



Always and Forever

A story for mothers and sons

Mom first started letting herself into my room to wake me the summer after my fourteenth birthday. I would always have an erection. She'd stand there, hand on my leg, staring at it then back at me, and say, "Rise and shine, sleepy head." If I protested she'd sit on the bed with me, eventually lie beside me, then one day she put her hand on my hard-on. "What do you think?" she asked, as though she could mean anything.

"Mommmmy," I moaned. I still called her that. I somehow never made the transition from Mommy to Mom.

She kissed me on the cheek and then paused, staring into my eyes. "Hmmm," she said.

"Mommy," I answered, exasperated.

"You're such a good boy. I love you. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, mommy."

She shook my arm. "Be a good boy and get up and get a shower. You don't want me to give you a bath, do you darling?"

"No," I stated and pulled the blanket back to reveal my nude body and scampered out of the room.

"Michael, honey, one second. Use Mommy's bathroom."

"Okay, mom."

I searched under the counter in Mommy's bathroom for something to use as lube then saw a black silk bra sitting on the tile, by the edge of the tub. I wrapped my cock in it. It felt wonderful. The toilet seat rattled as I masturbated to orgasm then turned the water on. Again the lock popped. Mommy entered and pulled both towels from the rack and lay them down in front of the shower. "I want to watch you, Michael." I left the sliding glass door to the shower open and cleaned myself mostly with my back to her, too frightened by the oddness of the situation to become erect, though I likely would have otherwise. "You've heard about licking pussy?" she asked when I shut the water off. I just stared at her, my mouth hanging open. "I want you to lick my pussy and I'll do you a favor in return."

"Like what?"

"A laptop, an iPhone, it doesn't matter. Or maybe something else."

My mouth began to open and close noiselessly. Mommy took my hand - - I was still wet all over - - and let me to the bed. She lifted her nightgown off the top of her head and pulled off her panties. "Now, Michael. Most men make the mistake of sticking their tongue too far into a woman's pussy too often. Do you see that?" She opened her pussy with her fingers. "That's my clit. Just swab your tongue back and forth over it, and only push it in every minute or so. If you lick Mommy's pussy for ten whole minutes, you can have your present."

I knelt between my mother's thighs and she spread her legs wide for me. Her pubic hair was dense with bits of gray. I opened my mouth and stuck my tongue into her. I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't this. She held her pussy open with her fingers the whole time I licked her. I could feel it spasm and twitch and I knew she had cum, but I kept at it for all ten minutes. When I was done, I felt hypnotized, lost in the haze of her pussy's scent.

"Michael," she sighed. "I see you staring at my breasts a lot these days. Would you like to suck on them? Without so much as a thought in my head in response, I crawled up her torso and latched onto her left tit. I was in heaven, whimpering and gurgling around Mommy's ample breast. She tugged my head back and smiled and pointed to the bright red circle around her nipple. "Other one," she said. I repeated with her other breast. My dick hurt horribly. It was oozing cum but wasn't hard. "That's good, baby," she said eventually and pulled me off body, holding me up to gaze down at face. "Mommy really needed that. Now what do you want as a big thank you?"

"I want a MacBook."

"For that, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask for just one more thing from you. You see, Mommy doesn't want to feel as though she's getting the short end of the bargain. I have to ask for just one more favor for a whole MacBook. Lie back." She turned me over onto my back and knelt at my side. I watched

her, in a dream, as she lowered her mouth onto my little boy dick. It felt so good. The hurt went away but I couldn't get hard. She sucked me and sucked me, her eyes on my face, until at last a bit of cum ran out of my prick. "Thank you, Michael. I've to suck your cock for a while now. Do you think you could stay in today in case I want to do it again later?"

"I think so, Mommy." I nodded, afraid slightly.

Mommy pulled herself up over me her hair falling on my face. "Michael," she smiled. "We're going to get along so well from now on. I can feel it." She leaned down to peck my lips but her mouth lingered, he probing my clenched teeth through my lips until I opened them and I was flooded by my Mommy's sucking, kissing mouth for a handful of seconds. "Don't get dressed and I'll kiss your butt later." She slapped the side of my ass. "I promise." Mommy rose up, smiling down on my erect penis. She winked at me and I gasped. My dick twitched too. Mommy took it in her hand and began pumping it up and down in a no-nonsense handjob. "You are going to have to learn, Mister, that when you live in this house, your mother is the one who makes you cum, whether I'm the one touching your little boy dick or you are, it's me, not some picture, not a girl at school, not a friend's mother, not one of my sisters, but me." She leaned down and kissed my belly button, caressing it aggressively with her tongue. I screamed and screamed as her fist slapped on my pubic mound. I came and she didn't stop and I begged her too because of the soreness. She eventually did. "Go play your Xbox," she said and lay back into the bed. Part of me wanted to stay with her, but I felt used for the first time in my life and I wanted to leave the house and never come back too. I settled on going downstairs to play my Xbox.

After two hours or so, I began to wonder where Mommy was. I wanted her to make me lunch for some reason. I wandered around the house, softly calling out, "Mommy" and followed the answering hums to the family room where she lay on the sofa, again in her nightgown.

She smiled widely at me. "Do you want to cuddle?" she asked and lifted

her arm up. Mommy scooted back till she was lying on her side on the sofa and I crawled in next to her with my back to her. Her hands moved up and down my torso and I instantly grew hard. She caressed my dick the way she caressed the rest of me, in smooth, even strokes. "It's okay," she whispered softly. "You can need me." I shuddered.

"I do," I whimpered.

"Roll over." I flopped over on my other side, facing her and stared into her eyes. When she kissed me, I moaned. "Sweetie," she said, "I don't want you to think of us as anything but mother and son. Our relationship has changed, it's evolved. We have a chance to be closer than most mothers and sons every do." She smiled and kissed me again.

"Could you suck my dick again, Mommy?"

"You want me to? I'd love to. You're not quite the right height for me to sit on the sofa, so why don't you?" I sat up and leaned back into the cushions as Mommy knelt between my spread legs. "Will you lick my pussy again if I do this?" I nodded nervously, hard as a rock. Mommy took me into her mouth and sucked my dick ever so gently until I began to writhe and whine on the sofa. She smiled up at me. "Michael, why don't you be a good boy and cum for Mommy?"

"I want to, Mommy!"

"Then show me." She slid behind me on the sofa and began massaging me as I played with myself. Her hand reached around and cupped my balls. "Do you feel like a pervert?" she whispered in my ear.

"No."

"Good, because you're not. All boys want to fuck their mommies. How do you feel?"

"Really good!"

She squeezed my balls gently. "Is my little boy's hand making his cock feel good?" She peeled off her nightgown and pressed her breasts into my back. "I love you, baby," she panted. "I love you so much. Do you love me?" she

breathed into my ear.

"Yes," I moaned.

"Then shoot your load." I came instantly. "Good boy." I turned around, straddling her lap, and hugged her. Mommy stroked my hair, one hand between her thighs. "You can nurse again if you want to, before you lick my pussy, baby." I latched onto her breast with my mouth and moaned, humping her stomach with my receding erection. "After you lick Mommy's pussy, I want to take you out on a date. A movie. How does that sound?"

"Mommy," was all I said.

"I thought so. Now be a good little boy and lick me like I showed you."

I walked through the mall with an erection plainly visible in my shorts. It twitched when Mommy reached out to stroke the back of my neck of tousle my hair. She reached down and took my hand to keep me from hiding it. "Don't be embarrassed. You're young. These things happen." She smiled devilishly at each of the women she passed. "He's my son," she said to a few. They smiled at my erection and looked away.

When the movie theater went dark, Mommy reached over and unzipped my shorts. Then she reached into her purse and pulled out the black silk bra I had jerked off with earlier that day. Depositing it in my lap, she told me that I'd be able to focus on the movie better if I played with myself. She put her hand on my thigh as I masturbated. It took me a while, but I came. Mommy leaned over and kissed me. "Good boy." She put her arm around me and hugged me to her. "Do you realize what's happened? Every last time you play with yourself from now on, you're going to think about me. Good boys only cum for their mommies. Remember that. And remember how much you love me. Think of all the things you'd do to make me happy, because I love you more than anyone else in this whole world. You know, Michael, as much as you love me, I think you need me more. You need more than for me to suck your dick and play with it. You need to fuck your Mommy." My hand dropped to my lap. "You need to stick your dick back in the one place it belongs, the only place it belongs. You

need to cum inside me to find peace." I couldn't believe I was making out with my own mother when we began kissing. I'd never even kissed a girl before. "Michael, I want you to take that dick of yours and play with it so I know how much you need me. Any mother would want to know her son needs her, as much as she loves him. And you're such a good little slut. God, I love the way you took to me like a duck to water. Now imagine fucking me while you touch yourself. Imagine fucking your Mommy. You're my good little whore." I whined and she put her hand over my mouth. "Cum, baby. Cum one more time for Mommy and I'll read you a very special bedtime story, one I know you want to hear. But first, you have to show me you're Mommy's slut." She smiled at me and kissed me again then, in a deeper voice said, "Cum for me, you fucking sissy." She immediately covered my mouth with hers. Tears were welling in my eyes, but I did what she asked and came.

We got home late with a pizza, which Mommy and I ate together before she asked me to go to my bedroom. My bed was a double and I climbed into it nude. Mommy emerged through the doorway minutes later, wearing a loose-fitting plum-colored babydoll negligee. She had her iPad with her and climbed into bed with me. Motioning that I was to snuggle my head in her arm pit, she told me to close my eyes and began reading.

"John, I'm sick of you not listening when I talking to you. Are you distracted by that raging hard-on of yours?"

"No, mom. Well, yeah. It's just that your tits, they're so big."

"Would you like to see them." John nodded his head and his mother peeled off her shirt that she wasn't wearing a bra beneath. "Maybe if you jerk off to them, you'll be able to focus better, at least for a few minutes." She giggled as her son unzipped his pants and pulled out his nine-inch cock. His mother sat on top of the kitchen table in front of him and massaged her glorious tit mounds and her son beat his meat.

I groped mommy's breast as she read, my hand sliding underneath the plum fabric to feel them better.

"You know, John. I don't think I want you cumming on my kitchen floor." John's mother dropped to her knees and watched as John pistoned his fist up and down the length of his enormous cunt plunger. She reached out her tongue and began to lap at the cum that oozed from her son, her only son's dick, kissing and sucking the head of it.

"Mom," John groaned and ejaculated all over her beautiful face.

"Do you think I'm beautiful, Michael?"

"Yes."

"Don't flatter me."

"I can't tell. You're my mommy."

"Thank you for being so honest, baby. We're getting to the good part." She resumed reading.

"Should be adjourn to the bedroom for a real fuck session?" John's big-titted mother asked as she rose, licking what cum she could from her face, and smearing the rest into her skin.

"No," John said and grabbed her by the waist, unfastening her skirt. He pulled it off, and the panties underneath it. Leading her over the countertop from behind, he said, "Grab some wood, mom."

John speared his monster prick into his mother's cunt with one long stroke, causing her to gasp in pain. "God, I love your pussy, Mom. It's the best I've ever had."

"It's the first you ever had. Welcome home, son."

"Do you want to make our own ending?" Mommy asked and pulled up the hem of her nightie.

I wordlessly mounted my mother and she helped guide my dick inside

her. Despite have cum so many times that day, being inside my Mommy's pussy was just too overwhelming for me and I came on the second stroke and collapsed with my head on her breast.

"That's a good boy," she cooed, stroking my hair. "Can mommy see how her cunt tastes on your dick?"

Exhausted, I climbed up my mother's body and straddled her breasts, leaning forward on the head board. I came instantly again as her mouth enveloped me.

"Thank you baby." Get some sleep now. You have another busy day ahead of you tomorrow.

I smiled as my head hit the pillow, asleep as she was still walking down the hall.

Sometime during the night, I was woken by hands grabbing my hips and being rolled over onto my stomach and having my ass pulled into the air. I screamed as something entered me from behind with a steady pressure. When it stopped pushing into me farther, my mommy's voice said, "I love you, Michael." She began fucking me despite my cries and pleas that she stop. The pain eventually receded and when I finally moaned, Mommy let go of my waist and reached around to rub my cock as she fucked me. I screamed again when she touched me, this time in pleasure. "I knew you'd love this," she said. It did not end. It simply did not end. Somewhere in the haze of her pussy's smell and my exhaustion, I fell into a half-consciousness as she took my shitter. When she finally had enough of my ass, after what must have been hours, I fell over onto my back and just stared at her, a half-aware smile on my face.

She laughed. "I love you baby." She kissed me with gentle passion and disappeared into the darkness.

I woke up after only a few hours of sleep, my ass feeling well-fucked from the night before. I stumbled into Mommy's bedroom, without stopping to consider if I should dress. I stood, staring down at her in her sleep, her breasts rising and falling, revealed above the blanket. I started to touch myself, taking

care to remain very quiet. After long minutes, a few drops of cum oozed from my dick and I groaned. Mommy rolled over and smiled at me.

"Do you want to sleep with me, Michael?"

She lifted the blanket up and I slid in next to her. Her body enveloped mine and I became lost in the haze of her breathing and the smell of her pussy. I dozed for hours, waking up to Mommy's kisses on my cheek. I turned and she grabbed my lower lip between hers and sucked it into her mouth, hard. I forced my tongue into her mouth and she sucked on that too. Her hand wrapped around the inside of my thigh and I grew hard. When it became clear she wouldn't offer me relief, I began playing with myself, snuggling down to suck on her breasts, whining as I stroked myself to orgasm against her leg. She kissed the top of my head and rose.

Tapping a drawer on her dresser, she said, "This is my panty drawer. I want you to feel free to use them to jerk off whenever you want. I know you'll think of me and remember how much I love you when you do."

"Yes, Mommy."

"You can wear them too. Wouldn't that be nice, wearing a pair of Mommy's panties, jerking off into them at the same time. Well, I bet you'd like it. Try it if you'd like." She retrieved a pair of black silk panties, tossed them on my crotch and watched my dick grow hard beneath them. "God, I love you."

I watched in fearful anticipation as mommy crawled up my torso and guided my dick to her pussy. "How does that feel, baby? Your little boy dick's in your mommy's pussy. Your very own mommy, baby. Your dick's in your mommy's pussy." I just stared, enraptured as she rode me till I came. I whined loudly and she rolled off the bed. "There's probably not enough for you to suck out of me. That'll change as you grow older. We have so many years ahead of us. Remember, this is forever. No matter who you fuck, you'll always want to cum in your Mommy. They're sluts, Michael," she said as she dressed. "None of them will ever love you like I do. Do you want to run some errands with Mommy?"

I nodded.

"Then there's something I want you to do before you get a shower. Or something I want to do. Lie back and close your eyes so you don't get scared." A finger entered my ass and I heard clipping sounds followed by something cold and wet around my dick. I thought she was shaving me but couldn't believe it had happened until I opened my eyes. "It's so much more adorable now, she said with a smile."

When we returned home, Mommy opened her blouse and we lay on the sofa, my head clutched to her breasts, suckling as she watched a television. Every now and then, she would hug me tight and whisper how much she love me for long minutes. I fell asleep eventually, having sucked milk from her breasts for the first time. When she woke me with a hug, the sun was setting. My face was pressed to her breasts and my dick had grown hard in my sleep. She slid out of her skirt and panties and told me to sit on the floor. Scooting to the edge of the sofa, she smiled at me. "Come home, baby." I knelt before her and pushed my dick into her pussy. I hadn't grown used to the feeling of pussy around my cock yet. All I could feel was warm wetness. Mommy hugged me close as I made love to her cunt. "You're such a good boy to fuck Mommy like that. I love my baby boy's dick in my pussy. I love knowing I'm giving you everything you want." Her arms began to grow rigid behind my back. "Good boy. Fuck your mommy's pussy. It feels so right." She grabbed my ass with one hand and convulsed, my head pressed to her breasts, licking and sucking. "Stand up," she said. She put and hand on each of my hips and guided me to her mouth. I whined and screeched as she gave me an excruciatingly slow, gentle blowjob. I'll never forget the look of pleasure on her face when my limp dick pulled out of her mouth for the last time.

"I didn't cum," I whined. "I want to cum for my Mommy."

"Sit on my lap, baby." I did and she lifted her legs and put them on the coffee table. She sank back into the sofa, holding me tight and slid a finger into my ass as I began playing with myself. I screamed in pleasure as she massaged my prostate, bucking back against her. "You're the hottest fuck I've ever

had," she murmured to me, playing with my asshole as I writhed in her lap. I spun around, out of her finger's reach and straddled her hips. Leaning down, I kissed her for the first time. Not her kissing me, but me kissing her. We lost ourselves in long minutes of intimacy, moaning into each other's mouths. I pulled back and rose to my knees, in front of her face. She kneaded my ass as I furiously masturbated. When she squeezed my balls, I groaned deep in my throat and came on her face. Immediately, I dropped down to lick it off, kissing her, sharing the taste of my cum. She just smiled up at me when I finished. At length, she reached up and cupped my face. "Mommy needs to get some sleep. I have to work tomorrow. Come to bed when you want."

Mommy was unresponsive when I crawled into bed with her that night. She pushed me away from her negligee when I pawed at her breasts and held me in her arms instead. It felt oddly perfect and I tucked my head into her armpit and drifted off to sleep. I awoke several times to her moving about the bedroom the next morning, getting ready for work. At last, she sat at the edge of the bed. "Rise and shine, sleepy head," she mewled, wrapping her hand around the base of my hard-on. I smiled at her, nervous but happy. I went soft when she enveloped my dick with her mouth. She smiled up at me and continued sucking until I was whining and bucking off the bed. I felt my cum run out of my dick and Mommy drank it down. "Like any good mother would," she said as she rose. "Don't forget your chores. They're on the board," she called as she clipped down the hallway in her pumps.

I drifted back to sleep and woke at 3pm in a panic. Running downstairs, I began emptying the dishwasher without looking on the dry-erase board above the stove. My laundry was downstairs and still not done, so I piled in a load of jeans. Passing back through the kitchen, I saw the board. The list was enormous. She wanted the kitchen floor swept and mopped, she wanted my bathtub cleaned, my bathroom floor mopped. My eyes teared up at the words, "Oh, and please vacuum my car. If you don't finish by the time I get home, you'll have to play with yourself tonight. There are three shoeboxes above

the fireplace. Take what you want, but I don't want you wearing anything that doesn't come out of one of the boxes." My eyes teared up but my dick grew hard. I pounded my fists on my thighs and headed into the family room. I pulled the first shoebox off the mantle. It contained a pair of black slippers, silk or maybe something else like it. I'd seen them before, but not for a very long time. In the second box was a pair of black silk panties, and a black slip in the third. I had felt squeamish before when mommy mentioned wearing her panties, but after donning the slip and slippers, I put them on for the sake of modesty and almost immediately collapsed into the sofa to masturbate.

"I love you mommy," I sighed as my mind was set adrift by the touch of my hand on my little boy dick. I smiled widely and with a blissful tone bereft of sexual excitement, I began to regurgitate what she had told me. "I love my Mommy. Good boys always cum for their Mommies. You baby needs you so bad, Mommy. I miss your pussy." My hair tossed against the sofa cushion. "I miss your pussy so much. I want to fuck my Mommy. I love you. Your baby boy wants to fuck my Mommy's pussy. I want to feed my dick to you, Mommy, to your pussy. I want to fuck you till I cum. If I fuck you, I know you'll let me cum inside you. Thank you so much for letting me cum inside you, Mommy. I'll always love my Mommy. I'll only ever want to put my dick where it belongs. It's starting to feel so good, Mommy. My hand is making my dick feel so good. I know now. I know now. My mommy loves me so much because I cum inside her. That doesn't make sense. Why? My reward for fucking you is cumming inside you. But? It just goes in circles. We'll love each other more and more. Because of your pussy. I'll always love your pussy. It's so right." As I writhed, I began to feel the silk better. "I know you love me. I know you need me. I know my mommy loves me because she fucks my fucking asshole." My dick began to spurt and I sighed in rapture – "Mommy."

Immediately, I jumped from the sofa and dashed into the kitchen to get started and saw the board again. It was unfair, but I knew Mommy had a reason for being unfair. I grabbed the broom from the pantry and began to sweep

in my slip that descended to my calves, my slippers, and my matching panties. I wasn't even done mopping when Mommy came home.

"Can I vacuum your car, Mommy?" I asked, a little choked up.

"No, baby. You were supposed to do that before I came home." She kissed me on the forehead. "Don't worry. We'll still have fun tonight." Her lips moved to caress mine and I opened my mouth for Mommy's tongue, growing hard in my panties. "Let's rest for a bit. I had a long day too." She traipsed off to the den and inspected the shoe boxes. "I didn't have to look," she said and turned to me with a smile. "I know you so well. I've known you your whole life. Someday you'll see I know you better than you know yourself."

She sat in the sofa and I lay down, plopping my head in her lap, adrift in the smell of her pussy. She lifted up her sweater for me and I latched onto one of her breasts. I heard her gasp and breath heavily as I nursed until I reached for my dick. "Not yet, baby. Please? We'll have so much fun later. Sit up for one second." She hiked her skirt up and pulled me back down to her lap. I began to gum at her panties with my lips covering my teeth and she managed to rearrange us till I was facedown on her crotch between her spread legs and she was sitting against the arm of the sofa, one foot on the floor. "Lower, baby." I happily obliged. "You don't think think this is wrong." It didn't really come out as a question but her voice was still uncertain. "You don't think it's wrong, do you baby? Mommy loves you so much. You're a baby boy and you love your mommy and her pussy and I know you need this but it's not wrong." Again, almost a question. "My pussy misses you so much," she gurgled. "I know you love me, you'll always love me, you'll always want to come home to Mommy. It feels so right. Please don't say it's wrong. It needs me, it needs me, it needs me. My pussy. Your home, your dick's home. I would love to fuck you, but I can't tonight. Mommy needs some time to think." I hadn't really been listening but I looked up at her when she said this. Her lips were plastered across her face in a grimace that faded as she stared into my eyes. "That's a good boy. Eat Mommy's pussy. Eat your Mommy's hairy pussy." She began to twitch wild-

ly beneath her panties when I returned to her. "Michael, baby, you love me, you love me, you love me. Now suck my fucking cunt." She slouched back into the arm of the sofa, pushing me down it. I knew she was cumming again and again but didn't understand her orgasms, wasn't eating her pussy for her orgasms. I was doing it because my mommy wanted it, because I wanted it, and the two intertwined in my mind till they made perfect sense in a way I know I'll never understand. When I finally crawled up her torso to nurse at her breasts, she held me very tightly and I knew we were in love. We always had been, yes, we were mother and son, but it had changed, it had been fulfilled. The dams that held our emotions at bay had crumbled. This was something I had wanted since I was seven without understanding why, something I had forgotten three years before when I began to play with my dick, and now I had found it at last. I began to shake with need for my mommy.

After only a few minutes, I began to whine and whimper into my mommy's breasts and soon my whole body was convulsing in excitement. "I wish we could fuck, love. I have some other fun planned out for us though. Be a good boy and get back to your chores. You can put them off if you'd like, but I won't let you feed your little boy dick to my pussy again till they're done."

"Mommy?"

"Yes, love?"

"I need your, I need, I need you."

"You're a good boy," she said and held me close and I returned to nursing. "Baby, Mommy needs to change and get some things ready for our fun tonight. Why don't you . . . Why don't you take your hand off my pussy and empty the dishwasher. Just don't come in your room." Mommy rose and left through the garage door and returned with two bags and a box that she carried upstairs. "No touching. You need to save that for later."

"Michael?" the call came forty-five minutes later. I raced upstairs into my bedroom and saw the most outlandish duvet on my bed, white plastered with enormous red roses. Then I noticed the camera and tripod. "Come, here baby!"

She hooked a bluetooth around my ear. "Now I don't want you to talk directly to me no matter what. Say 'Mommy' all you'd like, but don't speak right at me. Like you're alone, okay? I'll talk to you though. No questions." She slapped my ass. "Just trust me, trust me like you never have before and you'll remember tonight for a very, very long time. Now get on the bed."

"Lie on your side at the foot of the bed and smile for me." She moved to the camera. "Here we go. I know what I just told you, but I want you to look right at me and tell me how much you love me."

"I love you so much, Mommy"

"Not like that. Say, 'I love my Mommy so much.'"

"I love my Mommy so much. I've always loved her, more than anyone ever." I began to grow hard beneath the slip and Mommy must have noticed the movement in the fabric.

"How do you feel when you think about loving me?"

"I understand when I love my Mommy, when I think about how much I love her," I blurted. The haze grew as I spoke. "It scares me, but it feels so good. My whole body glows when I feel how much I love her."

"What does your clit do?" She pointed at my dick. "Does it get all swollen, baby?"

"My clit gets all swollen when I think about my mommy and how much I love her. It remembers her when I remember loving her. It remembers loving her."

"Rub it a bit for me, baby? Without lifting up your slip."

I did as she asked, not tugging on it, just rubbing it through the slip. "I love my mommy so much. It's like, like she knows everything about me and loves me and feels me inside her like she used to." I saw Mommy's knees quiver. "All I need to know is that I love my Mommy, that I fucking love my Mommy."

"That's it, baby. Talk dirty to me."

"I fucking love you Mommy. I want to fuck my Mommy. I want to fuck my

Mommy." Mommy stripped off her top and began massaging her breasts. "I want to suck on my Mommy's tits. I want to suck milk from my Mommy's tits while I play with my clit."

"You will again, baby. Tell me how much you miss it and make sure you use the word 'love.'"

"I love sucking and fucking my Mommy. I love sucking her on her tits, sucking her pussy, and sucking her tongue when she puts it in my mouth."

"Put your hand under your slip and pull on your dick, baby. But don't let me see it. Don't let me see that beautiful cock for one second."

I began stroking my little girl clit and began spouting without thinking, "I love you Mommy, I fucking love you Mommy. I love my fucking Mommy. Sooo much. She's everything. My dick belongs in her. It's the only place my dick belongs. In my Mommy's pussy. I'll only ever want to fuck her."

"You lying slut," she said, smiling.

"I'm such a slut. I'm such a slut for wanting to screw other women, other girls. I'll never fuck my Mommy if I fuck another woman."

"You'll never stop fucking your mommy, no matter what."

"Can I fuck another woman and still fuck my Mommy?"

"Another man, even. Your wife, even. Now cum for me, doll."

A wide smile crossed my face and with a childish, enthusiastic voice, I stared into the camera. "I'm going to cum for my Mommy! I love you, Mommy! I love cumming for my Mommy! I love cumming for my Mommy! Mommy? Mommy? I'm such a good boy! I'm cumming, I'm cumming," I sighed as I ejaculated in a pleasureless orgasm that proved my love for Mommy.

"Rest for a minute. But, remember, don't talk to me like I'm here. Say what you want, but don't talk to directly to me. Talk to the camera, baby. And Mommy will answer."

"Mommy, am I a good boy?"

"You don't even know what a good boy you are. You won't figure that out for a year or two, I'm afraid, Michael"

"You said I'm a slut."

"I'm not sure yet, but I will be. I'll know one way or another and you'll know whether or not Mommy raised a good slut." Mommy unfastened her jeans and stepped out of them, completely nude. "I wouldn't worry. Other women will like the fact that you're a good slut. What do you want baby?" She spread her pussy lips open and I watched her screw a finger into it.

"I want to fuck your pussy, Mommy."

"Why?"

"It's the only place my dick belongs."

"I've told you that and you've learned it like a good boy, but that's not why you want to fuck my pussy, I don't think. Tell me why?"

"I want to cum in my Mommy."

"Why?" she growled.

"I want to cum in my Mommy because I want to be a good boy and good boys always cum in their Mommies."

"Great minds think alike. Now crawl up the bed and look under the pillow." I did as she asked and crawled up the bed on hands and knees. "You have the cutest ass." she said. I turned my head and smiled back at her, back at the camera. "I want a completely honest reaction when you find your present. No fear, no worrying that the boys and girls at school will know. You're here with your Mommy now and everything's wonderful, right?" I reached under the pillow and pulled out a small red, ridged cock and, with my other hand, found a jar of vasoline. I spun over and collapsed into the pillows, giggling, my legs in the air.

"Mommy! I love you so much! Thank you so much!"

Mommy tapped her nose and pointed at the camera. "Tell me about some of the things you've put back there, dear."

"My very favorite thing to put back there is a ball point pen that I keep hidden in my desk. I put it up there and wiggle the sharp pen tip while I jerk off. This is longer, and thicker, but I only use spit with the pen. Now I have

something that's longer and bigger. I always wished the pen was bigger, but I could never find anything that worked."

Mommy adjusted the tripod until the camera was gazing down at the bed. "Make yourself comfortable, sweetie, and let me see you fuck that hot little ass of yours." After a little glancing around, I hiked up my slip to my waist and planted my feet against the headboard. Glancing up to make sure the camera could see my face first, I opened the vasoline and eugulfed my little cock with lube. Mommy sat down in the plush chair in the corner and began rubbing her pussy as she watched. The dick went in easy, with just one thrust and I grimaced, though I didn't feel any real pain, and I groaned. My cock stirred as I screwed my shitter with my Mommy's dick. "How does it feel?"

"It feels so great," I whined. "It feels so great to fuck my ass, to fuck my ass, to fuck my ass with my Mommy's cock."

"It's your cock now, sweetie. Tell Mommy what you want right now more than anything."

"I want to get fucked! I want to get fucked! I want to get fucked!" I was almost screaming, my head thrashing on the flowered duvet.

"Do you like having a cock in your ass? Tell me."

"I love having a little cock and a little cock in my ass."

"You have a nice big, swollen little girl clit. Tell me, tell me everything, you slut."

"I love having a cock in my ass. I want to get fucked! I want to fuck my Mommy in my ass. I need the fucking cock – my Mommy. In my ass. I need my Mommy fucking my fucking ass till my little girl clit throbs and cums. I need to cum. The dick, the dick in my ass makes me so fucking good, feel so fucking good, so my little boy ass makes Mommy horny. My mommy loves fucking me. My mommy loves fucking me. My Mommy loves fucking me!"

"Rub your little girl clit like before. No tugging, you hot little tramp." I squealed and screeched as Mommy spoke. "Back when I was pregnant with you baby, when you were still in my tummy, I used to wonder if you would

ever fuck me some day. I used to want it. Then you were born and I stopped thinking those things, but the last year has changed that. I remember how I thought that I was making you a dick so you could fuck me, and an ass so you could get fucked. I wanted you to know, to know all of it. Baby, one last time, cum for me. Cum for Mommy"

I grasped my little girl clit in my palm and in a series of high-pitched shrieks, did what I was told. I came for my Mommy. Like all good boys do.

I woke in the early morning hours in my own bed with my head tucked under Mommy's chin. I wiggled down in her arms to quietly suckle, careful not to become so excited that I whimpered, afraid of waking her, unconscious that I was still wearing her negligee. In the morning, Mommy left me in bed with my erection to dress for work. "I'm going to cum for you," I called after her and began tugging on my dick. "I love you. Good boys always cum for their mommies. I love you so fucking much, Mommy."

"Do you see the gift I've made for us? Whenever you play with your cock, you'll remember how much you love me."

"What about you, Mommy?"

"I get to help you become what you want to be."

"I love my Mommy. I love my Mommy," I droned on, not wanting to know what was to become of me, of us.

Mommy walked back into my room and crawled up my new rose duvet and, mouth over my dick, she glanced up at me and hissed, "Don't go soft." My dick melted as her mouth enveloped it. Her tongue played at my cock within her mouth, stiffening it, but at the slightest graze of her teeth, it would go soft again. Still, there was no fear, none, unlike when I fed my dick to her pussy or when she took it. I felt nothing but love for my mommy's mouth. The sight of Mommy's mouth sliding over and around my cock, my own mommy's mouth, was exciting beyond words. If I bucked, she slowed. If I whined, she stopped to ask if I was okay. If I begged her to suck my dick, she would stop to tell me she was. After an eternity of pain as she lovingly, tenderly sucked my cock, I came

in her mouth, still soft. "Like any good mother would," she said with a knowing smile as she pulled away. "I love you. Finish your chores if you want Mommy tonight."

"Okay, Mommy. I will."

"Wear something nice too. I want to go out on a date tonight."

"I love you, Mommy."

She smiled back at me. "You're mine." She leaned down to kiss my lips. "I'm sorry. I couldn't let you get away. Not my own son. You need me, you love me, and you're mine. Mommy's cunt's eaten you alive and you don't even know it yet. My cunt loves you so much. I'm so giddy I'm fucking my son, I don't know what I feel. You're the best son a mother could wish for. Now be a good boy and do your chores." Mommy rose to leave. "Dinner and a movie or dinner and a walk around town?"

"A walk," I answered, figuring we would be at home and in bed sooner that way.

I had to rush to get everything done and get showered and dressed by the time Mommy got home that evening. I jerked off twice and each time felt my love for Mommy swell within me, knowing that what I was doing was right, that I was a good boy for touching my dick while I reveled in the knowledge that I loved her and she me. It wasn't, or didn't feel as though I was worshipping her pussy. It simply felt right. When she came home, I was dressed in my one suit, the one she bought me for her mother's funeral.

"Take that off. We're going upstairs first." She stripped off her clothes as she climbed the stairs. Plopping down on my made bed as I undressed, she reached a hand behind each knee and lifted her legs up, spread for me. "Come home, baby," she cooed as I crawled between them. Overwhelmed to be fucking my mommy again, I came on my second stroke. I crawled up her torso and began rubbing my dick on her lips. She opened her mouth and I planted my hands on the headboard and sunk my dick into it to cum as I withdrew. Mommy closed her eyes, breathing very evenly. I rose and left to give her a chance

to nap.

In her bedroom, I rifled through her closet, looking for what I wanted her to wear on our date. I settled on a white silk blouse with black stripes I remembered from when I was younger and a black skirt and pumps and a fine-knit red cardigan and fox stole. I woke Mommy an hour later by throwing her legs wide to lick her pussy. She lay perfectly still and quiet as the orgasms rolled over her. "Time to go," I said at last.

"Our reservation isn't until eight. Cuddle with me." She reached over to the nightstand where my toy lay from the night before and smeared it with lube. Motioning for me to lie on my side, she lay down behind me, bare breasts pressed into my back and penetrated me. The dildo fit comfortably within me and she began screwing me right away as she whispered to me. "Tell me how it feels, being a fellow prisoner, being consumed by our love, mother and son. Tell me how your shitter feels, knowing I own you and it."

"I can't stand the dildo. This is good. I know I'm me. Everything that keeps me afraid of myself is gone. I'm yours but I know that. Knew that." The toy dick inside of me was making my shitter convulse. My ass tightened and tightened upon it, the spasms coming with increasing frequency. "It's so . . . everything. Everything? What's everything?"

"We are, baby," Mommy reassured me, continuing to screw my ass. "We're everything, all that you need to know right now is you and me."

"Gawd, Mommy! I love that cock in my ass!" I cried as something popped inside me, loosening me to her fucking cock. "I know, Mommy. I know now. I'm everything and I'm yours."

"You're everything to me," she hissed, fucking my ass harder.

"I'm everything. But what am I? It's so obvious, but I don't know. I don't know what I am."

"You're a good little slut, baby. You're Mommy's good little slut. You like cock, don't you. Tell me." She reached around with her other hand and began twisting the head of my dick and I screamed.

"I love cock! I love cock inside me. Your cock, Mommy. I love my Mommy's fucking cock in my ass. It feels soo good, rubbing all the right places inside me, making me feel so fucking horny. I can't get enough. I can't get enough of your fucking dick, Mommy."

"You're so gay," Mommy mused. "I know you'd love a man inside you. We'll talk about that some other time. After."

"I love dick, I love dick, I love dick," I chanted for Mommy as she stroked my little boy cock and fucked my ass. "Mommy! Mommy, do you love me?!" Mommy didn't answer and the heaven of pleasure I had been cast adrift in had to serve as answer enough. "I love you, Mommy!!!" I screamed as I contorted in her arms. "Fuck!! I'm cumming, Mommy. I'm cumming, Mommy! Fuck! Mommy, I'm cumming! I'm cumming!"

"You're such a good boy," she whispered in my ear.

"Mommy!" I squealed. "No! I'm making me cum!"

"Good boys always cum for their mommies," she reminded me softly.

"I love you so much," I shouted in a pained gurgle.

"You're begging."

"I don't care."

"Beg for what you want."

"Mommy, please let me dick my hole. Let me fuck my ass. I always want a cock in my fucking ass."

"I love you so much. I love my baby so much." She had begun to suck my earlobe and nibble at my neck, arcing her back to press her breasts firmly into me.

"Mommy! I can! I can, Mommy!"

"Of course you can, dear." Her hand glided up and down my dick.

"I love the slut my Mommy made me, love my Mommy, love my Mommy, love fucking my Mommy's dick with my ass till I, till I . . ."

"Cum, baby."

"Mommy," I wheezed in an orgasm that wracked my body like a sob.

The cock in my ass slowed and when I spun, it popped out of me. I wrapped my arms around my Mommy's neck and, shaking like a leaf, began speaking without thinking. "I need you, Mommy. So much. God, so much. You'll never know. Please, Mommy. I need you. Let me need you. Please, Mommy." Mommy was smiling and her eyes were closed, letting my words wash over her. When I clutched to her lower, still shaking, my head between her breasts, she answered.

"I'll always be here for you. I'll always love you. Always." She held me close. "Don't you want to feed?" she asked after a moment then looked down at my tear-streaked face. She smiled and wrapped a leg around me and pulled me up onto the inside of her other thigh, then wrapped both legs and arms around me, pulling me close and tight, pulling my mouth to her breasts. I obligingly wrapped my lips around one of her nipples and whatever else existed in me but my need of her disappeared as I began to nurse.

Mommy and I held hands across the table at the restaurant. I wanted her so bad as her fingers traced over my knuckled, I ached. Not just sexually. I loved my Mommy so much, it was unbearable. She ordered a double strawberry daiquiri and a virgin strawberry daiquiri when the waitress came and swapped them out to give me the liquor.

"Were you a good boy while I was a work today?"

"Yes, Mommy. I used that gift you gave me to help me remember how much I love you."

"Do you love me? I wonder sometimes. I wonder sometimes if you could possibly love me the way I love you."

"You're everything to me, Mommy. You loved me since before I was born. No other woman will ever mean to me what you do."

"You don't understand. You don't understand because I don't talk about it. If I live, it's only through you. If I'm happy, it's only through you. Oh, God, now so much more so than ever. If I have a reason for being on this planet, it's you. Baby, they're just words. I know they're just words which is why I don't

say them and I know our love might seem to play out differently, but that's me guiding you. I love you. I have no heart. I only have you."

"I'll always love you, Mommy."

"I know." She winked. "I know that now. Tell me about school starting. Just two more weeks."

"Can you homeschool me?"

Mommy laughed. "Not on your life, you dirty young man. Are you worried you won't have anyone to sit with at lunch? When I was your age, I was always terrified I wouldn't have anyone to sit with at lunch."

"I don't care," I mumbled.

"Be honest, baby."

"I don't know. I haven't worried, but I do."

"You don't work and play well with others your own age." She smiled.

I laughed. "No. And I don't want to!"

She patted my hand. "That's fine. We'll work something out. I want you to have friends."

Another pair of daiquiris came with our entrees. I migrated over to Mommy's side of the booth and she called for the check when I straddled her lap and tried to kiss her. "You're such a wonderful young man." She said, her fingertips on my chin to keep me at bay.

"One kiss?"

"One kiss." She didn't seem to mind when I kissed her passionately in front of the whole restaurant, heedless when the bill was set on the table. Finally, her head tilted back in a long purr. "You have no idea what you do to me."

"Are we going home, Mommy?"

"Not yet." She reached in her purse for her credit card and slid it into the folder with the check.

I leaned down and kissed her again, our lips playing at each other's, saying things we would never voice aloud, our tongues expressing how we felt

within each other's mouths. I picked the daiquiri up from the table and offered Mommy a sip then took one myself. The waitress was smiling when she came for the card. My mouth moved elsewhere, biting Mommy's chin gently, sucking at her earlobe. Then I slid down and she reached out an arm to support my weight. My butt lay between her legs and she kissed me. Her hand touched my erection through my pants and I moaned into her mouth. When she broke our embrace, I stared up into her eyes. "I love you, Mommy."

"I love you," she answered and we sat together like that, whispering to each other, till the waitress returned. Mommy gently rubbed the lipstick from my face and urged me off her lap. She placed a tip on the table and we walked out hand-in-hand. Leaving the car in the parking garage, we headed out into the city. Five blocks down was a dance studio.

"Would you like to learn to dance?"

Ordinarily, I would have been reluctant, but in the haze of the liquor, I answered honestly. "Yes, Mommy. Please?"

The first floor was occupied by a ballet class. We waited patiently at the counter and eventually a woman in her early sixties arrived. "Yes? What can I do for you?" Everything about her suggested flamboyance.

"Do you have any private instructors available?"

"Not at this hour, not without an appointment."

Mommy looked down at me. "Please. I want to dance with you so bad."

The woman behind the counter smiled broadly.

"I'll pay \$250 if you can come up with one," Mommy said.

"What would you like to learn?"

"What would you like to learn, baby?"

"I think you two would love Salsa," the woman behind the counter supplied. She motioned us to follow upstairs to an empty mat. "It'll be easier without the shoes, dear. Who wants to lead?"

I stared blankly at Mommy till she answered, "I'll lead."

The next hour passed in a giddy haze of perfume and kissing and half-lis-

tening to the instructor as Mommy danced me around the room. "Can we have a half hour to practice what we learned?" Mommy asked when the lesson was through. "In private."

The instructor suppressed a laugh. "The light switch is on the wall over there." She walked downstairs.

"Lie by the wall," Mommy said. "No noise." The wall was covered in plate glass mirrors. I lay with my head to it and Mommy unfastened my belt. She lifted her skirt up and removed her panty hose and without so much as a kiss, took my dick back home to her pussy. I looked up and saw her staring into the mirror on the wall. "Close your eyes," she said, and I did. All I could think about was how my dick was in my Mommy's pussy again, how, again, I was filling my role in life. Mommy and I were fucking. Arms pulled me up into a sitting position and I instinctively wrapped my legs around Mommy's ass and arms around her back. I found her breasts bare and began to suckle as she rode my bare cock. We moved together in a slow natural rhythm as she clutched my head to her chest. Eventually, she pulled my head away, holding it by the sides with her hands. I opened my eyes and stared up into hers, dripping with worry and compassion. "Do you want to cum in your Mommy's pussy? Will you give me my cum, baby?"

I panted, my breath catching in my throat. It was all I could do to stifle my scream. "I love you, Mommy." Her pussy contracted yet again.

"Next one," she said. Mommy looked at the mirror and smiled. "Tell me you want to fuck another girl."

"I don't, Mommy. I swear I don't."

"Tell me where your dick belongs."

"In your pussy. Your pussy is the only place my dick belongs, Mommy. Good boys always cum in their Mommies."

"Tell me you want me to cum."

"I don't, I don't know."

"Then what do you want? Right now?"

"I want you to know that my dick is inside of you, that your baby boy's dick is inside of you, making you cum."

Mommy's vagina contracted again and I ejaculated. "Told you," she said. I heard a rustle of noise in the stairwell but, before I could react, Mommy waved her hand dismissively. "Mommy wants to see how her cunt tastes on your dick," she said and took me in her mouth. I knew better than to whine or screech, so I lay perfectly still and tried to relax as Mommy gave me one of her torturous blowjobs. So tender, so gentle, so loving, teasing me hard again and again only to slide her teeth over my dick to steal my erection away. As the intensity climbed my head began to thrash back and forth and my legs kick at the mat. Mommy lifted her head. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, Mommy," I whined softly and she returned to sucking my cock. I bit my lip and relaxed as best I could, my breath softly panting in and out. The relaxation lent me peace and my dick fought more to grow hard but I thought nothing of it when she kept it soft with gentle brushes of her teeth. I focused on how much I loved her and was transported away inside my head to a safe, warm place where I felt nothing. "I love my Mommy. I love my Mommy." The words breathed softly forth from me in a perfectly steady rhythm even as I rose to orgasm. "I'm going to cum for you, Mommy," I said and felt my orgasm recede as I returned to reality. Again, I found the warm, safe elsewhere place in my head and stared at the ceiling with unfocused eyes. My Mommy was such a good Mommy for sucking my dick. I knew this. And I knew how grateful I was and felt ashamed of wanting to cum. I loved her mouth so much. I couldn't wait to thank her afterward and tell her how much I loved her, but I knew this was for both of us and I shouldn't expect anything but this, to know how much my Mommy loved me, and how much I loved her. I smiled so wide at the thought. "Mommy loves me."

"That's right," she said and returned to my dick.

"Can I cum, Mommy?"

"Yes, baby," she mumbled, her mouth full of my little boy cock.

I was so happy, knowing I could cum. Tears of love swelled in my eyes and rolled soundlessly down my cheeks. When the cum began to run from my dick, Mommy made a happy sound that had a hint of a chuckle to it. It came slowly, I came slowly. When there was no more in me, Mommy didn't stop until I said, "I came, Mommy."

She rose up. "What's the matter, baby?" she asked, brushing the tears from my eyes.

I smiled and shook my head.

"You can tell me. You can tell me everything."

"I love you so much."

Her mouth descended on mine and we kissed for long minutes until the shuffling sound in the stairwell returned. "Get dressed, baby," she said, as she began buttoning her blouse. I pulled up and fastened my pants as my mostly nude Mommy straightened herself for public. She fixed her lipstick in the mirror on the wall and kissed me once more, leaving a large, thick smear about my mouth. She fixed her lipstick again. "I'd suck dick for a cigarette," she muttered to her reflection as she zipped up her skirt. I heard a soft cough from the stairwell.

"Can we come back next week?"

"I don't see why not." She held out her hand and I took it. "You have to practice with me at home. Five hours a week. Are you sure?"

"Yes, Mommy."

She led me down the stairs where our instructor waited at the counter. "We'd like regular lessons. Once a week?" The instructor just smirked. "We'll practice at home. Five hours a week. We'll be excellent students. I promise."

Our instructor smiled. "You can pay by the lesson or for ten lessons in advance. \$400 for ten lessons."

"With you?"

"Six hundred."

"For both of us."

"Of course."

"Sounds lovely." Mommy pulled her credit card out of her purse.

"Are you sure you two will practice?"

"Yes," Mommy grunted. She turned and smiled at me. "We need outfits. Maybe some makeup for you."

"Well, aren't you a lucky boy. With your blond hair, I can't recommend red enough. Here." She rustled around in a drawer behind the counter and retrieved a business card. "You can find something on the internet, I'm sure. But this is the tailor I recommend. You might want alterations and, if you ever perform . . ."

"Where can we?" I blurted.

The instructor smiled. "It's a question of when. But not for a few months when we have a solid routine for you. If you decide you can perform, if you can show me what you showed me tonight, I could collect \$200 a head, easy."

My mouth opened and closed soundlessly.

"We'll talk," Mommy said and took the tailor's card with a wink. "Wigs?"

"I don't care much for them myself. Let it grow out for a few months and get it styled." She looked at me again. "Maybe black with matching lipstick. Get some press on nails. Some contouring to sharpen the nose, and nice, smoky brown eyeshadow with a dot of black at either corner. "

"Show her your clit, Baby." Still drunk and relaxed from cumming in Mommy's pussy and mouth, I unfastened my belt and pants and opened my fly. The instructor smiled at my shaved dick. "Do you like cock in your ass?" Mommy asked. I nodded.

"Oh, I already knew that," our instructor smiled.

"I'm afraid that's as close as we can come to a show."

"Trust. I think I understand. Are Tuesday evenings good for you?"

"Nine o'clock Tuesdays?" Mommy asked through gritted teeth.

"Ten weeks?"

"Baby, do you promise to practice five hours a week?" I nodded my head.

"Wonderful, now put your little-girl-clit away unless you want to show our new dance instructor your asshole.

I paused, considering. "Yes, Mommy." I smiled finally and zipped my pants up.

"Do you know our best bet to get my son an outfit tonight?"

"There's a novelty shop off Browning, but they're unlikely to have something like that. Still, I'd pay them a visit. And a costume shop off Pierce, probably a much safer bet."

Mommy smiled. "We're getting the real thing, but thank you."

Out on the street, Mommy asked if I'd like another drink to keep my energy up. "It's a shame I can't take you into a bar yet." I nodded and Mommy led me into a small shop for a small coke that she doped in the bathroom. We headed farther into the city and stopped in front of Satin and Lace. Mommy smiled. "This must be the place. Listen, baby, there's a small park two blocks down. Go there and wait for Mommy." She'd didn't appear for almost an hour. I had finished my drink and was telling a tall, thin man with a small dog how much I love my Mommy. "He's cute, isn't he?" she asked the man with a wink. But he's not ready."

"I love you, Mommy," I said unthinkingly, looking up at her. "What's in the bags?"

"Would both of you like to see?" Mommy began pulling lingerie - - - panties and panties, hosiery, bustiers, chemises, even a corset out of the bag before stuffing it all back in. "You can look at it later. I even bought you a costume. A blue fairy costume. Trust me, you'll look darling in it. Say," she asked the man with the dog, "do you live far from here?"

"Not too."

"I wouldn't ask this but my son's taken a liking to you and we could use a lift downtown. I want to buy him a gown for our Salsa lessons."

"Sure thing," he said. "Follow the dog." He jerked the leash and the dog lead the way to row house in a nice neighborhood. "I'd ask you in, but I think

I know the answer. Let me get my baby settled and I'll be back out. The black SUV's mine." He clicked his keychain and it unlocked.

"Give us ten minutes, please. I want to get him dressed."

"Whatever you need."

In the backseat of the SUV, Mommy handed me a pair of black panties with a large bow on the back and slipped a bustier over my head. Working quickly, she fastened hose to the garter straps and began dressing me again. "I can do it, Mommy."

"Mommy wants to help," she breathed. I tried to kiss her, but she wouldn't allow much more than a peck. "He'll be out at any minute."

Mommy climbed into the front seat and, sure enough, the stranger returned. "How about I don't tell you my name?" he asked, sliding into the driver's seat.

Mommy smiled. "Sounds absolutely, positively lovely." The stranger produced a glass vial and Mommy nodded. He unscrewed and held a lump of power under each of her nostrils for her to snort.

We stopped at Nordstrom's a few miles away. "Remember," Mommy said, climbing out of the car. "Salsa. And I'm paying so I'm choosing. Oh, and," she smiled, "this is daddy."

The next hour was a whirl of dresses and changing, with this stranger quietly standing off in the corner. Mommy settled on a bright red dress with a very high hemline and cut-out waist panels with a red choker. "I love it, Mommy!" I exclaimed and hugged her. She took my arms and practiced a few of our Salsa steps. "Now it's time to learn something new." She turned to the stranger.

"Take us home, dear."

At Mommy's urging, Daddy made me a drink and soon Mommy and Daddy were sitting on the sofa and I was sitting on the carpet in my new dress and my drink, smiling for no reason.

"Baby, Mommy wants to teach you how to suck dick." I blinked. "Come here, sweetie. Don't be afraid. This skill will serve you very, very well in life."

Daddy, could you pull out your cock? Now, dear, don't be in too much of a hurry. What I want you to do first is start kissing his stomach and inner thighs. That's a good boy. Now take him in your mouth and suck. You like that, don't you. Tell daddy how much you like sucking his cock."

"Thank you for letting me suck your cock, Daddy."

"I love the way you do it, sport."

"Now loosen your lips and put your tongue flat against his dick and lick his cock as you bob your head up and down. When you get tired, pull back with just the head of his dick in your mouth for a minute or two and flick your tongue across the head. Good boy. Wonderful. Does it feel good, Daddy?"

"It feels great!!" Daddy moaned. Music to my ears.

"Now I want you to bob your head in a capital D shape. Come straight down on his cock, the pull back and around and forward and straight down again. Men love that because their dick gets to hit so many parts of your mouth. Now stay gentle, very gentle. We want to torture Daddy, don't we? Suck his dick as long as you can. If he moans or quivers, slow down until he calms down." She smiled and lifted her own drink. "Isn't our son a fantastic cocksucker?"

Daddy was leaning back into the sofa and barely managed a "yes."

"Can't I let him fuck me, Mommy," I moaned after ten more minutes.

"No, baby, you're too young. Now keep sucking Daddy's cock. This is a favor every mother needs to do for her son, and I'll explain why later."

In five more minutes, the head of Daddy's dick was in my mouth and I was flicking my tongue around it when Mommy told me to let him cum. "Do the D shape, sweetie, fast." Daddy erupted in my mouth seconds later. I pulled my head back and coughed through my nose, then swallowed. "You are such a good boy!!" Mommy cried. She smiled at Daddy.

"We'll find our own way back to our car. Thank you so much for being so helpful."

"It was a pleasure."

"Mommy?"

"We'll do whatever you want when we get to the car, then when we get home, then I'm taking a half day tomorrow, and then . . . you get the idea, baby."

The walk back to the car was wearisome. Once inside, I straddled Mommy's lap and kissed her deeply. "What a son," she sighed with closed eyes. "We'll get in trouble here though."

As soon as we pulled into the garage at home and the door began closing behind us, I jumped on Mommy again, kissing her frantically, unbuttoning her blouse, clumsily struggling with her bra. She pulled the lever on her seat and it reclined as I nursed at her breasts. "Cum on them, baby." I pulled my panties down and hiked my skirt up and began masturbating furiously as Mommy reached down and squeezed my balls. I whined and whined as I spurted cum on Mommy's tits, then lowered my head to suckle, while she held me against her. "Mommy's pussy is going to drain your soul out of your dick tonight," she told me and I whimpered into her breasts."

She half-carried me inside and upstairs to my bed, and paused to strip my dress off me and then turn out the lights, then she pulled my panties down and pushed me back onto the rose duvet. Mommy stripped and mounted my cock. "I want you to dream about me, baby. I want you to dream about this, about your Mommy fucking you. Shoot your load, dear." I came instantly but Mommy didn't stop, merely smiled. "I want your every thought to be about your Mommy's pussy. It's what you miss, what you love. You love me when you love it. You miss me when you miss it. It loves you like I do. My pussy loves you so much, baby." My face contorted and I came again. "So soon? That's a good boy though." Mommy clasped her hands behind her back and I watched her ride me, the ceiling spinning from the alcohol, until I went soft inside her, until her pussy ground over my limp dick. "I love you," she said at last and lowered her mouth to clean my little-boy-dick. "Get your toy. We're not done." I handed it to her. "All fours." Obediently, I flipped over on my forearms and knees.

Mommy took my toy in her hand and the dick entered me and I screeched and squealed as Mommy fucked me. She continued long after I lay still, mindlessly accepting the cock pistoning in and out of me. "Roll over, baby." I did as she asked and she reinserted the cock, holding my legs over her shoulders. "Let's see if you have one more cum in you. Play with your little-girl-clit for me." I did as she asked and began to squeal again. "You look so pretty in your new lingerie. I love seeing my baby boy become my baby girl, a wanton slut and the hottest fuck in three states. Cum for me, baby. Can't you get hard? Did Mommy fuck it all out of you? Baby, I'm afraid Mommy just isn't going to stop. She knows how much you love cock. You've told me again and again." I played with my dick absentmindedly as the darkness grew thicker. "I love fucking my baby's asshole. Maybe tomorrow, I'll strap on your toy dick and we can have some real fun. But this will have to do for now, right baby?" I made an indistinct sound. The thrusting cock within me slowed and Mommy's voice softened. "I know you need me, baby. And as much as you need me, I love you. This is forever. What we've begun can't be undone. You don't have to worry about that, and you shouldn't be scared by it. Mommy loves you." I smiled. If she said more, I didn't remember it in the morning.

Mommy woke me up by running her hand over the soft skin of my ass. I was still wearing the black lace bustier, garters, and stockings from the night before. "You just can't get to bed without a butt-fucking, can you?" I mewled. "I thought I could take a half day today but I got a call. I have to go in. But not before I take that beautiful ass of your again." I rolled over and saw Mommy was wearing my toy strapped to her waist. She reached out and cupped my shaved penis and balls. I gasped from her cold hand but was soon moaning. "I bet, if I get your little-girl-clit swollen enough, you'll beg for my cock." I smiled and said nothing. "How's my hand making you feel?"

"It feels really good, Mommy."

"Your clit?"

"Yes, Mommy."

"Do you want to fuck your Mommy?"

My clit swelled at her words. "Please?"

"Do you want Mommy to fuck you?"

"Yes," I said hesitantly.

"Don't you want to feel that again, baby? To feel my cock sliding in and out of your fuckhole, to feel me inside you, to feel helpless and mine? Don't you want a nice dick in your ass?" I shifted on the bed. "Do you want Mommy to rub your little-girl-clit while she pounds that cute ass of yours? Do you want to invite your friends over so they can watch?"

"Oh, Mommy," I groaned, my eyes rolling back in my head as she rubbed my erect clitty.

"Mommy wants to take your ass."

"I know," I gasped.

"I want to fuck my very own daughter."

"Mommy," I whined.

"Making love to you will feel so good, baby." She released my dick and slid two fingers under me, into me, and began jerking off my ass. It was slightly uncomfortable but I didn't complain. "You're so tight, baby, so tense. Would a nice, long fuck with Mommy help you relax?"

"I don't want to fuck," I gasped.

"Oh? What do you want?"

"I want to cum."

"Is that right?"

I started bucking my hips against her fingers, ignoring the pain of her nails, enjoying the thought of getting fingered like a girl as much as the actuality. The bucking ground the walls of my fuckhole against her invading fingers and soon I was moaning and yipping like a small dog. "I want to fuck and cum. I want to fuck and cum. I want my Mommy . . ." I held the words back.

Mommy leaned down between my spread legs and kissed me, her fingers massaging my ass, her breasts on my chest. "My baby," she said. "You feel like

my baby?"

"I'm baby," I said, staring fearfully up into her loving eyes and I continued to undulate my hips. "I'm baby getting fucked."

She shook her head. "Not yet, but you will be."

"Mommy?"

"Baby?"

"I love getting fucked. I want that cock in my ass." Her hand brushed around my dick. "Fuck me, Mommy!"

"You want your Mommy to fuck you?"

"Yes, Mommy!"

"Do you really want your very own Mommy to fuck her dick into your ass and take you?"

"Please!!!"

"Tell me why."

"Because I need a dick! I need a fucking cock!"

"Show me where," she said and withdrew.

I lifted my legs and spread my butt-cheeks. I looked up at her and she shook her head so I flipped over on my knees, resting my head on the ridiculously large mound of pillows atop my rose covered duvet. I spread my ass with my hands.

"Tell me one more time what you want."

"I want my Mommy to fuck me." When she said nothing I withdrew my hands and folded them under my head and began waggling my ass back and forth, whining slightly. "Please?"

"Yes?"

"My ass needs it."

"What do you need?"

"I need to get fucked by my Mommy."

"You know the magic words." She positioned herself behind me as I continued to whine and whimper. Her cold, lubed cockhead found its sweetspot

and I gasped as she slid into my ass, unable to process that I was helplessly getting fucked by my own Mommy as her rhythm increased, unable to understand I was hers until her hips began to smack against my ass. Then something tightened inside me.

"God, Mommy! Fuck!" She didn't respond, just continued to fuck me at a leisurely pace. "Mommy, I like that fucking cock. Yeah, I like that fucking cock in me. I forgot how my Mommy's cock can make my shitter feel so good. Mommy? Oh, fuck. Mommy? I'm going to fucking cum on your big, hard fucking cock." My ass tightened and tightened, spasming, but growing ever tighter. My voice rose in pitch. "I love my Mommy's cock. I fucking love my Mommy's fucking cock in my ass. I love that dick. I want a cock in my fucking ass!" Mommy reached her hand around my thigh. My little girl clit had grown soft and didn't grow when she began twisting the head of it back and forth, but I screamed. "Fuck me!!!!!!!"

"You slut."

"Fuck me!!!" I began to swell in her hand. "Fuck me!!!! Fuck me!!!" Mommy cock screwed my shitter faster and faster as my orgasm mounter, pushing me up the bed, burying my head into the mound of pillows. I grabbed one and threw it off the bed to get back in position to receiving her pounding cock. Her hand returned to my clit and I screamed again, shrieking, "Fuck!!!! Fuck!!!! Fuck!!!!"

"Not so dirty."

"I love your cock!!!"

"Now you know how I feel about you, baby."

"Christ!!!" I squirted my cum on the duvet but Mommy didn't stop fucking me. "Mommy," I whimpered.

"Baby."

"I love you."

"I know. I can tell. All good girls cum when they get fucked by people they love."

"I love you, Mommy."

"And I love fucking your hot, tight ass." She began pounding my fuckhole as fast as she could and I hunkered back down to accept her invasion, my ass twitching around her ramming cock. Soon, I was panting and groaning again but softly to keep from encouraging her. I lay there and watched my alarm clock, occasionally unable to stifle a whine or gurgle for ten minutes before I began yammering softly, saying things I couldn't understand as more cum ran from my clit. She fucked me for ten more minutes at her furious pace, then slowed to long, slow strokes, then finally stopped. "I've got to get to work, baby," she said, pulled out, and rolled me over. She sucked my cum off my clit then rose to her knees and smiled. She lifted the duvet and swatted the shit from her cock. "But first, I want you to suck my dick." Sitting down crossed-legged, she said, "Like I showed you, baby."

"Okay, Mommy," I said with a numb smile and crouched down over her dick as she lay back. I exhaled slowly on the inside of her thighs, teasing them with my tongue, then moved to her lower stomach when she leaned back on straight arms, watching me. I ran my tongue then my mouth up and down her cock, kissing it, smelling the heady aroma of my ass. I kissed its head, flicking my tongue about it and Mommy reached out with her hand and slowly but firmly urged me downwards almost the entirety of her cock was in my mouth. I was gagging.

"Breathe through your nose and relax. Take it into your tummy, not your lungs. Just open your throat."

I stopped gulping in air from around her cock and began to pant through my nose, my asshole beginning to twitch. Slowly, my Mommy's cock pressed down into my throat and with an inch of it past my tonsils.

"Swallow, sweetie, again and again." Her hand wouldn't let me up and I did as she asked, my throat muscles rippling around her dick. "You're such a good slut. Your friend from last night would have loved that." She gripped my hair in her fist. "My own son, decked out in women's lingerie, learning how

to suck cock from his Mommy. This is a dream come true, baby." She lifted my head up. "Do the D-shape. Let Mommy help." Her first tugged my hair and I planted my hands flat on the mattress as she took my mouth, fucking it lower and lower onto her cock with each rotation till it was pressing into my throat. I gagged and coughed but she continued until I relaxed and accepted that it was her dick and I was to suck it as she demanded. I wrapped my arms around the back of her ass and held onto her as she began to fuck my face, screwing up into my mouth in time with my bobbing head. "That's what men like, baby." I began to flush all over, my dick hard against the bed, grinding it in as I began to enthusiastically suck Mommy's hard dick, tasting my ass and loving it. When Mommy let go of my hair, I began to minister my attention to the head of her dick, relaxing and catching my breath. "I wish I could cum in your mouth."

"Yes, please," I said and immediately returned to her dick. I began stroking it in and out of my mouth again with Mommy gently bucking in time.

"We'll find you a boyfriend who can." My dick was rock hard. "Mommy would love to see you get fucked, baby. Can you imagine that, getting taken by a nice young man, having your ass used to gratify his cock while Mommy watched from the closet. I bet you wouldn't be able to think about anything but how happy I was for you. Like I am now. I love you so much." I began to gurgle and Mommy grasped my hair again and forced the whole length of her cock in my mouth and I came, helplessly nursing at the dick in my throat. When she released me, I lifted my head and gazed into her eyes, dazed. "My good little slut," she said with a soft smile. "I have to hurry and get dressed now. Get a shower and put on a pair of panties and practice your steps for me. We'll dance when I get home. Oh, and baby, we're making you a friend. I want so, so much to see you take a boy's dick."

"Mommy," I whined.

She chuckled airily. "Don't worry. He won't tell if you won't." I stumbled and almost fell when I climbed out of bed. I hurried to the bathroom and instinctively sat down to pee. I stripped and started the shower. "I love you,

babe," I heard from the hall as I climbed in, feeling slightly humiliated through the worn out, well-fucked soreness. But it was what Mommy wanted.

I put on my dress and panties and lay numbly on my side on the sofa and watched television for two or three hours before finally playing with myself. I came for Mommy and then rose to practice my steps, stepping forward and back, twirling, bending as far backward as I could without falling as the noon sun fell through the curtains that late August. My mind wandered as I practiced, to what I knew was true, that I was Mommy's slut, and a slut too for wanting to sleep with other women. That was what made me a slut, that Mommy and I both knew I would do with another woman what I did with her. I decided that if my dick belonged in my Mommy's pussy, that I should avoid fucking anyone and should only let myself be fucked, that I would be a good girl that way. Or at least a good boy. It was a riddle that didn't make sense. If I wanted to be a good girl, I couldn't be Mommy's slut who let other boys fuck her, which was what I knew I wanted. Then I understood that this was what Mommy was helping me become, that I had to trust her. My dick rose and I sat on the carpet to play with it again, bobbing forward and back. I somehow knew I wasn't supposed to cum, that I had to call Mommy and get answers. I grabbed the phone in the kitchen and dialed her.

"Mommy, what am I?"

"Oh, baby," she gasped. "You're whatever you want to be."

"Am I your slut?"

"When you want to be."

"I want to be your good girl, Mommy."

"Oh, but you are. Don't you see that you're a good girl who likes to feel desired, who likes to be encouraged to be the slut you truly are. It's both, honey. You're good, with a wild side. And I love it."

"Should I fuck other girls?"

"Is that what you want?" she asked in a flat voice.

"I don't know," I whined. "I know my dick only belongs in your pussy so

maybe if I let them fuck me. Would that be okay?"

"Men can do that, sweetie."

"Mommy . . ."

"We'll see. We'll see. We have our whole lives ahead of us. This is forever, remember? You'll always be my son and mothers and sons never fall out of love with each other."

"Mommy?"

"Baby," she panted.

"I need to put my dick back inside you. I need to put it back in the only place it belongs. I miss your pussy so much, Mommy."

I heard a rhythmic thudding sound. "Baby, why don't you explain it to me while you touch yourself?"

"I am, Mommy."

"That's a good boy. Tell me what worries you. Trust Mommy."

"I do. I should. I know I should. I should love and trust my Mommy because she's the only woman who loves me like a son and wants the best for me, wants me to become what I want to be, wants me to love who I am. I want my Mommy to show me. Tell me, Mommy? Tell me what I want to be."

"You want to be my good girl."

"Yes, Mommy."

"You want to be my dancing partner."

"I do, Mommy."

"You want to be a slut for my cock."

"Yes, Mommy."

"You want to bury your dick in your home and pump out every last bit of your cum."

"I do, Mommy. I do."

"You do."

"Yes." I paused, understanding. "I do."

"That's a good boy. Now tell me you love me and you can cum."

"I love you Mommy! I love my Mommy! I want to fuck my fucking Mommy! I need you so bad, Mommy! So bad!"

"Mommy loves you."

"Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!" I almost fell off the kitchen stool as I came.

"Mommy's got to run, sweetheart. We'll talk tonight. Do you feel okay with everything?"

"Yes, Mommy," I whined.

"I wish I had more time. I love you more than you know. Bye, baby."

I did my chores after getting off the phone, taking a break to head up to Mommy's bedroom where there was a full-length mirror to look at myself in my dress. I danced in front of the mirror, watching the fabric hug my hips and thighs, the cut-out panels on the sides revealing my pale flesh. I'd had enough of having a dick in my ass for the day. Well, until Mommy got home that night. I grabbed the bag of lingerie from my dresser and began to tuck it away, all the panties in one of the top drawers and the other stuff beneath it. I withheld a few things to try on, admiring myself in the mirror again, but in the end, I settled for just a pair of panties. I was startled to hear footfalls in the hallway and looked out of Mommy's bedroom to see her walking towards me with a smile. "Come to bed," she said with a smile and motioned me into my bedroom. Just like the day before, she stripped beside the bed and lay back onto the pillows, grabbing the backs of her knees and lifting her legs. I pulled off my panties and crawled up between them. "You're such a good boy," she said, stroking the back of my head. Her eyes bulged, the tendons stood out on her neck, and she bobbed her head up and down on the pillow as I slid into her.

"I love you Mommy. Good boys always cum in their Mommies. I love fucking my Mommy! Mommy! I love your pussy so much. I'm your baby boy, Mommy. Your own little boy is fucking you. That's your little boy's dick that's making you cum. I'm scared, Mommy. I love you so much, but I'm too scared." I continued to fuck her pussy as the fear mounted till I withdrew and lay on her

arm and began to nurse. I found peace at her breast. My mind blank, I suckled as I held to her limp form, my dick soft and wet on her leg. "I need you, Mommy." She only moaned in reply. When I began to whimper into her breast, I detached myself and spread her legs.

"Fuck me, baby," she whispered.

Her pussy was so tight around my dick. She must not have had a toy of her own or had sex with anyone in some time, the way it held me, the way I could feel it clutching my cock. Soft and wet in parts, with muscles that clung to me as I fed my little-boy dick to it, to her, consumed by the knowledge that I was inside my Mommy's pussy, that my dick was inside my Mommy's pussy, that I was fucking my Mommy, my very own Mommy. It was so right. I was made to fuck her. She made me to fuck her, made my dick so I could come home again, so I could come home to the one place my dick belonged, so I could feed her cum to her pussy, the cum she made in me. But it scared me, losing so much of myself to her, more and more each time I came inside her, becoming more and more hers. I fought through the fear that surfaced when my astonished pleasure that I was fucking my Mommy faded to my mounting orgasm. Mommy came and came beneath me the whole while. I bucked atop her. "Mommy!" I screamed. "I'm going to cum in you, Mommy! Your little boy is going to cum in you! I'm going to cum in my Mommy! I love you! I love my Mommy!!!" My voice betrayed little of my arousal. It had a euphoric glee to it that was detached from my burgeoning desire, but so revealing of how much I loved fucking my Mommy. "I love cumming in my Mommy!" I cried in high-pitched rapturous joy as I felt my cum begin to run out of my cock in a soft orgasm as I continued to feed it to her pussy. The world disappeared and everything I had ever wanted, everything I could want, and all I would ever want was given me. When my orgasm subsided, I pulled out of her pussy. Seeing it beneath me, my passion unslaked, I fell into it, licking and sucking as Mommy sighed. I didn't feel her cum, but after I withdrew, she smiled at me.

"I have never, ever been licked like that before," she said. I climbed up

into her, pulling my dress back down over my ass. "Do you want to cook or clean?"

"Clean, Mommy." She rolled to her feet and dressed. I followed her down into the kitchen. "Can I have some wine?"

"Sure, baby. Open a bottle. And pour Mommy a scotch. Just a bit." I set my wine before me and her scotch at the opposite end of the island in the kitchen. "And cross your legs," she said with a smile. "Even when you're wearing panties, you need to do that. No, completely. It might pinch, but you'll get used to it." She was rummaging around in the freezer. "Let's avoid cooking and cleaning tonight." She pulled a frozen lasagna from the freezer and read the side and then set the oven. "Let's go practice. Bring your wine." She turned on the stereo and tapped her phone till the room filled with Salsa music. Holding me close, she danced the simple steps we had learned in slow motion. My eyes were even with her lips and I gazed up into hers as she whispered to me and brushed her lips against mine.

"You're everything," I confessed.

"You're mine."

I nodded.

"What are you wearing under your dress, sweetie?"

"Just panties."

"Which ones?"

"Black lace."

"Take them off." She dipped me. "No, better yet, let me." Mommy dropped to her knees and lifted my dress up to my waist and slid my panties down. I stepped out of them. "You really seem to enjoy nursing. Would you like to?" I nodded. "Then sit on the sofa." I did as I was told. "Hike your dress up, baby." I did, revealing my already hard dick. My Mommy opened her blouse and hiked her own skirt up and straddled my lap. My head was right on level with her breasts and I buried myself in them, latching onto the left one first, drawing as much of it as I could into my mouth then forcing it back out again with my

tongue, which didn't leave her nipple. Mommy shirted and I felt her pussy envelop me. She reached her arms under mine and leaned forward, holding me to her. She didn't ride me, just held me inside of her as I nursed. My dick twitched in her warm pussy as I drank what milk she had made. I began to rock my hips, grinding them into her. "Shh, shh, shh, shh, shh," she murmured and I stopped. I was in heaven, numb and smothered, consumed by need, shaking like a leaf as I suckled at Mommy's breasts. I began to whine and whimper and my dick twitched faster, letting me feel more of my Mommy's pussy as it pressed against the walls wrapped in blood vessels or sinew or I knew not what.

Mommy flooded my crotch and I moans, "I love you, Mommy."

"You always will. I want you to always remember this. This, now. I want you to remember this and touch yourself thirty years from now. It's my job to make sure that you do." She leaned forward, smothering me further. I squealed and squealed but couldn't cum. "Lose yourself in me. Forget yourself. Forget everything. Your dick isn't in my pussy. It's home. Don't worry, baby. You'll get another chance to do this. I promise. I promise you everything you want from my body, my heart, and my shuddering, fearful soul. I love you." The last came out in a hiss. Gradually, I relaxed and my body sagged. Oblivion followed. My every need was being met. My dick was in my Mommy's pussy. It was home, and her breast was in my mouth. Every dream I'd had paled to this, and Mommy knew it, knew what she was giving me. I hoped. When the cum oozed forth from my dick in another pleasureless orgasm -- I didn't care that it was pleasureless. The real pleasure was cumming in my Mommy, not the orgasm. She continued to hold me tight as I relished her breast in my mouth and my hot cum around the head of my dick in her warm pussy. When she finally pulled away, there were bright red marks around each of her nipples.

She smiled at me. "I want to film you again. Not like before, but an interview. I want to ask you questions and have you answer. But first, baby, do you mind if Mommy sucks your cock?" I shook my head and she descended it on it.

I lay, slouched in the sofa, drained and at peace, while Mommy nursed tenderly, gently, slowly at my dick for a half hour, quietly submitting to the torture of her blowjob. The timer on the oven beeped before I came. We headed upstairs to my bedroom shortly after eating and lay nude together and talked until drifting off to sleep. I woke alone and jerked off, basking in my love for Mommy.

School began the day after Labor Day. Mommy took us out of town for the weekend, to the beach. I shamelessly built a sandcastle the first day while Mommy watched the surf. That night, we found a restaurant on the strip and ate at the bar. We held hands, walked, talked, and kissed like lovers and, whomever noticed, few people commented. Drunk, back at the hotel, she peeled my clothes off me and sent me to shower. I got out and she disappeared behind me into the bathroom. I sat at the table with her laptop and pulled up music videos while I waited for her. I crawled into bed eventually and fell asleep to the sound of Mommy drying her hair.

The next morning, I was coaxed awake by Mommy's kissing mouth. "You didn't wait up for me last night."

"You took so long."

Her passion was tender and left me shaking with desire as she explained to me with her kisses that I was helplessly hers. I waited in anticipation for more. "Can I suck your little-boy-dick, baby?"

Yes, Mommy. Be gentle." My erection dissolved the moment her mouth took me inside her. She smiled up at me, mouth around my dick, and began her loving testimony to her love for me, to what a good Mommy she was. I knew if I moved or made a sound she would slow or at least stop, so I relaxed as best I could, casting my mind adrift in my euphoric love for her to drown out the pain and need of my desires. When my limp little-boy-dick ejaculated, I sighed. "I have some more cum for you, Mommy." She smiled broadly and took me within her again to nurse it out. It was almost as wickedly pleasurable as letting her cum around my cock, knowing as she did that I was fucking my

Mommy, that my dick was inside my Mommy, that I had found the one place my dick belonged, her pussy, and fed it there until she came, with her little boy's dick inside her. There would be time for that later. Fucking Mommy. She laughed in a half-gurgle when she pulled her head back, more of my cum in her belly, and I knew she had cum too.

Mommy laid out an expensive skirt and top for me to dress in and headed downstairs before breakfast ended. I sat at the table again, in front of the laptop, and idly toyed with my dick as I browsed around the internet. As my dick swelled, I realized that I needed a good fucking as much as anything, perhaps more than anything. "I'm going to cum for my Mommy. Good boys always cum for their Mommies," were the first words out of my mouth when I grasped my dick. "I want a cock, Mommy. My ass needs a cock. I wanna get fucked. I want to be jerked back onto your hips while you pound your little girl's ass. My ass misses your cock, Mommy. It's spasming on nothing, hungry for it. I love you so much. Won't you fuck your little boy? Won't you let me be your good little slut and fuck my ass?" For whatever reason, I stood. "I love you, Mommy! I love you, Mommy! I love my Mommy! I love my fucking Mommy! I'm going to cum for you Mommy!" My erection receded and I sat down again, returning my thoughts to my horny asshole. "Wouldn't you like to give your slut a good fucking, Mommy? Wouldn't you like to nail your little girl's ass?" I smiled so wide. "My Mommy loves fucking my tramp ass. My mommy likes fucking her dick in my ass and making me cum while I buck back against her hips and whine and scream and moan like the little boy slut who loves cock that I am. Thank you, Mommy. Thank you so much for showing me this is who I am. I'll always love you. You're little boy will always love you. I love you so much, Mommy. Good boys always cum for their Mommies. I'm a good boy, I'm a good boy, I'm a good boy . . ." I trailed off as I came.

I rose and showered. Mommy was back by the time I was out and watched me dress. She applied a few dabs of makeup. "You're so pretty," she reassured. "No one will know the difference."

"I'm horny, Mommy," I whined.

"That'll have to wait, dear."

"If I lick your pussy, will you fuck my ass?"

She froze. "I just came." I smiled back at her. "That's a no. Your ass will have to wait."

"Can we go dancing tonight?"

"It might be hard to find the right sort of place. There's a bar downstairs, but they won't be playing our music. We should ask our dance instructor to show us a few contemporary steps as well."

"Yes, Mommy."

She smiled. "You're such a well-mannered girl. I like that." She sank into the chair by the table. "Do you like your new outfit?"

"I love it!" I exclaimed with joy.

"Let's go find a table that overlooks the boardwalk, drink espresso, and feel superior."

I advanced on her. "I want a kiss, first." I straddled her lap and we began necking. I immediately grew hard in my panties and I reached under them to pull on my little-girl-clit, moaning into Mommy's mouth. When she noticed what I was doing, she lifted my skirt up to watch me jerk off through my frilly black panties. "Mommy!" I cried, pulling away from her mouth to my knees on either side of her legs. "Mommy, I'm going to cum for you like a good girl." She leaned in and kissed me passionately.

"Do."

"I love my Mommy. I love my Mommy. I want to fuck you, Mommy! I want to fuck my fucking Mommy!" She smiled, rubbing the inside of my thigh.

"Yes, you do."

"I want to fuck you, Mommy! I going to cum for you!"

"Like a good girl?"

"Yes, Mommy, like your good girl. I'm going to fucking cum in my panties, Mommy!"

"Do you still want me to fuck you, Baby?"

"I want to cum! I want to cum!"

"Do you want me to fuck you?" she prompted again.

I didn't want to give it to her, but I knew it was what she wanted. "I want my Mommy's fucking cock in my ass! I want my Mommy to fuck my slut fucking ass!"

"Liar."

"I want to cum for my Mommy!" I cried and doubled over onto her shoulder, shooting my cum inside my panties.

"You did, Baby." She held me close. "Are you okay to go out yet or do you need Mommy's breast?"

"Have some?"

Mommy groaned and opened slipped the straps to her dress from her shoulders. We moved to the bed and Mommy piled pillows on her lap so I could lie and nurse while she watched. Adrift in the haze of her pussy, I suckled what milk her breasts had to offer. When I looked up into her eyes, she leaned down and kissed me, her tongue teasing its way into my mouth with ever more aggressive probing till it was fucking in and out. "I need your fucking ass, baby," she told me. "But later. We'll come back for a relaxing afternoon before heading out tonight."

"I love fucking you, Mommy," I said, staring straight into her eyes. She gave me a confused look.

"I love fucking you. You know that, don't you? I love fucking your ass."

I almost laughed. "Yes, Mommy."

"Good girl. Let me get straightened up and we'll go out for coffee."

We shamelessly groped in the elevator, Mommy kneading my ass as we kissed, breaking our kiss when we picked up a passenger two floors below, but resuming it again. On the ground floor, Mommy slapped my butt, hard, as I exited the elevator ahead of her then she took my hand and we strolled out of the hotel. We didn't have to walk more than ten blocks before finding a

two-story restaurant overlooking the boardwalk.

"Windowed in," Mommy sighed.

"Come on. It'll still be fun."

Mommy ordered us two espressos and a fruit salad to pick at - - - I was trying to stay as slim as I could. We sat, reaching out for the other's hand occasionally, a finger trailing along a forearm, as she talked to me of the coming school year and how important it was that I make a boyfriend. Three weeks ago, I would have had nothing to do with it, but now I simply nodded and nodded as Mommy explained to me what boys that age liked. "Coquettish above all," she told me. "Be a tease, but not overt, not explicit. You're a boy, but it's 2016. If you show up at a football game and flirt with a boy from the other school, you shouldn't take any flak. I think a little black dress would be perfect. It fits their fantasies at that age. You're going to have to think of a pretext to get him home. He'd panic at a flat-out invitation. Maybe you could get him stoned but not smoke much yourself. That'd make him more pliable. I'll buy a bottle of Baily's Irish Crème. Tell him your mom's out of town and you have the world's best bottle, that you bet him a tank of gas that he'll love it. Make sure you find one with a car. If he asks what happens if he loses, tell him he has to be your best friend or something juvenile then laugh and wave your hand in front of your face like this. Actually, you could probably do better than that. Use your imagination. If you can't manage that, we'll get you into another dance class for couples. You'll go in drag. Just pick the one you want and stay with him for six weeks, not six straight weeks. Six weeks. Believe me, any boy in a dance class is not getting laid until college. He'll be easy prey. We'll build you up from there." She winked at me.

"I love you, Mommy."

"Goodie."

Just then, our waitress arrived. "Would you two ladies care for anything else?"

"Espresso, please. Would you like another espresso, baby?"

"Just one more."

When we got back to our hotel room early in the afternoon, I slipped off my shoes and panties, undressed, and lay back on the bed. I reached a hand under each of my knees and lifted my legs as high up and as far back as I could, spread for Mommy. She smiled. "I'll get ready." I fingered myself and rubbed my clit as I waited for her to strap on and lube her cock. She knelt at my feet and I lifted my legs again, exposing my ass for her cock. I cried out as it sank into me and Mommy put her hand over my mouth, immediately settling into a gently fucking rhythm. I slipped my legs under her arms and locked my ankles at the top of her back, inviting her to fuck me harder by tugging her into me. Were the headboard not mounted to the wall, it would have been thumping loudly with the eager violence she fucked me with. I gritted my teeth and mouthed jabbered words as she took my hole, fucking me furiously. "Do you like the way your Mommy fucks you?" she panted.

"Yes!" I whined between clenched teeth. "Give me that cock. Give your slut that fucking cock. I love it so much. Fuck your pussy, Mommy! Yeah, that's so good, so good. Fuck my ass as hard as you can. !! Love! Your! Dick!"

"You hot fucking slut. I know you do. You like your Mommy screwing that hot ass of yours."

"I love my Mommy!" I cried and a stream of cum ran from my clit.

"Don't ever forget who your ass belongs to. Don't ever forget, no matter how much it gets around. Don't ever forget what it feels like to be so completely mine. Do you like it, baby? Do you like being possessed by your Mommy?"

"I feel so completely . . . God. I'm yours but more. I'm your baby, I'm the one you fuck when you get horny. I'm the one you want. I'm the one who drifts of in perfect surrender to your cock, your love, your need, your everything."

"To me, baby. Your surrender to me. You're helpless right now, aren't you?"

"Yesss,' I whined. "It's so perfect!"

"This is the moment you'll always try to remember, baby. The moment you belonged to me so perfectly willingly and still without a choice. Your body, your heart, you're mine. I'm your fucking Mommy." She picked up the pace to a frantic rut. "I'm your fucking Mommy and I'm going to screw your ass whenever I want. Whenever I want. It's mine. You're mine. You feel into my perfect trap where our love binds you to me, like my love always bound me to you. More than ever, baby. More than ever, you know what it is to love your Mommy!"

I gurgled in helpless fear.

"It makes sense right now, I know. It makes perfect sense. Your hot ass is giving way to my cock, twitching and milking it while your clit throbs and oozes cum. You feel it, don't you. All because of Mommy. All beyond every bit of your control. All because of the way I fuck my baby's ass. Your Mommy. Fucking you. And you love it."

I nodded my head unevenly, my face contorted.

"You'll always remember your Mommy fucking your ass and how beautiful it was. Beg for it. Beg for more."

It was permission.

"Mommy, my slut ass loves your cock. I love getting fucked by my Mommy. I love getting fucked by my Mommy. I love getting fucked by my Mommy! Give me that dick! Give me that cock of yours! You fuck me so good. You fuck your son so fucking hard and deep and fast and long, and it only makes me want more."

"Beg."

"Give me your dick really good. Screw my ass. Screw my horny ass. Give me that dick till I can't walk. Please, Mommy. Pound my ass for me? Pound my fucking ass? Take my horny slut-hole. Make me your little girl."

"Play with your clit now, sweetie."

"Mommy!! Fuck!! God!! Christ!!" I screamed as soon as I began rubbing it. "Cock! God! Cock! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck my fucking ass, you cunt!!" My head lolled to the side. "I'm my Mommy's cunt. I'm my Mommy's cunt," I chanted as I

rubbed my clit against the inside of my thigh with the tips of two fingers. "Fuck my ass!!!! That's all I fucking need! My mommy's cock!! I'm Christ! I'm Christ! I want to cum so fucking need!! Cum, Mommy! Fuck your cunt!"

Mommy was pounding my ass as hard as she could, my ankles locked behind her back, holding her in time with her rhythm. Her eyes were bulging out of her head as she skewered her cock in and out of my ass. "Fuck," she groaned.

"Can't cum! Can't cum! Can't cum! Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!" My clit was swelling more and more and I began twisting the end of it. "Take my fucking ass. Fuck!!!! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" I began thrashing up off the pillows. "Your baby needs to cum," I whined plaintively, my eyes rolled back in my head. "Fuck me!" I cried with a long rattle in my chest. "Your cock! Mommy!" My voice was high and whiny, a shriek. "I need to cum! I need my Mommy to fuck me! I need to fucking. Oh, God! Oh, Christ Mommy! Mommy? Mommy?! Mommy?? I LOVE YOU!" My voice wilted as my clit began to leak copious amounts of cum on my fingers and hand. The swelling began to go down. "Mommy, I love you so much. Good boys always cum when they get fucked by their Mommies."

"Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God" She fucked me still. "Thank you baby." Gradually we ground to a halt, my ass well-fucked and my little girl clit soft again.