



SHORT STORIES

The Collar 2



Story: Frank Romano

THE LIVING ROOM BATHED IN TELEVISION GLOW. RODOLFO LOUNGED WITH HIS RIGHT ARM DRAPED OVER THE SOFA BACK, LEFT ANKLE CROSSED ON THE COFFEE TABLE. LEIA SAT CURLED SIDEWAYS, FINGERS PLUCKING AT HER DRESS HEM. EACH FLICKER OF THE SCREEN HIGHLIGHTED HER DISTRESS - MEMORIES OF WARM FLESH AGAINST HER LIPS THAT HER MIND STUBBORNLY RECAST AS FORBIDDEN DAYDREAMS RATHER THAN REALITY.



GODOY'S ENCHANTED COLLAR LEFT NO PHYSIOLOGICAL MARKS, ONLY PSYCHOLOGICAL SCARS. WHAT TRANSPIRED IN THE KITCHEN HAD MORPHED INTO HYPERREAL FANTASIES IN LEIA'S PSYCHE - IMAGES SO VIVID THEY BLURRED THE LINE: HAD SHE TRULY HARBORED SUCH VILE DESIRES?

DEAR LORD... WHAT MANNER OF
FILTH HAS TAKEN ROOT IN MY
MIND? THIS ISN'T ME... IT CAN'T
BE...



WHAT MOTHER FANTASIZES ABOUT
HER OWN...? CAN RODOLFO SENSE
HOW... TAINTED I'VE BECOME?

I'M SLEEPY, I'M GOING TO
BED.

LEIA WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE LIVING ROOM, HAUNTED BY HER THOUGHTS.



GODOY'S HANDS GRIPPED LEIA'S SHOULDERS FROM BEHIND.





OH MY GOD,
GODOY! YOU SCARED
ME!

RELAX, MOM... YOU'RE SO TENSE. LET ME MASSAGE YOUR SHOULDERS.



ALRIGHT... A MASSAGE MIGHT
BE GOOD.



I NEED TO STAY CALM. HE
CAN'T KNOW WHAT I'M
THINKING.




WITH PRACTICED EASE, *GODOY* SLIPS THE COLLAR AROUND *LEIA*'S NECK BEFORE SHE CAN PROTEST. THE CLASP LOCKS WITH A SOFT, FINAL CLICK.

SO, MOMMY... DID YOU MISS
YOUR PROPER OWNER?

THE COLLAR WORKED INSTANTLY - THAT PROPER MOM TURNED INTO A DRIPPING SLUT, EYES GLAZED WITH NEED AND MOUTH WATERING FOR COCK. ALL HER MANNERS EVAPORATED, REPLACED BY PURE FILTH.



A woman with her hair in a bun, wearing a purple floral dress and a choker, stands on a red rug. She is looking at a shirtless man whose back is to the camera. A speech bubble above her contains the text "I ALWAYS MISS MY MASTER... MY BIG BOY".

I ALWAYS MISS MY
MASTER... MY BIG BOY

A woman with her hair pulled back, wearing a pearl choker and a sleeveless floral dress, stands in a room. A speech bubble above her head contains text. To her right is a red armchair and a potted plant. In the bottom left corner, there are yellow flowers and a website URL. In the bottom right corner, there is a logo for 'Pig King' featuring a pig's face with a crown.


I FUCKING LOVE WHEN YOU MAKE
ME YOUR PERSONAL WHORE.... TURNS
ME ON SO BAD WHEN YOU TREAT ME
LIKE TRASH.

LEIA WAS SPRAWLED ON THE COUCH, LEGS SPREAD WIDE WITH HER PUSSY DRIPPING WET. GODOY BURIED HIS FACE BETWEEN HER THIGHS, EATING HER OUT HUNGRILY WHILE TWO FINGERS PUMPED IN AND OUT OF THAT SOAKED HOLE. HER LOUD MOANS FILLED THE ROOM

OH FUCK! JUST LIKE THAT, BABY! EAT YOUR MOMMY'S DIRTY PUSSY!

GODOY WAS STILL HOLDING BACK - FUCKING HIS OWN MOM WAS CROSSING THE LINE FOREVER. BUT HIS THROBBING HARD-ON BETRAYED HOW BADLY HE WANTED TO WRECK THAT BITCH.



A woman with her hair in a bun and wearing a choker is lying on a red sofa. A man is on her back, leaning forward. A speech bubble from the woman contains the text: "YES! LICK IT ALL... YOUR MOM'S SUCH A SLUT FOR HER SON'S TONGUE... DON'T STOP BABY, MAKE ME CUM!".

YES! LICK IT ALL... YOUR
MOM'S SUCH A SLUT FOR HER
SON'S TONGUE... DON'T STOP
BABY, MAKE ME CUM!



HMMM... AHHH...

HMMM... AHHH...



HMMM... AHHH...




GODOY GRIPS HIS MOTHER'S THIGHS TIGHT AND DRIVES HIS TONGUE DEEP INTO HER ASSHOLE, SAVORING THE TASTE OF HER TIGHT HOLE.

HMMM... AHHH...



OH FUCK, BABY BOY! YOUR TONGUE IS FUCKING MY ASS SO GOOD!



THIS FEELS SO WRONG...
DADDY'S ASLEEP IN BED WHILE
YOU'RE TURNING ME INTO YOUR
PERSONAL SLUT!

HMMM... AHHH...



HMMM... AHHH...



HMMM... AHHH...

HMMM... AHHH...
HMMM... AHHH...

HMMM... AHHH...
HMMM... AHHH...



HMMM... AHHH...
HMMM... AHHH...

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HMMM... AHHH...
HMMM... AHHH...

HMMM... AHHH...
HMMM... AHHH...



HMMM... AHHH...
HMMM... AHHH...



GODDYY, STILL TORN BETWEEN WHETHER HE SHOULD FUCK HIS OWN MOTHER OR NOT, KEPT EATING HER OUT HUNGRILY, HIS TONGUE SWIRLING AROUND HER WET FOLDS AS SHE WRITHED IN PLEASURE.

FUCK, BABY BOY... OHHH... I'M SO FUCKING TURNED ON... I NEED... AHHH... YOU TO FUCK ME!

YOUR TONGUE... INSIDE MY
PUSSY... OHHH... IS DRIVING ME
CRAZY!

I WANT TO FEEL... AHHH...
YOUR HUGE COCK... FUCKING
ME!



EASY, MY LITTLE SLUT...
ALL IN GOOD TIME.

OHHH... AHHH... FUCK...
OHHH!

FUCK... I'M GONNA CUM!

AHHHH!!!

GODOY UNDED THE COLLAR FROM LEIA'S NECK WITH A GENTLE MOTION. LIKE WAKING FROM A DREAM, REALITY SETTLED BACK IN - THOSE MOMENTS OF EXTREME INTIMACY WITH HER SON NOW FELT LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN A FORBIDDEN FANTASY THAT HAD BRIEFLY SLIPPED INTO REALITY.

I'M HAVING EROTIC THOUGHTS
ABOUT MY SON. WHY IS THIS
HAPPENING?

END

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EPISODE.