweetheart. And now, you're inside of me. You couldn't escape even if you wanted to. Even if you could run out of this kitchen and into the next county, you'd still be bound to me." She dragged a cold finger over the bridge of my nose, then across my mouth. "Without me to feed you, you'll wither away and die in abject misery." My tongue flickered across my lips, and a momentary, heated bliss filled my head. "See how happy I can make you? It's even better straight from the source." Fingertips pushed past my lips and into my mouth, where I began suckling like a baby. Between her thighs, I could see those thick petals writhing like the arms of a starfish, viscous fluid pouring forth in thick gouts while the narrow ribbon between her legs lashed back and forth.

"Here. Try it." She yanked the fingers from my slack, anesthetized lips, and suddenly I was staring up at a pulsating, pouting mouth; cold hands slid through my hair and pushed my head forward. The undulating petals

surrounding her orifice gently palpated my cheeks, forehead, chin, then grabbed my face with surprising force and dragged it inwards, creating a tight seal around my features. As my world became reduced to nothing but Gina's smell and taste, lips found mine, worked them open, and began to kiss with a will as her juices started to flow into my mouth. At first I struggled, desperate for air, pulling against her legs and thighs, but they were like columns of marble -- chilly and hard and immovable -- and I soon forgot about them anyway as gobbets of that sweet, spicy deliciousness filled my mouth and I had to swallow to keep from choking.

Warmth filled my body as Gina's juices ran down into my gullet, her spice seeking out and finding a home in every nook and cranny, every inch of skin, every last corner of my extremities. Hands were pulling her away started to push her in, and my tongue darted in and out of her hole, drawing out more and more of her deliciousness. Everything was my tongue and mouth and cock, all hot as a furnace and hungry for more. I don't know how long I was held there, how long I held myself there, and I didn't seem to need (or want) to breathe anymore. All sustenance and succor came dripping out of the singularity at Gina's core.

Sometime later, she pulled my face from her molten self, and I blinked blearily upwards at her, as she smiled down upon me. I grinned back up at her beatifically, suffused with a heady satisfaction like I'd never known; pleasure thrilled throughout my body and brain.

"More...?" I gurgled, my face and throat thick with her secretions. "Gina, more?"

"I think it's more appropriate if you call me *Re*gina from now on, Marcus." She caressed my face with a cool hand, fingers dragging through the thick goo left plastered there. "I am your Queen now, after all."

"Sure, yes, of course." I said. "Regina. My Queen."

"I own you now, don't I my sweet?"

"Yes, whatever you say, Regina. You own me."

"Good boy," she said. "Did you know I had a servant named Marcus once before? Another lovely, good boy. Ah, Rome." She patted my cheek. "He was shorter than you, but broader. I wonder if that's the case all over?" Without warning, she dropped to her knees, legs athwart my prone body. There was a quiet, whispering noise as fabric tore under her fingernails, and suddenly my cock sprang free as she shredded my pants and underwear with a calculated swipe of her hand.

"Oh that *is* lovely," she said in a quiet voice. Regina pressed my rampant cock, swollen and leaking beyond all belief, against her belly, her skin like ice compared to my heated flesh, but her coolness had no effect on my erection. "I think you've fed enough, don't you? It's my turn."

Before I could say a word, Regina lifted her hips and fed the tip of my shaft into the sucking, slurping mouth between her legs. My eyes rolled back in my head as those undulating petals caressed and pulled at my member, feeding it deeper and deeper within her, into her cold, coiling, slick depths.

"That's it, my little sweetmeat." Soon, her buttocks were resting atop my thighs as her insides corkscrewed and massaged my cock, while those thick, tongue-like petals began massaging my pendant sack. Plainly mortal, it was too much for me to bear for long; within seconds, I made a strangled noise deep in my throat. My toes curled and my balls jumped and suddenly the cum was rocketing out of me as one of my legs kicked underneath her.

"Ffuck!" I grunted. "Fuck no fuck I'm sorry, I didn't mean to- it was so fast- fuck!"

"Shh shh shh," she said, soothingly. "That's okay, sweetheart. Let it all out. Feed it all to me." Her body slurped and sucked and vacuumed up every drop of cum I had to give, leaving me exhausted and spent, body slack on her kitchen floor. Lying back on the tile, I watched as color blossomed beneath her skin, a rosy glow sparked from her abdomen and rapidly radiating outwards; chilly porcelain quickly warmed to a sunkissed tan while golden streaks bled into her platinum hair. "Oooh my," Regina's voice took on a rich purr. "That is just **so** good, honey. I want more."

"Regina, I'm sorry, I can't just-" the floor was cold underneath me, and I could feel my shaft beginning to deflate inside of her. "I mean, I need a minute or two."

"Silly boy," she laughed. "What makes you think you get to decide that?" Something cold and wet slithered up my outstretched thigh and between my legs; I tried to press them shut, but it was paper-thin and slick and suddenly lapping at my asshole. "You're finished when I **say** you're finished, not a moment before." Regina leaned in close, filling up my vision

with her predatory grin and kelly-green eyes. "And believe me, sweetmeat. You're not even close to being finished."

The chisel-tip of her appendage slid easily through my clenched hole, and slithered inside while my leg kicked in protest of the invasion. It felt like a cold stream of water had been poured inside of me and I shivered.

"What *is* that?" I asked in a hushed voice.

"Just my stinger, love. Just my stinger."

"What?"

"Here."

I gasped in shock as her appendage swelled up inside of me, and she took the opportunity to lean in and kiss me, lips pressed against mine as her member grew inside my rectum, stretching it out. Regina's tongue forced its way into my mouth as she began to pump her engorged tail into my ass; I could feel a sick heat forming between my legs, beginning down deep in the core of my body.

"It's very simple," she said. "I feed you." Her hips slammed down, forcing her appendage deeper inside of me. "So that you can feed me." She laughed as my cock began to swell again, rising up as I felt a furnace, fuelled by her secretions, building inside.

"Ungh!" I grunted, and thrust my hips up into her coiling, corkscrewing hole as I felt my balls begin to fill and a familiar warmth spreading throughout my body.

"That's it, honey." Regina said. "Enjoy it. It feels good, I promise." Her tail wriggled even deeper inside of me and I could feel the gooey liquid sluicing out of my asshole as she did. I groaned. "You're going to cum," she said. "And then you're going to cum. And cum. And cum. And cum until I'm full and your legs don't work anymore. Doesn't that sound like fun?" Her sucking hole bore down on me, practically slurping my swollen sac up inside of her. "And then, I'm going to carry you downstairs, and we'll begin again tomorrow." Her grin spread wider, manic, revealing what seemed to be each and every perfectly-polished white tooth. "You're going to *love* it. Each and every minute left to you will be filled with me and the bliss that I feed you, and the cream that you feed me." She kissed me again, deep, tongue sliding further down my throat than humanly possible.

"It won't be a long life, but it'll be an enjoyable one, I promise."

I started cumming again, legs kicking as cum shot from my balls like hot fire, wriggling and writhing on her swollen tail as her hole slurped up as much cream as it could. Heat blossomed throughout Regina's body as her temperature rose, her skin warmed, her hair became more golden.

"So much energy!" She exclaimed. "When I'm done with you I won't have to feed for a year!" More thick goo coursed through my asshole, and I could feel my balls begin to fill again.

I came. And came. And came until my tendons felt as though they would snap and my legs stopped flailing uselessly underneath her; until fireworks exploded in my peripheral vision and Regina's voice seemed to come from miles away; until my breathing came in hiccupy, ragged gasps and the floor beneath me was nothing but a puddle of her fragrant, spicy cream.

She dismounted, and I felt warm arms slide underneath me as my asshole twitched and spasmed and released a torrent of juice.

Head lolling to one side, I could see nothing but night beyond the kitchen window.

I wondered if Jan would get a good price for the house, then unconsciousness took me.

fin.

That Voodoo You Do so Well

My first incest story! Inspired by a reader. Another long-read: includes femdom, incest, mind control, and magic.. Read at own risk.

"Barb, he's got to grow up sometime."

"Jesus Christ, Philip. I'm not an idiot. Of course he's got to grow up." Barbara de Wynter sat at her vanity, scrubbing away the day's makeup with a moist wipe. Tossing the used towelette into a nearby garbage bin, she scowled at her reflection. Twenty-two years of parenthood had taken their toll, no matter how good the material she'd started with had been. She smoothed out the crow's feet around her eyes with irritated fingers, and made a face. "But that doesn't mean he has to get *married*. He's not even finished college yet."

"Barb, he says he loves her." Phillip closed his book, and laid it on the nightstand on his side of the bed. "What am I supposed to do? Snap my fingers and magically change his feelings?"

His wife snapped her hair back into a loose bun atop her head. Leaning close to the mirror, she inspected her scalp. The grey in her roots was beginning to show; it'd soon be time to visit the salon again to get her honeyed blonde back.

"You're a lawyer, aren't you?" She pushed her chair back from the vanity and stood up. Phillip eyed his wife in her floor-

length silk nightie as it skimmed over the slight pooch in her belly and the distended droop of her breasts. "Convince him."

"Convince me," he said with a leer, and pulled back the bedcovers, revealing the stiff tent in his pajamas.

"Don't be gross, Philip." Barbara closed her dressing gown and tied it. "We're talking about his *future*. He'll marry this wo-, this *girl*, and at best, he'll be divorced by 25, or at worst, he'll be trapped with her for the rest of his life after she tricks him into knocking her up."

"Or," said her husband with a sigh. "They live happily ever after and we have some beautiful grandkids before we're too old to appreciate them." He pulled the covers back over, and picked up his book.

"You are being *so* naive right now, I can't even--"

"Honey, I'm a defense lawyer. I get paid disgustingly large sums of money to be hopelessly optimistic about people's futures, but I am definitely not naive." Finding his page again, he started reading. "I'm sorry, hon. I love you, but I don't think this is a fight you can win. He's an adult. James gets to make his own decisions now. If he wants to marry her that badly, nothing I say is going to stop him, and it'll only drive him to fly to Vegas or some damn thing to elope. He's stubborn. Like his mother."

Barbara made a dissatisfied noise as she climbed into the bed.

Her husband kept his eyes squarely on the page, then asked, "did you want me to set the alarm?"

"Alarm?"

"You told James you'd go with them to that craft thing in the park tomorrow morning." Phillip covered the smile creeping across his face with this book.

"Ugh. What was I thinking? I suppose it's too late now to gin up an excuse?" He couldn't see his wife's pained look, but he could hear it in her voice and knew it well.

"You had a brief moment of clarity, I guess? Anyway, it's never too late for excuses" he said, mildly. "But as your counsel I'd advise against it."

"Oh really?"

"He's not dumb," Phillip explained. "He knows you don't like her. And even if it's *iron clad*, James will suspect you made up an excuse anyway and you'll have wasted all that effort only to make him resent you."

"So you think I should just *go*, then?"

"Of course." He said. "Who knows? Maybe you'll like it. Either way, it wouldn't hurt to show our son that you can spend an hour with his fiancée without trying to murder the girl. It'll

create some plausible deniability down the line when her body shows up in a ditch."

Barbara hit him with a pillow, laughing despite herself. "Fine, *fine*. I know when I'm beaten. Set the alarm for nine, I guess."

"Disgusting." It was Phillip's turn to make a face. "Who wants to be up at that hour? I can see why you hate her so much."

"Shut up and set your alarm, counsellor." she threw an arm over his chest and pressed close into him. "It's time for bed."

--

"That Craft Thing" turned out to be a concatenation of every stripe of hippie, New Age aficionado and so-called spiritualist in town, gathered under a number of repurposed buffet tents in the park to hawk wares, services and food. Throngs of young people wandered from table to table, chatting and buying and eating and generally having a good time.

Barbara tugged the wide brim of her floppy straw hat as she surveyed the crowd through oversized sunglasses.. She wasn't *likely* to see anybody she knew here, but you never knew. Her wide-legged linen trousers swished through the grass as they approached; a long, loose cardigan over a muted grey t-shirt, and a pair of black Toms completed her ensemble.

"See Mrs. de Wynter? It's just, like, a market. It'll be great!" Beside her, James' fiancée grabbed Barbara by the elbow and began to pull her into the crowd. A full head shorter than Barbara's own 5'8, Janie Graves was a plump, energetic little squab of a girl. Although she was pleasant enough to look at - regular features, easy smile, tanned a deep nut-brown - Mrs. de Wynter was sure that her son would never have given her a second glance had it not been for the girl's propensity towards garish prints, embarrassingly short skirts and deep-cut tops. Even now, Janie's young breasts threatened to wobble free of the abbreviated sundress whose hem swirled around her thick thighs, and not a few young men glanced her way as they threaded through the crowd, James trailing a few steps behind them.

"Easy now babe, we don't want to culture shock my mom." He said with a chuckle. A tall, reedy man with dirty blonde dreadlocks veered towards them, juggling a trio of battered bowling pins. Janie ooh'ed like a child, waved, then wound around him to approach a table where three Native Americans were assembling dreamcatchers while a handful of college girls watched. Another young man came up from behind, and asked Janie if she wanted her palm read; shortly after James stepped in to ward him off, an older man carrying a tray full of crystals around his neck inquired as to the girl's astrological sign.

For the first time in her life, Barbara felt not only unimportant, but unregarded. Invisible. For a moment, she wondered if she should have dressed differently, worn shorts or a dress or something to show off the gams that had captured Phillip in the first place.

"Ha," she laughed under her breath at her own foolishness, wandering away from the couple. Let the girl enjoy her moment in the sun before that taut skin began to sag under the weight of the tightly-held puppy fat beneath it. It would be over soon enough, she knew, thinking of the cellulite on the backs of her thighs, the purplish veins that were beginning to show through her skin.

She drifted through the crowd, moving outward, towards the periphery of the market where the hucksters were thinner, quieter, less obnoxious. If James and Janie (ugh) noticed, they didn't immediately follow. Out here, the tables appeared to be more crafts than services or food; rickety banquet tables, the odd card-table shimmed up on a two-by-four, and a few quilts, were laid out with an assortment of knick knacks, gewgaws, and bricabrac with little immediately obvious purpose, though they all undoubtedly had some spiritual significance to somebody.

Barbara let her hand skim over the wares as she passed, brushing past grotesqueries, gliding over crystals, ruffling ceremonial flags, various statuary and-

"Ow! Damn, what?" She snatched her hand back and stuck her index finger in her mouth; sucking on it a moment, she pulled it out and inspected the tip, where a single pinhead of blood welled out, then dropped. Barbara watched it fall, then splatter across the silvered, splintery surface of the vaguely feminine figure that had poked her finger in the first place. The liquid quickly vanished into the thirsty wood, leaving scarcely a stain.

"Oooh she picked you!" Barbara looked up into the mismatched eyes of the woman on the other side of the table. Buried under a collection of wildly-clashing prints, the proprietress excitedly waved her wizened hands at Mrs. de Wynter. "The weir-momma picked you!"

"She bit me, you mean." Barbara held up her index finger accusingly.

"Of course she bit you! How else she gonna bond with you?" A nest of unkempt grey curls shivered as the other woman shook her head.

"I'm not sure what you're trying to run here, but I am *not* paying for-"

"Pay?" The woman raised her palm. "Who said anything about paying? Very bad luck, making you pay after you been picked! She thinks you need her and I ain't dumb enough to argue with her." Before Barbara could protest further, the old crone scooped the figurine up off the table and pressed it into her palm. It was small, only four or five inches long, rough-hewn from some ancient piece of wood that had long since weathered to a silvery grey. Stubby arms and legs extended from a trunk that acknowledged femininity only in the slight sinuous curve from shoulder to hip and a prominent bulge at the front which Barbara supposed were breasts. It reminded her of a less-exaggerated Willendorf Venus. The wood was warm against her skin; probably from sitting in the sun.

She gingerly ran a finger across the surface of the figurine, following the woodgrain; tiny grey curls came away under the

friction, revealing a smoother layer of wood underneath. Despite herself, Barbara smiled.

"I guess I'll take it," she said, looking up into the older woman's smiling, heterochromatic gaze. Barbara turned her head. James was shouting for her somewhere.

"Wait!" Another figure was pressed into her hand. "If you take the momma, you gotta take the weir-boy too. They gotta stay together."

"What?" The weir-boy was clearly masculine, another crude figure with a straightline trunk that appeared to be chopped directly out of the tree, the thick brown bark that covered it was broken by a couple of knots where branches had been cut away, revealing bright gold underneath. It felt colder than the other.

"Mom!" James pushed through the crowd, Janie in tow. His mother clenched her fist around both figures, and stuffed it in the deep pocket of her pants.

"Jeez mom," he said, as he approached. "I thought we lost you."

"I'm fine," Barbara laughed. "Just wandered away to have a look around."

"Did you see anything cool, Mrs. de Wynter?" Janie piped up, gawking at the table and its wares.

"No no. It's not really my, um, thing I guess." She said, fingering the wooden dolls in her pocket. Looking up the old woman on the other side of the table gave her a wink.

"Well, let's get some breakfast or something. I think I saw a guy selling waffles over there," James pointed.

Barbara toyed with the figurines in her pocket for the rest of the morning, all through their visit to the park and lunch afterwards, barely hearing Janie's inanities or even her son's professions of love. She followed along a step or two behind them, a gentle warmth suffusing through her limbs as her fingertips worked, fascinated by the persistent difference in temperatures. No matter what she did, how she worked it, the male doll remained cool to the touch, even if she agitated it with her fist for ten full minutes.

Distracted and perhaps a little too warm in the sunshine, Barbara drifted along with her son and his girlfriend 'til they dropped her off again at the house before going on to do whatever it was that young people do on a sunny weekend afternoon. Humming tunelessly to herself, she wandered down the stairs to the little studio space she kept in the basement, and among the scattered paints and half-started pottery projects, she pulled the figurines out of her pocket.

A scattering of tiny grey curls came tumbling down to the dark parquet floors. Curious, she laid the male figure down on a side table and inspected the "weir-momma"; apparently, in her distraction, she'd worn the legs of the female figure completely, utterly smooth. They were silky grey and touchable like old driftwood, and a smile crept over her

features as she let her fingertips drift over them before laying the figure down on the lip of an easel, among some long-forgotten pastels.

As she climbed the stairs again, Barbara noted a tingle and an ache and a low heat in her calves, as if they were waking up from numbness.

"We must have walked more than I thought," she said, to nobody in particular. "I really ought to start working out if my legs are tired already." Reaching the top of the stairs, she slid out of her Toms, and relished the relative coolness of the kitchen tiling on her bare feet, which felt warmer still now that she was upstairs.

Barbara pattered around the kitchen for a while, adjusting this, getting that out, putting the dishes away, and soon found herself sweating; her wide-legged pants, especially, felt far too warm. She could feel the sweat trickling down the back of her leg as she strode over to the AC control, which read a steady 68 degrees.

"This had better not be 'the change,'" Barbara muttered as she headed into her bedroom to change into something cooler.

Pulling a pair of fairly sedate shorts out of her dresser, she hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her linen pants and yanked them down.

"Helllloooo, Legs." In the doorway, Philip whistled. "Looking good, honey."

"Very funny," she said, shooting him a look.

"I'm not being funny." He walked into the room and ran a hand up the back of her thigh. She was suddenly very aware of the granny panties she'd put on that morning. "They look really good today. Better than usual. Have you been hitting the gym while I wasn't looking?"

Barbara glanced at the full-length mirror in the corner. Her legs, bare and pale, **did** look particularly good today, better than they had in years. She turned one ankle, watching her calf bunch and stand out, as her thigh did likewise; there was no sign of the nascent varicose veins that she'd spotted yesterday in the shower, or the cellulite that had been slowly developing for years. She couldn't even remember the last time she'd properly shaved them, but there wasn't even any sign of stubble; in fact, they appeared freshly waxed and silky smooth. Her fingers slid down the taut skin, marvelling at how they felt. Even her feet looked better than before, she noted, as her squatty little toes pressed into the bedroom carpet.

"It's just..." she couldn't come up with a reason for the transformation. "A good leg day?"

"You always have good leg days," Phil murmured, behind her. "Let's celebrate." His hand slid around between her thighs, where she was surprisingly damp.

"Sure," Barbara said, somewhat dazed.

Sex with Phillip was okay for everybody involved, if a little perfunctory. After a couple of decades together, there were certainly no new tricks left in his particular bag, and the ones he had she'd taught him in the first place. If anything, it was nice and comfortable and didn't require a heck of a lot of effort on anybody's part.

Afterwards, Barbara lay in the bed, slowly cycling her legs through the sheets, relishing the sensation of her skin on the high-threadcount cotton while he dozed in a post-coital half-sleep. Though her legs and feet felt extra-sensitive, everything from her butt upwards appeared to be unchanged, she noted as she slid her left sole up the shin of the other leg. She felt delicious, like she hadn't in *years*, though she couldn't for the life of her sort out why. It was almost enough to make her want to touch herself and-

"What was that, dear?" Phillip was saying something.

"I said, 'how was the craft fair? Did you buy anything?'"

"Oh, that. It was about what one would expect." She shrugged, slightly annoyed at being pulled out of her reverie. "I didn't really pick up anything just-" her mouth opened, then shut, then opened again. "Just some waffles with James."

"...and Janie." Phillip prompted.

"Yes, yes. Her too." Barbara rolled her eyes, annoyed again. "Phillip, I'm going to head down to the kitchen to start supper."

She sat up, and picked her loose shirt up off the floor where he'd thrown it.

"Sure thing, Legs," he leered as she pulled another pair of shorts out of the dresser; these were considerably shorter than the previous pair, having been retired some years before due to the way they cut uncomfortably into her waist.

They still did, but she wanted to leave her legs as bare as possible.

Padding along the hall, she pretended not to notice that James' door was closed, or hear the muffled sounds coming from the other side of it. Heading downstairs, she passed through the kitchen (the steaks were still thawing in a bowl of water in the sink), quietly slipped down into the basement, and into the studio. Flicking the light on, she closed the door and locked it.

"Now, where did I-" Barbara cast about her. Wherever the figures were, they weren't immediately obvious, or where she'd thought she'd left them. She rifled through the gessoed canvasses on the side table: nothing. She poked through the box of pastels next to the big easel: nothing. Frowning, she began turning over and generally tossing the place, growing increasingly frustrated.

"What the fuck is going on here?" She said to herself. She knew she'd taken them home, brought them down, had hardly kept from touching them all damn morning long and now they'd what? Walked away?

Forehead furrowed, she yanked a drawer open in the desk and crowed in triumph. Both figurines were tucked away in the back, behind a set of watercolours, the female atop the male. Barbara scratched her head, confused. She didn't remember tucking them back there, but it's not like James would have come down here, *or* Philip. Maybe that chubby little bitch had invaded her *personal space* and gone through her things. Barbara's fingers curled tightly around the figures as she drew them out, knuckles white with repressed anger.

She took a deep, calming breath, then unclenched her fist and more closely inspected the "weir-momma" doll. Its legs were slender and silky smooth, just as she'd remembered them, though the rest of the body was rough and slightly flaky and had only the vaguest concessions to feminine features.

Barbara slid her thumb up one of the figure's legs. Was this what being crazy was like? Was she seriously considering the possibility that a piece of wood had somehow melted away a decade's worth of curdled cellulite? A grey curl parted from the weir-momma's behind and tumbled to the floor.

"Am I really going to do this?" She rubbed her thighs together, skin sliding on skin. Glancing at the door to make sure it was locked, Barbara turned to the weir-momma. "I guess there's not much to lose. Either I'm crazy and it won't work, or I'm not crazy and it will." She laughed, and if it sounded slightly hysterical, at least there was nobody else there to hear.

Gingerly, she slid her thumb across the back of the figure, starting where the legs joined the trunk and up towards the shoulders. Several grey curls fell to the floor, and Barbara held her breath, waiting.

Nothing happened.

She did it again, thumb circling around one small patch for a couple of minutes, inviting a rain of curls.

Nothing happened.

With a somewhat relieved sigh, Barbara put the weir-momma back on the easel and stood. As she did, her left buttock began to tingle, as though the nerve endings there were beginning to wake up. She froze for a moment, waiting for the sensation to either subside or intensify, as a patch of sleeping skin should. It did neither, but it persisted for five full minutes.

Barbara picked up the figurine. It was warm, almost body temperature, against all reason in the coolness of the basement.

"Okay," she said, a nervous laugh escaping her throat. "Okay. Maybe I am nuts. Maybe it's all in my head. Maybe correlation isn't causation." She sat down again, and sucked her teeth for a moment. "Well, if you're going to do this, at least do it right. Or well." Getting up again, she poked around the room, eventually coming up with a couple of swatches of very fine sandpaper and an x-acto knife that might have been older than James, and was definitely old enough to drive.

"Well. Let's rub some butt." She said, trying not to think too hard about what she was doing. Soon, the studio was filled with the rasp of the sandpaper as she set about started filing away the top layer of wood, shaping and nipping in the blocky

features of the figurine, freeing curves from the material as she did. It was surprisingly delicate work, given how small the weir-momma was, and her desire not to file the butt of the thing into oblivion.

Within moments of beginning the work, the tingling sensation spread throughout her behind, and a joyful warmth filtered through her limbs. It was mostly sandpaper work, filing away the thick middle of the thing into a gently tapered waistline front and back, while a couple of quick flicks with the knife cleaved the behind of the thing into a pair of pert, round globes. Barbara's toes curled with excitement as the sawdust sprinkled over her bare thighs, her pulse racing as she felt the pressure of the shorts cutting into her stomach gradually lessen, then disappear altogether.

"Holy shit," she said in wonderment. "Holy shit it works." Hands shaking, Barbara put down her tools and stood. The waistband of her shorts hung loose in front, caught only by the swell of her buttocks in the back; in short order they fell off altogether, along with her granny panties, leaving her bare from the waist down.

"Oh my god," Barbara breathed, looking down at the pale, flat expanse that stretched from her navel to her crotch, broken only by the fulsome dark-blond bush that had replaced the salt-and-pepper pubes between her toned thighs. Twisting, she reached back to grab a handful of ass, only to find her fingers full of taut, muscular flesh. "Oh my god," she said again, feeling the stirrings of arousal. Barbara ran her fingers through the kinky curls of her pubic hair, down towards the moist centre of-

"Mom? Are you in there?" James knocked on the door. "Hello?"

Shit. "Just a sec, honey!" Panicked, Barbara kicked her shorts and panties to the side, and pulled a dusty smock from the back of the chair. She yanked it on and, holding it closed in the back with a free hand, opened the door a crack.

"Jeez, Mom are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine! Great!"

"You look all flushed."

"I'm fine, honey. Fine." Licking her lips and trying to will the blood out of her cheeks, she smiled up at her son. "I'm just working on something. What did you need?"

"Dad wanted to know when supper will be and if we needed anything."

"Tell him we could use a case of beer and one of those caesar salads from the deli that he likes so much," Barbara straightened herself a little, using her best 'mom voice'. "I'm going to put the steaks on around," she glanced at the clock on the wall. "Six?"

"Sounds great!" James enthused.

"I'll be up in a minute okay?" Her son nodded, then thumped his way up the stairs. Barbara breathed a sigh of relief, and glanced back at the easel tray, where the weir-momma lay. "Later," she promised herself, tying the smock securely closed before slipping out and up the stairs.

--

The first and most obvious thing on tomorrow's to-do list, Barbara realized later, would be to take her credit card shopping for clothes. Nothing fit. Not a pair of pants, nor a skirt, nor underwear, and if she continued working away at the figurine, she'd be in dire need of bras soon. She felt a little naughty, as she slipped into a coral-pink maxidress without putting panties on first, but she didn't really see that she had any choice. Despite the looseness of the thin cotton, she couldn't keep the dress from sliding in between her new buttocks, showing off her pert, firm curves.

She didn't know **what** she was going to tell Philip when he noticed. Maybe she'd get lucky and he'd get hit by a meteor. A twinge of doubt twisted her stomach, until she caught sight of herself in the mirror. Although the billowy front disguised the elimination of her soft pooch, there was no mistaking the new sweep of her waist and hips; she did a little half-turn, and the ensellure at the base of her tailbone, that hyperbolic slope where her back met the pronounced jut of her buttocks was even more obvious. Giggling like a teenage girl, Mrs. de Wynter lifted her skirts a little, inspecting her silky supermodel legs for the umpteenth time.

No, Phillip be damned. There was no way she was going to pass this up. Chin set and head held high, Barbara strode out and down the stairs to start supper.

As it turned out, she didn't have to worry very much about her husband noticing anything at dinner; Janie's ceaseless prattle somehow held not only James' attention but also Phillip's. It was the sort of behaviour she expected from her son - it was his girlfriend, after all - but she hoped for more from a grown man. It was just as well, however: Barbara spent too much time thinking about when she'd be able to sneak back into the basement to keep up her end of the conversation.

Which is not to say that Barbara wasn't aware that Janie just. Did not. Stop. Talking. It was a constant buzz in her ear, continually drawing her up out of her reverie.

If only I had a doll for you,* she thought. *I'd scrape the mouth right from your face.

Then it was time for dessert, and she didn't follow that train of thought again until she was tucked away in the basement, quietly working away at the weir-momma. She was staring at the face of the thing, slightly trepidatious about sanding the surface away, wondering if she was about to remove her facial features.

Barbara turned it over in her fingers, nimble and smooth and devoid of premature aging spot or blemish.

"In for a penny in for a pound," she said with a shrug, and began to work at the head of the thing, uttering a silent prayer.

"It's too bad I don't have a doll for that silly little bitch," she muttered as sawdust fell to the lap of her maxi dress. "I could- I could kill that bird, too, with a slightly different stone."

Barbara rolled the thought around in her head while she worked, feeling the now-familiar tingle set in around her cheeks and mouth. Of course, there **was** a second figure, wasn't there?

Looking over at the desk, she saw the weir-boy standing atop a pile of books. Had she put him there? She couldn't remember. Decidedly male, he almost looked as if he were watching her work.

"Of course you're concerned," she said. "A good boy should take care of his mother." Barbara snorted, then blew on the weir-momma's face, clearing away the sawdust. "If only James was- if only James-" She bit her lip, wheels turning in her head. If whatever magic tied her to the weir-momma could literally re-shape her entire body, then surely she could use the male figure to- to- well, she wasn't really sure what she wanted to do with it, but surely she could solve the Janie problem somehow. She ran her fingertips over the weir-momma's smooth, blank face, and a wave of warmth spread through her.

Standing, she brushed the sawdust away and crossed the studio to take up the male figure. Barbara looked at it, the rugged, cold, surface, the obviously male frame, the enormous

golden knots - one over the left chest, the other between its legs - and sucked her teeth. There were no obvious faults, nothing to work with. It wasn't as if James had any external flaws to shave away. College rugby had done wonders to turn her little boy into a strapping young man.

"Alright," she said. "Now what?" There was a sudden, sharp pain in the index finger of her left hand. Unclenching her fist, Barbara looked down at the weir-momma, where a pinprick's worth of blood was rapidly fading into the bone-smooth wood. James had to bond with the thing, just as she had! That was the first step, obviously.

With a crow of triumph, she wedged both figures into one hand - where they fit together like hand in glove - and slipped out into the darkened house. It was later than she'd expected; working with the weir-momma was easy but she'd taken her time, trying to get things right, making sure everything was even. Luckily for her, Phillip had had a couple more beers than usual and turned in for the evening, and the young couple couldn't retire to someplace more private fast enough.

Padding up the stairs, Barbara still wasn't entirely sure what she was going to do. Obviously she couldn't stab her son; maybe bodily fluid wouldn't be necessary? Maybe some other kind of personal item, a tooth or a hair or a fingernail?

On her way towards the bedrooms, Barbara entered the main bathroom. She and Phillip shared an en-suite off their own room, so James more or less had this one to himself. Maybe there'd be something in there?

Bare feet sticking slightly to the cool tile in the bathroom, Barbara cast about. It was surprisingly clean in here; James had only been home a couple of days, but she still expected *some*thing. The counter, replete with his deodorant and hair gel and other assorted boy things, was nonetheless clean. Not a hair to be found in the brush. Nothing around the drain, either.

Frowning, she looked into the wastepaper basket tucked in next to the toilet. It was empty, except for what looked like a bright pink plastic wrapper slung over the side. Barbara bent for a closer look.

It was a condom! Nose wrinkled with disgust, she pinched the open end with her fingernails and picked it up. A *used* condom, she noted, as liquid swirled in the reservoir at the tip. *James'* used condom, a little voice reminded her. It had to be. Phillip hadn't worn a rubber since they'd gotten him snipped.

Barbara stared at the fluid, suddenly apprehensive. On the one hand, obviously she shouldn't even be touching this thing, never mind considering what she was considering. On the other... here was an available source of bodily fluid, ready for the taking. Biting her lip, she hesitated. There was a pulse of warmth from her fist.

"Right, of course." She said, quietly. "What was I thinking?" The answer was obvious.

Gently, Barbara laid both figurines on the toilet lid, side-by-side, and knelt on the floor. Fully aware of where this condom

had likely been, she did her best to touch as little of it as possible as she lowered the open end towards the male figurine, the tip of the rubber held gingerly between her fingernails. Cautiously, slowly, not daring to breathe, she raised the tip of it, watching her son's cream start to slide. It raced to the opening.

Outside, in the hall, a door cracked. With a shocked, terrified gasp, Barbara jumped. There was a soft *glop* sound and a splash of semen splashed across not only the weir-boy, but the momma as well. She watched, horrified, as the weir-momma greedily drank down the cum, as she had Barbara's blood. A puddle of it soaked into the knots of the 'boy.

"Hello? Who's there?" James! Barbara snatched up the figures in her fist, still slightly greasy with his semen, and leapt to her feet. "Mom? Is that you?"

She whirled around to see him standing in the doorway, idly scratching his bare chest. For the first time, Barbara noticed how fit her son had become, his frame filled out with lean, hard muscle; a vaguely delta-shape, she couldn't help but let her gaze drift over his laddered abdominal muscles and the solid meat of his pecs. His nipples were taut in the cool air. A pair of loose boxers was slung dangerously low over his hips, revealing the deep V of muscle leading downwards into-

"Young man, I thought we raised you better than this!" Barbara recovered herself, and whipped out the used condom, where it dangled accusingly from her outstretched fingers.

"Oh shit oh God mom I'm so sorry!" He blushed a pretty pink under his tan, and grabbed the used rubber from his mother to duck behind her and toss it into the toilet. "Oh my God I'm so sorry you had to see that. It definitely won't happen again."

"See that it doesn't," she said, brushing past him on her way out the door. Her face was on fire. Both figurines in her hand were warm now.

The thrill of the danger, of almost getting caught, turned out to be **very** arousing. Phillip was impossible to arouse once he'd fallen asleep, so she had to take care of herself while he snored. As usual.

--

When she woke up the next morning, Philip was already gone, probably to the office (on a Sunday, no less!). It was just as well, Barbara reflected. It would give her more time to construct a reason for her new appearance.

She sat at the vanity, where she had cast a critical eye over herself not two days ago, and goggled. In the full light of day, the changes were astounding. It was as if some airbrush artist had gone over her features, smoothing away any imperfections she'd ever had cause to complain over: the crow's feet, the wrinkles around her lips, the worry lines in her brow. For the first time in longer than she cared to admit, all signs of tiredness had been lifted, and she couldn't keep herself from smiling no matter how hard she tried. Her eyes, a deep crystal blue, were sparkling clear and alive like she'd never seen. A honey-blonde mane, shimmering and thick and flowing like

she'd just walked out of a shampoo commercial, tumbled down over her shoulders.

Barbara pursed her lips, which looked fuller than she'd ever seen them, and palmed one heavy breast. Contrary to her expectations, sanding the bust of the weir-momma hadn't reduced their actual size, but the musculature underneath was significantly firmer, lifting them out of the droop of age, and giving the strawberry-pink nipples a slight uptilt; they'd still need a bra, but at they were certainly no longer halfway to her knees. Her fingertips sank deeply into the soft, mature flesh, and Barbara cooed, watching her naked reflection.

The improvements bestowed by the little voodoo doll hadn't given back her youth - she was still obviously a woman, a mom in the flower of her maturity - which was just as well, as it meant she wouldn't have to get an entire set of new photo id's. Instead she'd been...edited, almost, recreated in the image of her most physically ideal self, the self that somehow ended up a Hollywood sex symbol, an Angie Everheart or Elizabeth Hurley, only without any sign of Botox.

Barbara flicked her nipple and gasped. They were so sensitive now! A flush rose in her face as she flicked it again, feeling the juiced beginning to flow again between her thighs. It was *all* so sensitive now, she corrected, as though her nerve endings were a little closer to the surface.

It had taken a while before she had stopped exploring her new self long enough to get out of bed, particularly after last night's fevered dreams, which had left her sopping wet and needy upon waking. Barbara couldn't really recall what the dreams had been about, only that they prominently featured the

chiselled body of a much younger man whose touch left her aching for more.

"Someone a little more my speed," the movie-star in the mirror smirked as she spoke. "Oh well. Can't diddle myself all day." Reluctantly, Barbara stood, feeling a bead of moisture running down the inside of her leg. Breasts swaying gently, she crossed the room to pull open the drawer in the bedside table; inside, the dolls lay nestled together, female atop the male.

She lifted them out, vaguely surprised that they weren't glued together by dried semen, and wondered if it had taken, if James and the weir-boy were bonded.

"What's this?" The 'boy had developed a small green bud in the very centre of the knot between its legs, as though a new shoot were growing there. Brow furrowed, she touched it gingerly with a fingertip; the 'boy was warm, warmer than the weir-momma, but this new digit was even warmer, and its temperature rose as she agitated it. "Isn't that interesting?" She dragged her thumb up; it felt good, like stroking fine hairs. She stroked it that way a while, relishing the sensation, feeling the warmth rising.

Curious, Barbara stroked it once the other way. That wasn't so nice, much like rubbing a cat the wrong way, and she could feel the heat rapidly dwindling away from the figurine as she did. She frowned, and ran her thumb in the other direction; the heat came roaring back.

She'd have to figure it out later. Right now, the mall beckoned.

Although none of her clothes would fit quite right, Barbara managed to find a pair of black leggings that wouldn't come sliding off, over which she threw a blue chambray shirt that had grown too small for Phillip. Sliding into a pair of flip-flops, she looked down at her soft, bare feet and wiggled her toes. Maybe she'd get a pedicure while she was out; not that they needed the pampering, but they could use some polish, and it was just as well to treat herself while she was out; on her way out of the room, she glanced at the mirror, and decided against makeup. It seemed a shame to cover up what the weir-momma had wrought.

Heading down the hallway, she noticed that James' door was slightly ajar.

"I can't, Jamie, I can't!" Janie's was protesting something. Curious, Barbara crept up to the crack, and her breath caught in her throat as she looked inside.

"Baby, I need to!" James was standing with his back to the door, and his mother could see the whole naked length of him, from his broad, muscled shoulders, to his rounded, clenched buttocks, to the ankle socks he was wearing. "I'm sorry, Janie, I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me."

"You can't just jump to fucking, James. You've gotta warm me up, first!" The chubby young bitch was bent over his bed as he whimpered and tried to control the thrust of his hips.

"Baby I'm so sorry, I don't know what's going on! I just...woke up like this." He stifled a needy whimper, fingers digging into his girlfriend's hips.

"Ungh!" The girl grunted. "I've never seen you so- ow! Hard, honey. But you've got to slow down."

"I'm sorry baby." Barbara watched, fascinated, then started groping at the breast pocket of her shirt, drawing out the weird boy. The bud had grown even hotter. Curious, she started stroking the little green nubbin. Moments later, James' knees began to visibly tremble.

"Oh god oh god!" He shouted.

"Honey you're not even inside me," Janie protested. "At least let me grab some lube."

With a sly grin, Barbara gave the little green nub an experimental stroke the wrong way.

"Shit! Agh!"

"What happened?"

"Fuck! Fuck I dunno, it's like it just...went away?" Barbara stroked it down again as he pulled back from his girlfriend, cock rapidly deflating. Even as it softened, James' cock appeared to be a sizeable slab of meat, a respectable seven inches or so.

Chuckling silently, she pulled back from the door before she was spotted, and carried on down the hall. Now wasn't *that* interesting?

If there had been anybody there to watch, they would have noticed Barbara's step now included an exaggerated, confident strut.

--

She was still strutting, hours later, as she came back into the house, laden down with bags. James and Janie were sitting in the living room, watching a movie from the couch. Barbara poked her head in.

"Honey, can you go out and get the rest of the stuff in the car?" She said.

"Sure mom," James replied, not looking up.

"Bring it up to the bedroom," Barbara instructed, slipping back around the corner.

The bags *flumphed* onto the bed. She circled around and gently laid the figurines on the table. If she didn't know any better, she might have said that the little green nubbin between the male doll's legs was a little bigger. Somehow she'd resisted the urge to play with it for most of the day, knowing what it was connected to, knowing that she was indirectly teasing her own son's cock. But the naughty thrill sent an

electric tingle through her body, particularly when she wondered what it looked like as the doll's nub heated up, when James' prodigious cock was fully swollen; during her pedicure, there had been very little else for her to do, besides try not to be obvious about grinding her ass into the seat in the salon.

At one point it had grown so hot she thought it would burn her thumb. In response, she had seriously considered dunking the little doll in her complimentary drink, and watching the ice cubes *dink*dink* against the little nubbin, but had serious reservations on the effect that might have on her son. Instead, she simply stroked it the other way until the heat was utterly gone out of it.

The sense of power that the little figurine had given her over her son was almost overwhelming. She could just picture it in her mind, James frantically thrusting into his girlfriend, fucking her for all he was worth, and then - nothing. A limp, cold, dick, and both of them frustrated and wanting. It was a perfect plan, really. The more frustrated they got, the faster they'd break up. Young people had needs, after all. Young men, especially, with their rampant cocks and swollen balls, constantly aching for release, needing more sex than any inexperienced young pussy could give them; what a young man *really* needed was an experienced woman, in the full flower of her sexuality, with a sexual hunger that matched his own.

Barbara caught sight of herself in the mirror. Her face was flushed and bright pink. What had she been thinking?

"Where did you want thes- Jesus!" James strode in through the open door and froze in the doorframe.

"Language," Barbara admonished, without thinking.

"Sorry mom," he said, looking downcast. "It's just- I mean, did you leave anything *at* the mall?"

"My wardrobe needed updating," she said, turning away from him. Barbara began unbuttoning her shirt. "I've, um, lost a little weight and I haven't bought any new clothes in *ages*, so I thought I would just-" She shrugged, and Phillip's old shirt fell to her shoulders. Her son made a small choking noise, deep in his throat.

Her gaze flicked to the full-length mirror.

There he stood, her strapping young son, biceps standing out against the weight of the bags in either arm, staring, mouth slightly agape. It caused her a moment's confusion - surely he'd seen her changing before. Then Barbara realized, he'd never quite seen her like *this*, had never seen the smooth, sinuous curves of her bare back, or the little dimples just above the jutting mounds of her newly pert little ass, swathed in the skin-tight black cotton of her leggings. She wasn't even wearing a bra; he could probably see the outside curves of her breasts from his position in the doorway.

The shirt slid to the floor, and Barbara reached out to touch the weir-boy. The little digit was hot again, without her having manipulated it. Fresh wetness flooded between her legs. He was watching *her*! He was getting hard for his own *mother*.

"Um, where-" James said, helplessly, waving the bags. Barbara covered her nipples with one arm and half-turned to face him, watching his gaze crawl all over the swollen breastflesh oozing over her forearm. There was sweat on his brow.

"Oh, wherever." She said, fingertip agitating the little nubbin as it grew hotter, rewarding his wandering eye with intense pleasure. The blood rose in his face as her son took a step inside and dropped the bags unceremoniously on the floor. He quickly turned to go, and even got a half-step towards the door when she called him back. "James, can you get something for me please?" He paused.

"Sure, mom." He said, voice a little shaky.

"In that little pink bag there by your foot, there should be a bra, a black one. Can you get it for me?"

"The-" he looked down. "The Victoria's Secret bag?"

"Oh good, you *can* read." She said. "Yes, that one."

"I, uh-" she pressed a little harder, and he made a slightly strangled noise as pure pleasure rocketed up through him. "Sure." Bending, he fished the bra out by the strap. Holding it up, it dangled from a hooked finger. He inspected the scalloped lace. "This one?"

"That's it," she said. Obviously in a hurry, James tossed it in her direction, where it caromed off one of the bags on the bed, then slid to the floor.

"James Michael de Wynter!" Barbara thundered. "Did I raise you in a barn? Come over here, and hand it to me like a civilized human being." She could see the thick tube of his cock, jammed down the leg of his khaki pants as he stepped over her shopping. Her fingertip kept circling the weir-boy's little digit, feeling the heat ramp up. Was that a damp spot growing on the fabric?

As he bent to pick up the bra, she stepped on it. Her toenails, painted a bright baby-blue, shone in the light of the room. Barbara wiggled them in his direction as he took hold of the bra, never ceasing to manipulate the doll.

"Now apologize," she said. "For your rudeness."

"I'm sorry, mom." James didn't look up from the floor, staring at Barbara's soft little foot, pudgy toes wriggling so close to his face. "I'm sorry I was rude. It won't happen again."

"Good boy," Barbara said, stepping back. He straightened up, and put the bra in her outstretched hand. "You can go back to whatever it was you were doing." Waving at her son dismissively. "Unless you want to watch me getting dressed, that is."

James licked his lips, hesitated, then left; his mother closed the door behind him. Listening to him thudding down the

stairs, she grabbed the little male figure, and began to firmly downstroke its member, ignoring the discomfort in her own thumb. The heat in the little green nubbin dissipated almost immediately.

Feeling like a queen, she strut back into the bedroom and snapped the bra into place. Laying the damp figure down next to its momma, she bent low over the pair. What was that? Picking up the doll that had done so much for her, Barbara noticed that there was a tiny flash of pink between its legs. Raising it close to her face, she saw that it was an insignificantly small flower bud, bright pink against the worn grey wood.

It took a long time for her to compose herself once her fingers were finished with her pussy.

--

When Barbara walked into the living room, James and Janie were sitting far from each other on the sectional couch, not really watching the movie on the television. The air was heavy with unspoken tension.

She walked around them, and slid into the short arm of the big l-shape, near her son. Her hands were tucked deep inside the pocket of a body-skimming running hoodie in bright turquoise; seating herself, Barbara laid back and swung her legs up onto the overstuffed ottoman in the centre of the room; her tiny black yoga shorts revealed yards of smooth, bare flesh, right down to her toes.

"What are we watching?" Barbara said, breaking the silence.

"I dunno," James said, trying not to look at his mother's legs, and not succeeding very well.

"Just some garbage," was Janie's contribution. It was the least Barbara had ever heard her say in a stretch.

"James honey, I'm sorry I was a little short with you earlier," his eyes flicked over to her, taking the opportunity to get a good long look at her legs. In the dim light of the room, he couldn't see her hand working in the big pocket of the sweater.

"No- no problem, mom." He shifted uncomfortably as the buzzing pleasure from the weir-boy started up in him, then looked at the TV.

"Sweetheart," she began. "Would you mind doing your mom one last favour?"

James mulled the question over for a moment, then: "sure mom, what is it?"

"Well," Barbara swivelled her hips, and suddenly her feet were laid on the edge of the couch, next to him. "I've been on my feet *all* day long. Would you mind giving them a little rub?" She wiggled her toes at him. Her hand worked inside the pocket.

"Uhhhh," he said.

"You never rub *my* feet," Janie pointed out, sulky.

"Well," Barbara argued, "you're not his mother, are you, honey?" Suddenly, James stiffened, then relaxed. She turned to her son. "Sweetie? Just rub mommy's feet for a couple of minutes, okay?"

"Yeah," his voice was far away. "Yeah, yeah sure mom."

"Good boy," she said. Her son stiffened again, relaxed. His hands were large and dry and his fingers warm as he picked up her left foot and held the heel in his palm.

"I've never, uh-" he ran an inexperienced thumb across the ball of her foot.

"It's okay, babybear. I'll tell you how." Barbara crossed her free leg across the knee. "Just listen to me. 'Mother knows best,' after all." She winked. Janie rolled her eyes again. "This is for your benefit too, dear." She said to the girl. "Once I've shown him what to do, he'll rub yours someday. Probably."

"Now James," she turned to her son. "Just rub your thumb up, from the heel to the ball of my big toe." He ground the pad of his thumb deep into her outstretched foot, and she groaned appreciatively. "That's it, honey. Now just dig in deep, just under the toe like- ah! Ahhh yes, like that. Now circle around, and go back down to the heel. Ooohhh James, that's good. You're a natural!" Barbara splayed her toes wide and wriggled in her son's grasp. "That's it, sweetheart, stroke it up and

down...uuuuup and down." Deep in her pocket, her thumb followed the selfsame instructions, translating her touch straight to his pleasure centre.

"I can't even hear the movie anymore you guys," Janie complained, curling her plump legs under herself.

"I'm so sorry, dear but James is just- ah! Making his mom-oooohhh! Feel nnnnghhh! Soo good!" Barbara arched her back and pressed her foot hard into James' hand. He was breathing raggedly now, fingers exploring the soft pink flesh of her sole. "Now use both hands, honey, press both thumbs into the heel and ooohhhhh!" Barbara bit her lip, her thumb frantically working the searing-hot little nubbin in her pocket. "Now work my toes, honey. Get in real close, bend over them...yessss just like that and work mommy's toes." James' breath was hot on her skin as his fingers began to pull on her pudgy little digits, his mouth dangerously close to her foot.

"Jamie, this is getting really weir-"

"Ooooh honey your hands are magic! Yessss, just like that!" His mother enthused, drowning out the girl in guttural groans. James' hands were beginning to shake, the fingers of his left scratching idly up her calf while the right dove in between her toes. She uncrossed her leg, planting her other foot on his leg, toes kneading his thigh while he worked, his face a mask of intense concentration. "Oh sweetheart, you're making my feet feel so good! Your father never does this for me anymore." Barbara ground her foot into his flesh.

"Okay, I'm out of here." Janie stood up off the couch and strode to the door, then turned, waiting expectantly. "Jamie?"

"He's-" Barbara gasped. "He's busy, dear. Don't worry, I'll send him to bed once he's done."

Janie gaped, shocked, then stomped out, feet pounding on the stairs.

"Your chubby little slut just left," she hissed to her son while he worked away at her foot.

"What?" He said, looking up from his work, eyes unfocused by the pleasure his mother was sending him through the weir-boy.

"Nothing, baby. Nothing at all. Dig *harder*. Get in there. Good boy!" She enthused, biting back a wet moan. "Ohhh sweetie, mommy's feet are so happy, mommy's toes are so happy." Her elbow worked in and out of her pocket at a frantic pace. He was panting wetly over her feet. "Kiss them." She commanded.

"What? Kiss them? What? That's-" James sounded drunk; his face was slightly blank, brain made muzzy by the teasing sensations Barbara's thumb was bringing his cock.

"Ooohhh, honey it's only fair." Barbara wriggled her adorable little blue-painted nails in his face. "They're soooo happy, baby. Just give mommy's toes a little kiss. Little kisses. That's all." If he could have seen it, her thumb would have been a

blur as it worked the weir-boy's little nubbin. "It's okay to kiss your mommy."

"I- I- sure." He was too far gone to think clearly, and bent even closer to Barbara's feet. Gently, lovingly, he planted a kiss against the warm, soft skin of her little toe. He was trembling as he worked his way up, until he reached her big toe; it only took a little push on her part to slide it past his lips, into the heated wetness of his slack mouth. The tremble in James' body suddenly became a pronounced tremor as she brought him closer to the edge. His hands gripped her sole tight, knuckles white as his whole body went rigid. He manfully tried to suppress every sign that he was cumming hard, spurting every last goddamn drop of hot young cum into his pants, and stayed there for a long minute, body locked in place, choking back the cries that tried to escape his throat.

Suddenly, he fell back, panting. Sitting back on the couch, he ran both hands through his hair, and wiped the saliva from his mouth.

"What- what's going on? Mom, what happened to Janie?"

"Oh, she got bored and went upstairs, I think." His mother's voice was bland, but she couldn't hide the grin that was plastered across her face anymore than he could hide the wide wet stain creeping across his thigh through the light tan fabric.

"Oh," he said, distantly, as he caught his breath. "I think, I think I should go." James' voice was vague.

"You don't have to," Barbara said, sliding legs against one another. "You haven't done my other foot yet."

"No," he said. "No, I shouldn't. I already ca- I mean, it's already too late and Janie's not here and I should go." Unsteadily, he got to his feet, seemingly unaware of the cum all over his leg.

"Well, you know your body best," Barbara waved him on. "Go on up. I think she's waiting for you anyway."

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah, I should go."

As his back retreated out of the room, she pulled the doll out of her pocket. Its appendage was rapidly cooling, but it looked slightly bigger now; there was a hint of white at the base, as if there were a stalk there. Wet, too, but she supposed it was her own sweat.

Raising the figure to her face, she kissed it, pushing the little nubbin into her mouth. It was salty.

Her shorts made a wet *squish* as she drew her legs up. She couldn't remember when she'd ever been so horny. There was something about having such obscene power over her own son that was a powerful, addictive aphrodisiac. Idly, she toyed with her sopping wet pussy through her shorts, seriously considering diddling herself for the- what? Fourth? Fifth time today?

But James had looked *so* cute when he was trying so desperately not to let her know he was cumming. Barbara wondered what he looked like when he meant it, what that finely sculpted body looked like when it was rigid with ecstasy, what that fat cock looked like when it was erect and in person.

She stretched her legs out again, spreading her thighs as she dipped her fingers beneath the waistband of her yoga shorts. As her fingers found the slick, bare lips of her outer labia, and slid in between, she thought back to the memory of his hardbody, bent over his bed, his perfect young cock so achingly hard and desperate for pleasure. That silly little bitch couldn't even take him when he was like that, but then, no inexperienced little *girl* could without significant aid. No, what James needed was a mature, flowered, thick-lipped and voluptuous pussy, a *woman*'s cunt, a mother's-

The front door opened and closed. Snarling, Barbara ripped her fingers from her pussy and sat straight up.

Philip walked in. "Hey, movie night!" He said, laying down his briefcase. "What are we watching?"

"I don't know," she said, shortly. "Some garbage."

"Oh." She watched as her husband mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. Had he always been so sweaty? And so bloated? Had she really deigned to fuck him only yesterday? "Where are the kids?"

"They retired early."

"Ooooooh." Phillip waggled his eyebrows knowingly. "I see." He checked her out, eyes crawling up and down her legs. "Hellooooo, Legs. What say we do a little 'retiring' ourselves?"

"Don't be disgusting, Philip." Barbara stood, and strode past him, out the door.

"What?" He watched her go, eyes rocketing in on the sashay of her pert little behind, those firm, jutting buttocks a little more than a handful each. "What'd I say?"

In the living room, the TV blared to itself.

"What'd I say?"

--

What followed was a very simple program of conditioning: tease his cock as much as possible with the doll, keep him on the edge with the irresistible pleasure brought by the voodoo doll, and make sure he didn't achieve orgasm with his girlfriend. This, of course, entailed spending a great deal of time with the young couple, watching and waiting for her time to drain the enthusiasm out of her son's cock with a stroke or three.

At the same time, James was becoming much more attentive to his mother, and Barbara certainly wasn't about to complain about that; in fact, she rewarded such behaviour by doubling

down on her attentions to the weir-boy, buzzing the pleasure centre of his brain with her thumb. As the week passed, he became more obedient, more docile, more willing to accede to her demands, no matter what weird faces his girlfriend pulled.

For example, on Wednesday morning, as they all sat around the breakfast table, she asked him to make her pancakes. He did so happily and with a will, as she watched him tie the apron around his waist, whipping up batter and frying them in just the right amount of butter as she teased the doll. James delivered a tall stack of golden pancakes in short order, reaching around her to lay the steaming plate on the table; if he took a long, lingering look down the deep vee of her shirt, she didn't say anything, but rewarded him with a flick of her thumb.

"What about me?" The girl had complained. "Don't I get any?"

"Oh shit," he'd said, suddenly embarrassed. "I didn't- I mean, I only made enough for mom."

Barbara had to squeeze her thighs together as the heat built between them. Moments later, she dropped her fork.

"James, get that for me please," she'd said, mildly. Suddenly he was under the table. Barbara scissored her legs back and forth, giving him a long hard look at their long, silky perfection. He stayed down there a while before he found it, underneath his mother's foot.

His reward for that had made him shaky and pale with ecstasy, though he didn't know why.

Meanwhile, the dolls continued to change. The weir-boy's green shoot became thicker and longer, day by day until it resembled nothing less than an inch-long mushroom. The momma's tiny pink bud grew, too, swelling outward from her crotch, occasionally releasing a single bead of nectar. If she left them alone in a room for any length of time whatsoever, Barbara knew she'd soon find them together in some secluded corner, the momma atop the 'boy, fat green mushroom now pressing up against her tiny grey tits.

She didn't like to intrude when she found them like that, but she had bigger fish to fry.

And the frying was good. Hanging around outside James' bedroom, she was witness to a great many hushed but tense conversations, at least one shouting match, and a number of young female crying jags. She occasionally felt a pang of guilt, but then, Janie *had* tried to insinuate herself where she didn't belong and James- James was being richly rewarded for correct behaviour.

In truth, the power was addictive and arousing and more than once she fucked herself outside her son's door, knowing she was sabotaging his relationship. For his own good, of course.

Philip, for his part, was more or less oblivious to the goings-on in his own house. He left for the office early in the morning and often returned after dark, good only for a lewd comment to his somehow shockingly-attractive wife, who was in turn,

utterly uninterested in his advances. Barbara was too busy paying attention to more important matters.

Of course, it couldn't last forever. The kids were flying out at the end of the week to head back and start the school year, somehow still together.

Barbara knew she'd have to turn up the heat if she was going to succeed.

--

On Friday evening, the three of them sat around the dinner table. Silence lay heavy over the room. Philip was still at the office, but he promised he'd be back sometime tonight.

"So," Barbara said, breaking the silence. "You're certain you're going to head back."

"Of course he's certain," Janie responded before her son could open his mouth. "It's senior year, we're going to go back to our lives and everything will be-" she groped for the word, "like, normal. What else would he do?"

The older woman ignored the girl, and addressed her son.

"You could stay here. Finish at City U." She reached over, soft fingers lying atop his hand. "You don't need to go back."

"He's going back," Janie said, firmly. "He'd be, like, crazy not to. Right? Jamie?"

James didn't answer for a moment. "Right," he said. "I gotta go back, mom. I gotta finish up, and besides we've got a line on a good apartment close to campus; the rent is better than rez, and the landlord is supposed to be okay and-"

"I see." Said his mother, daubing at the corners of her mouth with her handkerchief. She let it fall to the table. "Then I guess your mind is made up." Barbara's fingers toyed with the tight pearl choker around her neck; her hair was swept high off her neck and piled into a thick, honey-blonde bun. Her other hand was under the table.

"I think I'm done eating," James and his girlfriend watched her stand, and stride out of the room.

"Oh my god I cannot *wait* to go back," Janie said, suddenly energized by the departure of the older woman.

"Yeah it'll be good to get back to uh- to normal." He shifted in his chair.

"No kidding," Janie rolled her eyes. "I'll tell you something else, we're never-"

"James," Barbara's voice rolled into the dining room. "Can you come here for a moment, please? I need your help with something."

"Of course she does," Janie said. "How does she even *breathe* when you're not here?"

"Babe, she's my *mother*, I can't just-" He half-rose from the table.

"James?"

He looked at his girlfriend. Janie refilled her wine glass, scowling. "Go on," she said. "I'll just be here. By myself."

"I'll be right back, okay?" He left. She drank.

Barbara was standing at the foot of the stairs, waiting for him. His mother looked like she strolled out of a magazine spread, some People tour of some Hollywood home. She was wearing a high-necked sleeveless pencil dress in a large blue floral print. It was stretched tight over her body, flowing through the new curves of her waist and uplifted breasts, a flower-print study in ideal female form. Low-denier pantyhose showed off the muscular definition of her calves as she tapped one glossy black high heel against the hardwood floor impatiently. One hand rested on the rail. The other was clenched around something in her hand.

"In my room," she said, simply, going upstairs. James followed, three or four steps behind, a perfect vantage point to watch the tightly-packed twin globes of her buttocks swing back and forth as she strode down the hall and into her bedroom. She came to a stop in the middle of the room, her

back to him; one long-fingered hand reached back and tapped her shoulder.

"Unclip it, please." She said. It was a command, not a request. James' fingers brushed against the nape of her neck as he fiddled with the clasp there. "Thank you, honey." She said softly, and felt a slight tremor run through him as she hit his reward button, sending his first thrill of the day through him. Suddenly it sprang free. "Unzip." Shaky fingers took hold of the zipper and slowly drew it down, revealing a long slice of her back, down to her tailbone; shiny black microfibre peeped out from the bottom of the zip. Barbara looked back at him and smiled. "You're such a good boy, honey." She cooed. "Thank you." He bit his lip.

She shrugged, and the dress fell outwards, to her shoulders. The clasp of her bra looked so insignificant, as if a breath would pop it.

"James," Barbara said, turning around. "Tell me the truth. Do you really want to go?"

"Mom," a pained expression crossed her son's face. "It's complicated."

"No it really isn't," she said. "Do you want to go? Do you want to leave or do you want to stay?"

"Of course I *want* to stay," he gestured, helplessly. "But I can't just bail on my senior year, can I? You and dad always wanted me to-"

Barbara let the dress slide off her shoulders, and James caught his breath as more creamy, smooth skin came into view.

"Nevermind what your father wants," she said. "He's not here. Neither is that little girl downstairs. Answer me. Do you want to stay?"

James quivered. "Yes, alright!? I want to stay. I don't want to leave. Whenever I come home I think about not leaving, okay?" A visible tremor ran through his body. Barbara eyed him, his taut young body filling out his white polo and tan pants nicely, his face flushed with the sexual sensations his mother was translating to him through the doll. "But I can't just stay. I've got a life back there. I've got Janie, I've got-"

"Don't worry about that," she cooed. "Tell them your mom needed you; that she *told* you to stay." The dress slid lower, revealing the upper slopes of her tits, fulsome and welling out of the lacy cups of her bra. "She'll believe that, anyway. After all, I've been telling you what to do all week, and you've been enjoying it, haven't you?"

"What? Mom, I-"

"Don't lie to me," Barbara said. "I'm not stupid, James. I've been watching you all week and pushing you around; you're a mommy's boy, honey. You *like* it when I tell you what to do."

"That is *not* true," he protested, blushing hotly.

"No?" She arched an eyebrow. "You were quick to bail on your girlfriend, weren't you? I snapped my fingers and you came running, didn't you?"

"No, I just-"

"Look me in the eye, James. Look me in the eye and tell me you don't like it when your mother tells you what to do."

He tried to hold her electric blue gaze, but looked away before he could get a word out..

"See?" She said. "You can't, can you? Now tell me the truth. You like doing what I tell you, don't you?"

He nodded, shaggy blonde hair bouncing.

"No," Brenda admonished. "Tell me. Say it."

"Yes," her son said in a low voice. "I like doing what you tell me." A small gasp escaped from his lips as he said it and felt the thrill it brought.

"Good boy," she cooed. "See, isn't it much better to admit it? Now," Barbara straightened herself. "This is me telling you not to go back."

"Mom," he said, a protest beginning to rise in his throat, "what about-"

There was a slithering sound as Barbara's dress slid from her body, pooling on the floor around her feet. James stared. Almost every inch of his mother's finely-tuned body was on display, and the sex goddess image before him took his breath away. She watched him intently, eyes locked on his as he took her in: the straps of her bra dug slightly into the soft, silky flesh of her shoulders as the filmy black cups tried their best to hold the sheer volume of her mature breasts in check, her bright pink nipples raging through the fabric. Her navel was a tiny divot in the otherwise unmarred expanse of her abdomen, a kissable little indent that marked the narrowest point in her waist before her hips swept outward again. Black microfibre panties arced across the span of her hips, slung low below her navel, a brief scrap of fabric that did the bare minimum in covering her. The wide, lacy bands of her stay-up stockings stretched almost all the way up to the legband of her panties, translucent, dusky sheaths for her slim, toned, mile-long legs.

Barbara stepped out of the dress, kicking it away an inch with the toe of one mirror-black stiletto.

"Pick it up," she commanded, watching him impassively.

"Mom," he began.

"Do we have to do this again?" She tapped her foot impatiently. "Pick it up, put it on the chair there next to my vanity." The fingers of her clenched fist worked on something. Swiftly, body suddenly humming with pleasure, he stepped forward and

scooped up the dress before laying it gently on the back of the chair. When James turned back, his mother was seated on the edge of the bed, legs crossed. One black heel dangled precariously from her toe. He watched it bounce, up and down. Barbara's thumb worked in time.

"Now, was that really so hard?" She asked, pointedly.

"N-no, but listen I should really-"

"Come here." Barbara snapped. Readily, he complied. Her foot continued to bob, up and down, up and down. "I've been wearing these damn heels all night. Take them off, please. And place them neatly by the bed."

Bending the knee, James removed her shoes, treating her feet so gently and reverently they might have been made of glass. Dark, cobwebby stockings stretched tightly around her toes as she wriggled them, relishing their newfound freedom.

"Thank you, sweetheart."

"Mom, I should really-"

"Honey, so long as you're being such a *good boy*," her thumb worked significantly, "I think it's okay for you to call me 'mommy'."

"Mom- mommy," his voice pitched upward as the last syllable dropped from his lips. "I need to-"

"Mommy's toes are *so* pretty, aren't they?" Barbra said, raising one foot towards his face and looking down, as if inspecting them.

"Ye-" he gasped. "Yes! They are."

"I know you think so," she said with a laugh. "I remember how you kissed them after you rubbed my foot." On the floor, James grunted. "But you didn't give *this* foot any love. They're a little jealous, honey. I think you should kiss mommy's toes, and make it up to them." Barbara did something with her thumb, and her son almost doubled over. "Well?" She said, wiggling them.

James took the proffered foot in his hands, and began to kiss her toes, tasting the nylon and the tang of her sweat. Once more, he worked his way up to his mother's big toe, and each kiss brought a reward that made his body shudder and shake, prompting a series of tiny grunts that grew in volume as he kissed her; each kiss grew progressively longer as he went, and with them his rewards grew more intense. By the time he reached Barbara's big toe, James was practically giving it a tongue bath, letting it dip deeply into his mouth while he lashed and suckled at it. She jerked her foot back, and it popped out of his mouth, leaving him panting.

"Thank you James," Barbara said. "You're such a good boy for mommy. Janie doesn't have such pretty toes, does she?" His mother wiggled her toes again, shimmering with spit in their nylon casing.

"No," he said, earnestly, without a moment's thought. The thrill of pleasure that rocketed through his body made him sit up straight and ramrod rigid.

"Oh, sweetheart it makes mommy so happy to hear you say that." Her dry foot slid into his lap, gently rubbing his thigh. "What about my legs, honey? Are Janie's legs as pretty as mommy's legs?"

"No god no," he was breathless. One of his hands was sliding reverently up his mother's silky calf. He had to bite his lip to restrain the groan that tried to escape his throat.

"Flatterer," Barbara laughed. "Hm. Your little girlfriend's not coming out too well here." She pursed her lips and pretended to think. "What about mommy's ass, honey? I know you had a look at it yesterday, you dirty little scamp! Does Janie have an ass like mine?" James had "accidentally" walked in on his mother the day before as she was changing, wearing only a red t-shirt that skimmed just above her buttocks and a pair of boyshorts that molded themselves lovingly around her sculpted, muscular behind. Janie's butt was nothing but flab, she knew, held taut only by youth.

"Mom,"

"Mommy," she corrected.

"Mommy," he started again, "your butt is- your ass is-"

"Yes? Yes?" Her thumb punctuated each question on the doll.

"It's divine, alright!? I've never seen anything like your ass." If he was going to say anything after that, it was lost in a long shuddering gasp.

"Mmmmm," she cooed. "You're not just trying to butter me up, are you? You're not just being a little buttkisser, are you honey?"

"What? No." James shook his head emphatically. "Why would I-"

"You'll have to prove that," Barbara said, suddenly rolling over on the bed, extending her legs. The prominent globes of her ass jutted straight out above the lacy bands of the stockings as the jet-black briefs dipped dangerously in between her cheeks. A slice of firm flesh poured out from either side of the legband. "Kiss it. Kiss my ass and tell me it's better than Janie's." She looked back at him over her shoulder, arms crossed under her head, fingers working faster.

Slowly, hesitantly, James stood and put one knee on the mattress. Barbara watched as her son leaned close to her body, the heat of him scorching her skin.

"Come on," she said, wiggling her hips. The tiny quakes generated in the firm meat of her booty looked delicious, and James licked his lips. "Kiss it." He shivered, then bent low over her. James's lips met his mother's left cheek and then it was her turn to shiver and quake. He lingered there a moment,

fingers kneading her flesh. "Now tell me," she said in a husky voice. "Say it!"

"Your ass is so-" he kissed her again, "so much better than Janie's, mommy."

"Good boy," she breathed. Barbara raised herself up on all fours, pressing her pert little butt right into his face, smothering the moan she pulled out of him with her thumb. "In fact," she said, "I'm better than Janie in every way, aren't I? I'm prettier than she is, sexier than she is, more experienced than she is, more dominant than she is." James, apparently unwilling to part his face from her behind, grunted and whimpered as she reinforced each item on the list with a stroke and a press on the weir-boy. "Say it!" She insisted.

He broke away from her for a moment, eyes heavy-lidded and gasping for breath. "Yes! Alright, yes. You're better than she is in **every** way. She doesn't fucking compare to you, mommy!"

"Then, it only stands to reason," Barbara said, "that if I'm better than she is in **every** way, I deserve you more than she does, don't I?" James shuddered.

"What?" He said, her words slowly percolating through his pleasure-fogged brain.

"You heard me, honey." Barbara's voice was calm and measured. "If I'm better than she is, I deserve you more than she does, don't I?" She turned her head away, and James

would have heard her licking something if his attention weren't elsewhere.

"Yes!" He gasped. "Yes! YESYESYES." She looked back to see her son's eyes rolling back into his head. The weir-boy's little green mushroom had swollen to prodigious size, easily half as long as the doll itself, and it pulsed angrily. She leaned down and lapped away at it, teasing the flared tip as her son gyrated behind her.

"Good boy," she cooed. "You make mommy so happy, honey." Barbara chewed her lip, flush with her own pleasure and more than a little drunk on power. "If you're going to stay, you should seal your promise with a kiss, darling."

"A kiss? I, uh, sure, mom." He mumbled, voice vague and distant. He planted his lips on her buttcheek again.

"No, sweetie bear. A *real* kiss. Pull down mommy's panties." His trembling hands slid beneath her waistband and yanked them down around her thighs. "Good booooooy." Her pink, wrinkled starfish winked up at him. "Now, kiss mommy's little asshole, honey. A *real* kiss." Pulled forward by the pleasure that thrilled through his entire body, James had no choice. Willingly, eagerly, he buried his handsome features between his mother's pert little buttcheeks and planted his lips on her asshole. His tongue, long and slippery, slid out and around her little starfish, washing it and sliding inside the pouty little orifice.

"Yesssss!" Barbara grunted, hunching back against his face. "That's it honey! Kiss mommy's ass! Get that tongue right! Up!

In! There!" She ground her hips around, mashing his face against her sphincter. "Now, stop!" As if yanked by a chain, James rocketed away from her asshole, licking his lips eagerly.

"Wasn't that nice, honey?" Barbara chuckled. "Wasn't kissing mommy's asshole good? Better than Janie's mouth?"

"God yessss," he slurred, running his hands through his shaggy hair. Kneeling behind his mother, she could see his entire delta-shaped torso and the thick protuberance that threatened to rip through the cotton twill of his pants.

"Strip," she said. "Get naked for mommy." Standing, James peeled off his shirt while his mother rolled over onto her back, watching eagerly as her fingers stroked between her legs. He was sculpted like a greek god, all golden skin and rock-hard musculature. He fumbled with his belt while she spread her labia with one hand, flicking at the angry little pink clit with the other. Eventually, the buckle sprang open; the button of his pants popped off in his haste to get them off, spanking as it ricocheted off a nearby lamp. James tugged his briefs down, and Barbara's breath caught in her throat. His cock was magnificent, even more so than she could have hoped; a thick slab of veiny meat, at least nine inches of steely flesh with a thick purple head that oozed a steady stream of precum. Idly, she wondered if she had created that, then chuckled to herself at the irony of the very question.

"Look at mommy," Barbara said, quietly. James watched as his mother hooked her panties down one leg, spreading her thighs wide. Between the dark frame of her stockings, her mature pussy blossomed, thick inner labia unfolding from between her thick, pouty outer lips while cunt cream sluiced

down into the comforter. She pulled one fat breast from its confines, teasing and pulling on the nipple. "This is what a real pussy looks like," Barbara said. "A woman's pussy. Mommy's pussy is a perfect pussy, isn't it?" The weir-boy lay under her pillow, momentarily forgotten.

"Yesss," he husked.

"Touch yourself," she said. "Touch yourself while you look at mommy's perfect pussy." Barbara's index finger flickered across her clitoris as James took hold of his rampant cock, slowly fisting it. "You've never seen anything sexier than mommy's pussy, have you?" She asked.

"No," James' voice came from faraway as he stared straight into the core of her.

"Good boy," she purred, and a tremor ran through her son's cock as she did.

"You can see mommy's perfect pussy every day if you stay," she whispered, strumming her bud. "You can worship mommy's superior body every day if you stay. You can stay here and obey my every whim if you stay. Doesn't that sound good?"

"Yesss," he said, pumping his meat faster, milking out a thick gout of precum as he did.

"Good boy," she said. "Now come here and lie on the bed next to mommy." Without another word, he scrambled up on the bed and lay on his back. Up close James' member was even more impressive, a towering spire of cockflesh in his fist. Precum dribbled over his knuckles. "Is that for me? Did mommy do that to you?"

"Yessss," James' eyes were glassy, now.

"Good boy," she whispered in his ear, eliciting a needy whimper. "In fact, this is **just** for mommy, isn't it? You've never been so hard, so swollen in your life. Mommy did this." Barbara reached over, delicate fingers idly sliding up the velvety skin stretched so tautly over his cock. "Mommy **made** this. This cock is **mommy's** cock." She grabbed it tightly around the base, or tried to. The shaft was too thick for her to get her fingers around. "Say it!"

"Ngh," James grunted. "Oh god mom, mommy. Yes it's yours. It's mommy's cock. My cock is mommy's cock!"

"Good boy," she hissed, and he hunched upwards into her hand. His precum had drooled all the way down to her fingers, where it pooled around the incomplete ring they made at the base. "If this is mommy's cock, then mommy gets to say when it cums, doesn't she?" His affirmation was a ragged, incoherent moan. "And mommy **definitely** gets to say who it cums **for**, doesn't she?" Her lips brushed against his earlobe. "No more young cunts for you, honey. Mommy's cock was made for mature pussy, **real** pussy." She hesitated, then fell over the brink, pushed by the insistence of the power and pleasure thrilling through her. "Mommy's pussy. Mommy's cock is only for mommy's pussy. Say it!"

"Only...only your pussy! Mommy's cock is only for mommy's pussy!" He practically shouted, cock pulsating.

"Not Janie's cunt."

"No, fuck! No, not Janie's ooohhhh cunt."

"Good boy." Barbara swung one long, stockinged leg across his body, positioning herself above him. Her luxurious pussy lips enveloped the head of his cock, drooling all over it. Leaning on one arm, she looked down at her son, his face flushed, sweaty, eyes glassy with the burning need in his balls. A green glow escaped from underneath the pillow next to him.

"Mommy," he groaned as she began to sink down, both of them gasping as his thick plum head pushed past her clasp hole.

"Oh god, honey! Mommy's good boy is *so* big!" Working her hips, she slowly fed his supernaturally thickened meat into her needy pussy.

Deep inside the bedside table, the bud between the legs of the weir-momma began to blossom, unfolding in a persistent pink glow.

"Mom- mommy!" James grunted. "Oh god it's so good!" His cock sank inexorably deeper inside of her, wrapping his sensitive meat in slippery, velvety heat.

Barbara ground her hips in a gentle circle as she fed her son's cock deeper into her molten core, until her thighs met his. She let out a long, treble sigh and shivered, relishing the fullness. His cock **was** perfect, a perfect fit for her luxurious mommy-cunt.

She rolled her hips, letting the head of his cock grind against the very depths of her pussy. Slowly, Barbara began to rise again.

"Mommy's pussy is perfect, isn't it?"

"Yes!" She sank down an inch.

"You'll never want another pussy again, will you?"

"No!" Another inch, and she circled her hips, twisting his shaft in the grasp of her mature cunt.

"Not even Janies'?"

"God, god no mommy! J-just yours!" Another inch, and she reached back to tickle his balls.

"Good boy," she enthused, dropping the last inch, bottoming out on his cock once more. Barbara began to pump her hips, fucking her son in short, sharp thrusts. "You're going to break up with her aren't you? So you can stay here with mommy? So you can serve mommy? So you can be with mommy's pussy?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" Each response was rewarded with another pump.

"Say it," Barbara commanded through gritted teeth.

"I won't- ah! I won't go away, mommy! I'm going to break- ohhhh break up with her so I can st- ahhhh! Stay here and serve you! Stay here and be with ohhhhh your perfect pussy!"

"Good boy," she said. "Now start fucking mommy, honey. Don't be a dead lay." James' hands gripped her waist tight as he pushed his thick meat up into her. "Oh god YES! We're going to do this every! Single! Day! You're going to make mommy's pussy soooo happy, sweetie bear!" His hips pistoned as he picked up the pace, slamming his fat cock into his mother's sweetly clutching cunt.

"Oooooohhh honey!" Barbara screamed, her hands on his chest, nails drawing lines of blood in his golden skin. The green light from underneath the pillow intensified. "Fuck mommy! Fuck mommy! Mommy's going to be so good to you honey! Mommy's going to be your queen! You'll never have to think for yourself ever again! Ngh! Fuck mommy, sweetie bear!"

The weir-momma's blossom spiralled out and bloomed, huge pink petals covering the tiny grey form; an intense pink light filled the inside of the table drawer, leaking out as Barbara fucked her son, unaware of what was happening a foot away.

"Oh god, mommy! I love you mommy! I'm going- I'm going to-"

"Do it, baby! Cum for mommy! Fill up mommy's perfect pussy with all that wonderful cream!"

Their voices rose in a lustful crescendo as the light underneath the pillow flared, momentarily distracting Barbara before her orgasm overtook her. Their bodies became locked in pleasure as they came at the same time, James' cock jammed as deeply inside of her as he could get, flooding his mother with his youthful cream as his shaft pulsed and balls jumped between his thighs, while Barbara's luxurious cunt sucked and writhed around him, pulling every ounce of semen out of him.

Suddenly, it was over, and Barbara collapsed atop him, panting. "Here, sweetie. Suck this." She said, feeding one of her pinky-thick nipples into his mouth. They lay there, breathing heavily in sync with one another, perfectly happy. Curious, she lifted the pillow a little, and found nothing underneath, no weir-boy. For a moment, she wondered if he was cuddling with his own momma in the drawer. Only a moment, though, as the floorboard by the bedroom door creaked, ominously.

"Jamie?" A small voice, a girl's voice, asked from the other side of the world.

In the drawer, only a couple of big pink petals remained of the weir-momma.

--

Elsewhere, heterochromatic eyes watched with glee as green light flared, and the weir-boy appeared on a shelf, next to a jar of pickled awfulness. The other doll appeared moments later, next to him.

"Another happy son and a happier momma," a voice cackled. "Soon be time to set up shop again, see if there are any other mommas out there need help."

If the dolls thought anything of it, they didn't say anything in particular.

fin.

The Penned Dragon

Another quickie! There is a longer tale in the works, I promise, but these little ones keep seizing control of my imagination. This one is a traditional tale of fantasy, and contains elements of incest, magic, gently dominant moms, kings, queens, witchcraft, and probably the oldest trope in English literature. If these are not your cup of tea, please do not complain to me that you are drinking somebody else's tea: just give me back my dang tea.

King Eadweard studied the chessboard while the wind howled outside his chambers. The white bishop stood before his king's knight, and he obliged by moving the red lacquered horse in line with his own bishop.

"It's your turn," he said, reluctantly taking his hand off the piece.

"Oh?" By the fire, a female figure was bent low over the roaring fire, stirring a simmering pot. Curling steam arose from the lip of the three-footed pot, then sloshed down towards the floor before dissipating. As she stirred, an unfamiliar scent flooded the room -- spicy and warm and summery. She gathered the hem of blue dress in one hand to keep the gold brocade out of the ashes, pulling it tight across the broad, womanly curve of her buttocks. She dipped a tin ladle into the bubbling liquid and poured it up into a matching set of goblets.

"Did you take anything of mine?" Bryda, the Queen Mother of the Middle Kingdom asked as she placed one of the cups before her son and seated herself. A long black curly tendril of hair had escaped the tight white wimple that framed her face, and a frustrated smile split her plush mouth and spread to her kelly-green eyes as she tucked it back inside.

"No, not as yet." He lifted the vessel in both hands, relishing the heat in his fingers, and watched as she pushed her king's pawn forward a space.

"This smells oddly," Eadweard breathed deeply of the wine in his cup. "Have you done something with it?" The wind reached a high pitch outside, then his mother laughed, a short sharp dismissive bark.

"Did you think your father's people were the first to mull wine?" Bryda laughed again. "It is a recipe of my house. A messenger arrived this morning with a package from my own estates; my dear sister was thoughtful enough to include a purse of spices. Your father's kingdom is fertile and vast, but some things I can only find at home."

"I imagine, yes." His queen's bishop slid next to the white one. "A great many things must grow in the fens that cannot take root in good farmland." It was gratifying to see the color rise in her cheeks as she bristled at his words. If he could unsettle her, he might win this time.

"Is that so, sweetling?" Bryda bared her teeth at him, barely concealing the venom in her voice. "Which fens do you speak of? The fens that are home of my father where we took refuge and hid while your father's blood ran fire through his body, or the fens that swallowed an army of Northmen alive when they came looking for him?" She shifted another pawn. "Speaking of our kinsmen from across the Narrow Sea, where is your lady wife this evening?"

"The Queen is resting in her chambers this evening." Eadweard moved his other knight. "The mead gave her a queer turn, she said."

"A cold way to pass this bitter winter's eve," Bryda observed, pretending to scan the game board. "Why, when I was your age, your father and I scarce passed an evening outside of these chamber walls. That is how you-"

"-ended up with two brothers and seven sisters, I know." He watched her long, elegant fingers pass over her chessmen. How she kept them so clean was a mystery to all.

"Your wine is cooling, Eadweard." She hovered over a rook. "It may be the only thing to keep you warm tonight if Hild won't come to your bed."

"She does come to my bed, Mother," the young king drank from his cup. The spicy mix was wildly different from the castle cook's, and left his lips and fingertips a-tingle. "Just- just not tonight."

"I see, I see." Bryda tapped her lower lip, lush and pink, as though thinking. "All these visits to your chambers must be why she has not produced an heir these last three years. Why, the girl is simply too busy fucking to get pregnant!"

"Mother!" The wine sloshed over the lip of his cup as he slapped it back down on the table. "I am king here, and you will show the proper respec-"

"Yes, and a fine, young, handsome king you are at that." She castled her own king, swapping it around with the rook. "You should be bedding women and making babies; a fine crop of bastards would be better heirs than no child of your body at all. I'm sure half the maids in the castle go to their beds dreaming of having their king's mighty sceptre between their legs. You would scarcely be the first lord to-

"I will not." Eadweard copied her move and took a deep draught of the wine. "Wedding vows may hold little sway over other men, but I swore fidelity before half the kingdom to keep the peace with her father and I mean to hold to my word, Mother. Hild will bear me a goodly son and heir no matter how long it takes."

Bryda held up her hands in mock surrender.

"Very well, very well." She chuckled. "I raised you too well, perhaps. If my son is a better man than most I suppose I should be proud. More wine?"

"Please," he said. His mother took the cup and refilled it.

"But she gets her blood? Every month?" That black curl reappeared at the crest of her smooth, pale forehead, a stray comma on a blank page.

"I- I imagine so." The furred cloak around his shoulders felt too heavy, too warm. "It may beggar belief but I do not inspect my wife as though she were a brood mare."

"She's so small," the Queen Mother went on. "Like a stripling boy. No hips or breasts to speak of, like she's never eaten a healthy meal. They say that starving maids may lose their moon tides altogether, and become as barren as a stony field." She moved her knight to shield the white queen. Bryda, herself, looked as though she'd had many a good meal; the blue dress she wore did little to hide a figure that seemed to be almost entirely curves, from hips to bust to lips to behind, womanly and screaming with the fertility that she'd proved over a lifetime of childbearing. Ten babes she'd birthed Eadweard's father, and though scarcely four had survived to adulthood, Bryda looked as though she were ready for more, if her husband hadn't been dead.

"Must we have this conversation every evening?" He pushed up one of his pawns, and without a moment's hesitation, she took it with her knight.

"Until there is a screaming baby boy in that...wo- no, girl's arms, I don't see why not." Bryda waved the chessman at her son.

The young king's nostrils flared; draining his cup, he stood, drawing himself up to his full height to look down upon his mother. Like his father, he was tall and broad and possessed of a hard stare, though he had the dark coloring and sensual mouth of his mother's people.

"I wish to retire." Eadweard slammed the goblet back down on the table. "We can continue this game in the morning, but not this conversation." The Queen Mother of the Middle Kingdom, heir to the Estates of Deepland Marshes, pushed her chair back and bowed low before her son.

"Yes of course," she said, that one strand of hair escaping her wimple as she bent nearly double. "As my liege wishes, I shall take my leave and see him in the morning." He couldn't see her smirk, but he could hear it.

"Thank you." The king breathed a sigh of relief. "And mother?"

"Yes oh my son, great king of kings?" She wasn't even trying to hide the sardonic grin now.

"Leave the wine. It will be cold in here tonight."

"Yes, Your Majesty." Bryda gathered up her skirts, and crossed the room to the door. "Have a very pleasant evening."

"And you," he refilled his goblet.

"Oh I'm certain I shall." Heavy iron hinges squealed as his mother pulled his chamber door open; it fell shut again with a room-shaking clang when she departed. Shaking his head, Eadward shifted a chair and sat before the fire, thinking.

The king was well into his third? Fourth? Cup when he noticed the sweat standing out on his brow. The once-high flame had long since ebbed to mostly embers; he mopped his brow and banked these into a heap, then unclasped the brooch holding his heavy cloak in place. When that did little to cool him, he began stripping off articles of clothing to alleviate the heat.

Outside the wind whipped around the thick stones of the castle keep. A thick lip of snow was forming on the sill of the nearest window.

"It cannot be so hot in here," Eadweard said, suddenly struck by fear. His father had been carried off by fever: did a similar fate await him? He flexed his hands, watching his fingers. He did not feel sick. There was no ache in his joints, no dizziness, no trouble in his guts. Indeed, he could feel a pleasant tingle in his extremities, the effect of his mother's concoction.

Ah, well. She did say it would keep him warm, but he did not expect the effect to be so profound. His hands and feet felt were practically hot, and there was no denying a very pleasant warmth between his legs.

There was a knock at his door, light and tentative, almost inaudible over the storm raging outside.

"Who comes?" Eadweard called, wondering how many steps it would take for him to seize his sword, hung by the wall.

"It is Hild, my lord. Might I enter?"

Surprised and confused, he replied "yes, of course lady. My own wife need not knock and beg entry like a servant." Crossing the room in three long strides, the young king seized the iron ring that served as doorknob and opened the oaken door for her. with a grunt.

Clad only in her finely woven linen shift, Queen Hild looked as if she'd stepped out of a fairy circle. The thin fabric flowed like smoke around her lissome body, all long limbs and the subtlest of curves; her tiny breasts were mere suggestions under the dress, capped by bright pink nipples that were obviously hard in the cool night air. Long, platinum blonde tresses were braided into a complex circlet about her head. Eadweard found himself wondering how long such a labour took as she looked up at him with her big doe eyes, brown as the rich earth that surrounded their castle.

"Will my lord permit me entry or does he wish to check me for weapons first?" There was a new, playful note in her voice. Hild was usually either cool-but-deferential or bored-but-deferential, and so this made a welcome change.

"Yes! Yes, please, enter." Eadweard stood aside as she flowed past him, dragging one hand against his chest as she did.

"Did you have company this evening, my lord?" Hild seated herself behind the white chessmen, gathering up her skirt, revealing a long, lithe leg almost up to her hip. The king stared. This was more of his wife's flesh than he'd seen since their wedding night.

"On-only my mother," he said, suddenly nervous. "We played for a bit. She's gone now."

The young blonde circled the rim of Bryda's cup with her finger.

"Yes, I can see that." She chuckled. Eadweard couldn't remember if he'd ever heard her laugh before. It was a good laugh, high and clear as a bell. Beyond the walls, the wind howled.

"What brings you here on this foul evening, my queen?" For some reason, he was nervous, even more nervous than he had been on their first night together. "The Ides are still five days hence."

"Five days hen-" Hild's clear brow furrowed, first in confusion, then surprise. She laughed again, a long peal of it. "Yes of course my darling husband! The Ides, our...arrangement." Eadweard mopped the sweat from his brow and watched as his wife drank of his mother's abandoned cup.

"She came to see me tonight, the Queen Mother." Hild bent low over the chessboard, inspecting it. "We spoke a long time."

"Oh?" The young king approached the table. Bryda's knight was vulnerable, so he took it. His wife looked up at him approvingly.

"After leaving you she came to my chambers, and we spake a long while." Long white fingers began to unwind her tightly knit braids. "Your mother and I drank and talked and agreed that something is amiss in your verdant kingdom, my lord." Kinky tresses, a blonde so pale it was practically silver, tumbled down around her shoulders.

Drank? The drink! Damn her, had Mother slipped something into the wine? Some of the serving people whispered in dark corners about the old queen's eerie herbcraft but he had assumed they were simply the usual rumours about the fenfolk.

"Does my king wish to know what malady afflicts his kingdom?" Hild put one hand on his hip.

"Lady, mayhap we should speak-"

"We agreed that this royal cock spends too much time trammelled up in your breeches, and not enough time buried in my pussy." His wife's other hand slid up the inside of his thigh to rest on the heated bulge snaking down his pant leg. "Oh my, the dragon stirs in his pen, my love. Shall we free him from his confinement?"

Eadweard stood there, conflicted, as nimble fingers worked the leather laces holding his breeches closed. Hild was clearly not herself, under some kind of influence, but she had come to him, hadn't she? She was actively chasing his prick, wasn't she? Moreover, he hadn't felt a hand on it other than his own in almost a month, and there was no denying that it was eagerly responding to her touch.

"Does something trouble you, Eadweard?" The knot came free after a moment's work, and she yanked his breeches down, letting his burgeoning erection flop free. Even half hard, it was a thick slab, growing thicker still by the moment under her touch.

"Oh what a mighty beast it is," Hild cooed as his staff swelled to a full erection in her face, veins pounding angrily with blood. Any qualms Eadweard might have had about his wife were calmed as she smiled lovingly up at him and wrapped her delicate fingers around as much of his rampant cock as she could manage.

"Do you think we might soothe the savage beast with a kiss?" Her eyes were lidded, fair complexion aglow with lust; she peeled back his foreskin with a languorous stroke, revealing the smooth purple tip and, locking those big brown eyes on his, gave it a slow, lingering kiss. The young king couldn't help but let a low moan escape from his own lips as she slid hers around the head of his dick. Slender fingers folded around his shaft, stroking in unison as Hild began to bob her head, slurping noisily.

Was this the style of lovemaking they practiced on the other side of the Narrow Sea? He'd heard they did things differently over there, but she'd certainly never offered to do this before. It had been hard enough to get her to agree to perfunctory fulfillment of their royal duties once a month. Right now, his wife drooled over his rampant dick, slowly nursing at the tip like a babe at the breast, occasionally opening her mouth to show him a luxuriant lick.

Eadweard closed his eyes, relishing the sweet sensations of her ministrations, letting his left hand rest gently atop her head, fingers curling into her hair. It was thick and silky to the touch, and his fingers slid deep into it, deeper than he expected. He opened his eyes again and looked down to see his fingers caught up in her kinky black curl-

The king blinked. No, her hair was blonde, definitely blonde. That silvery blonde that made her stand out in every crowd in the Middle Kingdom.

"Does this not please you, my husband?" She asked, slyly, using her tongue to wash his shaft from sac to tip.

"No, it's nothing." He grunted, and her tongue swirled around his other crown. "A trick of the light, nothing more. This pleases me very well, my lady."

"Good." Hild's mouth slid along the thick vein. "Pleasing you pleases me. But," her fingers tented over the slippery head and massaged it, making his knees quake. "I do not believe we have defeated this mighty beast. Do you?" With thumb and forefinger, Hild began to jerk it in short, sharp pumps.

"No, it would seem to be as angry as ever," Eadweard stroked her hair and tried to keep the aroused quaver out of his voice.

"What say we retire to my lord's bed," she said, rising, but never letting go of his cock. "And see if we might not tame it another way?"

The king allowed himself to be led by his member like a hound on a lead. When they reached the bed, an oaken monstrosity piled high with furs, she took his face in both hands and kissed him long and hard and deep, tongue probing his mouth, taking his breath away.

He was a little dazed when she broke their embrace. Taking advantage of Eadweard's temporary stupor, she gave him a surprisingly forceful shove, and the king stumbled backwards into the pile of furs. His cock stood straight up in the air, a hard tower of flesh.

Queen Hild gathered her shift up in her hands and pulled it over her head; tossing it into a corner. Her husband idly stroked his own shaft, staring at her, mesmerized by her lithe form, by the ruddy glow of her pale body in the dying firelight, by the way her breasts shimmied and bounced, fat, perfect globes of-

He blinked.

His wife's breasts were tiny, mere mouthfuls on her chest, barely bigger than her own small palms; indeed one palm easily covered a strawberry-pink nipple as she teased it. Hild's hips swayed as he stared, sinuous and seductive and riveting his gaze to the triangle between her thighs, thick and kinky and black as-

"Does His Majesty approve?" Hild asked, running her slim fingers through the wispy blonde curls that crowned her pubic mound. They dug down and deep for a second and came back shimmering with moisture.

"Indeed he does, my lady." Eadweard's voice was thick with arousal.

"That well pleases me," she said, softly. The young queen put one knee on the bed and then knelt upon it, straddling his body.

The bed creaked precipitously under their weight.

"You are a well-made man," Hild breathed, bending low over his body, kissing his torso sweetly, her nose buried in the narrow trail of hair that led up from his navel. "Young, and strong, and handsome. A fine king for a fine country." She punctuated her words with lingering kisses, biting playfully at his pectoral muscles, lips grazing along his neck, sucking and lapping at his earlobe.

"A fertile land that cries out for an heir, my lord. Are you prepared to do what is necessary to seed her?" Eadweard gasped as his wife seized his cock in her heated hand, and running the head of it through the slippery wet folds of her pussy. He'd never felt her like this before. He'd always had to use copious amounts of saliva or even oil of the olive (imported at great cost from the sunny countries far to the south) to ease his entry, but now he felt he might slide inside of her with barely a thrust.

"A king always stands ready to do his duty to his country," he grinned and grabbed the back of her head, taking her mouth with his. Hilde's hair fell over his face, the fragrance of familiar perfumed oils making his nostrils flare as their tongues duelled. He knew that mix: the Queen Mother must have shared her cosmetic secrets.

There was little time for him to consider the point as his cock slipped through her dripping labia and inside of her, sliding deep into her wet heat. He was only halfway in and already deeper than he usually got without significant work. Hild's pussy felt like it never had, alive and claspng and massaging his shaft, welcoming and greedily swallowing him up. His wife slowly descended, feeding him into her sweet slippery grip until their hips met and she settled in on his cock.

Eadweard was surprised at how much she weighed. That sylphid body looked like it scarcely passed a feather's weight and yet it felt much more as her buttocks came to rest against his thighs; as much as 12-13 stone, easily, perhaps more, he realized, as she sat herself upright, looking like the cat who ate the cream.

"Gods." Hild rocked her hips back and forth, experimentally. "I have never felt so...full in all my life. I can feel you filling up every inch of me, every nook and cranny filled with your royal rod." She slid a hand between her thighs and began to toy with herself even as her pussy milked him gently. Eadweard rested his hands on her hips, and tried thrusting up into her, but she shifted her weight somehow, pinning him to the bed.

How on earth could she be so heavy?

"Just...allow me the pleasure, my lord. Permit me this moment." He could only grunt as she began rolling her hips in a steady rhythm, grinding his cock against her pelvic bone, mewling with pleasure with each cycle, fingering herself eagerly. Eadweard stared at the erotic tableau his wife presented, body writhing atop his swollen member, one hand rubbing furiously away between her legs while the other teased a nipple. She whipped her hair back in a flying black-

no, silvery cloud, and shifted her legs into a deep squat. Between her splayed thighs he could see all of her, the delicate dark- no, bright pink folds stretched wide around his girth, fingers sliding rapidly up and down between them.

Hild was fucking herself down onto his cock now, pumping it in and out of her wonderful pussy in increasingly fast strokes, wetness sluicing out around his shaft in rivulets that pooled in his pubic hair before running down over his balls. His hands rode lightly still on her hip, guiding but not pushing; he began to meet her on the downstrokes, flesh slapping on flesh in a loud smack that drew animal moans from both of them.

"Oh Gods, yes my darling," she panted. "My liege, my lord, my wondrous sweetling, I didn't know how much I needed this, how good it would feel. Fuck fuck fuck me! Fuck an heir into my womb, do right by your queen and your country, my king!" Hild was whipping herself up into a frenzy, fucking him at twice the pace, her hand a blur between her legs, fingers sunk deep in the flesh of her fat, bouncing breast-

"What did you call me?" He asked, not breaking their rhythm.

"My liege!" She dropped down hard on him, and raised herself up again. "My lord!" And again. "My-my wond- oh!" And again. "Ooh Gods. My wondrous! Sweetling!" Her voice reached a shuddering crescendo as her body was wracked with pleasure atop him, but Eadweard could only watch, agog, for her voice was no longer one but two, and there seemed to be two women riding his rampant cock at the same time: one was the familiar elfin form of his wife the queen; the other, a far different woman, thick and curvy where Hild had never been, all

luscious feminine flesh bouncing and jiggling over him, fingers digging deep furrows into flesh as her ecstasy overtook her, inky black mane of curls flying as her back arched and she let out a full-throated shriek of pleasure.

"Mother!? What madness is this?"

Bryda smiled lazily down at him, her face flushed with a post-orgasm glow, slowing the pace of her hips on his cock but never stopping.

"I should have known the damn glamour would not last through my own pleasure," she leaned forward, planting her nails in his chest. "I should have just taken your seed and left, but I simply could not help myself, sweetling. It has been too long since I had a cock so big, so young, so eager."

"What did you do? Where is Hild? Where is my wife?" He squirmed a little under his mother's touch as her fingernails toyed with his chest hair.

"Oh, sleeping soundly one imagines. The draught I gave her should keep her until dawn." Bryda wiggled her hips and giggled. "You are so much bigger than your father, you know."

"Mother stop this...this unnaturalness," Eadweard clamped his hands down on top of hers. "Surely you know this is wrong!"

"Perhaps," the Queen Mother's hips pumped in slow, languorous strokes. "But since when do low born morals apply to royalty? Be honest with yourself, sweetling: you are enjoying your mother's own pussy, you love being buried in her royal cunt."

"Untrue!" He insisted. "I am married and faithful and-" Bryda's hips described a long, slow circle, and the rest of his words were lost.

"I know you are sweetling, I know you are, but you cannot deny this." The breath caught in his throat as her pussy worked over his cock, pulling and massaging it. "I made this beast, and it seems I made it to fit perfectly within me. It's okay, my darling, it's okay to admit that you prefer my warm, wet, willing pussy to her cold, dry cunt."

"Mother, I cannot I will not," Eadweard shook his head, desperately trying to ignore the sensation of his mother's pussy pulling on and sliding up and down his cock.

"No?" She chuckled. "My king, I will make it very easy for you." Bryda's thick thighs tightened around his hips, and she twisted sideways. Suddenly, their positions were reversed, and she lay underneath him, raven curls spread out in an inky spray behind her head, enormous breasts heaving below him, a wicked smile playing on her face.

"If you truly wish to stop, I will let you, sweetling. All you have to do is pull out. Here, I'll help if you wish." The muscular walls surrounding his cock clamped down hard, and then he was being pushed out, squeezed backwards along her slippery

channel; Eadweard gasped, and tried to keep his vision steady as she did. Then they stopped as quickly as they began, and he found himself staring down at her, only the tip of his cock still nestled within her grasp.

"What is your wish, my king?" Bryda gently worked his head with the tiniest motion of her hips. "Do you want your mother's willing pussy every night until you have bred an heir on her, or do you wish to return to your monthly 'arrangement' with your sweet little lady wife?" She looked for all the world like some pagan fertility goddess, fecundity made flesh, built to fuck and breed and fuck some more with the full-hearted joy of an animal.

The tightness around his cock relaxed utterly. He was free, if he wanted it. Free to return to reluctant, infrequent fucks with a wife who clearly hated it, and possibly him by extension, all in the name of duty. Free to leave the sweet paradise nestled between his mother's legs a second time, despite his swollen member, despite the pounding excitement in his chest.

In the end, it was no decision at all.

Eadweard snarled and grabbed his mother by the hip, slamming his cock back into her, back where it belonged. Her back arched as he did, and those titanic breasts quivered under the impact, big brown nipples shaking in midair. He leaned down and caught one in his mouth as he pumped his cock into her with a will. Bryda gasped and laughed joyfully, and her legs locked behind the small of his back.

"See, my king? Isn't oh! Isn't that better?" Her hands tangled themselves up in his own brown curls, pressing him tight to her plush bust as he suckled and gnawed at her like a man starving. The young king snorted and plowed into her, his own buttocks clenched tight and hard as he drove his cock as hard as he could, maddened by the hunger she'd awoken in him with her body. His fingers sunk deep into her hindquarters, lifting them off the bed, angling for better leverage to slam his cock ever deeper into her, his balls slapping obscenely between his legs.

"Yes yes yes! Fill me up! Make me so full of your seed that it pours out of me, fuck an heir into your mother's womb, let me wring every last drop of that sweet sweet cream from your fucking balls!" The words flowed out like gibberish from her slackening lips, eyes losing focus as her son fucked her faster, harder, making the bed shake and her pussy ache.

Bryda curled her head and seized an ear in her teeth, hissing to him, "Cum for me my sweet boy, cum for your mother, cum cum cum now!" She was rewarded with a throaty roar, and the king's body went rigid as a post, slamming it in deep and hard, then again, and twice more, semen spewing forth from the head of his cock in great jets that splashed hard and hot against the back of his mother's pussy. And then he let out a long held breath and collapsed into her, falling hard into the deep softness of her body.

They tumbled together into a tangle of sweaty limbs, gasping for breath.

"Mother...mother, by the gods what have we done?"

Her arm slipped around his neck, cradling his head against her breast.

"We have given the kingdom an heir, my darling. And if we have not, we shall try again." His softening cock slipped out of her, releasing a gout of hot seed.

"But they will know! The people will know you are pregnant and she is not," he mouthed her nipple as he spoke.

Bryda laughed. "Do you think that I can come to your chambers disguised as your wife but cannot hide something as simple as a swollen belly?" She laughed scornfully. "When the time comes, I will feed sweet Hilda a little something to induce the worst cramps of her short life, enough to make that simpering child pass into sleep. When she awakes, there will be a babe crying at her empty teat. Our babe."

"How long do you think it will take?" The king asked, overcome by a sudden lassitude.

"It could take one night, or many, sweetling." Bryda's hand slipped down his sweaty body to curl about his sticky member. "We shall try and try and try until I say otherwise. How does that please His Majesty?"

In her fist, the unpenned dragon stirred. It was all the answer she needed.

Outside, the winter wind howled in tune to their own cries of pleasure.

fin.

Two Players, 18 Years of Age and Up

Less a story, more of an extended scene. Kind of a quickie. If you've read any of my other stories, you know what to expect: this one's got incest, moms and sons fuckin', some magicky mind controlly stuff, older women who take what they want. If that's not your cup of tea, please don't email me to let me know you've drank from someone else's cup of tea: just give me back my gosh darn tea.

After a moment's struggle, the door burst inward, admitting a shower of heavy sleet and a pair of figures dripping with icy water. One, in a varsity track jacket, threw a pair of bags into the room and left again, while the other held a phone to her ear and shouted into it.

"Well dammit Nick I thought you might want to hear that your wife and only son made it up here safe and-" Maddie whipped her hair out of her face, trying to keep the water from dropping into her eyes.

"Yes I suppose you could have been driving but you're not, I can hear-" She angrily unzipped her light spring jacket, looking down to survey the damage.

"Well, if we'd all left at the same time like I wanted to, I wouldn't have-" She was soaked right through to the skin, the chambray shirt was stained dark blue with the water, moulded tight to the lacy bra she wore underneath, the prodigious mounds of her breasts even more obvious than usual. There was a step on the porch outside, and she hurriedly zipped herself back up before Andrew walked in.

"Yes obviously that's important, to her, but-" Her son shrugged at her questioning look when he walked back through the door carrying a big red Coleman cooler. "I am well-aware I am talking about our daughter, Nick. I gave birth to her. When do you think you'll get here?"

Andy fiddled with his pack, trying not to look at his mother as she fought on the phone.

"What do you mean the road is closed?" She raked her fingers through her hair, the red almost black. "A snowstorm? In May? No, just sleet here, I think." Maddie pulled back one of the sun faded curtains and peered outside; big, wet heavy flakes of snow splattered against the window. "Yeah, yeah it's here too. No I agree, don't risk it. Sure, fine. I'll call you tomorrow. Give Ash my love."

"Looks like it's just you and me, kid." Hanging up the phone, she smiled ruefully. "Let's get some light going." Mother and son scanned the room.

The cabin was dark but snug, and at least a century old, its origins lost in the mists of family history. Nobody could quite recall whose uncle's uncle had built it under the shadow of Widow's Peak; the title had passed through enough branches of the family tree (often under circumstances only mostly technically legal) that a forensic accountant would have thrown up his hands at the mess and walked away.

Consequently it was full of the castoff furniture and linens from all over the damn country, not a stick of it matching with

the rest, not a thing original to the cabin except maybe the potbellied stove with a cast iron grin fixed in its grille. Everything was clean, washed, and working, ready for visitors, the work of everybody's Uncle Dave and Great Aunt Ana: they lived in the hamlet of Widow's Outlook, and had the responsibility through sheer proximity.

A battered lamp sat on the scarred table in what passed for the kitchen. Maddie fished in her purse for matches, found an aging book of them that didn't seem too damp, and then the place was aglow with warm light, chasing away the shadows and the horror-movie feel they cast.

"God, I'm saturated." Maddie looked down at herself, feet squishing in waterlogged white Keds.

"You're not the only one," Andrew clapped his arms around himself, trying to get his blood circulating in the cold of the room.

"Okay, well, see if you can get a the stove started. Uncle Dave said he filled up the wood box outside last week so we should be fine for heat." Maddie reached down and grabbed the other bag without looking at it. "I'm going to get changed."

When he came back in, arms laden with enough split birch logs and kindling to get things started, his mother was cursing loudly from the cabin's one bedroom.

"What's wrong?" Andy shouted as he stacked the wood neatly by the door. "Mom?" Opening the stove, he began to erect a

little tower of kindling, stuffing the interior with shredded birch bark. He lit one of the matches she'd left and tossed it in; a cheery little fire quickly set up shop in the nest he'd crafted. "Hello? Are you okay?"

"Oh I'm okay," she spat. "But your father won't be."

"What happened?" Bright flames fed on the bark and soon they were lapping at the wood stack in the belly of the stove.

"I told him to put our bags in the goddamn car but I guess that was too complicated for him. This is your sister's stuff." From within the room there was a loud 'flump' of an overnight bag being thrown on the floor. "I don't have any dry clothes."

"That sucks." The fire took hold, merrily burning away. He rubbed his hands together in the hot air coming from the opened door. "Do you want to borrow one of my shirts or something."

"No, I can- I'll make do, I guess. You need dry stuff too." As soon as she mentioned it, a clamminess stole over his body, and Andy was suddenly very aware of how wet he was.

"Yeah, okey doke," he slid a couple of smaller split logs into the stove, taking care not to knock over the fire he'd built, and closed the door again. Straightening himself, Andy took his dripping varsity jacket off and draped it over a line that had been strung over the stove for just such a purpose. He began peeling off his sopping wet shirt when he heard the bedroom door open.

"You have to promise you won't laugh," Maddie said as she rounded the corner, drying her hair in one of Ashley's t-shirts.

"I promise." He said, tossing his own tee over the clothesline, firelight glimmering across his sculpted hairless pecs and the flat plane of his stomach, all lean runner's muscle.

Madeline Stone had never been a small woman. Already taller than most of her peers, she was all 32-oz coke-bottle curves kept mostly in check by a healthy diet and regular exercise, but there was no ignoring the dramatic outward sweep of her hips or the enormous swell of her bosom or the soft roundness of her tummy. They were especially hard to ignore now that they'd been stuffed into a light blue hoodie of Ashley's, the zipper under considerable strain to stay up -- it was already halfway failing, exposing a deep, creamy cleavage -- and the skintight light grey leggings that did nothing to hide her plush thighs or the luscious curves of her behind.

"Oh good, you got it going." She laid the kerosene lamp on the table and strode over to the fire, rubbing her hands together. Andy skinned out of his jeans and hung them over the line. Maddie made sure to look the other way; she knew he had her red curls and soft, kissable lips, but whence this young Adonis body had come she had no idea. Certainly not from his father. A pair of black boxer briefs joined his other clothes, and there was a rustling as he rummaged around in the bag.

"How about I rustle up something to eat and you can dry off?" She walked over to the cooler; a case of beer, milk, eggs, bacon, butter, a gallon of water. Most of the dry goods were in the other car, on the other side of the mountain. Silently

cursing her husband, Maddie started rummaging through the cupboard, and came up with couple of pans. "How does breakfast for supper sound?"

"Sure thing," Andy stretched a dry shirt over his head, then slid into a pair of flannel pyjamas pants. He flicked the switch on an old tube TV in the corner. Nothing. "I guess we're roughing it."

"Dave said there's a generator out back somewhere, but I don't know how it works," outside, the wind howled and snow beat hard against the windows. "Do you really want to go back out there?"

"Ah no." He started poking around the crazy collection of mismatched furniture, inspecting shelves of abandoned knickknacks and yellowed summer novels nobody had read in a decade. "Hey, board games."

"Oh? Anything good?" Maddie whipped a fork through a bowlful of eggs, beating them up together into some milk.

"Let's see...we got...Junior Monopoly," there was a hiss as strips of bacon met hot cast iron. "A backgammon board- you know how to play backgammon?"

"Not a clue." She turned the bacon, browning it.

"No pieces in it anyway. What's 'Family Foibles'?" Andy held up a faded cardboard box; on the cover a woman and man were bent low over a game board, laughing.

"Never heard of it," she transferred the bacon to a towel to drain, poured the hot fat into an empty mug, and dumped the eggs into the hot pan.

"'Family Foibles' from Boiart Bros," he read from the back of the box. "Is a game of truth and togetherness. Get to know your family like never before. 2 players, ages 18 and up. 18 and up?"

"It's not one of those awful 'adult' games, is it?" Maddie scooped a heap of scrambled eggs, gelid and glistening onto a tin plate.

"I don't think so." Andy opened the box. Among the pieces inside he found a stack of cards, and plucked one out. "Ask your mother about her first kiss."

"Matthew Griswold," the answer popped out of her mouth before almost before he was done talking. "Seventh grade. Our braces got stuck together. We broke up because we couldn't be Maddie and Matty."

"Gross," Andy said, putting the card back. "Yeah I don't think it's a party game or anything." He rummaged through the box. "I don't see any instructions in here."

"I'm sure we can muddle through. Anything else there?" She laid both plates on the table.

"Not unless you want to try scrimmage with no pegs."

"No thanks. Your dad has the laptop doesn't he? Dinner's ready, by the way."

"He sure does!" Andy sauntered over, box tucked under his arm. "We've got no way to charge it anyway."

"Or the phones I guess," Maddie opened the cooler and extracted a beer, feeling the fabric of her daughter's leggings stretching dangerously tight. "Do you want one?"

"Really?" Andy grinned stupidly.

"Well, you're only nineteen but I won't tell the cops if you won't."

"What about dad?" Twin psshts, one after another as his mother opened both bottles.

"I don't see him anywhere, do you? Besides I'm not about to drink alone." She laid the beers on the table and sat down. "C'mon, tuck in before it gets cold."

Like any teenage boy, Andy didn't need to be told twice when it came to eating, and he made quick work of his plate. His

mother was still about halfway through when she said, "so are you going to set that board up or are we just going to stare at each other all night?"

"Alright, alright." He opened the box and started taking stuff out. "There's only two pieces in here. Do you want to be blue or...pink?"

"Wow what a selection," Maddie said around a mouthful of egg. "Pink, please. Why's it bigger?"

"How should I know?" He separated out two stacks of cards, FAMILY and FOIBLES, and placed them on the game board, along with a yellowy die. Andy put the pieces on a big corner square that read THE PARTY STARTS HERE. "I think that's it. Nothing else in the box. Who goes first?"

"I do," she said. "You're too busy putting these plates in the sink." Maddie waved her empty plate in front of him.

"I'm not- oh ha ha I get it. Very subtle, Mom." He gathered up the dishes and flatware while she rolled the die. It clattered onto the board.

"Two." She leaned close over the board. She'd landed on PARTY FOR TWO. "Relax and let your hair down! Forget everyone else, you've got a PARTY FOR TWO." Maddie shook her hair out; it was already starting to dry in the heat from the stove. It seemed to be melting the day's tension from her shoulders, too. Who needed Nick around anyway?

Andy watched his mother take a long pull from her beer as he sat down again. "My turn?" She wiped the foam from her lips, nodding. He landed on FAMILY, and picked up a card.

"KISS AND TELL: give your mother a kiss and tell her if you're seeing anybody.' Mom, do I-" He gave her a pained look.

"I don't write the cards, honey. Pucker up." Andy sighed and leaned in. His mother's lips were soft and slightly cool from the beer. When was the last time he'd kissed her on the mouth? Or at all? She broke away first. "Okay, now spill."

He tucked the card back under the deck. "Nobody, I guess, now."

"What happened to that cheerleader- uh- whatshername?" Maddie's brow furrowed. Why couldn't she remember the name? The girl had been to dinner half a dozen times, but right now she wouldn't have been able to pick her out of a lineup. Whatever. No need to worry about it, it was time to relax.

"Kelli got into Oberlin and doesn't want to 'make it weird' by 'doing long distance'" Andy put as much venom into his scare quotes as he could manage.

"Oh, honey, I'm sorry. That sucks. I know you really liked uh-"

"Kelli."

"Right, yeah. Her." Maddie snatched up the die and rolled it, landing on the same FOIBLES space.

'THINGS ARE HEATING UP NOW,' shouted the card; below the legend, a stylized woman in a June Cleaver dress was fanning her forehead. Underneath, it read 'move ahead three spaces.' She obliged, tapping out her move on the board, and felt the prickle of sweat starting to bead up on her skin. The air felt thick and warm around her head.

"Did you put more wood on the fire?" She glanced over her shoulder at the stove.

"No." Andy said. "It's burning really low actually, I should throw more on." The light from the grille was a deepening red. His chair scraped on the floor as he got up to feed the beast. Maddie fanned herself, and unzipped her hoodie an extra inch or three. Cool air rushed in between her heavy breasts. She sighed with relief. This had better not be the start of menopause.

When he was finished with the stove, her son sat back down and said, "that's a FAMILY space, Mom. You have to pull a card." His gaze flickered over the extra slice of creamy skin she had on display.

"PLAY TOGETHER, STAY TOGETHER," she read. "'Why are you sitting so far apart? Move your chairs next to each other.' That's a weird one." They looked at each other for a long moment, then Andy stood, picked up his chair, and put it next

to his mother's; there wasn't quite enough room on any side of the table for two, so their hips pressed tightly together.

"Your turn." Maddie gave him a playful nudge with her elbow. Her eyes were bright, blue and shining like he'd never seen them.

He rolled.

"'GROWING BOY,' what does that mean?"

"Mmm...I don't know. What else does it say?" Maddie leaned into his side, he was solid and comforting.

"Nothing, the space just says 'GROWING BOY.'" She laid a hand on his leg, just to keep steady, and felt him shift a little. "Is the chair okay, honey? Maybe we should move to the couch?"

"Um, yeah, sure." Andy snatched up the empty box and stood, holding it as inconspicuously over his crotch as it was possible to do. Maddie followed him to the couch, too busy balancing the cards as best she could on slightly giddy legs to notice what he was doing. "You want a blanket?" He grabbed a threadbare quilt hung over the back of it and spread it over his lap and legs.

"No, I'm good. I'm really...warm. Do you find it warm?" A bead of sweat ran down from the nape of her neck and slid into the darkness between her breasts. Setting the board on the rickety

coffee table, she seated herself next to him, curling her legs up. "Whose turn is it? Mine?"

"Yeah," one of Andy's hands slipped under the blanket.

Another FOIBLES card.

"SEVENTH INNING STRETCH: you've been sitting too long! Get up and stretch it out, and while you're at it you can stretch your roll to twice the number.' Ugh, I just sat down," Maddie complained as she unfolded herself again.

Andy watched as his mother reached up to the ceiling, standing on her tiptoes, letting the hem of the hoodie rise high enough to show off a lot of creamy smooth skin and velvety soft tummy. She bounced on her toes, and the enormous globes of her buttocks began to quake and shimmy, the cotton leggings stretched so tight they were practically transparent; there was no evidence of any underwear, just miles of luscious flesh. When she bent over to move her piece the other three spaces, he had to make a conscious effort not to let his eyes sink into the deep crevasse of her cheeks, or slide down into the space between her thighs.

"WE'RE HERE FOR A GOOD TIME," she laughed, plopping back down into the embrace of the couch, breasts smooshing into his arm. "Are you having a good time, honey?"

"Yeah," Andy said in a slightly distant voice, "yeah it's fun." He laughed, then reluctantly drew his hand out from under the blanket and rolled.

FAMILY.

"MOTHER KNOWS BEST: you know it's true! For AT LEAST the next three turns, what mom says, goes.' Uh. Your wish is my command, I guess."

"Well," Maddie unzipped her hoodie another couple of inches, feeling it come free at last, and fanned the lapels. "You may begin, slave, by getting me another beer." Andy had to force his eyes away from the inside curves of her breasts, now almost fully exposed, moon-white and shot dimly through with delicate blue veins.

"Of course, yeah," he kicked off the blanket and sprang to his feet. His mother's eyes shot open in shock as they landed on the tent he'd sprouted underneath his flannel pants. It bobbed and wobbled away as he crossed the room to open the Coleman. Ordinarily she would have said something, looked away, but...it was time to relax.

Maddie rolled.

"I'M FEELIN FINE: there's nothing that feels as good as quality time with your best boy. Cosy your piece up to his on the board and then cuddle up with him on the couch.' Sounds good to me! Thanks," she took the opened beer from him and drank as he sat back down, and curled into him, nuzzling her head in under his shoulder so that his arm draped around her. "Be a dear and move me, won't you?"

"Sure," Andy put her piece next to his and rolled, landing on a FAMILY space.

Before he could take a card, she cooed, "oh, I don't think they should be separated, do you? Keep her next to him." He looked back at the board. She was right, of course -- his piece seemed even smaller now, lonely, weird by itself -- maybe Mom was always right. Andy complied with her request, and a little warm thrill rippled through his fingers, up his arm, and across the rest of his body as he did. "There we go, that's better, don't you think?"

"Yeah, you're right." He reached for his card.

"Of course I am."

'WHO NEEDS WILLENDORF?' There was a little stylized picture of some kind of figurine, clearly female if the breasts and hips were any indication. 'You're lucky to have such a gorgeous mother; she should be the object of worship. Don't believe us? Look for yourself!' Andy looked down at his mom, curled under his arm, all rubenesque curves and soft valleys, plush lips wrapped around the neck of her beer bottle as she drank; her hoodie had fallen further open than before, and he could easily spot the aureola of one huge breast, held back from sliding out altogether only by the nipple caught somewhere just inside the zipper. Her features were fine, delicate, dusted with an adorable smattering of freckles across her cheeks and the bridge of her nose. His mother slid one thick leg against the other, grinding those big wide hips back and forth, setting deeper into the couch. They were pin-up perfect, he realized; she looked like a model, like some kind of

burlesque star doing a photoshoot in a hunting cabin, waiting only for a thickly-furred bear rug to complete the image.

"See something you like, honey?" A sardonic grin curled those pink lips as she polished off the bottle.

"Huh? What?"

"You're staring, Andrew."

"Oh. Oh, um. You, um. You just look really- really good, Mom. That's all." His fingers curled in the blanket, easing it back into his lap.

"What did your card say?"

"Nothing, just- just that I've got a good mom."

"Damn straight," Maddie said. "Pull a card for me, sweetheart."

"You're not going to roll?" His hand slid back under the blanket.

"No, I want to keep them together for the rest of the game. Pull a me card." Her hair spilled down over his forearm in long, silky crimson waves as he reached over.

"KISS AND TELL," Maddie sat up and turned towards him, holding the card up so he could see it. "Kiss your son and tell

him how much you love him." Below, the June Cleaver caricature was lip locked with a male cartoon. Putting her empty bottle on the table, she placed her hands on either side of his face, and leaned in.

"I love you," she said, kissing him sweetly on the lips, mouth lingering just a few seconds longer than necessary, heart hammering in her chest as she did. The feeling of his mouth on hers was electric. "So much." Maddie's pillowy lips opened and sucked his lower lip slowly into hers. "More than." Her breath was becoming slightly ragged as she slowly kissed her son, face almost numb with excitement. "Anyone." One last slow kiss, letting her tongue slide out of its own accord to eversobriefly brush against his lips. Andy's eyes were glassy as she pulled away, unfocused, his mouth slack.

"I guess your old mom's still got it," Maddie said in a low voice, laughing inwardly as he came back to himself. "It's your turn."

"What?" He shook his head, trying to clear the fuzzy warmth from his brain, but not trying too hard. It felt too good. His mother knelt beside him on the couch, looking up at him with a wry grin; her sweatshirt hung wide open now, revealing the enormous creamy globes of her breasts, capped with dark brown nipples and shimmering under a thin layer of sweat, framed by her hair as it cascaded down over the upper slopes. He licked his lips, tasting her saliva on them. "Mom, you're-

"Oh!" Realization stole over her face. "Oh. Oh well. I guess I shouldn't be flashing you my old lady boobs."

"Mom, they're not- I mean, uh, I mean-" Andy floundered.

"They're not?" Maddie laughed, pressing her arms inward, pushing them together. "Are they better than...than whatsername's?"

"Yeah," he said, slightly dazed. "Yeah. Mom, yeah. She's not- I mean, yours are- uh." Andy struggled to remember his ex-girlfriend's name but it just wasn't there. He couldn't even recall her face.

"Well, I guess now that you've seen 'em, there's no going back," Andy's mother peeled the hoodie off, twirling it on an index finger before slinging it into a corner; all he could do was stare at her jiggling flesh as she tossed her shirt away. "It was too hot in here for that anyway." Maddie leaned back onto the couch, stretching her legs out over his lap, those soft pillowy breasts relaxing on her chest, nipples standing straight up into the air. "It's your turn, honey."

"BIG GUYS LOVE BIG THIGHS! Admit it: your mom's got great gams. Spend at least one minute showing your appreciation." Some part of Andy, buried deep down within him, knew that what they were doing was wrong, taboo, immoral, but that didn't stop him from turning to his mother and sliding his hands up her legs, from ankle to tops of her thighs, and his tiny compunctions did even less to mitigate the thrill of her beneath his hands, massaging, raking his fingers along her luscious flesh. Before he could even think of stopping, he was kissing, feeling the warmth of her on his lips, the way she quivered under their touch, inching his way up her shins, over her knees, thighs pliant but firm. Her softness was relaxing, exciting, addictive, and soon he was lapping his way up her belly, burying his face in it, tonguing her navel like it was

another mouth. Maddie let him do as the card directed, though probably for a few more minutes than specified.

"That's not my legs, darling boy," she said softly.

"Sorry," Andy lifted his face from the cozy embrace of her tummy; at such close range, he could almost see the red-gold triangle at the apex of her thighs, revealed through tights stretched to the edge of translucence.

"My turn," Maddie snapped her fingers. "Card, Andrew."

His brow furrowed. "Is that- was that three turns already?"

"Mother knows best," her voice was sweet but firm. "I think it's better if we keep doing what I say, don't you agree?"

Andy sat up. His chin was wet with drool. Her navel shone with it. Lying there, hair spread out in a wavy crimson curtain behind her head, piercing blue eyes lidded, lush mouth curled up in a cosy smile, she really did look like a goddess, like some kind of ancient fertility deity, all fecundity and sex. Who was he to argue?

"Yeah, of course." Acquiescence, obedience felt good, felt like sinking into a welcoming warm embrace, like her softness.

"MOTHER'S MILK," Maddie read from the card he handed her. "You've got everything a GROWING BOY needs to feel all right. Drink up!" She giggled. Why did it feel so good to read

these stupid cards? Why did- "Oooh!" A sudden heat began to spread through her chest, followed by a familiar weight, a tightness she recognized. Propping herself up on one elbow, she held one snowy breast and squeezed experimentally, running her thumb towards the nipple, and was rewarded with a needle thin spray of milk that splashed onto her stomach.

"Clean me up," she rasped, voice thick with arousal. "Lick it up." Like any teenage boy, Andy didn't need to be told twice to eat, and lurched forward, pressing his face to her, eagerly lapping it up, savoring the sweetness of her milk and the salt of her skin. Following the trail of liquid, he soon found his forehead against the underside of her left breast; Andy raised his head, and gave his mother a pleading look. She nodded.

"Oh honey oh yes Andy," she enthused as he descended upon her nipple, slurping it deep into his mouth, sucking and flickering, every movement bringing a new gush of sweetness that he struggled to keep up with. He was drowning in her flesh, face pressed deep into her breast, letting it fill and overwhelm his senses. The obscene wet sounds of his ministrations filled the small cabin.

"Yes, yes sweetheart that's good," her hand ruffled his hair and held him tight to her. "Don't neglect the other one, now." Andy repeated the job on her right breast until her voice was lost in a crescendo of increasingly desperate mewling and he could coax no more milk from her. She pushed him away; a lazy, happy, sated smile crept across her features.

"Mom," he gasped for breath, face red. "Mom, what's happening, why are we-"

"I don't know, and right now I feel too good to care. Don't you?" There was no denying the pulse pounding through his veins, the excited buzz in his brain that made it hard to think, the aching, furious need between his legs.

"Yeah," Andy said with a dopey grin.

"Good. Then we stop when I say we stop, and not a minute before." She planted a foot on his chest, pudgy toes pushing him lightly. The nails were painted an iridescent blue. "Your turn."

Andy rolled, and moved both pieces.

'YOUR FLESH IS WILLING, YOUR WILL IS WEAK: show her your willingness!' Below, a stylized male nude cartoon smiled over his shoulder.

"Well?" Maddie raised an eyebrow, and pushed him again with her foot, letting her legs ease lazily apart. He could see that the crotch of her leggings had become dark with moisture and basically transparent, exposing a smooth peachy mons, split by bright pink-

"What?" Their eyes met.

"Strip," his mother said, biting her lip, one hand drifting over the sensitive, spit-slick skin of her breast. "Now."

Maddie watched in fascination as her son obeyed, standing before her, skinning out of his baggy t-shirt, revealing the sculpted torso she'd seen earlier but hadn't quite appreciated, his skin glowing golden in the reddish light from the lamp, all that tight, lean muscle packed in a v-shape that pointed downwards, over his solid abs, to the jut of his hips over the waist of his pyjama pants, and the flagpole standing inside of them. She made slow circles around a nipple with her fingertip.

Andy yanked, and the flannels pooled around his ankles, where he kicked them away. His legs were thick with corded muscle from training, hips narrow and squared-off. His cock was long and solid and crisscrossed with a pulsating tracery of angry veins, the shaft proudly curving upwards as though begging for attention, the thick head of it a bright purple.

"Good boy," she breathed. "Now get mine." Her son reached down and grabbed a card.

"EVERY DAY IS MOTHER'S DAY: you deserve to be pampered and taken care of each and every day! Isn't that what your son is there for? Get ready to take your gift." Maddie planted one foot on the floor and let her hand slide between her legs, making tiny squishing noises as her fingers played with the sensitive flesh through the tights. Of course she deserved it; she'd made it, she'd cultivated it, spent nineteen long years looking after it. Why shouldn't she take what was hers by right?

Andy rolled. Both pieces moved to the final square on the board.

Fingers shaking, he picked up a FAMILY card.

"MOMMA'S BOY," Andy read in a tremulous voice. "There is nothing as sweet or eternal as a mother's love. It binds you to her, forever. Why don't you have a taste?" He looked over at his mom, who was holding out her hand, fingers shimmering with moisture. Andy slurped them into his mouth, letting the taste of her burst across his tongue, eyes rolling back into his head; Maddie hooked her fingers and pulled him down, down, down between her legs, until his nose was nestled in between her chubby mons, lips smashed against her labia, sucking for all he was worth, a man starving for the sweet nectar flowing freely from her. His mother wrapped her hand in his hair and ground herself against him.

How long had it been since...since whatsisname? Her...husband? Did she have a husband? Did it matter, with her beautiful son's face working away at her tender flesh? Maddie decided it didn't, and relaxed into the feeling of his eager tongue trying to worm its way through her leggings, relishing his thirst for her. As Andy munched on his mother's pussy, she reached over to scrabble at the game board, seeing no reason to interrupt his good work.

'MOM AND SON, FINALLY ONE,' was all that was written on the card. Maddie tossed it aside, and grabbed Andy by the ears, forcibly pulling him away from her pussy.

"It's time," she said, but look that passed between them was the only communication they needed. Andy stood as his mother re-arranged herself, pulling her tights down under the thick, perfect globes of her buttocks, kneeling on the couch and grabbing the arm with both hands. He settled in behind

her, fingers sinking deep in that yielding flesh, rock hard member slapping against one of her thighs.

"Do it," she growled over her shoulder, wiggling that thick ass at him. "Fuck me, Andrew. Fuck your mommy." He grabbed his cock and slid the head between the slippery folds of her pussy, groaning as her labia embraced his dick, seeking the source of that delicious heat. His cock caught in the slippery opening of her vagina, and it only took one good push to feed it past that clutching hole. Inch after inch of him slowly filled up her most intimate space, both of them gasping in unison as pleasure rocked their bodies.

"Oh god Mom. Mom Mom Mom." Andy groaned, his cock a glove-fit for her pussy, like a key in its lock. He'd never felt anything like it: warm, wet, luxuriant, walls clasp just when he wanted them to, massaging the shaft of his dick. He hadn't even really started fucking her yet, and he already knew he was hooked, that nothing would ever compare to the perfection of her pussy. He explored her body as he began to pull back, relishing her softness, her heat, aching to sink into her and lose himself. His hips slammed forward, pushing a delicate gasp out of her, making her prodigious cheeks quake with the impact. Andy began to slowly saw his dick in and out of his mother's clasp cunt, the suction on his dick on the out strokes as she worked to draw him in again making his eyes roll with the electric sensation.

"Mmm, that's lovely, honey," Maddie bent low, bracing her forehead against the couch, using her left hand to to strum her clit while her son made love to her needy pussy. "But there will be lots of time for slow later. I told you to fuck me." She growled out the last word, and rammed her own hips back into him, almost pushing him over, slamming his dick as deep as

it would go. "See? Like this!" Her pelvis worked in a quick fire rhythm, buttocks shaking, gyrating hypnotically as she fucked herself onto him. Andy caught on fast, and their bodies rapidly achieved a sexual syncopation that beat out a meaty rhythm in the darkening cabin.

His face was drawn up in a furious sneer as he pounded away at her pussy, leaning close over her and reaching around to grab at one of those magnificent breasts he'd suckled on earlier, the taste of her milk on his tongue, mixed with the musky nectar of her pussy. Meanwhile, Maddie whimpered encouragements at him, giddy with joy as her son returned to where he belonged: locked inside of her, driving her inexorably towards orgasm.

"No!" Maddie declared, and suddenly she pulled herself off his cock, and was pushing him down, pulling him into a seated position. "I'm the one in fucking control here," she snarled. Andy could only nod as she straddled his hips, brain shocked into quiescence by the sight of her, naked and gorgeous and dominant, hair flying like a flame in the wind. Maddie seated herself on his erection, hungry pussy swallowing it whole in one gulp.

"Why. Are you. So fucking. Big?" She asked, punctuating her words with gasping thrusts.

"Fuck, Mom, fuck I don't know, it's never been like fuck! Like this before," Andy wrapped his arms around her and leaned forward, burying himself in her sweaty cleavage.

"Well you had better hope it's like it again," she warned, feeding him a nipple. "Because I'm going to need this fucking thing every. Fucking. Day. Understand?"

"Yes Mom," he answered around a mouthful of breast flesh.

"Good boy," Maddie growled, grinding her hips in slow circles, stuffed so full of rampant teen dick she thought for a moment she'd go crazy. "Now give your mommy what she needs, baby! Mommy needs you to fill her up with your hot. Fucking. Cum! Can you do that baby, I want to know if you can you shoot that fucking cream so deep in me that I can taste it!" Her hips beat out a triple time tattoo against his, slamming him hard and fast and practically pinning him to the couch with her weight and her sex.

"Oooh shit oh god oh Mom Mom Mom!" Andy threw back his head and let out a guttural cry. His balls jumped, his cock swelled almost to bursting, and suddenly he could feel the cum jetting out of him, fat slugs of it splashing deep within his mother, who writhed and screamed atop his cock, lost in the throes of her own orgasm, pussy clamping, squeezing, milking him until every last drop had been wrung from his balls.

They collapsed together on the couch, bodies a tangle of sweaty limbs soaked in fuck-sweat despite the cooling temperature of the room in the dying of the fire. They lay there like that, chests heaving in time with each other.

Then, after a while: "Brrr. It's cold in here. It was so warm a moment ago. Why is it so cold?"

"Cold? Mom, what happened to us? What did we just do? Why did we just-"

"I don't know, honey." Maddie spoke softly, dragging a finger around his chest. "But I do know that I kind of want to do it again. How about we head into the bedroom, snuggle up in the bed, and go for round two?" She unpeeled herself from him, stood, grabbed the kerosene lamp, and sauntered away. Andy watched her go, enormous pale cheeks rolling together, twin moons in a mesmerizing, enticing dance until she entered the bedroom.

Andy sat up and considered the board laid out on the coffee table. It would be hard to play in the bed.

Gingerly, carefully, he lifted it up and followed his mother.

In the potbelly stove, the last few embers winked out, casting the room in pitch darkness.

fin.

Viral Sensation

Another incest story! These are surprisingly popular. A semi-long read, includes elements of mental change, mother-son sex, body modifications and expansion, sundry other unrealistic stuff. If that's not your bag, kindly don't complain to me that you opened somebody else's bag.

"...*musculoædificatiarius facerefecund* (colloq. "MF virus") virus," read the CDC report, "is a highly-contagious pathogen originating in the Eastern Seaboard; incubation period can last up to three weeks from first infection, followed by rapid onset of intense flu-like symptoms, including high fever, nausea..."

Daphne Ryerson skimmed downwards, flipping the page as her car idled.

"...attending physician reported that over 95% of patients with a high viral load experience overactive pituitary and high endorphin levels..."

She brushed a disobedient strand of silky brown hair out of her face; it had fallen out of her rather severe ponytail.

"...symptoms were most exaggerated in male patients, aged 18-25. Treatment options include..."

She glanced at the front door of the Faculty of Science building. Where was he?

Daphne's lips, painted a dramatic dark red, curled up in a sneer. She rolled up the photocopied pages into an untidy, ragged tube and tossed it into the backseat. If that boy thought he could just *call* and pull her out of a damn hospital board meeting on a *whim*, then he had another think coming; she was going to-

The passenger car door opened and her son, Jack, slid in. He was white as a sheet.

Before he even had his seatbelt on, Daphne dropped the clutch and roared out of the firelane in front of the building.

"And where were you, young man?" She snapped, speeding through a yellow light and onto the freeway. With a free hand, she tugged the hem of her skirt down; it rode up again as she shifted gears, climbing up her smooth, tanned thigh.

"I'm sorry mom," Jack said, in a shaky voice. "I swear, I was waiting right there by the door, and then I had to go and- and-" he burped, and his mother glanced over. His pallor was giving way to an unhealthy green, sweat breaking out across his brow. "I had to go get sick again." The college senior grimaced, then laid his head back against the headrest.

"I *sincerely* hope you did," she said, frowning as she dodged around a minivan that was only travelling five or ten above the speed limit. "In fact, you had better be dying of cholera; you can't just call me every time you get a tummy ache, Jack. You're not in grade school."

Daphne took a sharp right, exiting the freeway.

"You know you pulled me out of a hospital board meeting? There's some kind of a new bug going around and we need to make sure we have the protocol in order before-" gearing down, she reached over and pressed a wrist against her son's forehead. "Jesus, Jack. You're burning up. Did you go to school like this?"

"I felt a little queasy," her son said. He began to shiver. "But nothing like this. Is the AC on? I'm freezing."

"I bet," Daphne maneuvered herself out of her cardigan and handed it across the car. "Here. Wrap this around you." Jack did as he was told and closed his eyes while his mother told him off for spreading infection around and making the university sick, wheeling around another right hand turn so fast it set his head spinning.

"Mom," he said, "if you don't slow down, I'm going to-" the rest of his words were lost in a *basso* belch.

"Not in my car, you won't." She shot him a look. "Don't be a baby. We're almost home. Hold on."

Moments later, the car took a sharp left then came to a stop. Daphne's glossy nude pumps clacked loudly on the asphalt as she strode around the back of the car to retrieve her purse from the trunk.

As she reached inside, a querulous voice called out from across the road, "home for lunch, eh? A little afternoon delight?"

Old Man Crawley was leering from his usual perch, an ancient rattan chair on the front patio of his house. Daphne's white pencil dress was stretched taut across the broad, muscular globes of her ass, horizontal pinstripes clearly delineating her dramatic curves, measuring out a contour map of her body, sculpted from hours spent on the gym equipment installed in her basement when she wasn't at the hospital. She straightened up, shouldering her purse and putting one hand on her hip, just below a very trim waist, wheeled around to face the geezer on the other side of the street.

Without a word, she gave him one well-manicured finger, then strode over to the passenger side of the car, and opened it. Jack slumped in his seat, moaning in a low voice.

"Can you stand?" Daphne asked, watching her son struggle to undo his seatbelt. Leaning inside the car, Jack would have gotten a good eyeful of her fulsome bosom as it pressed against the clingy jersey of her dress, if he hadn't been semi-conscious. As it was, she undid his belt, and hooked his arm over her shoulders. Together, they half-walked, half-dragged themselves into the house. She could feel the heat radiating from his body; his clothes were damp with sweat.

"You are going straight to bed," she said. "Then we'll get some Tylenol into you and fluids; if that doesn't bring your fever down, we'll try an ice bath. I am **not** hauling you back across town to the hospital today." Jack just nodded, then burped, then groaned.

They stumbled into the house and up the stairs, which took an agonizingly long time, as Daphne had to occasionally stop to nag her son back into the real world and out of his fevered fatigue. Eventually, she nudged his door open with one pointed-toe pump; a cat in a bow tie and round spectacles stared down at her from a poster on the door, making an H2O joke from behind a chemistry set. As she helped him onto the bed, another poster above the bed declared his allegiance to Tyson/Nye. A stack of library books balanced precariously on the edge of his desk, next to his opened laptop.

"Well," she said, standing up, surveying the room. "At least you cleaned up in here like I asked." Daphne tucked the errant strand of hair behind her ear, and stood over her son, arms akimbo. "Now, you get in the bed, and I'll be right back."

Jack looked back up at her with faraway eyes, but nodded. His mother wheeled about on one five-inch heel, and strode back down the stairs.

When she returned, several minutes later, bearing an electronic thermometer, a tall glass of water and some painkillers, he hadn't moved much, if at all, and he certainly hadn't gotten **in** the bed.

Daphne clucked her tongue.

"What did I tell you?" She said, laying her load down on his desk. "Get **in** the bed."

"Mom," Jack mumbled, "it's all so sore."

She rolled her eyes. "It's just a stomach bug. You're feeling the effects of dehydration if you threw up all over the university. Undress and get in the bed, and we'll get some water into you." Jack made some weak movements to do as she asked, but he wasn't moving fast enough for his mother.

Her phone, a five inch lozenge tucked into a pocket in the front of her dress, buzzed. Daphne pulled it out and tucked it between her shoulder and her ear as efficient, clinical fingers lifted her son's shirt out of his waistband.

"Ted?" She said, yanking Jack's sweat-damp polo off him. "Yes, I'm home now. How did the meeting go?" Daphne tossed it aside. Her son's skin was slick with moisture, and paper-white, but there was no stink of sweat. "They what?" She worked at Jack's belt. "How could they not accept **any** of the guidelines? That came straight from Atlanta!" His jeans came unbuttoned, and she hooked her sharp fingernails into his belt loops. "You're right. It's not particularly lethal. Yet." Jack lifted up his hips with a soft moan, and his mother worked the pants down over his legs, struggling against the dampness. "Well?" She dropped them next to his shirt. "I, for one, would like to get ahead of it before anyth-"

Daphne's breath caught in her throat. She stared down at her son, clad only in his black boxer briefs. An obscene, swollen lump pulsed beneath the cotton fabric, a thick black tube tucked to the left, some nine inches long at least. A damp spot the size of a quarter grew around the end of it.

"What?" She said, coming back to her senses. "T-Ted, I'll have to call you back shortly okay? I'm just looking at- after my son at the moment."

Standing again, Daphne peeled back the sheets with embarrassed haste, then covered the object of her attention with a flap of the bedcovers.

"Jack, I'll be- I'll be back in a bit to check in on you." She took a step back as he regarded her, nodding. "Try to- try to drink some water," she placed the glass next to his bed, "and take the Tylenol. That'll bring your fever down."

"Sure mom," he croaked, seeming more himself already.

"And try to get some sleep," Daphne instructed, backing away. "It'll probably do you a world of good."

"Sure mom, sure." Jack said, rolling over.

She exited, closing the door behind her and leaning against it, heart pounding. Where on earth had he gotten such an enormous co- penis?

"Certainly not from his father," Daphne said, heels clicking against the floor as she went back downstairs. The further she got from the door the less she felt like going back, peeling away the sheets, and looking, just to be sure that it was really what it looked like, and not some illusion borne of Jack's underwear.

Her phone began to ring again.

"Speaking of enormous dicks," she muttered, before answering. "Ted? Yes. Listen-"

It took at least an hour to properly wring her deputy out, ensure he felt correctly bad about letting the hospital board walk all over him, elicit promises to draw up a quick and dirty epidemiological projection for the MF virus, should it get out of hand, and collect apologies for his misbehaviour. When she was satisfied, Daphne hung up and headed back upstairs, towards her own bedroom, unfurling her hair from its confines, shaking it out into a silky brown fan across her back.

Passing by the stare of the scientist cat posted to Jack's door, she stopped a moment, and opened it a crack. Immediately, she was struck by the smell; the room was rank with a musky, animal scent that made her nostrils flare, and brought a flush to her cheeks.

"Jack?" She called softly. "How are you feeling?" No response. His breathing was heavy but steady. His glass was empty, and the painkillers were gone.

Daphne stepped inside. Approaching his bed, she saw that he was sleeping, as she'd suggested. His hair, the same colour as hers, was plastered to his forehead; gently, she bent low to kiss him. His skin was warmer than usual, but the fire that had burned below it was gone. She breathed a sigh of relief at that. If it had gone on much longer, they'd have ended up at the ER that evening.

Maybe she was a little hard on him, but you only got anywhere in life by being driven there, even if someone was doing the driving from behind. But look at the results! Head of his class in highschool, fast-tracked to graduate school: one of his professors was advising him to skip his Master's entirely and go straight for a PhD.

Daphne glowed with pride and kissed his brow again. And such a good boy, to boot! Polite, well-mannered, never a rebellious phase or making trouble with his nerdy friends.

Here, close to Jack, the aroma was stronger still, and Daphne breathed deep of it. It felt good to be so near to him, feeling the heat radiating from his body; one of her hands slid along his arm, caressing it through the sheet. It was warm, and...thicker, somehow?

A dizzying wave of warmth spread through her body, and she was struck by the urge to peel away the bedsheets, and slip into the bed behind him. Maybe in front of him, curl into his warmth. Was he still hard, she wondered, thinking of that thick black tube, straining against her son's underwear-

Daphne stood, the flush in her face giving way to a ghastly pallor; she backed away, into the hall, and shut the door behind her. Her legs were unsteady in the tall heels as she stumbled into her own room. She kicked them off and into the closet while fumbling fingers worked to release the clasp at the nape of her neck. The zipper at the back came undone with a rasp and she shrugged the dress off her shoulders, wriggling her hips to work the tight jersey down over her curvaceous rear end.

Her nipples, thick and brown and standing proud from heavily cantilevered breast flesh, were highly visible beneath the creamy lace meshwork of her bra.

"Oh fuck," Daphne breathed as she scooped one tit free of its cup and pulled hard on the nub. The scent of aroused pussy wafted up from between thick, sculpted thighs, and she didn't have to reach down to know that the gusset of her matching thong was probably soaked through.

"Fuck," she said again. Had it really been so long since she'd seen a truly impressive cock that even her own son's had this effect on her? Not even seen, just inferred, *suggested* by the obscene distortion in his underwear.

Daphne was no size queen. Charles' own average equipment had been perfectly adequate back when she was just an older man's trophy wife, and it still was when they managed to coax some life into it, an increasingly rare occurrence as he slid into his sixties. Even as their sex lives waned, she hadn't developed any particular hankering for cock, not even big cock, pouring herself instead into her job, rising through the ranks of the hospital's internists until she became the top dog last year at the hitherto unprecedented age of 42.

But she had to admit, in the dark evenings as Charles snored gently beside her, or as she worked some Tuesday overnight shift, she'd often thought about what it would be like to have a truly fat cock up inside of her. Some thick young ramrod available at her beck and call, accommodating her weird schedule and odd hours. Not a boyfriend to cheat with, but a boy toy to use for her pleasure. A risky proposition.

"Fuck," she said, fingers sliding into her panties. Why couldn't she stop thinking about Jack? Was it just because she hadn't seen an erection, a real erection, for almost a year now? She was a fucking discipline chief, she didn't need cock.

A whimper escaped her lips as wet, squishy noises emanated from between her legs and a bead of fluid dribbled down her thigh.

It was just stress. All she needed was a little relief and everything would go back to normal. Her forearm worked in and out as she tried to forget the lump in her son's briefs, refocusing instead on one of the handsome young interns who was a little too familiar.

What did he wear under his scrubs, she wondered, collapsing back onto the bed, index finger strumming her clit. Briefs? Boxers? Boxer briefs? Did his cock stand out like a taboo fuck-obelisk, drawing the eye like a magnet? With her free hand, Daphne fed her freed nipple into her mouth and slurped noisily at it; \$200-manicured nails flashed as she whipped her fingertips up and down the slippery valley between her labia, travelling between the dripping orifice between her legs and her clit in a hasty blur. What would it even feel like? Would it hurt? Would it stretch her wide open as it was slammed home into her needy, under appreciated pussy? What did it look like? Was it smooth and straight or veiny and curved? Would he fucking flip her over and take her from behind like some kind of animal and just start pounding away at her claspig cunt?

Daphne gasped and grunted and arched her back, lifting her ass up off the mattress. Her index and middle fingers pistoned in and out of her squelching, leaking pussy, palm slapping hard against the angry nub of her clit.

"Fuck," she grunted around her own nipple. "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!" A low, animal growl started in the pit of her stomach, growing in volume and intensity as her hand slammed harder, harder into herself. "Make me cum, motherfucker! Make. Me. Cum!" Daphne's toes curled, and her heels dug into the duvet as her body went rigid, arched in ecstasy as her orgasm washed through her. She squeezed her eyes tight and ground the heel of her hand into herself, desperately wanting to ignore the image of Jack's covered cock, even as it persisted in her mind's eye.

Suddenly, it was over, and she collapsed back into the bed, grunting as she did.

"Fuck," Daphne said with a sigh. "I fucking needed that."

--

Later that afternoon, Daphne was using the kitchen counter as an office, reading email on her laptop while refreshing a different account on her phone as the kettle boiled. The cardboard tag of an herbal tea bag dangled from the side of an oversized mug.

She'd dressed down - into a pair of cropped yoga pants with a pink-washed static pattern and a white racer back tank - but

there was no taking off her work hat. A steady stream of advisories and updates washed into her inbox as clusters of MF infections cropped up, usually in post-secondary campuses; though no fatalities had yet been recorded, CDC was recommending quarantine procedures for certain sites without really stating why, except as a "precautionary measure."

That made it a hard sell to the senior hospital execs, particularly since the disease this far had confined itself to otherwise healthy young men, not a traditionally vulnerable population, or one likely to succumb to secondary complications.

Daphne frowned and stood up on her tiptoes, stretching the aching muscles in her calves; the hour or so she'd spent on the elliptical downstairs had only let the shitheads in the board fossilize their opinion about whether this was even a crisis.

"Never should have left that meeting," she muttered, as the kettle sang its song. Behind her, Daphne heard the soft pad of bare feet on the tile.

"So you've arisen from the dead, have you?" She said without turning around. "How are you feeling?"

Jack spoke in a low rumble as he opened the fridge. "Sore. Tired. Still kinda dizzy. Not hungry but I need...something?"

"Well," Daphne said, dumping some spam into a junk folder, "I just boiled the kettle if you want to get yourself some chamomile tea. It'll help settle your stomach."

"Gd' idea," Jack said, and a lean, obviously masculine arm reached around her, all smooth skin and corded muscle rippling beneath. Daphne was a little shocked to see how muscular her bookworm son's arm appeared to be as his hand wrapped around her mug.

"Hey, that's my-" she began, but the rest was lost in a gasp when his other hand dropped to her hip and he pressed himself into her from behind. Jack's hips were of a level with her own as she stood on her toes, and she could feel a searing-hot lump burning a brand into the deep cleft of her buttocks. The elevated heat from his body radiated through hers and she was suddenly enveloped by the musky, animal smell that had perfumed his room. Daphne's nipples crinkled up, poking faintly through her heavy sports bra and tank top.

"Mom," Jack mumbled in her ear, "what's wrong with me?" His cock pressed harder against her plush buttocks. "Why do I feel all..." He groped for the words.

"Y-you're sick," Daphne's voice was shaky. "Just weak from a bout of gastro." His fingers slid around her hip, gliding over her stomach. "You'll be fine in a couple of days." Hands against the granite countertop, she pushed back against him, but he was surprisingly heavy, and all she accomplished was pressing the insistent bulge deeper.

"It's hard," he said. "Hard to stay up. Hard to think." His hand was splayed out over her navel, steadying himself.

"Maybe you should go back to bed," Daphne suggested, trying not to move, trying not to agitate the hard on digging into her. Did he even know? "I'll bring some tea up to you, okay?"

"Yeah," Jack said, vaguely. "Yeah. Good idea. I should go back." His body relaxed, and suddenly separated from his mother's, both hands slipping away. He stepped back.

"Good, now go on back up," she turned around. Jack was standing in the middle of the kitchen, arms hanging loosely by his sides, eyes lidded and heavy. Daphne's hand rose involuntarily to her mouth, covering a sharp intake of breath. Her son was shirtless, revealing a pale-but-sculpted torso that looked as if it had stepped off a pedestal in a Roman plaza. The lean, but muscled plates of his pecs shadowed a tight plank of laddered abdominals that led down into the sharp delta beginning beneath his navel. Low-slung flannel pajama pants were his only concession to modesty, and these hung loosely below his hips, more than low enough to let his mother's gaze follow the channels beneath them to their terminus somewhere under the fabric draped dramatically in a huge tent that bobbed gently as he swayed on his feet.

Daphne knew she should be mad. She knew she should be **furious**. But she couldn't stop staring at Jack; somehow, her skinny, bookish, homebody son had developed a body that could have been laid out in a Cosmo centrefold or graced a GQ cover. Idly, one of his free hands began to toy with the pole jutting from his crotch. As she watched, a dark spot blossomed at the tip of the pole, staining the fabric dark blue.

"Jack!" She clapped her hands, once. "Wake up!" She clapped again. He seemed to come to his senses, momentarily. Blinking slowly, shaking his head, he regarded his mother.

"Wha? What?" He asked, hand falling to his side again.

"Go upstairs." Daphne pointed. "I'll bring you tea."

"Yeah," Jack said, staring at her. His eyes lingered for a long moment on her chest. "You're real pretty, mom. You know that?"

"Yes, dear. Thank you, dear." She took a few steps forward, then grabbed his shoulders; his skin was so warm, smooth, firm under her fingers. With a shove, she twirled her son around, pointing him at the stairs. "Go to room. I'll be up. Bring tea." Daphne gave him a not-so-gentle push, and he stumbled away. Even from behind, his upper body was a rippling delta of sculpted muscle, coated in a light sheen of sweat. She didn't realize how intently she'd been watching him until he turned the corner and she was left wondering what she'd been going to do next.

On the kitchen counter, her phone chimed as another email came in. Beyond it, steam curled out of the mouth of the kettle. Daphne clucked her tongue.

10 minutes later, she was climbing the stairs bearing a tray laden with a steaming mug of chamomile tea; beside it was a plate, with a couple of artfully arranged pieces of toast, glistening with butter. She dusted the toast with a sprinkling

of cinnamon sugar, Jack's childhood favorite, though she realized she had no idea if that was still the case. Daphne couldn't even remember the last time she had a conversation with her son, except to encourage him to do or discourage him from shirking schoolwork.

Balancing the tray on one hand like a waitress, she gave his door a tentative knock. Why was she so nervous?

There was no answer, but a murmur and music could be heard beyond the science cat. She tried the knob. It turned easily in her hand.

Inside, Jack was seated at his desk, watching something at this laptop. He was still shirtless, and Daphne stopped mid-pace to scan his smooth, powerful-looking torso. The room was still rank and steamy with musk; sweat broke out on her brow.

"Jack," she said in a soft voice. "I brought up your tea."

He didn't respond, but a low, wet moan emanated from his desk. Daphne took another step closer, peeking around his shoulder.

On the screen, a stacked brunette was sinking down onto a massive cock, her big fake tits rolling obscenely on her chest as she gasped and filled herself up. As her hips settled into place, another cock appeared from the side of the screen, the tip of it pressing insistently against her mouth.

"Jack?" Daphne asked, cautious. She came closer. He didn't even seem to know she was there, his attention apparently riveted to the screen; in his lap, both of her son's hands were stroking the length of his cock, from base to tip, over and over again, a continuous tunnel of fingers working his shaft, milking out a steady stream of precum. The size of it was astounding, easily rivalling the prodigious shafts on his screen, the head of it appeared to have the circumference of a clementine; it was ramrod straight, an obscene spire standing out from Jack's crotch, delicate blue veins tracing along the length of it. Daphne's mouth worked, but no words came.

It was perfect, the kind of cock she'd always fantasized about in the depths of the night when it was just her and her vibrator, like some magical sculptor had whittled it straight out of her dreams.

Suddenly, his pace changed, and he started pumping just under the head with his left hand in short, sharp strokes while the other polished his weeping knob. Jack grunted, then whimpered, in obvious discomfort as he worked his needy young cock with a will, obviously trying hard to bring himself off in short order, but somehow unable to get over the finish line.

"Jack?" She said, again, and laid a hand on his shoulder. His head snapped up, turning to regard her. As his eyes locked on hers, the weeping slit of his cockhead dilated once, twice, then vomited out a thick plume of gelid cream that splashed across his bare shoulder and her knuckles. It was scalding hot, but Daphne was held in place as three more strong spurts of the stuff erupted forth from her son's cock, splattering out across his bare chest and stomach, rivulets of it oozing down through the channels left by his new musculature.

"Mom!" He grunted as successive spurts of thick, pearlescent cum splashed against his skin. "Mom! Mom! Mom!" Cum dribbled out over his thumb. "Mom?" Daphne watched a loop of cum quiver on the setting of her engagement ring. "Mom? Oh god, Mom! I'm so sorry!" Now he was looking, really looking at her.

"Don't be sorry!" Daphne said, taking a step back, letting her hand reluctantly slip from his shoulder. "It was my fault, surely! I was just bringing up that tea, and I should have knocked louder, and then-" she gestured with her free hand, then grabbed the tray and presented it, putting it between them as her son slowly got to his feet. All she could smell was the bleachy musk of his semen.

"God, I just- I came everywhere and, it's so hard to think, Mom." He brushed at his stomach, absently, smearing a streak of semen across his skin. Between his legs, his cock hadn't flagged a fraction of an inch, if at all, and a final bead of cream welled up at the tip. Jack swayed dangerously on his feet.

"Here," she said, suddenly, and laid the tray down on the floor. "Get back to bed," her hand rested gently against his cum-slick stomach, the other at the small of his back as she guided him towards his bed. Her fingers moved in tiny circles of their own accord, massaging his sticky, warm flesh.

Jack sat on the mattress, cock bobbing. His torso gleamed with spent semen.

"Let's...let's get you cleaned up." Dropping to one knee, Daphne snatched up yesterday's shirt from where he'd discarded it on the floor, and started dabbing at the rapidly-melting goo on her son's left pectoral muscle. She took her time sopping it up before moving to the splatter across his abdominals. His cock quivered as he watched her with apparent disinterest.

"You're really pretty, mom." He said in a quiet voice. "All my friends say so, but not to my face." Daphne's hand stopped. "They're all jealous that my mom is so hot. Bitchy and hot. They say-"

"Jack, I don't think you-" The bead of cum at the tip of his prick welled up and out of the pissslit, slowly oozing down the shaft.

"-that you're a cougar mom not a tiger mom. Is that right? It's so hard to- to think." His brow furrowed. "Dave says that you've got a world class ass, that he'd give his left nut to touch it, but I touched it, I felt it. It felt good, mom." Daphne licked her lips, watching the rivulet of semen running down the thick pipe underscoring his enormous cock. "Can- can I touch it again?"

"That's not a good idea, Jack." Daphne said, voice quavering. That wayward bead of cum ran straight down to his sac, where it nested in his pubic hair. On impulse, she reached down with the shirt and dabbed at it, prompting a low moan from her son.

"Mom," he began, letting his thighs drift apart. That movement broke whatever spell Daphne was under and she rocketed straight to her feet, unsteady on suddenly watery knees.

"Here," she said, turning to grab the tray. He moaned again, and she looked over her shoulder to see him staring directly at her behind, saran wrapped in her yoga pants. She stayed there for a long moment. Jack reached for his still-saluting cock.

Downstairs, the front door slammed.

"Hellooo? Honey, I'm hooome." Charles shouted as he strolled into the living room. Casting about, the 60 year-old ad exec tossed his coat onto one of the couches. "Daphne? Jack? Hello?"

Feet thudded down the stairs, and his wife appeared, face flushed. She was holding a wad of grey fabric in a fist, while slurping on the ring finger of her left hand. Daphne pulled that finger out of her mouth, licked her lips, then stood on her tiptoes to give husband a perfunctory kiss on the cheek. He could smell...something, but she danced away too fast for him to identify it.

"You're home early. Something up?" He asked, as she stuck her knuckles back into her mouth.

Daphne shook her head, then:

"Jack's sick. I drove him home from the University, and stuck around to look after him."

"Slow day at the office? I thought I heard something about a bug going around?" Charles raised an eyebrow. "What's on your hand?"

"Yeah," she said, shrugging. "Nothing going on at work. Just some kind of mild cold bug. There's some- some butter on my hand: I got Jack some toast, to help settle his stomach."

"Well look at you, Florence Nightingale." Charles laughed, and laid his briefcase down on a nearby table. "When was the last time you did that?"

Daphne's face darkened as she frowned at him.

"He's our son. I don't mind looking after him. That's a mother's job, after all." She turned to go. "I'm going to go throw his shirt in the laundry." With that, she stalked off.

If Charles saw her smelling their son's discarded shirt, he didn't say anything about it.

--

The following morning found Charles and his wife on opposite ends of the kitchen, variously drinking coffee and checking their emails and catching up on the news. Daphne gave her husband a chilly side eye as she pretended to read the latest

slew of CDC reports that had blown up her phone overnight. Charles, for his part, sipped on his coffee, just as oblivious to her displeasure as he'd been to her sexual advances the evening before.

The chunky heel of one of Daphne's black ankle boots tapped impatiently against the kitchen tile as she thumbed through the idiotic parroting, head nodding and naysaying on the part of Ted, the board, and apparently every numbskull at the hospital. The silence was heavy, pregnant. Shooting him a look, she opened up her mouth to tell him off and-

"Good morning, sunshine!" Her husband said heartily. "How are you feeling?"

Jack appeared at the doorway, stepping down from the stairwell. "Better. Hungry." He padded into the kitchen, still wearing nothing but the pajama bottoms he'd been sporting the night before. He scratched lightly at his stomach as he investigated the fridge, and Daphne watched the fabric of his pants pull tight around his buttocks as he leaned in. Underneath her suit jacket and creamy silk blouse, her nipples crinkled up.

"Going to school today?" Charles asked, barely looking up from his paper.

"Nah," Jack said from the depths of the fridge as bottles clinked. "Don't feel like it."

"Excuse me?" Daphne's nostrils flared. "Young man, we do *not* pay an arm and a leg each semester just so you can-"

"Jesus Christ," Charles said. "Give the kid a break, will you? You're the one who said he was puking his guts up yesterday." She took a deep breath, preparing a tirade in response. Her husband checked his watch. "Shit, I'm late. See you guys tonight!" With that, he was on his way out of the kitchen.

The door slammed shut.

"Fucker!" Daphne shouted after him as she regained herself. "Useless, limp dicked old fucker!"

"Mom?" Jack stood up, holding an apple in one hand. "What's wrong?"

"Your father is what's wrong," she said, wheeling about to face her son. Her hair was down this morning, a halo of loose brown curls that whipped around as she turned. Daphne crossed her arms under her breasts, forcing the lapels of her suit jacket outward and exposing a deep cleft between them. Jack's eyes fell into it of their own accord. "As for you, young man-"

"Aw, mom," he started to complain. She took a step forward and jabbed him in the left pectoral with a sharp fingernail. His nipple was the same shade of brown as hers. Her fingertip made tiny circles on his skin. It was warm but not feverish, and very smooth.

"You," she said again. "You will go back up to your room immediately and get dressed, for starters. We do not lounge around the house half naked here." Her fingernail started tracing lazy loops across his firm flesh. "And take a shower. I can smell you from here." Daphne's nostrils flared as his thoroughly male, musky odour filtered through her nose. "And- and if you **are** feeling better, then I'll drop you off at the university my own damn self, since you seem inclined to goof off."

"It's just one day," he said, as Daphne stared at her own finger, then let her eyes trail downward. "Plus it's still hard to- to think? Maybe I'm still sick?"

"I don't care," she replied. "I've already got one useless man in this house. I intend to see to it that I don't have two." There was a stirring in Jack's pants. Her fingernail traced downwards an inch or two, as if reluctant to part from him. "So go and get...get cleaned up." She scratched lightly at him, between his pecs. "And I'll take you- take you to school." A tent began to arise in his pyjamas.

"Yeah," Jack bit into the apple with a crisp snap. Juice dribbled down his chin. "You look real good today, mom." Daphne actually **blushed**, something she hadn't done since childhood.

"It's just a pantsuit," she said, taking a step back. "Do you really think so?" Daphne unbuttoned her abbreviated blazer. The silky white blouse underneath exposed a significant wedge of her chest and deep cleavage. Her blouse was tucked loosely into a pair of slim-legged black pants stretched tightly across her thickly-muscled legs. She turned to the side, and

Jack's gaze raked over the profile of her squat-rounded buttocks. She didn't really realize she was posing for him til his right hand wrapped around his pole through his pants while he munched on his apple.

"Yeah," he said between bites, massaging his cock to full erection. "You look real good Mom."

"Jack," she said. "Stop that right now." He didn't say anything. They stood there a moment, watching each other. "I said stop it, young man. Stop touching yourself like that!" He just looked at her with lidded eyes.

"I said," she stepped forward, hair flying about her head and looking for all the world like a furious Valkyrie. "Stop." Daphne reached out. "Touching." Her hand brushed his. "Yoursel-"

Jack's hand slipped away a fraction of a second before she could grab it, and Daphne's fist was suddenly full of her son's cock. She could feel this blood pounding through the soft flannel, his shaft hard as an iron bar and too thick for her fingers to meet on the other side. The smell was more intense now, filling up the air between them with a thick heat.

"Jack," she said softly, "you can't- you shouldn't look at me like that. You shouldn't touch yourself in front of me. You definitely shouldn't be so *hard*," her fingers squeezed his cock. Daphne had never felt anything quite like it, living steel pulsing gently in her fist.

"Sorry," he said. "I can't help it. I don't know what's wrong with me. Ever since yesterday, I can't stop thinking about you."

"Well it has to stop." Daphne's fingers flexed.

"I can't. I can't make it go down," Jack said. "I tried so hard yesterday, mom, but I can't make it go down." He grimaced. "I woke up this morning and it was soft, but there's so much mess in my sheets... And the dreams were just..."

"Young man," Daphne said, somewhat breathlessly. "This cannot go on." She moved her fist, and the waistband of his pants gapped momentarily. Hot air brushed her face and she could smell it now, rising up from his cock like steam, the aroma of his cum and precum and musk. Before she knew what was happening, Daphne was hooking her fingers in the elastic and drawing it downwards. His pole flicked sharply like a diving board as it snapped past the tip, flinging a slug of precum upward to splash on her sternum. "I'm just- I'm going to help you. This *one time*." Now she was dropping to her knees, head enveloped in a cloud of his heady aroma, staring at the satsuma-sized tip of his cock.

"Do not," she said, staring her son's dick in the eye, "tell your father about this." At the mention of Charles, a thick dollop of cocklube bubbled out of the weeping slit.

If Jack had a response, it was lost in the long shuddering gasp that escaped him as his mother lifted up his weighty cock and gently kissed the underside of his glans, her generous lips massaging the sensitive flesh in a way that made him have to grip a nearby countertop to keep steady. Daphne noisily

kissed and suckled at the greasy tip of his cock; there was no way, she knew, that more than a few inches of his mammoth member would fit inside her mouth without dislocating her jaw, but that wouldn't stop her from sensually making out with throbbing purple helmet.

The smell, the taste of him provoked a hunger and a salivary response in her that would have made Pavlov proud. Soon, rivulets of drool were speeding their way down his shaft, occasionally cobwebbing out and splattering on the floor. With a snarl, Daphne let his cock pop out of her mouth momentarily to lap up the errant liquid, pregnant with Jack's flavour; she slurped from balls to tip, then began working her lips around the flare again. Her hands locked around the shaft and began to stroke it, milking his precum out into her waiting mouth. Her lips suctioned out as she pulled back briefly to give herself some swallowing space, and then Jack's hands were in her hair, pushing her back downwards again.

"Mom," he grunted. "Mom, fuck. Fuck that's so good." Jack stared down at her, working so diligently at his thick youthful meat, all her attention focused on pleasing his pole. Her elegant fingers, wrapped so tightly across his girth, shuttled up and down the increasingly-slippery shaft, making obscene *schluck*ing sounds.

Daphne's eyes met his. Her rings glinted in the morning sunlight as her hands flashed up and down his cock.

"I don't know if I can hold- oh fuck! Oh Mom!" His mother's eyes went wide as Jack grunted and trembled and suddenly she started making desperate choking noises; she pulled off his cock, mouth wide open, and a thick streamer of cum and

saliva followed in a short-lived arc that snapped and splattered across her chin and sternum and blouse. Daphne coughed and tried to speak as the cum dribbled from her plush lower lip, but was interrupted by another plume of semen that splattered across her features.

"Jack!" She spluttered. He took over jerking his fat dick, pumping out another half dozen strong spurts of semen, trying to aim away from her face and succeeding only in hosing down her chest. The yellowy goop stained and soaked through the shimmery silky fabric of his mother's blouse, revealing the strained fabric of the no-nonsense nude bra underneath.

"Jesus, Jack." Daphne wiped a stray slug of semen out of an eyebrow, regaining her footing as she stood. "I didn't even know so much cum was possible. I know a urologist who would-" Jack's cock stood, unflagging, a dollop of cum spiralling out from the tip to splash on the floor. She stared at it, then began unbuttoning her blouse. "Absolutely ruined," she muttered before shrugging out of it and throwing the garment aside, along with her blazer.

The seamless nude cups of her bra were overflowing with voluminous breast flesh, heaving and threatening to overflow as Daphne's shortened breath came in shuddering heaves.

"Have you ever even seen real tits before, sweetheart?" She asked with a wry smile. Jack shook his head, gaze locked squarely on her chest. "Are you a virgin, Jack?"

"Y-yeah," he said in a husky voice. "Before I was never- I mean, I didn't look like- girls didn't want-" he gestured helplessly at his lean form, brand new musculature rippling as he did.

"I don't think you'll have to worry about that anymore," Daphne replied, slurping a wad of cream from her middle finger. "God, why do you taste so *good*?" She scraped an errant streamer of cum off the upper slope of her tits, and stuck her finger in her mouth with a warm "mmmmmm."

"Whatever it is, your father certainly doesn't taste like this." She smacked her lips. "Though I haven't had him in my mouth for so long he could taste like anything by now." Jack's cock was twitching, and she watched it like a songbird watches a snake, mesmerized by every movement.

"Do you want to see real tits, honey?" She asked, only peripherally aware of his nod. "Do you want to see mommy's?" Without really waiting for an answer, Daphne reached behind her back and unsnapped the clasp of her bra. She slipped the straps down over her shoulders and let her tits spring free. She was aware that they were no longer rode as high or as firmly as a girl Jack's age, but as his mother's fat, voluminous breasts jostled against one another, pendant teardrops capped with the thick brown plugs of her nipples, she watched his eyes go wide and his cock jump and knew it didn't matter.

"Lose the pants," she said, gesturing with a finger. "And come here." Jack didn't waste a second, trying to yank his pants off and walk at the same time, managing to stumble forward as he did, one hand landing on Daphne's left breast while his face found a soft, warm nest in between them.

"Suck it," she instructed, and her son's mouth latched onto her other tit, lips and tongue working away at it.

"Harder," she said imperiously. "You don't need to be gentle with me, Jack. Bite it." Daphne gasped as his teeth sunk into her sensitive flesh and his cock pressed insistently against her thigh, leaving a silvery trail on the black fabric. She held his head tightly to her, pressing his face deep into the yielding mature flesh, practically drowning him in her breast. She'd never nursed him as a baby, but now she knew his mouth belonged there, sucking and biting at her nipple.

Reaching down with her free hand, she found his cock, and gave it a few experimental strokes. It was as hard as ever, showing no signs of softening or fatigue. It was so perfectly huge, she reflected; amply sized to take on her plush pussy, but not intimidatingly so.

"Fuck it," Daphne grunted, suddenly pushing Jack's face away from her. He looked up at her, confused and horny and slightly stupid still from having just cum.

"Fuck it," she said again, unbuttoning her pants and wriggling them down over her muscular ass, revealing the silky, silvery thong she wore underneath. Daphne turned, grabbed the countertop with one hand, and used the other to shove the gusset of her panties to one side, revealing the luscious inner lips of her pussy, cushioned by her bare vulva.

"Fuck it!" She looked her son in the eye, spreading her labia wide with sticky fingers, showing off the needy, pulsing hole between them. "I said fuck it, young man!"

Jack needed no further encouragement, and strode up behind his mother, grabbing a hip in either hand. She reached down between her legs and guided his inexperienced cock to her slicked up pussy.

"Do it!" Daphne commanded, then grunted as his huge cockhead popped inside her claspung cunt. "Fuck," she said through gritted teeth. "Fuck you're big." Using her hips for leverage, Jack began squeezing his thickness inside of her, filling her almost to bursting, stretching the walls of her pussy up to, but not over, the brink of discomfort. Instead, Jack's cock filled her up as she'd never been filled before, like a hand in a glove, working its way into every nook and cranny until his hips met the curve of her ass and the head of his cock bumped up against her cervix.

He was **just** the right size to fill her cunt to its maximum capacity without actually hurting her. He was perfect, like his cock was custom built for his mother's claspung, slippery hole.

"Don't just stand there," she said, breathless, adjusting to the new sensation of having her pussy filled as it should be. "Fuck me!" Slowly, cautiously, Jack began to draw his cock back out of her, then slid it back in, his hips cushioned by her plush buttocks.

"What are you doing?" She complained. "I told you to fuck me now **fuck me**!" With that, Daphne shoved herself back against him, hard. Flesh slapped against flesh, and Jack watched her ass ripple as the shockwave flowed through it.

She heard him snarl, and his fingers dug deep into her hips. His cock drew back, then slammed forward, shoving her roughly against the countertop. Then again, and again, and soon the kitchen was filled with the snap of skin slapping against skin as Daphne hung onto the kitchen counter while her son slamfucked her for all he was worth. He pushed her forward and soon she was standing on her toes, bent over the counter, one knee crooked and her bootie in the air, then both, body nailed in place by Jack's remorseless pounding.

"Harder!" She shouted back over her shoulder. "Fuck me harder you son of a bitch! Fill me the fuck up with your big fat cock and fuck me like your limp dicked dad never could!"

That really brought out the animal in him, and Jack began relentlessly fucking her double time, grunting and puffing like an ox in a harness. With every stroke, Daphne could feel the suction pulling on her, threatening, it seemed, to draw her inside out if he should piston backwards too far; every downstroke hammered his cockhead into her g-spot and dragged another wet, needy grunt out of her mouth.

"Yes!" Daphne enthused. "Fuck me like like I *need* to be fucked! Fuck mommy with that big stud cock and make me cum!" Her hips wriggled around on Jack's cock, attempting to wrest some level of control from him, but there was no wrangling his animal thrusts, the sheer lust-fueled power of his cock as it pounded into her; for the first time in her life, all she could do was simply relax into the pleasure and enjoy the ride. It felt good to relinquish control, even if temporarily.

He was bent low over her now, his face pressed into her back, teeth gnawing against her shoulder blade.

"Mom!" Jack grunted with each thrust, chanting as if it were his mantra, "Mom! Mom! Mom! Fuck! Mom!"

"Fuck mom!" She agreed, a dopey grin crawling across her features; Daphne's eyes rolled back into her head, and fireworks began sparking into her vision. "Yes! Fuck mom!" Her toes curled inside her shoes, and her thighs began to quake. "Make mommy cum!"

Liquid splattered against the kitchen tile as Daphne started bucking and spasming, muscles coiling and uncoiling as her body was wracked with ecstasy. Her heels kicked and one of her ankle boots clattered to the floor; wordless cries were rose to a crescendo each time Jack bottomed out inside her pussy, and her hips corkscrewed around, trying to wring every last ounce of pleasure out of his swollen cock that she could.

"Jack!" She shouted, suddenly, catching her breath. "Fucking cum in me, you son of a bitch! Fucking fill me up!"

"Fuck. Fuck shit fuck, Mom!" Jack grunted into her back. Her son's balls jumped and his cock momentarily swelled to an even greater girth, as the first spurt of cum splashed against the heated walls of Daphne's claspings pussy. He couldn't stop thrusting into her as he came, and soon the floor beneath them was awash with their mingled fluids.

She lost track of time, but eventually Jack's body went rigid one last time and he released a long-held breath, stepping away from his mother's limp body. A torrent of liquid was released when the thick plug of his prick fell free. No longer

nailed to the counter by the force of his thrusts, Daphne sank to the floor, too dopey on her own endorphins to stand. Their cooling spend soaked through her pants and into her skin.

Panting, she rolled over and regarded her son. Jack leaned against the fridge, chest heaving, beads of sweat rolling through the channels cut between his prominent muscles. His dick, shining and slick and dripping, pointed down at the floor, showing its first signs of satisfaction in two days. He regarded her with lidded eyes and lazily scratched at his balls.

"I think maybe you're too sick to go to school after all," she said with a wolfish grin. "Let's get you back to bed."

"Sure," he said. "Whatever you say."

"Good," Daphne replied. "But my bed this time, not yours."

--

"Ugh! Ted, I told you- I **told** you Dr. Oyama was only too happy to, to switch." Daphne held the phone to her ear with a shoulder.

"What?" Her lip curled in a snarl. "No, Ted I **don't** believe that I'm 'being irresponsible' or 'ignoring the needs of our patients.' My **son** is the only patient that matters to me right now and-" she ruffled Jack's hair playfully as she pretended to listen to the phone. "Well, I don't give a damn that I missed the meeting. Oh?"

Daphne contemplated her bare foot, outstretched on a nearby coffee table. She wiggled her toes. They needed repainting.

Her toes bunched up suddenly.

"No, no!" She said, struggling to keep the phone where it was. "You can- you can tell the board that they can go suck- sssuck a tailpipe- fuck! Fuck as far as I'm concerned." Her fingers clenched and then the mobile clattered to the floor, Ted's tinny voice unheeded as Daphne's body arched off the couch. Strangled gasps burst out of her as she came as quietly as she could manage. Between her legs, Jack was grinning.

"Goodbye, Ted!" Daphne said in a loud voice once she'd recovered her breath. Lightning fast, she reached down and snatched up the phone, hanging it up with an angry thumb.

"That's enough, you little shit," she said with a laugh, shoving him away with a bare foot. A pair of spandex yoga shorts dangled from her other ankle.

"You sure?" He said, relaxing against the arm of the couch. His chin glistened, dripping with her juices. Jack wore a pair of loose basketball shorts that did nothing to hide the bulge of his cock running along his left thigh, and nothing else. He scratched his stomach.

"Reasonably sure," Daphne said, hooking her foot back into her shorts, and yanking them up over her ass. The wetness between her thighs was starting to cool, but she didn't care.

Jack watched her long, muscular legs scissoring. "I need to rehydrate and recharge before I go to work."

"Well if it's fluid you need..." Her son grinned. Jack flexed his abdominals, and his cock twitched in his shorts.

A bead of precum appeared on his thigh, rolling down to his knee. Daphne bit her lip.

"Maybe later, Romeo," she said. "If I'm working from eight til eight, I'll need some real food in me at some point, and a girl can't live on protein alone, no matter how tasty it is." Her bare foot dragged itself up his thigh, toes sliding inside the leg of his shorts.

"It's too bad you'll be at Uni by the time I get home." She said.

"School." Jack made a disgusted noise in his throat. "Do I have to?"

Daphne's foot moved inside his shorts. "I thought you loved school?"

"I dunno." His brow furrowed. "Maybe I can think of more important stuff to-"

The front door opened and slammed shut.

"Hellooo!" Charles shouted as he walked in. He strode into the living room, tossing his jacket down on a nearby armchair. His wife and son were watching television on opposite ends of the couch, a blanket tossed loosely over them both.

"What are you doing home?" He said, coming over to kiss Daphne on the brow; her skin was a little damp. "You're not getting sick, are you?"

"No," she laughed. "Jack took a funny turn after you left, so I stayed home to look after him. I switched shifts with Yuri. I'm going in tonight at eight." Her legs moved under the blanket.

"Ah," her husband said, standing up. He regarded his son. "I was right after all! So much for doctors. How are you feeling, Jackie-boy?"

"Good," the kid said. His face was flushed and his eyes a little unfocused. "Getting better."

"Think you'll go to class tomorrow?" Daphne stretched out, catlike, as Charles spoke. Jack stirred, and opened his mouth to answer.

"I think at least one more day is probably in order," his mother said, instead. "Just to be sure we get it all out of his system." Jack just nodded.

"Man you must be sick if your mom is advocating for rest at home," Charles chuckled.

"There's a serious bug going around," Daphne said sternly. "I just want to make sure our son gets the best. Care. Possible." Jack stirred, and his face got redder. "I can keep him under my observation *all day* tomorrow after my shift, unless you want to."

Charles held up his hands in mock surrender. "No way," he said. "I've got meetings all this week, plus a conference in Phoenix to prep for. I don't want to come down with whatever he's got. Sorry buddy, you're in your mom's hands for the duration."

"Not just my hands," she said cryptically.

"I-I don't mind, dad." Jack said, a dopey grin crossing his features. "I kinda like- like hanging out with mom. She takes g- goooood care of me."

"I'm sure you'll return the favour sometime," Daphne said with a sly smile.

Charles looked from one to the other, mildly confused. "Well." He loosened his tie. "I'm going to go change, and I guess we'll order out for supper?"

"Sure dad," Jack's head lolled a little to one side. "Whatever."

Daphne held her son in her gaze, not bothering to look up at Charles. "If you're going to shower, don't use up all the hot water. I'll need one myself before I go to the hospital."

"Uh, yeah. Okay." Her husband pulled his tie out from his collar and headed upstairs. He didn't see his wife draw her cumslick foot from the blanket as soon as his back was turned, and he certainly didn't see her bend over double and start licking it.

--

A Tuesday-into-Wednesday overnight was bound to be slow: few admissions, fewer consults, fewer still fires to put out. It had been a while since Daphne had pulled one, and she hadn't realized what an opportunity it presented to catch up on paperwork while doing her rounds.

As she'd expected, there'd been a rash of MF cases over the last couple of days. Well, not so much a rash as a wave: a couple dozen young men, largely students from the University, had been admitted, all showing symptoms consistent with the virus. Not long after, a couple of hours in some cases, almost all had been discharged again, most of them by their mothers. Each chart was so eerily similar that Daphne was done reviewing them before she'd gotten an hour into her shift.

She propped her feet up on her desk in their comfortable shoes, and tapped a pen against her mouth. On a whim, she picked up the phone.

"Hello? Mrs. Williams? Yes, this is Dr. Ryerson from St. Lucia Memorial Hospital, I'm just doing a follow-up on your son, Derek and- hello?" She gave the receiver a quizzical look.

It took four more calls until Daphne found someone who would talk to her.

"No, Mrs. Laramie, this isn't about a bill, that's a different department."

"That's Miz Laramie to you," said the strident voice on the other end of the line. "Who did you say you were again?"

"My name is Dr. Ryerson, I'm just doing some follow up on your son - Gareth - I see here he was admitted this morning but you discharged him before the lab results were-"

"His *father* brought him in," the woman on the other end said the word in the same way one might have said 'cockroach' or 'slime mold.' "After he'd been sick a whole day. Gareth was on the mend by then, so we discharged him and *I* brought him home, where he belongs."

"Oh," said Daphne, walking on eggshells. "Well, I thought you might be interested to know that Gareth tested positive for a particularly virulent disease we've been calling the MF-"

"It can't be all that bad." Ms. Laramie said.

"Well it's a highly contagious pathogen that the CDC has issued-

"Frankly, he's better now than he was before he got sick." The woman on the phone sniffed, and Daphne could hear rustling on the other end.

"Excuse me?"

"Doctor, my son has always been what you might call 'a handful,' and what I've always called 'a disobedient little shit.'" More rustling. "But for the last couple of days, he's been a very, *very* good boy, haven't you?" A muffled male voice said something. "In fact, you could say that now he's behaving like the young man I always wanted." Daphne could have sworn she heard a zipper. "So, quite frankly, I don't really give a shit what he had or didn't have. I have what I- ah! Deserve!"

Miz Laramie hung up without another word.

Daphne mulled that over as she did her rounds, distractedly checking in on a number of sleeping patients, reading their updated charts, consulting with folks down in the ER.

She strongly suspected, though she hadn't yet admitted it to herself, that Jack had been infected with MF. All the symptoms had presented, but she hadn't done any testing or followed through on the guidelines she'd been advocating for in the first place. They'd been too...distracted by other things. Even now, she felt a heat beginning to build between her

thighs, just thinking about Jack and his sculpted body and divine cock.

What did that mean? In the cold light of the hospital fluorescents, it was objectively crazy; not only had her son developed a body that would have made David Beckham jealous, but he'd used it to make her cum more in the last day or so than she had in the last year. By the lights of any sane person, it was wrong and stupid and dangerous, but it made her pussy so slick with arousal she was seriously contemplating a visit to the ladies' to take the edge off.

Was it the virus? Had it changed something in both of them? Was she infected?

Daphne quickly and surreptitiously drew some of her own blood and sent it off to the lab for testing under somebody else's name.

The results came back in less than an hour, showing no sign of infection - no elevated white blood cells, no antibodies, no dead viral bodies, nothing. She breathed a quiet sigh of relief, but then realized that she had no more answers than before.

MF hadn't infected any women, had it? It strictly kept to a diet of young men, or so they said.

Before she left in the morning, Daphne pocketed a blood sampling kit.

Miz Laramie's words kept rattling around in her head: "The young man I always wanted."

She thought long and hard about her son. About his hard body, about his fat cock, about his unflagging sexual appetite. Is that what she wanted? What about school? What about his future? What about ensuring he wasn't like his father?

Well, he was certainly not like Charles now, she reflected; the very notion of a comparison between her limp dicked, aging husband and the young stud she'd left at home was laughable.

Daphne was resolved to get some answers as she walked in through the front door, sneakers squeaking on the porch tiles as she did. Her hair was tied back in a messy ponytail and the loose green scrubs she'd worn that evening hung limply from her body.

Passing the living room, she saw Jack sprawled on the couch, wearing a pair of loose track pants and a tank top. The silhouette of his cock through the thin nylon was only marginally more distracting than the taut lines of his body clearly visible through his shirt.

Daphne steeled herself and drew the needle out of her pocket, affixing it to the blood collection vial as she did. Her gaze crawled up and down her son's body, greedily soaking in his effortless sex appeal.

As quietly as she could, she sank to one knee beside him, looking for a good site on his arm to take a sample. Gingerly, she unfurled one arm, hoping to get a good jab on the inside of his elbow.

"Hey," Jack said in a sleepy voice. "Watcha doin', sexy lady?" Even his words sent delicious ripples through her.

"Nothing," Daphne said, quickly. She shoved her hand back into her pocket. "Just, just enjoying the way you look is all. What are you doing down here?"

He smiled a lazy smile.

"Waiting for you. I thought maybe you might wanna-" he gestured at the rapidly-swelling bulge in his pants.

"Baby, I'm a mess." She said with a laugh. "You think this is sexy?" Daphne gestured at her scrubs.

"Mom," Jack said, quietly. "You're the hottest piece of ass I've ever seen. All I can think about is fucking you. Whenever you want. However you want."

"Show me." Her voice was ragged. Slowly, Jack pulled the waistband of his track pants down, releasing the rising tower of cock between his legs.

"I don't think I ever want to fuck anybody else," he said, a slightly confused look on his face. "You're the only one who makes me like this, mom. This is yours."

In one swift motion, Daphne whipped off her scrub pants and swung a leg over his supine body; she peeled off the top, leaving her only in a black sports bra and her thick-soled Asics. Divine pleasure rolled through her body as she sank down onto Jack's thick pussy pleaser.

"This is mine?" She asked, settling down onto him. "Whenever. I. Want?" Daphne punctuated her words with a roll of her hips. Jack nodded, his hands reaching up to grab her fat, mature tits through the restrictive bra.

"I don't care about anything else anymore," he said, voice thick.

"Are you going to give me what your father can't?" She hissed, grinding into him.

"What's that?" He asked, pinching one nipple through the spandex.

"A good thorough fucking," Daphne said, leaning low over his body, angling her hips. "And then another. And another. Until my brains are fully fucked out, and then again for good measure?"

Jack grinned, and thrust his cock up into his mother's eager pussy, forcing a needy whimper out of her. Her fingers curled against his hard chest as she grabbed a fistful of his shirt to balance herself.

"Fuck!" She gasped. "I don't care! I don't fucking care why you're like this." Daphne could feel a sudden orgasm beginning to rise up inside; she really should have taken the edge off when she'd had the chance.

Jack fucked her through it, heedless of her words. His mother's pussy gushed and squirted all over his crotch as he did, and he carried on like a machine, fulfilling his new purpose.

"Fuck!" Daphne grunted. "Fuck! This **is** what I fucking deserve! This **is** what I fucking wanted!" She looked down at him, eyes aglow with pleasure as he grinned up at her. "Baby you don't ever have to go back to school again, so long as you promise this fat fucker," she reached down between them and grabbed his cock by the base "is always ready for mommy to use."

"Sounds like a good deal, mom." Jack said through gritted teeth, fucking himself up into her, his bloated sac slapping back and forth against their thighs.

"Then it's a deal," she leaned close and kissed him on the mouth, lips and tongues mingling.

Nobody said anything more articulate than "fuck" for a good long while afterwards.

As Daphne's brains were being thoroughly fucked out, a similar scene was being played out between Mrs. Hollister and her son across the road, and Lester Pike and his mom in the

next street over, and at the Yates' house on the bad side of town, and the Laramies' and the Whites' and the Coates' and on and on and on as the MF virus raged in all its myriad forms, giving every mom exactly what she deserved.

fin.

Cat Toy

My first fanfic! Thus, the following is a work of parody. Catwoman and Nightwing are property of DC/WB and I claim no ownership over them. I don't know what the current DCU status-quo is, so if the following doesn't match up, that's why! The following contains elements of femdom and mind control and magic I guess.

In a darkened corridor of the Blüdhaven Museum of Civilizations, one sinuous shadow separated from the rest. The figure slid down the hallway, away from the opened panel where the guts of the museum's security system dangled like so much offal. The hush of the empty hall amplified the *tok*tok* of heels as the intruder passed by the exhibits, apparently uninterested in the Native American artifacts on display. Dead cameras surveyed the atrium as the shadow passed, polished lenses reflecting abundantly feminine curves all wrapped up in a skintight blend of technical fabrics and leather, the latter for the sake of aesthetics as much as any contribution to stealth it might have made.

The shadow slid beneath the cordon that separated Special Exhibits from the rest without breaking stride. High above, a banner flapped gently in the breeze of her passing; it read, "THE BOUNTIES OF BUBASTIS- ON LOAN FROM THE SMITHSONIAN" proudly in faux- Egyptian script. The following day's date ran underneath, bracketed by stylized, cat-headed figures.

Selina Kyle, the Catwoman, chuckled quietly to herself. It was almost too easy; she never would have gotten this far back in

Gotham, where she'd long since learned to eschew the feline-themed heists that had once been her trademark. The Bat would have been there before she even got through the window, never mind letting her get all the way to the exhibit.

It felt good to get back to basics.

Selina paused for a moment in front of a glass case to preen. His loss. She twisted to the side, checking herself out. Maybe next time she redid her costume, she'd go back to the combat boots; the three-inch heels on these boots were a little impractical, but they did wonders for her ass. The muscular globes of her buttocks stood out even more prominently than usual as she arched her back just a little, pushing her prodigious breasts up further, while silently thanking science for the miracle of the built-in supports just beneath the chrome zipper that ran from her neck to her navel.

"Maybe I'll even put the tail back on," she mused aloud, a smirk creeping across her plush mouth. It was terrible for balance and got in the goddamn way all the time, but it certainly drew attention to where she wanted it. Anyway, back to work. Selina nudged her cowl so that her ears were on straight, and strolled away, hips rolling.

In the centre of the room, on an elevated pedestal, inside a thick glass case, stood tonight's prize: The Handmaid of Bast. Leather creaked as Catwoman flexed her fingers. The "Handmaid" was a stylized statuette of a cat from a recent dig near Bubastis, a foot in height and supposedly solid gold. The emeralds chasing around its neck glittered expensively in the dim light of the room. Selina approached the case; she adjusted her ruby goggles and stared into the red gems that

were laid into the sockets of the statuette. With a flick of her wrist, glass-cutting claws flashed out from her left glove and she hunkered down to begin.

"Straying far from home tonight aren't you, Selina?" From above, a familiar voice echoed. Scowling, she looked over her shoulder as another shadow fell from the rafters to the floor.

"I could say the same for you, bird-boy," she said, standing.

"Blüdhaven is **my** town," Nightwing stepped forward, idly twirling one escrima baton; despite the feigned nonchalance, every muscle in his lean, acrobatic form was tense and it showed through his own costume, which looked as though he'd been dipped in black latex. Catwoman unfurled the bullwhip she carried at her hip.

"How'd you even know I was here?" She asked, giving the whip a flicker.

"Are you kidding? I picked you up before you even got inside the building." He smirked. "I can't tell if you were just being disrespectful or getting sloppy in your old age." Selina snarled and her whip cracked. As she approached forty, she probably had ten-fifteen years on the kid, but needling a lady about her age was uncalled for!

"We don't have to do this," she warned. "I don't want to mess up such a pretty face." Under his domino mask, Catwoman had to admit that the Bat's onetime sidekick had grown into his features. If he hadn't gotten into beating up muggers, he'd

probably be on billboards selling Abercrombie & Fitch. How old was he now, anyway? He must be out of college by now, surely. She tried to add the years up in her head. He had to be at least in his twenties, anyway.

"Tell you what," Nightwing dropped into a combat stance, raising both batons. "You go back to Gotham right now, and I won't even tell your boyfriend you were here."

"Tell **you** what," she said, slicing the air with a vicious crack of her whip. "You won't even be able to remember this conversation happened once I'm done kicking your ass."

He rushed forward, closing the gap between them; the toe of Selina's boot caught him on his finely-turned chin as she pinwheeled backwards.

"Too slow, sweetie. Maybe-" Whatever else she was going to say was cut short as one of the batons came whistling towards her head. She took a quick step back in a fairly simple dodge, and it screamed past her to slam straight through the glass case holding the Handmaid. Cubes of safety-glass scattered everywhere, grazing her cheek, as the baton continued on, hitting the statue on the flank. It teetered, then began to tip over entirely. They shared a look between them and both scrambled to the other side of the pedestal as the statue tumbled.

Selina felt as though she were moving through molasses as she watched the head come free of the body, spinning away to the side as she swung herself around the pedestal, coming in low to catch the figure. The vigilante aimed too high, and

Catwoman watched his open hand swinging just past where the head should have been while she twisted her body to land on her cushioned behind and let the thing *donk* quietly on her bosom. The open neck of the thing stared up at her, and in the moment's breath that followed, a thick slug of something brown and deeply musky glugged out onto her suit.

She was suddenly very much aware that the young hero was standing over her, staring down at her with those piercing blue eyes. He sniffed once, and she saw his pupils contract. Nightwing's eyes lost their focus for a moment, and he straightened up, staggering backwards.

"What the hell-?" He said, wiping his eyes with a free hand. "What is..." Somewhere in the museum, an alarm sounded. Selina wiped the goo away hastily and sprang to her feet, watching him curiously. Outside, sirens began to wail.

"Too bad, kid." Catwoman said with a shrug, scooping up the Handmaid's discarded head with her free hand. "Give my regards to the Bat." She dashed past, taking a moment to sweep his legs out from under him with a well-placed boot, and then she was gone into the shadow.

Dick Grayson lay on the museum floor, watching the ceiling spin above his head as he listened to her heels beat a tattoo on the tile. He struggled upwards against the dizzying haze in his skull, and was on his feet by the time a pair of cops burst in.

"What the hell happened here?" One of the officers shouted. "Nightwing? What the f-"

"Nothing," he said, dismissively. He waved a hand, then slid his escrima batons back in their holsters. "Robber. I'm in pursuit. Don't worry about it." He slipped into the darkness, leaving the officers goggling as he ran.

"I'm not crazy, right? You saw it too?" The first cop said to the second, sidling over. They spoke in hushed tones, as though not wanting the exhibits to hear.

"You mean his-"

"Right? It was huge. I've never seen anything-"

"Well, I mean, you gotta *assume*, right? That anybody who dresses up like that," the second cop waved her hand vaguely at the darkness. "Probably gets off on it, you know?"

"My kid's got a poster of him up on her wall. I'm gonna chuck it when we get home."

"Hell, I'll take it off your hands. Rawr."

--

From the fire escape, Selina slid open her window and slipped inside. Slamming it shut again, she put the Handmaid gingerly down on the couch, and peeled her cowl off to toss it alongside the statuette. Turning on a lamp, she looked at

herself in the mirror; that goop had left a long brown stain across the grey and black material of her catsuit. She gingerly unzipped the front of the suit, only to find that some of it had soaked through, leaving brown beads of the stuff on her milky skin.

"Ah, dammit," she said, striding purposefully into the bathroom, where she cranked open the tap in the shower. As the room filled with steam, Selina unzipped her catsuit the rest of the way, gasping as her thick pink nipples, rock hard and angry, scraped free of the zipper. As she wriggled her butt out of the restrictive grasp of the poly-leather blend, Catwoman ran a hand between her thighs, and was a little surprised to find that she was pretty slick downstairs. A successful heist was always an aphrodisiac, of course, but she hadn't been so turned-on in... well, in a long time.

Stepping out of her boots, she walked into the water and let it beat against her plush body.

"Honey, you need to get *laid*," Selina said to nobody in particular, running her hands through her short black hair to rinse off the sweat built up under her cowl before grabbing the soap. As she lathered up her breasts, she did the math: it had been two weeks and three days since she'd gotten the fuck out of Gotham, which meant that it had been two weeks, two days and roughly four hours or so since she'd gotten fucked last. Catwoman's slick sudsy fingers toyed with her firm flesh, as she thought about the Bat's thick, rampant cock, standing tall and free from his shorts, right before he fucked her that last time atop the First Gotham Savings and Trust building.

She gently tugged at one nipple before shaking her head, sending a spray of water splattering against the shower door. It **was** definitely going to be the last time. However pleasantly fat his member happened to be, no matter how wonderfully full it made her feel, that didn't make up for his other shortcomings. Ten years they'd been hooking up, off and on, and he always, **always** had to be in control. A rough, dominant fuck had been fine when she was just starting out, but the older she got, the more tiresome it became. Not to mention that around the same time the first grey pubes started curling out around that big cock, he started having trouble not only getting it up, keeping it up and fucking her through to an orgasm. Rough sex was one thing, but frantic five minute rabbit fucks without even some cursory head for her simply weren't going to cut it any longer and she'd told him as much on that roof, packed up her shit, and got the hell out of Dodge.

Selina snarled and pulled more violently on her nipple, letting it snap back into shape.

But since then, the only thing she'd had between her legs had been either her own hand, or one of an increasingly-large collection of toys.

Not that Selina had any trouble attracting male attention. Quite the opposite, in fact, but none of the men she'd run into since leaving Gotham had quite turned her crank. They all seemed so aggressively...normal. Boring men with boring jobs and boring suits and boring stories.

More than once, she wondered if she'd picked up a cape fetish. Hardly surprising. Half the country had one by now, but that

only compounded her problem. All the capes she knew were more or less like the Bat: big, hulking, driven, aggressive, dominant. What the hell was the point in moving if she was only going to end up back where she started?

She wasn't about to live without cock for the rest of her life, either. She liked cock. Big fucking cock.

Her long, delicate fingers, clean of soap, slid between her thighs as she carried on twisting one fat nipple, washing forgotten.

Where did that leave her? What she needed was a cape cock. A big, fat cape cock. But a young one this time, some young stud cock that could fuck her relentlessly for as long as she needed, but only as much as she wanted. Someone she could mould and shape, turn into her private fucktoy at her beck and call, put her pleasure first and foremost.

Selina's fingers were driving in and out of her wet hole now, palm slapping hard against her clitoris as she did.

Someone young. Someone young and hard and hardbodied.

As she fingerfucked herself, the image of Nightwing flashed through her head, back at the museum. Except this time he was on the floor and she was standing above him, looking up at her with those Vogue model eyes and waiting for her to make her next move.

"Pull down your pants," she growled in her imagination. "And show momma what you've got." He hooked his thumbs in his waistband and-

An orgasm ripped through Catwoman's body, unannounced. She gasped and trembled and her knees grew so weak that she had to grab onto the shower door to steady herself.

"Ngh! Fuck!" She gasped as her index finger strummed furiously away at her clitoris. "Fuck fuck fuck." Wet fingertips squealed against the glass as she held herself up.

Selina pulled her sticky fingers out of her pulsing hole, and stood up. "Jesus, you *are* hard-up, honey." Fumbling fingers searched for the bar of soap, as she started washing again. "As if any of *his* little minions would ever- would ever-" She found her fingers toying with her nipple again, thinking. The skin on her chest was tingling a little; she assumed it was from the afterglow, not really noticing it was localized around where the goo had soaked through her zipper.

"Oh get a grip, Selina." With a rueful grin, she let go of her breast, and carried on with her shower. Later, after she'd dried off, it'd be time to find out what the deal was with the Handmaid of Bast.

--

At his own apartment, Dick Grayson's fist was wrapped tight around the base of his cock. It was harder than he'd ever seen it, even during his midnight teenage fumbblings with Barbara

before college. Six inches of it stood straight out from his fist, the plum head a shimmery, angry purple. Precum drooled from the pulsing slit at the tip.

It had been this way since leaving the museum, and had presented serious obstacle to leaping from rooftop to rooftop. He'd actually considered taking care of it on top of some building, but figured the risk was too high. As it was, he'd barely been inside the apartment before yanking his pants down to his muscular thighs and starting to stroke his rampant member. His buttocks clenched as he did, feeling his pulse rate rising; what was going on here? Dick couldn't remember ever feeling so fucking horny. It obviously had something to do with what happened at the museum, something to do with Catwo-

"Ungh," he grunted as a frisson of pleasure slid up his spine.

A chime sounded. Glancing over, he saw it was Babs calling. Fist slowly pumping his cock, he picked up the phone in his other hand.

"Hey," Dick said, trying to keep the shake out of his voice, but not missing a stroke. "What's up?"

"Just checking in," Barbara said; the gorgeous redhead known as Oracle was calling from her nerve centre back in Gotham. "Are you okay?"

"Y-yeah," he said, pumping faster. "I'm good. Just out of breath." Maybe he should ask her if he could drop by; maybe

a booty call was in order. Though confined to a wheelchair, Babs' figure was still as fine as it had been when she was active as Batgirl. As he thought about fucking the pretty college coed, Dick felt the need that had driven him home begin to abate and despite himself, the erection in his fist faltered. What the hell?

"I saw someone hit the Museum of Civilizations," she said, oblivious.

"Y-yeah, nothing serious." He watched as his dick flagged and deflated.

"Cops didn't nab anybody, though. Were you there?"

"Yeah."

"Anybody we know?"

"Yeah, just Ssss-" Catwoman's name fell back into his throat as his cock surged back to life. The shaft inflated so rapidly in his fist that it made him dizzy.

"What was that?" Babs said. "I lost you there for a moment."

"It was Sssss-" pleasure shot up through his spine as images of Selina flashed through his head, as he remembered how she looked there in front of the Handmaid of Bast, posing with one hand on her hip, the plush globes of her ass wrapped glove tight and pushed out.

"What?" She asked again. "You're breaking up, Dick."

In his head, Catwoman strode around the pedestal, posing for him while he panted and pumped and tried to choke back the grunts.

"Just Ssssss-" just the effort of saying her name made his balls churn. "Ssssome random, nobody important." In his head, Selina nodded and smiled and just watching her lips curl made his balls jump and precum leak over his fist.

"How come you let him get away? Are you sure everything's alright?"

"No," he insisted. "I'm fine. Great." The imaginary Selina drew the handle of her whip up the length of her thigh; in his apartment, Dick fell to his knees.

"Are you sure? Do you need me to tell Bruce?"

"No!" He shouted. "I'm fine. I can handle Ssss-" he shuddered as his balls drew close to his body. "Ssssome dope, okay?" His fist flew up and down his slippery shaft, dreaming of Selina.

"Alright okay. I get it."

"G-good," he stammered. Catwoman tapped one heel impatiently against the floor. "Look it's been a long night, I should hit the sack."

"Already? It's only-"

"G'night, Babs. I'll talk to you later." Gritting his teeth, he hung up the phone even as Oracle was still talking.

In his head, Selina said one word: "Cum."

Dick had to choke back a scream as the cum sprayed forth from him, fine-tuned acrobat's body rigid as steel as the orgasm ripped through his body, pumping thick plumes of cream out of his balls. It was so intense it drove all thoughts and words and doubts out of his brain; his eyes rolled back in his head as he came and came and came, spurting out what seemed like a lifetime's worth of semen.

Eventually, his fist wrang his balls dry and Dick fell to the floor, spent. Once he could gather up the energy to stand, it'd be time to find out what the deal was with the Handmaid of Bast. For now, however, it was just easier to lie here.

--

The Director of Special Exhibits for the Blüdhaven Museum of Civilizations lived just outside the city core, in a (relatively) modest little McMansion that was hardly Catwoman's usual target. It was all so very *suburban*; she sneered. Nonetheless

she took the time to case the place, making sure that there were no surprises in store.

Which is why, when Dick eased himself out of a third story window the night following her heist at the museum, she was seated atop a nearby gable, watching. He really did have a very nice butt, Selina mused as he wriggled his tight behind out the windowsill. He was much slimmer than his mentor, but it was all lean, sculpted muscle. She squeezed her thighs together, reminding herself to focus.

"Find anything interesting?" Selina asked as Nightwing straightened himself. The younger hero whirled around, and she noted the stricken look that he was quick to wipe from his features; what he had less control over was the flush in his cheeks. "No?" She tapped one leg against the shingles of the house, and his eyes flickered over them.

"What are you doing here?" Dick ignored her question and took a slightly unsteady step backwards.

"Well," Catwoman hopped off her perch; the boning in her catsuit provided significant support by necessity, but even so there was no restraining a certain amount of jiggle as she did. He rewarded her curiosity by flickering his gaze over her bosom for a moment longer than he had her legs. "The same thing you are, I imagine. I want to find out what I poured all over myself last night at the museum." Dick's eyes zeroed in on the elongated brown stain that crossed her leather-encased tits. Why didn't he even have his silly batons out? "Did you find anything?"

He took a long, slow, blink, then shook his head.

"The guy wasn't home," Nightwing said, vaguely. He backed up again, towards the edge of the roof.

"That's not what I asked," Selina said, taking a step towards him. Sweat was visible on his brow. "Kid, are you okay?"

"I'm-I'm fine!" He said, raising a warning hand. "Just stay over there, okay?"

"Okay, sure." She shrugged. Nightwing's gaze raked over her form; he licked his lips. Selina watched him, a little confused and intrigued at the same time. He definitely should have been trying to kick her ass by now, or if not, vanished into the night. The hesitation was weird. So was the way he kept looking at her, slightly fearful and slightly needy. And he was starting to hunch over, angling his hips away from her. "You don't look fine to me." She said. "I mean, you look **fine** to me," his hair shook as a shiver ran through him. "But you don't look like you're alright."

"Why the hell does everybody keep asking me that!? I'm fine, okay? I'm fine!"

"Of course you are, kid. Of course you are." Selina took a cautious step towards him. "Look, maybe we'll give the guy's place a once-over together and see if maybe there's something there we can both use, alright?"

"Back. Up. Just back up or-"

"Or what? Come on, Rob- er, Nightwing." She beckoned to him with a hand. "We'll just go inside and then we can-"

"Stay back!" He shouted, panic rising in his voice. Dick took another step backwards; the night opened up underneath him, and then he was gone. Somewhere below, there was a loud thud.

"Superheroes," Selena said, ruefully. Craning her neck over the edge, she looked down to see him lying prone on the Director's carefully-manicured lawn. Fear clawed at her throat for a moment until she saw his chest rise.

"Great. Now what?"

--

When consciousness insinuated itself upon Dick once more, he found himself staring upwards at an unfamiliar ceiling. He tried to sit up, but the pain that shot through the base of his skull on down to his tailbone roughly shoved him back down. In a panic, he quickly patted himself down, taking inventory; his costume was still in place, and so was his mask. The escrima batons were gone, and so were his boots and gloves. They were sitting on a dining table not far away, among a pile of various gadgets and gewgaws he usually had secreted on him.

He tried to sit up again, to no avail.

"Don't worry," said a familiar voice from the other side of the couch where he lay. "You're unviolated."

Dick groaned.

"Hey," Selina said, bent over the glowing screen of a laptop. "I *could* have left you on that guy's lawn to get picked up by god knows who. I assume you have other crooks in this town."

"Yeah," he grunted, closing his eyes.

"Uh, is that a thank you?" She asked, pointedly, looking over from her computer.

A 'thank you' drifted over from the couch as she turned back to what she was doing.

"Anything broken?"

"No, I don't think so." Dick's response was so quiet it was practically subaural.

"Lucky you," she said, clicking away. "For a little while there I thought I was going to have to drop you at an ER somewhere. It was touch and go." If Selina put some emphasis on the word 'touch,' neither of them acknowledged it.

"Jeez kid, did you grab this guy's whole hard drive? There's so much stuff in here. I can tell you every exhibition they've got scheduled for the next year, where they've got other artefacts in storage, approximate valuations for the best stuff, where he's going on vacation, in which offshore accounts he stashes the proceeds from selling artefacts that get "lost" in transit, everything." Behind her, the couch squeaked as Nightwing adjusted himself. "I wouldn't move around too much. I don't think you've got a concussion, but I wouldn't risk it if I were you."

"Good- good idea." The couch squeaked again. "It's an uh- an image of his computer. I've got this thing that flashes it real quick."

"Good boy," Selina said. Dick grunted. "This is going to be very useful. Hey, did you know that last year, the deputy mayor rented out the special exhibits room for an orgy? I wonder if his wife knows." She glanced over at the back of the couch. "Didn't I tell you to stop moving around?"

"Y-yeah," he said. "Sorry. Did you find anything on the uh- the thing?"

"Oh yes," Catwoman said. Her chair scraped against the floor as she pushed away from the desk. Heels *tok*tok*ed as she walked around the edge of the couch, one hand grasping the Handmaid. Dick stared. She was still wearing her catsuit, the cowl pushed back on her head to reveal short dark curls around her brow, the bright chrome zipper pulled down to reveal the upper slopes of her milky white breasts.

Selina looked down at him. The young hero's face was deliberately composed as he lay there on her couch, staring up intently. Even in the dim lighting of the apartment, every muscle in his body was practically laid bare for her to see and she took her time, letting her gaze crawl up every finely-tuned inch, from the plates of his calves, to his lean, corded thighs, washboard abs and taut pecs under their slash of blue. Dick's hands were resting lightly on his crotch. She licked her lips and came all the way around to sit on the coffee table, crossing her legs, bobbing one foot as she did.

"This thing," she said, plonking the statue down on the table. The head wobbled. "They dug this thing out of Bubastis." Selina's finger slid around the statue's ears, tracing a figure eight. "Which was the centre of worship for Bast, the Egyptian goddess of love an-"

"Selina," Dick said, body absolutely rigid. "I don't need the history lesson." His mouth was tight, as though he was exerting himself.

"Sorry, sweetie." She said, laughing. Catwoman recrossed her legs, watching his gaze flicker over them. "Monologuing is such a bad habit, isn't it?"

"Anyway," she picked up the statue in both hands and cradled it, looking into the Handmaid's ruby gaze. "They pulled this thing out of the High Priestess' burial chamber. Apparently, it's fashioned like a ceremonial ampoule for some kind of ointment or perfume but it was so heavy," she let it *thunk* down on the table again. "They figured it was solid gold. Nobody thought to x-ray it."

"S-so the stuff was-"

"Some kind of religious goop, I guess?" She pulled the head away from the body, and a musky smell percolated through the room. "Something for the High Priestess to anoint herself with, maybe. The chamber inside," she looked down into the neck of the statue. "Isn't very big, though. Maybe you're supposed to use it sparingly instead of pouring it everywhere. A little dab will do." Catwoman laughed again, and picked up the Handmaid. "I don't see any left. I think we lost it all last night." She tipped up the bottom. "See? Empty."

From his position on the couch, Dick could see a bead of the brown stuff appear at the lip; he watched as it slowly drew itself up around the Handmaid's orifice into a thick dewdrop.

"Hey-" he started, too late. The goop was spalling downwards, splattering against Selina's taut black-clad thigh, running down those finely-tuned muscles to slide past her knee and over her shin.

"Shit!" She jumped to her feet, and her breasts jumped with her, straining the confines of the catsuit. Dick watched as she wiped away at the mess, smearing it all up her left leg. "Goddamnit. Now I'm **really** going to have to get this thing cleaned. Can you see how bad it- kid? Are you alright?" Selina stared at her houseguest. It was obvious that Nightwing was trying to hold himself perfectly still, despite the slight tremor that was starting to build up in his limbs.

"I'm-i'm okay," he replied, obviously struggling with something.

"No, you're not," she told him. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing," he said, an edge of desperation in his voice. "Y-you told me not to move."

Selina's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"Well," she said, warily. "You can relax. Just don't hurt yourself, okay?"

"Thank you," Dick said, obviously relieved. The tension left his body and he sank into the couch, exhaling. While the rest of his body had relaxed, Selina noted that his hands hadn't moved an inch.

"Something wrong with your stomach?"

"No!" He exclaimed. "No, just-"

"Well move your hands then," she said, frowning. "Let me see." An internal struggle raged within him for a moment, then Nightwing slowly moved his hands to his sides.

"Oh." Selina said in a faraway voice. "I see." Nightwing's rigid member had tunneled a thick tube under his tight shorts, expanding under the hem of his shirt. It was enormous, longer than his mentor's had ever been, and looked like a smooth bar of cast iron under the black fabric.

She laughed. "Is that for me?"

"It's just-" the blush that rose to Dick's face was fierce and hot. "Look the- the stuff has this side-effect, it's the smell or something."

"Oooh," Catwoman said again, this time in a mocking tone. "I see." Selina bit her lip. "Are you saying you don't find me attractive? That I couldn't make you hard?" He looked away.

"That's not an answer," she said, her voice soft. "Tell me. Do you think I'm attractive?" Selina stood over him, arms akimbo, one hip cocked out.

"Do you find me sexy?" She tapped one heel impatiently. "Tell me."

He rolled his head and regarded her, face little pale, the struggle within him obvious.

"Yes, alright? Yes." He clenched his fists, gazing at her with a mix of anger and desperate need. "I think you're fucking sexy. I've always thought you were fucking sexy." The words started pouring out of him. "I think you ushered me into puberty, Selina. You were my first fantasy. I probably spent more time jerking off for you as a kid than I have fucking any girl since. Okay? Fine? Is that what you wanted?"

"Not quite," Selina voice was ragged, throaty. Experimentally, she said. "You can move one of your hands if you want." Dick's left hand shot from his side to his crotch, not quite covering the prodigious bulge. "Oh no, you can't cover it, kid. Why don't you just...touch it, a bit?" His fingers quivered, then began sliding up the length of his shaft.

"Show me," she said, eyes focused on Nightwing's prodigious cock. "Show me how you used to jerk that cock for me." He let out a long, guttural groan and let his fingers curl around the shaft. "That's it, honey. Jerk it a little for Selina." Catwoman watched, fascinated as this Greek god of a young man lay on her couch, helplessly stroking his engorged member. She licked her lips.

"You- you have to do what I say, don't you?" Dick just grunted. Selina ran a hand over one leather-clad breast, breathing deeply of the newly-released perfume from the Handmaid. "Pull down your pants, honey, let me see it." Suddenly, he was struggling with his tights, wriggling them down around his knees, yanking his shirt up to release his thick, velvety-smooth shaft. The blue tracery of his veins ran up and down the length of it - ten inches, she was sure - subtly pulsing as he began stroking it again. The thick purple helmet was coated in a thick sheen of precum. Selina had never seen anything like it.

"It feels good to do what I tell you, doesn't it?" He grunted again. "That's not an answer, kid. Tell me."

"Yes," he said, curtly, and at that a gout of precum rolled out of his cockhead and down his shaft. Dick groaned and pumped but kept his eyes on her standing not five feet away,

idly groping one of her enormous tits while she watched him working his prick.

"Has anything ever felt so good as fucking your fist for me, honey?"

"Ngh," his spine shivered as the electric pleasure shot through it. "No."

"You haven't had anything yet, kid." Selina began unzipping her catsuit, and he stared at the slice of creamy smooth skin that appeared, one continuous white slash of flesh from collarbone to navel. "You're going to be a good boy for me, aren't you?"

"Y-yes," he grunted, then gasped as more precum pulsed out.

"You know you're bigger than he is?" Selina asked, pulling off one glove. "So much bigger than the Bat." She pulled off the other and tossed them to the floor. He stared and pumped as she yanked her cowl down. "And it's all for me."

Catwoman drew an arm out of her sleeve, revealing one creamy shoulder, then the other, letting the top half of the catsuit fall to her waist. Dick's mouth opened, then closed, then open again. Her tits were magnificent, heavy globes that swung gently in the air after their release. They hung slightly in perfect teardrops, thick rubbery nipples a deep red as the blood rushed to them.

"I'm going to take that cock," she said, pulling on one nipple. "And when I do, I'm going to take you. How does that sound, honey?" He could only gasp in response, pumping his cock while Selina wriggled out of her skintight suit, her perfectly sculpted, mature curves coming into view.

"All my life," one long silky thigh appeared. "I've been fucked." She pulled her foot out of her boot. "Never in control." The tight nest between her thighs was jet-black. "Never in charge." Selina's catsuit *flump*ed into the corner. "But today," she drew herself up, looking down on him. "I'm going to change all that. From now on, *I'm* the one who does the fucking. Whenever I want, wherever I want, however long I want." Selina leaned over the arm of the couch, heavy breasts swinging against his face as she reached down and dragged her long nails across his stomach. "You're going to be *my* toy, to fuck with however I want. I'll do whatever I want with you, with that cock, because you both belong to me. How does that sound, kid?"

Dick's voice was muffled by the heavy breastflesh pressing against his face, but his cock quivered in approval, and wept precum until it coated his slick fist.

"Good boy," she cooed, dragging her nails upwards again, straightening herself. Selina reached down between her thighs, where her thick-lipped pussy was drooling freely down her leg. Smiling nastily, she jacked one leg up onto the arm of the couch, then the other. Dick stared straight up into her, eyes locked onto Catwoman's mature cunt, thick pink curtains hanging down and dripping with her cunt cream. She spread her labia, showing off the pulsating mouth of her pussy.

"Do you have a girlfriend?" He nodded. "Not anymore." Selina laughed. "*This* is your girlfriend now," she slapped her pussy, sending her juice spraying down onto him. It smelled just like the perfume from the Handmaid. His mouth watered. "My cunt will be your girlfriend honey, just like I'm going to be your owner, your mistress." She began lowering herself over his face. "Why don't you give her a kiss, baby?"

Catwoman gasped and shuddered as she felt her pussy lips form a seal around the hero's face. "You call that a kiss? Needs a little more tongue, honey." At the word 'tongue,' Selina ground her hips into his face, and was rewarded by feeling his tongue stabbing up inside of her. "That's it baby, a good, long, french-kiss." Dick fed hungrily from her sopping-wet hole, tongue searching deep into the core of her, drawing out her sweet, thick fluids. It all tasted like the Handmaid's perfume, the smell washing through his head and wiping his senses clean of anything but the deliciousness above him and the feeling in his cock.

"Eat me you fucker," she grunted, fingers strumming away at her clit while she fucked Nightwing's face. He was driving his face into her with a will, as though he was trying to jam his entire head inside of her while his fist flew up and down that thick young prick, fat shaft thrumming with lust. "Don't you dare cum yet," she snarled, slapping his hands away from his cock. "You don't get to cum before I do, baby. You don't get to cum ever fucking again unless I give you the word." Dick's hands, free now, grasped her thighs as he leveraged his face deeper into her pussy; Selina watched those magnificent abs tighten as he pulled himself up into her and shuddered as his tongue found new depths.

"Yesssss," she hissed, grinding her hips into his chin. "Yesssss, that's it, baby. I'm going to teach you how to make me *so* happy. This is going to be your whole fucking life now, just making. Me. Happy." Selina punctuated her words with wet slaps against her aching clit. "You're going to be my fucking toy, my fucking pet, my fucking partner in crime." Muffled sounds came from the depths of her cunt. She raised herself up, looking down upon Dick's sodden features. One corner of his domino mask had gone askew. "What was that?"

"I can't-" he panted. "I can't. I won't. I've got to protect the city, I can't betray Br-" His words were lost as Selina dropped her hips back down on his face.

"No?" She said, smirking. "*This* says different," Selina leaned down to finger the head of his prick, making Nightwing's hips jump. "You'll do whatever I tell you to and you'll *love* it, just as much as you love my pussy." She raised her hips again. "You *do* love my pussy, don't you, honey?"

"Ngh," he grunted. "More, please. More." Dick craned his neck upwards, trying to reach her drooling cunt.

"Ah ah ah," she teased. "That's not an answer."

"Fuck, yes alright? I love your fucking pussy! Just let me taste you!" He whimpered and tried again.

"Rude little bird boys don't get pussy," she waggled a finger at him, waving her lips just above his searching mouth.

"Selina," he said, desperately. "I love your pussy. I adore your pussy. I need your cunt, please."

"That's better. And you'll do what I say?"

"Yes, of course!"

"No matter what?"

"Ngh, please!"

"You've got to learn to give straight answers when asked," she admonished him, and with each word she swiped an index finger over his leaking pisshole.

"No, no matter what, Selina. Please. Please just give me more."

"Good boy," she enthused, swinging her leg back over his head, standing up on the floor again.

"What- what are you doing? I want-"

"It doesn't matter what you fucking want," Selina said, sharply. "Only what I want. And I what I want right now, is to ride this fat. Fucking. Cock. Understood?" He nodded, slightly dazed.

"Now," she said walking around the couch. "Now I'll show you something I bet your pretty little girlfriend never could." He watched as Selina swung one leg over his body, raising her drooling hole over his rampant shaft. "Now you see it..." She winked at him, then dropped her hips. "Now you - ungh! fuck! - n-now you don't." In less than a second, Selina's fat-lipped, mature pussy had swallowed his shaft whole, something Barbara had never accomplished, even before his cock had swollen beyond its usual proportions. "Ooohhh honey, I'm s-so fucking full!!" One of her hands rested lightly on his chest as she settled into position, relishing the sensation of having every last inch of her cunt filled.

"Grab my tits, you fucker." Dick reached up, fingers sinking deep into the firm, warm flesh of her tits, nipples drilling into his palms. "That's it, baby. Feel free to pull-ah! Yes, just like that." Selina rolled her hips around on his thickness while the young hero toyed with her nipples. "You can be rougher, honey. I'm not delicate." His fingers worked harder.

Catwoman looked down into his enraptured face as he lost himself in her breasts, those blue eyes a little unfocused. She smirked and rolled her hips forward, grinding the head of his cock against her pubic bone, and they both gasped. Her hips raised up an inch, then slammed back down. Selina grunted.

"Ffuck sweetheart, where has this cock been all my life?" She began to fuck Nightwing's thick hero cock in short strokes while he pulled on her nipples.

"That little bitch you've been fucking has nothing on me, does she?" Selina asked, rocking back and forth as she pumped his cock into her hole.

"God no," he said, fascinated.

"Who is it?" She said, slightly sharply. "Somebody we know?" Catwoman dropped her hips again, slamming him deep inside of her. Dick's eyes rolled back in his head.

"Yes," he grunted. "Yes!" He shouted as she fucked him in a long, smooth stroke.

"Who?" Selina asked, leaning over, filling his vision with her tits. "Is it that little Bat-bitch?" Dick's shaft slid outwards and cream sluiced out of her pussy; she fucked herself downwards atop him.

"Y-yeah," he said, vaguely. That was technically the truth; at least he wouldn't betray Barb-

"Skinny little bitch has nothing on me, does she?" Selina's eyes locked with his. Her hips pumped faster. "Silly little college girl; I'm fucking hotter than she is, aren't I?"

"Yes!" Dick grunted.

"Every inch of me is fucking sexier than she is?"

"Yes!"

"I've got better tits," Selina fed one nipple into his mouth. He suckled noisily. "A thicker, more muscled booty," she grabbed

one of his hands and put it on her ass, where he gripped tight and began fucking in time with her hips. "Better legs," Dick's other hand drifted up her ivory thigh. "And my pussy is just *so* much better, isn't it?" She stopped her hips and flexed and the walls of her cunt rippled and grasped the thick shaft of his cock; Nightwing's eyes rolled back into his head.

"Yesh," he agreed, heartily as he sucked hard on her nipple. "God yesh!"

"In fact, I bet you think of me while you fuck her, don't you?" Selina's cunt massaged his shaft, slurping on it; she began pistoning that cock in and out of her sopping wet hole. "Don't you?" He groaned, and nodded. "You've always wanted this, haven't you?" Dick's assent was muffled by breast he was trying to stuff into his mouth.

"You're mine now," she moaned, her voice reaching a crescendo. "That fat young hero cock is *mine* now. I deserve it. I took it. I will fucking. Use. It. You're going to be my fucking cocktoy, honey and you're going to fucking *love* it!" The sound of their hips slamming together filled the room. "You fucking love it. You fucking *love being mine! Tell me!"

"Yesssss," he hissed around her tit. "Fuck yes! Selina, I fucking love it! Please, make me yours. I want to be yours! Make me your fucking fucktoy!"

"Good boy!" Selina's voice was shaky as she encouraged him, her ass pumping up and down on his thick pole as her pussy began to spasm around it and the orgasm began to overtake her. "Fuck me you young fucker! *Fuck. Me*!" Both of Dick's

hands seized her hips as he slammed his cock into her with a will, chewing and flickering the thick nipple in her mouth. Soon Selina's encouragements were lost in a scream that seemed to come from her toes, and her body went rigid, creaming all over Nightwing's thrusting cock.

She pulled her head above the waves of pleasure rocking through her long enough to shout, "cum goddamn you! Fucking cum!" His response was an incoherent roar as the cream rose up in his balls like he'd never felt before. Nightwing's finely-tuned body rocked and bucked underneath his mistress as he filled her up with cream, jetting plume after plume of hot semen deep inside of her.

Gasping and sweating, Selina collapsed atop him as his still spurting cock slipped out of her. His domino mask had fallen off completely. Those blue eyes were faraway, unfocused, his consciousness diffused by pleasure. She could feel the hot cream splattering against the back of her thighs.

"Mmmmm," she purred, lying on his chest. "You're going to be such a good toy, aren't you?" His cock twitched. Selina's fingers toyed with the blue slash across his chest. "We'll have to get you a new costume if you're going to be my junior partner." She could feel his shaft begin to thicken again against her thigh.

A look of confusion crossed her face, and she raised herself up on her hands, planted on his firm pecs. "I just realized. You know my name, but I don't know yours."

"Dick," he said, catching his breath. "My name is Dick."

"Of course it is," Selina laughed, collapsing back down onto him. "Of course it is."

Her laughter rang long and loud out into the night.

END