

Helpless for the Summer Revisited



By Caliboy1991

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Chapter 1

Kelly

The doctor's eyes stared at the back-lit x-ray image of my wrists and said, "Would you like the good news or bad news first?"

Leaning back against the uncomfortable reclining chair in the sterile exam room, I rested my head on my mom's shoulder, tears streaking down my face. My wrists were in such pain I forgot I was twelve-year-old and that big boys don't let their moms see them cry.

I glanced up at my mom. She brushed a lock of brown hair from her face, clearly worried about me. She said, "How about the good news."

The doctor pointed at the bones on the screen, "We're not going to have to reset any broken bones. And that means that Kelly won't have to spend the entire summer in a plaster cast."

My effort to smile through the tears brought even more as the sharp pain shot through me from both wrists. My smile looked like a grimace. "W-, what about the bad?"

Doctor Peters had been my pediatrician my entire life. In the past, he'd always had a great sense of humor, and I hoped against hope the bad wouldn't really be very bad.

He pointed at the image of one of my wrists. There was a line across the bone. "This is a hairline fracture. You'll notice it on both wrists. When you fell off your bike and used your hands to brace your fall, as you can see, you broke both wrists. Luckily, your bones remained aligned. That means we don't have to reset the bone or use a plaster cast."

He opened a drawer and retrieved a couple of black wrist braces. "To give the bones time to heal, they still need to be immobilized. That's why you'll need to wear these braces for the next six weeks. But after that, you'll be back to riding your bike and enjoying the rest of your summer. So, the bad news isn't really all that bad."

Despite the doctor's soft and delicate touch, it still hurt when he put the braces on my wrists. He velcroed the brace over my right wrist and I tried

wiggling my fingers. But if they moved, I couldn't sense any movement through the incredible pain.

"Take it easy, Kelly. There's a lot of bruising. That'll keep your fingers from moving much for a while. But give it a week or so, and the swelling should be down enough for you to get a little bit of motion back in your fingers. Find a good book to read because your Gameboy is going to be next to impossible to play for a few weeks."

Then he patted me on the head and turned to my mom, "Miss Jackson, a word, please."

It irritated me Dr. Peters had patted me on my head. After all, I'd be thirteen around the time the braces could come off. Those thoughts flew from my mind when he and my mom stepped over to the door and lowered their voices. I had to strain to hear them.

"You still work over at Austin Elementary, Karen? You off for the summer?"

"Yeah."

"Kelly's going to be out of commission for a while. It's good you'll be able to take care of him while he's recovering. Those splints need to stay on all the time, at least through the Fourth of July. Even when he's sleeping."

"All the time?" My mom's voice was sharp, like she was surprised.

Dr. Peters glanced toward the x-ray, "I guess it'll be okay if they come off when you give him a bath, but yeah, otherwise, all the time."

Mom's voice was low, but I still heard every word, "I haven't given Kel a bath since he started grade school."

Dr. Peters gave an apologetic smile, "I bet you haven't spoon-fed him since he was a toddler either. But Kelly cannot dress or feed himself for a while. He'll also need your help to go to the bathroom and with bathing too."

Mom glanced at me and gave me a pensive smile. Then Dr. Peters lowered the boom, "You ought to swing by Walmart on the way home. You'll need to pick up to pull-ups. Kelly's going to need them."

He picked up a clipboard and scribbled something on a sheet of paper, "Take this by the pharmacy. This'll help with his pain."

After propping the door open, he smiled at me apologetically. "Sorry about your summer, Kelly. We'll see you in about six weeks."

My summer was ruined.

I was in too much pain to think about everything Mom and Dr. Peters had talked about. By the time we dropped off the script at the pharmacy and were walking the aisles at Walmart, it came back to me why we were looking at diapers. I was about to turn around when I saw Mom's face getting longer and longer.

"Mom, what's wrong?"

Morosely, she shook her head, "It's been so long since I've needed to buy diapers, I'd forgotten how expensive they are."

I looked at where she pointed her finger. The sticker on the shelf announced the price on the diapers was almost ten dollars. And that's before tax. It was only for a package of a dozen. Even I knew that was expensive. The thing was, things have always been tight financially, as far back as I can remember. Mom was a teacher's aide, and that didn't pay much. Even though Mom tried to hide it, I knew why she made all those trips to the public assistance office. I'd never complained, after all, she got all the same holidays I did and that meant she has always been there for me.

For a moment, I forgot about the mortification of wearing diapers, "Ten bucks? That's a lot of money. What'd you do when I was a baby?"

Mom picked up the box and looked at the back. "I used cloth diapers, kiddo. And did lots of laundry. As a matter of fact, I think I still have some of your things from when you were little. I'll look into that when we get home."

I wanted to crawl into a hole and pull it in on me. Big boy pull-ups and cloth diapers? I only thought my summer was ruined before. Now, it surely

was. But seeing the look on Mom's face, I blinked back the tears threatening to spill onto my cheeks, "Maybe we won't need any of these things, Mom. Why can't I try to keep things normal?"

She gave me one of those 'we'll see' looks as she said, "I don't know, Kel. Just to be on the safe side, we'll get one package of these. But we'll try it your way first. How does that sound?"

I returned the skeptical look. "I dunno, Mom. It's a lot of money."

Mom stuff the bag of pull-ups under her arm, "I think we can swing a package of twelve. If you decide to go to Timmy's birthday next week, you might want some pullups. That way you can go without anyone needing to help."

By the time Mom stopped at Sonic to order some ice cream, I had pushed aside any thoughts about how difficult my life was about to become. That was until Mom had to put the soft-serve on a spoon and feed it to me. What could I do? My hands were worse than useless. Until they're gone, you don't realize how much you do with your hands. Or, as was my case, out of action until the middle of the summer.

If mom had to help me every meal, that would be a lot of meals. My mind did the math; three times seven. That's twenty-one meals per week. Times five if I get them off by the Fourth of July. That's over a hundred meals Mom would have to spoon-feed me.

My mood turned even darker as we drove home. I realized Mom was going to have to get me dressed at least thirty-five times until the braces could come off. This was going to royally suck. Then I thought about how many times a day I had to go pee. That was four or five times a day. Holy crap, that's like a hundred-twenty times! God, no wonder Mom wanted to get some diapers.

I was nearly in tears by the time we got home. Even if I only got a bath twice a week, that would be at least ten times she would have to undress and bathe me. I don't know who felt worse when we got home. Me or Mom. It had to be a close thing.

By the time I walked in our front door, the medicine Dr. Peters had prescribed kicked in and my wrists weren't hurting as much.

Our home wasn't much to look at. We'd rented it when Mom started working for the school. It was an old farmhouse, at least a hundred years old. It was the last house on an old gravel road with a couple of other weathered houses and some cornfields. Still, it was home. After all, it was all I knew. In the spring or fall, I loved sitting next to my mom on the old swing hanging from the roof of the covered porch.

The living room was a mess. I had scattered my action figures across the floor. I felt awful about it when I saw them. Mom had told me before I went bike riding to clean my stuff up. Now, I couldn't. Instead, I just followed Mom through the living room and through a formal dining room we seldom used and into the kitchen at the back of the house.

Mom glanced at me, "You want any more ice cream?"

I fought back an enormous yawn and wondered what was in the meds we had picked up from the pharmacy. I was dead on my feet, "No. I'm gonna lay down for a bit."

My room was at the front of the house, just off the living room. But you could get to it by going through my mom's bedroom and down a narrow hallway, off of which was our bathroom. It wasn't much. I was too embarrassed to let my friends see it. But back when it was built in the first part of the twentieth century, I'm sure it was an enormous improvement over log houses and outhouses, or hauling water from a well.

I fell into my bed fully clothed and was out of it before Mom turned on the A/C window unit.

I was warm, floating on a bed of air when something reached from the sky, striking my shoulder. It didn't hurt as much as I expected. Then it happened again.

My eyes fluttered open, realization flooding into me. I had been dreaming. Mom tapped my shoulder, "Hey baby, let's wake up. Dinner's ready."

Two things assaulted my senses. The first was the incredible pain in my wrists. They felt as though they were on fire. Wave after wave of pain washed over me. Whatever meds Mom had given me had worn off, and reflexively I curled into a fetal position.

That's when the second thing assaulted my senses. My lap was wet. Just as quickly as I had curled into a ball, I scampered out of bed and looked down. There was a dark spot slowly spreading from the zipper. I had felt nothing in my sleep, but now I was awake and my bladder wasted no time in letting me know it was full and overflowing.

As if my day could get any worse, Mom saw it too. She said, "Ah, let's get you into the bathroom, quick."

She ran her arm around my back and guided me toward our shared bathroom as tears overwhelmed me. I had pissed myself and felt utterly humiliated. She took me over to the toilet and turned me around, facing her as she knelt before me. With quick fingers, she unbuttoned and unzipped me. As tears flowed down my cheeks, she tugged my shorts down, revealing the yellow stain spreading across the front of my tight-whities.

She glanced at my face, "I'm sorry, baby."

Then she pulled my underwear down. I had leaked a little, having stopped when I awoke, otherwise, Mom might have gotten a bit of a shower. I don't think I could have handled that shame. Still, my shame was almost overwhelming. Despite being taller than average for my age, part of me hadn't caught up with the rest of me. My penis, cold from the urine soaking the front of my underwear, hug soft between my legs. It hadn't caught up with the rest of me. I was a good three inches taller than Mom's five feet, but down below, I still looked like a little kid, without even a hint of pubic hair. And now my mom had seen me in all my pathetic shame.

She didn't waste any time, gently pushing me onto the toilet, "Oh, jeez, Kel. I'm so sorry. Go ahead and finish and we'll get you changed."

With Mom standing in front of me, my shy bladder refused to finish what it had started. After a moment of deep concern, she turned and said, "I'll be

back in a moment, sweetheart. We'll get you cleaned up."

Alone in the bathroom, my bladder opened up, and I felt relief wash over me, despite the torrent of tears. By the time I glimpsed Mom by the door, I was finished. Whether it was from the hellish pain radiating from my wrists or from the complete shame I felt, I sobbed when I saw the pullup in Mom's hand. "N-, no! N-, not that!"

She returned and knelt before me, "Hey baby, It's okay. The meds probably made you too groggy to realize you needed to go. Let's get you cleaned up."

Then, to make the situation worse, she grabbed a washcloth and ran it under the sink until it was soaked in warm water. She said, "Stand up, baby. We'll have you cleaned in no time."

Once I was on my feet, Mom rubbed the warm, wet washrag over my junk, wiping the piss away. I've never felt anything like that before. Sure, I was almost thirteen and have been jacking off since before I was twelve. But the electrical shock of her hand, even through the wet rag on my flaccid penis, ran through my body. It also had an unfortunate side effect. No sooner had Mom taken the washrag away than my penis stirred. In a few heartbeats, my two flaccid inches stretched and grew until I was four and a half inches.

My wrists, enclosed in their black braces, flew to my crotch, too late for Mom to not see what I'm certain she didn't want to see. How could it possibly get any worse? One thing I'd learned over the past few months in PE is that I was lagging behind the other boys in the seventh grade. Of course, with a July birthday, I was one of the youngest boys in my class and I guess that's to be expected. But I was the only kid to not have even a little bit of hair downstairs. I'd even caught a couple of guys jacking off in the shower a few times. Those boys had easily sported five inches below a bush of pubes. I didn't look much like those older boys aside from the fact we were all circumcised. I was shorter and lacked even a hint of pubic hair.

Mom had seen my penis. Worse yet, she had touched it with a washcloth and I had gotten hard. I was terribly embarrassed. Nothing was going to make this experience good. But at that moment, I wished I was more like

those other boys in my PE class. I wished I was bigger, longer and had hair. At least then Mom would know I wasn't still a little kid.

But Mom ignored my boner. She just held the pullup at my feet, "Come on. Step into it and we'll be finished in a jiffy."

I didn't want to wear the diaper. They were for babies and I was almost thirteen. I sure didn't want Mom seeing my little dick. God, what would she think of me? I must have dawdled. There was a note of exasperation in her voice, "Come on, Kel. Step into the diaper and let's get you dressed."

Wishing I could disappear, I put one foot, then the other, into the pullup's legs. Mom tugged the pullups up my legs. I had no choice but to yank my wrist-brace encased hands away as she pulled my pullups to my waist, trapping my erection against the waistband. "Ouch!"

Mom's cheeks turned a bright red, "Ah, shoot."

She eyed the pullups, which did nothing for my erection. After too long a moment, with one hand she grabbed the elastic band and pulled it away from my waist. With the other, she gently pushed my stiffy down, trapping it inside the big-boy pullups.

She pursed her lips, "Sorry, baby. You hungry? I've got dinner ready."

After dinner, she gave me another pill. That helped with the pain and I was able to join her in the living room where she put some kids' show on the TV while she picked up my toys. Even as the pain abated, I felt terrible she was cleaning up something she had asked me to take care of before I got hurt.

After a while, I was nodding off and Mom eventually said, "Alright, kiddo, it's bed time."

She followed me into my room where she helped me take off my shirt and shorts. Then she said, "You dry?"

I nodded, "Yeah. I'd rather sleep in my underwear. These aren't very comfortable."

The truth of it was, they really weren't uncomfortable either. It was just humiliating to be in something babies wore. I think Mom saw through it.

She shook her head, "Let's see how you handle tonight. I'm concerned the medicine may cause you to lose control of your bladder in your sleep."

Then she went over to my chest of drawers, "Pajamas?"

I sat on my bed in a huff and shook my head. I stopped wearing t-shirts or pajama tops to bed more than a year before. I've slept in just my underwear since the beginning of the seventh grade.

She returned to my bed and knelt beside me, "I'm sorry about your wrists, Kel. Truly. The next few weeks are going to be tough on the two of us. I know twelve-year-olds don't want to wear diapers and they sure as heck don't want their moms changing those diapers or giving them baths or wiping their butts. And moms don't really want to do those things for their boys, either. But you know what, baby? I love you more than you can ever imagine and if I have to do those things, then I'm going to do them because I love you."

Chapter 2

Karen

The most stressful day of my life was when I found out I was pregnant at fifteen. Thirteen years ago. This was the second most stressful day of my life. My son, Kelly, is my moon and stars. And he gave me the scare of my life. He was racing his bike down the country road in front of our house when he hit a pothole and went flying off his bike. He tried to stop himself from hitting the ground too hard and ended up breaking both of his wrists.

I called his pediatrician, Dr. Peters, who was able to get us in right away. If we lived in a larger city, I'm not sure that would have happened. Thank God for country doctors. Anyway, the doctor x-rayed Kel and discovered that he'd fractured both wrists. My baby would have to wear wrist braces for six weeks.

Dr. Peters was direct and honest about Kel's situation. It was going to be bad. My baby wouldn't be able to do anything for himself for first six weeks of summer. That meant I'd have to spoon-feed him three times a day, help him with going to the bathroom, and even give him baths.

So, what's a girl to do? The first thing was to go by Wally-world and pick up some diapers for my little man. But heaven help me, I'd forgotten how expensive they were. My job as a teacher's aide at the local elementary school doesn't pay much, but between public assistance and a housing voucher, we get by. A month's supply of big boy diapers was going to put a real dent in our summer budget. Across the aisle from the disposable diapers, I saw some old-style cloth diapers, and I remembered I had never thrown out or given away the cloth diapers I'd used when Kelly was a toddler. I decided to pick up a single package of disposables and then see what I had available at the house.

When we got home, Kelly laid down for a bit while I climbed into the attic. I went through three boxes of baby clothes before I found a stack of cloth diapers. There must have been twenty or more thick white square towels that I'd folded up and wrapped around my baby when he was little. I picked one up and eyeballed it. Not really knowing what I was doing, I'd bought

them larger than I'd needed to more than a decade ago and folded them down to his size. I might not have to fold it as many times as I had when he was two or three, but my little boy could still wear them, and that would save a lot of money this summer. Setting the towels aside, I also found baby powder, safety pins and a box of wipes I had never opened.

Even though I knew I would do lots of laundry, I felt better knowing I'd been down this road before and felt as though I could handle it again. After all, it would only be for a few weeks. After hauling all the stuff I'd need out of the attic and into my room, I fixed spaghetti and meat sauce, one of Kelly's favorite meals, before going into his room and waking him up.

Imagine my surprise to find the front of my son's shorts already wet. I hustled him into the bathroom and then undressed him, which had to be humiliating. After all, Kelly was just a couple of months short of his thirteenth birthday and already about three inches taller than me. And I'm the one who has to change his diapers! He was so embarrassed.

He sat down and finished what he'd started in his underwear. I figured the pain medication had to be affecting his bladder control when asleep. If that were the case, the next few weeks would be torture, changing wet diapers every morning or after naps.

I got the shock of my life after wiping the urine from around his groin. His penis sprang to life. I think the last time I have seen Kelly erect was when he was a toddler and I was still potty training him. What a difference a decade makes. Kelly was about halfway between four and five inches when erect. Seeing the long nail of flesh pointing into the air made my stomach flutter and left me feeling confused. Living in a small town, and staying away from the bars, I hadn't been with a man since I got knocked up and pregnant with Kelly. It really had been too long since I saw my last erection.

I looked away and told my son to step into the pull-up. Maybe if I didn't make anything out of this, Kelly wouldn't either. It was embarrassing enough for the both of us. "Come on. Step into it and we'll be finished in a jiffy."

Kelly tried to hide his erection behind his wrists. The pleading look he sent my way left no doubt he still wasn't sold on wearing the pull-ups. But what

choice was there, if he had already peed on himself when he took a nap?

I swear, his erection quivered, hardly hidden behind his wrists. Ignoring the fluttering in my stomach, I repeated, "Come on, Kel. Step into the diaper and let's get you dressed."

Finally, he responded by stepping into the legs. I pulled the pull-ups up his legs and ignored the fleshy pole protruding from his groin. Until the waistband smacked it. "Ouch!"

I felt about two inches high when I realized I'd hurt Kelly's penis. I grumbled, "Oh, shit!"

I didn't know what to do. Panicking, I pulled the elastic band away from his skin and then, as gingerly as possible, pushed Kelly's erection back inside the pull-up; I felt surprised at the warmth and steely softness of his skin. I was awash in self-doubt and shame as I stood and said, "Sorry about that, baby. Let's go eat."

Dinner proved to be a challenge. Spaghetti is the wrong first meal to spoon-feed someone else. I should have picked mashed potatoes. Anything but spaghetti. I twirled the noodles around a fork and had to feed Kelly every bite. I was uncomfortable with Kelly's handicap. But he was embarrassed beyond words. We spent the entire meal with him sporting crimson cheeks even as he took every bite offered. I guess it was one of those things where his needs outweighed his shame.

After dinner, I let him join me in the living room where we watched one of my TV shows. He was almost asleep when I finally roused him to bed. Usually, Kelly would be the last person to crawl onto the couch next to his momma and watch TV. But if the day had been tough for me, how much worse had it been for him? His wrists lay by his side and his head propped against my shoulder. I couldn't help but study my son for the first time in I don't know how long. Kelly was a boy of contrasts. Even though he was only a couple of months shy of turning thirteen, he still loved playing with his GI Joes, even though he had passed me by height-wise earlier in the year. His face had never had much baby fat, always being a bit angular. But it was more so now, not unlike a teenager's.

I nudged him awake at the end of the show, “Time for bed, baby.”

“Alright.” His voice was clear and unbroken. He didn’t sing often, but when he did, he could melt my heart with his soprano voice. I knew the day was coming when that delightful voice would break, and it would fall in pitch. Part of me hoped that time was a long time coming.

I followed Kelly into his bedroom and helped him undress, pulling off a pair of shorts. When he refused anything but the pull-up, it was just another reminder of how close he was to leaving childhood behind. I visited with him for a bit before tucking him into bed. Before leaving for my bedroom, I gave him a kiss on the cheek, “Good night, Kel.”

When I turned off the light, he replied, “Good night, Mom.”

Once in my bedroom, I undressed, replacing the torture device called my bra with a loose fitting tank-top I got from school where I work. I was emotionally exhausted; All I wanted was to crawl into bed and pretend the day hadn’t happened. I guess Kelly wasn’t the only one who had given up on pajamas—at least tonight.

Once under the bed covers, I couldn’t shut my mind off. It was still spinning a mile-a-minute. Even though I thought I’d done well ignoring certain things when I put Kelly in a pull-up, I had only delayed thinking about it. Now, with the light off and the house quiet, my mind wouldn’t turn loose of the smooth tube of flesh poking out from Kelly’s middle. Maybe if I hadn’t wiped the urine from his penis, Kelly wouldn’t have become erect.

But he had, and putting his penis from my memory was proving difficult. Kelly is tall for his age and I guess that makes his penis look small on his growing frame. I barely knew his father when he was Kelly’s age to know how my son compared. And his dad hadn’t been in the picture since making his little contribution, leaving me to raise my son alone. Still, as I closed my eyes and tried to sleep, I recalled a memory from my childhood.

I had been eleven. My older brother and his friends were going to the movies, and I wanted to go too. At first Jules told me there was no way I could go. But I was persistent and wore him down until he threw up his

hands in frustration and said, "Fine, Karen. You can go. But only on one condition. You've gotta show us your pussy."

I'm sure he thought I'd be too embarrassed to do what he wanted, or to tell our parents. And truth be told, I nearly refused. But I had an epiphany. I said, "Fine, but only if you boys show me your dicks."

Growing up with an older brother, I knew the lingo. After all, Jules had a bit of a potty mouth. When I countered my older brother's demand, I wasn't sure what would happen. Would he refuse or tell me to forget it and let me come along anyway? At fourteen, my older brother was the oldest of his little clique of friends. Paul and Thomas were both twelve and followed my brother around like little puppies.

"Fine," Jules said with a smirk, "You go first."

I really wanted to hang out with them, so I dropped my shorts and panties and exposed my hairless slit. My brother shrugged and unfastened his belt and pulled the front of his pants down until his penis popped out. He was soft, perhaps three inches, although it was hard to tell because a thick bush of hair partially hid it. Paul went next. He was staring at my slit when he pulled his shorts down.

I gasped when his penis appeared. It sprang from his underwear, coming to attention, pointing toward the sky. He was somewhere between five and six inches long. Unlike my brother's bush, Paul only had a smattering of pubes, leaving his erection fully exposed. My brother may not have reacted to my slit, but Paul's erection made Jules' penis spring to life. Fully erect, my brother was almost six inches. Last to go was the shortest, Thomas. He was a few inches below five feet tall. When he yanked his pants down, he was just as hard as Paul and Jules. But he was smaller. Not quite five inches long with a few stray strands of hair over his shaft.

My baby was older than two of those three boys from my childhood. I couldn't help but remember how smooth Kelly was when I pulled his wet underwear down. Apart from the near-microscopic baby hairs he'd always had, there had been no other hair around his groin. Not a one.

Kelly had been just as erect as Jules and his friends had been all those years ago. His erection had been smaller than even the youngest of those boys from my childhood. I rolled over in my bed, pushing my sheets aside. As a mother, even though I would never talk about it, I've always hoped Kelly would be well endowed. What mother doesn't want that for her son? But for now, at least, Kelly wasn't.

It was a long time before I fell asleep. My mind kept replaying that moment after I cleaned him when Kelly's penis swelled and became erect.

Chapter 3

Kelly

I awoke to the pain in my wrists; the medication was good, but it didn't last forever and in the dimness of the early morning my wrists dully ached, a constant reminder of how my summer was ruined. Something else penetrated the pain. I was wet.

My fingers touched the plastic-like material of the pull-up, but the pain in my wrists left my fingers numb and I couldn't tell by touch how wet I became. I wanted to take one of those magical little pills that numbed my pain. The problem with it, it made me sleep so soundly, my bladder seemed to fail when I slept under its influence. I vowed, as I moved over to the edge of my bed, not to take the pain pill the next night. Better to deal with the pain than to wet myself at night.

When I scrambled out of bed, I looked back and breathed a sigh of relief. From what I could see in the dim light of early morning, my sheets appeared dry. It was bad enough I had to ask Mom's help to change the pull-up. How much worse my humiliation would have been if she had to change my bedding too.

I wasn't sure when I peed my pull-ups during the night, but thinking about it was enough to trigger something inside me. I had to pee again, and soon. Worse still, I also needed to take a dump. A quick glance out my window showed the sun wasn't quite up. It was still very early. But any thought of lying down died when my intestines gurgled. I really had to go.

I was wearing a diaper; I toyed briefly with the idea of letting Mom sleep and taking care of all my business in the pull-up. But the idea of sitting in my own filth turned my stomach and with another groan from my intestines, my discomfiture overcame my embarrassment and I headed toward Mom's bedroom.

Her door was open. She always slept with her door open. I guess it was so that she could hear me if I called during the night. There was a bit of light filtering through her curtains, letting me see her sleeping form on her bed. The clock on her nightstand showed it was halfway between six and seven

in the morning. No wonder she was still asleep. We were not early risers in the summer.

At some point, Mom had kicked the covers off her bed, and I found myself staring at her sleeping form. I was mesmerized by what I saw. She wore a tank-top with my school's mascot and a pair of peach-colored panties. That was it! I was stunned. Mom dressed modestly around the house and usually expected the same of me. While it was true, she really didn't care what I slept in, the rest of the time she expected me to wear at least a pair of shorts around the house. And until that moment, I had never seen her in less than shorts and a t-shirt.

She looked so peaceful. Without meaning to, I stared at her chest. The thin cotton of her tank-top let me see the outline of her nipples as well as the swelling of her breasts. I don't recall ever seeing her without a bra on before, and I couldn't keep myself from staring. I'd never seen my mom like this. The way my school's mascot bent around her boob was hot. It reminded me of Tonya Reese. She was a girl I sat next to at school. She was in my homeroom through the end of the school year. I liked Tonya. Or more accurately, I liked looking at Tonya, even though some of the other guys gave her a lot of crap about her boobs, because they weren't very big. Still, as I gaped at Mom's chest, even though her boobs weren't that much bigger than Tonya's, they looked sexy to me.

I let my eyes fall on her panties. This was unfamiliar territory for me. I'd never seen Mom so exposed. The particular shade of peach nearly matched her skin, making it almost look like she was naked below the waist. I've seen some pictures at school and I knew women had a thick bush of hair down there. But if Mom did, her panties hid it from view. The last thing I noticed as I stared at her underwear was the indentation at the bottom of her panties. One of my friends in school would have called it her camel toe. I'd seen girly magazines before, so I knew the crease was her slit.

I felt some pressure in my pull-ups. Oh, no! This wasn't good. My dick stirred to life, poking at the wetness of the front of my diaper. It couldn't have happened at a worse time. Not when I had to pee *and* take a dump.

I don't know if I made a noise, but Mom shifted and stretched on her bed as she woke up. I don't think she noticed how long I had stood there, so I tapped the open door, "Hey Mom, you awake?"

"Mmm hmm," she murmured. Then her eyes opened, "You need to go to the bathroom, baby?"

I nodded, even as I tried thinking of something other than my mom's boobs or panties. I was reaching a crisis point; Even though she'd seen me once the previous day with an erection, that wasn't something I wanted a repeat of. But my bladder and bowels would not be denied. "Yeah. Gotta go."

Still waking up, she slid off the bed and followed me into the bathroom. I don't know if she even realized at that moment how little she wore.

When I reached the toilet, I turned toward her as she asked, "Is it wet?"

Feeling my cheeks turn hot from shame, I nodded, "Yeah. And I gotta do number two, too."

Mom's sleepiness seemed to fall away as she grinned, "A number two, too? That's a lot of toos."

After another yawn, she shook her head as though trying to get rid of her sleepiness, "It's like yesterday, baby. I'm going to need to take this off. Is that okay?"

No, it really wasn't. I was still erect. I couldn't get Mom's boobs or panties out of my mind. My body had other ideas. My intestines made a loud noise and even though I clenched my butt-cheeks, I farted. Rather than wait any longer, I nodded silently.

She grabbed the pull-up's waistband at my hips and tugged them down. She didn't say anything when my erection popped free, although when it did, it swung up and slapped my abdomen before pointing upwards. As soon as the pull-ups were at my feet, I sat down and scrunched over my groin, resting my elbows on my knees.

Mom retreated with the wet pull-up as my bowels opened up and my butt made wet farting noises. As she disappeared out the bathroom door, she said, "I'll let you finish that up."

I tried to clear my mind as I kept going to the bathroom. But when Mom had hurried out, my eyes had glanced at her butt. I don't understand why, but the way her panties clung to her backside was better than anything I had seen in one of the sexy magazines my friends and I had stolen glances of in the bathroom at school. When clearing my mind didn't work, I tried thinking about Tonya Reese. That should have been easier. Since discovering how much fun jacking off could be, Tonya had been a favorite fantasy of mine. But every time I tried to imagine Tonya, I saw Mom. That only made my erection all the harder. It seemed like it took forever for me to finish peeing. Mom was back at the door by the time I was done.

I was still hunched over myself when she said, "You finished, Kel?"

I wanted to shake my head. My penis wasn't behaving itself. But my bladder and bowels were empty and I could see she knew it. I don't know why, but my eyes began to water. Sure, my wrists hurt pretty badly right then, but that wasn't why I was tearing up. I didn't want Mom to think I was some kind of perv, getting erect around her all the time. What would she think?

Mom came over, "Hey, Kel, it's okay. We'll get you cleaned up and into a dry diaper, then get you some medicine for the pain."

She flushed the toilet, "Unless you were planning on taking a picture of that, no reason to let it stay."

Despite the horrible discomfiture we felt, I couldn't help smiling at Mom's attempt at humor. At least until she took me by the arm and pulled me to my feet. My erection popped back into view. Her eyes went to it and a look of sympathy filled her face, "Don't worry about that, baby. It's just your body dealing with itself. We're going to get you cleaned up and then put one of the cloth diapers on you."

Hearing the words cloth diaper, I temporarily forgot about my boner and I groaned, "Mom, do I have to wear a diaper? It's so embarrassing."

Mom guided me toward her bedroom, where she had set up a changing station, "I'm afraid so, Kel. Between the way your pain meds are messing

with your bladder and just the entire issue of not having use of your hands, I don't see another option."

In her bedroom, Mom patted the changing pad on the edge of her bed, "Climb on up here, babe and roll onto your back for me."

My butt was still a mess, so I was careful climbing onto the changing pad, and even more careful as I shifted myself around until I was lying on my back. I felt vulnerable, lying helplessly, waiting for Mom to clean me and put a diaper on me. Worse, my penis was still as hard as ever, although now that I was on my back, it lay against my abdomen.

Mom said, "Pull your knees up, Kel. I need to wipe you clean."

I followed her instructions, pulling my knees against my chest. I felt something wet and cool touch my backside as she said, "Heavens, Kel. I'd forgotten how messy spaghetti was on the back end. Give me a moment more."

Mom's fingers, or maybe it was the wet wipes, touched my nut-sack a couple of times as she cleaned my back door. Then she sprinkled some baby powder on my butt and on my front. She took a large rectangular towel and folded it a few times before she slid it under me, "Almost finished, Kel. Just need to fold it over and pin it in place."

It was when she folded it over that my erection got in the way again. Exasperated, Mom said, "Does it ever go down, babe?"

I flushed three shades of red. I wanted to crawl into a hole and die. Mom had just talked about my erection! The horror. I certainly wasn't going to tell her what I did to make it go away. Not on my life. I mumbled, "Eventually."

Mom shook her head, "Boys!"

Then she pinned the cloth diaper on the right side. Next, much to my surprise, she took my erection and pushed it down enough to pin the left side of the diaper closed. It was her turn to mumble, "Sorry, sweetie."

Karen

I woke up that morning to an angel. The dim light from my window seemed to cast a halo over Kelly's head as he stood at my door. As I woke up, I realized he was practically dancing in place as he pointed toward his diaper, which sagged between his legs, a sure sign I recalled from when he was little, of a soggy diaper.

My voice sounded scratchy, "You need to go to the bathroom, baby?"

Kelly nodded, "Yeah, gotta go. And also, number two, too."

The homophones sounded silly in my ears as I finally woke up. "A number two, too? That's an awful lot of toos. Still, I followed Kelly to the bathroom and added, "Sorry to say, sweetie, it's going to be like yesterday. I'm going to have to take your pull-up off."

Instead of a normal response, Kelly farted after his body made a loud intestinal noise.

I couldn't help but smiling at his nervousness. I certainly could understand. I barely remembered changing his diaper as a baby. It had been so long ago. He didn't have any recollection at all and had to find the whole thing completely disconcerting.

Taking his body's response as a yes, I pulled his pull-ups down. Just like the previous day, Kelly's boner popped into view when it cleared the elastic waistband. I kept a serious face when it loudly slapped his smooth pubic area. Once I pulled the soggy diaper off, he sat down as fast as possible before hunching down, trying to hide his embarrassment.

I turned to leave with the wet diaper when I realized I hadn't gotten dressed when Kelly woke me up. I was way off my morning routine, even for a summer morning. Normally, even in the summer, I was up well before my son. And I had plenty of time to get dressed and take care of my morning routine. And as I slipped out of the bathroom, leaving behind the stench of a bowel movement, I felt a bit scandalized in just a tank-top and panties. I could only imagine how Kelly must feel. He had no choice but to let me see him in the most uncomfortable of situations. That's when I

realized, as bare as I felt, what I wore and what I was experiencing paled compared to what Kelly was going through.

I found some plastic bags in the pantry and dropped the diaper into the bag. After tying the bag and tossing it into the garbage, I went back to the bathroom where Kelly hunched over, hiding himself from my eyes.

After getting him into my bedroom and onto the changing pad on my bed, I had Kelly pull his legs up to his chest, exposing his backside to me. It took several wet-wipes to get him cleaned and I could see his pinkish-brown sphincter winking at me. A couple of times, by accident, my hand brushed against his scrotum. That did nothing to stop his erection, which remained hard.

I grabbed a cloth towel and folded it over. It was when I was pinning one corner of the towel to another that I quipped, "Does it ever go down, babe?"

The look on his face told me I had said the wrong thing. Instantly, I regretted it even as he mumbled, "Eventually."

I wanted to hide my shame at making him so embarrassed, I just muttered, "Boys."

Still, my eyes were drawn to it like a compass. It's impossible to not make comparisons. And Kelly was smaller than any of those boys I'd seen when I was eleven. But not *that* much smaller. From base to the tip of his circumcised glans, he was all of four and a half inches and his little scrotum hung under his thin pole. Would I be happier if my son was closer to the fifty-percentile? Sure. What mother wouldn't? Even so, exposed like that, I found myself thinking that he was simply beautiful.

I needed to be done. Seeing my son's penis wasn't good for my mental health. I could not pin the last part of the cloth diaper closed without doing something about Kelly's erection. Quickly and gently, I touched the fleshy tube and pushed it down. Then I pinned the cloth diaper closed, trapping Kelly's erection inside the diaper.

I couldn't shake loose of what Kelly felt like when I took hold of him. He was at once hard as steel and yet soft and smooth. But I had to put those

thoughts aside. I grabbed a pair of rubber pants I'd found in the attic and slid them onto his legs and around the cloth diaper. The rubber pants had been a gift from some ladies at a nearby church when Kelly had been a baby. There had been various sizes in the collection, including a couple of pairs big enough for Kelly even now.

Kelly slid his legs down, letting them drape off the edge of the bed. The shame of his body's betrayal and of being seen naked by his mom had taken a toll on him. Right then, I wished he hadn't broken his wrists, and that this wasn't necessary. I pulled him to a sitting position before I joined him on the edge of the bed. I wrapped my arm around his shoulder and pulled him into a hug, "You're the bravest boy I know, Kel. All this has gotta be difficult, but you did great, baby."

He shuddered and sighed, "I'm trying, Mom. When you saw me, um, lying down just a moment ago, I wanted to crawl into a hole and pull it in with me. Even when I got pants'd in the fifth grade, I wasn't as embarrassed."

Mentioning the pantsing in the fifth grade brought back the tears and shame Kelly had felt when I found out that day nearly three years earlier. If this felt worse, I could hardly imagine what he was going through. And this was only the start of the second day. We still had six weeks with those splint braces. I rubbed his back, "It'll get easier, Kel."

"Really?" his pure soft voice sounded earnest. I could tell he wanted to believe me, even feeling as bad as he did.

"I promise, Kel," I said as I rubbed his bare back. Feeling his soft skin under my fingers reminded me we needed to get dressed. I was about to mention it when I thought about how difficult it would to get him into and out of his shorts or jeans. It was pretty clear, if Kelly needed to go to the bathroom, I was going to be the one taking his diaper off. Maybe more clothes were a bad idea.

I followed up on that idea, "You know, baby, one thing we can do now to make things easier is to do away with your summer dress code. If you don't want to wear anything more than what you've got on now, that'll be fine. You can leave the shorts and shirts for when we need to go out."

Kelly leaned into my hug. He seemed to enjoy the contact as much as I was. "Thanks, Mom. Even though I feel really weird wearing this, shorts over it would feel even weirder. The room fell silent for a bit before he glanced at me with an inscrutable expression. "What about you?"

I wasn't wearing much more than him, sitting in just my panties and a tank-top. That scandalized feeling I had earlier returned. What must my boy be thinking about me wearing so little? I wasn't sure how to answer him. On one hand, it had been years since he'd seen me in as little as I wore now, and I was most comfortable around him in shorts, a t-shirt, and bra. But on the other hand, I *was* relaxing the dress code for Kelly and there wasn't any harm in relaxing it for me too.

I nodded, "Yeah, maybe I'll relax the dress code for me too."

Then I thought about Kelly's earlier erections. Could his reaction be because of me? Uncertain, I added, "Well, as long as you're not uncomfortable about it."

Knowing my son better than anyone else, his silence caught me off guard. Perhaps he was even more worried about his body's reaction than I'd thought. After the uncomfortable silence dragged on longer than it should have, Kelly said, "What? You're going to wear a diaper too?"

That wasn't what I expected. I sucked in a breath in surprise, "What? Me, wear a diaper?"

For the first time since bringing Kelly home from the doctor's office, he giggled, "Oh, that would be so cool, Mom."

But after another long, uncomfortable moment, the shamed look returned, and he tilted his head when he looked up, "Would you? If I asked?"

It was my turn to contribute to the uncomfortable silence. I opened my mouth to offer a resounding no. Hell, I'm twenty-eight years old and way too old for diapers. The only reason for Kelly to wear them was to keep accidents to a minimum. But the look of humiliation and shame in his eyes held my tongue. He had nobody with whom to share this embarrassment. As much as I tried, perhaps even I didn't fully understand his humiliation.

Even though I was the only person who would be there for him, I was also the one person who would see his every humiliation, his every shame.

I felt ashamed about how I nearly slammed his request. It was my turn for tears to pool in my eyes as I softly nodded, "Yeah, baby. If you asked, I suppose I would."

A tear spilled down Kelly's cheek as he tried to lean in even closer. His hands stretched around my waist, "I need another hug, Mom."

The silence that descended now lacked the awkwardness of before, as we sat on the edge of the bed hugging one another. We might have gone on, save that Kelly's stomach rumbled, reminding us we had yet to eat.

I stood, "Come on, Kel. Let's get some breakfast in us."

Chapter 4

Kelly

If things weren't weird enough, getting spoon-fed by Mom was weird all on its own. This evening she fixed some fish-sticks, macaroni and cheese, and spinach. By suppertime, I'd given up completely on trying to use my hands for anything. Even wiggling my fingers hurts like a son-of-a-gun. So, Mom fed me my food a bite at a time at the same time she ate. I guess there's a small part of me that liked her putting the spoon to my lips, but most of me can hardly wait for my wrists to heal enough to feed myself.

After Mom finished cleaning up from dinner, she said, "I could really stand a break about now, Kel. I'm going to find something to watch in my bedroom."

I couldn't manage the remote control so, watching something in the living room by myself was out of the question, and what was I going to do in my own room? My face must have given my predicament away. She added, "Come on, let's see if we can find something we'll both like."

While Mom's TV is slightly smaller than the TV in the living room, her bed is tons more comfortable than the old, worn cushions on our couch. There's hardly anything I'll miss once my wrists are healed, but watching TV in Mom's room is something I'll miss.

This summer was shaping up to be so different from anything else I've ever known. Last year, I was riding my bike all around, hanging out with my friends who lived a couple of miles away and just having fun. Today, Mom and I hung out together. She read to me after breakfast, we watched some of her soaps in the afternoon, and now, after dinner, we were going to watch a movie; me in my diaper and her in just her tank top and panties. At one point, she mentioned about how bad she felt about me having to wear these darned wrist braces and diaper. I think the reason she didn't get dressed was so I wouldn't feel so bad. And in truth, it kind of helped, after I got used to seeing her in panties and tank-top.

After the movie ended and the credits started rolling, Mom turned her TV off, "Okay, Kel, time for the worst part of the day. Bath time!"

I groaned and rolled onto my side, facing away from her. I hadn't been looking forward to a bath at all. Some of it was because I just didn't like baths; let me take a shower over a bath any day. After all, baths are for little kids. I tried not to think about how I really felt like a little kid right then, dressed in nothing but a diaper, not even able to move my hands without them hurting. The other part I didn't want to think about was getting naked for Mom again. Even though she already had to take the diaper off twice now so I could pee, I still wasn't comfortable with it.

Mom rolled off the bed and came around to the side I was on, "Do you need to pee or poop before your bath?"

I thought I could take the kids for a swim, as some of my friends liked to refer to taking a dump, "Yeah, I guess."

"You dry right now?"

"Yeah."

Mom's eyes roamed across me, like an inspector, "Probably easier to take the diaper off here. But it's your call."

Being naked in front of Mom still felt incredibly weird, but if I didn't make a big deal out of it, maybe my body would behave. I bit back a sigh, "Here's fine."

Mom grabbed the changing pad, which she had stored under the bed. I rolled onto it and spread my legs. Not that I wanted to, but having heard Mom tell me to a couple of times already, I was getting familiar with the drill. Mom grabbed the rubber pants and pulled them off, then removed the safety pins holding the cloth corners together. When she pulled the front of the diaper down, in my mind I begged and pleaded for my penis to stay soft. For now, it listened to me.

Mom patted my hip, "Already Kel, to the bathroom."

I practically ran to the bathroom, stark naked while Mom put the changing stuff away. I was about finished with my business on the toilet when she came in and started filling the tub.

Wishing I could take care of my own shit, I mumbled, "I'm done."

Mom pulled some toilet paper from the roll and said, “Why don’t you bend over at the waist, Kel? Maybe I can wipe you here.”

The soft toilet paper inside my butt-crack tickled, and despite my best effort, I giggled. While I doubted this would get me as clean as when she had me on the changing pad, I was about to get in the tub, so I doubted it would matter.

Mom grabbed some more TP, and I giggled again when she wiped me again. I think it was an accident, but her finger brushed the bottom of my nut sack and all my effort to keep myself from getting hard went out the window.

When I stood up, I turned to face away from Mom. She said, “Hold up, Kel. Dr. Peters said we should take the wrist braces off at bath time. Let me take them off for you.”

Reluctantly, I turned and stretched my hand out. I guess this was the third time Mom saw me hard. But it didn’t make it one bit better. As she gently slid the brace from my wrist, I twisted my hips, trying to angle it so she wouldn’t see my erection pointing toward the ceiling. It was all for nothing. After pulling my second brace off, she swatted my butt and said, “Boys.”

My face was beet-red when I stepped into the nearly-hot water. It wasn’t so much that what she said bothered me. No, it was the fact that my body seemed to be at war with me. I sank into a sitting position, facing away from Mom, toward the tub’s inner wall.

Mom picked up the bar of soap, “Let’s get your back first.”

Already facing away from her, I bobbed my head. Mom’s soaped-up hands were soft as she ran them over my back. I hunched over and enjoyed the light tingling running up and down my spine from her slick, soapy touch. Maybe letting Mom bathe me wasn’t the worst thing. If I had realized how nice it felt for her hands to wash my back, I might have asked her to wash my back before now. She seemed really cool about it, I couldn’t help wondering if I’d been missing out.

From my back, her hands shifted to my arms. She was especially gentle when her hands practically glided over my wrists. Then, she picked up my

left arm, and soaped my upper arms and then slid her fingers against my pits, which she tickled. Involuntarily I jerked my hand down as I laughed, "Ahh!"

I should have learned my lesson. When she washed my right arm, she did the same thing. "S-, stop," I squealed, "That tickles!"

Finished with my arms, Mom reached around my chest and pulled me out of hunching over, almost like she was hugging me, "Come on, baby. We've gotta get the front now."

All the touching and tickling almost made me forget about my stiffy, which hadn't gone away. But I tried to ignore the fact that if Mom looked down my front, that she would see it pointing up. She washed my shoulders and then my chest, working her way down my front until her hands found my bellybutton. As a finger played with my bellybutton, my penis twitched just above the waterline. I felt really conflicted. I was totally exposed to her and if she was looking down, she'd see my quivering stiffy. But her hands felt great on me.

I sucked in a breath of air. From my bellybutton, her fingers worked their way lower.

Karen

Honesty, even to yourself, is hard. Given a choice between spoon-feeding Kelly or having to change his diaper, I realized this evening I'd far rather change his diaper than spoon-feed him. Oh, I love him more than words can express, but holding up a spoon to his lips is going to get old pretty quick.

I know I should dread changing his diaper, but I can't deny Kelly is a beautiful boy. And the sight of him naked has affected me in ways I hadn't expected. It seemed like every time I changed him, his penis would spring to attention. Perhaps I'm biased, but there's nothing more beautiful than a circumcised boy's erection. Kelly's glans was gorgeously symmetric, topping nearly four inches of perfectly formed shaft. And I felt terrible for thinking those things. After all, Kelly was my son and were it not for the

accident and the wrist braces, I would have remained completely oblivious to the marvelous changes his body was beginning to undergo.

Despite sorting through where our boundaries should be, I invited him to watch a movie with me in my bedroom after dinner. In the past, that had been my time of solitude when Kelly would watch TV in the living room or play with his toy soldiers in his bedroom. Kelly started the movie lying on the other side of the bed, his arms resting on his stomach. But after an intense scene, his head rested against my shoulder. The closeness left me confused. I suppose it was because I couldn't get the image of his four-and-a-half-inch penis out of my mind.

What kind of mother dwells on her son's body? That thought sent me down a rabbit hole of past conversations with some women I work with at the school. A bunch of thirty- and forty-something-year-old women actually spend more time than most of us would care to admit, admiring the bodies of some of the boys in our school. But that was just talk. Right?

I knew I could never admit to those thoughts, but day two of our misadventures had been a day unlike any other I'd ever had with Kelly. It was completely unscripted and impromptu. Thinking back on it, it was around lunch time when I realized I was still in my panties and tank-top, and by that time, I figured it was so late and Kelly didn't seem to mind, I just didn't see any point getting dressed. After that, I felt so liberated just hanging out in my underwear and Kelly certainly didn't seem to mind, especially when he was wearing just a diaper.

Once the movie was over, I leaned over and sniffed Kelly. He had that unmistakable smell of boy. He hadn't showered in a couple of days, and even as uncomfortable as it might make him, I couldn't justify letting him go another day.

Once he was in the bathtub, I had him face away from me as I lathered up a bar of soap and started working on cleaning his back. As my hands felt his soft skin, I realized I hadn't given him a bath since kindergarten. He actually purred as my soapy hand caressed his spine. I think he enjoyed it every bit as much as I. I felt a moment's anger at those people who told me the proper way to raise my son was to ween him off my helping him in the

bathtub as soon as possible. They had cheated me out of years of baths when I could have enjoyed giving him lots more baths. At least we have the next six weeks.

I pulled Kelly back, resting his head on my shoulder, when it was time to wash his front. His shoulders held a wiriness, a hint of more muscles to come. My soapy hands caressed his chest. Part of me knew I needed to be fast and efficient, but I didn't want to. My hands massaged his undeveloped muscles, even tweaking his immature boyish nipples until the tiny nubs grew erect under my touch. Glancing down, it wasn't just Kelly's nipples that were hard. His penis pointed upward from his crotch. My thoughts went back to how incredibly soft his skin felt over the blood-fueled hardness of his penis's muscles.

I pushed the thoughts from my mind as I worked my way slowly down his chest, eventually working a finger into his inward-facing belly button. He giggled at the touch while I relished the tingling in my fingers. I let my fingers go a bit lower, stopping at his lower abdomen. Part of me wanted to go lower, and intellectually, I knew Kelly couldn't go six weeks without washing his penis. But deliberately touching him there—that wasn't something moms usually did.

As the battle of desires waged inside my head, I didn't realize what my fingers were doing until my index finger touched the base of his erection, where his penis met his pubic bone. He was rock hard. We both jumped at the touch. I blurted, "Sorry about that, Kel."

Kelly's breaths came in quick shallow gasps, "Ahhh, it... It's okay. I, um, didn't see that coming."

I knew I should stop there. Nothing good would come of touching him further. I don't know what I was thinking when I said, "You normally clean yourself down there when you shower, right?"

His breathing remained irregular and fast, "Um, yeah."

My mouth and brain were disconnected. "Is it-, is it okay if I clean it for you? At least until you can do it yourself."

Kelly stopped breathing. The only sign he heard me was the twitch in his penis. After a few heartbeats he murmured, "Um, yeah. I guess."

A rapidly shrinking voice of reason warned me against touching him. But I didn't listen. I lathered my hands again and then ran my sudsy hand across Kelly's pubic area, making sure to brush my fingers over his boner. Then I encircled his erection with my fingers. I hadn't touched a guy on his junk since I was with Kelly's dad. It had been way too many years. But I sure hadn't forgotten how to hold a boy's penis in the intervening years.

At some point, Kelly started breathing again and my fist slid up and down his soap-slicked erection. As I washed him in the most intimate of ways, I wondered if he knew about masturbation. At nearly thirteen, I figured he had. Still, that wasn't something I wanted to ask him about. More than that, I was damn sure it wasn't something he wanted to mention to me.

After a few tugs, I let go. I had wanted to wash him down there. Not make my twelve-year-old orgasm. I said, "Sorry, baby. I guess that was kind of uncomfortable."

Kelly let out a nervous chuckle, "Yeah. I guess. I still remember the stuff about good and bad touches. I said it was okay. That makes it a good touch. Right?"

There was a tremor in my voice, "Yeah, Kel."

As much as I wanted to touch him again, I had to retrain myself. I added, "Please tell me if this becomes too uncomfortable."

Kelly turned his head until his lips were a couple of inches from my cheek, "You're only touching me because you love me, Mom. My, um, my privates won't clean themselves."

As if punctuating it, his penis twitched again. I did my best to hide my sigh as I had him stand while I washed his legs. After which, Kelly was about as clean as I was going to get him tonight. I'd worry about his hair tomorrow. From there, it was just a matter of drying him off, putting his wrist braces on, putting a fresh diaper on him and putting him into his own bed.

He was asleep before long. Then it was my turn to take a bath. I changed out the water and stripped. While I waited for the tub to fill up, I looked in

the mirror. I help up my arms and noticed a bit of stubble. Of course, it had been a week since I'd last shaved. That was one of the nice things about not having much body hair; shaving under my arms and my legs once a week kept me feeling quite smooth.

Once I sank into the bath's hot water, I took more time than usual shaving my usual spots. Even though I knew it was a bad idea to think on it, I couldn't keep from thinking about Kelly's smooth legs and arms. And even though I could barely admit it, even to myself, his pubic area. I especially found that smoothness alluring.

Before long, my fingers pushed through my pubic hair. I'd never had what I considered a big bush. My pubic hair tapered off before reaching my legs. Also, it thinned considerably before it made it even a quarter of the way to my belly button, with my treasure trail disappearing a couple of inches below where my panties normally started. My thoughts returned to Kelly. I had loved the feel of his erection in my hands earlier. Despite the hot water, I grew wet just thinking about his silky-smooth penis. It was enough that I took my razor and carefully shaved all my pubes. I took my sweet time; even shaving the hair from around my labia, managing to not cut myself even once.

Once I finished shaving, I ran my fingers down my slit and I felt a thousand times more sensual and sexier running my fingers down my slit. It felt so much better with no hair getting in the way. I found my clit and rubbed it. I should have thought of someone else. Really, anyone else. But I couldn't get Kelly out of my mind, nor his gorgeous four-and-a-half inches.

By the time I finished my bath, the water had gone cold.

Chapter 5

(day 3)

Kelly

I can always tell when I'm dreaming. The edges around things are blurred and the light around me feels off. That's how I knew I was dreaming when I was jumping on a trampoline. I was naked. I guess that was probably another clue this was a dream. Bouncing next to me was Mom. She was also naked. I was perfectly happy with the arrangement. Of course, all you had to do was look at my stiffy to know just how happy I was. This was, without a doubt, the weirdest dream.

The problem with two people jumping on a trampoline is that someone eventually misjudges a jump. I was the one who misjudged things, my legs flying out from below me. Mom's legs got tangled in mine and we collapsed into each other's arms. Mom's hands were all over me. More importantly, they were all over my stiffy too. I knew it was only a dream, especially when it faded into blackness.

When I woke up, I realized three things. First, the dream had given me one of the biggest hardons I've ever had. Two, it was too damned early to be awake, and three, I had wet myself.

There was no way I wanted to bother mom. Not yet. The dream had left me feeling icky. I knew it was only a dream, nevertheless, yuck. That was my mom I was getting boned up about. Now, though, I just wanted my stiffy to go away. If I didn't have these damned wrist braces on, I knew what I'd do to get rid of it. A few months ago, I discovered the joys of jacking off. I had been over at a friend's house one Friday night over spring break. When he pulled a magazine from under his mattress, I was curious. I'd seen girly magazines at school before, but in the confines of my friend's room, the fear of being caught was a lot less, and he and I thumbed through it, looking at the sexy women.

Both of us got hard pretty quick, and he said, "Kelly, I'll kick your ass if you say anything, but fuck, I gotta jack off."

At the time, I didn't really understand. But I went along, "Yeah, I know."

Before I knew it, he had pulled his shorts and underwear down. He was almost thirteen and had some pubic hair already. His penis was rock hard when he grabbed it and started pulling on it. He glanced at me with a frown, "Come on, dude. I don't wanna be the only one jacking off. Someone might think you're gay if you keep staring at my schlong."

I might have been fascinated by him tugging on his penis, but I didn't think I was gay. So, I stripped down and was soon mimicking him, sliding my fist up and down on my stiffy. The tingling was pretty intense. More than I'd ever felt before when I touched myself down there. I was happy to keep pulling on it, enjoying the intensifying tingling.

My friend was the first to say, "Oh, fuck, I'm about to blow!"

My eyes were riveted on him as his hand practically flew up and down on his dick. Then he moaned, "Gaaa!"

White stuff shot out of his dick, splattering his t-shirt, and ran down his fingers. Before I could fully consider what had just happened, my stiffy really began tingling even more, and I felt like I was about to pee. "Um, dude, I think I gotta pee!"

He giggled, "Fuck, no. Keep jacking off, man. You'll see!"

I kept at it and a moment later, the most incredible explosive feeling shot through my body. A clear strand of watery looking stuff shot out of my stiffy, going straight up in the air almost as high as my head before it splattered on my fist. My erection kept on spasming, like more of that clear stuff wanted to come out, but all I could make that first time was a single drop.

Now, a few months later, my broken wrists stymied me from my favorite activity and it sucked. Unlike my friend, whose cum was thick and whitish, mine was still clear and watery. But I figured that would change once I get hair down there. Of course, I was starting to worry about when that might happen, after all, I was only a couple of months short of being thirteen.

While the diaper didn't feel as wet as before, I was still really uncomfortable; the wetness was colder than my skin. It frustrated me that my erection hadn't gone down, but my discomfiture outweighed my

embarrassment and I rolled out of bed and padded down the hallway between my room and Mom's. Just like yesterday, she was asleep on her bed. She had kicked off her covers during the night, revealing a pair of dark blue panties. Instead of a tank-top, she wore a black sports bra.

I don't know if I made a noise coming into her room, but Mom smiled when she saw me. Her voice was cheerful, "Hey kiddo, how'd you sleep?"

I shrugged, "Okay. Um, I'm wet again."

What I was thinking was how much I wished my erection would go away.

Mom stretched and rolled off her bed, grabbing the changing material from below. She spread the changing pad on the side she hadn't slept on, "Come on, baby. Let's get you up here and get you changed."

She pulled the rubber pants off. There was no way she could miss my erection poking against the cloth diaper. I bit back a groan when she rested her hand on the front of the diaper. "Are you sure? You don't feel wet."

As if touching me there would make my erection go away! Unbidden, the image from my dream returned and in my mind's eye we were both bouncing on the trampoline. My stiffy twitched where her hand rested. But that didn't make me feel any less wet. I mumbled, "Yeah. Pretty sure I peed on myself."

Mom unfastened the pins and pulled the front of the diaper away. My penis, as hard as ever, slapped my abs. I glanced toward her, certain she would stare at my stiffy.

Instead, she stared at the inside of my cloth diaper, "Well, that's not what I expected."

"What?"

Mom wore a weird expression on her face, "Um, Kelly, have you ever had fluid other than pee come out of your penis before?"

The look on my face had to mirror that of a little kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar. What did Mom know about jacking off? I knew some boys had gotten "The Talk" from their dads. But mom had never mentioned any of that sex-ed stuff to me. Too embarrassing, I'd imagine.

I shrugged, mumbling incomprehensibly.

Mom's lips curled upward. She pulled my diaper off and held the inside up so I could see it, "Do you see the wetness in the middle?"

I'd have to be blind to miss it. I nodded.

Mom sat down beside me and rested her hand on my shoulder, "Baby, you had a wet dream. I think this wetness is your, um, semen."

I stammered, "S-, semen?"

I knew what semen was. I just didn't think that's what had come out of my penis overnight.

Mom pursed her lips, "Maybe we should do the whole birds and the bees talk, Kel."

I grimaced, "Really? I know about *The Talk*."

Mom squeezed my shoulder, "Okay. Well, then tell me about how the birds and the bees connect."

I rolled my eyes. There I was sitting naked on the changing pad, my erection flat against my stomach, and Mom wanted me to tell her how babies are made?!?

I squeaked, "Really? Now?"

Mom glanced down my body. I thought maybe she would have some mercy on me. Instead, she said, "Sure. Now's as good a time as any."

I pulled my legs up, giving me the illusion of masking my penis. I don't know why I did it. She could still clearly see me. I cleared my throat, "Um, well, a man puts his thing into--"

Mom laughed, "His thing? Come on, Kel. Are my tax dollars going to waste? I thought you've taken a health class."

I flushed, my face was warm, "Ah, yeah, his penis. He put his penis into a woman's vagina and then he puts his semen into her and she might get pregnant."

Mom shook her head, chuckling, "I guess that's the basics, Kel. Well, your body's starting to make semen and that means that you're growing up."

My voice didn't so much as crack, "I am?"

Mom leaned into me, hugging me, "Yep. My little boy's becoming a man."

"Mom!" I protested, pulling away. After all, I was naked. As much as I wanted to be like a man, my little stiffy looked like a little boy's. Didn't puberty mean having a big package and hair on your balls and above your penis? That wasn't me. I was sitting on a changing pad, waiting for my mom to change my diaper, and I didn't have even a single hair below my head. I didn't feel like a man. Not at all.

Karen

I pulled Kelly up from lying on the pad and gave him a big hug, "My little boy's becoming a man!"

"Mom!" he squealed. Oh, well, his voice would eventually catch up to the rest of his body.

Kelly looked down at himself with a critical eye. As close to thirteen as he was, surely he wondered when his pubic hair would come in. If I hadn't been a bit of a late bloomer myself as a tween, I might have wondered the same thing. To me, his penis was perfectly normal.

As though reading my mind, he said, "Um, when do you think I'll get, uh, you know, hair?"

My boobs hadn't started growing until I was twelve. Being as flat as a pancake in the seventh grade can be just as hard on a girl as being short or undersized for a boy. The hair between my legs didn't start growing until just before I turned thirteen. And girls usually develop earlier than boys.

Still wrapping my arm around Kelly's shoulder, I said, "It'll happen when it happens, baby. I think you look fine just the way you are."

Kelly's face flared scarlet as he saw me looking at his penis. His arms crisscrossed his lap, pushing his erection down, masking it mostly from

view. I felt conflicted. He'll have to wear the wrist braces for six weeks. That's forty-two days. We're only three days in. Between baths, diaper changes, and those times when he could get to the bathroom before needing to be changed, I'd be seeing his penis at least a hundred more times. If Kelly had broken his wrists at ten or even eleven, his shame wouldn't have been as severe. It had to happen when he was most self-conscious of his body.

As he hunched over with his arms crisscrossed over his groin, I was of several minds. Kelly's my son. I love him. I hated he was in this predicament. I've always respected his privacy. But those boundaries were in complete disarray. His temporary handicap left no real choice. I needed to care for him and that care involved bathing and changing him. That required seeing his nakedness.

What I struggled with the most is finding his penis perfect and beautiful. I hadn't expected to fall in love with Kelly's body. After all, he's my son. Listening to some women at work, most of whom are teachers, I'd heard enough to know feeling this kind of attraction wasn't entirely uncommon.

I didn't know what to do, but listening to my heart, I took one of his arms and pulled it away, "It's okay, baby. You've got nothing to be ashamed or embarrassed about."

Kelly didn't resist and a moment later, both his hands were at his side, letting me see his perfect four-and-a-half inches.

Kelly leaned his head against my shoulder, "Why do you think I had this accident?"

Where my arm draped across his shoulder, I rubbed his upper arm affectionately, "When was the last time you, ah, played with your penis?"

His head popped up from my shoulder, "Mom!"

His cheeks were even more crimson now than before. I patted his arm, "You asked, Kel. I think the reason you had a wet dream was because you haven't played with your penis since the accident. Am I right?"

His head returned to my shoulder. I could barely hear his response, "Yeah."

I felt a tingle between my legs at his admission. My little boy has been masturbating. Just thinking about him holding his erection in his hand sent butterflies fluttering in my stomach. My throat was dry, "It's pretty normal. As you mature, your body starts making semen. Most boys don't have wet dreams because they, ah, masturbate and release the pressure that way. But if you don't masturbate, then your penis will ejaculate in your sleep, um, and it's called a wet dream."

Kelly nodded, "Oh, I see. The, um, wet dream, is it really a dream?"

I shrugged, "I dunno. Boys are a bit different from girls when it comes to this stuff. Why? Did you have a dream?"

I could almost feel the heat coming from his face when he nodded. I wondered what kind of girl filled Kelly's dreams. "Was it a girl at school?"

Still blushing, he shook his head.

I nodded toward the TV, "A girl the show you like watching?"

A better mother would have left it alone. Kelly deserved the privacy of his little fantasies, "Did you dream about a fantasy girl? One you made up?"

Kelly's flush reached his chest as he shook his head again.

I was getting increasingly curious. "Was it someone you know?"

I'd eliminated just about everyone that Kelly knew already. Then I realized. There was one person who he knew whom I hadn't asked him about. My tummy fluttered at the thought. I figured it wasn't uncommon for boys to have those thoughts. I knew I should have stopped, but I couldn't keep my mouth shut.

"Was I in your dream?"

He looked down, staring at an erection that wouldn't go away. The way the red spread to his ears and further down his chest was answer enough. I felt horrible at that moment. Why didn't I stop? What Kind of mom was I? Not knowing what to say, I reached around his torso with my free arm and squeezed him around the chest. I couldn't ignore how I felt drawn even closer to him by this revelation.

I had to say something, even though I was at a loss for words. I pulled him even closer to me, "That's the sweetest thing, Kel."

Then I turned my head and kissed his cheek, squeezing his chest a bit more, before saying, "Do you want to talk about it?"

Kelly

I don't know what I expected when Mom guessed about my dream. But the warm smile, gentle hug and the kiss on my cheek wasn't it. Until that moment, I had felt guilty about it. But it was clear she didn't think I was bad for dreaming about her. But I wasn't sure I really wanted to give her details. After all, in my dream I had felt up her boobs, and that's something I'd never do in real life.

I tried to think of something to stop thinking about Mom's breasts. "Um, do you think I'll keep getting these, um, wet dreams? They're kind of embarrassing, you know, with the diapers and stuff."

Except for her arm around my back and shoulder, Mom let go of me. She glanced again at my stiffy, which seemed determined to remain as hard as ever. I wanted to cover it up, but she could just as easily move my arms away. And given how she'd see me every time she gives me a bath or every time she changed me, hiding it just didn't make much sense, no matter how weird it felt.

She nodded, "It's likely, I suppose. You have the wet dream because you're not, um, playing with yourself right now."

I groaned, "Mom! Do you have to say it that way? It makes it sound weird."

She giggled, "Fine, you're having wet dreams because you're not jacking off, choking the chicken, slaying the one-eyed lizard."

Despite how embarrassed I felt, I laughed. I had no idea Mom knew all the different ways to describe masturbation. "Jeez, okay. I get the picture."

As I stopped chuckling, I asked, "How often do guys have wet dreams?"

Mom gave me a wink, “Well, for those who aren’t out slaying the one-eyed lizard, I guess once or twice a week. Why?”

I sighed, “It’s kind of embarrassing. I thought I had peed myself. Isn’t there a way to make it stop?”

Mom’s hand caressed my upper arm, “Just find a way to slay your one-eyed lizard without using your hands.”

It felt strange to be talking about jacking off with Mom. Certainly not something I could’ve imagined before breaking my wrists. All this talk wasn’t doing anything for my penis. It was as stiff as ever. Worse, I was horny.

“Kinda hard to do when my wrists are in braces.”

Mom tousled my hair, “I know baby. I’m really sorry about your wrists. Tell you what, if you decide you need a bit of help, let me know. Maybe I can help.”

My jaw fell open. Was Mom proposing what it sounded like? I glanced over at her and she was smiling back at me. I croaked, “Really?”

She caressed my back, “Do you want my help?”

I doubted she was serious. After all, it sounded to me like she was offering to jack me off. Surely, I had misunderstood her. My curiosity got the best of me and I said, “Yeah.”

Her left hand reached across our bodies until her fingers touched my smooth pubic area. My stomach fluttered uncontrollably. Mom said, “Ready?”

I didn’t trust my voice. I just nodded. Mom’s hand slid down my smooth skin until my penis jerked at her touch. Her touch was like an electrical charge surging from my stiffy, traveling along my spine. I had no idea a touch could feel as good as hers. Her fingers encircled my erection as my eyes were glued on her hand and my stiffy.

“This okay, Kel?”

When I nodded, Mom pulled on my erection, sending tingles through my body, more intense than those I gave myself. I couldn't tear my eyes away even if I tried. Her stroke was slow. Up and down. I leaned back until my back lay flat on the bed. With each upward stroke of her hand, Mom sent even more tingles surging through my body.

Mom reclined, facing me on her side as her fingers kept working on my erection. She murmured, "Is this good, baby?"

I moaned, "Ahh, jeez, this feels really good."

I closed my eyes. Mom continued sliding her encircling hand along my rigid shaft. Maybe a minute or so after she started, I felt a familiar intensification of my tingling. It had been four days since I had last jacked off, and my wet dream had done nothing to lessen my arousal. I opened my eyes as I crossed the point of no-return. A few more strokes from Mom and the tingling exploded inside me. How it was possible is beyond me, but my stiffy grew even harder and it spasmed harder than it ever had before. A strand of clear cum shot into the air. I have never seen it go as high as it did that time. Before the first bit of cum reached its apex, another equally strong spasm sent another thread of semen into the air. A third squirt of my seed shot into the air by the time the first bit splattered on my chest.

It was like fireworks exploding in my brain at the same time my cum blasted from my stiffy. My eyes fluttered, closing for a moment to bask in the most incredible and intense feeling I've ever had. When I cracked my eyes open again, Mom was staring at my stiffy, eyes wide open, as though shocked.

She broke the silence, "Shit! That's incredible, Kel."

She touched my chest, rubbing her finger in my clear, watery cum. "Your semen shot up at least three feet, baby. I had no idea it would shoot out like that."

The tingly feeling had subsided as a smile played at my lips. I don't know why, but in that moment, nothing felt more natural than Mom making me cum. "Wow. Wow," I managed to gasp. My thoughts slowly came together,

and I added, "Yeah. I've never had it happen like this before. Um, your hand... it felt super good."

Mom grabbed a wet-wipe and cleaned my chest and then my penis, which was finally going soft. "I suspect you won't have a wet dream tonight, Kel."

I giggled at the situation. I had been worried about having another wet dream. Some of my fear was because of wetting my diaper. But a lot of it was because I didn't want to have sexy dreams of Mom that caused the wet dream. And now, Mom was wiping my watery cum from my chest and penis after jacking me off. Somehow or another, she and I had gone way beyond a wet dream. And I couldn't help but laugh.

After a few minutes, Mom had me diapered, complete with the rubber pants covering the cloth. I think this might have been the first time changing my diaper when I didn't have a stiffy. The rest of the morning was awkward. We both traded knowing looks at breakfast. We settled into the living room on opposite sides of the couch afterwards, watching some game shows. Lunch was more of the same, although smiles accompanied those knowing looks too.

After lunch, things seemed to revert to yesterday, I settled against Mom's shoulder as she watched a couple of her soaps, and we acted like nothing had happened between us for the rest of the afternoon, on through dinner and into our movie time in her bedroom.

I was as comfortable as I could be, after taking one of the pain pills at dinner. My head lay on one of Mom's pillows and my wrists lay on my stomach. It felt just like the previous night for me. But during a commercial break, Mom got up from the bed and cleaned some clothes from the floor, even straightening my cloth diapers. She disappeared into the kitchen with a load of laundry. A moment later I heard the washing machine.

When she returned, Mom collapsed on the bed and laughed, "I'm becoming a slob, Kel. Lounging around in my undies all day, watching TV and not getting a damned thing done. I'm not much of a housekeeper."

I glanced over at her. Her chest rose and fell as she caught her breath. I rather enjoyed seeing her in her undies, especially because I was stuck

wearing diapers for a while. Even though she grouched about it, I think she went around in just panties and a sports bra to make me feel better. She was just cool like that. And what's funny, before my accident and my broken wrists, I had never even noticed that my mom was the coolest person I knew. I snuck another peek at her chest, rising and falling. She was actually very pretty. It's no wonder I had a wet dream about her last night.

"You a slob? No way. You're totally awesome. I don't know what I'd do if didn't have the summer off. You're my hands and do everything for me."

She gave me a skeptical look, "Are you sure, baby? I'm letting my routines go. Heck, I'm so far off my game, I don't even want to get dressed."

I shook my head, "No. Really. You're the best. When I broke my wrists and had to wear diapers, I thought my life was over. But you've been so cool about it."

I tried to snap the elastic waistband of my rubber pants, but my wrists and hands wouldn't cooperate, "Can you imagine me having to get into and out of shorts or pants every time I have to go to the bathroom? Or slipping a shirt over these," I said, nodding toward the wrist braces."

A grin slid across Mom's face, "Okay, you're definitely easier to change in just a diaper."

I smirked, "See, I told you."

She scooted over until our shoulders touched as we watched the movie on the TV. The day had been the strangest. I had started it scared about my dream. I thought mom would think it gross having a dream about her. But the way she touched me, giving me the most mind-blowing cum of my nearly thirteen years changed everything. And the rest of the day had been great too. Even the awkwardness of our morning was just us adjusting to the unexpected change.

Wanting to let her know I had enjoyed the day, I shifted my left arm and slid it behind her neck. It was challenging, because the wrist brace partially got in the way. She shifted closer to me, resting her head on my shoulder.

As the movie ended, I felt like I needed to tell Mom how much she meant to me. I said, "Sorry I've ruined the summer. I should have been more

careful on my bike. Then you'd not have been stuck at home taking care of me like I'm a little baby."

Mom stretched her arm across my chest, "Oh, Kel, you couldn't have known you were going to get hurt. Anyway, all isn't lost. I think today showed we could have a fun day even with a broken arm. Right?"

I wasn't sure if Mom was referring to the shows we'd watched throughout the day together or how she had solved my wet dream problem. "Even though you've gotta change my diaper and give me baths?"

Mom flashed a grin, "I don't mind, Kel." Her voice fell to a whisper, "I think I discovered how much fun they can be."

My face grew hot. I was nearly certain she was talking about jacking me off this morning. "Yeah. I guess wearing a diaper hasn't been as bad as I feared. You've made it easier."

Mom's fingers touched the top of the rubber pants and I turned even redder, "Um, you know, wearing just your sleeping clothes during the day. I feel, um, closer to you."

Mom's hand retreated a few inches to my belly, "So it doesn't bother you, me wearing my underwear?"

Bother me? Hell no! Turned me on! Instead of those things, I said, "No. I like it. Makes me feel better about wearing a diaper." It was my turn for my voice to fall to a whisper, as I added, "The only thing that would be cooler is if you wore only a diaper, like me."

Mom craned her neck until her lips kissed my cheek. Just as quietly as me, she said, "I think you just want to see my tits."

My eyes grew round and my jaw fell open. Partly because it was true, but mostly because Mom actually said it.

She took the opportunity to plant a quick peck on my stunned lips, "It's getting late, Kel. It's time to get your bath. Your hair needs washing."

I pulled my arm from around her shoulder, wincing at the pain in my wrist, I grumbled, "Fine."

Mom slid around me and stood on my side of the bed, "Let's get the diaper off first."

I tried to hide my excitement. After this morning, the idea of Mom seeing my stiffy thrilled me. But there was no reason to be that obvious to her, even though I bet she could figure that out by looking at my penis.

After a quick bit of work, Mom pulled my diaper off, freeing my stiffy to point upward. She grinned at me, "Alright, on to the bathroom."

When Mom began filling up the tub, I said, "Couldn't I take a shower? It'll be easier to wash my hair under the showerhead."

Mom glanced at the showerhead and back at me, "I don't know, baby. Seems like it would be a waste of time. The rest of you still needs washing."

I didn't want to take a bath, even though Mom giving it to me was a definite improvement. Then I had an idea. "What if you stand to one side, where it's dry? You can put the shampoo on my hair and even get me soaped up while staying dry."

As Mom considered my suggestion, her eyes drifted over my body. My stiffy twitched at the attention. "Dunno, Kel. Sounds like I might still get wet."

I gave her my best puppy dog eyes, "If you're worried about getting your clothes wet, maybe you could put on a swimsuit, then it wouldn't matter if you got wet. That way, I can take a shower, get clean and not have to take a silly bath."

Mom's eyes ran over my body again as she weighed the choices. "Fine, Kel. If my underwear gets wet, I guess I can change it later. If it means so much to you to take a shower, then a shower it will be."

Karen

Day three started out like no other. Even now, having a bit of time to think about it, I don't know what possessed me to touch Kelly's penis this

morning. But it drew me in like nothing else, and before I knew it, I had masturbated him to an eruption that satisfied him and surprised the hell out of me.

I got the surprise of my life when Kelly ejaculated. With no body hair and a smooth small set of balls, I figured my son was still preadolescent. Although the fact that he had some semen in his diaper should have clued me in. But several respectable, if clear and watery blasts left me no doubt, he was further along than I originally thought.

The rest of the morning, even though we both pretended nothing had happened between us, we traded looks. At first, I felt terribly guilty. After all, I had just molested Kelly. But the sly smile he kept giving me told me he had enjoyed the attention I gave him. By lunchtime, I told myself, Kelly couldn't wait six weeks to take care of his needs. If there was any doubt about that, he wouldn't be battling near constant erections. As his mother, it was my job to help him in any way I could, and it was now clear to me, he needed my help releasing the growing tension in his developing body, if only until his wrists heal enough for him to take care of his needs.

Once I realized I was truly taking care of his needs and not harming him, the rest of the day passed pleasantly. Even feeding him at supper didn't bother me as much as yesterday. After all, Kelly needed me.

Even though I was coming to terms with how much more Kelly needed me beyond just changing his diaper, as I looked around my bedroom while watching a movie with him, I realized I was letting other things slide. In the three days since we had returned from the doctor's office, I had done little housework. During a commercial break, I picked up stuff off the floor, got a load of laundry going and even cleaned stuff out of the sink in the kitchen. I owed it to both me and my son to be more responsible.

By the time I fell back onto my bed, I felt bad about letting things go over the past few days. I ruefully chuckled, "I'm becoming a slob, Kel. Lounging around in my undies all day, watching TV and not getting a damned thing done. I'm not much of a housekeeper."

I felt Kelly's eyes on me as I caught my breath. I didn't want to admit it, but I liked the way I felt in just my underwear. I felt I was equalizing things

between the two of us, with Kelly in just diapers. Eventually he said, “You a slob? No way. You’re totally awesome. I don’t know what I’d do if didn’t have the summer off. You’re my hands and do everything for me.”

We talked a bit and Kelly made me feel I could balance things while still letting thing become relaxed between him and me. Eventually, I moved over next to him, brushing shoulders with him. I wanted him to know I was okay with how things had gone today. Eventually, he responded by stretching his arm around my neck and shoulders. There was something intimate in the way he tried to hold me, even though his wrist brace kept him from holding my shoulder.

I responded by shifting even closer. Our legs touched, and I rested my head against the side of his chest. My stomach fluttered at our closeness and we stayed close until the end of the TV movie. Even Kelly felt the connection. As the credits scrolled on the TV screen, he said, “I’m sorry I’ve ruined the summer. I should have been more careful on my bike.”

I told him I didn’t mind helping him and after making him feel better about things, I gave him a quick peck on the lips. After that, it was time for his bath. I took off his diaper and was rewarded with another glimpse of his erection. But it was bath time, so we went to the bathroom where he begged me to let him take a shower. If we hadn’t grown closer today, I probably would have put my foot down, and insisted he take a bath.

Instead, I pretended to be exasperated, “Fine, Kel. If my underwear gets wet, I guess I can change it later.”

As gently as possible, I removed Kelly’s wrist braces and helped him into the bathtub before flipping the knob that sent the water to the overhead showerhead. The tub was longer and wider than most tubs because the previous owners had installed an extra-long tub and moved the showerhead to the middle. This let Kelly stand under the cascading water. I closed the curtain after climbing into the tub at one end.

Even at my end, the water splattered against my feet and shins. I didn’t see how I could escape without getting soaked. And in truth, the idea of letting Kelly see even more of me sent a shiver down my spine. For now, I watched my son slowly turn around, getting completely wet from head to toe. He

stopped turning when he faced me. His penis was still poking upward, hard as a rock. I loved the view he gave me. When he wiped the water from his eyes, I stopped looking at his erection and said, "Ready for me to wash your hair?"

He nodded, and I stepped closer to him and I felt droplets of water landing on me. I ignored getting wet as I reached up and ran my fingers through his soaked hair. Kelly is about four inches taller than me and I had to stretch to touch the top of his head. Shampooing would be easier if he knelt.

"How about kneeling, baby? I can get your hair easier that way."

Kelly knelt. His eyes were even with the bottom of my bra as I drew even closer. Picking up a bottle of shampoo, I squeezed a generous amount into my hand and massaged it into his hair, lathering it until it was mostly a sudsy white. Then I helped him lean back until his head was under the showerhead. By the time I rinsed his hair clean of soap, I was almost as wet as him.

Kelly said, "You should have worn a swimsuit, Mom. You're all wet."

My black sports bra was wet. The straps felt tighter than usual, and I needed some relief from how they cut into my shoulder. I said, "Yeah. I suppose. Do you mind if I take my top off? It's digging into my skin."

Kelly's eyes were fixed on my breasts as he gulped and nodded, "Um, that's cool."

I peeled my top off. The fluttering in my stomach was all encompassing. Even though I was soaked to the skin, I felt wet where the water couldn't reach. I should have kept my mouth shut. But as my tits came into view, I said, "What do you think, baby?"

Kelly stammered, "Oh, ah, wow!"

A grin spread over my face at the open admiration on Kelly's. Maybe these showers would work out after all. I said, "Your hair's clean, Kel. Now, let's get the rest of your body."

He stood up again, even though his eyes never left my chest. I grabbed a bar of soap and lathered my hands and rested them on his shoulder. Then,

I worked them gradually down, scrubbing his narrow chest. By the time my hands reached his belly, the look in his eyes was all the confirmation I needed to continue working my way down.

The slick smoothness of his pubic area made my fingers tingle as they rubbed soapy suds across the area above his erection. I looked up one more time and saw the delighted expression on Kelly's face before I wrapped my soapy fingers around his shaft.

The way I leaned down was a bit awkward, so I knelt, bringing my eyes even with his smooth stomach. It also made it easier to grab his erection. My fingers slid along his nearly four-inch shaft, repeating what I had done before breakfast. Kelly rewarded me with a wordless moan of pleasure as he tilted his head back.

I must have been doing something right. His penis twitched in my fingers as more noises came from Kelly's mouth. My fingers tugged at his glans as I decided right then, I didn't want him to have to worry about an unexpected wet dream for the rest of the summer. If that meant masturbating him once or twice a day, well, that's just the kind of sacrifice I was willing to make for my boy.

Kelly's moaning changed, and his knees shook. Even though he had grown quiet in his pleasure, I was pretty sure he was close. My fingers sped up and then I felt it. His flared head seemed to expand in my hand as his shaft spasmed. A blast of cum shot across the narrow opening between our bodies and hit me between my breasts. As fast as I dared, I kept jacking him as another thick strand of clear cum hit me again. A couple of more blasts of Kelly's watery seed landed on my stomach before I let go of my newfound toy.

Kelly sank to the bottom of the tub, sitting cross-legged, as his body came down from what had to have been an incredible orgasm.

After washing the soap from my fingers, I scooped up his watery cum running down my chest. I held it to my nose, but aside from a slight but unique scent, there was nothing. I stuck my finger in my mouth and sucked it clean. I was expecting a salty bitterness, but when his semen hit my tongue, it tasted sweet. I searched my chest and stomach and scooped up

what little remained and plopped it into my mouth and enjoyed the sweet taste of my boy.

Kelly's eyes focused on me as he came down from his blissful high. When he found his voice, he said, "That-, that was awesome."

I sat down next to him. My panties were already soaked. It wasn't like I could get any wetter. I thought about taking them off, but letting Kelly see my tits was enough for now. In fact, that's where his eyes were glued as I joined him on the bottom of the tub. I said, "I'm glad you liked it. I sure did."

He blushed, "Cool."

I rested my hands on his knees, "I really liked it a lot, Kel. But, if this gets too weird, say something. Okay?"

Kelly's lips curled upward, "You mean we can do this some more if I want?"

In my head, I replayed what I said to him. I hadn't realized how open-ended I had left it. Maybe it was a Freudian slip. Even if it was a slip, I wanted to explore more of his body. I nodded, "Yeah. As long as you want it."

The look he gave me made my guilt slide away. After all, Kelly didn't have the means to take care of his needs himself until his wrist heals. And he'd already said what I did was helpful. I felt my lips curl into a grin in response to his. He replied, "Cool. Maybe having my wrists broken won't be so bad after all."

We laughed, and the tension I felt over what I'd done to my son faded away. Kelly said, "Can you wash my back?"

Without waiting for a response, he spun around on his butt, turning his back to me. I said, "Sure, baby," as I grabbed the bar of soap and lathered my hands. Kelly is skinny. Always has been, even as a baby. I could feel the sharpness of his shoulder blades as I soaped up his back, the indentions on his spinal cord as I ran my hand along its straight line.

After what I'd already touched, I thought nothing of cupping my hand and squeezing his pale ass-cheeks. Even though I had already washed his chest,

I shifted forward and ran my fingers over his shoulders and chest. To get my hands stretch across more of his torso, I moved my legs so they would run along either side of his body and then moved forward until Kelly's back was just inches away from my chest.

We were both under the showerhead and as soon as I could wash his chest, the water would wash away the suds. When I ran my fingers across Kelly's belly, he leaned back against me and I felt a thrill at his back against my breasts. In a way, my son had been the one to touch my boobs. Feeling his bony back against my chest, I couldn't help but wonder what his hands would feel like. Of course, by the time he would be finished with the wrist braces, he wouldn't need my help anymore.

As my fingers touched Kelly's pubic area, I couldn't shake a mental image of the two of us bathing each other after his wrists healed. In that brief fantasy, we were both touching each other.

My mind bounced back from that thought, as I rationalized my current behavior as necessary for Kelly's well-being while his wrists heal. I pulled my hand back, "I think we've just about gotten you as clean as possible, baby. Ready to get out?"

Kelly laid his head against my shoulder, "Aw, I was just getting comfortable."

I loved him so much at that moment. I wrapped my arms around his chest and hugged him, "I love you, kiddo."

When I let go the hug, Kelly leaned forward, letting me stand up. From there, I helped him to his feet. You really don't realize how little you can do when your hands are out of commission. When he was on his feet, he faced me, "Mom, you're the best. I really liked my shower today."

Seeing my son, my baby boy, standing taller than me felt surreal. Of course, since Christmas, I've watching him surpass me in height, but with me in just my panties and him standing naked before me, I realized even though he may not have the most noticeable sign of puberty, there were other signs he was growing up.

I caressed his cheek, "Me too, Kel. Any time."

Then, overwhelmed by feelings not entirely maternal, I leaned forward and wrapped my arms around Kelly's neck and gave him a hug. Sure, I could feel my breasts against his chest and his penis, quickly growing from soft to hard, against my lower abdomen. But I didn't care as I rested my cheek against his shoulder.

When we parted, Kelly was blushing as he looked between us, no doubt at my breasts or his erection. As tempted as I was to touch him again, I resisted. "It's getting late, Kel. Do you need to use the bathroom before we get your diaper back on?"

A bit later, after Kelly used the bathroom, I had him on the changing pad, his legs pulled up so I could pin the cloth corners together. As I slid the cloth towel under his backside, his penis pointed upward. I couldn't blame him. His eyes were fixed on my chest. I hadn't replaced my wet sports bra yet, and my boobs were still available for his viewing pleasure.

As I pulled the corners of the diaper up, I murmured, "Sorry, baby. I should probably cover myself."

Kelly smiled as his penis twitched. "You're really pretty, Mom. I think your, um, ah, tits are splendid."

It was my turn for my cheeks to turn scarlet. Hearing the word 'tit' in the cherubic soprano tone of my son, as it related to my own breasts, left me feeling weak in my knees. "Thanks, Kel. I think your dick is splendid too."

Turnabout was fair play. We were both about as red in the face as possible as I gently took his penis and pulled it down so I could pin his diaper in place.

Once he was diapered, I left Kelly on the changing pad and went over to retrieve a change of clothing for me. The little voice inside my head told me to take my clothes into the bathroom and change there. There was just something about our situation that made that voice impossible to listen to. Instead, I turned my back to Kelly and pulled my panties down. In my underwear drawer, I had several clean choices from which to pick. I picked up a rather modest pair of white panties. When I wore a dress to work, these were a sensible go-to option. I dropped them when I found a pair of

pink low-cut panties with lacy trim. These were so much sexier than the others.

I could feel Kelly's eyes on my ass as I stepped into the clean underwear and pulled them up. Dry at last, I glanced behind me. Kelly had moved toward the head of the bed, propping himself against one of my pillows. He fixed his eyes on me and his mouth was agape. I gave him a cheeky grin, "What?"

He stammered, "Y-, you were naked!"

I turned around, facing him, letting him ogle my perky a-cups, "Well, I've certainly seen you naked quite a few times over the past few days, Kel. But if it bothers you..."

His eyes, already large, grew bigger, "N-, no. It's cool. I guess I never realized how, um, ah, mm, hot my mom is."

I flushed at the compliment as I grabbed a pink tank-top from the closet and slid it over my chest, hiding at least for the time being, the object of Kelly's attention.

I put the changing supplies back under the bed. I was about to take Kelly back to his room when I noticed how natural he looked on my bed. Apart from Kelly climbing into my bed when he was still little, I hadn't shared my bed with anyone since before he was born. Given his injuries, it would be nice to keep him closer to me at night. At least that's how I rationalized it. I came back around the other side of the bed before asking, "You can sleep in here tonight, baby, if you want."

An already happy boy positively glowed as he said, "Cool."

He shimmied his backside until he slid under the covers. He was quite resourceful without the use of his wrists or hands. I slipped under the covers and pulled them over me before I turned out the light on my nightstand.

Once the room was cloaked in darkness, I moved over beside Kelly and reached my arm around him and hugged him, "Good night, baby."

He surprised me and took my breath away when he leaned in, his lips pressing against mine. It was only for a couple of heartbeats, but the tingles remained even after his deep breathing told me he had fallen asleep.

Chapter 6

(Day 4)

Kelly

The first thing I realized was not being in my own bed when I woke up. When my eyes opened, a bit of light filtered into the room through the curtains. I was lying on Mom's big king-size bed. She was lying on her side facing me. Her eyes were closed, and she was softly snoring.

My heart pounded in my chest when I saw her. Everything from yesterday flooded into my mind and I felt an overwhelming desire to hold her and kiss her again. Through the pounding in my chest, I hoped she would do again what she'd already done twice. One thing I had worried about after Dt. Peters put the wrist braces on was how I would be able to jack off; after all, I had only discovered how much fun it could be a few months ago. Being told I would wear wrist braces for half the summer had left me wondering how in the world I was going to take care of the urge to beat off almost daily.

Mom had offered a solution, and I loved her all the more for it. You couldn't have told me before my wrists broke, she would rescue me from the awkward feeling of wet dreams in my diapers.

That thought about wet dreams made me realize something else. I was wet, and I was pretty sure it wasn't because of a wet dream. Even though it hurt a lot, I slid one hand between the elastic band of my rubber pants and the cloth diaper. My fingers tingled painfully being used at all. But I could feel something wet against my fingers.

I sighed. The pain medication caused me to sleep soundly. Maybe too soundly. During the day, if I have to pee, I know it and Mom can help me get my diaper off so I can pee. But at night, it's another thing. I didn't want to wake her up, but as I lay in bed, my bladder told me it wasn't quite finished. I can't remember the last time I willingly peed on myself, but rather than wake her, I felt my piss turn an already wet cloth diaper even wetter.

With my bladder empty, I realized I made a mistake. If I leaked out of the rubber pants, I would make a mess on Mom's bed. That was the last thing I wanted. If I did that, she'd never let me sleep next to her again, and I didn't want to be banished to my bedroom again.

"Mom," I said, my voice barely above a whisper.

Nothing. She was still asleep.

I spoke louder, "Mom, you awake?"

It took a few more times, but she eventually opened her eyes and yawned. Her eyes grew round when she saw me. Like me, she may not have remembered at first, falling asleep next to each other. Then she smiled, "Good morning, Kel. How'd you sleep?"

I didn't waste any time, "I peed my diaper when I was asleep."

She blinked herself awake and rose from the bed and fetched the changing supplies from below my side of the bed. After turning on the light, she spread the changing pad on the bed and I rolled onto it. As Mom pulled my rubber pants off, I noticed the tank-top she put on last night was cut away at the midriff. When she stood up straight, I could see all her skin from the top of her low-cut pink panties to the bottom hem of her equally pink tank-top, which ended a few inches below her boobs. That was a lot of skin, and before she could remove the safety pins, I felt myself growing hard.

Mom pulled the wet diaper from under me, "I think you'll stop having accidents once you stop taking the pain meds. Goodness, you had to pee."

She grabbed some wet-wipes and wiped my skin, going so far as to have me pull my knees up to my chest so she could wipe my butt, which embarrassingly enough had a bit of piss on it. When she finished, she said, "Before we put a new diaper on, are you finished going to the bathroom."

The way she said it, I realized she was talking about taking a dump. And sure enough, just the mention of it, made my intestines rumble. She waved me toward the bathroom. "Take care of that, then we'll get you cleaned up."

I didn't take long. I did my business and wished I could handle the roll of toilet paper myself. There was an awful lot I was discovering I liked about having Mom take care of me. But this wasn't part of it. With a heavy sigh, I padded back into mom's bedroom, where she wiped me clean.

I reclined back on the changing pad, my erection still pointing toward my chin. Mom leaned over me, "Well, at least you didn't have a wet dream, right?"

I guess I was getting used to the diaper changes, even wetting myself because I could grin up at her and say, "Nope. You really helped me a lot."

"As long as you enjoy it, I'm glad I can help out," Mom said.

I thought she might grab me around my stiffy, but she pinned my diaper closed and then helped me slide the rubber pants over the cloth. It was after breakfast before my hardon finally went away. We spent the rest of the morning watching TV and Mom reading to me from a book on my summer reading list.

After lunch, Mom and I watched TV in the living room. Thankfully, after one of her soap shows, she put the TV on a show that we both enjoyed watching. When that show was over, my bladder made itself known.

"Mom, I gotta go pee. Can you help?"

I was dry, so Mom just took my diaper off in the living room and I ran to the bathroom in my birthday suit. While I sat on the toilet, I thought it might be fun to just go naked for a bit, if Mom would allow it. When I came back into the living room, I sat down beside Mom, who was still wearing her panties and tank-top.

She said, "You want a fresh diaper or will this one," she pointed to the diaper she had just taken off me, "work for you?"

I batted my eyes at her, "Can I wear what I've got on for a while?"

Mom chuckled, "Baby, you don't have anything on. Kinda distracting, you think."

"Please!"

Mom rolled her eyes, "Fine. But it's going to be distracting for me to watch TV with such a good-looking naked boy by my side."

My grin widened as she wrapped an arm around my shoulders and I leaned against the side of her chest. It didn't take long for the inevitable to happen. After all, we were sitting side by side, our legs propped up on the coffee table. That meant my legs touched Mom's legs. My hips touched her hips and the side of my chest touched the thin pink fabric of her tank-top. My penis soon rose to attention, which caught Mom's attention. I think she paid my erection a lot more attention than she did the TV show.

When a commercial came on, Mom shifted slightly, turning toward me a bit. I could feel one of her tits through the tank-top as it pushed against the side of my chest. Her free hand rested on my belly, rubbing it gently. Her rubbing motion went from above my abs down to my pubic bone. Every now and then, her hand would touch my erection.

I felt like we were playing a game and her shifting had added to my good feelings. I wasn't sure if she would let me make things even sexier, but I decided to try. "You know, Mom, you'd be more comfortable if you didn't have to wear your shirt."

Mom flashed me a knowing look. I guess it was pretty obvious. But a guy has to try. Right?

She surprised the hell out of me when she pulled her arms away from me and tugged at the hem of her tank-top, pulling it off. I gasped when her perky boobs came into view. I had paid close attention to them last night in the shower, but seeing them as close as they were now was a whole other thing. Her boobs gently swelled below her nipple. The swell wasn't big, her boob didn't sag at all. Now that they were closer to me, I could clearly see her nipples were the size of an eraser tip on the end of a pencil. The darker areola was small too; a little bit larger than a quarter.

Her arm returned around my shoulder and she shifted back to pushing her tit against the side of my chest while her other hand returned to my belly. "This better, baby?"

I couldn't believe my luck. Mom wore only a skimpy pair of panties. All they covered were her most private parts and being nearly thirteen and horny as hell, I wondered how long it would take for me to see what remained hidden. Still, I was still trying to absorb the fact that Mom's boob pushed against my chest. One thing at a time.

Mom's hand eventually dropped lower, and she took my stiffy in her hand. When she pulled up, jacking me off, I dropped my head forward enough that Mom's right boob was only a couple of inches from my face. I leaned forward more and kissed her nipple. She squeezed me as she gasped in surprise. Then she resumed sliding her hand up and down my stiffy. I kept kissing her nipple, feeling it grow hard under my lips and tongue.

She moaned wordlessly as I licked my tongue across the end of her tit. In response, her hand moved faster and the familiar tingling grew. I wouldn't last long, so I redoubled sucking on her boob. Like a dam breaking, my cum came up on me suddenly. My stiffy kicked around in Mom's hand as little clear blasts of cum splattered my chest. She let go of my stiffy and I let her nipple fall from my mouth.

There was a sheen of wetness on the tip of my penis. There was also a sheen of wetness on Mom's tit. I caused both of them. My saliva coated Mom's breast almost as much as my watery semen glistened on my flagging erection.

Just like last night, Mom's fingers scooped up my jizz and put it in her mouth. While it had caught me off guard last night, the truth of it was, I had tasted my cum a few times, so knew what it tasted like. That she wanted it was just an added bonus.

After cumming, I relaxed. Even my penis seemed to have had enough. That didn't change Mom's position. She remained close against me, her boob still pushing against my chest. But as my orgasm faded, we both watched the TV show.

By dinner, we both seemed to enjoy our current dress code. Mom looked really hot in just a pair of panties; she kept blushing whenever I would stare at her tits. And I think she enjoyed looking at me naked, given how often I felt her eyes on me. And after dinner, when I had to go pee, I didn't

need to worry about having my diaper changed. I just rolled off her bed and ran to the bathroom.

The movie we had started after dinner was a dud. After losing interest in it, I rolled onto my side. Mom's eyes cut away from the TV and she grinned. "If that chick on the screen says *far out* one more time, I think I'm going to scream."

The show drew my attention when the actress piped up, "Far out!"

Mom groaned, giving a fake shriek. I moved closer to her and put my index finger over her lips, "Turn it off if you don't want to watch it."

Mom kissed my finger, "What would you rather do, baby?"

Normally in the summer, I didn't have to take a shower every night. Usually every second, maybe every third night kept Mom off my back last summer. But if we got into the shower, I figured Mom would play with me some more. "Can you give me a shower?"

Mom hit the off button on the remote control, "Sure, Kel. I guess you're already ready for it."

I glanced down. Yep. Naked as the day I was born. I bounded off the bed, "I gotta pee first."

I had just finished going to the bathroom when Mom came in. She was still in just her pink panties when she turned the faucet on. She was bent over the faucet. Her tits only jiggled a bit, but seeing them move, they were the sexiest thing in the world.

Once the water turned hot, she directed the flow through the overhead showerhead. Then she helped me take my wrist braces off. When she slipped the left wrist brace off, I said, "Thanks. That feels better. Are you going to wear your panties like last night?"

Mom's face colored at my question. "Why? You trying to see all of me naked?"

I blushed as I glanced at the floor. Busted. I shrugged, "Um, well, I thought you didn't like getting your underwear wet."

She slipped her fingers under the lacy hem of her panties and slid them down, exposing her slit to me. I gasped at the sight. I had expected to see a mound of adult pubic hair. Instead, she was smooth and I could see the front end of her slit.

If I hadn't already been hard, I sure would have boned up right then. If I had stared any harder, my eyes would have burned out. Mom's body was lean and slender. She looked just as hot as I had imagined some of the girls in my class looking. She flashed me another grin, "You're right, Kel. Now, this way, we can both get our showers."

I still hadn't found my voice, so I let her help me into the shower. We stood under the hot water, almost toe to toe. Mom looked me in the eyes, "You okay with this?"

It was hard holding my voice steady. "Y-, yeah. You're the best, Mom."

She snaked her arms around my neck and she kissed my lips. This wasn't like the other kisses. After a handful of heartbeats, I realized she was waiting for me to kiss her back. Mom was the only person I had ever kissed before. And until these past few days, my kisses with her had felt nothing like this. I returned her kiss and wrapped my arms around her back. I couldn't grab my arms to hold her. My wrists wouldn't allow that. Instead, I inched forward until my feet were between hers. That made our bodies touch. Her boobs felt soft and warm against my chest, and I could feel Mom's smooth pubic mound against my balls.

When her lips parted from mine, Mom sighed, "I love you, Kel."

I didn't know how to respond. What I felt inside me was bigger than anything else I'd ever felt. I echoed her words, "I love you too, Mom."

As she let go of my neck, she pushed me down to my knees and grabbed the shampoo. As she lathered my hair, I enjoyed alternating between looking up at her boobs, just a few inches away from my eyes or down at her barely visible slit.

As she rinsed the shampoo out of my hair, she said, "Once you can use your wrists, would you mind shampooing my hair?"

Once my wrists heal, there won't be a reason for Mom to still bathe me. I'll be able to manage it on my own. Yet, here she was, asking me if I wanted to wash her hair once my wrists heal. I connected the dots in my head. A thrill of excitement shot through me, "Yeah. Will you still give me showers once I'm healed?"

Mom knelt down beside me and nodded as she lathered her hair. "If you want, baby."

Once she rinsed her hair of soap, I asked, "You know, um, if you want, after my wrists are healed. Ah, you know, um, you can still, ah... maybe help me with, uh, my stuff."

She grinned at me and her fingers gripped my erection, "You mean, this kind of stuff?"

I nodded, enjoying the tingling brought on by her touch.

Mom let go of my stiffy and gently took hold of my right hand. She placed my palm against her left tit. Despite the pain of holding my hand up, I liked the softness under my hand. She added, "How about this? When your wrists are healed, can you take touch me here?"

My hand fell away when she left my palm on her chest. The pain was sharp. But I could already tell, it didn't hurt quite as much as the day after I broke my wrists. Every day my wrists would feel a bit better. Maybe with any luck, I'll be able to feel up her tits before the braces come off.

I said, "Yeah. I think your, ah, tits are the best."

Mom pulled down on me and I sat cross-legged on the bottom of the tub. She joined me, stretching her legs, sliding them along the outside of my legs. She said, "Put your legs on top of mine, Kel."

A moment later, my legs stretched past Mom's hips. Then she inched forward until our knees were past each other's hips. Now, our faces were separated by a hand's span. Mom's boobs were bare inches away from my chest. I gasped in shock as I saw my stiffy poking Mom in her belly button.

Mom's voice shook, "Ah, wow. This is interesting. You okay, Kel?"

I was as horny as I have ever been. Even though Mom's slit was several inches lower than my penis because of the way we sat, I still couldn't believe how close my stiffy was to her slit. My voice warbled, "Y-, yeah."

Mom could have asked me to have sex with her right then and I would have jumped at it, even though I had only the vaguest of ideas about how exactly I was supposed to put my penis into her vagina. I knew thinking about her in that way was wrong. The problem is, I couldn't see why it was wrong. There's nobody I love more than Mom, and she loves me just as much. I knew enough about sex to know it was something to be shared with someone you love, and that was Mom and me to a tee. Still, not knowing how to do any of that, I felt it better to wait until Mom was ready.

I added, "W-, what about you—okay?"

She answered by leaning in and planting another kiss on my lips. Two heartbeats later she said, "Yes, baby. I enjoy being this close to you."

Then she grabbed the soap and started washing me above my collarbone, leisurely working her lathered-up hands down my chest. I leaned my head back, enjoying her sensuous touch. I was beyond ready for her touch when her fingers finally reached my eager stiffy.

She wrapped soap-slick fingers around my shaft, working her hand up and down. When I opened my eyes, she was looking at my face. All the love she had for me was in that gaze. At that moment, I realized I would do anything to keep what we had discovered because of the painful accident. When I can finally take those damned braces off my wrists, I don't want to give up her kisses or her touch. I couldn't think of how to say it yet, but I knew what I wanted, even if the how to get it part was fuzzy.

Those thoughts retreated as the tingling consumed me, chasing everything else from my brain. Mom's hands sped up, as though she had some kind of sixth sense about my needs. Her soapy hands had created a thick, white lather on both our stomachs, as her hand had rubbed against our bodies as she jacked me off. Then I felt it; that electrical jolt started in my balls, traveling through my stiffy, connecting to my spinal cord, where it shot up to my brain instantly. Fireworks exploded in my head and in my stiffy. I spasmed; a shot of cum flew up, hitting Mom's chin. A heartbeat later,

another spasm sent another thin stream of my clear semen splattering against Mom's right tit. The other two dollops of my seed landed on her soapy belly.

In the midst of my cumming, I moaned, "Ahh, I love you so much!"

When my penis deflated, Mom let go of it, "I love you to, Kel. Thank you for sharing that with me."

I was still lightheaded as I grinned, "Anytime. That was incredible."

Mom wiped my cum from her chin and boob, sticking her goo-covered finger into her mouth with an exaggerated "Mmm-mmm, good."

When Mom continued bathing me, she didn't move, she just wrapped her hands around my back and washed my back by touch. I really liked her washing me this way. Her head rested on my shoulder and our bodies touched. I think I had just found my new favorite way for her to wash my back.

When I mentioned that, Mom laughed, "I'll keep that in mind, Kel."

To get the soap washed off, we had to move about half a foot toward my end of the tub. We managed to move together, keeping our bodies touching even as the water washed us clean. Water cascaded from my head, "Can I wash your body once my wrists are healed enough?"

Mom nodded, "Of course you can, Kel."

It was her turn to wash herself, and Mom didn't disappoint. She stayed joined to me at our midsections as she washed her front. It was only when she got below her belly that she scooted back, bringing her slit into view. Her soapy fingers slid down her shaved and smooth pubic mound until her index finger disappeared into the slit.

Mom shuddered and gasped. Outside her slit, Mom's knuckle moved. Then I realized her finger was doing something to her vagina. At school, I had heard about girls masturbating too. I leaned back, so I could get a better view of her finger, jabbed into her slit. Time had no meaning as I stared. Sometimes, Mom's entire body shook, other times, her slit quivered. The

water flowing from the showerhead began to lose its heat when Mom tossed back her head and wordlessly moan as every part of her shook.

When she pulled her finger from her slit, it glistened with a wetness unrelated to the shower, although the water pouring over us soon washed her juices away. When she opened her eyes, her cheeks blushed as she faltered, “S-, sorry, Kel. After taking care of you, I needed to take care of my own needs too.”

The water quickly went from hot, to lukewarm, to cold. Mom turned the water off and helped me to my feet. As she toweled me dry, I said, “That was cool. I’ve heard about girls in my class sometimes doing that, but I’d never understood what they were talking about. Now... wow!”

Mom’s cheeks kept burning, “Ah, well, boys aren’t the only people who need sexual release, Kel. Girls need it to.”

“Yeah. You looked like you really liked it. I wish I could help you feel that good.”

Mom stood from where she had dried my legs, “I’d like that, Kel.”

After she dried herself, she took me back into her bedroom, “How are your wrists feeling? If you need some pain meds, you can take a pill.”

My wrists always hurt after the shower. Probably because of taking off and putting back on the braces. “Maybe one.”

I would rather not have the pill, because it meant I was likely to wet myself while I slept. But the pain would keep me awake.

Mom let me sleep with her again after she diapered me up.

Chapter 7

(Day 5)

Karen

Kelly’s soft snore woke me on the first Friday of our summer vacation. And oh, how different this summer was shaping up to any before it. I rolled onto my side to better see my little angel. Although that description hardly

applied anymore. Even though his thirteenth birthday was still nearly two months away, he was three inches taller than me. By the time he finishes growing, he's going to tower over me. I lost track of his dad more than thirteen years ago and have no idea how tall Brandon eventually grew. When I knew Kelly's dad, he was about the same size as Kelly now.

Of course, Brandon was only thirteen years old when he got me pregnant when I was fifteen. I hadn't told my mom who my son's father was. I had told no one. Even now, the idea of tracking down the man with whom I'd had a brief fling when we were just kids, had no appeal. Kelly was mine, and disrupting his father's life would serve no good. All Brandon and I had together was a means to explore our own sexuality. Just fuck buddies for a season of our childhood. He had seen me go from being flat as a pancake to modestly filling out an a-cup. I had watched him grow from three-and-a-half inches to five inches, from as smooth as a baby's bottom to a few strands of pubic hair.

Brandon and I had never used protection. We started fucking before he could cum. Then, when he had started, it was clear and watery, just like Kelly now. He was closer to fourteen than thirteen when he got me pregnant. And by then, his semen, while still thin and watery, was cloudy.

Now, as I look upon my own son, I couldn't help but wonder, did I have a type? After all, the only man I had ever been with in my twenty-eight years of life was a boy of twelve and thirteen. And here I was again, falling for his son at the same age.

I had never thought of myself like that. Since giving birth to Kelly, my life had simply been too chaotic to pursue another relationship. That had to be right.

I hadn't taken a job as a teacher's aide to be closer to kids. Just one kid in particular, and he was beside me in the bed. I closed my eyes, thinking about that. It must have been my imagination, surely I didn't favor the boys in the classes with which I worked, more than the girls.

I shook my head. No, the two weren't related. They couldn't be. What I felt for Kelly was something unique. Just him. It had to be.

I sighed as I watched Kelly's narrow chest rise and fall with each breath. I wanted to touch him, to caress his body. My eyes went to his innie belly button. His entire belly was flat. Maybe, when he gets older, he'll develop some muscle tone, but for now, his body was slender and willowy. And I wanted to take hold of him and love every square inch of him.

Maybe I was a wicked woman for wanting him, but I couldn't help myself. My love for my son was beyond just maternal instincts. I wanted his happiness the same way a lover wants her mate's happiness. When he had asked me last night about continuing on after the wrist braces came off, I had been so excited. He wanted what I wanted.

And staring at him as light filtered through the curtain, I was helpless to stop myself. The very best I could hope for was to take things slowly, letting Kelly set our pace.

Kelly stretched, his arm reaching over his head. When his hand hit the headboard, he groaned and opened his eyes. He pulled his injured hand toward his chest, cradling it awkwardly, unable to hold it with his other equally injured hand. I felt so sorry for him, I patted him on his stomach, "That had to hurt, kiddo."

Grimacing, he nodded, "Yeah. I can hardly wait for my wrists to heal. This sucks."

I moved over to him, not stopping until our legs touched, "I know, baby. But I'm here for you."

He looked over at me, his expression telling me he was acutely aware of our closeness. His eyes took in the pink tank-top I still wore from yesterday. Below, I wore my recently cleaned peach-colored panties. I liked them because they came closer than any other underwear to matching my skin tone.

He smiled, "Thanks."

My hand lowered, sliding between the elastic waistband of his rubber pants and skin. I touched the cloth diaper and found it wet. "I guess we should change your diaper, kiddo."

He sighed, "Maybe tonight, if my wrists don't hurt too much, I can stop taking the pain pill."

I slid off the bed and pulled out the changing equipment. Once I had him on the changing pad, I said, "Maybe. But the meds are there to help you manage the pain, Kel. The diaper is a small price to pay for a good night's sleep."

By the time I had the diaper off, his penis pointed upward. While I wasn't strong enough to ignore the sight of that beautiful tube of flesh, I said, "How'd you enjoy yesterday without the diaper?"

His eyes lit up, "It was fun. Can I go without it again?"

There was nothing I enjoyed more than seeing Kelly in all his glorious naked beauty. "Yeah, baby. That's fine."

He bounded out of bed, hurrying to the bathroom. Funny, spoon-feeding my naked boy was more fun than feeding a partially clothed boy. Of course, it probably had more to do with his near constant erection.

When we settled onto the couch to watch a game show, he leaned against me and before long, I wrapped my arm around his shoulder, drawing him closer.

We were about halfway through *The Price is Right* when he glanced up at me, "Um, can I ask you something?"

Since we settled onto the couch, Kelly's penis had gone from hard to soft and back to hard several times. I enjoyed the show. Right now, it was hard. I said, "Sure, Kel. Of course."

He pursed together his lips as though in deep thought. Whatever was on his mind seemed to be difficult for him to say.

I squeezed his shoulder in a hug, "Kel, you can ask me anything."

His eyes drifted across my body, "Um, why don't you get undressed too?"

I found I had tensed up as he tried to figure out how to ask his question. Some part of me thought he was going to ask me why I touched him.

Another part worried he would say he never wanted me to touch him again. I hadn't seen this question coming.

I let out a sigh of relief. "Do you really want me to, Kel?"

His face turned scarlet even as he nodded, "Um, I mean, only if you want to. I just think you're really pretty and all."

Relief washed through me. I sat up and pulled my top off, giving Kelly something to ogle. His eyes went straight to my tits as he grinned, "Jeez, you're so pretty."

"Thanks, baby. Is this okay or do you want me to take my panties off?"

Kelly's eyes went to the center of my underwear, "Ah. Do you want to?"

The longing in his eyes competed with the uncertainty they also conveyed. I wasn't sure, but suspected he'd go along with either option. Still, I longed to hear his choice. I said, "Would you like to see me naked, baby?"

A few heartbeats later, he nodded, his words failing him as I felt him shiver. I shifted my hips, pulling them up from the seat, and pulled my panties down. My slit was like a long, thin gash between my legs. My inner labias hid deep inside that slit. My outer labias, the lips hinted at in what Kelly could see, were thin, almost like Kelly's pursed lips from a moment before.

Even my clitoral hood was masked, hidden just under the top of my slit. It felt weird and exhilarating all at the same time. When we had showered last night, I could pretend that time was simply one of necessity, cleaning him up while not getting my underwear soaked. Now, there was no hiding the sexual tension. No man had seen me like this since Brandon thirteen years ago. Yet, this was exactly what I wanted.

I settled back in my seat, returned my arm around Kelly's shoulder and pulled him against my body. Our sides were practically melded together, from his chest resting against the side of my boob, to our ribs touching, our hips touching, our knees, even our feet.

I tried to get back into the game show, but I could feel Kelly's eyes roaming over my body. Of course, my eyes drifted to his erection until I couldn't help myself. My hand took hold of him, eliciting a pleasurable sigh, "Ahh!"

As Kelly sat there, a smile on his face as I masturbated him, I wished his hands could massage my breasts. I wanted nothing more than for him to feel my body, to caress it, to make it his own. After jacking him for a minute or so, I slowed down my stroking until I pulled back. It wasn't that I wanted to deny him the intense pleasure of his orgasm. I just wanted to draw it out. After all, what was the hurry?

He glanced at me. My hand moved up to his stomach, where I let it rest. There was a flash of confusion, "Um, did I do something wrong?"

I rubbed my hand from his chest down to his belly, "No, baby. I just want to take my time. You'll like it even better when you cum if we draw it out."

As though this were a revelation, his eyes grew round, "Really? Cool."

He leaned his head against my right boob and after a few minutes, rested his hand on my thigh. The wrist brace was scratchy, but I would endure it just to feel his fingers on my skin. After a couple of minutes, Kelly said, "Your skin is really smooth, Mom. It's nice. I wish I didn't have this stupid brace on."

That made two of us. He was allowed to take the wrist braces off before getting into the shower. What would be the harm in taking one off for a little while now? My mind latched onto that idea. We'd leave the brace off—just for a while.

As gently as possible, I took Kelly's hand, "I think we can take the brace off for a bit. Just let me know if it hurts."

I removed the velcro straps and slid the torture device from Kelly's wrist before laying it back on my thigh, not even a hand span away from my slit. After a moment, I said, "How does your hand feel, Kel?"

He actually wiggled his fingers, "Not too bad."

I reached down and grabbed his penis and gently and slowly stroked him, "I like your touch. It feels nice on my leg."

Encouraged, Kelly moved his hand, shifting it toward my crotch. I shivered when his finger touched me where my razor blade had removed some hair. I don't know if it was intentional, but as his finger crept closer to my slit, I

spread my legs, causing my outer lips to open just enough to reveal my little clitoral hood.

Kelly gasped and his hand froze. "What?" I asked.

His eyes shifted between my face and my slit, "That's your, um, sexy parts."

His innocence was beautiful. I'm not blind to how boys in school talk dirty about girls or even how many of them happily experiment on one another. But I couldn't help but laugh at his choice of words. "My sexy parts. Is that what you call it when you're talking dirty with your friends at school?"

Kelly blushed, shaking his head.

I felt naughty, "What do you call it?"

Before this, I'd never have tolerated profanity from him. But now, I wanted to hear him talk dirty. Kelly's voice was faint, "Pussy."

I felt a tingle between my legs at hearing the word come from my son's mouth. "Tell me what you want to do, baby."

Blushing even more furiously, he said, "C-, can I touch your pussy?"

When my legs opened wider, this time it was intentional. Kelly's fingers touched my outer lips, which opened, revealing more of my inner labia and fully exposing my clit. I felt a jolt akin to electricity when his finger touched my little nub of my clit. I groaned, "Ah, yeah. Touch me there, Kel. Again!"

Kelly's finger was soon sopping with my juices as he played with my clit. There wasn't any expertise in his touch. I could have done it far more expertly. But none of that would have given me the powerful tingle surging through my body at my son's touch. Sooner than would have happened with my own fingers, my orgasm came on me like a tidal wave. One second, I stood on the beach, the next, it swept me away. My pussy grew even wetter as it quivered under Kelly's light touch. And when the second wave crashed over me, my entire body shook with my orgasm. What I felt last night was nothing compared to now.

When I collapsed against the seat back, I wrapped an arm around Kelly's neck and pulled him against me, as my lips sought his. I pressed my lips against his, and slid my tongue through his open and surprised lips. I didn't,

I couldn't stop kissing him until I felt him wiggle under me. When I broke the kiss, he sucked in a deep breath of air.

When my pulse returned to normal, I gave him a peck on the tip of his nose, "Next time, love, breathe through your nose. Kisses last longer that way."

He giggled as he nodded. "That was just like last night in the shower, wasn't it?"

I shook my head, "No. Your hand on my clit was a thousand times better, Kel."

"Clit?"

We hadn't covered my clitoris in our fevered conversation. And seventh grade boys are pretty ignorant about what hides within the folds of a girl's labia major. I pointed toward the little button partially hidden beneath my clitoral hood. "You see that little button there?"

Kelly leaned in, his free hand reaching forward. "You mean where I was touching you?"

I nodded, "Yep. That's my clit. Well, clitoris, officially. But we call it a clit, for short. For a girl, it serves almost the same purpose as your dick. Speaking of which..."

I reached over and took him in my hand. He was just as hard as before. As I masturbated him, Kelly leaned back, resting his free hand on my thigh again. Little moans slipped from his lip as I gently slid my hand up and down. A few minutes after resuming, I felt him tense under me. My fingers flew up and down his shaft. He moaned, "Ahh!"

Seeing the clear, thin thread of his cum shoot into the air, I couldn't help but wonder if his ejaculations would always be as powerful. By the time his four blasts of watery cum had shot out of his penis, it covered his chest.

I massaged another bead of his essence from his penis and licked my finger. Then I leaned over and licked his nipple, slurping a bit of Kelly's sweet semen. I licked and kissed his chest until I had captured every drop

that had shot from his erection. For his part, Kelly leaned his head back and closed his eyes, an expression of pure bliss on his features.

By the time we realized the time, we were hungry. I was nearly an hour late getting lunch on the table.

Kelly

I swallowed the pain pill at lunch. My wrist, now encased in its brace, hurt from my earlier effort. Ask me if I care. I don't. I had no idea Mom's pussy felt so soft and warm and fun. I was still trying to wrap my mind around the fact Mom was spoon-feeding me Spaghettios, wearing nothing at all.

No matter how I thought about what we have done over the past couple of days, one thing was inescapable. Our lives would never be the same. I could see the looks she gave me. She wanted to touch me as much as I wanted to touch her. How could we possibly go back to the way things were once the wrist braces come off?

I want her to give me every shower between now and forever. And if I never have to jack off again because she takes care of that for me, well, just sign me up! And once my wrists are healed, if she wants, I'll rub her clit anytime she wants. Sitting at the table, eating lunch, it was hard for me to forget the way her body shook when she cummed.

In between bites, I said, "Thanks for making things better, Mom. I thought I ruined my summer when I broke my wrists. But this is a lot of fun."

She grinned, "Yeah. It's been better than I expected too."

I swallowed another bite, "Um, do you think I can go naked for the rest of the summer?"

"Even after the wrist braces come off?"

I nodded, "Sure. It'd be our secret."

She set the spoon down and ran her finger along my cheek, "You really like being naked around the house?"

I nodded, "Yeah. I mean, since you've been bathing me and making me wear a diaper at night and all, I don't mind you seeing me naked anymore."

Mom gave me another bite and said, "I suppose, baby. If you don't mind me staring at your body."

I gave her a sly grin, "You could too, you know."

She laughed as she scraped the bottom of the bowl. "I see what you're angling for. You get me naked for a couple of hours and now you want me naked all the time."

My face was hot from blushing. She had nailed it. But she was laughing, so I knew I hadn't upset her. I grinned back at her, "Well, you are super hot."

After she gave me the last bite, Mom's face grew somber, "You really think I'm beautiful, Kel?"

"Yeah! If I had a girlfriend, I'd want her to be as pretty as you."

Mom tousled my hair before cleaning the table, "If I had a boyfriend, I'd want him to be just like you, Kel."

I followed her back into the living room, "Just older?"

Mom sat down and patted the spot next to her, "Nope, just like you."

As I settled in beside her, my mind seemed to play tricks on me. Was Mom saying she wanted me to be her boyfriend? The idea was crazy. Sure, boys in my class at school enjoyed looking at older girls and women, but for my mom to actually be my girlfriend?

Of course, when she kissed me, it felt nothing like when I was younger. And the way she touched me, even just to give me a bath, was way beyond anything before. And letting me touch her on her pussy, maybe she wanted... No, that's crazy. Why would a hot woman like my mom want a scrawny almost-thirteen-year-old for a boyfriend?

As Mom channel surfed, I caught her glancing at me out of the corner of her eye. She wasn't looking at my penis, which thankfully was still soft after what we'd done earlier. No, I think she was waiting for me to say

something. Even though it was preposterous, maybe she did like me more than just mom and son.

I turned to face her, “Just like me? What about me?”

Mom’s lips curled at the edges and she placed a hand on my shoulder, “Kelly, are you asking me to be your girlfriend?”

I wasn’t sure how much Mom was playing with me. Even if she wasn’t being serious and this was all just a game, I figured it would be fun to play.

I flashed her my best smile, “Yeah. If you want.”

She leaned over and kissed me on my lips. I could taste the Campbell’s soup she had eaten, especially when she slid her tongue into my mouth. As our tongues twisted, I felt a thrill surge through my body and before the kiss ended, I had a stiffy again.

“How’s that for an answer?” she said.

I leaned against her arm until she moved it around me, letting me snuggle against her bare chest, “Cool.”

I didn’t know how long Mom would want to be my girlfriend or if this was only a game to help me cope with being cooped up inside with my hands and wrists messed up, but I went with it. “Um, Karen?”

Mom’s eyebrows arched, “Yes, Kelly?”

Cool. I had never called her by her given name. But I figured if we were going to be boyfriend and girlfriend, I couldn’t call her Mom. That would be super weird. And she hadn’t called me on it, which was even better.

“So, if I’m your boyfriend and you’re my girlfriend, what do we do?”

Mom squeezed my shoulder affectionately, “What do you want it to mean?”

I’d never had a girlfriend before. All I had to go on was what I saw on TV and with some kids at school who had girlfriends. Even though I had never seen Mom go on a date, I assumed she had boyfriends before I came along. “What’d you do when you had a boyfriend?”

Mom's cheeks turned red. Her eyes went to my stiffy. "That was a long time ago, Kel. Why don't we figure it out together?"

I liked the idea of learning how to date. When I nodded, Mom said, "What's one thing that couples do?"

My eyes grew wide, "We're a couple?"

I'd always thought of couples as like husbands and wives. Not boyfriends and girlfriends.

Mom chuckled, "People date, like a boyfriend and girlfriend, are couples. It means that they're taken, not available for someone else to date."

It was like a light turning on inside my head, "Oh. So, we're a couple. Cool. Well, couples hold hands."

She nodded, "True. And once your wrist braces come off, we can hold hands. What's something else?"

I thought about her tongue in my mouth, "They kiss."

Mom grinned, "True. So, do you want to kiss your girlfriend now?"

My stiffy twitched at the suggestion and I turned my head toward Mom and pressed my lips to hers. I wanted to show her I was learning, and I slid my tongue through our lips and felt a thrill run through my body when my tongue found Mom's. Did she feel the same thing when she kissed me?

When we broke the kiss, I was breathing fast. Mom ran a hand along my arm, "That's pretty good for a beginner. Something you should know as my boyfriend; I really love being kissed."

Given that I had really enjoyed that kiss, I leaned in again and repeated the lesson. When our lips parted, she was the one breathing fast as she put a hand on her chest, "Wow, Kel. That was pretty good."

I chuckled, "I have a really good teacher."

Mom gave me a hug, "Thanks, Kel."

We settled into watching one of our afternoon shows. The medication I had taken at lunch made me a little groggy and I dozed off for a bit. I woke

up to Mom nudging my shoulder, “Kelly, sweetie, wake up.”

My eyes fluttered open and Mom leaned over me. “Wha?”

She said, “We need to get you to the bathroom. You started peeing while you slept.”

I looked down and damned if I wasn’t still. A little dribble of pee flowed from my penis, pooling in the space between my legs. Now awake, I tried contracting my muscles, but I kept dribbling. I grabbed my now soft penis and clenched it closed just below my helmet-shaped head, closing off the flow.

I felt humiliated. I hated that fucking medicine and how it affected me in my sleep. I blinked hard as tears threatened to pool in the corners of my eyes. I needed to get up, but if I did, then the puddle trapped between my legs would get on the couch.

Mom stood, “Stay there a sec, Kel. We’ll get this cleaned up, baby.”

She returned a moment later with a hand towel and a wash-towel and knelt in front of me. She used the hand towel to absorb the pee between my legs and then the wash towel to dab at some splatter on my legs. Once I was in the bathroom, I sat and finished. It was all I could do to hold back the tears. I had gone from being Mom’s boyfriend to being the boy who pisses in his sleep.

Mom came back into the bathroom, “You okay, Kel?”

Still working to keep my emotions from running away, I nodded, “Yeah. S-, sorry.”

Mom knelt before me, still naked, “Don’t be, Kel. I should have said something to you when you dozed off. If you think you’re going to nap, we should probably put a diaper on you.”

That did it. A tear, scalding hot on my cheek, spilled over. “Mom!”

She rested a hand on my knee, “It’s okay. This little bladder issue will go away once you’re off the pain meds. Don’t beat yourself up over it.”

I knew she was right, but dammit, we shared an awesome kiss before I fell asleep, and I didn't want Mom thinking I wasn't boyfriend material. After I finished, I took a pass on a diaper. I wouldn't have a choice tonight, but I would do my best to not need it until then.

"I know. It's just I feel so helpless when it happens. Do you really want a boyfriend who can't hold his bladder?"

Mom slid her hand up my thigh until she grazed my flaccid tube. I don't know if she intended to touch me there, but almost instantly I grew hard, even though her hand moved up to my chest and said, "Yeah. The diapers and bladder stuff, that stuff will pass. But you'll still be my boyfriend."

She stood, "I hate that you broke your wrist, Kel. But think about the silver lining, babe."

The silver lining? Then it came to me. None of what we shared would have happened had I not broken my wrists. "I'm glad you're my girlfriend."

Her eyes looked at my penis as Mom said, "Me too. Now, it's about time for me to start on supper. What do you say I find something on TV for you to watch while I cook?"

After dinner, Mom wanted to watch one of her shows and so I read while she watched it. Afterwards, she rolled onto her side and pulled my book down from in front of my face, "Hey, Kel, if you want a shower, I can run it. Although, we haven't really done anything worth getting cleaned up over."

Even though we were already naked, taking another shower with Mom sounded like fun. "Like last night?"

Already on her side, Mom shifted over until she was right next to me, "What was so fun about last night?"

I giggled as I thought about how she touched me. "Um, well, you got me really clean. And, ah, maybe when we shower tonight, we can do some more boyfriend-girlfriend stuff."

Mom put her hand on my chest, "That sounds fun, Kelly."

My heart thundered in my chest, "Great, um, Karen. Can you help me with my braces?"

After Mom took off my braces, we went into the bathroom. While she got the shower going, I actually stood over the toilet and held my penis while I peed. That felt like a genuine victory for the first time in nearly a week.

We had nothing to strip off tonight. Mom took my arm and helped me into the tub. Once under the water, we turned to face each other. Mom asked, "How do your wrists and hands feel?"

I held up my hands and wiggled my fingers; they felt fine. My wrists felt sore and when I touched one or the other, they still felt tender. But they didn't hurt as much as yesterday. "Better."

She stepped closer, her toes touching mine. "Can you put your arms around my waist, baby?"

I carefully put my hands on her waist as Mom snaked her arms around my neck. Then she stepped in, tilted her head slightly and kissed me. As her tongue pushed into my mouth, my hands slid along her hips until my hands touched behind her. My stiffy tingled as it lay pressed between our bodies. Mom's tits pushed against my chest.

When Mom's tongue retreated, I pushed my way into her mouth, enjoying the very new sensations that came from French kissing. I knew I had to be careful of my wrists, but I enjoyed holding her against my body. When the kiss ended, Mom turned me around and said, "Let's clean your back first."

She worked her hands over my shoulders, kneading her soapy fingers into my shoulders and along my spine. She worked her way down my back until she reached my butt. Then I felt something against my back when her arms stretched around my waist. She was hugging me, holding her body tight against my back. My stiffy twitched; mom's boobs mashed against my back! Then, her hands went lower, below my belly until she grabbed my stiffy. Her hands were slick with soap and she jerked me off a few strokes. Then she turned me back around, "If it doesn't hurt to do it, Kel, try washing my back too."

As soon as I grinned and nodded, Mom spun around, giving me her back. Her hair reached just below her shoulders and I pushed it out of the way before lathering my hands and touching the muscles connecting her neck

to her back. Then I washed the back of her shoulders. I grimaced from the twinges of pain in my wrists, but damned if I was going to stop. I worked my way down to her butt. It was clear Mom had wanted to hug me and grab my stiffy; that's why she didn't mess with my butt, I think. But that didn't stop me. My soapy hands kneaded her butt cheeks. Then I moved forward until my front touched her back and I slid my hands around her front. Where Mom had gone low, I went high.

My hands cupped her boobs. That wasn't the best of it. My stiffy touched her backside, just below her tailbone. In fact, it had slid up into the small of her lower back when I hugged her from behind. As I played with her chest, Mom moaned, "That's right, Kel. That feels good, baby."

When I stopped, she turned around and pulled us under the shower where the water sluiced suds from our bodies. Then she took my head in her hands and pulled it downward until my mouth was inches away from her right tit, "If you want, Kel, it's yours."

I closed the distance. My tongue licked at her rubbery, hard nipple. I knew I was doing something right by the mews coming from her. I opened my mouth as wide as possible and took in about half of her fleshy breast tissue and sucked it like a baby. After a bit, I moved over to her left tit and loved on it with my tongue and then tried to take as much of it in my mouth as possible, sucking on it as hard as possible until Mom moaned, "Ah, baby!"

When I pulled my mouth off her, Mom kissed my neck and then kissed my tiny nipples. I thought she was going to kiss her way down my belly, but she stopped and pulled me down to the bottom of the tub, "Lay back, Kel. This'll be more comfortable than standing."

Uncertain what she intended, but trusting her completely, I slid back until my back rested against the back of the tub. The tub was both wider and longer than a standard tub, so Mom had no problem kneeling between my knees. She leaned forward until her lips kissed my belly button. Then she kissed her way down my smooth pubic area until her lips kissed the top of my little head.

The touch of her lips on my stiffy sent a wave of tingles all along my shaft. There was something in Mom's touch that reminded me of her jacking me

off, but also something both foreign and exciting. She knelt on her hands and knees as she slid her lips down past my circumcision ring. I gasped at how fast the tingling increased.

Mom slowly bobbed down until she had taken most of me in her mouth. Then she pulled up until only my little head was trapped behind her lips. Then she sank down, torturing my shaft with her tongue as she went. She found a rhythm and bobbed up and down as the pressure built in my stiffy. I had been wrong earlier. There was one thing better than having her jack me off. And that was her sucking me off.

As the tingling exploded in my balls and they pulled tight against me, I moaned, "Ah, shit!"

Then my stiffy jerked in Mom's mouth as I felt the most powerful spasm yet. Four powerful blasts sent my watery cum into her mouth until I relaxed against the bottom of the tub. "God, that felt great!"

Mom sat on her haunch, licking her lips, "Yeah. What a delightful treat, Kel."

Even while the buzzing in my head faded, Mom pulled me back away from the back of the tub. She sat between my legs, and ran her legs around my hips. It was like last night, only this time, her legs were on top of mine.

From there, she pulled the two of us together, our butts sliding on the tub's bottom. Last night, my stiffy poked Mom in the belly button. Now, with my legs under Mom's, my stiffy actually touched her slit before sliding beneath it. We both gasped when our pubic bones touched. Mom reached around my neck and pulled me close, kissing my lips and giving me a taste of the slight sweetness of my semen when she pushed her tongue into my mouth.

I liked the way my stiffy straining against her slit. At the angle at which we sat, it would not go up her, although I really wanted to know what that felt like, eventually. After the kiss, Mom caressed my back and eventually winded her way around to my chest. I was happy to return the favor, carefully, despite the pain in my wrists, massaging her boobs.

Looking down between us, her slit was barely visible. It's not that I grew tired of playing with her tits, but that indention called to me like a siren's call. Soon, my finger slid between our pubic bones and I felt it slide into Mom's slit where I touched her little clit. She moaned at my touch, even as my wrist protested at the angle of my hand.

I scooted away. My stiffy sliding against her slit gave me a tingling almost as good as when Mom had sucked me. But after everything she had done, I wanted to give her something too. I swiveled around until I was on my belly and then I slid between her legs, letting my hand lead me back to her slit. Her outer lips were swollen and now that our bodies weren't pressed against each other, her inner lips were visible as well as her clit. My fingers found that small button and when I pushed on it, Mom moaned and let her head fall back. Encircling her little clit was fun. My finger grew wet with her juices. Once, when running my finger across her nub of flesh, I slipped and my finger slid between her inner lips.

"Oh, Kel!" Mom groaned, "Put your finger in me!"

I was confused; I was inside her. Then I realized she wanted my finger in her pussy hole. I kept my finger moving toward her backside. Maybe an inch or so later, my finger slipped into something and the look on Mom's face confirmed I had reached my goal. I pushed it in. The first thing I noticed was how wet she was. Then how warm. Her walls gripped me and I felt as though Mom's body was trying to pull me in deeper.

With my finger in her pussy, my face was a hand span away from Mom's slit. Feeling my slick finger, I couldn't help but wonder what she tasted like. Drawn by the idea, I withdrew my finger and sniffed it. It had a faint odor, not in a bad way, just different. I stuck out my tongue and tasted a bit of saltiness. It wasn't like anything else I had tasted before, but I was definitely interested in tasting more of her.

I scooted forward until my face was nearly in Mom's slit and stuck my tongue out. I touched her outer lips first and got a taste of skin, just a hint of salt. Then I touched her little flap that mostly covered her clit. I felt that mildly salt-like taste of her juice. Mom moaned as my tongue lapped at her clit, "Oh, Kel, don't stop, that... ahh!"

The same way I had been using my finger on her clit was just about the same way I licked her. Egged on by Mom's encouragement, my tongue darted across the pulsing clit. The salty taste filled my mouth as she grew wetter where my tongue attacked her pleasure spot.

After a bit, Mom's hands gripped my hair as she began shaking, "Ahh, fuck! I'm cumming!"

More of her salty juice seeped from her pussy and I kept on lapping it up as she kept shaking. I had never seen a girl cum before, and seeing Mom so close, cumming and cumming was a revelation. When she finally stopped shaking, she let go my hair, and I slid back.

That's when I noticed the water coming from the overhead shower had gone cold. I giggled, realizing I had been totally focused on giving Mom the same pleasure she had given me. Mom gave me a kiss after climbing to her feet and turning the water off. "That was incredible, Kel. I can't remember the last time I came that hard."

Even as I got goosebumps on my arms from the cold water, I smiled at her. All I had wanted was to make her feel the same as me. Knowing I had filled me with elation.

Once both of us were dried, Mom put my wrist braces on. I winced at the pain lacing up my arm as she velcroed the first one in place. "You okay, Kel?"

I didn't want to mention the pain. I had hoped to go without taking my pain meds tonight. The thought of peeing in my sleep was a powerful incentive to not taking those pills. But the pain overcame my desire, "My wrists hurt a bit."

Mom wore a concerned look, "Maybe we shouldn't have played as much. Well, at least with your hands. I'm sorry, baby."

I shook my head, "Don't be. I really liked doing the stuff we did."

Mom tousled my wet hair, "I bet, baby. Let's get you some meds and get a diaper on you."

I groaned but followed her into the bedroom.

Chapter 8

(Day 6)

Karen

Something scratched at me and woke me up. When I opened my eyes, the bedroom was still dark. The scratching was on my arm and although it was dark, I could make out a dim shadow. It was Kelly's arm resting on mine. More precisely, his wrist brace scratched my skin where the back side of the velcro rubbed against me.

As gently as I could, I moved his hand onto the bed and rolled onto my side to better see Kelly's sleeping form. As my eyes acclimated to the dark, his features came into focus. His bare chest rose and fell. Part of me knew I should feel guilty. After all, what Kelly and I had was escalating. Bad enough that I had masturbated him. Granted, I had told myself it wasn't practical for him to go forty or more days without taking care of that need. Boys his age get erections and need the release.

But giving him a blow job went way beyond simply giving him sexual release through a hand job. The part of me that knew this was wrong seemed broken, though. I didn't feel shame, even though some part of me knew I should. I wasn't fearful. I imagine some women who touch their sons worry about the secret getting out or worse, the secret turning their sons against them. I've always had a bond with Kelly and a level of trust that connects us. And now, as our relationship had changed, that bond, that connection felt stronger. Somewhere inside me, I knew he wanted this even more than I did, and he trusted me to walk beside him through these new experiences.

Still, I didn't know where things would end up. Would he tire of the sexual part of things? Would he eventually want a girl his own age? Or a boy? I didn't know. But I felt we could navigate those things.

As I gazed on Kelly's sleeping form, I slipped a hand into my panties, and enjoyed the pleasure I found in touching myself. While it may not feel as good as Kelly's touch, it was enough. With my other hand, I pulled my sports bra off, giving my other hand access to my breasts. I squeezed a nipple as I found my clit. It wasn't long until I was wet as last night.

I yanked my fingers from my panties when Kelly mumbled in his sleep. He thrashed about, kicking at the covers. When he settled down, the covers were down at his feet. As his breathing returned to normal, I thought about satisfying my needs. Before I could resume, the expression on Kelly's sleeping face reminded me of when he was a little baby. I'd seen the look more than twelve years before when he pissed his diapers.

Curious, I leaned over and heard a faint hissing noise. After eight or ten seconds, his expression softened and a light snore confirmed he slept. I knew it was the pain meds. The sleep they put Kelly into was so deep, he just lost control of his bladder. It would pass once he didn't need the meds for the pain in his wrists.

What would happen when he didn't need the wrist braces? I didn't want him going back to his own bed. Even though only a few days had passed with him sharing mine, I didn't want to lose that. I enjoyed his closeness and wanted it to continue. I wanted us to keep taking showers together. They'd be so much more fun once his wrists healed. Although I couldn't imagine it being much more fun than when Kelly had eaten me out.

Just thinking about Kelly licking my pussy made me aware of how wet I was. I pushed my panties down and off and let my fingers resume their effort to satisfy the itch I felt between my legs. Working away at my little clit, it wasn't long before I came. Sometimes, when I cum, I feel a release with satisfaction washing over me. This morning, the itch didn't go away. I craved more than what my fingers could provide. Sighing in frustration, I wiped my juice on my bra and tossed it on the floor. I moved closer to Kelly until my knees touched the side of his leg. I closed my eyes and tried to get a bit more sleep.

When I woke up again, there was a bit of light poking through the curtains. Kelly's soft snore barely registered when I realized one of my legs lay over his left leg. The heat of his leg was against my slit and my tits pressed against the side of his chest. His arms were over his head, almost as if they had been placed there to get them out of the way.

Unable to keep myself from his beautiful form, I placed a hand on his chest and his snoring stopped. A few heartbeats later, Kelly murmured, "Mmm,

what time is it?”

I cast a glance behind me at my alarm clock. “A bit before eight.”

He smiled as he realized how close we were. Then his smile grew into a grin when he realized I was naked. I leaned in and kissed him, “How’d you sleep?”

He pressed his lips against mine. When he finally broke the kiss, he said, “Good. But, ah, I think I wet the diaper.”

I rubbed his chest some more, “It’s okay, Kel. It’s just the meds.”

He sighed, “I know, it’s just not very grown up and... I dunno... I want to be grown up for you, um, Karen.”

I loved how he called me Karen. It made it feel more like I was his girlfriend. My hand slid from his chest to the waistband of the rubber pants, “You’re just perfect, Kel. Now, how about we get you out of this wet diaper?”

Knowing what I was about to see, it was more pleasure than work to get the changing pad from below the bed and let Kelly crawl onto the middle of it. Once the rubber pants were off, the wetness of the cloth diaper was plain to see. Kelly flushed in embarrassment. Even after nearly a week, I think it felt more difficult letting me see him in a wet diaper than just naked. I knew the remedy for that as I unfastened the safety pins and unfolded the cloth towel from his midsection.

True to form, my lovely boy’s four and a half inches were flying at full mast. When I used the wet-wipes, I spent a bit more time making sure his penis was clean than normal. Of course, it’s easy wiping a penis when it’s hard as a rock.

Once he was clean, I put the changing pad away and rejoined Kelly in the bed. He fixed his eyes on my bare chest, “Cool. I kinda hoped we could go around naked again.”

“Me too. It’s really liberating not wearing clothes when I’m with you, Kel.”

He flushed. I couldn’t blame him. After all, yesterday, we had spent the afternoon naked in the living room. Now, we were naked in bed. Kelly is

nearly thirteen. From the way he acted yesterday to the look on his face this morning, he wanted more than what we'd done yesterday. So did I.

I snuggled against my son, kissing him on the cheek as he pulled the covers over us. My hand caressed his chest as he rolled onto his side, facing me. This put his face inches away from mine and my lips eagerly pressed into his lips.

Even though his wrists were secured in their black wrist braces, Kelly draped an arm over my waist as he shifted toward me. I wanted to tear those wrist braces off, but after last night, his expression when I put them back on told me I had pushed things as far as I dared, at least as far as the wrist braces were concerned. When I felt something warm and hard against my thigh, there was something else I hadn't pushed far enough. The way Kelly pushed his body against mine told me he felt the same way.

Snaking one of my arms around him, I pulled Kelly against me, pausing only long enough to reach between us and thread his erection between my legs. I shivered as the top of his penis dragged against my outer lips. I wanted to feel him inside me, but reminded myself there wasn't a hurry. We had the entire day to truly become lovers, not just boyfriend and girlfriend or even mother and son.

We lay on our sides, my breast crushed against his chest and his penis between my legs. There must be something primal and evolutionary about sex. Kelly's hips rocked back and forth, pushing and pulling against my legs. My hand on his back went down until I felt the soft globe of his butt, and pushed him, trying to keep him from rocking. At least for the time being. I dearly wanted him to cum. Just not yet.

I felt the soft skin of Kelly's neck against my lips as I kissed him. As tempted as I was to brand him as my lover with a deep red hickey, I resisted the urge. Instinctively I knew he would be embarrassed. The last thing I wanted was to make him embarrassed, especially when I wanted him in me. I worked my way up to his ear. I kissed it and sucked on the bit at the end. Then I decided I didn't want to wait any longer. I hugged him tighter and whispered, "Make love to me, Kelly. I want you to fuck me, baby."

There! I had said it. Kelly sucked in a deep breath of air. "Really?"

I moved a hand between us until I found the base of his erection, just below my slit. I raised myself a couple of inches as I shifted his erection until I felt him against my vagina. My voice shook, "Push in, baby!"

I felt some pressure and then my soaked pussy walls welcomed him. Despite his size, I felt some discomfort when he penetrated me. Of course, I hadn't had sex with anything other than my fingers since Kelly's dad knocked me up over thirteen and a half years ago.

Kelly was a couple of inches inside me. I could feel him shake beside me, as the reality of what we were doing sank in. I used those precious moments to get used to him. A few heartbeats passed before I said, "Oh, baby. You feel incredible in me."

It wasn't especially true. Even though I was wet, those two inches had chafed. But I knew once my body adjusted, I would be in nirvana. "That's good, Kel. Now, pull back but don't pull out."

A moment later, I felt and heard a little pop as his head cleared my hole. "Oops," he muttered as he poked me until he found my pussy again. Then he slid in. His penis was slick with my juices now and he slid in. The discomfort disappeared and when he slipped into me I felt a wave of tingles wash over me. I felt myself edge toward my orgasm. And we had barely started!

Of course, if he made me cum before he was ready, I could keep right on going. Nothing would stop me from feeling him orgasm inside me.

He still popped out when he pulled back. But when he pushed in again, he slid in, going all the way until his small ball-sack slapped against my butt and his pelvis pushed into mine. I trembled at the feelings coursing through me. Even when I had been with Kelly's father, I hadn't felt this much intensity. I pushed my face into his shoulder, going so far to bite him, just enough to leave a mark.

When my teeth clamped on his shoulder, Kelly moaned and began rocking his hips forward and backward. I threw a leg over one of his legs and rolled onto my back while staying harpooned by his four and a half inches. Once on top of me, Kelly's rocking smoothed out and before I realized what was

happening, my eyes dimmed as my body shook. I came harder than I ever had before. "Ahh, fuck!"

Hearing the profanity in my mouth only egged Kelly on. He sped up, keeping my quivering pussy pulsating with orgasm. A handful of heartbeats later, he swore, "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

Then he shoved in harder than before and I felt him spasm inside me. My insides grew even warmer with his spilled watery seed. That was the only moment I worried I might get pregnant. In all my years since becoming pregnant, I hadn't been with any other guy, and I saw no reason to mess with birth control.

Another shock of pleasure washed over me and another body-wracking cum blew any thought of protection away. When he finished, Kelly collapsed on me, every bit as hard as steel.

When he came down from the orgasm, Kelly slid off, resting against me, on his side. "Fuck!"

I kissed him, "Okay, lover boy. How was that?"

With stars in his eyes, Kelly gave me the biggest grin in his life, "That was un-fucking-believable. I thought when you sucked on me last night that it couldn't possibly get any better. But this morning, you proved it gets better. Oh, my God! That was awesome!"

After a bit, I crawled on top of Kelly and soon was impaled on his penis. One thing I had forgotten about boys and their toy, they can stay hard through multiple cums. I was determined to find out if my new reality was as good as my memory.

Bouncing on Kelly's hips, that feeling of something building inside me gradually increased. The look of pure pleasure on his face was enough to know my son enjoyed it as much as me. I was in control, and I enjoyed moving at a pace that brought me immense pleasure even while I inched toward another mind-blowing orgasm.

This time, I stopped as I felt myself nearing that point of no-return. I rested on his lap for that intense pleasurable feeling to fade and then I picked up,

finding that exquisite pleasure as Kelly screwed his eyes shut. He was getting close. I sped up, wanting to feel his eruption matching my own.

Kelly groaned and tensed. My hips burned and my knees ached, but I was resolved to reach that magical place as close as possible to him. He shuddered, and I felt his penis twitch and grew warm again as his cum filled my womb.

Yet I bounced on. Only a few seconds passed until I felt a roar in my ears as I came. My orgasm flowed through my entire body and I kept bouncing through the burning pain in my hips. I kept at it until I felt Kelly shrinking inside me. Worn out, I flopped onto my back, right beside Kelly, spent.

Two orgasms in less than thirty minutes. I hadn't experienced this, even before I became pregnant with my son.

Kelly mumbled something incoherent, and I slid from the bed and went to the bathroom where I sent to the bathroom and felt his seed slide from my insides. For the second time, I worried about the lack of protection. But then again, my son's seed is clear and watery. Still, I might risk it today, but I made a note to get myself back on the pill. My son, boyfriend and lover, I loved unconditionally. But I didn't want to get pregnant from his seed. At least not yet. Maybe when he gets older. Maybe.

Chapter 9

(Day 42)

Kelly

“That’s a fine grip you’ve got, Kelly,” Dr. Peters said as he shook my hand, “I understand a certain young man is turning thirteen today.”

I squeezed his hand and felt the muscles working along my hand and wrists. It felt wonderful to have those damned wrist braces off for good.

“Yes, sir.”

“I’m sure your mom is ready to have you helping around the house more.”

Thinking about how my relationship with my Mom had changed over the past six weeks, I felt my face heat up. If the doctor had only known.

Mom, who stood next to me, dug her elbow into my ribs, “I’ve been taking care of Kelly for so long now, I think it’s his turn to take care of me for a bit.”

She laughed, and I felt the heat get even warmer at the double meaning. Dr. Peters chuckled, “It’s a good thing there’s still some of the summer left to enjoy. Now, Kelly, make sure you don’t overexert yourself the first couple of days. You may feel a bit of discomfiture in your wrists or hands over the next couple of days. That’s normal. Any questions?”

I shook my head. While the activities I thought about required my hands, I seriously doubted my wrists would have a problem with what they needed to do.

When Dr. Peters showed us to the door, I was happy as I’d ever been. After six weeks, my wrists were free from those damned torture devices. I could scarcely contain my joy as I sprinted across the parking lot, flexing both my wrists and hands every which way.

When Mom got to the car, my hair was plastered to my forehead. It was the middle of the summer and a Texas one at that. But I didn’t care about any of that as I opened her door like a perfect gentleman. When I opened it, my voice cracked, “Madam, please be seated.”

My voice was changing. If I sang to myself, which was something I liked to do sometimes, my voice seemed to hold the high notes I'd always been able to hit, but over the past couple of weeks, when talking, my voice would sometimes crack. I found it annoying, but Mom would laugh every time it happened, "My man's growing up."

Once I was in the passenger seat, I turned to Mom after buckling my seatbelt, "What're we doing for my birthday?"

Mom started the car and turned the AC on high as more sweat beaded on our bodies. "Last year we went to that pizza place you like so much with all the video games. We could do that again."

Something stirred in my shorts. Normally, the idea of feeding quarters into an arcade game sounded pretty cool. But now, I just wanted to get home and hang out with Mom. I guess that's one big way things had changed over the past six weeks. I loved being around her as our relationship had changed so much. On the other hand, that pizza joint made a great pizza.

"Can we pick a pizza up from there and go on back home?"

Mom nodded and pulled out of the parking space, "Anything for my man."

Driving over to the pizza joint, she put her hand just above my knee, "I'm so glad you're done with those wrist braces. I can put those diapers back in the attic now and be done with them."

I grinned, "It hasn't been that bad, at least over the past couple of weeks. I don't think you've had to change a diaper since the beginning of July."

Mom dipped her head, "True, Kel. All the same, I'm glad we're done with them."

For the most part, I agreed with her. "I know. But if it hadn't been for having to change me, I wonder if the summer would have turned out as good."

Mom squeezed my leg, "Maybe not, baby. Without that, we might never have realized how much we need each other."

I rested my hand on top of hers, "And not just as my mom."

“Or as my son,” she replied.

When Mom pulled into the pizza joint’s parking lot, I grabbed a twenty from her purse, “I’ll get it ordered.”

There were people in the parking lot, otherwise I would have leaned over and kissed her. Instead, I said, “I love you, Karen.”

As I opened my car door, she called back, “I love you too, Kelly.”

After paying for the pizza, I waited near the cash register. The girl behind the counter looked like she was in high school. I was just as tall as her. Of course, Mom had told me she thought I had grown at least an inch, maybe even two, over the past six weeks. I almost felt sorry for Mom, being as short as she was, not even an inch over five feet. Of course, thinking of Mom made my penis harden. Being taller and stronger than Mom, I wondered what it would feel like taking charge of what we enjoyed.

We came on home after the pizza joint. As soon as Mom parked the car, I ran around to the driver’s side and opened the door for her, again. Part of me just enjoyed being able to do something, *anything*, with my hands and wrists. Most of me just enjoyed doing something for Mom. The smile she gave me made the effort worth it.

When she stepped out of the car, Mom stood on her tiptoes to kiss me. If I hadn’t been holding the pizza box, I would have wrapped my arms around her and given her a proper kiss.

Once inside, she asked me, “Where do you want to eat dinner, my lovely birthday boy? Living room, dining room, Kitchen?”

I swept past her, “Can we eat in the bedroom?”

Once in the bedroom, I set the pizza on the end of the bed. When Mom came into the room, I turned and put my hands on her hips. It felt so good to touch her without the constraints of the wrist braces.

I leaned in and kissed her on the lips. Without the pizza box getting in my way, I wanted a proper kiss. My arms snaked around and pulled her against me as my tongue slid between her lips. I felt her body against mine. It felt different from all those times before when we hugged naked. But not bad.

Still, I wanted to show her I really could be her man. When the kiss ended, I grabbed the hem of her T-shirt and pulled it off. She wore a white bra and soon my fingers found the small hooks holding it in place. The bra joined the shirt on the floor as I drank in Mom's perky tits.

Although I've seen them every day for five weeks, I don't think I'll ever tire of seeing them. The small nipples hard to my touch were a delight to touch as my hand rubbed her chest. Sure, I had touched her tits lots, even plenty of times without the wrist braces. But now, there were no constraints. I didn't have to worry about hurting my wrists and the pain was long gone.

As I played with her tits, Mom's hand unfastened the button on my shorts and forced the zipper down. A moment later, her hands pushed both my shorts and underwear to the floor. It wasn't just my height that had grown. My five-inch erection pointed at her belly as I let go her boobs and unfastened her belt and worked her shorts off.

When we were both naked, I stopped long enough to admire Mom's beauty. She was, in my eyes, absolutely beautiful. Over the previous weeks, my fear had fallen away as we grew comfortable in our new relationship. "You're gorgeous," I breathed.

Mom tilted her head up and kissed me again, "You're biased. But I love you all the more for it."

It was hot outside and our skin was still sticky with our sweat. I took her by the hand and pulled her toward the bathroom. There was something liberating in turning on the water faucet, the muscles in my wrist and hand easily turning the knob until water cascaded into the tub. I adjusted the water's temperature. I wasn't in any hurry and wanted to draw out our shower, so the water temperature was almost cool as I held Mom's hand until she stepped into the tub.

When I joined her under the tepid flow of water, I grabbed the bar of soap and lathered my hands and then gently worked the suds against her tits. Even hard as rubber, her nipples still gave way to my slick fingers. Mom moaned, "Oh, Kel, that's nice."

I let the soap sluice from her before I bent my head and licked at her nipples. I liked the contrast in how her nipples felt under my tongue versus her areolas or even the rest of her small, perky breasts. Her moans made my tongue work even harder, and that led to more moans. Eventually, she grabbed my hands and put them on her stomach and I let a nipple slip from my mouth as I applied more soap to my hands and worked my way down her front.

When I touched her pubic mound, some baby powder dissolved under my fingers. She felt just as smooth as me. She must have slipped into the bathroom after I fell asleep last night and shaved down there. I wasn't one to complain. I loved the way my fingers slid across her smooth-as-silk skin. I ran my fingers into her slit, finding that nub of her clit. I'd come to love the reaction I got from her by playing with that delightful button. It is to her what my stiffy is to me.

I knelt and spread her lips open, giving me a better view of her clit and hood. I slowly dragged my finger along that nub of skin, enjoying Mom's wordless moan. Then, I leaned in and licked that bit of flesh and was rewarded with a full-body shudder as Mom moaned, "Ah, fuck!"

With both my hands on either side of her slit, I lapped at her clit as her tangy juices hit my tastebuds. While my tongue kept licking at her engorged clit, my fingers found her pussy hole and I worked one deep inside. Mom rewarded me with her groin quivering and undulating under my touch. I've seen enough to know what was coming. Or more precisely, who was about to cum.

Mom's entire body shook, making it hard to keep my tongue pressed against her clit, even as the amount of juice flowing through her slit was enough to send my tastebuds into overdrive. After a few body spasms, Mom pushed my head away from her clit, "Ah, Jesus, Kel. I can't catch a breath—that felt so fucking incredible!"

I stood, grinning at the look of pure ecstasy on her face. Even though I loved the feel of Mom's mouth on my stiffy or to feel my stiffy buried to the hilt in her pussy, I also love giving her just as much pleasure as she gives me.

Any pretense at getting clean in the shower was gone. Mom knelt and took hold of my stiffy and stroked me a few times before putting her mouth around my flared dick. Just my head was inside her mouth, but the tingles almost felt like lightning surging through me. I backed up against the back side of the tub and leaned against the tile work. It was that or collapse under the relentlessness of her tongue on my penis. Her hands traced across my legs and my pubic area. Even as her hands caressed my body, a small part of me wondered how long I'd have to wait to grow some hair down there. But as she took more of me in her mouth, even those thoughts fled. All that remained was the fantastic tingling racing up and down my shaft along with Mom's tongue.

As her upper lip touched my pubic area, I moaned, "Ah, God, that feels so good!"

My stiffy hit the back of Mom's throat. She didn't gag. Not anymore. The tightness of her throat sent shivers radiating from my stiffy, down my legs and up my spine. I was in heaven as that tingling turned into a roar in my ears, "Ahh, I'm cumming!"

Mom pushed against me; her lips locked around the base of my stiffy as I spasmed. Jolt after jolt fired from my stiffy. Even though I couldn't see what happened, what with my stiffy buried in Mom's mouth, I could envision it. Five clear blasts of my cum coated the back of her throat. My semen, still clear, wasn't as watery as before. And now, I kept shooting it each time my penis spasmed—five, sometimes six shots of my cum.

When I finally could stand without the back wall holding me up, Mom turned off the water and before I had regained my breath, she was drying us both off before pulling me back to the bedroom. She pushed me on the bed and crawled on top of me.

"You have no idea how much I've wanted to not worry about hurting your hand and wrist when doing this. Now I can!"

I gasped as she slid down on me, impaling herself on my five inches. She shuddered as she bottomed out on me, "Oh, fuck. You're amazing."

All I was doing was lying on the bed, letting her ride my stiffy. Mom leaned forward until our lips touched and set my heart to racing again when she slid her tongue between my lips. The tingling was nearly overwhelming as her tongue fucked my mouth at the same time she pounded down on me. Still, it hadn't been very long at all since my last cum, so even though the tingling was powerful, that sense of fireworks and bliss was still distant.

Mom grabbed my hands and held them over my head. The wet sound of her pelvis slapping against my groin filled the room. In the five weeks or so that we had discovered sex with one another, I had never felt her get so aggressive. And I loved how it felt—my body tingled from the top of my head to the soles of my feet.

Time passed as her pussy juices completely coated my penis. I could feel her orgasm as her vaginal walls clenched my penis and throbbed with waves of pressure. By the time I felt that familiar feeling of incredible release coming, sweat poured down Mom's face, even her tits were slick with perspiration. My growing balls constricted as I felt my cum travel up my penis, which spasmed again and again, shooting deep inside her womb. When I stopped spasming, Mom collapsed on top of me, her face against my shoulder.

She sighed, "When we first made love, Kel, I thought you were just the right size. But you know, as you've gotten bigger, I still feel the same thing. You're just the right size for me."

She giggled, "And when you're pounding me with your seven inches when you're sixteen, it'll still be just the right size for me."

I loved hearing Mom talk like that. I loved being inside her. To hear her talk about the future and know it would include lots of hot sex. It made my day. I wrapped my arms around her back and in an unbroken voice softly sang, "Happy birthday to me..."

Day 43

Karen

I was warm when I woke. As my eyes cracked open, I realized I was on my side and the covers were toward the bottom of the bed. Yet I was warm. Then, as the great sex from last night came back to me, I realized Kelly was spooning me, him the big spoon to my little spoon. You might think I would be ashamed or that I would be afraid. Those thoughts had already died over the past five weeks. Kelly would forever be my son. But by now, he saw himself as my boyfriend and also my lover. That suited me fine. I loved being his girlfriend and lover.

Still, the first day without the wrist braces, this was new. Before, he slept on his back. If he slept on his side, it had always been facing away from me. So, waking up with his chest to my back was a welcome change. Almost as much as feeling something warm and hard between my legs. I reached down and sure enough, his penis was speared between my legs. I could really get used to this.

I placed my hands over his, which were resting a few inches below my breasts. When I moved them so that each of his hands cupped one of my boobs, he stirred. Gently squeezing my boobs, he said, "Wow, that's a pleasant way to wake up, ah, Karen."

I love how he calls me Karen when we're getting our funk on. It's one way he shows that he's my boyfriend and lover. I wiggled my butt and clenched my thighs, "Yeah. You're going to have to hold me more when sleeping. I enjoy waking up like this."

Kelly pushed his hips forward, and I felt his erection push against my inner thigh. I wanted more. I reached between my legs and took hold of him and positioned him against me. "Fuck me, Kel. Make love to your girlfriend this morning."

He shifted his hip forward and slowly sank into my vagina. It wasn't very far, and he backed out only to slide in a bit further. Each time he shifted in and out, I grew wetter and soon he was as deep inside me as he could be. I murmured, "That feels great. I could wake up like this every day."

He shifted just enough so that his penis was just below my slit. It was almost as if I was sitting on his lap, just that we were on our sides. As he slowly slid back, his hands massaged my breasts. They were still sensitive

from last night, but I didn't care. I wanted him. All of him. And if he drove me crazy with his hands, all the better.

Being on our sides, having just woke up, Kelly was almost lazy in the way he pulled back. His penis dragged across my vaginal walls until just before he would pop out, he just as lazily slid himself fully into me. Between the incredible feeling on my breast and the even more powerful feeling growing between my legs, I was going to cum before him. But one advantage I have, I can keep on orgasming as long as Kelly keeps on stimulating me.

I shuddered through my first orgasm. Kelly only clenched my tits more firmly and sped up. As he slid in and out, he moaned, "Ah, God, you're like a glove on my stiffy. Just right!"

I lost track of both the time and the number of orgasms I had before I felt him push as deep as possible as he shuddered. No words passed his lips as he grunted. His penis pulsed, spasming as he shot his cum into me.

My breasts felt so sensuous as he kept kneading his palms against them. Between the intensity of the feeling surging through my breasts and how deeply Kelly had impaled himself in me, a fresh orgasmic wave crashed over me, and my pussy squeezed his shaft tight enough to pull a moan from his lips. Eventually, I had no choice but to take his hands and put them on my stomach just to catch my breath.

He dreamily said, "I love you, Karen."

I replied, "I love you too, Kel."

Before long, I heard his soft, rhythmic breathing. My son, boyfriend and lover, fell asleep after fucking me. He was asleep five minutes before his penis softened and slid out. I snuggled against him, eliciting a wordless moan from him before snores confirmed he sank deeper into sleep.

I closed my eyes, enjoying how he held me close. Before long, I joined him in sleep. The summer had started with us being nothing more than mother and son. I drifted back to sleep with the soft comfort of knowing we would finish the summer as lovers.

The End